THE AMERICAN BOY

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T least fifteen million American the New Century.

And yet there is work ahead, and enough. Boys under twenty years of Some boy will reconstruct our whole system of age cross the threshold of education. Boys will be graduated prepared to tury, methods for curbing the encroachments of Fifteen take hold of life and successfully master it. wealth. Some boy will introduce an economical

ful and wicked city governments. Some boy will lead a revolt against corruption in politics, intemperance, the social evil, and mark his day as one of moral purity. Some boy will devise and carry out, as a statesman of the new cen-

> system of home and industrial life. Some boy will lead a revolt against dogma and creed, and bring all men to a common sense religion. Some boy, I verily believe, will head a great university for the home instruction of the masses. Boys everywhere will arise to elevate and ennoble men, improve the conditions of the poor, and make the country happier, better and securer than it ever has been.

> Nothing for fifteen million boys to do?

You, fathers and mothers, are even now making blunders which it will take the muscle and mind, yes, perhaps the blood and tears of thousands of these very boys to atone for. You are even now setting problems that may cost these boys life and treasure to solve. You are even now building much that they must tear down as being founded on false foundations. You are even now fortifying error which they must overcome.

Great and glorious as has been the century just closing, the boys who, when the bells ring in the new century, join in the shout of welcome, are destined for even greater fields of effort and achievement. The future is yours, boys. Go in and possess.

many as the entire population of the United States fifty years ago.

millions!

nearly as

These are the fellows who thirty short years from now will hold the reins; they will govern, teach, preach, write, build, buy and sell.

And they are eager for it; many of them, too eager.

These fifteen million boys mean business. They are the natural born heirs of the spirit of push that has characterized the last two decades. Their boy eyes never saw the lumbering stage coach, their idea of transportation is the lightning express. Their ears never caught the hum of the mother's spinning wheel, their idea of manufacture is the mysterious mechanism of steel and iron that of itself does the work of human hand, and eye, and foot, and brain.

Nursed and cradled in such a time, with such a spirit bred in the bone, what will these boys not do in the days to come?

Every generation is prone to think it has reached the summit of achievement. An essayist twenty years ago wrote: "Revolving time works many miracles;" indeed, it does, for even now his essay reads like a story out of ancient history.

worked miracles, then generations, then decades, then years, and now scarce does the sun rise in the heavens that restless men and women have not dreamed new dreams of conquest over mind and matter and set to work to realize them. Men are prophesying that we will soon reach the limit of possibilities, and that then the pendulum of progress will swing back.

()nce ages worked miracles, then centuries | There will be fewer educated incompetents. School systems, schoolmasters, and schoolbooks will recognize that children have bodies and spirits as well as minds. Some boy will revolutionize our lumbering methods of transportation, which kill annually more human beings than the average war. Some boy will rid our city streets of wires, and tracks, and filth. Some boy will cheapen light and heat. Some Poor outlook, then, for fifteen million boys! boy will lead a successful crusade against waste. the new century.



THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN Boy.

The attention of every boy and every friend of a boy is directed to pages 94 and 95 of this paper. We propose to make the organization of boys there outlined a powerful influence for good among the boys who will be the men of

THE GREAT PINE HILL SNOWBALL

CHELSEA CURTIS FRASER



WAS all Pete Bronson's He broke up the fault. snowballing just when it was first rate in Pine Hill and just at the time when all of us boys were having the best kind of a time.

None of the trustees Pete hadn't accidentally hit Deacon Meeks on the shoulder, and if he hadn't sent a wet ball, with a chunk of ice in it, clean through the front window of old McWhittler's cobbling shop. He's justice of the peace besides being the village shoemaker, and the one of those musty white up the biggest balls you can."

kid slippers that had hung there ever since the big circus came to Pine Hill four years before.

Pete Bronson was only nine years old then, but he looked as if he was over twelve, and he almost missed getting in at half price, and if his father hadn't insisted he was only nine he never would have time. got in. Then after he was inside, he poked sticks at the animals in the cages and made such a disturb-| Robbins. "It'll stop the ball from rolling before it | watching 'em, but Pete Bronson says:

ance by giving the monkeys some candy balls with cayenne pepper inside them, that the showmen said they would put him out if he didn't go into the other tent where the show was. So Pete went in there. He had never been to a circus before, and pretty soon a came running clown around the ring with a bunch of firecrackers tied to his back. They were popping in great shape, and every time an extra loud one would go off, the clown would jump about five feet in the air and yell and run faster than ever. Pete thought he was really scared, and be scrambled off his seat and started after him, to help him get rid of the firecrackers.

It was fun, I tell you. Pete caught up with the clown and tried to snatch the crackers off his back.

but just then a big one went off "bang!" and Pete put his finger in his mouth and yelled almost as loud as the clown had been doing. He started back for his seat, having had enough of it, and afterwards everybody said that act of his was the best part of the show, and Pete went about for the next two or three months the envy of all us boys.

Pete says he can do anything, if he knows how it's done, and has made most everything. I guess, except a steam engine. He bursted his mother's copper teakettle trying to do that once, and scalded his arm clean to the eibow, spoiling a whole batch of apple pies that happened to be baking. But that was nothing to the way he spoiled our snowballing, and all the boys were down on him because he stirred up the trustees to put a stop to it.

That Saturday was a thawy day, too. That's the way it always happens when a fellow wants to throw balls and has to tend the baby, or split wood, or the trustees won't let him limber up his arm, which all amounts to the same thing in the end. There was great skating on the pond from Monday till Thursday, of course. Then, when we all hoped it wouldn't snow again before Saturday, so we could go skating. the very next day the flakes came down as though it was the first time it had snowed that winter and wanted to make a good impression.

It never let up till Friday night, and Saturday morning we woke up to find it thawing again. What made it worse was that the north road up Pine Hill was only half-traveled smooth, and any really small, low-running sled had no business there.

Pine Hill, you know, so far as it's a village, is down in the valley along the creek, and they've narrowed that and walled it along on both sides, so that when a freshet comes there's little room for it to run in, and it pretty near chokes itself, some springs, squeezing through the arch under the stone bridge. Pete says he could make a fine milidam out of that cause it was the smallest. But it was aimed wrong, after it started to plunge down the slope. Anyhow,

next season of the contract side of it. I dare say he'll be trying it soon.

The boys said there was no use in dragging sleds all the way through the deep snow to the top of Pine Hill, but Pete said we might find it easier than we expected. We're almost always in the habit of doing what he says, and so we went. We grumbled all the way, though, about how deep the ruts were, and how damp and soggy the snow was-just because we couldn't snowball-for that was all it seemed good

"I'll show you something when we get to the top," says Pete. "Maybe there'll be some snowballing worth while."

"Nobody wants to go 'way up Pine Hill just to snowball," said Jimmy Wringle, who always was the first to whine; and the rest of us thought we'd like to would have said a word if | stop, too, but we didn't want to let any of the others know it, and we followed Pete till he halted us right on the top of the ridge and told us to look.

"It's a good deal more than half a mile to the bank of the creek, boys," said Pete, "and all there is of the village is on the other side—just one long, clean slope. It's pretty steep in some places, but it's awful shelvy right here near the top, and an avalanche could get the biggest kind of a start."

"Avalanche?" That was all we said.
"Yes, sir-ree," said Pete. "I know how to make ball lighted right square on one. Pitch in, now, and we'll have some fun. Roll

> And he went right to work himself, and we weren't far behind him. It was wonderful the way we worked rolling and packing that snow into balls. Only two or three boys could work well on one ball, and so there were five of them making at the same

> "The worst of it is, the snow sticks so," says Ted

It went down the ridge in fine style, and half way across the next slope, but it brought up among the chokecherry bushes and lay still.

Pikey Wright's was next, and his skimmed past the hokecherries and on down the old pokeberry and mullin pasture, and Olcott's barnyard gate was open and Pikey's avalanche went through it as if it had a bridle and bit and somebody to guide it. We all danced up and down and yelled.

"There it is!" said Pete. "Just look-right square in the barn door, wedged fast, and Squire Olcott will have to dig it out. That was a dandy! Yours is next, Jimmy."

Jimmy's rolled splendidly. It took up quite a bit of snow, and got halfway to the creek; but it went all to smash against the old butternut tree near the new railroad fence. It took off some of the top rails of the fence, too, but the tree settled it for good.

Tom Jenks' was the next biggest, and he had to have a good deal of help to loosen his ball. He had set it considerably to the left, so that it would go down the other side, beyond the turn in the road. Perhaps he hadn't thought about this, but anyway, when it went it certainly made things hum. It was grand to see that avalanche take up snow and go over and over and over, every minute bigger. But it bounced out of the way and went into the uphill road, only a few rods in front of Sam White's place. He was taking a whole sleigh load of young ladies to the singing school just then, and if you could have heard 'em scream when they saw Tom Jenks' avalanche bearing down on 'em, you would have thought the earth was coming to an end, and I suppose they thought it was.

But the ball had got so big, that, just before it reached 'em, it stuck between two high ridges, and for the next hour Sam White and his hired man were digging a roadway through it. There was the jolliest kind of fun standing on the top of Pine Hill and

> "Come on boys, let's set mine off before anybody comes up here to stop us. Mine is so big it ought to make things rip."

And it was a big one. All the boys tried to guess how he had managed to get it to that size. We had to use fence rails to set it up, and now we had to get em again to pry it over the edge.

Over it went, and down the slope, a little slowly at first, but in a minute it was jumping along smartly and gathering most all the snow under it till it was as big as a woodshed.

"She's beginning travel something like it," said Pete. Nobody else said a word, for we were beginning to get scared and thought that the avalanche must surely be alive by the way it knocked over bushes and whizzed downward, leaving a black track behind it.

It was awful!

Roll, plunge, rip. whir-rr! How the snow did fly, and how the shrubbery in the way did crunch and smash! Faster and faster, bigger and bigger. and it looked like a house now, it was so large.

"I don't believe she'll set to be quite two thousand feet high," said Pete. "but my! she's a-growing fast and no mistake." Little Jimmy Wringle

commenced to whimper and said he thought if it keps

Why, if it were two feet deep all the way, and all the father, and the rest of us were afraid of the same snow it passed over stuck to it, and it rolled over say a thing. Pete commenced to get nervous, too, though

over the creek." We felt a little better then, and watched the avaldidn't return to our work till he said "Hurry up, you anche cut across the railroad, sending the rails of the fence into the air like splinters, and it made an And when we thought of a ball two thousand feet awful roar, I tell you. By the time it got to the creek, it looked like a big circus tent, and in it went "ker-splash!" just above the bridge. If those rails went high, the water went ten times higher and it came down in sheets like rain. The ball wedged fast right in front of the bridge arch, making a regular mammoth snowplug. The stream couldn't have been good start," said Pete, "and the bigger and heavier dammed up nicer had everything been arranged beforehand.

Of course Pete Bronson had never thought of that. good fellow, and he helped the other boys to get and none of us boys did, till we saw it done. We theirs started first. from the village. Perhaps they had seen the big ball



"We had to use fence rails to pry it over the edge."

under it everv time it rolls over." Pete gave him a knowing wink, and

said: "That's just what we

want it to do. But it won't take too much snow, because it ain't so deep on the slope. | on it would smash his house and kill his mother and thousand times between here and the creek, that hall he tried not to let on, but then he said: would be two thousand feet in diameter when it got "Don't be babies!" That ball can't never jump would be two thousand feet in diameter when it got there."

We looked at Pete in amazed awe and respect, and daffies; there's going to be a circus pretty quick." thick, we rolled and packed away like beavers, and heaped up the balls till you couldn't begin to turn one over by yourself.

You never saw five such big fellows as we had at last, just balancing on the ridge of the hill.

There ain't anything to keep 'em from getting a they are the more likely they'll keep agoing.'

Pete's was the biggest, somehow, but he is a real theirs started first.

Bill Vance's was the first to be shoved loose, be-

there they were, and more were arriving every minute to see what would happen.

At first we were all afraid to go down, but at last we did. And didn't the water rise fast, though? It spread on both sides of the bank when it reached the top, foaming and gurgling to beat anything, and it wasn't long after until there was water in the main street of the village, and all the trustees said they would have to hold a meeting, for there was going to be a terrible flood if something was not done to stop the freshet. Nobody seemed to think of us being responsible for the presence of the avalanche, and Pete other men waded about and tried to make a hole

"It's the biggest snowball that was ever made in been a hole wore through it first, because while they these parts, boys," he said to us. "The water's get-stood telling how to do it. Pete exclaimed. ting higher all the time, too. Oh, but ain't it just a-pouring along down the street! I knew I could; make a good avalanche. It's better than a mountainslide and knocks it all hollow. And if it don't break too soon, and freezes to-morrow, there'll be the finest kind of skating, you see."

We were all sitting on Miller's hog-pen, to keep out of the water, while our fathers and a whole lot of was tickled immensely to think of the fun we had had, through the big ball. But I guess there must have

There she goes, boys! The avalanche has busted! But there's enough water about to make the skating all right. See her pour through, will you? My, what a gush!"

So there was-it was grand! It was the biggest gush of water that ever went through that arch. It just roared and tumbled and tossed as if it was mad at being shut up so long; and when it came out who it

was started the ball, everybody said:
"Dear me! What won't that Pete Bronson do



HERE is tucked in a pigeonhole of Meredith's desk an envelope marked: "Taken from the ill-fated 'Bullteaser," and the paper contains a torn bit of red cloth. That is all; but the remnant tells a long story, and part of it is this:

The boys made the kite on the barn floor. They said that they would be satisfied with no threefoot, toyshop article; what they wanted was a sixfooter that would soar like an eagle and pull Jimmy Lannis' billy goat clear off the ground!

The frame was of soft pine strips three-quarters of an inch thick. Down at the sawmill the proprietor told the boys to themselves from help waste cut from planks by steam lathes and saws. Hard pine strips were to be had for the asking, but big Meredith cast them aside as being too heavy. It was found necessary to whittle a number of strips to the right thickness. Lit-tle Tod did not observe that there were knotholes in

his pieces. Meredith saw the weak spots in time to preparation for battles with mighty winds. "Our say: "One knothole would kill the kite. Never mind, kite," said Meredith, "ought not to be launched until Tod; you are assistant sailmaker." And Tod proved

a handy boy. Two six-foot strips were laid side by side and four feet apart, for the kite was to measure six by four feet. Two feet from the ends crosspieces were secured with matting tacks. Then the strips were turned over. Upright strips two feet in length were tacked on the long pieces next the points where the crosspieces were fastened, and both crosspieces and uprights were bound and further strengthened with fish line. The remaining lengthwise strips were laid in position, and the part of the frame already made was turned over upon them and fastened with tacks

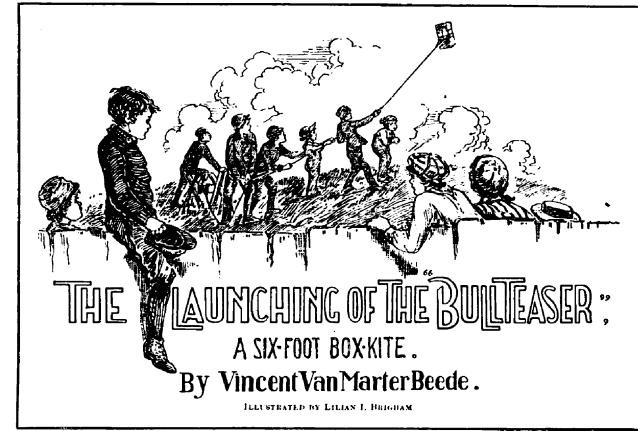
and line, as before. "The frame seems kind of wobbly," said little Tod, in a disappointed tone.

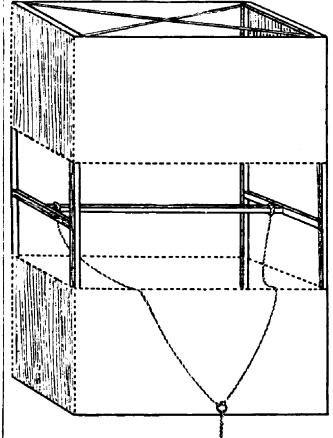
"Of course," answered Meredith, cheerfully. "Wait until the sails are in place.'

Five yards of light-weight red cambric cost twenty cents; and the lumber had been a gift. "The 'Bullteaser," remarked Meredith, "will not be a ten thousand dollar yacht." The cloth came in a yard width. It was cut lengthwise, and exactly in two. The sails. each a foot and a half wide, were fitted evenly over the frame in such a way that the space in the center was a foot across. Sail-fitting was the most difficult part of the undertaking. The six boys spent over an hour in the sail department. The strips of cloth were stretched so evenly that the frame was firm, and not pulled out of shape. There was cloth to spare after Bertie the Kid had sewed the sail with shoe thread.

Bertie was reputed to be fond of embroidering. Today his friends did not call him "Sissy," for he proved himself a sailmaker of the first class. I cannot tell you the name of the stitch he used; all I know is that it was strong, and just right.

The "Bullteaser" now appeared in its red glory, with not a suspicion of a wrinkle in its sails. The there is a spanking breeze on Sky Hill." Fish line up for it. And the next





framework, however, needed extra strengthening in braces were stretched diagonally across the forward crew will wear gloves!"

ends. Like the sails, these strings required careful adjustment. The line to which the guide rope was to be attached measured seven feet, and was therefore slack when tied to the centrepiece. An iron ring slipped over the first line saved the wear and tear of the guide rope.

An old hose reel of Merde Jr.'s, was the "spool" upon which the guide rope was wound. The proud kite builders marched in procession to Main street, and from there to Sky Hill. Four boys bore the "Bullteaser," and they whistled with gladness when the breezes tagged it, and it tried to tag them back. From the feeling of the big kite's uneasy, freedom-loving motions the boys knew that here was a trim, staunch, highflier.

Cod line was too expensive for the crew to buy, but Everett's father was manager of a shoe factory, and Everett was sure that the string used to bind leather was strong enough to hold a six-foot box-kite.

Like an eagle the kite rose from Meredith's armsrose with a snap of cloth and a buzz of string running swift and taut. Up-up-up-until the red flier was a bandanna;-up until the hose reel, although three boys were doing their best to hold it down, capered, and clicked, and hummed. Two others of the crew screamed: "How it burns!" as they hopped from one foot to the other in an effort to check the hot guide rope with hands and feet. Meredith was dragged scuffling, for a number of yards, and little Tod was actually dragged off his feet.-but not far, for the three thousand feet of line had come to an end-and with a snap! The mighty "Bullteaser" fluttered, shivered against the blue sky, and while the crowd of boys on the hill sighed together, the six-footer plumped downward like a bird with a broken wing.

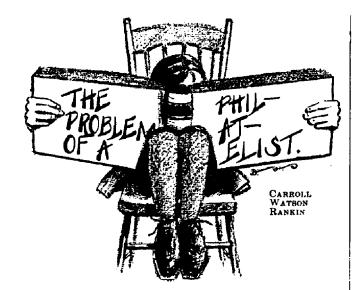
Everett risked his neck by coasting down rocky Sky Hill on his wheel. Behind a business block on Main street rested, after its journeys upward and downward, the vanquished "Bullteaser," surrounded by the town constables and a crowd of the little and the big, all of whom had watched the launching from start to finish. The "Bullteaser" was only slightly

damaged in one cross-piece. That mended, she made three more voyages-and three downfalls. At last, rain-soaked and battered, she was divided among her makers; and now you know about the envelope and the rag in Meredith's desk.

"Bulltenser the Second," said Meredith to me the other day, "will have a four thousand foot guide rope of cod line, if



THE AMERICAN BOY



Barton West had two distinguishing characteristics. He had the longest pair of legs and the finest collec tion of stamps of any boy in his native town. He was known throughout the length and breadth of the village as "the stamp fiend." There were other collectors, of course, for every boy collects stamps at some period of his boyhood, but Barton was prince of them all. Other boys contracted the fever, and in the course of time, recovered, but Barton's was a hopeless case. He spent most of his time buried, soul and body-all but his legs—in the fascinating pages of his stamp album.

He begged stamps, he exchanged stamps, and when he could get them by neither of these methods he bought them.

'Barton," said his sister, Mabel,

"Counts that day lost, whose low descending sun Sees no new stamp to add to his collection. (with the accent on the 'shun').'

Barton might, and did, wipe his inky pen on his handkerchief or on his trousers; he had been known to tie up the dog with his best tie, when nothing else came handy; and he even left his bicycle out at night. to be left or stolen, as the case might be; but his stamp album, though not especially valuable, was kept under lock and key, the pages were immaculate, and the stamps were arranged with mathematical

Barton looked at everything with the eye of a stamp collector. If the sky were blue, Barton could think of no more suitable comparison than the blue of the background of the 1851 Franklin. The scarlet radishes for tea always reminded him of the one penny Trinidad of '84, and the green of the summer foliage appealed to him most when it acquired the shade of the old three cent Washington, to his mind the handsomest of all stamps. Mabel, in her commencement gown, knew that she might consider herself the recipient of a genuine compliment when Barton told her that she resembled the Canadian stamp of 1868.

Barton searched diligently daytimes for water-marks, secret marks, shades and variations; and he dreamed at night of finding trunks full of old letters, and documents fairly plastered with rare and valuable

specimens of scarce issues.

"It wouldn't be safe," said Mabel on one occasion.
"to send Barton to the drug store after cough syrup; he'd be sure to buy the dollar bottle, even if the fifty cent one would do as well. It's a standing grievance with him that none of us have the rheumatism, so that he can get a certain proprietary stamp that comes only with 'Dr. Somebody's rheumatism powders.' If he had lived right after the Civil War, he would have wanted to mortgage the house in order to get the long revenue stamps off the papers.

'He can carry in his mind the date of every stamp issued in every country from Abyssinia to Zanzibar. though in school he couldn't remember the date of anything that happened prior to 1840, when the first stamp was issued."

"Good morning, Mr. Barton," said a familiar voice above the whirr of the lawn mower, one day.

"Oh, good morning, Mrs. O'Hagen," said Barton,



"Good morning, Mr. Barton," said a familiar voice.

with a friendly smile, for Barton was friendly with all the village. "Did you come to see mother?"
"Sure, Oi didn't," said Mrs. O'Hagen, a poorly clad,

shriveled up little old woman, whose head barely reached tall Barton's shoulder. "Tis a grand lady she is, that annybody'd be proud to see; but it's yersilf Oi'm wantin' to talk wid the day. It was goin' by Oi was, whin Oi was arristed be the music av yer stheam peanny there, and Oi thot Oi'd sthop an' tell yez thot Oi've got a bit av a sthamp fer yez, if ye'll be after callin' around, wan av these foine days.'

"Are you going home now, Mrs. O'Hagen?" 'asked Barton, eagerly, dropping the lawn mower and making a dive for his coat. "Because, if you are, I'll go right along with you."

"Tis proud Oi'll be to have you," said Mrs. O'Hagen. "Tis an awful hurry ye're in, wid thim foine, long gasped his companion, a moment later.

Oh, I'm sorry," said Barton, apologetically. afraid I was thinking more about the stamp than I was about you, that time. I'll take shorter steps. Where did you find the stamp?'

"Shure," said Mrs. O'Hagen, "Oi was lookin' in me little attic wan day lasht week for a bit av sthove poipe. 'Tis a terrible hard place to crawl into, so 'tis all av tin years since Oi've claned the place up. tho't, so long as Oi was wance in, 'twould be sinsible to tidy it up a bit."

"And the stamp?"

"Stamp is ut? "Tis nothing at all but stamp wid the lad. Oi tho't Oi'd open me father's owld tin box, and take a peep at his snuff box, just for the sake av his mimery, when Oi caught a glimmer av a bunch av shlips av paper an' thin Oi tho't av ye and yer stamps. Only wan was in an invilip and it was a foine fat letther, sint over forty year ago, to me father be his Uncle Mike in Canady. Me oi-sight's terrible bad"-Mrs. O'Hagen would never admit that she was unable to read—"but Oi remimber when that letther came, tellin' us all about the grand country up there though O'd clane forgot all about it when ye wor askin



"Why! I believe it's a rare one."

if Oi'd anny ould stamps at all fer that foolish book ye showed me wance."

"Come in." said Mrs. O'Hagen, throwing open her hospitable door. "Oi can mind the toime whin ye couldn't raich the knob on this door, and now look at the legs av yez."

"I'd rather look at that stamp."

"Oi belave yez," said his hostess. "'Tis here behind the ould clock. No, 'tis not. Whist! where did Oi put that bit av paper at all? Twould be sad to bring ye here and foind no sthamp at all."

But the stamp was finally discovered inside the glass case which covered a waxen water lily on the parlor

"Why, Mrs. O'Hagen," said Barton, "I have never seen a stamp like this. I believe it's a rare one." "Oi hope it is," said his hostess, cordially, "but rare

or well done, 'tis yours; you're heartily wilcome to't.'

But Barton, though he knew the stamp was an old one, did not realize its full value until he attempted

to locate it in his album.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "that can't be the right place for it. Is it—no, it isn't perforated. Hurrah!" he shouted a moment later. "That stamp is worth four hundred dollars."

There was no mistake about it. It was a lightly canceled copy of the most valuable of Canadian stamps, nothing less than one of the rare twelve cent black stamps of 1851.

For fifteen minutes Barton was the happiest boy in the State of Michigan. Then, like a flash, a doubt

assailed him. 'She gave it to me," said Barton. "It is absolutely mine. She doesn't know one stamp from another. It wouldn't mean half as much to her as it does to me."

Strangely enough, the idea of selling it did not occur to Barton. He would have thought as soon of selling his mother.

"I'll ask father what to do about it," said he.
"Legally," said Mr. West, "that stamp is yours.

Morally, it, or the price of it, belongs to Mrs. O'Hagen. I happen to know that she was on the point of applying to the town for aid last winter. You know what a proud little body she is, and how it would hurt her to have to ask for assistance. But you are quite old



"But you are quite old enough to decide the question for yourself."

enough to decide the question for yourself. Only remember, Barton, that the price of that little stamp would make Mrs. O'Hagen comfortable for the rest of her days. "The price of it!" exclaimed Barton.

"Certainly," said his practical father. "You would sell it in any case."

"I hadn't thought of it," faltered Barton. But he thought of it then, and before night he had written to several dealers, asking what the stamp really was worth, almost hoping to find that he had been mistaken as to its value. At first he looked at it twenty times a day; but after a while, it was observed that Barton refrained from looking at his album; but no one guessed that it was because the new stamp had suddenly grown distasteful to him.

By the end of the week, the feeling had grown so strong, that he could not endure the touch of the key of the drawer in which he kept his book, so he removed it from his pocket.

Toward the end of the week, he received the answers to his letters. He was offered various sums, ranging from fifteen cents to three hundred and ninety five dollars for the stamp.

Would he keep it? Would he sell it? If he sold it, would he keep the money, or give it to Mrs. O'Hagen? He thought so much about it that his brain and his conscience were all in a tangle.

"I want," said he, "to do all three things, and I want to do one just as much as I want to do the others. Most of all, I want that stamp. I wish somebody or something would settle it for me."

Barton laid his aching head against the cold radiator for comfort.

It was Mrs. O'Hagen's hen that settled it finally. "'Tis me," said Mrs. O'Hagen, when Barton opened the door that afternoon, in response to an urgent ring. The color flew to Barton's face, and fled again, leaving him pale.

"The stamp!" he gasped.

"Bother the sthamp, 'tis me troublesome hin. Would yez do a big kindness fer an ould woman?"

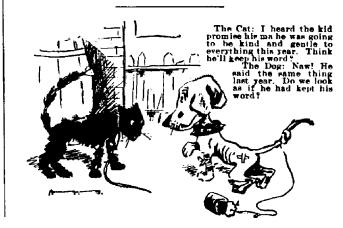
"Of course I would," said Barton.

"Thin come wid me an' Oi'll explain as we go along. Tis like this: Oi've got wan hin, an' thot hin lays wan egg ivery day fer me dinner, an' Oi dunno phativer Oi'd do without me egg, fer butcher's mate do be that high, and Oi've no teet' to be chewin' it wid annyhow. But lasht avenin' O'Shaunessy's dog kem intil me yarrhd and chased me poor hin till the top av me roof, and the silly burrhd won't come down fer all me coaxin'. There's no ladder in me neighborhood that will raitch, so Oi that av yer foine long legs."

"If Mabel could hear that," thought Barton, "she'd call me 'ladder' to the end of time.

Of course Barton rescued the hen; but he did something else for Mrs. O'Hagen that same afternoon. He sent the stamp in a registered letter to the dealer who had made him the best offer for it; and it would be hard to say which was the happier, Mrs. O'Hagen, or

Barton, when the latter presented her with the money.
"Of course," said Barton, "it was the one thing to do, but I can't see why I didn't discover that at once."



The 52 Boys Who Earned the \$1,000

aggregating \$1,000 to the fifty two boys who stood highest in the number of subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY sent in by them prior to November 21, 1900. The fifty two boys who were successful in this contest have received their money, and readers of THE AMERICAN BOY will be interested in knowing who they are. The list is as follows:

Albert W. Fifield, Minneapolis, \$200.00; J. Lawrence Hirshland, Reading, Pa., \$100.00; Charles Gustafson, Chicago, \$75.00; Raymond Pond, Chicago, \$75.00; Woodford Kron, Santa Cruz, Cal., \$50.00; Charles Karkau, Lansing, Mich., \$50.00; Emerson T. Cotner, Detroit, \$50.00; Donald Annis. Detroit, \$25.00; Louis Straka, David City, Neb., \$25.00; Willie G. Sprague, Detroit, \$25.00; Marion Sprague, Detroit, \$25.00; Fred Hilker, Fort Wayne, Ind., \$25.00; Archibald D. Andrews, Meadville, Pa., \$10.00: John D. Cronenweth, Detroit, \$10.00; Avery C. Hand, Mansfield, O., \$10.00; Everett Sherrill, Andover, Mass., \$10.00; Clarence Schwab, Weir City, Kans., \$10.00; Robert M. Gray, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J., \$10.00; George Bacon, Fort Scott, Kans., \$10.00; Frank P. Beal, Albion, Mich.,

Harry Mohler, Ephrata, Pa., \$10.00; Karl Matthews, Dubuque, Ia., \$10.00; Archie Williams, Sawyerville, Canada, \$10.00; Clayton Adams, Binghamton, N. Y., \$10.00; Herman Smith, Lamoni, la., \$10.00; Eridean O. Henderson, Stockton, Cal., \$10.00; Charles W. Holst. Portsmouth, N. H., \$5.00; T. F. Wilson, Columbus, Neb., \$5.00; Norman Griffin, Big Springs. Texas, \$5.00; F. H. Kane, Charlevoix, Mich., \$5.00; LeRoy Wehrle. Belleville, Ill., \$5.00; Halford Whitlock, Columbus. Ill., \$5.00; G. C. Kellogg, Tiskilwa, Ill., \$5.00; Charles Meader, Chicago, \$5.00; D. E. Morris, San Antonio, Texas, \$5.00; Eugene Steele, Phillipsburg, Mont., \$5.00; George C. Stickney. Newburyport, Mass, \$5.00; E. & B. Carmack, Boulder, Colo., \$5.00; Clarence Alger, Taunton, Mass., \$5.00; Myron K. Sweet, Bridgewater, Mass., \$5.00; Otway Stapler, Talequah, I. T., \$5.00; Waldo Harris, Neosha Falls, Kan., \$5.00; Ray Lambert. Anderson, Ind., \$5.00; William Northwood. Forest Hill, Cal., \$5.00; Grover C. Oxford. Elizabethtown, Ill., \$5.00; Gilbert D. Johnson. Glencoe, Ill. \$5.00; Arthur Crouch, St. Louis, Mo., \$5.00.

When it came to the last four of the fifty two it was

In our December, 1899, number we offered cash prizes | \$10.00; Clarence Pyeatt, Fort Lemhi, Idaho, \$10.00; found that there were twenty five who had each sent in three subscriptions. As only four of these twenty five could be entitled to five dollars each, the proposition has been made to the twenty five either to divide equally between them the twenty dollars remaining, or to extend the time until March 1 for these twenty five to contest for the four prizes of five dollars each. The method that will be adopted by us will be determined by the vote of the majority of the twenty

> It may be of interest to contestants to know that Albert W. Fifield obtained one hundred and two subscriptions; J. Lawrence Hirshland, eighty nine; Charles Gustafson, forty seven; Raymond Pond, twenty nine; Woodford Kron, twenty seven; Charles Karkau, twenty six; Emerson T. Cotner, twenty. None of those who received five dollar prizes obtained over six subscriptions each, and some of those who received ten dollar prizes sent in as low as six subscriptions. Many a boy who reads this will wonder why he did not contest for these prizes when he sees how easy it would have been for him to have earned, five, ten, or even twenty five dollars.

....THE OFFER FOR 1901....

Instead of offering a thousand dollars to the boys; who work hardest during the coming year, we shall pay out fifty dollars a month in cash prizes as follows: A contest will open on the fifteenth of each month and close on the fifteenth of the following month. For instance: fifty dollars will be distributed among the ten boys who send in the largest number of subscriptions between the fifteenth of one month and the fifteenth of the next. The one sending in the largest number gets \$10.00; the second largest, \$10.00; the

third largest, \$5.00; the fourth largest, \$5.00; the fifth | largest, \$5.00; the sixth largest, \$4.00; the seventh largest \$4.00; the eighth largest. \$3.00; the ninth largest, \$2.00; the tenth largest, \$2.00. The subscriptions must be annual subscriptions, and one dollar must accompany each subscription. The prizes are not offered to those who retain cash commissions on subscriptions sent in. The sender of a subscription, however, is entitled to the premium or premiums offered in our premium list. In addition to the cash awarded to the

three who stand at the head, we will give to the one sending the largest number one-half the foreign stamps accumulating in our office in the period named; to the one sending the second largest, one-fourth the stamps; and to the one sending the third largest, onefourth the stamps.

Experience has proven that solicitors find ready sale for subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY. The paper sells itself, as every boy and every parent and friend of a boy sees at once its desirable qualities.



themselves to boys in just this form. If boys could either boy going the way that he went. Johnnie was up to the threshold of business life unembarrassed by prejudices, parents' wishes, and special training, and were the whole field of employments then thrown open to them, boys generally would select the work most congenial to them and best suited to them, and their choice in a great majority of cases would be a wise one, for men succeed best along the lines of their natural inclinations and abilities.

But alas, this free opportunity of choice is not the way of the world. Parents choose, circumstances choose, but boys seldom choose.

Now and then a boy carries out his childhood plans and becomes what he dreamt of becoming; but in the overwhelming majority of cases that mysterious force we call "Fate" drives him into paths he never sought. | free air of the mountains.

Then, is it well for a boy to choose?

Yes: I am one who thinks it is better for a boy to choose and lose than never choose at all. A boy with a "career" before his eyes will study harder and to better purpose than the boy who is letting the future develop his chances, without attempting to control

events. There is such a thing as making chances, and it is only the boy who has his eye on a goal who will dare, and make the chances needed to reach it. A boy who ardently longs to be a lawyer will be a better lawyer for the longing; and if fate tumbles him

into another berth and makes a physician out of him, he is none the worse for the added strength of mind and purpose which his young life of aspiration has

I am often impressed with the littleness of the things that affect our lives. A momentary decision of a seemingly unimportant question often shapes a boy's destiny. For instance: A boy wants a job, and he and his parents scan the "Help Wanted" columns of a daily paper. They read that a butcher wants a delivery boy. Very well; Johnnie can do that, at boy do? When least temporarily, till something better turns up. Johnnie gets the position, and the chances are John-

Again, to help out the family larder, he becomes a "cash boy" in a grocery, comes to know the goods. Mighty questions, indeed, but they seldom present becomes a clerk, then a grocer. Nobody dreamt of with tools; indeed he could do marvels with a jackknife. He ought to have been a carpenter, or a designer or engraver, or an architect, perhaps a sculptor; but he took the first job open to him, stuck to it, and that settled it; he's a butcher-honorable, of course, but he spoils something good in making what is probably an indifferent butcher.

I hear it said to boys, take the first thing offered you and do it well. I would add, "and if the thing isn't suited to your tastes and your abilities, keep a weather eye open for something that is." An eagle might live out a long life in a dirty cage, but it would never be what God intended it to be if it neglected any opportunities offered it to escape and try its pinions in the

So a boy can live, and grow, and marry, and have children and die in doing any one of a thousand kinds of work, but he isn't doing himself or his Creator justice till he gives expression to his aspirations and uses the peculiar abilities with which he is endowed -and in a certain sense every boy is endowed with abilities peculiar to himself.

I would that every boy had a father as wise as was mine. My dream by day and by night was the law. When about to receive my college diploma and begin my law studies. I received a flattering offer of a position in an honorable calling outside the law. It pleased me. I telegraphed home. Father said, "No; stick to your text." I was ready to fling away the aspirations of twenty years for the bauble of a petty salary and immediate employment. Father knew better. I now know better myself.

But of the millions of boys-little fellows-thrust into the world to earn a living before they have formed hopes at all and before they have the opportunity to choose to do things other than what they must do; what of them? I can only say, God pity such boys. They are thrown into the world as so much molten metal, to be shaped in the rough mould of circumstance and trial. No wonder there are so many failures, so many half-hearted men, so many incompetent men, so many men unfitted for their tasks!

Still, there are hundreds of these poor boys who do choose, who rise above circumstance, and, plodding along at uncongenial tasks, are studying, and striving and watching the chances, and finally choosing, and choosing aright.

And there are a lot of fellows who never choose. because having been nursed in luxury, provided with money, the value of which they have never learned. and being assured of a living without labor, they never feel the necessity of choosing. Such boys seldom earnestly and determinedly select a course for themselves, though of all boys they are in the best position to do so. Many of these boys inherit strong characters from sturdy, successful parents, and fortune leads them whether or no into congenial paths, but many more belie their lineage, disgrace their name and choose-degradation and failure.

Every father and mother should study to find out what the little hands and eyes and brain can best do. and where the boy heart carries the boy legs; and unless the inclination is toward dangerous places, they should encourage and stimulate the tendency-and then, see that no chance act of theirs or his decides the question of the boy's career, for the issues are too weighty to depend upon a chance circumstance.

A boy's choice! Eternity often hangs on it. May every AMERICAN BOY reader have the opportunity to choose, and then choose aright.

The Cruise of the Yacht Gazelle; 6,000 Miles on Inland and Ocean Waters

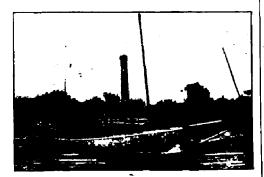
KENNETH M. RANSON

These are the eleventh and twelfth 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 "Guzelle," by which name their craft was known, proceeded by way of lake, river and canal to the Mississippl, thence to New Orleans and the Gulf, along the guif coast to the Atlantic, thence to New York harbor by way of the ocean, thence by river, canal and lake, home to Michigan. and lake, home to Michigan.

CHAPTER XI.

Taking advantage of the remaining hour of daylight, we got under way and moved down the bay to a more protected spot for the night.

As darkness fell the sky became overcast and off over the ocean in the north west was a great bank of black, ugly looking clouds, while the rumbling of distant thunder and frequent flashes of lightning betokened a stormy night. The barometer, too indicated a change, and the rapidity with which it had fallen was a sure sign of a hard squall.



GAZELLE AT A QUIET MOORING.

Safely anchored in our haven we were joyful, and after a good supper we sat on deck enjoying the cool night breeze as it blew in off the ocean. Our canvas was carefully spread to catch the rain as it fell, and replenish our supply of fresh water. About ten o'clock, when all save the watch had gone to bed, the storm broke with tremendous fury. First a heavy wind squall bore down upon us and Gazelle straightened out her anchor cables and then pulled forward with a jerk; but our hooks were well placed and did not budge. The wind, however, increased and soon the downpour of the rain beat upon our roof and the gale was on in earnest. Thunder like the roar of cannon seemed to shake the very waters, while flash upon flash of vivid lightning rent the sky. It was a grand sight in all its wildness. Providence had been kind to us, for had it not been for running on the bar in the morning this terrible night would have found us in the open ocean exposed to the fury of the terrible storm.

The wind continued to blow until early morning, but the rain stopped at midnight. Morning broke clear and beautiful with a fine trade wind from the south west in our favor.

Successfully wending our way through the buoys which mark each side of the channel over the bar, we were soon bounding along on the large swells of the open ocean.

Our day's run was splendid. How I did enjoy it as we sped along, mile after mile before the wind, not far from the shore, for a good depth of water made it possible for us to keep quite near.

At intervals of twenty five miles the government has station houses called houses of refuge. These houses are provided with clothing, bedding and food for the use of unfortunate seamen who may be shipwrecked along the coast, and are another one of the many conveniences which make our aids to mariners the best of any in the world.

Night came on with a clear sky, but a gentle breeze continued to waft us on our way. How beautiful and grand as we sped along! The phosphorescent glow at our bows and the twinkle of the moonbeams on the white tipped waves made a scene sublime. But all this grandeur was unable to dispel the feeling of hunger which the fresh salt air made almost perpetual, and, speaking for myself, I can honestly say that I was overjoyed when the cook called us below for supper.

had heard sailors spin yarns about the coast which we were now passing. All seemed to have a feeling of dread for this coast of East Florida. Stories of shipwrecks, terrible storms and heavy seas had made us feel some fear of the locality, too, and we had often said when talking of our progress, "If we can only get from Miami to Jupiter all right, the rest will be easy."

One of the great dangers that had been portrayed to us was the fact that we were apt to have "a glistening calm." This we learned was a sudden dropping of the wind, but a continuance of the sea; thus a sailboat was at the mercy of the swell and, without headway, would be drifted toward the beach.

Tne water along this shore is very deep right up to the beach, so that anchors would be of little use and, unable to help himself, the mariner and his ship are easily dashed upon the rocks and destroyed. Imagine our joy, then, to find that weather conditions were perfect, and instead of experiencing the difficulties we had anticipated we were having one of our most pleasant runs.

At Jupiter inlet is a light and signal scrvice bureau. The light can be seen for twenty miles, and we were kept busy watching for the beacon, as we felt we were drawing near to it. At last, just before dawn, the light was above the horizon, and calling "Light ahead." the boys were soon on deck and we were congratulating one another on our success. The wind increased with the sun so that by six o'clock we had passed ing the bar. Jupiter and were standing on for St. Lucias inlet, twelve miles farther. Here we had planned to risk crossing the bar that we might reach the Indian River, where the cruiser's wish for sport, adventure and pleasure can be fully gratified.

It was haif past seven o'clock when we neared the inlet, and the sea which was running high on the deep ocean. broke with thunderlike sound on the shoal at the entrance to the river. The surf was beautiful; the three great rows of breakers rising like distant mountains with their curling, foaming crests dashing on with the gigantic power

which defies resistance. We had plain instructions and a map of the passage, but marks on paper with dotted lines where to go are considerably different from the real thing. tell you it looked threatening, and I'll admit it did seem as if no boat could ever run through the billows. Making sure that everything was snug on deck. we closed the cabin tightly and made ready for the trial. We had now come near enough to make out the channel over the bar, but it was very narrow, and a single mistake or false turn would send us into the breakers and our cruise would suddenly end. As she squared away for the channel the little vessel seemed to feel the importance of good behavior, and running down the great billows she shot ahead like an arrow, never swerving, but always steady, until again lifted high in the air she again began her downward course. At last the bar is reached. thirty feet of deep water is before us. but mile after mile of boiling surf is about us, and great rocks jutting from the foam as if hungry to wreck and ruin. It's magnificent sport now, and with a great bound and a leap forward Gazelle mounts the first breaker. Will she ever reach the top? Almost it seems no; but soon there is a rushing forward, and a great hiss of the water as she glides downward proclaims that she Thrice does she successfully repeat the act, each time sailing beautifully, until at last with a proud forward bound she clears the bar and has en-

CHAPTER XII.

Indian River.

tered the peaceful inlet leading to the

For nearly three weeks we had been rolling and pitching on the great billows of the ocean and, notwithstanding we had long since found our sea legs, and that seasickness was a thing un-

Way back in the upper gulf towns we known aboard the Gazelle, still the quiet, peaceful waters of the river were very welcome, and we hailed with joy the beginning of this part of our cruise.

The inlet at St. Lucias is but a short branch of the river, which extends along the coast north and south of this cut. It was not long, therefore, before we reached the main stream, and, having passed the points which the source of the branch forms at nearly right angles with the larger body, we were able to look both up and down the river.



SAIL, HO!

As we gazed to the southward I thought I saw a sail in the distance; bringing the glasses to bear. I found it was a boat of considerable size coming our way. We decided to come to anchor and prepare breakfast while the vessel was nearing us. Our appetites were very good, being stimulated by our night's sail and the excitement of cross-

While Frank was preparing potatoes, Arthur and I tried our hand at trolling. We were very successful, for in less than five minutes we had a three pound Spanish mackerel. Soon the delightful odor of cooking sea fish was wafted upward from the cabin, and with it came the cook's call to breakfast.

The breeze was very light and we found the sailboat still a good ways off when we came on deck after breakfast. It was yet quite early in the day, however, and it seemed to us a good plan to await the coming of the sailboat, as she would make a good escort for us in the dangerous channel ahead; so I busied myself tightening up the rigging while the dishes were being washed below.

The Indian River is affected by the rise and fall of the tides, and I knew that it was almost low tide. I was greatly pleased, therefore, to note that the breeze was rapidly freshening, and, as our company would soon arrive, we made sail and lay in readiness to accompany it.

(To be continued.)

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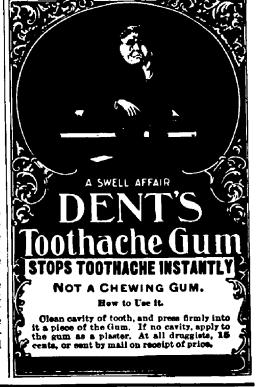
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A MINIATURE NAVY And How to Build it By James Rodney

The more tools you have the better; but these are necessary: One crosscut saw, one circular saw, a tack hammer, a smoothing plane, one or more chisels of different widths, a pair of nippers and cutters, an awl, a brace with different sized bits for boring holes, and above all, a strong vise. It is also well to have screw-drivers, a gauge and a sharp punch for making holes in tin, etc. A common kitchen table is perhaps the best work bench you can use.

See that your tools are sharp and clean, always remembering that a dull tool will not work well and is far more dangerous to handle than a sharp one, for it is liable to slip instead of doing its work.

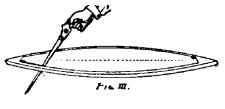
Always use clear grained white wood, and begin with the under water hull, or that part of your vessel that will be under water. For our model we need four boards, each sixty one and one third

steamer in a show window, and wish that you were the proud owner of one like it? How the railings glisten and the polished masts and smoke pipes shine! The little anchors and the keen propeller blades, how perfect! And you turn away with a sigh, not thinking that you can make a practical model of a battle ship! How? I am going to tell you.

Taking it for granted that you are fond of manual work, the first necessity is pauence, the second perseverance and the third care, without fear; you must never be afraid of your tools or of your work for if you become nervous it will be all the harder for you to succeed.

TOOLS.

The more tools you have the better; but sides, or freeboard, will be two and one sixth inches at the ends and four inches at the center. The proportion of the turrets, guns, small boats, smoke pipes masts, pilot house, etc., can be determined in this way: Take a pair of dividers and measure on the drawing the height of, say, for example, the smoke pipe, and then see how many times it will go into the length of the ship. In this case it goes into it eight and one fifth times. The length of the model being sixty one odd inches, we divide sixty one by eight and one half, gives us the height in inches that our smoke pipes must rise above the superstructure. The distance between the smoke pipes, their diameter or any other distance on, the ship can be found in the same way.





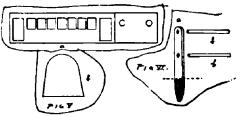
Upon a board as long and wide as the model, only three eighths inch thick, draw out your deck plan. Then cut out the deck with your circular saw, afterward smoothing the edges. At the bow and stern of the under water hull erect blocks of wood properly shaped, an inch and five eighths high, and fasten them securely (Fig. iv., a.a.). Now place your deck upon these and nail it on them. Upon this in exactly the same way place a central deck, the shape of the superstructure, leaving hatchways through both decks to give access to the inside. One large hatch in the superstructure upon the cover of which fasten the smoke pipes, ventilators, etc., will be enough, if in addition you cut a small hatch at bow and stern about three by three inches. Upon a board as long and wide as the

by three inches.

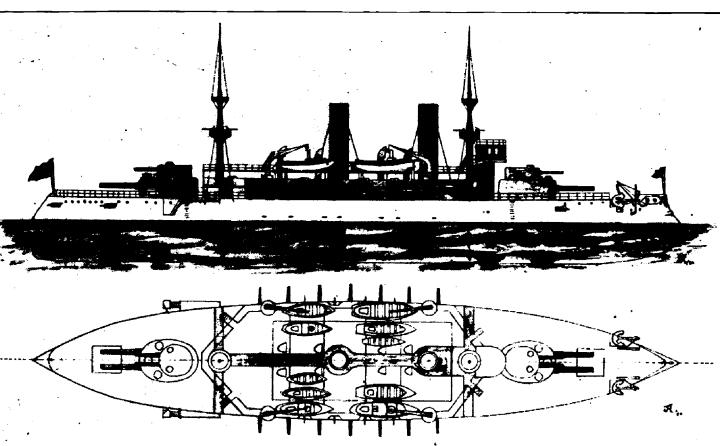
The sides of the ship must now be enclosed. Take light sheet tin or aluminum, third and from paper patterns cut out pieces to

ship is completed up to the water line, and the interesting stage of construction is about to begin. (Fig. IV.).

District the stage indicated on the plan, round for the military tops, elliptical for the turrets and curved in front and straight at back for the pllot house, etc. With a tapeline measure the circumference of cach, then cut a piece of the the same length and as high as required. In these pieces cut holes for the turret guns, or windows for the pillot house (Fig. V., a) and bend around



the base (Fig. v. b), tacking it on. Fasten in a top the same way, but in your turrets make the top to lift out so that you can get at your guns. The upper turret can lift off with the top of the under one. The miller to the proper turner to the control of the under one. military tops need only a bottom piece, in the center of which bore a hole for the mast to pass through, wedging it at the her a formidable and very realistic appearance. The ends of the superstructure can be enclosed in exactly the same way as the sides.



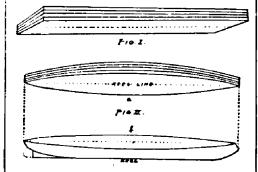
THE START.

The start must be made intelligently, with the plan of your ship sketched or drawn on paper or firmly fixed in your mind. If you do not care to plan out your own models, a good way is to choose a war ship of the United States Navy, and to work from a photograph of her, procuring, if possible, a sketch of her deck plan. The pleture must always be of the ship's broadsida so that the spacing and proportions of her parts may be accurately observed.

THE FIRST MOVE.

Having chosen the plan of your ship, the next thing is to determine the size. Having met with many discouragements and mishaps myself, this rule will save you untold trouble: Always work to a scale, and let that scale be one inch to six feet; or, in other words, one inch on your model will be equivalent to six feet on a real man-of-war. That will bring your railings half an inch high, representing the three-foot railings on a real ship, and will bring yery other part in proportion—a man on your model thus being seven eighths of an inch tall. The World Almanac gives the cour model thus being seven eighths of an inch tall. The World Almanac gives the dimensions of every American war ship, that you can easily get the proportions correct. And let me say that this is by ar the most important thing. Models you see in toy stores with very few exceptions, ire ill proportioned monstrosities, and are made to sell.

inches long, twelve inches wide and one inch thick. Nail these one on top of the other, using as few nails as possible, driving them in along the center line of each board. (Fig. I.). The line on top is the

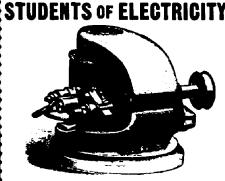


center of your deck and the bottom is the keel line. On the top board draw the shape of the deck drawing, and cut the four boards that shape. Fig. II. a.).

shape of the deck drawing, and cut the four boards that shape. Fig. II. a.). Then turn the keel line up, and with your chisels, plane and gauge shape the hull, cutting the bow away to form the ram and the stern away in a somewhat similar manner, only more to give room for the rudder, propellers and shafts. (Fig. II., b.). The under water hull now shaped and rubbed perfectly smooth with sandpaper, unfasten your boards and mark out the space to be hollowed out, leaving the bottom board untouched to form the bottom of the ship. Bore holes at opposite corners of this space (Fig. III.), and then insert your circular saw and saw out the centerplece. This done to the three upper boards, replace all four boards as at first, gluing and nailing them together, taking great care that all fit perfectly. Any glue that squeezes out, remove with a cloth. The hard work is now over, and with the exception of rudder and propellers, your made to sell.

Now, for example, take the U. S. S. Now, for example, take the space to be hollowed out, leaving the bottom board untouched to form the bottom of the ship. Bore holes at opposite corners of this space (Fig. III.), and then insert your circular saw and saw out the centerplece. This done to the three upper boards, replace all four boards as at first. Shove the waterline and twenty four feet high at the superstructure. Our model, then, will be sixty one and one third inches long, twelve inches wide, will draw four inches of water, while her

tack along the open places at the sidentirst cutting in the metal portholes and anchor chain holes, spacing all accurately. Then tack on the sides to the edge of the deck, at the top and to the hull at the lower edge. And, believe me, you will be greatly astonished to see how the metal molds itself to the form of the boat, giving. The turrets, military tops, pilot house and the coming tower (which is under the



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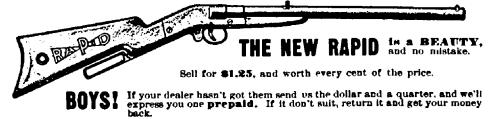


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DECK FITTINGS.

The deck fittings require special care, that the model may appear well finished. The railings are best made of line copper wire (Fig. VI., b, b), and the stanchions of sheet aluminum, cut and bored as in Fig. VI. (a). The little rigging required should be made of victors with expensions from a standard with the control of the control VI. (a). The little rigging required should be made of picture wire, except such ropes as pass through pulleys, which are best made of various kinds of fish line. The small boats, launches, etc., can be cut out of blocks of white wood, hollowed out with a small gauge, and tin or aluminum seats inserted. They are lowered into the water either by davits or cranes, the former being best made out of stiff wire and the latter out of sheet aluminum, of sufficient thickness to give them stiffness. The anchors can be cut out of flat solder or brass, and a stiff wire run through the shank to form the cross bar. Fine brass or iron chain can be bought by the yard at hardware stores. The guns, in this model rep-

If you wish to have motive power in a model, use steam and a steam engine. Clockworks and electricity are very unsatisfactory. Steam takes up less room, and, if properly put in, is cheap, powerful and safe, provided you have enough ventilators to let air to the spirit lamp. An engine bought at a toy store can be coupled to your propeller shaft by means of a belt, or fastened direct, and two engines can be attached where you have twin screws, as in the Kearsarge model. Remember that the hole through which your propeller shaft passes must be packed to exclude the water. The best packing I have found to be a pulp of oiled tissue paper. Always line your boiler room with tin or asbestos, so that, should the rolling of the model cause the lamp to take fire, it can burn out without damaging the model.

In all your construction never use carrect to the steam and a steam engine. Clockworks and electricity are very unsquares of mica over your portholes, painting around the edges when the varnish, used as cement stick little squares of mica over your portholes, painting around the edges when the varnish is dry.

Models of your own design are of more credit to you than if copied; and if you are at all inventive, you have a chance to you. Naval architects are always in demand in all parts of the world, and the making of these models might be the foundation of a successful career. But even if in later life you never should take up shipbuilding, your chances for success in any business will be much greater, for unconsciously you will have learned care, perseverance, patience and forethought; you will have become more neat and thorough which your will have become more neat and thorough which you will have become more neat and forethought; you will have become more neat and thorough which you will have become more neat and the white varnish.

in all your construction never use carpet tacks or any large nails that will split

proper height above deck. Flat pieces of tin can be rolled into smoke pipes, rings of wire being put around to hold them, as in the sketch.

MOTIVE POWER.

DECK FITTINGS.

resenting thirteen, eight and six inch rifles, your wood. Thin wire nails one-half inch should be bought at a novelty toy store and mounted on carriages of your own make.

MOTIVE POWER.

If you wish to have motive power in a white varnish, used as cement stick little white varnish.

later, even if a few failures do rather dis courage you.





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JANUARY IN AMERICAN HISTORY

JANUARY 1. 1808: IMPORTATION OF SLAVES ABOLISHED. The Constitution of the United States provided for the continuation of the slave trade by permission until the year 1808. In 1807 Congress by law forbade the importation of slaves after January 1, 1808, and in 1829 the detention or transportation as a slave in any vessel of any negro or mulatto was declared piracy.

JANUARY 1, 1863: EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN. The friends of the North perceived the necessity for destroying slavery in order to save the life of the Republic. The slaves carried on the farming at home while their masters fought in the armies of the South. The President and his supporters believed that the most effective blow that could be struck against the Southern cause was the freeing of the negro, and so resolved to abolish slavery. The President proposed to give pecuniary aid to any State government which might provide for the abolition of slavery. The South refused to listen to the proposition. Congress then proceeded to deal with the subject vigorously. It first abolished slavery in the District of Columbia, and prohibited officers in the service of the Republic returning fugitive slaves to their masters. In 1862 a law was passed which declared the absolute freedom of the slaves of public enemies under certain operations of war. The President hesitated to sign this bill, although in sympathy with it, for he belleved it would be inoperative. On the 22d of September. 1862, it was declared by proclamation that on the 1st of the following January the slaves within every State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof should then be in rebellion, should be declared free. Accordingly, on the 1st day of January, 1863. President Lincoln issued his proclamation, one of the most important public documents ever issued by the hand of man. From that moment the power of the North became invincible, as it enlisted the sympathy of every lover of freedom the world over, and from that moment victory followed victory for the Norther of State. The first utterance of the proclamation to the negro was given to a regiment of negroes in arms beneath a great live oak tree near Beaufort, S. C., within bugle sound of the spot where the South Carolina Ordinance of Secession for the perpetuation of slavery was framed. By the adoption afterwards of the Thirteenth the adoption afterwards of the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, slavery was abolished from the domain of the Republic. The signature that we have copied was signed on New Year's morning, and appears to have been made with a tremulous hand. The President had just previous to signing it shaken hands with numerous callers. The pen with which the President signed the proclamation was given to Senator Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, one of the greatest friends the negro has ever had. By him it was presented to George Livermore, of Boston. It is a steel pen with a common cedar holder.

JANUARY 1, 1876: THE CENTENNIAL YEAR BEGAN WITH GREAT DEMONSTRATIONS AT PHILADELPHIA.

STRATIONS AT PHILADELPHIA.

JANUARY 1, 1879: RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS. On January 7, 1875, Congress had passed a bill fixing the time for the Government and banks of the United States to resume specie payments at January 1, 1879. The great commercial depression that followed the panic of 1873 made gold so scarce that it practically was out of circulation. When it was proposed to resume specie payment on January 1, 1879, it was contended by a great many persons and by a great political party that it would be impossible to resume at that date. But the resumption took place with great ease, the United States Treasury and the banks receiving more gold on deposit on that day than they paid out. Great business improvement at once took place. Congress had prepared for resumption by passing an Act in July, 1876, authorizing the issue from the United States mint of ten million dollars of silver coin to take the place of the same amount of fractional paper money. The consequence was that within a year nearly every piece of fractional paper money disappeared from circulation, and silver coin became exceedingly plentiful.

JANUARY 5, 1838: PRESIDENT VAN

JANUARY 5, 1838: PRESIDENT VAN BUREN'S PROCLAMATION WARNING AMERICANS AGAINST AIDING THE CANADIANS. In 1837 the upper and lower Canadas attempted to separate from Great Britain. Their efforts had warm sympathy in portions of the United States. So much was this the case that peace between the United States and Great Britain was endangered. President Van Buren issued a proclamation warning the Americans against the infringing of international laws. General Scott was sent to the Northern frontier to preserve order. By 1842 the trouble was over. 1838: PRESIDENT

JANUARY 7, 1867: IMPEACHMENT OF PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON AGREED TO IN A COMMITTEE OF CONGRESS. Andrew Johnson was the seventeenth President of the United States, succeeding Mr. Lincoln as President on his death in 1865. He was continually at warfare with Congress, and was impeached, but acquitted in 1868, and retired from office in 1869. He died in Carter county. Tenn. He died in Carter county, Tenn.

In 1875.

JANUARY 8, 1782: DANIEL WEBSTER BORN. Daniel Webster's birthplace was Salisbury, N. H. He died at Marshfield Mass., Oct. 24, 1852. He earned enough money to go through Dartmouth college by teaching school. Was admitted to the bar in 1805. Was a member of Congress, a member of the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention, and a splendid orator. He visited Europe; was Secretary of State during the administrations of Presidents Harrison, Tyler and Fillmore. His services in what is known to lawyers as the Dartmouth College case placed him in the front rank in his profession. Among his great speeches were his celebrated reply to Hayne, and his Bunker Hill Monument oration.

JANUARY 8, 1815: BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS. In this battle the British lost two thousand, six hundred men, while the Americans lost only eight killed and thirteen wounled. The Americans were well protected by breastworks. General Lambert, of the British troops, withdrew all his soldiers from the Mississippi, and Louisiana was saved. The news of the victory gave great joy throughout the country. State legislatures and other bodies thanked General Jackson and his brave men. A small medal was struck in commemoration of the event and circulated among the people. Congress voted thanks to Jackson and ordered a gold medal to be given him. The anniversary of this battle is celebrated as a legal holiday in Louisiana. legal holiday in Louisiana.

JANUARY 8, 1861: MISSISSIPPI SE-CEDED FROM THE UNION. The con-vention that carried Mississippi out of the Union met at Jackson, Miss. The action of the convention was unanimous, although quite a respectable number of the delegates desired some delay in order to get the co-operation of other States. Mississippi de-clared itself to be an independent sov-ereignty and acknowledged the sovereignty of South Carolina, which had seceded. of South Carolina, which had seceded.

JANUARY 9, 1854: ASTOR LIBRARY IN NEW YORK OPENED. John Jacob Astor gave four hundred thousand dollars for a public library in New York. At the head of the first board of managers was Washington Irving. The library was opened with seventy thousand volumes. William B. Astor. John Jacob Astor's son, added further donations. further donations.

JANUARY 11, 1861: ALABAMA SE-CEDED FROM THE UNION. The convention was not harmonious. There were some men with Union leanings in it who were for the postponing of the act with the hope of preserving the Union. Imme-diately upon the passing of the act, a seces-sion flag, which the women of Montgomery had presented to the Convention, was raised over the Canitol. A great celebration took over the Capitol. A great celebration took place, during which the city blazed with fireworks.

JANUARY 15, 1865: FORT FISHER TAKEN.

JANUARY 16, 1872: GENERAL AM-NESTY BILL PASSED.

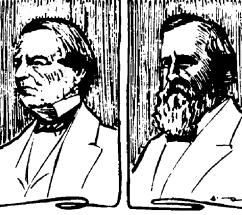
JANUARY 17, 1706: BENJAMIN FRANK-LIN BORN. Franklin's birthplace was Boston. He died in Philadelphia April 17, 1730. He was a leading member of the Convention of 1787, which framed the Constitution of the United States. It is impossible for us to give more than a brief summary of the life of this great American. He worked as a journeyman printer, started the Pennsylvania Gazette. at Philadelphia; published for many years Poor Richard's Almanac; was chief founder of the Philadelphia library; Postmaster of Philadelphia; founder of the University of Pennsylvania and the Philosophical Society, of Philadelphia; was Deputy Postmaster for the English-American colonies; a delegate

THE AMERICAN BOY









ROBERT E. LES.

GENERAL CANBY.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

to the Colonial Congress, to which he proposed a plan of union for the colonies
which was the basis of the Articles of Confederation; became a member of the Royal
Society; received the Copley gold medal and
the LL. B. degree from Oxford and Edinboro, also the degree of Master of Arts
from Harvard and Yale; was a member of
the Assembly; acted as agent in England
for several of the colonies; did much
toward bringing about a repeal of the
Stamp Act; helped to prepare and was one
of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; Ambassador to France; Governor of Pennsylvania; founder of
the first fire company of Philadelphia; inventor of the lightning rod.

JANUARY 17, 1781; BATTLE OF THE to the Colonial Congress, to which he pro-

JANUARY 17, 1781: BATTLE OF THE COWPENS. "The Cowpens" was the name of a region in South Carolina which, on account of its grass and springs, was favorable to the rearing and use of cows. A great battle took place in this region between the Americans and British, in which the British were routed, with a loss of over three hundred killed and wounded and five hundred prisoners, and many cannon, mushundred prisoners, and many cannon, mus-kets and horses. The American general who accomplished the defeat was General Morgan, and to him Congress gave a medal and the thanks of the nation.

JANUARY 17, 1873: THE MODOC INDI-ANS DEFEATED OUR TROOPS. The Modocs were first found in California. ANS DEFEATED OUR TROOPS. The Modocs were first found in California, where they fought the early emigrants. By strategy, forty one out of a party of forty six Modocs were slaughtered by a party of whites in 1852. The Modocs never forgave the whites for this. They kept up a war against the Government until 1864, when they agreed to go on a reservation. The reservation was not set apart until 1811. They were cheated by the Government, and, finally, under Captain Jack, became rebellious, and when attacked took refuge in the lava beds of Oregon. A conference was arranged for between the Modocs and representatives of the Government, and at this conference the Indians killed General Canby and others of the commissioners. The Government then pressed the fight, and Captain Jack was compelled to surrender. He and others of his associates were executed, and the remainder of the band placed on a reservation in the Indian Territory. tion in the Indian Territory.

JANUARY 19, 1807: ROBERT E. LEE BORN. General Lee was born at Stratford,

Va., and died at Lexington, Va., Oct. 12. 1870. He was a West Point graduate and came of a family of soldiers, his father being a brave general of the Revolution. He served in the war with Mexico, coming out of it a colonel and a great favorite with General Scott. Was superintendent of the West Point Academy. Became Lieutenant-Colonel of Cavalry, and later Colonel. When the Civil War broke out Lee went with his State, which had seceded from the Union, and accepted the command of the Virginia troops. He became military adviser of President Davis, Commander of the Confederate army of Northern Virginia, which army he surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox Court House, having just previously been appointed General in Chief of the Confederate army. After the war he became President of Washington College, at Lexington. Va. He had three sons, all of whom served in the Confederate army. Lee was an officer of fine culture, a brave soldier, and the idol of the Confederacy. His birthday is celebrated as a legal holiday in Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Virginia.

JANUARY, 19, 1861: GEORGIA SE-CEDED. A majority of the delegates elected to this Convention were against secession. Alexander H. Stephens, though believing in the right of secession, opposed it. A vote decreeing it to be the right and duty of the State to withdraw from the Union, was carried by a majority of thirty five in a total vote of two hundred and ninety five. When the Secession Ordinance was passed, Stephens declared he would go with his State. A resolution to submit it to the people for a vote was rejected.

JANUARY 29, 1861: LOUISIANA SE-CEDED. The Union sentiment was power-ful in this Convention. An effort was made to submit the question to the people, but it failed. There were one hundred and thirty delegates in the Convention. The Ordinance was adopted by a vote of one hundred and thirteen against seventeen. A motion to submit the Ordinance to the peo-ple was lost. ple was lost.

JANUARY 25, 1871: STATUE OF ABRA-HAM LINCOLN IN THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON UNVEILED.

JANUARY 28, 1859: THE HISTORIAN PRESCOTT DIED. William H. Prescott, the historian, was born at Salem, Mass.,

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genuine friends, and do much to brighten

your particular corner of this great world.

the garden or on the farm they sow the

seed, and if the seed be good, the soil

rich, and the season favorable, an abund-

ant harvest is the result. This is true

When men want to raise anything in

May 4, 1796, and died in Boston. His great works were: History of Ferdinand and Isabella; Conquest of Mexico; Conquest of Peru; History of Philip II, of Spain and Charles V. Charles V.

JANUARY 30, 1877: THE ELECTORAL COMMISSION CHOSEN IN CONGRESS. On Dec. 4, 1876, a resolution was adopted in the National House of Representatives, which was then controlled by a democratic maniority, providing for the investigation of the action of the returning boards in Souti, Carolina, Florida and Louisiana in the presidential contest wherein Rutherford B. Hayes was the candidate of the Democratic party. This resolution created much excitement in Congress and among the people, with the result that Proctor Knott, the representative from Kentucky, offered a resolution for the appointment of a commission of seven members and the speaker, to act with a like commission appointed by the Senate, to prepare and report a plan for the creation of a commission to count the electoral votes whose authority no one could question, and whose decision all could accept as ation of a commission to count the electoral votes whose authority no one could question, and whose decision all could accept as final. The resolution was adopted, and on January 18 the committee reported a bill providing a plan for the counting of the votes. After much debate the bill passed both houses and became a law. By this law each of the two houses of Congress selected five of its members to serve on the commission, together with four judges of the Supreme Court named in the bill, the four judges to select the fifth. The four judges selected Judge Bradley. The commission completed its count on March 2, and the President of the Senate announced that Hayes and Wheeler were elected.

ANUARY, 1863: GENERAL BRAC DEFEATED AT MURFREESBORO.

JANUARY, 1871: DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA GIVEN TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENT. So extravagant, however, were the expenditures made by the officials of the territory that in 1874 Congress repealed the Act and gave the executive powers into the hands of three commissioners appointed by the President, Congress assuming legislative powers over the District. One-half of the expenses of the municipality were to be defrayed by taxes—one half by appropriations. The citizens were given no right to vote on national or local questions.

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Short Talks to Boys J. W. Burgess

No. 5.

And then, boys, be careful. Many a boy has made a good impression when he did not even know he was being watched. Business men are continually watching the boys. If they see one boy coming out of a saloon, with a cigarette between his lips, and the other one with a clean collar on, coming out of Sunday school, it doesn't take long for them to decide which one of the boys they want to employ. Men, business and professional men, do a great many things themselves that they don't want their boys to do. When you are a man, you can do as you please about those things. but until you are, you will do well to be careful. The great trouble with the avambitious. about him that will make him do his level best; that will make him keep neat and tidy: that will make him polite and Politeness does not accommodating. consist solely in taking your hat off and carrying it in your hand half a block on a cold day every time you chance to meet a lady on the street. It means lots more than that. It means giving elderly and infirm persons, however poorly clad, the right of way every time. It means being just as considerate of the rights and feelings of your own sister as you are of account duly verified. There is no truer those of some other boy's sister. It saying between the covers of the Holy means a thousand little kindnesses that Book than that "whatsoever a man sow-fall in your power to confer, which, eth, that shall he also reap."

A Young Club Leader.



HENRY B. PHILLIPS.

Henry B. Phillips, a sixteen year old New York boy, is the president of the Young Boys' Democratic club of the twenty eighth assembly district of New York City. During the last campaign they worked hard for the Democratic ticket. At one of their meetings they had fully fifteen hundred persons present, and the boy orators were heartily cheered. The speaking was

done from a platform built at the side of the street by the boys themselves. Young Phillips, the president, was the first speaker, and he was roundly applauded.

This boy, by the way, is a characteristic New York boy, and an account of his life during the past two years will give an insight into what young fellows in a great city are found doing. He says in a letter to the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY: "At the age of fourteen I left public schools and started out on my 'business career.' I first struck a place in a drygoods store as cash boy at two dollars a week. I stayed there about six months and then left to better myself in the drygoods house of James Mc-Creary and Company. Here I was cash boy at two dollars and a half a week. After staying there six months I left the drygoods business for good. I took with me good recommendations. Then I struck a place in a lawyer's office at 257 Broadway at three dollars a week. I was there about a year when I got four dollars a week. At the end of November, 1900, I was promised a raise of another dollar. I am now well known to a lot of lawyers of our city and the judges and clerks of the court. I even go so far as to adjourn cases, and hold cases until my employer reaches the court. At the last election I went around stumping for the Democratic party. I explained to the people what show us boys would have if the trusts are in existence when we become men. I told them that I was helping to smash the trusts. I am president of the Young Boys' Democratic Club, a member of the Young Boys' Defender League, and a depositor in the Union Dime Savings Bank. I also have the pleasure of being a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY."

Denver Newsboys' Jolly Thanksgiving.

The Denver newsboys ate their Thanksgiving dinner at the Brown Palace Hotel, as guests of the Denver Evening Post. The Governor was there, the Mayor was there, and scores of other prominent citizens were there, and it goes without saying that every newsboy in town was there. They began to gather in the alley back of the Post building before seven o'clock in the morning. By eight the crowd was so large you couldn't see the alley, and. what was strangest of all, every one of the boys had a clean face. One boy thought he ought to wear a white shirt, but as he hadn't any, he put on a clean white cotton nightshirt under his coatand he looked like a gentleman. At ten o'clock a procession of tallyhos, band wagons and drags drew up at the alley, and then the boys exploded. Every boy received a chrysanthemum and a horn. The former they thrust into their worn little coats, and the latter into their mouths. Then they clambered into the wagons, and if they hadn't been restrained half of them would have been

on the horses. Then the Governor and the Mayor appeared and the band played "A Hot Time." Primrose and Dockstader's Minstrels were there. Primrose and Dockstader rode with the Governor and the Post man. The dinner was spread on long, narrow tables and was a sight to behold. The Mayor made a speech, the band played again, and some of the minstrels sang. Primrose and Dockstader invited the boys to their Saturday matinee. Neil O'Brien sang "If I Only Had a Dollar of My Own." The boys joined in the chorus. Some-body, writing of the affair, says, "Brave little fellows; plucky, staunch hearts. We who heard you sing that song aren't a bit worried about you. You will have a dollar of your own, all right, and many of them. Here's looking at you with a heart full of good wishes." Primrose and Dockstader's band broke into a cake walk that just sent cramps into the calves of the newsboys while they tried to hold their legs stiff under their chairs. After twenty five turkeys had been picked clean as ribbons the little fellows withdrew, acting all the time like perfect little gentlemen; but once again on the outside they let loose with their horns.

A Chicago Musical Prodigy.

Little "Abie" Shynman, nine years of age, has been granted a preparatory certificate by the Balatka Musical College. He has won the honor of being the youngest music teacher in Chicago. His piano performances have often delighted Chicago audiences, and no pieces have proved too difficult for him to render.

Young Shynman is also a composer. He was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, and at the age of four took part in a benefit concert at Cardiff, South Wales.

Guard. I beg to say in reply, that the of-fer of yourself and Company in the war with China is alike patriotic and honorable; I am pleased to state, however, that the present outlook seems to be favorable to the early settlement of hostilities, and I do not think it will be necessary to offer up the lives of your brave men on the altar of their country. With profound gratitude to you and your Company, I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully,

A. H. LONGINO. Commander in Chief Miss. National Guard.

Wants to Be a Page.

Roy Thomas Duncan, a fifteen year old Detroit boy, is trying to get an appointment as page at the coming session of the Michigan legislature. He has written a nice letter to the members elect, has followed up the letter with personal visits to all those in Detroit, and has received assurances of support from a number of them. We print his letter because it is a good one. It reads:

Dear Sir-Having secured my father's permission to do so, I have decided to become an applicant for a position as messenger during the next session of the legislature, and take the liberty of asking if you will kindly assist me in securing the same same.

was born in Detroit, and am in my tifteenth year; have always been a pupil of the Houghton school, and a member of the A eighth class at present.

the A eighth class at present.

I reside with my parents at No. 246 Sixth street, and am the son of George W. Duncan, who has been employed as a compositor on the Detroit Journal for the past seventeen years.

While I have never had any experience in such work as the duties of a messenger require, I feel safe in saying that I believe I could fill the position in a manner satisfactory to both yourself and your fellow members.

If it is necessary to do so. I can furnish

members.

If it is necessary to do so, I can furnish you the names of many citizens in every walk of life as a reference to my character and fitness for the place, which I seek, but it will please me more if given to me on my own merits as a schoolboy.



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Greenwood (Miss.) National Guard, Company A.

Through the kindness of L. P. Yerger, Esq., Greenwood, Miss., the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY are enabled to see Greenwood National Guard, Company A. of Greenwood. Miss. This company last August tendered its services to defend the country's honor in China and to quell the riot in New Orleans. Capt. David S. Humphreys, Jr., wrote Gov. Longino the following patriotic letter in tendering the sering patriotic letter in tendering the services of his Company, and the Governor's reply is also published below:

Greenwood, Miss., Aug. 2, 1900.

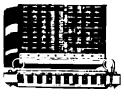
Governor Longino:—I write to offer you my Company for service in China or New Orleans. I send you a picture of my Company to show you that we are ready to go. Yours truly,

> DAVID S. HUMPHREYS, JR., Capt. Co. A, G. N. G.

GOV. LONGINO'S REPLY.

Jackson, Miss., Aug. 11, 1900.

David S. Humphreys, Jr., Captain Company A, G. N. G., Greenwood, Miss.: My Dear Captain:-I am in receipt of a photograph of yourself and Company, whose soldierly bearing and martial zeal is highly creditable to the State's National



COMPANY A, GREENWOOD (MISS) NATIONAL GUARD.

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GOEN WILD over playing the new Ludwig Mouth Organ. Anyone can play it. Sent with 35 tunes for 50 cents. AMERICAN MUSIC CO.,

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beasts, and found the occupation so

Children as Toy Makers.

The official report of the government inspector of factories for Coburg-Gotha the details as to the labor of children under fourteen years engaged in their homes making buttons, toys, etc. It appears that in this district 5,455 such children are employed. They work from four and one quarter to six hours per day, and earn in button-making from two to six cents. In making dolls they earn from three to eighteen cents, while on toy work they earn from two to fourteen cents per day.-Baltimore American.

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BOYS AS MONEY MAKERS AND MONEY SAVERS

To Learn the Value of a Dollar.

Robert L. Coleman, son of Walter H. Coleman, a New York millionaire, on his graduation from Cornell University in 1898, was told by his father to get out into the world and hustle for himself for three years in order to learn the value of a dollar. The New York World is authority for the statement that the young man is a bell boy in the Turkish cheap things because they cost little. Baths connected with the St. Charles hotel, New York. He first took a place in the treasurer's office of the South Carolina and Georgia railroad. Next he tried a broker's office on Wall street. New York, but his employers failed and the young man was without resources. Then he got on the Eighth avenue elec-Two English girls have made very tidy tric car line as conductor, remaining fortunes by the breeding of Shetland there four months and working for fifponies. They began in a small way a teen hours at a stretch. Then he was few years ago to raise the cunning little in a Brooklyn iron foundry for a month. where he lost sixteen pounds in weight profitable that they have now large Then he obtained a position as bell boy stables and drive a thriving business, at the St. Charles. He is reported to stables and drive a thriving business. at the St. Charles. He is reported to We would hazard the guess that an have said. "Father thought I wouldn't American boy could do as well as an English girl, if he tried. now and I guess I can stick to it. The experience has been tough, but great. When the three years are up I'll know the value of money all right. I've paid my way with the money I've earned myself. It was pretty close sometimes, but I always succeeded."

A New Profession for Young Men.

Forestry is an interesting study, and is in a fair way to be a very profitable one for young men. We are adopting in this country a system of scientific forestry, and there is and will continue to be great need for men specially versed in the sub-

iect. The United States government has offered to take supervision of private forests and make plans by which timber can be cut to the best advantage and the forest still be preserved in good condition, without any cost to the owners. A great many timber owners are accepting the offer, and, of course, employment is being given to many bright young men who are taking up this new profession. Many young men who have decided to make forestry their vocation are employed by the government during the summer at twenty five dollars a month and their expenses. They work under experts and receive practical instruction. Over one hundred and sixty applied for positions during three months of this year. Forty of them were undergraduates of Yale; eleven Cornell and University of Minnesota; twenty three of Harvard, and three of the Baltimore Forest School. The remainder of the applicants represented several different schools, and some were not college men. The interest at Yale is so great that a school of forestry probably will be established there soon. Three or four months in the woods during the hot season, with twenty five dollars a month in cash and all expenses paid, is a pretty good thing for a young man as a starter. If he masters the profession of forestry he can easily add that of landscape gardener, and has a paying job for life.

A child's savings bank has been dug out of the ruins of Ostia, the scaport of ancient Rome. The bank was an earthen pot containing one hundred and forty five silver coins Issued by Roman emperors between the years 200 and 19 B. C. The little savings bank was almost perfect when it was uncovered. It is three inches long and two and one-half inches wide, with a slit in the top through which the money was dropped.

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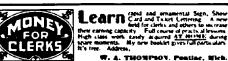
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Copies during the month; \$20.00 to the boy selling the next largest number; \$15.00 to the next, and so on, making 50 cash prizes to the 50 different boys selling the Post. This is in addition to your regular profit made on every copy you sell.

We will furnish you with Ten Copies the first week Free of Charge, to be sold at 5c a copy; you can then send us the wholesale price for as many as you find you can sell the next week.

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Practical Printing for Amateurs.

W. S. KNOX

(Begun in October.)

PRICES FOR PRINTING.

Prices for printing vary according to circumstances, but no printer should make estimates upon his products so low as to allow any possibility of a loss. The most pernicious habit any printer can fall into-be he professional or amateur is to do work at the bare cost of stock just to prevent some one else from doing it. Don't do it, boys. If your work is not worth a fair, honest profit for your own labor and a return for your investment in machinery, material, etc., don't the market, and simultaneously there accept it under any conditions. Do business in a straightforward, businesslike manner, and you will succeed where "the other fellow" will become bankrupt.

A very fair scale of prices for the grades of printing most generally used is as follows, based on fair grade stock:

Letter Heads—One thousand, three dollars and fifty cents; five hundred, two dollars; two hundred and fifty, one dolfor and fifty cents. Smaller quantities,

Note Heads-One thousand, two dollars and fifty cents; five hundred, one dollar and fifty cents; two hundred and fifty, one dollar. Less, seventy five cents. Bill Heads—Quarter sheet or smaller,

same price as note heads. Statements-One thousand, two dollars; five hundred, one dollar and twenty

five cents; two hundred and fifty, one

dollar. Less, seventy five cents. Envelopes-Same price as note heads. Cut Cards-Same price as note heads. Tickets, Checks, etc.-One thousand,

one dollar and fifty cents; five hundred, one dollar; two hundred and fifty or less, seventy five cents.

Bills, Dodgers, etc. (newspaper)-Six by nine inches, one thousand, one dollar and fifty cents; five hundred or less, one

Circulars (on good paper)-One thousand, two dollars; five hundred, one dollar and fifty cents; two hundred and fifty or less, one dollar.

The printer will find that it will not pay to set and print any job for less than seventy five cents or one dollar, unless it is a "name" card, a small order of labels or the like. Always try to do the very best you know how. Ask a fair price for your work and make the finished product worth the price you expect to receive for it.

A Professional Survey of Amateur Journalism.

JOHN LIVINGSTON WRIGHT.

During the week of July 2, 1900, the attention of the amateur journalists of old to the monthly that could hardly be the country was directed toward the city distinguished in typography and reading of Boston, because of the annual conventions of the National Amateur Press and D. A. Sullivan, now proprietor of the the United Amateur Press Associations Lowell Daily News, printed, some years being held there. Nor was this the limit. ago, a paper called "Youth" that would Down in Newark, New Jersey, a faction of the United Amateurs was holding a third convention.

This revivifying of interest in this delightful and helpful amusement inspires an old amateur, who was privileged to attend one or two of the Boston gatherings, with the disposition to attempt a

England, France and Australia, Ben-

cld, he edited and printed the New England Courant at Boston. Nathaniel Hawthorne is alleged to have served an apprenticeship as an amateur editor. Daniel Webster had his period as an amateur author. Thomas A. Edison, while a newsboy on a Lake Shore & Michigan Southern train, printed and circulated Philadelphia, James M. a little paper. In England, Canning, graduates of amateurdom. once Prime Minister, is said to have been the first amateur. Charles Dickens, George Augustus Sala, Gladstone and Robert Louis Stevenson are among those whom the young Britons point out as one-time amateurs.

It was about 1868 that the little amateur hand-printing press was put upon arose a widespread and tremendously enthusiastic army of budding printers, editors and authors. In 1869, J. Blair Scribner, a son of the New York publisher, Charles Scribner, issued a "call" and at his home originated the "National Amateur Press Association." J. Blair Scribner was chosen president and Wilham L. Terhune, now editor of the "Boot and Shoe Recorder," of Boston, was made secretary. Since that time the association has regularly held annual meetings.

No amateur journalist expects or exacts pay for his efforts, be they editorial. authorial or typographical. Secondly, as amateur journalism is invariably entered into purely as an amusement or recreation, it invariably follows that the boys and girls who maintain amateur journalism as a permanent institution are those imbued with a natural love of the play. Thus it becomes a school of instruction in line with what is coming to be regarded as the real basis of education, namely, that the sort of play or sport into which a child enters most eagerly and persistently is apt to indiate the calling in life for which he is most fitted. Amateur journalism has been claimed to exhibit features which make it superior to any of the other socalled "Schools of Journalism." One of these features is that the boy journalists are criticised not by their parents, professors or elders, but by rivals of their cwn age and experience. Comment which, uttered by a professor, would pass unheeded, stings sorely when emanating from other boys. Thus, the early discovery, by those who have not a natural love for the odor of printing ink or the sight of pencil and paper, that amateur journalism is associated with something savoring of a kind of drudgery is bound to keep out the young people not "to the manor born.

The appearance of these amateur papers presents a variance as wide as that in the professional field. There are all types, styles and sizes, from the daubed "thumbnail" of the thirteen-yearcompare favorably with many of the leading juvenile magazines gotten out by the most expertly trained heads and

The practical witnesses to the fact that amateurdom may be made a stepping stone to the reporter's or editor's chair or allied occupations are to be found in bit of reminiscing and generalizing. the leading newspaper offices of almost Organizations of amateur journalists any of the large cities. E. A. Grosier, are found not only in America, but in publisher of the Boston Post, Wm. Howe Downes, the art critic of the Boston jamin Franklin is credited with having been the first American amateur journal, tress of the Boston Home Journal, nalist, for in 1723, when seventeen years Norman E. Mack, proprietor of the

Buffalo Times, Judge William T. Hall, of Chicago, formerly dramatic critic on the Evening Post of that city, are some who might be mentioned in this connection. Among New Yorkers, Washingtonians and Philadelphians who connection. have succeeded as professional publishers, writers or artists may be named: George H. Richmond, C. F. Zimmerman, Will M. Clemens, James J. O'Connell and Irving J. Romer of the Sun, Joseph Dana Miller, Sam S. Stinson and Abby H. Underwood. Herbert Stone, the Chicago publisher, is a once enthusiastic amateur, as are also J. Austin Fynes of New York, manager of Proctor's vaudeville interests, Alexander Dingwall, of Chicago, who acts in a similar capacity for Jacob Litt, Bruce Edwards, manager for Julia Marlow. Among the writers, Frank Dempster Sherman, Harrie Irving Hancock, Minna Irving, Roy Farrell Greene, Jerome Bull, Frank Roe Bachelder, S. P. Rounds, of Salt Lake, Utah, the former Public Printer, and the present United States District Attorney at Philadelphia, James M. Beck, are all

Like the professional politics of the great parties, the struggles for and over office at the amateur conventions are fraught with schemes deep and daring. The button-holing, star-chambering and sharp maneuvering that prevail, portend the coming into power of future Platts and Crokers. In truth, many of the plots conceived and worked out at these annual assemblies would compare very favorably with the machinations of far older and more experienced heads. The hoys of the "Uapa" tribe would seem to have had a moderately torrid political history for the past few moons, and the fact that a contingent in Newark was trying to duplicate the Boston meeting did not add to the calmness of the braves who conscientiously believe in the motto of the "Tapas," namely, "United we stand. Divided we fall.'

Despite, however, the fierce rivalry for office, the amateur journalists always come out of their conventions and squabbles with a unanimity and a doffing of war bonnets that is truly delicious. Kiss and let's make up again," can be truthfully and happily stated to be the good rule that induces naughty and perverse amateurs to hesitate in their occasional tendencies to slap their fellow playmates and to bring back their dolls and play in the universal yard.

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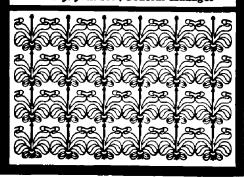
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"Why did George Blank lose his position in your office?"
"Oh, he was one of these boys who want to work altogether by the clock, and that sort of a hoy is never satisfactory."
"What do you mean by working by the clock?" I asked.
"Wall he would drap anything he was

clock?" I asked.
"Well, he would drop anything he was doing the instant the clock struck six or twelve. He wrote a very good hand and I had him write a few short business letters for me, and I have known him to lay down his pen at six o'clock and put a letter aside to be finished the next morning, when he could have finished it in three or four minutes. And if he chanced to reach the office five or ten minutes before eight he would sit around in idleness waiting for the clock to strike eight before he would



do a thing. That is what I call 'working by the clock,' and I have never known such workers to amount to much in life."

I doubt if such workers ever achieve a high degree of success in life. The boy whose eyes wander to the clock every few minutes to see how long it will be until noontime or until six o'clock is not interested in his work. His heart is not in it. He is not anxious to do his work to the utmost of his ability. He is disposed to give as little as possible in return for the wages paid to him. Such workers will generally shirk if they can. A wealthy man told me that he once had in his employ two boys each about eighteen years of age. One day he gave them a certain task to do. Just as the clock struck six he chanced to overhear one of the boys say to the other. "Come, Joe; there goes the six o'clock whistle. Get your hat and let's get out o' this."

this." said Joe, "let us finish up this

"No," said Joe, "let us finish up this work. We can do it in ten minutes and get it out of the way."

"Not much!" retorted the other boy. "You don't catch me working ten minutes over time, and not getting anything for it!"

"Well, you know we were allowed to go home half an hour ahead of time because there was nothing for us to do, one day last week."

"That's all right," said Harry, the other

last week."
"That's all right," said Harry, the other boy. "We aren't paid such great wages that they can't afford to let us go home early once in awhile. I'm going home right

now."
"All right. Run along, and I'll stay and finish this work up myself. I'd rather do it and be ready to start in on something fresh in the morning."
"I kept my eye on those two boys after that." said the gentleman who had told me the story, "and I discovered that the boy called Harry was a regular shirk, and that his work was rarely well done. The other boy, whose name was Joe, was, on the other hand, extremely careful and painstaking. He paid no attention to the

Working by the Clock.

H. H. H.

I once went to no little trouble and spent considerable time in securing a good position for a boy of seventeen, in whom I was interested. The boy seemed to me to have a good deal of ability, and he was most fortunate in securing the position referred to. I was, therefore, surprised and disappointed when he came to me at the end of two weeks and wanted me to use my influence in securing him another place.

"Why. George!" I said, "why did you leave the place I secured for you?"

"Because they wanted to make a slave of me," he said sharply.

I could not believe this to be true, and when, a day or two later. I met the gentleman in whose employ George had been, I said:

"Why did George Blank lose his position"

"That is the sort of young men always out of a job," sald one, in answering a question about a certain family of boys.

We are all familiar with the "sort." Every business man has had his patience worn down to a thin edge by the blunders, carelessness and stupidity of members of this undesirable "leisure class," whom he has been persuaded to "give a trial." Perhaps the place was given at the solicitation of some friend, perhaps because he was in need of immediate help, and must perforce take whatever offered itself—but one thing is always certain: The employer is the one who has the "trial." and it is only a question of time and patience before the employed is turned out to graze in pastures new.

Not long ago a young man (he is twenty two years old, and he ought to be a man), who five or six years ago was taken as an apprentice in the press-room of a large printing office, but was discharged after repeated blunders, the spoiling of several valuable orders, and an expensive injury to a new press, was taken back into the same office "on trial." He had had various and varied "jobs" since his dismissal, so he was in no position to grumble at the work offered him—running a freight elevator. But the men who were delayed by his dallying, sometimes five, ten, lifteen minutes, had reason to grumble, and they could not be blamed for improving the occasion. It was not only inconvenient but expensive, when a large "form" was walting to be taken from the composing-room to the press-room, to leave it and chase upstairs and down in search of the elevator boy. Forliearance came to an end when he was found in the basement, asleep, the elevator bell plugged with cotton. Now this desirable young man is again "looking for a job." If you had a place for a boy, would you hire this one? His address is to be had.

In the same town where he lives there is another young man of the same age.

would you hire this one? His address is to be had.

In the same town where he lives there is another young man of the same age, who, by his falthfulness, diligence and application has mastered the details of a complicated inechanism, and won the respect and confidence of his superiors. Lately he was appointed to a position involving the greatest responsibility. Every sense must be on the alert, every faculty on guard; a moment's forgetfulness or neglect might lead to results too dreadful to think of. "Alex, is good for it; he is always on hand, and always to be trusted." say the men who know him.

These are typical cases; the individuals composing the two classes are to be found in every city and village in the land.

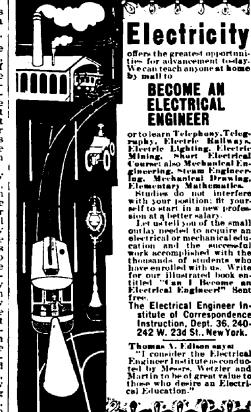
The question for the boys in the school-room, and those who have been obliged to

| leave school to take up their share in the | world's work, is, To which class shall I

The world has need of you, boys, and its richest treasures of service and achievement and success are yours if you are of the right sort; but it has nothing honorable or desirable to offer to the boy, youth or man who is perpetually "out of a job."

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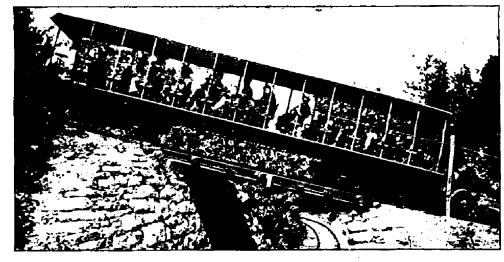
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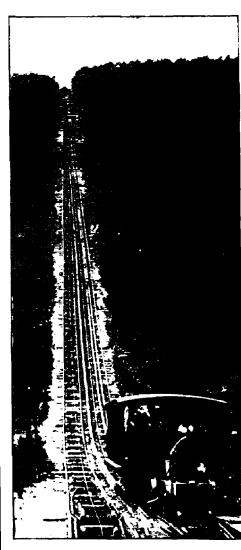
In 1791, Philip Ginter, a hunter, was living in a wild, unsettled part of Pennsylvania less than an hundred miles from Philadelphia, near where now stands the village of Summit Hill, and nine miles from Mauch Chunk. One afternoon Ginter was returning home from an unsuccessful hunt, and as he strode along his foot suddenly struck something which attracted his attention. Stooping down. he picked up what appeared to be a black and shining stone. The following day he took this stone to Fort Allen, now Weissport. It was such a curiosity at the fort that it was thought best to send it to Philadelphia. There it was pronounced to be "stone coal." It was nothing more nor less than what we now know as a piece of anthracite coal. A chort time after that a company was formed for the purpose of mining the coal, but even at a price of twenty one dollars a ton at which it first sold, the company failed. It was not until nearly thirty years after its discovery that the coal was brought to market in any large quantities. In 1818 a road was laid out by a company, extending from the mines to the Lehigh valley, a distance of nine miles, and this road is said to have been the first road laid out by an instrument -the level. Coal was hauled down this road in wagons until 1827, when rails were laid. Cars were run down these rails by gravity and hauled back by mules, the little animals making the down trip in a special car. They enjoyed this immensely: it was just like boys pulling their sleds up hill for the purpose of riding down again. Later the cars were drawn up by other power. For several years the railroad, which is now known as the Switch Back Railroad, has been used exclusively for pleasure rid ing, and a ride around the famous eighteen mile loop is something never to be forgotten. I hope all our boys some day will have a chance to enjoy it.

Soon after leaving the station the car reaches the foot of the Mt. Pisgah incline. Looking up the steep grade for the first time, you feel half frightened at the thought of climbing it in a car. but there is no danger; the safety appliances are strong and sure. The broad, heavy steel bands pull us safely and surely up the mountain side, the bands being attached to the safety car which pulls the passenger car. At the top of Mt. Pisgah we start off by gravity on a long run to the foot of Mt. Jefferson. passing over a short trestle spanning a deep and wild ravine, where we seem to be suspended in space. Here a grand view is spread out before us made up of distant mountains, hills, and valleys, and the winding river far below We can see below us a railroad train wending its way along the foot of the mountain; it looks like a toy. The speed at which we are going is something frightful. Shrubs, trees and boulders whiz past us. We whirl along dizzy heights, plunge into wild forests, and cross mountain streams that dance and sparkle in the sunlight. This part of the ride is for over six or seven miles, and then we go up Mt. Jefferson, another run of a mile, reaching Summit Hill at the top, a typical mining village. Here one can stop off and visit the burning mine which has been smouldering since 1857.

But the keenest pleasure yet awaits

us. Our ride homeward is over a nine mile track. A motion of the brake and off we start. Down, down that long stretch of track with ever-increasing speed we whirl, through wild, uncultivated fields, along ravines, past imposing ivy-grown crags and through long shady lanes where nature smiles her sweetest. We dance along at a speed that makes timid ones nervous; and for all, it is exciting. Now the wind almost takes away our breath. Look out for your hat! We feel like jumping up, swinging our hands and shouting, "Let 'er go," just as we did when we were boys coasting.

We see below us and in the distance the town of Mauch Chunk, often called the Switzerland of America; and just as our enjoyment is at its full, our speed be gins to slacken and the car glides smoothly into the station, the whole side including stone having taken about ride, including stops, having taken about



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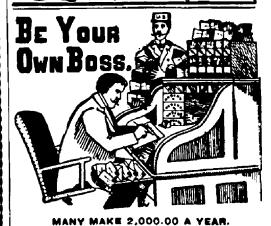
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How to Mount Prints.

ing propercy and the factor of a first fir

It requires artistic knowledge to properly

It requires artistic knowledge to properly mount a picture as well as to decide on the best point of view of a bit of scenery. There has been great improvement in this line by regular photographers, the past few years, until to-day the proper commingling of print and mount is generally the rule.

There is such a thing as too much as well as too little margin between the edge of the print and the edge of the card. In this respect one must be neither scrimpy nor prodigal. If an inch margin is the proper thing for one size of picture, it will be too small for a larger print and too large for a smaller one. Then, again, the color of the photograph makes a difference as to the proper color of the mount. If it has a warm tone, a different colored mount is needed to one having a cold black tone. A picture may be dark, or it may be light. That also requires a change in the color to suit the conditions. Freak mounts, highly ornamented and of queer shapes, are never desirable.

highly ornamented and of queer snapes, are never desirable.

Let the mount, then, suit the general tone of the picture. A strong print will require a darker mount than a weak one. A light print usually needs a light mount. It is a good plan to avoid strong colors, as a rule. Neutral tints do not draw attention from the picture itself.



"A WARM DAY IN JUNE." First Prize Photo, by Arthur Hust, 139 Oak St., Lewiston, Me.

After your prints have been toned and washed, let them dry for a few minutes, to get rid of the superfluous moisture. Then gather them up and put them, face down, on a piece of glass, any old negative glass will do, or a piece of window pane, one on top of the other, though in irregular positions; that is, not piled up evenly. Have a boiled starch paste ready, and apply it to the top print with a brush. The paste will slop over on the edges of the other prints, but that does not matter. Have your penknife ready, and insert the blade under the edge of the pasted print, lift up sufficiently to get a grip, and then take hold of the corners and lay straight

dry, put them under a weight, so that they will not curl too much. The curl can be entirely taken out by pasting on the back of the cardboard a wet piece of stiff paper, so that when it dries it will contract sufficiently to bring the mount straight.

A Handy Box for Negatives.

As negatives accumulate, it becomes a question of how to keep track of them. Envelopes can be procured at the supply houses, but this adds quite an item to the cost of the "fad." A simple and inexpensive way is to get some cigar boxes, which will cost nothing, as the law does not allow them to be used for cigars again; knock them to pieces, and then cut down sides and bottom to the size desired. To keep the negatives apart, line two sides of the box with corrugated cardboard, which can be fixed in place with glue or a few tacks. One box can be used for land-scapes, another for portraits, a third for interiors, and so on through the whole list of subjects. Be sure and have one for "the baby," and take a picture at least once a month. It will be a perpetual source of delight to thus record its growth. As negatives accumulate, it becomes a

Posing for Snap Shots.

J. C. Warburg gives in the Photographic Times Annual several amusing instances of trying to pose people for snap shots. As he truly says, the moment the subjects have any idea that their pictures are being taken, they become stiff and unnatural, and persist in staring into the camera. So he had to engage their attention on other matters, and when they were off their guard press the bulb. The introduction of animals into a posed picture helps to make it appear natural, especially if the animals are used to the presence of those in their vicinity. Then they will go about their business and pay no attention to the camera man, and if the amateur can induce his human subjects to for an instant forget his presence, he will be much more successful than otherwise.

Really artistic snap shots are very rare, but when one is obtained it is much more

nan otherwise.

Really artistic snap shots are very rare, but when one is obtained it is much more valuable than a posed picture. Naturalness has a charm all its own, but often natural positions make awkward looking pictures, so that obliviousness to the vicinity of a camera will not alone make a good picture of the subject. Fortunately, camera outfits and plates and developers are becoming so cheap that one can afford to take several pictures that are not particularly praiseworthy when finished, if only out of the lot one good one has been obtained. It is foolish to snap at everything, but it is also foolish not to take some chances on snap shots, when the view is in the least promising.

A Fine Annual.

The Photographic Times Publishing Association. No. 5 West Nineteenth street. New York City, seems to have outdone itself this year. In its Annual for 1901. It is a bulky volume, filled with the choicest matter pertaining to photography, and so handsomely illustrated that not a few of the half tones are good enough to frame. One of the most instructive articles is on cloud photography, and the formulas for every conceivable photographic operation are legion. With this Annual the amateur photographer need want for nothing, and the seventy-five cents it costs will be money well spent.

Answers to Correspondents.

Charles Hastings—There is no way of doctoring a negative out of focus. Throw it away and try again.

John Grant—Developing outfits can be bought for from one dollar and fifty cents up. Use your kitchen or bath room at night for a dark room.

George Cunningham-Your negatives are all underdeveloped. Leave them in the developer until the picture begins to fade. Also watch the back of it to see when the high lights appear.

George Hutton-Nothing is gained by using a smaller stop than is really necessary. Focus with the largest opening, and if all that appears on the ground glass is clear, regulate the light by the speed of the shutter.

With a Comment or Two.

with a Comment or Two.

With a Comment or Two.

Clyde C. Swayne, Washington, D. C., sends a large number of prints, but most of the other prints, but that does not matter. Have your penknife ready, and insert the blade under the edge of the pasted print, lift up sufficiently to get a grip, and then take hold of the corners and lay straight on the card which has been selected for that print.

Be sure and get it on straight. Nothing looks so bad as a nice picture mounted crooked. One must in the main depend on the eye for this, but with a little practice it can be done, especially if the mount is an embossed one, having lines running parallel with the edges. After the first print is disposed of, apply the paste to the card. Squeegees are cheap. Place a piece of white printing or hard blotting paper over the face of the print, and after the squeegee has been lightly used to set the covered print, bear down sufficiently to make every part of the picture come into contact with the card. Before thoroughly



Photographic Notes.

Many styles of "adapters" and "ray filters" are on the market. Amateur photographers are advised to experiment with ray filters in taking snow pictures.

A new idea in dark lanterns is one run by dry cell batteries, which are, of course, without smoke or odor. The lantern has a capacity of twelve or more hours, and can be recharged with little expense.

There is a "spotting medium" on the market, which is used to cover pin holes and other imperfections. With this and a red sable spotting brush the amateur can wonderfully improve imperfect negatives.



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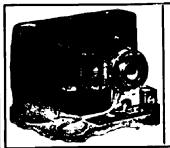
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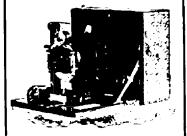
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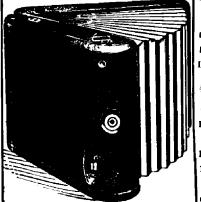
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CHAIR AND BROOMSTICK TRICKS.

With a Couple of Ordinary Chairs and Broomsticks Girls and Boys Can Have All the Exercise and Fun Afforded by a First-Class Gymnasium - Directions for Using These First Aids to Athletics.

A couple of ordinary chairs and two broomsticks are a whole gymnasium in themselves. Perhaps this may seem rather an exaggerated statement to boys who have never tested their possibilities, but half an hour's work with these domestic articles, if the suggestions offered in this article are followed, will be sufficient to persuade any one of their athletic usefulness.

Take, for instance, diagram number one. A boy is here kneeling on a chair with a tempting lump of sugar, seemingly just within reach of his teeth; when this is borne in mind the sugar is thing to do with it. seldom tasted.



With your back to the wall, however, you can, to your friend's deep chagrin. pass under the stick quite easily. This is also an excellent way to practice the bend back which is so essential to any kind of tumbling.

USING A BROOMSTICK.

The first time I tried to climb around a stick, as shown in diagram seven, it seemed to me that even a professional contortionist could not possibly extrithree feet space between the hands.

> snited to you after the first trial. Slip your left foot over the stick, put vour head under your right arm and then the test will come. If your back and shoulders are flexible they will allow you to carry the stick on around and to finally draw your right leg over without letting go of the stick. It is rather un-likely that you will succeed in doing this the first time you try; but a little practice will make the performance quite easy.

Good practice in limbering the shoulders is to be had by grasping the stick with the hands, perhaps two feet apart, and then without loosening the hands raise

Another extremely amusing spectacle | teresting trial of the accuracy of the | the stick over your head and bring it down across the back. Gradually reduce the distance as your arms and shoulders become more pliant.

In trying the position shown in diagram number eight be sure that the chairs are well braced so as not to slip from under you. I have known men who would let me sit on their chest while they were in this position; but any boy may be satisfied simply to hold it without any additional weight.

The last exercise I shall suggest. shown in figure nine, looks difficult, but it really is not. The left shoulder, supported by the back of the chair, gives a splendid brace. Almost any boy can throw his feet over his head against a wall, and when the assistance given by of this kind are seldom hurt; they acquire the cat-like habit of always landing on their feet.

Remember that the boy who is continually getting hurt is not the boy who wins the confidence of the home rulers or the admiration of his comrades. Always have a profound respect for your limbs; they are worth taking care of. Work up to your feats by slow degrees, until what an untrained man will be to you as safe as any ordinary

but the moment he reaches for the sugar the chair tips forward and the prize is lost. The best way of succeeding is to bring the weight of the ally attends a girl in this experiment. body as much as possible to either the right or left of the center; but even in the shoulders may also have something to a half or three feet, space between the procession of the shoulders may also have something to a half or three feet, space between the procession of the shoulders may also have something the shoulders may also have somethi Diagram number four shows an in- You can easily judge of the distance best

5

is offered when some boy aspires to acnumber two. In this case not a lump of sugar, but a bit of wax, is the desired prize; but as in the former trial an ignominous tumble is the usual termination. There is, of course, not the slightest danger of being hurt, for the one who is making the trial can easily eatch himself with his hands. In diagram two a bit of wax is stuck to the back of a chair and must be removed by the teeth without the boy's touching either hands or feet to the floor. After capturing the wax he must be able to regain his seat in the chair.

IN WHICH GIRLS EXCEL.

but at least two girls in every three can do it quite easily. Measure back three of your own feet from the wall of a room and place a chair between you and the wall; then bend over the chair until your head rests against the wall. Now raise the chair and attempt, without moving your feet or touching the chair to the floor or wall. the rest of his sex, will find that the and in this position it is next to im-thing simply can't be done. I suppose possible to get safely under the stick. will be to

eye. Place a chair at one end of a room complish the trick shown in diagram and then let some one walk rapidly from the opposite end of the room towards the chair, his right arm held stiffly in front of him. As he passes the chair he will attempt to snap off a cork balanced on the back of the chair. Nine people out of ten will snap at least an inch too high. The way to succeed in hitting the cork is to quietly get close enough to the chair to make a mental note of the exact button wrinkle or seam in your clothing which is exactly on a level with the cork. It is then an easy matter to hold your hand at just the right height as you approach the cork.

A boy who rides a bicycle or in some Diagram three shows an experiment in which the feminine sex easily outclass all masculine rivals. I have never known more than one or two boys who five. Measure three of your own feet you lose your balance; but boys who could engegesfully regain his equicould successfully regain his equi- from an imaginary line on the floor and have accustomed themselves to work librium after taking the position shown: place a cork upright at that distance, step back to your starting point and attempt to kick the cork over and regain your equilibrium without touching the floor in front of you.

Diagram number six shows some fun with one of the broomsticks. Place one end against the angle formed by the wall of a room and ask some friend to pass his body under it without lifting his feet from the floor. He will natto regain your upright position. Any his feet from the floor. He will nat-degrees, until what an untrained man hoy, unless he differs materially from urally face the wall in his undertaking, could do only at the risk of his neck,

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No. 6. FIST BALL.

No. 6. FIST BALL.

Mark off two large courts and draw a line, or, if possible, stretch a rope head high, through the center. Divide the players into equal sides, occupying the two courts. The ball is served, i. e., put into play, by a player in one court, who bounces it, and then bats it with the hand over to the other court. The ball may bounce once and then must be returned, or it may be returned before it bounces, except immediately after a serve. The point is lost by the side not returning it, or returning it from outside of the opposite court. Each side serves alternately, the players taking turns. The game should be played with both hands, and may be made more difficult by forbidding the bounce, except in serving. The number of players is limited only by the space at disposal. Twenty five points make a game. When there are many players, each court should be subdivided into six or more spaces, each to be occupied by certain players, who cannot go out of their own space.

No. 7. ARCH BALL.

Players stand in two or more lines, single file, players about two feet apart. The leader throws the ball backward overhead to the player behind. If the ball falls to the ground, the one who failed to catch it must pick it up and return to his position in the line, before throwing it. The last one in the line runs to the front with the ball, takes his place at the head of the line, and begins over again. The line wins whose leader first gets back to the front.

No. 8. TEACHER.

Players stand in a line, all facing one,

One point is scored every time the captain makes a fair catch. Two points are scored when the ball passes entirely around the circle of one side. It is a foul it (1) the ball; (3) it a player steps over the dividing line; (4) if a circle man steps out of his circle. One point is scored by the opposite side whenever a foul is made. After each point is scored the ball comes back to the center to be again started. to be again started.

No. 10. DRIVE BALL,

A court about thirty feet by twenty is divided to form two courts, each a little wider than it is long and each occupied by a team of players. A goal about two by three feet is marked at the rear end of each court, the object of each team being to get the ball into the opposite goal. Each team has a captain, who stands at the middle of the dividing line, and is responsible for the the ball into the opposite goal. Each team has a captain, who stands at the middle of the dividing line, and is responsible for the discipline of his team; a guard, whose duty it is to keep the ball from the goal, and who stands in the goal, and from six to twelve players, each assigned a certain spot, marked as his territory, and from which he cannot move more than two feet. At no time can the players do mass work. To start the game the ball is placed between the captains on the dividing line. At a signal from the umpire each captain hits the ball with his fist; the ball is then kept going back and forth, hit always with the fist. To put the ball into play at any time after it has been caught, or otherwise stopped, it may be bounced or thrown from one hand, and then hit with the fist. Kicking the ball, holding it, throwing it with both hands, or crossing the dividing line, are fouls, and count one point for the opposite side. Each goal made counts two for the side making it. When a goal is made, the ball his the fence or wall back of the goal, and bounds into the goal, it counts a goal.

The game is played in three rounds of fifteen minutes each, with a rest of five minutes between. The teams change courts for successive rounds.



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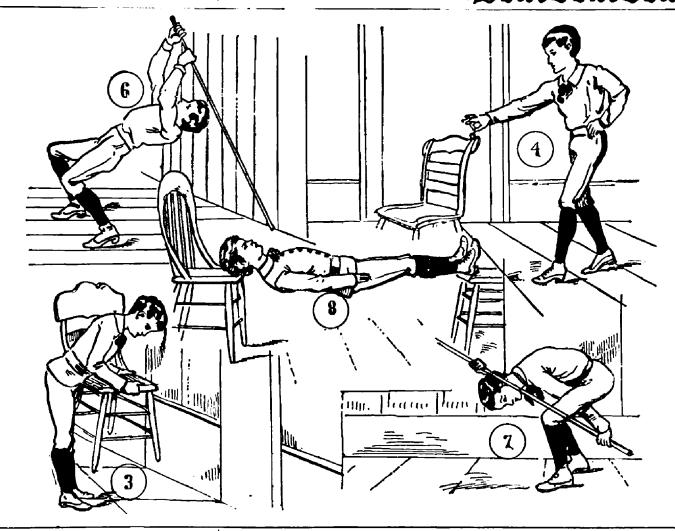
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the leader. The latter throws the ball to each in turn. Each one missing goes to the foot of the line, and the one at the head of the line takes the leader's place when the leader misses. The action should be as rapid as possible.

No. 9. CAPTAIN'S BALL.

The playing space is divided into two equal parts by a line across the center; in each part a series of small rings is arranged in a circle, equal distances apart. The captain's place is in one of these rings, near the center of the dividing line.

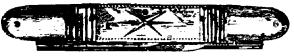
the center of the dividing line.

There may be from eight to sixteen players on each side exclusive of the captain. Half of these players stand in the small rings on their own side, and each must remain in his own ring. The captain also remains in the place marked off for him. The other players, called runners, run about between the rings and the dividing line, on the opposite side from their captain and circle men, and try to catch the ball from the opposing team and throw it across the line to one of their own men. The object of the game is to pass the ball entirely around one of the circles without its being caught by the runners who seek to gain possession of it.

gain possession of it.

Some one starts the ball in the center, and the runners take it and try to throw it to their captain or one of their circle men.

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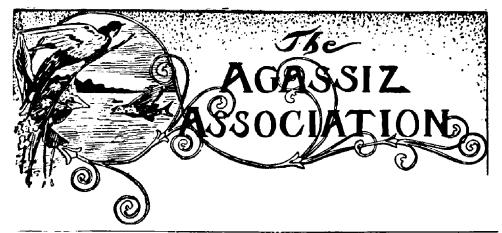


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THE AMERICAN BOY is the only official organ of the Agassiz Association and should be in the hands of ery memoer. All correspondence for this department should be nt to Mr. Harian H. Ballard, Pittsfield, Mass. Long

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. Incor-porated in 1962. Short notes of personal observations are particularly desired for use in the A. A. department. Send Illustra-tions when convenient. Questions are invited. Address H. H. BALLARD, Pittsfield, Mass.

Agassiz Association.

To all Chapters and members of the Agassiz Association: A Happy New Year. For all the boys and girls who accept our invitation to join with us in the study of nature, we will try to make the new year happy; and everybody is invited.

Hints on the Study of Insects

(Concluded).

(Concluded).

With this paper we conclude our hints on the study of insects, our aim being not to write a book on entomology, but only to make plain the right way to use the many excellent books already written. Never forget that no book study can take the place of the actual collecting and examination of the insects themselves. The thorough study of one insect without a book will help you more than the study of any book without an insect.

In our last paper we explained the subdivision of the class Hexapoda, or insects, into orders. We shall now consider one of the most important orders, namely, the Lepidoptera, or scale-winged insects, including moths or millers, skippers and butterflies. Every boy who has ever caught a microscope it is found to be composed of very small and delicate scales of regular form and great beauty. These scales are often arranged upon the wings with considerable regularity, overlapping one another like tiny shingles. This is particularly true of the larger butterflies and moths. (Fig. 1.) In the upper part of the figure the membrane of the wing is shown with the scales removed.

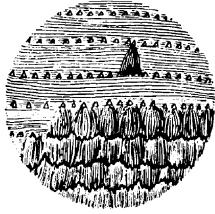


Fig. 1-Part of wing of Butterfly, greatly magnified.

It is these scales which carry the beautiful colors, and produce by their arrangement the exquisite markings of moths and interflies.

Lepidoptera may be distinguished from

Lepidoptera may be distinguished from other insects as follows:

They have four wings, which are membraneous and covered with overlapping scales. The mouth is formed for sucking, not biting. The metamorphosis is complete. The larvae of Lepidoptera are known as caterpillars. The caterpillars vary greatly in appearance, but are usually cylindrical and provided with six "true" legs, growing from the thorax, and from two to ten "false" legs, which grow from the abdominal part of the body. These abdominal legs are shed when the larvae shed their skins preparatory to changing into the winged or imago form. They are thick and fleshy, and usually provided at the ends with minute hooks. The six true legs have a hard outer covering, and persist have a hard outer covering, and persist throughout the life of the insect.

More than six thousand species of Lepidoptera are found in America, north of Mexico. The three principal divisions of Lepidoptera are moths, skippers and butterfiles

Moths, as a rule, fly by night. When at rest, the wings are either folded closely around the body, spread horizontally, or closed down over the abdomen like a roof. The antennae of moths are usually threadlike, or feathery, and only rarely are thick-ened or enlarged at the tip Their bodies are usually stout and heavy.

Skippers are so named from their peculiar method of flight. They fly in the daytime, darting suddenly, and with a flipping motion, from place to place. Skippers resemble butterflies in the erect position of their wings when at rest, though their hind wings are often spread horizontally. They resemble moths in the stoutness of the abdomen. Their antennae are threadlike, and enlarged toward the tip, but in most cases the extreme tip is curved backward into a hook.

Butterflies fly by day, and when at rest hold their wings erect over their backs. The antennae are thread-like, and enlarged into a club-like shape at the tip, which is never curved into a hook. The abdomen is

never curved into a hook. The abdomen is

slender.
We have now carried our readers as far

We have now carried our readers as far as is best, namely, to the front door of the science of entomology. We have explained the meaning of classification, which underlies all forms of science, and given a few simple illustrations of its operation.

We have taught you how to distinguish insects from all other forms of life; given the names of the orders of Hexapoda; and taken a brief glance at one of the more important orders, with its main subdivisions. Those who care to pursue the subject further should procure a good manual, as Comstock's, previously noticed, and a microscope or magnifying glass, catch their insects and study them with patience and ject turtner snould procure a good manual, as Comstock's, previously noticed, and a microscope or magnifying glass, catch their insects and study them with patience and care. If to this can be added a good teacher, time will do the rest. Now here is where the Agassiz Association steps in. Thousands of boys all over the country will carry their knowledge of insects to this point, and then become discouraged by the difficulties they meet from lack of a friend to guide and assist them. A few will persevere until they really master the subject, We invite all such to write to us freely just as often as they need assistance of any kind. We do not know very much about insects ourselves, but we do know several men who know a great deal about them, and who are always glad to make their knowledge freely serviceable to any of our members who are in earnest.

Aside from the technical study of entomology as a science, there is much that every one can do. Every one can make a collection of insects, and every one can study the habits of insects, watch their strange growth and transformations, and learn in what ways they are helpful or injurious to mankind. Every farmer is directly and deeply interested in this part of the subject. The gypsy moth alone has cost the single state of Massachusetts millions of dollars. Without a knowledge of the forms and habits of insects it is difficult to take the right means to get rid of them. Every boy and girl, then, who is ready to study further along this line is cordially invited to write to the president of the Agassiz Association, telling frankly both what he has already learned and what more he particularly wishes to learn.

more he particularly wishes to learn.

Agassiz Association Calendar.

JANUARY.—Get four or more congenial friends together and organize a "Chap-ter." Full directions in the A. A. Hand-book. Write for a charter.

FEBRUARY.—Fit up your Chapter room. Begin building a cabinet for your specimens, and a case for your books. Write to the president of the A. A., telling of your progress, and sending, if convenient, photographs of yourselves and your room. Read White's Leiborne.

MARCH.—Decide upon your line or lines of work for the spring and summer. The greatest freedom of choice should be allowed to each. Look out for stray birds wintering in woods or swamps, or about houses and barns. Read the Scotch Naturalist.

APRIL.—Observe the progress of the buds on different sorts of trees. Make a collection of twelve varieties during the first week in the month, and arrange them on a card. Collect specimens again from the same trees two weeks later, and compare them with the former. Read "Three Kingdoms," the handbook of the A. A. Watch for the first flowers.

MAY.—In most of the northern states the tide of wild flowers is rushing gloriously up from the south, covering the earth with beauty. Begin your herbarium, or collection of pressed plants. Observe Agassiz's birthday, May 28. Read Longfellow's poem on Agassiz.

JUNE.—Arrange for one or more field meetings. These may be combined with "picnics." The time before luncheon may be spent in searching for whatever specimens each one prefers. After luncheon the treasure trove may be spread out upon a rock, or on the grass, for comparison and exchange. Read Winchell's "Sparks From a Geologist's Hammer," and Going's "Field, Forest Wayside Flowers."

JULY.—About this time look out for bugs.

JULY.-About this time look out for bugs. beetles, moths and butterflies. Study carefully the effects of any strokes of lightning near your home. Read Ballard's "Among the Moths and Butterflies."

AUGUST.—Seaside life is at its height. Search for starfish, sea-urchins and sea-anemones in pools left by the tide. Gather seaweed and preserve it, as explained in the A. A. Handbook. Begin a collection of shells. Read Agassiz's "Seaside Studies in Natural History."

"Seaside Studies in Natural History."

SEPTEMBER.—Study the fall flowers, especially the common roadside weeds. Many of these now show the formation of seeds, and curious methods of scattering them. Label and arrange the specimens in your museum. Begin the study of mineralogy. Read Crosby's "Common Minerals and Rocks," and Hyatts' "Pebbles."

OCTOBER.—Study the common fruits of the garden and orchard; and the nuts and berries of the wood. Get to work with your microscope. Read "Microscopy for Beginners," by Alfred S. Stokes. Open correspondence with distant Chapters of the A. A.

NOVEMBER.—Get all your friends to sub-

tant Chapters of the A. A.

NOVEMBER.—Get all your friends to subscribe for THE AMERICAN BOY.

Make a special effort to increase the membership of your Chapter. Arrange for an entertainment of some sort, the proceeds to go toward a Chapter library fund. Study the phenomena of clouds, rain, springs and rivers. Read Huxley's "Physiography."

DECEMBER.—Study the formation of ice

DECEMBER.-Study the formation of ice ECEMBER.—Study the formation of ice and snow crystals. Search for cocons under old fence rails, in clumps of bushes, and in the corners of outbuildings. Write to the president of the A. telling of your year's work. Read "The World of Matter," published by D. C. Heath & Co. Give a Chapter reception, inviting all your friends to see the results of your labors, your room, your cabinets and your library. Renew your subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY.

Eighth Annual Report of Chapter 685, Nelson Girls' College, New Zealand.

This club has held six (6) general meet-

This club has held six (6) general meetings since the last report was sent.

The members have sustained a great loss this year by the departure of their president, Miss R. E. Gibson, M. A., to England. She has been with us since the inauguration of the club and has always shown her interest and sympathy in our work. Her place has been taken by Miss A. C. Tendall, M. A., the present Lady Principal of the College.

Outside friends have been most kind in taking interest in our doings; the girls are now competing for prizes offered by the Hishop of Nelson, himself a naturalist, for the best mounted and named collection of Nelson ferns, of which there are over 90 varieties. The collections to be given as a foundation for a "Girls" College Herbarium." Another kind friend has offered a prize for the best "Observation Note Book." Meetings are held fortnightly, the secretary giving a course of lessons on zoology, more especially on Sub-Kingdom Annulosa. Division, Arthropoda Class, Insecta.

MARION D. HOLLOWAY,

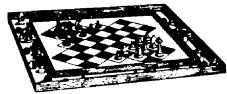
Hon. Sec.

In addition to the formal report, the sec-

In addition to the formal report, the secretary writes, under date of October 11, 1900: may honestly say our work is more

enthusiastic and encouraging. I think the revival in America, that we hear has taken place amongst the Chapters there (through the influence of THE AMERICAN BOY) has sent an electrical current through the whole organization."

TUMBLE-"How To" A book of 150 pages, containing 225 illustrations; tells you how to do handsprings, carrwheels, flips, somersaults, and every other kind of tumbling. It also describes and illustrates a great variety of Tricks, Pyramida and Games. Everything is so clearly explained that you can easily learn without any other teacher Send for terms to agents. Price, portpaid. So centa. Send money order to HORACE BUTTERWORTH, Associate in Physical Culture, The University of Chicago, CHICAGO.



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for 5 cents. Approval sheets at 75 per cent commission. Reference required, Gem Stamp Co., 264 W. Tenth Street, Des Molnes, In. FREE 100 foreign stamps free to anyone sending two 2-cent stamps for our new illus. cat. of Tricks. Novelties, Books, Stamps, etc., etc., H. HOLDEN, Box S. Station N. New York, N. Y.

STAMPS ON APPROVAL. We want boys to sell stamps at 60% commission, with fine premiums. SEND REPERENCE. SHERMAN STAMP CO. Norwood, Oblo.

HUNGARY 1900, 6 fine varieties FREE to all sending for my 50% approval sheets. 10 Cuban, numed, 8c; Labuan 97, 1 to 5c, 15c. W. S. ROTHERY, 2621 Davenport St., Omaha, Neb.

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To all sending for this grand bargain of 150 var, choice stamps, 500 best Hinges, 10 blank app, sheets, 3 old Canada and 3 unused Porto Rico posterates, a give roo Can. free, all for 35c and ATLAS STAMP & PUB. CO., LONDON, Can

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Answers to Correspondents.

B. J., Houston—Cancelled one and two cent stamps such as are used on letters now are of absolutely no value. Why dont you try and find some old Confederate stamps? Many of these are worth look-

A. G. C., Cincinnati—The one, two, five, eight and ten cent stamps of the United States were surcharged "Porto Rico." Afterwards the one and two cents were surcharged "Puerto Rico." The spelling on the higher values was not changed.

F. W. P., Parkersburg—There are no stamps as yet reported from the Republic of Acre in South America, though we presume as soon as they discover there is a demand for them from the outside world, this demand will be bountifully gratified We understand the so-called Republic is opposed both by Brazil and Bolivia, between whose territory it lies, and the probabilities are that it will be short lived.

Norman B., Springfield, Or.—Unfortunately, the stamps on your letter are merely post marks and have no value from a philatelic standpoint, though it is interesting as an illustration of the methods of transportation fifty years ago.

There are several varieties of the five cent, fitty cent and one doilar values of United States Internal Revenue stamps of 1866. This is dependent upon the inscription in the lower label of the stamp. They vary in value from one cent each for the common ones to five dollars each for the common ones to five dollars each for the scarcest.

Pan-American Stamps.

The first year of the new century will witness the most handsome set of postage stamps ever issued by the United States

government.
They will be known as the Pan-American

They will be known as the Pan-American series and are to be issued in commemoration of the Pan-American Exposition to be held at Buffalo next summer.

The stamps are to be of the same size as the Columbian and Omaha series, but will be printed in two colors, the center vignette in black and the border in color, each border and vignette being slightly different in design and form.

At the top of each stamp will be the words "Commemorative Series, 1901," and immediately under this, "United States of America."

each vignette will be Under each vignette will be a description of the picture and the words "Postage — Cents." The pictures on the stamps represent different methods of transportation and are as follows:

One cent—A large lake steamer.
Two cent—Express train at full speed.
Four cent—Automobile.
Five cent—Suspension bridge, Niagara Falls. a descrip-ls "Postage

Falls

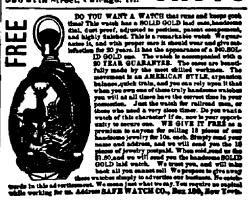
Falls.
Eight cent—Canal locks at Sault Ste. Marie with vessels passing through.
Ten cent—An ocean steamer.
The colors of the borders, it is said, will nearly correspond with those of the current series, being for the one cent green, two cent red, four cent light brown, five cent dark blue, eight cent maroon, and ten cent dark brown.
These stamps will be placed on sale throughout the country at the time of the Exposition, and can be used on international as well as domestic letters. As the set only runs to ten cents there is no reason why every stamp collector in the United.

why every stamp collector in the United States should not have a set and it will undoubtedly add many new collectors and rejuvenate old ones who have laid their collections aside years ago.

SNAP
This new humorous book, just published, contains anecdotes, stories and jokes, written by Hill Nrs, Max Adeler, Mark other humorous writers, it is the most laughable book of the 20th century. Postpaid 10 eta.

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teards in this advertisence: while working for us. Add:

New United States Revenues.

A few months ago the color of the one and three dollar documentary stamps were changed from green and dark brown to red and red brown respectively, but owing to the large number of stamps in the old colors on hand at the revenue offices, the colors on hand at the revenue offices, the new ones have had a comparatively limited circulation. These promise to become scarce as they have already been supplanted by an entirely new series and design for the dollar values, the denominations being \$1, \$2, \$3, \$5, \$10, \$30 and \$50.

The new stamps are printed in aniline gray, which will prevent cleaning, and have printed in the center in large black figures.

pray, which will prevent cleaning, and have printed in the center in large black figures, the numerals of value.

The one dollar value is already in circulation and the remaining values will be sup-

lation and the remaining values will be supplied as fast as ordered.

It is understood that all of the old stamps on hand at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing will be destroyed.

Specimens of the one dollar red and three dollar red brown should be secured at once as they promise to rise rapidly in volve.

as they promise to rise rapidly in value.

Something new in the line of a cancellation stamp is reported from East Clarendon, Vermont. The portion used for cancelling the postage stamp is an outline portrait of Admiral Dewcy, with his name below, and thus the features of the founders of our country are impressed with those of the nation's latest hero.

This reminds us of an amusing story connected with the first issue of postage stamps of Sicily, which occurred during the reign of Ferdinand II. It was decided that his Majesty's portrait should appear on the stamps, but when it came to the

that his Majesty's portrait should appear on the stamps, but when it came to the subject of their cancellation, much difficulty was experienced in fixing upon a mark that would not show disrespect to his majesty. Ferdinand at first would not hear of any obliteration being applied to his royal features by any menial post effice clerk, but when it was shown to him that unless the stamps were indelibly cancelled, many would be used again and the royal treasury thereby cheated out of just so much revenue, a compromise was finally adopted in the shape of a post mark in the nature of an ornamental picture frame with only three sides. This, when carefully applied, did not disfigure his Majesty's features, and also left the value unobliterated.

It is reported that no more surcharged United States stamps will be sent to Porto Rico and Guam. The stamps from the latter promise to be very scarce, as only five thousand copies of the four cent and six

cent denominations were sent out.

If you have not already done so, you had better secure a complete set of Guam stamps right away. They will never be purchased as cheap as they can be to-day.

On the fifteenth of December there was shipped to Porto Rico a quantity of the current United States Documentary Revenues stamps surcharged in the following form:

Porto Rico Excise Revenue.

It is understood that these will very shortly be superseded by a regular issue.

We should be pleased to hear of any good finds of stamps made after following out the suggestions given in the November and December issues. We are confident good results will be obtained with a little patient reports. patient search.

100 var. stamps, stamp button, 1000 hinges, blk. app. book, 21c. Lists free, White, Box 187, Lewiston, Me.

STAMPS 23 U.S. Rev. all diff. 3c. Postage 2c. Agents 507. L000 hinges 2c. List free. Q. STAMP CO. Toledo, O.

COINS Old U. S. cent, Sc; two scarce foreign coins, Sc. New List FREE. IMAIAH RUDY, Mattles A, Pittsburg, Pa.

STAMPS 100 all different FREE, Send the names of two collectors and 2c postage, 12 28 War ol amp of two collectors and 2c postage. 12 M was kevs., Me to \$1.00. fer 12 M Proprietars Revs., 15c. 4 Foodbow, 6c. Tollebo STAMP CO., Tolode, Ohio.



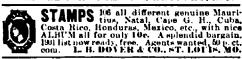
er your choice of many valuable premiums. No money required. Bend your name and address and we will mail you is handsome field Plate Searfand Hicks Plas set with beautiful stones. Sell them to your friends at 10c each, send us the \$1.80, and we will send by return mail the present you choose.

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A. W. G., Utica, N. Y.-The Columbian half dollar and the Hawaiian half dollar the dealers charge seventy five cents each

Charles D. Catherman, Bluff City, Kas.— Your 1806 cent is worth half a dollar; 1827 and 1854 half dollars, in fine condition, seventy five cents each.

Emmett Ford, Louisville, Ky.—A two real silver piece of Charles III. of Spain, date 1774, if fine, is worth thirty five cents; otherwise, bullion value.

Earle Buckingham, Bridgeport, Conn.— An 1856 cent is only worth ten cents. There are two varieties, straight and italic five; yours is the latter variety.

Geo. H. Proctor, Jr., Napa, Cal.—Your gold coin with the inscription. Libra cresca fecundo, and with sun rising over the mountains, is from Guatemala.

Elmer Foust, New Albany, Ind.—There are two varieties of the balf cent of 1820; twelve and thirteen stars, worth twenty five and fifteen cents each, respectively.

Helen D. Amerman, Onarga, Ills.—Luther B. Tuthill, South Creek, N. C., and R. L. Dietrick, Lorraine, Va., both deal extensively in paper money. You might address them

Fred Dargatz, Schreyer, Kas.—The 1853 halves and quarters with rays and arrow points, are only worth face value. Those without the rays and points only command a premium.

Harry M. Penny, Covington, Ky.—An 1838 dime of the O (New Orleans) mint is worth lifty cents; the one with thirteen stars, twenty five cents. The other coins you mention, face value only.

Forest P. Blodget, Bowdoinham, Me.—Your Mexican dollar of 1831, unless it is very fine, brings no premium. The ordinary Mexican and Spanish silver so common in this country, unless it is in fine condition, is only worth builion value.

Harold Brooks, Marshall, Mich.—Your rubbing is taken from an Austrian coronation medal and has reference to the coronation of Francis of Austria, who was associated with Maria Theresa (1743-1765). Date

of medal, 1432.

S. F. Hockensmith, Pittsburg, Pa.—Your coin is a two real of Charles III. (1769-89) of Spain. The mint mark Mo., on the reverse, shows that it was coined in Mexico for use in that country, then belonging to Spain. The arms on the reverse are those of Spain, Lions and Castles, for Leon and Castle, the two calculations of Spain. the two original provinces of Spain.

Frank S. Glover, Chicago, Ilis.—(1) A common Canadian (habitant) two (dieux) sous or penny of 1837. (2) Poland, of Augustus III. (1738-1763). (3) Dutch East India, dolt 1753, with the arms of Utrecht.

C. C. B. B., New York City—A ten cent 1874 Meredith green seal ten cent currency, if fine, twenty five cents. Red seal, same price. With new treasury seal, twenty cents. The coin rubbing is from a Mexican centavo, one centavo, current issue; no premium.

James P. Craft, Hartwell, Ga.-The 1827 half dollar is a common coin and sells for seventy five cents, while the 1827 quarter of which you send a drawing is extremely rare. The 1825 half dime, if in good condition, is worth fifteen cents; 1820 cent, worth ten cents.

Mrs. J. C. McD., Wayeross, Ga.—Your rubbing is from a Spanish half quadruple of Charles III. (1759-1788), 1787. The intrinsic value of this gold piece is about eight dollars. Only a comparatively few collectors care for foreign gold, so these pieces hardly bring any premium.

Omer Marner, Marlon, Kas.—None of the two cent bronze pieces issued between 1864 and 1873 command a premium except the last date, which was issued in proof only, and is worth \$1.50. Your one ore coin, with head of King Oscar, is from Sweden. The other coins you mention have no premium other coins you mention have no premium.

Lewis Pettit, Addison, Mich.—See answer to J. K. Temple. Your rubbings are all of common coins that hardly command a premium. Your silver coin, "50 cent," is a fifty centime piece and thus worth only ten cents, face value. France, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland use these centime coins.

Chase Flint, Pittsburg, Kas.—A New Jersey £6 note of 1776 is worth, in good condition, tifty cents. There were several varieties of the twenty five cent fractional currency of 1863. As a general thing, unless these notes are new, or in fine condition, they command no premium; 1863 nickel cent, only face value. only face value.

F. W. Behle, Richmond, Va.-A half dolfecundo, and with sun rising over the mountains, is from Guatemala.

E. Earl Amick, Bunceton, Mo.—You do not mention the date of your half dime. They vary in value from the 1802, if fine, worth \$100, to face value only.

H. B. Wimberly, Jeffersonville, Ga.—The 1798 cent, in either the small or large date, is worth twenty five cents. This is the commonest of the early date cents.

Elmer Foust, New Albany, Ind.—There are two varieties of the half cent of 1828:

Erank Bullivant Popular Bluff Mo.—Your

the nature of a charm or medalet. Three cent pieces of 1851 worth fifteen cents.

Frank Bullivaut, Poplar Bluff, Mo.—Your rubbings are taken from coins as follows:
(1) First bronze of Philip, emperor of Rome, A. D. 244-249. This coin has Greek inscription showing that it was struck in one of the Greek provinces, and we should say Antioch, in Syria, but the reverse is so poor cannot make out positively. (2) Sweden, 1799, one half skilling, Gustavus Adolphus IV., 1792-1899, This coin, as its inscription would indicate, is a model half sovereign of England and was struck in copper; it may properly be called a pattern piece, as the design was never adopted. It is best not to attempt too much cleaning of coins. Strong acids or alkalis always injure the coins; what cannot be removed by application of sweet oil, soapsuds, cleaning with whiting, and polishing with soft chamois skin, better be let alone. Many fine and valuable coins are ruined in an effort to make them of better appearance.

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A BAYA BIRD OF ASIA.

middle and contains three rooms. When completed the male bird goes off at evening and gets a lump of moist clay. which he attaches to the inner wall of the nest. Then he captures several fireflies and secures them to the clay. This he repeats until he has made several of these insect lamps, some of which are placed on the outside of the nest. where they send forth their strange phosphorescent glow throughout the night.

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Guard against draughts, yet have good ventilation from above. The object of side opening is for air when crates may be packed one above the other, as often is in express cars.

To insure against boxes not being set right on top of the crate, nail two or three three quarter inch square strips across in a similar way that apple and peach crates are made.

Crates eighteen by eighteen by fifteen inches are suitable for one specimen, and thirty by eighteen by fifteen inches for two or three. Never place more than three adult or five young in a compartment. Choice, matured specimens had better be in separate compartments.

If you have two or more crates for one

address, be sure and advise the express agent of such, otherwise they may be billed separately, and thus cost your customers more than if billed together. Learn the express rate and remind the agent that hares now cost but one single

Horse Talk.

Never go near your horse without speaking to him.

A horse can travel better and with less wear and tear with his head free.

A well-broken horse is much more graceful and easy in his motions without a check-rein.

Use a check-rein with the bitting rig, and when training, but when the colt has completed his education and can be used for regular driving, take it off.

Breed horses with style and spirit enough to hold their heads up naturally.

Encourage your horses to lie down by making their stalls comfortable. The more they rest the better.

When driving on hot days give a few swallows of water whenever it is pos sible.

If heated do not let him fill up, but give a little at every trough.

Take a barrel of water to the field and give the work horses a few mouthfuls every hour or so. It will help them as much as it will yourself.

Low mangers are best.

Keep them scrupulously clean. Any accumulation in the corners will soon sour in the hot weather.

Do not allow the dried perspiration to remain in the hair over night. It will

◆ause the coat to fade.
A good brushing will rest the horse and is almost as essential as the feed.

Take the horse out on the floor or out in the air and it can be cleaned quickly and thoroughly.—Farm Journal.

How a Big Elephant Collected Coins.

When "Jumbo," P. T. Barnum's big elephant, was struck by an engine and killed at London, Ont., in 1885, Mr. Barnum telegraphed a Rochester (N. Y.) taxidermist, employing him to superintend the saving of the skin and bones of the big elephant. It took five Journal, writes as follows regarding the hours to remove the skin, and then for crating and shipping of the Belgian fifteen hours more the men worked cutting the flesh from the bones. In Jumbo's stomach the workmen found an assortment of odds and ends that would have gladdened the heart of a junk dealer. There were a lot of stones as large as hen's eggs, and a collection of coins that represented nearly every civilized country: French, German, Australian, English, American and others. There were half dollars, quarters, dimes and nickels. Besides, there was a large number of lead car seals. There was even an English policeman's whistle in the capacious paunch.

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THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY

A NATIONAL NON-SECRET SOCIETY FOR AMERICAN BOYS.

Under the Auspices of "THE AMERICAN BOY"

Object:—The cultivation of manliness in mind, manners, and morals.

The object more definitely stated: To promote mutual and helpful friendships among boys; to give wider circulation to high class boy literature; to cultivate in boys physical, mental and moral courage, and develop them along social, intellectual and moral lines; to cultivate purity of language and actions; to discourage idleness, and encourage honest sport and honest work; to cherish and emulate the examples of great and good men; to inculcate lessons of patriotism and love of country; to prepare boys for good citizenship; to cultivate reverence for the founders of our country, and to stimulate boys to all worthy endeavor.

THE PLAN

Name and Divisions.

The society is known as the ORDER OF THE AMER-

The society is known as the ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY, and is divided into groups known as DIVISIONS, and COMPANIES. Beginning with the smaller group, a COMPANY is a group of persons associated together to the number of five or more, with a CAPTAIN at its head. All the COMPANIES in a State comprise a DIVISION, whose officers are termed COMMANDER and LIEUTEN, ANT COMMANDERS. The DIVISIONS take their names from the State to which they belong; as, for instance, a DIVISION made up of all the COMPANIES in Obio will be known as the OHIO DIVISION. All the DIVISIONS together comprise the ORDER. There will, therefore, be as many COMPANIES as there are groups of boys who organize for COMPANIES that may thus be formed. There will be as many DIVISIONS as there are States and Territories in the United States.

will be as many DIVISIONS as there are States and Territories in the United States.

Each COMPANY (the smallest part or division of the Order), will receive a name and a number, the name to be selected by the members of the COMPANY and the number to be given by the REGISTRARGENERAL. In selecting a name, the COMPANY will endeavor to honor some great man who has lived in the tewn or county in which the COMPANY is located; as, for instance, boys in Lexington, Ky, who form a COMPANY, may call it the JOHN C. BRECK-ENRIDGE COMPANY; and if this is the first COMPANY organized in the State of Kentucky, it will be known as THE JOHN C. BRECK-ENRIDGE COMPANY NO. 1 OF KENTUCKY. If boys in Larue County, Ky., form a COMPANY, and that is the second COMPANY organized in Kentucky, they may call it the ABRAHAM LINCOLN COMPANY NO. 2 OF KENTUCKY, Mr. Lincoln having been born in that county.

that county.

For the present, at least, the EXECUTIVE COUNCIL, has determined that the COMPANIES in one State shall not duplicate names, so that if a COMPANY selects a name that has already been selected by another COMPANY in the same State, the COMPANY will be advised of that fact and it must select another name.

same State, the COMPANY will be advised of that fact and it must select another name.

A COMPANY need not select the name of some one who has lived in its State. COMPANIES in different States may choose the same, name; as, for instance, there might be an ABRAHAM LINCOLN COMPANY NO. 2 in Ohio, and an ABRAHAM LINCOLN COMPANY NO. 2 in Kentucky. The EXECUTIVE COUNCII, will require that all the members of a COMPANY shall become thoroughly familiar with the life and character of the man whose name they select for their COMPANY name.

Members.

Any paid-up yearly subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY, whether the applicant be a man, a woman, a boy or a girl, may become a member of a company, provided the company by vote agree to accept the applicant. Two votes against the applicant's admission will bar him out, but he can then apply to some other company for membership, or organize a company of his own. The fact that he is barred out by one company will not count against his admission to another.

Members of companies should all live in the same town.

Members of companies should all live in the same town and neighborhood, if possible, for only under such circumstances can successful meetings be held, but there is no objection to a company's accepting a member who lives at a objection to a company's accepting a member who lives at a distant point. When a person once becomes a member he remains a member, so long as he fulfills the requirements of the local company and remains a paid-up subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY. The local company may make such rules as it sees fit regarding membership, and compel the members to live up to these rules or withdraw, provided that it may make no rule by which one not a subscriber to THE it may make no rule by which one not a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY can be a member. Each member is entitled to a membership badge, which is furnished free by the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY.

Officers.

The only officer that a company is required to have is a captain, but a company may choose a secretary, a treasurer, a librarian, or any other officers, giving them any names that it may choose. The head of the company must, however, be designated as "Captain." A company may not elect officers more often than twice a year, and the Registrar-General at Detroit must be advised of any changes. All national officers, and division officers will be appointed by the Executive Council, and until said Council meets the appointments will be made by the President-General. The national officers to be appointed will be General-in-Chief, Lieutenant Generals, and Major Generals; division officers are Commanders and Lieutenant Commanders.

The executive officers are a President-General, Secretary-General, and Registrar-General, with offices in Detroit, Mich., and an Executive Council of 20 men and women.

Executive Officers and Council.

The government of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY is vested in a board, to be known as the Executive Council, consisting of twenty men and women, the Editor of THE AMERICAN BOY being Chairman of the Council, with the title, President-General. The Executive Council meets once a year at the call of the President-General. Its first meeting will take place at the Hotel Victory, Put-in-Bay, Ohio, July 25, 1901. The Executive Council as at present constituted was appointed by the President-General, and its members will elect their own successors on the date mentioned. Until July 25, 1901, the President-General will have general direction of the affairs of the Order, in association with a Secretary-General and a Registrar-General, who ciation with a Secretary-General and a Registrar-General, who are associated with him in the publication of THE AMER-ICAN BOY, with such assistance as can be obtained from the members of the Council by correspondence. The Execu-tive Council elects the executive officers and its own suc-cessors.

How the Selection of Officers is Made.

In appointing National officers, the Executive Council will select for positions boys who have distinguished themselves in any department of life, either as scholars, as workers, as inventors, as athletes, as orators, as travelers, as naturalists, as scientists, as heroes, etc. In other words, the National officers will all be boys who have won distinction in some praiseworthy direction.
In appointing Division officers, the Executive Council

of the Order may grow. THE AMERICAN BOY must grow, and the incentive is held out to every member, the incentive is held out to every member. whether he be a captain of a company or a private, that he may attain to Division honors if he shows special activity in increasing the number of members of the Order, and hence the number of subscribers to THE AMERICAN BOY.

Promotions,

A private may be promoted to the captaincy by the vote of his company, or may be appointed by the Executive Council to a Division office by zeal in working up the membership in the Order, or to a National office by distinguishing himself in some praiseworthy way.

Degrees Conferred.

Like the Masons, Oddfellows and other fraternal orders, the Order of the American Boy confers degrees, but not, as with the Masons, Oddfellows and others, on the payment of a fee and the learning of certain formulæ and an election, but as an honorable distinction by the action of the Executive

Council and without any charge to the member receiving it or the imposition of any set task.

A boy may receive any number of degrees, according as his conduct merits them. Degrees are given for the following:

One degree for a conspicuous act of heroism.

One degree for good scholarship.

One degree for excellence in public speaking. One degree for excellence in literary work.

One degree for skill in invention and use of tools and machinery.

One degree for habits of thrift, One degree for continued self-sacrifice for the good of

One degree for manly deportment in every-day life. One degree for patient endurance of suffering.

One degree for energy and determination amid difficulties.

One degree for skill in athletics.

One degree for purity of conversation and habits. One degree for unusual musical skill.

One degree for industry and devotion to duty.
One degree for good work in behalf of "THE AMERICAN BOY" and the Order.

One degree for skill with pen or pencil.

One degree for skill and experience in travel.

One degree for skill in care and culture of animals or One degree for excellence in any department of amateur

business or endeavor.

One degree for unusual originality and enterprise.

Thus a boy may be entitled to twenty degrees.

Captains of Companies will report to the PresidentGeneral such members as he deems worthy of degrees, and
if the facts warrant the degrees will be conferred.

Whenever a member's name appears in print in these
pages, the number of degrees conferred upon him will be

indicated thus:

Harry S. Brown (5).
Frank T. Mason (8).
The figure shows the number of degrees conferred.

Any member, whether an officer or a private, may receive a degree, but no member can be a national officer who has not at least 5 degrees nor a Division Officer who has not at least 3 degrees. A Captain is not required to have a degree in order to hold office.

Salaries, Dues, Etc.

Officers in all cases serve without salaries. No dues are chargeable by the Order, though local companies may fix upon reasonable dues, or fees, or fines for their own benefit, though their action in this respect may be nullified or changed by the Executive Council. There is no requirement for a member to pay anything to the Order or its national officers other than the requirement that he be a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY.

What Companies May Do.

The Executive Council will exercise supervision over what the local companies do, and will withdraw the charter from any company which is going contrary to the purposes of the Order, or is engaged in any bad practices or enrolling in its membership any persons whose influence is harmful. The Executive Council will not, however, dictate more than in a general way what the companies shall do. It will provide a regular monthly programme for companies, which they will be requested to follow, but variations will be permitted. The Council will not interfere with any meritorious line of work that a local company may decide upon; as, for instance, it may become a constituent part of the Agassiz Association of Young Naturalists which THE AMERICAN BOY repre sents, and it is hoped that many companies will so do. It may resolve itself into a correspondence club, corresponding with members of other companies in other parts of the country in reference to exchanges of specimens or making country in reference to exchanges of specimens or making collections of stamps, curios, etc.; it may take on a seminilitary character, and with the assistance of some older person learn military tactics, and drill; it may devote a part of its effort to building up its members in debating, holding exhibitions and public debates, etc.; it may exercise its effort in the line of religious work, if the boys so elect. Where, however, the company sees fit to follow the directions only of the Executive Council, it will find good work laid out for it and plenty of it, and all of it in a line to stimulate and help the members.

Constitution and By-Laws.

A set of rules, to be called the Company's Constitution and By-laws, will be furnished free to any company desiring it. These rules are simple enough to work with any company of boys. There is no objection, however, to a company adopting other rules, provided they are not contrary to the purpose and spirit of the organization.

Meetings, Reports, Etc.

Local companies must meet at least once a month, and report by letter to the Secretary-General at Detroit at least once every six months. Company meetings will be presided over by the company's captain, the place and time of meetings to be determined by the company itself.

Libraries.

It is hoped that every company will endeavor to gather together for its own use a circulating library of good books for boys. The Executive Council will lay plans by which the local companies may easily obtain such libraries.

How to Form a Company.

A company may consist of any number of persons, young or old, more than five, and each member of the company must be a yearly subscriber to The American Boy. If you can find five boys in your neighborhood who are already subscribers to The American Boy, you can at once form a company. If you cannot find that many who are already subscribers, go out and find boys who are not subscribers and induce enough of them to subscribe to make up your five. Call a meeting at some convenient place, and select a captain from among your number and a name for the company This is all you will need to do at the first meeting. The Captain must then send to Wm. C. Sprague, at Detroit, Mich., the names of the members

of the company, with their street addresses, and advise him as to the name selected for the company. He will then give the company a number, to be used in connection with the name, and will send to the Captain a charter for his company enabling it to act as a part of the Order of The American Boy. He will at the same time send to the Captain of the company the articles, documents, etc., mentioned in the next paragraph. The company will then be ready for work, as laid down in the monthly programmes to be furnished by the Executive Council. One boy can very easily interest four of his friends and establish a company.

What "The American Boy" Will Do.

The Order of The American Boy is founded by the publishers of The American Boy for a purpose partly selfish and partly unselfish. The publishers expect to gain an advantage from it, but they expect to give an advantage equally great to the boys of America The Editor of The American Boy is the official head of the Order, and the publication will serve the Order in every possible way to further its ends and make it a power among boys. The American Boy will give free to every company, as soon as it has received the name and address of its Captain and members and a statement as to the name selected, the following:

A badge for each member of the company, and a special badge of distinction for its captain; a charter signed by the National officers empowering it to work as a company; a facsimile copy of the Declaration of Independence, with signatures; a small handbook on Parliamentary Law; a copy of a suggested Constitution and By-laws, to be adopted or not, as desired by the company, and during the year a programme for each month (furnished two months in advance); prizes for best work done by companies in various lines of activity; suggestions as to athletics, books and reading, exhibitions, debates, military drill, charity work, etc.

Executive Officers and Executive Council

President-General:

Secretary-General—

J. Cotner, Jr.,

Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

(Editor-in Chief of The American Boy), Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich. Registrar-General—

GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS,

Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

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W. SCOTT BICKSLER (Lawyer), Denver, Colo.

JOHN HASKELL BUTLUR (Lawver), Boston, Mass. MRS. LUCIUS BOLTWOOD, Grand Rapids, Mich. MRS. E. C. FERGUSON, Chicago, Ill. MRS, J. E. BEAL, Ann Arbor, Mich. MRS. FRANK E. TROWBRIDGE: Toledo, O.

P. N. SIGLER (of Nat'l Cash Register Co.), Dayton, O. PROF. F. W. SHEPARDSON (Univ. of Chicago), Chicago. GEORGE S. HULL (Lawyer), Buffalo, N. Y. E. J. WHITEHEAD (Mercantile Agency), New York, WALTER V. FIFIELD (Lawyer), Minneapolis, Minn. W. O. HART (Lawyer), New Orleans, La-

And the Secretary-General and Registrar-General Ex-Officio.

Officers of the Line.

General-in-Chief:

HARRY STEELE MORRISON (8), (The Boy Traveler).

Brigadier Generals:

KENNETH M. RANSOM (5), St. Joseph, Mich., successful yacht builder and sailor, captain of the "6,000 miles cruise."

JAMES FRANCIS SMITH (5), Brooklyn, N.Y., who carried the "Message to Kruger."

WM. H. CROSS (5), Los Angeles, Cal., Heroism, Summer of 1900.

HERBERT BOTSFORD (6), Grand Rapids, Mich., Hero of reservoir disaster July 2,

TED CHALFANT (6), Wei Hien, China. A little hero in the "Boxer" outbreak. ALFRED SMITH (5), San Francisco, Cal. Heroism. DENNIS WEISS (5), Detroit, Mich. Heroism, spring of 1900. JNO. E. SWEARNGEN (6), Cedar Springs, S. C. A blind boy of splendid school record AMBROSE STEINERT (5), New York city. Heroism, Sept. 2, 1899. WM. W. C. TORRANCE (5), Atlanta, Ga. A Boy Genealogist, JOHN R. HAYES (5), Farmington, N. H. Builds a steam engine.

GEORGE LEWIS FERRY (5). Kenosha, Wis. Heroism, March 16, 1900.

[The list of appointments of Commanders and Lieutenant Commanders will be given next month.]

ORGANIZE.

Every boy should now get to work and get at least four more boys to form a company and get ready for the work to be mapped out in the February number of this paper. We want 1,000 companies organized during the year 1901.

We expect to make THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY the most powerful and popular organization of boys that the world has ever seen. With just a little effort you can become a part of it.

Don't delay. Get in your Captain's name, and your members' names, and the name you select for your Company at once and be No. 1 for your State. Get as big a Company as you can.

The regular premiums are allowed on subscriptions you take for new members. These premiums may go to the boy or boys who get the new members' subscriptions or may go to the Company—as you may want to take books for your Company library.

We will print in each issue of *The American Boy* the news concerning the organizing and work of the Companies.

This is the sort of a society your parents and friends will approve of and they will assist you in getting members, selecting a meeting place, etc.

Prize Offer—Every Company should have a good library of boys' books. We shall send free of charge to the largest company organized and enrolled by February first next, ten splendid new cloth bound books for boys, costing at retail price fifteen dollars. cheap, "blood and thunder" books, but first-class, up-to-date boys' books by reputable authors. Books new and handsomely bound and illustrated.

Look out for interesting news regarding the Order in our February number.

Let us report the organizing of your Company in our next number. Address all letters to

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> WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, EDITOR.

GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS. ASSISTANT EDITOR.

100,000 COPIES.

A WORD TO ADVERTISERS.

The Publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY promised advertisers an issue of 90,000 last month and gave them 100,000. What is more, every copy, beyond actual needs in our office, is out and in the hands of readers.

It is something to have reached the one hundred thousand mark in the last

month of the old century, particularly as the issue that has thus distinguished itself was only the fourteenth issue of the paper.

This allows us to start on a new hundred thousand with the beginning of a new century and is quite appropriate, as you will see.

But the main point is, we are treating advertisers fairly; we are not juggling with figures, we are not indulging in any guesswork, when we talk about circulation.

Furthermore, THE AMERICAN BOY is read, and you need not accept our word for it. You are a discriminating reader yourself and have seen the paper and need no verbal assurance from us to this effect. We want to call your atten-. tion to our plan of organizing boys in a great national body for good purposes. This is going to strengthen the paper with boys, increase its influence, entrench it in the good graces of men and, women of the better sort, awaken widespread interest, and immeasurably build up the paper's character and circulation.

We offer to advertisers no cheap, catchpenny, low priced constituency. offer them one hundred thousand introductions into the best homes in America where we are welcomed by old and young.

Prize Winners.

Winners of prizes offered to puzzle solvers, in our December number, and of the flour mill puzzle, will be announced. privately by mail, and publicly in our February number.



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HE AMERICAN BO

MONTHLY Vol. 2. No. 4 Detroit, Michigan, February, 1901

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THE RECORD OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTH.

► HE old family Bible of the Washingtons contains the following: "George Washington, son to Augustine, and Mary, his wife, was born ye 11th day of February, 173 1,

The handwriting is supposed to be that of Washington's mother. The date is according to the old style calendar then in use, and is equivalent to the 22d of February, 1732, new style.

Mildred Gregory, god-mother".

WASHINGTON'S ANCESTORS.

The ancestors of George Washington came to America from the north of England during the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, about the year 1657. His great-grandfather, John Washington, is said to have inherited the blood of English nobility, on both the paternal and the maternal side. He settled on the banks of the Potomac, in Westmoreland County, Virginia. After John, in line of descent, came Lawrence, then Augustine, the father of George. The mother of the first President was Mary Ball, a daughter of Colonel Ball, of Virginia.

WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD.

The Washington family, when George was a child, moved to the banks of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg, Virginia, and there George's father died when the boy was but ten years old. We know very little of Washington's boyhood. As he was young when his father died, the boy lacked paternal instruction, but the loss was largely made up by his

faithful mother. It was she who directed his that if she died without issue, it should go to conquering truth, and he bravely cried out, mental, moral and religious development; and she did it so well that the whole tone of his life as a boy and a man was exalted. There were no such schools then as we have now, and Washington's school education was limited to reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history and surveying. In the last named he became proficient. He was a leader among boys both and a stranger to dissipation. One of his early though blossomed with silver, and their fruits in work and play. He was the only boy in his biographers says the boy's father taught him of purest gold."

neighborhood who could throw a stone across to be kind and amiable to his playmates, liberal the Rappahannock. As a boy he early showed a military taste. At eighteen he was county surveyor. For three years he was surveyor for Lord Fairfax. When nineteen years old he accompanied his half brother, who was in ill health, about 10 in the morning, and was baptized the to the Barbadoes. The brother died within a

ad of April following. Mr. Beverly Whiting and year leaving his estate of Mount Vernon to his Capt. Christopher Brooks, god-fathers, and Mrs. infant daughter, with a provision in his will,

GEORGE WASHINGTON

George. She did so die when George was nineteen years old, and to him fell the ownership of the spot whose fame has since become immortal. He was at this time adjutant-general in the Virginia militia with the rank of major. He was grave, silent, thoughtful, diligent, methodical, dignified, strictly honorable in his dealings, in sharing with them his good things, instilling into his mind a noble and generous disposition.

We can but wish that we knew more of the boy Washington, for then we might discover some of the germs of his future greatness. But with such a father and mother perhaps we need go no further for the source of his greatness.

THE FAMOUS STORY OF THE CHERRY TREE.

"When George was about six years old, he was made the wealthy master of a hatchet, of which, like most boys, he was immoderately fond, and was constantly going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day in the garden, where he often amused himself hacking his mother's pea bushes, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry-tree, which he barked so terribly, that the tree never got the better of it. The next morning, the old gentleman finding out what had befallen his tree, which, by the by, was a great favorite, came into the house, and with much warmth, asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time that he would not have taken five guineas for the tree. Nobody could tell him anything about it. Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. 'George,' said his father, 'do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree yonder in the gardent' This was a tough question; and George staggered under it for a moment, but quickly recovered himself, and looking at his father, the sweet face of youth brightened with the mexpressible charm of all-

'I can't tell a lie, Father; you know I can't tell a lie. I cut it with my hatchet! 'Run to my arms, you dearest boy,' cried his father in transports—'run to my arms! Glad am I, George, that you killed my tree, for you have paid me for it a thousand times. Such an act of heroism in my son, is worth more than a thousand trees,

A BOY IN THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS





YOUNG WASHINGTON IN A WRESTLING MATCH AT MOUNT VERNON.

Although the story I am here to relate has no connection with my duties as a "page," I have deemed it the narrow gang plank; yet, even with all the exciteworthy of telling at this time when all American boys are thinking of George Washington.

The life of "pages" in Congress twenty five years ago was not one of work alone; we had our good times, close confinement made nec during the sessions, gave to our holidays an added zest. It was on one of these holidays that three of us boys paid a visit to Mount Vernon, the ancestral estate of the Washingtons some twenty miles down the Potomac from Washington city. The little steamer 'Arrow" made the trip every day, and on this particular day she was loaded to the water's edge with a merry crowd whose center was a little band of Italian musicians. The broad, historic river was delightfully smooth, and glistened in the morning sunlight. We ate popcorn and bananas and shouted at passing boats just as boys do now on an all-day excursion, until near midday, when the little steamer rounded gracefully a bend in the stream and, "There's Mount Vernon!" came from an hundred lips. Then there was scurrying

to get our lunch baskets and fall in line to pass over ment consequent on the disembarking of a motley crowd all eager to get ashore, I was just a little awed at the thought that we had actually touched land on the estate of George Washington.

One of the first books I had ever volume edition of Irving's Life of Washington-a massive work staggering many a grown person; for me, however, it had possessed the fascination of a novel, and the result of this early and extended reading had made me a hero worshipper at the shrine of The Father of His Country. Little wonder was it, then, that my heart gave an extra thump or two as I stepped ashore with my comrades, realizing that here Washington spent years of his young manhood; that to this spot he returned from his many and varied successes in public life, and that here he had died and now lay buried.

From the boat landing a path leads directly up the steep hillside, shaded by forest trees, to the fine old house that stands in the open on the very brow of the Note.—Other contributions by a Boy "Pace" in Congress are found in hill. In our eagerness we boys ran ahead of the procession of sight-seers, and before we realized it came,

upon a group of people standing before double grated doors, behind which, in rude simplicity, stood two misssive sarcophagi containing, as shown by their simple inscriptions, the remains of George and Martha Washington. We boys don't have to be told to take off our hats as we stand there and peer in through the iron bars trying in imagination to pierce the darkness and the solid stone coffins and see the revered forms whose pictures stand so vividly before our mind's eye. We do not need to be told to talk in whispers: it is an aweinspiring place even for a careless boy.

A large company soon gathered and we all stood solemn and speechless before the grim vault, while the leaves rustled and the birds chirped in the trees above us. I stealthily picked up a few pebbles from the gravel walk where I stood, and when out of sight of the rest of the company I stowed them carefully in my pocket to add to my collection of relics and mementoes.

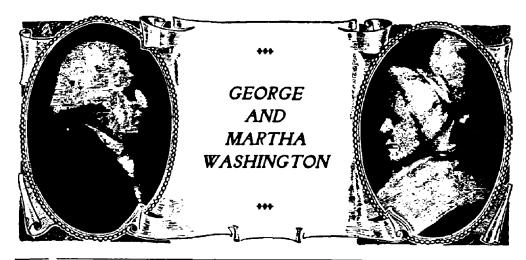
Now for the old house on the summit! A dear old Virginia mansion, with its broad stone piazza and its pillars of white and, back of it, the negro quarters and the capacious barn. Standing on the stone floor of this piazza I looked up and down the broad sweep of the Potomac, and recalled that Washington was wont to sit here and converse with his visitors, and tread up and down its stone floor musing and thinking out mighty affairs of state, and that here his body lay in state on that eighteenth of December, 1799, to be carried about the middle of the afternoon, at the signal from a cannon on board a vessel at anchor in the river. to its resting place on the hillside below. I remembered reading that in that little procession of cavalry infantry, clergy, masons, friends, neighbors, servants and immediate family, there was Washington's war horse, led by two grooms in black. It was riderless that day, but carried saddle, holsters and pistols. Just behind it came the body of its master on a bier.

I walked with my boy friends up and down this piazza of now crumbling sandstone, and we tried to picture to ourselves the boy George Custis and his sister Nellie, son and daughter of Washington's step-son who had died, and after his death, adopted by George and Martha Washington. What fine times they must have had romping on this big lawn! And think of the dogs, and horses, and guns, and game in the woods. and ever so many faithful servants to do anything on earth for young massa and young missus!

Then we turned and entered the hospitable front door to find ourselves almost immediately in the "Martha Washington Reception Room"-very insignificant as compared with the drawing-rooms of our own day but yet imposing in its way, especially when seen through the eyes of memory. Here is old time simplicity. Time-stained and time-honored paintings, some of heroic size, adorn the walls, and the great open some of heroic size, adorn the walls, and the great open size. fireplace yawns as of old. Here Lady Washington received her guests. It is the "East Room" in the old "white house," made sacred by many a brilliant scene glowing with color and life from out the colonial days. We can picture the gallant Marquis de Lafayette leading Lady Washington in the stately dance, and officers, and civilians, many of whose names are graven in imperishable history, with the lovely dames and damsels of old Virginia making merry at the simple court of the citizen President. Oh, could we but recall the twenty second day of February, 1799, the last birth-day celebration of the master of Mount Vernon! That was a celebration to remember, for on that day in this room Washington gave Nellie Custis as a bride to his nephew, Lawrence Lewis. Fifteen years before, Wasaington's birth had been celebrated at Alexandria, Virginia, by a ball. In Richmond it was celebrated as early as 1786, and in Philadelphia in 1790. After this celebration at Mount Vernon, when Nellie Custis graced the day as a bridal flower, it became a day of nation d rejoicing. Then we wandered through other rooms



MOUNT VERNON



filled with the relics of colonial days. We gazed with wide-open eyes on the clothes the great general wore. his sword and camp equipments, the chair in which he was wont to sit, the family furniture and dishes. Then we went upstairs, to find ourselves in a little room with low ceilings and a single window, containing only a bedstead minus furnishings. Here was a "guard." whose duty it was to tell that in this room Washington died, and that looking out of this window he designated the spot where they were to lay him to rest.

How visitors gaze upon that bedstead in which Washington died, with its old cord! Old, did I say? Well, not so very old; for, says the guard, a new cord must be purchased every month or so to supply relic hunters, who stubbornly imagine, despite evidence to the contrary, that the few inches of rope which they have adroitly cut when the guard is not watching is the original rope placed there by hands long since folded to rest. When the guard tells us this we scarcely smile, for the place and the air is oppressive. We lower our voices to whispers. Here, too, memory is busy, and we recall those last words to the doctor: "It is well, doctor: I am not afraid to die," as the great man calmly folded his arms across his breast.

breathed his last. At the foot of this bed sat Martha Washington, her face buried in the curtains, and silently praying, and when the suwe hear her saying: "Tis well; all is now over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through." At midnight that night room and a pale taper set at its head; then with the speed of the fleetest messengers the dread news spread over

the land and over the world, that Washington was dead. I stood for a moment beneath the tree by the side of the house where Washington was wont to mount his horse and calling to his dogs, gallop away to the chase, or with sword and gauntlets and glittering aides march away to war. I roamed about the grounds, into the negro cabins and the barns, and eagerly drank in the stories of guide book and guide until the whistle of the little steamer at the landing below recalled me to the duty of the moment, which was to get myself back to my work in the big Capitol whose cornerstone Washington himself had laid so many years ago

But I didn't go empty-handed, or rather emptypocketed, for I had a handful of pebbles from the tomb a piece of moldy shingle from the roof, a small piece of sandstone which my boot heel had loosened from the plazza floor, and a cane cut from the growing underbrush in the woods back of the house. But a guard at the landing took the cane away from me, it being against the rules to carry anything away but memories which I am thankful to say no one could deprive me of and years ago the pebbles, the shingle and the stone went the way of all things mortal and nothing now remains to me but my story.

A YANKEE BOY'S ROMANCE

FRED. MYRON COLBY

I do not suppose that a mere title makes a man really greater or better for possessing it. but when one wins such a distinction by real merit it is well enough to give him honor.

Democratic America does not award titles of honor (unless we except the ill-used "Hon." and some of the college degrees), and but few American citizens have ever borne them in foreign countries. Probably the number can be counted on the fingers of both hands. The story of each of these is interesting, from that of Benjamin Thompson, who was made a count of the German empire by the King of Bavaria, to that of the late Gen. Charles Stone, who won the three horse-tails of a pasha under the Khedive of Egypt. But none exceeds in interest that of the sturdy young Yankee who began his romantic career as a merchant's bound boy and ended it as Count Zinscherskoff.

In the town of Meredith, New Hampshire, near the shores of Lake Winnipisiogee—that beautiful lake which the aborigines named the "Smile of the Great Spirit"-there stands a large, wooden dwelling house, gray and venerable with the storms and sunshines of a hundred years.

During the last decade of the last century, and the first decade of the present one, this ancient mansion was the home of the Rev. Samuel Finlay Williams. a graduate of Harvard College, and the settled minister of the town.

Here, somewhere about the year 1795, was born a boy who, in spite of poverty and the unromantic name of John, was destined to lead a life as wonderful in many respects as that of Aladdin in Eastern story.

There was nothing in the boyhood of John Williams to indicate in any way a brilliant destiny. In fact, a very different career was often predicted for him, his being one of the unusual instances where the man

was not foreshadowed by the boy.

He was an ordinary country lad, wide-awake enough, somewhat fonder of play than of work, and proverhial of propensity to misdeacons' and ministers' sons, which, if not generally true, was so in this case. His natural disposition to roguery and license was perhaps less restrained than usual in a parson's son, for the reason that his father accepted a chaplaincy in the navy. At the age of thirteen, Jack, as he was familiarly called, was bound out to service to a well-to-do merchant in his native town. He remained in that situation three years, increasing his reputation for reckless adventures if for nothing else.

One night on returning from a nocturnal expedition. he was intercepted by his employer and treated to a was at Ossipee, twenty miles distant, where he hired a team to convey him to Portland. At the time of his arrival in that prosperous Maine town, a Russian merchant ship was lying at anchor in the harbor, nearly ready to sail on its homeward voyage. Young Williams, fancying he would like the sea, embarked on board as a cabin boy and turned his back on his native land.

It is said that the merchantman was just sailing out of the harbor as an officer of the law, who had followed Jack from Meredith with a warrant for his arrest, arrived at the wharf. By so little space did the future count and admiral save his honors.

The Yankee cabin boy made quick friends with his new masters. He performed his duties faithfully, and made great progress in nautical knowledge. Being alert and fearless, he speedily acquired all of those tricks of going aloft which so puzzle a landsman, and could climb and leap and swing, and shout 'Ave. ave. sir!" with the boldest.

At that time the Barbary pirates were the dread of all seamen. Commodore Bainbridge and General Eaton had but recently given the Bey of Tripoli a sound drubbing for misbehavior toward our commerce, but it had by no means put an end to his freebooting.

On the voyage the merchantman was attacked by an Algerine cruiser, and the captain, seeing no hope of escape, was about to surrender. The little Yankee cabin boy, however, had no desire to become a slave to his serene mightiness, the bey, or to any of his barbaric subjects, and he plainly told the captain so in as many words.

"But what can we do?" inquired the Russian commander.

'We can fight," answered Jack, with that same spirit which had enabled the heroes of '76 to stand up against British oppression.

And then he proceeded coolly to inform the captain that if he could have two men to help him, he would take care of the pirates if the others would sail The officer expressed both amazement the vessel. and doubt, but acceded to the lad's request.

Jack, in his investigations about the craft, had discovered an old swivel cannon hidden away among a mass of trumpery on the lower deck. This was now cleaned, and loaded with scraps of iron and such other missiles as he could obtain. The sea was so calm that the Algerines advanced in their boats to board the vessel, and were greeted by several volleys, fired by the hands of Jack Williams, who secured the best aim that he could.

Fortunately the old swivel stood the test, and after three boatloads of their crew had been sunk, the pirates withdrew and left the merchantman to pursue her voyage.

Of course, Jack was regarded as a hero from that hour; and when the ship arrived at St. Petersburg, crisis. The following night the boy started upon a longer tramp, helping himself to a large sum of money in his master's desk. By noon of the next day he in his master's desk. By noon of the next day he the story of his heroism was told from mouth to

closed his eyes and appearance and intelligent answers, he ordered him placed in the naval school, and subsequently gave him a high post of command.

This was but a stepping stone to his fortune. Gradually he rose through all the grades of command, and at the great naval battle of Navarino exhibited so much courage and skill that he was made admiral in preme moment arrived chief of the Russian navy. At the same time he was created a nobleman of the empire, with the title of Count Zinscherskoff, and given large estates near Smolensk and an annuity of fifty thousand rubles (\$37,500).

Some time after the accession of Nicholas, Alexander's successor to the Russian throne, Count Zinscherskoff obtained permission to visit his native country, which he had left under such embarrassing the body was carried down to the reception circumstances. He sailed in his own yacht, a magnificent new vessel built after the most approved fashion of the time, and in the summer of 1830 anchored in Boston harbor

Entering his coach with its armorial bearings and drawn by four stately horses that pranced in their gold-mounted harnesses, all of which the Count had brought with him, he drove to the distant New Hampshire town of his birth, attracting much attention on the way by the almost princely style of his turnout.

Upon reaching his father's old parish, he drove to the house of his boyhood's friend. John Wadleigh, subsequently adjutant-general of New Hampshire.

It was some time before he could make his old playmate believe that the famous Count Zinscherskoff, the favorite of an emperor, was the freckle-faced, shockheaded boy he had formerly known. But the relation of several adventures in which they had both been engaged finally proved his identity beyond question.

The next morning, in company with Wadleigh, the Count called upon his former employer, who was still alive.

"Compute the interest on three hundred dollars for twenty years, my good sir, and I will pay you prin-cipal and interest," he said to the aged merchant, when he came to the door.
"What! Who are you?" gasped the old man, sur-

prised at the sight of such magnificence and at being addressed in such language.

"I am Count Zinscherskoff, admiral of the Russian navy, at your service, sir," answered the quondam runaway; "and I am come to pay you the sum I abstracted from your desk twenty odd years ago, for I wish to go back to Russia an honest man."

"But you are not Jack Williams?" cried the still more astonished merchant.

"The same, sir, as Mr. Wadleigh, our mutual friend, can testify. Besides, sir, did you ever know one willingly to pay another man's debts?"

The bill was made out, and the money was paid in bright gold pieces, counted from a plethoric purse that a servant carried. Doubtless the Count was made as happy by the payment of a debt that had burdened his mind so many years as was the man who received the amount a long time before crossed from his balance sheets.

The Count soon after returned to Russia, having made this, his first, and as far as is known, his last visit to his native land. A younger brother accompanied him, whom he helped to a prosperous career in his adopted country,

He died on his Russian estate in 1862, and his son inherited his title, taking high rank among the great nobles at the imperial court.

Several years ago, a silver mine was discovered on the old parish farm, which promises to be valuable In honor of the Yankee sailor boy who became a count, the mine has been named the Zinscherskoff mine, testifying alike to the truth of this romantic story set in the pages of New England history, and to the good taste of the people who remembered the honor that rose from so low a condition among them.



The Cruise of the Yacht Gazelle; 6,000 Miles on Inland and Ocean Waters

KENNETH M. RANSON

These are the twelfth and thirteenth 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 XII—Continued.

The Sharpie was soon abreast of us, so we raised anchor, and together we went speeding along up stream. We were easily the faster craft and had no difficulty in keeping alongside our companion, so near, in fact, that we not only exchanged greetings but enjoyed a pleasant chat.

The captain was a jolly man, who seemed greatly pleased with the short account I gave him of our voyage, and said, "when we reached Jensen, that we had better stop and spend the night.

As we came in sight of the little town we saw there was a good place to tie up at the dock and decided to take the advice.

On boarding our friends' boat, which was called the "Merchant," we were surprised at the great amount of room below deck. It was indeed the queerest craft I had ever seen. The sides were angular, and shelving provided accommodation for the large stock of groceries and provisions carried aboard. craft was fitted with regular store counters, etc., in fact, it was nothing less than a well appointed grocery store

The good captain explained how he had plied up and down the river for fourteen years in the grocery business, and it was plain to be seen, from the number of customers that came aboard, that his visits were not only looked for but appreciated.

We plied the captain with questions about the Indian River, and found him thoroughly familiar with all the chanuels as marked in our charts; ere we left him we were ready to admit that the passes among the islands would be as difficult to find as they looked on the

We were not discouraged, however; in fact we had learned that the little perplexing incidents which we daily met with were the spices that flavored it all: so we were glad that "there still remained worlds to conquer."

The village had one railroad to make it lively, and, besides being in the heart of the pineapple country, the people seemed hustlers and quite up to date. At one packing house where we called to buy some of the fruit, the foreman took us to a huge pile of luscious big fellows which were too ripe to stand shipment and told us to "help ourselves" and "not to be afraid to take all we wanted," because they would only spoil. This was a great treat and each of us carried a bushel sackful to the yacht.

Pineapples ripened before cut are not at all like the tough, fibrous fruit we have in the north. They are delicate and melting and altogether "too good to last." For the next few days we feasted continually on them, notwithstanding the fact that the acid made our mouths bleed and smart.

CHAPTER XIII.

ney and, although the oyster bars congood headway and before nightfall had reached the narrows where the fun and hard part of our journey really began.

We could hear some of "the hard part' as we listened to the squeaky hum of the myriads of mosquitoes as they came our way.

It was my belief that the mosquitoes of the Everglades were unquestionably the thickest in number, but I am ready to admit that the swarms in this locality put up a splendid fight on behalf of their claim to the honor. At any rate, after trying to remain below in a suffocating smoke of cocoanut husks, which was harder on me than it was on that it was Captain Fisher who had still gasped and groaned, so I asked him

plan. Wrapping myself completely in several turns of my blanket, I lay down on deck, with my head inside a cracker box with little holes cut in it and covered with cheese cloth, for air. A fold of the goods also extended from the hood and was tied under my arms. It was a pretty warm outfit for tropical weather, but, believe me, a continuous Turkish bath is far better than mosqui-

Before the railroad came down the east coast, the Indian River had a very good line of boats which carried freight and passengers. So long as this traffic continued the government maintained a dredged channel, lights and day marks; now, however, the course is neglected and, save for the cruisers who frequent this waterway, travel is small. The lights are no longer lighted and the day marks are in many cases destroyed. It is said that pilots secretly destroy the beacons, so that their services as guides through the labyrinth of islands may be almost compulsory. Although we had a fine chart, we found that all we had heard in regard to the channel was true. In some places we would have to anchor and spend hours sounding the passages between the islands to find a channel. Often we would stick willows in the mud with a bit of white rag on them, these we would follow up and then anchor and try again. Thus "we snatched victory from the jaws of defeat," and finally had



ON TURTLE MOUND.

the satisfaction of reaching Titusville in safety. It was raining when we dropped anchor, and it continued to storm for two days; so we remained at our moorings, taking advantage of the delay to lay in a store of information that would be of use as the voyage continued.

Among the many friends we made was an old sea captain whose name was Fisher. It had been many years since he retired, but his perfect knowledge of the coast from New York to New Orleans had made him famous as a pilot. For this reason Captain Fisher was often engaged by wealthy yacht-owners to pilot their magnificent yachts from New York to their winter homes in Florida. Next morning we resumed our jour- He was a kindly man and made our stay ney and, although the oyster bars con-tinually impeded our progress, we made joyed our visits to his home, where he spun yarns by the hour, and with charts spread out for our inspection explained how to make this or that port, etc.

On the morning of our departure. while seated in the cabin awaiting the return of my companions, who had gone ashore for a few supplies. I heard the sound of oars, and, supposing it was the boys, did not go on deck; but presently I heard someone say, "She's so small, Captain; do you have an idea the boys will make it?" The man addressed then replied, "True, she is small, but bless you, man, look at that bow and quarter; she'd weather a hurricane." Knowing

These are the twelfth and thirteenth chapters in | the insects, I finally resorted to my old | thus complimented our yacht, I felt very proud, but not caring to have them know I had heard what they said, I waited a few minutes, then went on deck, and invited them aboard. During their visit the boys returned, and soon our sails were hoisted, our friends entered their boat, and with many wishes for a fortunate voyage, we were again under

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when we reached the "Haul Over Canal." The canal, or cut, is an arti-The canal, or cut, is an artificial channel about half a mile long connecting the Indian River and the Mosquito Lagoon. At one time it was deep, but neglect had caused it to close up at one end, so that there was now less than three feet of water on a bar fully sixty five feet across. As we were drawing over three feet of water, we were almost discouraged, for unless we could in some way cross the spit we would have to retrace our course back to St. Lucias and continue up the coast on the ocean. This would delay us a week, at least, besides depriving us of the interesting cruise up the Mosquito Lagoon. It was suggested that we remove the ballast and reduce the yacht's draft, but as the nearest land was half a mile off and our small boat could not carry a large load this would be an almost endless task. for our ballast must needs be saved. The only way left was to dig a little channel through the oyster shell bottom and shove the craft through. This plan being decided upon, we set about to find tools with which to accomplish our task. We had no shovel or hoe aboard. but finally I found among the ballast the blade of an old cultivator. This I bolted to a stick, thus making a very

As all the digging was under water. you can imagine it was slow work. We took turns of half an hour each and. little by little, our ditch was dug. It was no easy matter digging among those oyster shells. Then, to add to our misery, the sun fairly baked our necks and arms, and the sea nettles (a jelly fish abounding in this river) stung our arms and legs until we could hardly stand the pain.

A great loathsome stingaree, a much dreaded turtle-shaped fish, with a long. tarbed tail, was seen by Arthur. When disturbed, this fish thrashes its tail about, and woe to the person whom it strikes, for the barb inflicts a terrible wound as it is withdrawn, at the same time sending a poison through the system which thickens the blood and causes death. No wonder, then, that we dreaded working under such circumstances.

Night coming on and being all tired out, we stopped our work and pulled the boat into our channel, well satisfied, for we had worked so diligently that we had covered a third of the distance. This was very encouraging, considering the many difficulties under which we labored. Next morning by daybreak we were again at it, and at nine o'clock we found that by making a slight turn we could avoid the shells and continue for the remaining distance through the mud.

We had placed the anchor at the other side of the bar, so as to keep Gazelle pulled along as fast as we dug. This let the line slacken along the bottom when we were not pulling. It was Arthur's turn to dig. and Frank, wishing to haul the vacht up to where he had ished, climbed on board and, going forward, jerked upon the rope. At the same instant a terrible shriek came from Arthur. I came on deck to see what was the matter, and found the lad pale as death, hanging on the bowsprit, entreating us "in the name of mercy" come to his rescue. I was startled, but Frank stood on deck with his hands on his knees, just more than laughing. could not understand this, and running out on the sprit, pulled the mate aboard and carried him to the cabin. A slight wound on his leg from which a little blood flowed was all I could see, but he

•◆•◆•◆•◆•♦•♦ | where he was hurt. This made him mad, and proved a good cure, for, jumping up, he cried, "Can't you see, I am wounded by a stingaree and apt to die.' Then followed a long description of the size, etc., of the fish, as he saw it dealing its blow and disappearing. Frank could stand it no longer, but came below, still hoarse with laughter. "How long did you say its tail was, old man?" Art. looked up in a puzzled way and said, 'Well, I bet it was fully three feet.' Frank looked at me and continued, "Well, that's putty long for a fish. but I can vouch for the truth of what he says, 'Cap,' for this one was just as long as our anchor line, as I had hold of one end of it myself." I saw the joke; Art. subsided, and we again went to work with a will. By noon the long, tedious task was completed, and we cheered ourselves hoarse as our good ship was hauled over into the deep water beyond. This canal was surely appropriately named, the "Haul Over." Once on the bosom of the Mosquito Lagoon things were much more to our liking. We made splendid time and evening found us anchored under the shadow of "Turtle Mound," at the other end of the lagoon.

The mound is fully one hundred feet high and is formed of shells. Some think it was built by the Seminoles as a lookout; at any rate from its top a splendid view of the river, valley and ocean may be had.

From Turtle Mound to New Smyrna is the most difficult channel of all, as the river is a complete network of channels separated by little islands. The water is full of oyster bars and sand spits which gave us a great deal of trouble. We made the best of it, however, and had good times while waiting for tides to free us from bars. Hunting and fishing were good, and with the small boat we explored the surrounding country.

We were greatly pleased with what we saw. Great herons and flamingoes were seen in large numbers, while our old friends, the pelicans, also visited us. Victory was ours, finally, and as we passed the last of the little islands and stood upon an almost straight channel for New Smyrna, which could be seen in the distance, we were glad: still, our river experiences had been really pleas-

(To be continued.)

The Boy Who Tries.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The boy who wins is sure of praise, And yet, I somehow prize
Through stress of dark and cloudy days
The gallant boy who tries.

Not once nor twice nor thrice he lifts
His sturdy hand, ere life
Shows bright and clear, the blue that rifts
With peace the sky of strife.

The lad whose valor holds its own In presence of defeat.
Who falls and rises, makes no moan
In dust, or cold, or heat

I find it in my very soul To bless the stubborn stuff That takes of poverty its toll, And makes that dole enough.

A thousand praise the boy who wins. But twice ten thousand rise Beyond this world of clamorous dins To praise the boy who tries.

Little Tommy Smith.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Dimple-cheeked and rosy-lipped.
With his cap rim backward tipped.
Still in fancy I can see
Little Tommy smile on me—
—Little Tommy Smith.

Little unsung Tommy Smith-State a man tenderly to me
Sometimes sings unceasingly—
—Little Tommy Smith.

On the verge of some far land
Still forever does he stand,
With his cap rim rakishly
Tilted; so he smiles on me—
—Little Tommy Smith.

Oh, my jaunty statuette
Of first love, I see you yet;
Though you smile so mistily,
It is but through tears I see
—Little Tommy Smith.

But with crown tipped back behind, And the glad hand of the wind Southing back your hair, I see Heaven's best angel smile on me— —Little Tommy Smith.

POURTH ARTICLE OF A SERIES

QUITTING SCHOOL.

ing point in a boy's life more perilous than that where he comes plump up against the question of school or no school. Senator Beveridge, in a recent magazine article, insists that any boy can

get a college educa-tion—that it is only a question of "will," He would have us think that all a boy need do is to say "I will" and go ahead.
But this is hardly sensible.
It does very well to talk and write after that fashion. It serves to encourage many a boy who can, but who thinks he can't; yet we all know that the iron hand of necessity is laid on many a lad and his own "will" because absolutely im-

potent.

I have referred to my father before in this series of articles, and I hope

I may be pardoned if I do so again. His life illustrates so much that I want to say. By dint of the hardest kind of work and the saving of every possible penny, he had enough money in hand when a boy to get him at least one term in an academy or college preparatory school some miles away from his home. But scarcely had he entered on his course of study ere his father died, leaving a widow, five daughters and two sons, of which my father, then only a boy himself, was the oldest. There was no money to support the family, and father was the only one of the eight able to earn a dollar. His immediate return from the academy and immediate employment in some moneyearning position was an absolute necescity. And this necessity was not temporary; it lasted through the years of his young manhood. The door of oppor-tunity was shut and barred against his aspirations for a school education.

So there are boys who must quit school by well directed home instruction. The great danger lies, however, in determining whether the necessity of quitting does or does not exist; for what appears to be a necessity is really often not a necessity. It is so easy for a boy to conjure up a necessity if it meets his notion. It is not enough to create a necessity that the few dollars the boy might be earning would come in handy at home, would help clothe him better or add a little to mother's or sister's comfort, or make it easier for father. Fathers, mothers, and sisters of the right sort are willing, nay, are glad to give up something of comfort, and are pleased to sacrifice something that the boy may get an education. It speaks well for the boy that he thinks of what he might do with his money to help along at home, if this is really his motive in quitting school; but let him not conjure up out of his kindness of heart the existence of a real necessity where it does not exist. And then if he is really anxious to help out at home there are scores of ways of earning a dollar or two now and then outside of school hours. Is he taking advantage of these? Are these dollars being used in the way he is so heroically picturing to himself? And if he can't earn a dollar outside of school hours, there are many, many ways of relieving burdens at home and making the sacrifices of the home folks easier to bear. Is he mindful of these? If not. his heart longings to be earning money to bring home are just fooling him.

Perhaps the boy has got the notion from some dyspeptic philosopher that a school education is not after all a good thing to have, and that the sooner he gets into active life the better. Well, I haven't the space to argue this question. I think it is pretty well settled that the times demand educated men, and that all things considered, the educated young man has the inside track in the race. Of course, men do succeed in money-making and in other directions without it; but I notice in reading their biographies and their advice to boys, they have keenly felt the lack of school training and earnestly advise that boys do not follow their

example.

There is a period pretty well marked in

HERE is no turn- | had an iron "will," but here it was pow- | boys generally, where they grow restless It is the period when they begin in the seclusion of their rooms at home to rub the not necessarily quit reading and study upper lip and nearly crack the looking mind you, for a boy may in these days get, glass to find a sprouting hair. They get a fair equivalent for a school education their first temptation to smoke and possibly fall a prey to it on the quiet. They begin to study the most effective part in the hair. They assume lordly manners at home. They take unkindly any interference with their plans. They begin to worry mother by irregular hours and uncertain whereabouts at night. They prefer other company to that of sister. Now look out for this boy. He has reached the turning point. He is, as we say of horses, "feeling his oats." He is getting ready to break loose. He is getting too old for school. Many of his companions have graduated immaturely and are earning money—a little, and they are spending it, too. They have a little something to jingle in their pockets—for a night or two after pay day, and he hasn't. He feels mean in consequence. They are 'independent": he is "dependent". He is a boy; they are men—at least, they can act like it while their money lasts. Now he must quit school. Other boys are beating him in the race. He will earn money and be a man, too. But he will not do as they do; he will bring his earnings home, keeping just enough to jingle when out with the boys, so that he need not feel stingy. How he longs to help contribute at home! Perhaps he does. Indeed, he always thinks he does. Sometimes he really does. But look out for this boy. He's got to the danger line. Hold him. Kindly, earnestly hold him Don't scold him. He is developing-shall say naturally?—not unnaturally. These phenomena are characteristic of boy life. it's the turning point between innocent careless, buoyant boyhood, and earnest strifeful, self-assertive manhood. Let him pass that safely and the chances are in his favor; let him fail at this point. let him have his way, let him loose with his unformed character and mind into the world of boys, who, like him, have quit school capriciously and foolishly. and the chances are all against him.

1900



The Editor is compelled to say that he cannot accept any more Exchange notices for this column for several months, as he has enough Exchange notices on hand to till this column for some time to come.

Homer Pickrell, Webber, Kas.: I will exchange books by Alger, Ellis, and others, for books by other authors.

Russell Bailey, Boundbrook, N. J.: I would like to exchange books with any reader of THE AMERICAN BOY.

Wilbert Magee, Wyllis street, Oil City, I have several kinds of pigeons that I want to exchange for other pets.

H. G. Redrut, 408 South Market street, Vanwert, O.: I will exchange a good mandolin for a printing outfit or printing

Walter Chansler, Bicknell, Ind.: have five Indian arrowheads which I will exchange for a reasonable number of seashells of any kind.

Chester Rehm, 1298 Ogden avenue, Chicago, Ill.: I have six hundred and fifty varieties of stamps and some coins that I will exchange for any kind of

Fred M. Henry, 11 West One Hundred and Thirty Fifth street, New York City, N. Y.: I have some valuable autographs which I will exchange or sell at a reasonable price.

R. Mora, Jr., 101 Hillside avenue, Newark, N. J.: I have foreign stamps, vegetable ivory. Cuban and Spanish news-papers, which I will give for Indian relics, war relics, etc.

Sidney S. Wortsman, 115 Gaston street west, Savannah, Ga.: I will exchange a stamp collection valued at ten dollars for a printing press large enough to print a small newspaper.

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 secondhand printing press, chase 5x7.

Lloyd B. Bennett, 1024 Hickory street, St. Louis, Mo.: I have some shells from the California coast, near Frisco, which I will trade for bugs, leaves, shells from other coasts or relics of any kind.

W. Bartlett Sumner, 233 Herkimer street, Buffalo, N. Y.: I will exchange old United States stamps for Indian relics (especially from Yazoo County, Colo.), or old United States pennies.

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

Walter H. Rose, Pierre, S. Dak.: I will exchange sixteen kinds of Dakota woods, pottery from the ancient Indian pottery field near this city, geological specimens, Yncca pods, specimens of prairie sage and cactus, for curios of any kind.

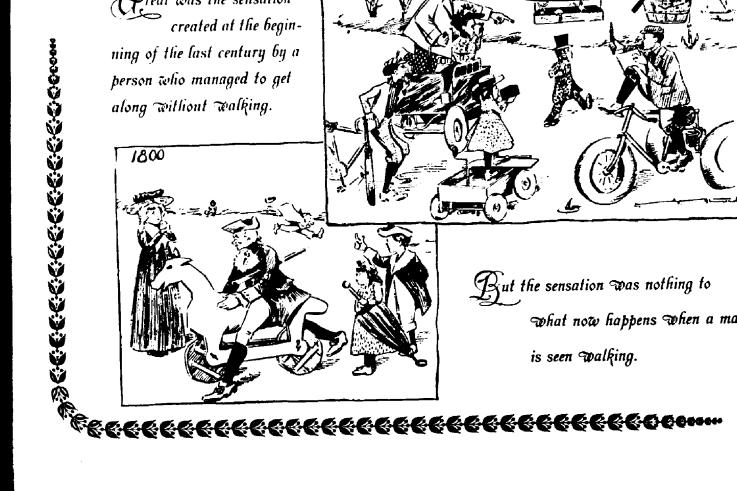
Henry C. Pifer, Lovington, Ills.: I have stamps from South Africa, Heligoland. Roumania, Japan, Spain, Finland and South Australia, which I would like to trade for stamps from Persia, Peru, Paraguay, Bolivia and Liberia.

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.

A. E. Miller, 275 Wellesley street, Toronto, Canada: I will exchange petrified wood, curiously shaped stones, from Lake Erie, foreign stamps and leaves of Ontario, for banana, orange, California redwood leaves, arrows or spearheads, or any such curiosities.

Charles Rocheforte, 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 checkerboard and checkers, new; for arrowheads, coins, shells or best offer.

created at the begin-



That now happens When a man



(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. On arriving at Denver the trapper leaves them and Sinclair and the hoys buy their outfit and start on the trail for Pike's Peak along the foot of the mountains. The first evening in camp Sinclair tells the boys a story, and Ned's nony makes a dash for home, but is captured by Sinclair. Review of Preceding Chapters: Jack Carroll, Frank Chapman and Ned Roberts, three boys whose homes are

CHAPTER X.

FRANK'S PONY GETS HIM INTO TROUBLE.

"Get up. boys; time for breakfast!" cried Sinclair, springing to his feet and shaking himself to throw off the numbness due to the chill air of the early morning. It was easier to say "get up" than to do it in the case of three boys who had slept, or rather tried to sleep their first night on the bare ground, after the greater part of a day's ride on hard saddles strapped to the backs of half-broken mustangs. Their efforts to rise were ludicrous, and as each tried, in turn, the others let out whoops of laughter and made pointed comments on his poor success. Soon, however, they were racing to a little stream near by, and oh, how good the cold water from the heart of the mountains felt as they turned down their hunting shirts and threw it in double handfuls over their faces, necks and chests! "Heroic treatment!" sputtered Frank, between splashes, to which there was a sympathetic echo from the others; but as the boys had seen Sinclair do it and heard him recommend it for health and safety, as well as for cleanliness, that was enough; for they had determined to learn as speedily as possible how to live as hunters and were quick to follow the example of "Uncle Bob."

Then they built a rip-roaring fire, watered their ponies, and in an incredibly short time were squatting. Indian fashion, about a steaming pot of coffee, some savory bacon and good bread and butter, with appetites like prairie wolves.

How do you like it, boys, as far as you have gone?" inquired Sinclair, when he saw from the satisfied expression on their faces that he was pretty sure of a favorable answer.
"Splendid'" " It's all right!" "It's just great!" came

three voices in chorus.

'It'll grow on you, too." said Sinclair. "You'll get so you can't breathe in a house, and a bed will keep you awake all night; and as for eating, you boys 'll be eating your shoe leather before long if I don't watch you.'

"But we must be off! Fetch up the ponies, boys, and I'll pack up."

No captain ever had quicker obedience from his company. They sprang to their allotted duties and in a jiffy they were all "aboard," as Ned declared, sitting sidewise, and every other wise, on their saddles, to ease their sore spots, and keeping up good courage by a running fire of good humor.

The morning was cool and bracing, the ponies in good fettle, and before they had gone a mile the young adventurers were racing down the trail on a dead gallop, leaving Sinclair to bring up the rear in a

more dignified and orderly fashion.

trail up a steep hillside.

"Look out, now, young man, or you'll get lost!" shouted Sinclair. "Better save your wind; you may need it before night!"

"All right! I'll see you later!" came back the answer with a ring of boyish enthusiasm in it.
"That boy has got metal in him." thought Sinclair,

as he spurred his horse into a trot to overtake the other boys, who were some distance ahead.

rough for the horse's feet, and the rider let him take scant tufts of grass that grew between the rocks, he

his own way, which proved to be a ziz-zag one that finally brought him around on the side of the hill opposite the trail and out of sight of the rest of the company. He was about to rein in the animal and turn his head back over the way they had come, when a sudden rustle in the bushes startled him and the pony at the same time, and before the boy could gather rein the pony had taken the bit in his mouth and was going like mad down the hill in a direction away from the trail. Frank shouted and sawed on the reins, pulled and pled, but it was of no use, the animal was frightened and bound to run. How far would he go? Where? Could he ever find his way back? Was the thing that had made the noise in the bushes following them? Frank was too much occupied in trying to check the runaway to look behind him or to take note of the country through which they were passing. He only knew that they reached the foot of the hill, in what appeared to be but a few seconds. dashed across a little stream, sending the stones and water flying, scrambled up a bank and across a little mesa, and were now running into a dark opening between two great hills that led-who knows where?



"Uncle Bob! Uncle Bob! I'm here! I'm lost?

Up this ravine the crazy animal dashed, with his head almost to the earth at every leap, until the path became so narrow that Frank felt that the mountains were closing in upon them and that they certainly would be swallowed up. Finally, however, the little animal stood hot and trembling under the shadow of a shelving rock in the very depths of a great canon.

CHAPTER XI.

LOST IN THE CANON.

Frank threw himself from his horse, leaned his gun against a rock and sat down to rest his tired, jolted "Good-by, fellows, I'm off up this hill for a view of body and collect his senses. Where in the world was the country!" shouted Frank, turning his horse he? In what direction was the trail? How far had smartly to the right and galloping away from the he come? He had been so busy keeping his seat on the pony's back and pulling and hauling at the stubborn animal that he had taken very few observations of the way. He knew he had crossed a little stream and a long level tract of grass, plunged into a gulch. and finally came to this wild spot-high rocks all about him and just a patch of sky overhead.

The boy was not a coward, but never having been in the mountains before, the darkness and the sense of loneliness oppressed him. "If I stay here long," The hill was higher than it at first appeared to he said to himself, after looking about a few minutes, Frank, but he had started and he wasn't going to "I'll be too scared to get out." Then turning to his stop short of the top. After awhile the path became horse, which was now complacently nibbling at the

took some comfort in scolding him: "A nice sort of fellow you are to play me this trick! Now, you'll just naturally show me the way back, and will do it in a hurry! If I get a chance to trade you for a jackknife I'll do it, and I hope you'll fall into the hands of a crazy Comanche who'll ride your legs off!" With this, Frank flung his gun to his shoulder and mounted. Turning his pony's head down the canon. he set off, with just a little chuckle at the thought of his adventure and how he had got the start of his friends in seeing the mountains. Indeed, he half expected at every turn in the way to meet Uncle Bob and the boys, and he pictured to himself their white and anxious faces. As he rode along, however, his lightness of heart gradually gave way to anxiety and then to positive fear as he came upon one and another difficult place in the way which he could not for the life of him remember to have gone over before, and as he noted at several points that the canon branched out, making it well nigh impossible for him to choose the direction with certainty. At such times, after dismounting and examining the rocks and the earth for footprints, he usually left the decision to the pony, trusting that the animal's instinct would lead him to take the right track.

At length Frank became almost certain that he was lost. At first he stopped only at long intervals when uncertain as to the way, but now every few steps he drew rein; but that was hardly necessary, for the pony seemed as uncertain as his master, and several times turned his head and looked into the boy's face with almost a human look, as if to say, "Master, we're lost! I'm sorry I did this! Now, what shall we do?" Finally, the young rider drew rein, turned his animal about and retraced his steps until another branching defile stared him in the face. The sun was evidently going down, for the gloom was increasing and there was a chill in the air. Then the boy stood up in his stirrups and shouted:

'Uncle Bob! Uncle Bob! I'm here! I'm lost! Hello! Hello!! Hello!!!"

Then the boy and the pony listened with intent ears. but nothing came back save the echo of the boy's own voice, weird and terrifying, from the cliffs above him.

Then it dawned upon Frank that he must spend a night alone in the canon: but he kept up his search until it was almost impossible for him to see his way. and only gave up when he stumbled upon a good place of shelter under the shelf of a rock near which was a little stream. There was a suggestion of moisture in the air, and the boy, tying one end of the pony's rope to a young sapling so securely that the animal could not make a dash for home in the night without his master, set to work gathering grasses and twigs for a

Luckily, on starting out, each of the boys had been equipped with a flint and steel for striking a fire and had had a little practice in using it, so after repeated attempts to light his fire he finally succeeded, and lay down beside it, under his rock roof, wrapped in his blanket, with his arms for a pillow. A boy might be excused for lying awake all night under such circumstances: but Frank was tired almost to the point of exhaustion, so when rain began to fall, as it did during the night, and something told him that the Indians would not likely be abroad at such a time, he just curled up before the warm fire, with his rifle by his side, closed his eyes and went to sleep. Several times during the night he was awakened by the uneasy movements of his pony; then he got up and replenished the fire, took a look at the pony to see that he was all right, and again curled himself up and fell asleep.

Early morning found him refreshed, but very sore from his hard riding of the day before, and when he saw that the rain had passed over and that there was a clear patch of blue in the sky he almost felt a joy in his surroundings. There seemed to be more life in the canon in the morning; birds were singing somewhere up the slopes and the rain had freshened the green, and, as he imagined, added volume and music to the little brook. Somehow he felt that he must find his friends that day, and he smiled with a little chuckle at the way the boys would listen to his adventure and how he would grow in their estimation.

But breakfast! He hadn't thought of that, and he

was awfully hungry. A growing boy cannot go a whole day and night in mountain air without food and not be nearly starved. He hadn't seen a living thing in the dark canon the day before, save his pony and the grasses and trees up the slopes, and he couldn't eat them. But the pony was not so hard up. He was having the best kind of a time among the little patches of grass that the rain had freshened, and appeared to be perfectly satisfied with the situation. Frank looked helplessly about him. Here were his gun and his knife and a fire, and even a few cooking utensils strapped to his saddle, but where was the something to cook?

Uncle Bob had undertaken to carry the provisions, and the boys had divided among them the other accoutrements of the march, but none of the things that had fallen to Frank were just what he wanted at this instant.

"Well, there is nothing to do but be my own provider," said he to himself. "One thing is sure, nothing is going to walk up and jump into my frying-pan. I may as well start out and get something, for if I



Two of the ugliest faces * * * peering at him just over the edges of a rock

don't I'll not have strength enough in another hour. the way my appetite's growing." So, shouldering his rifle, he struck off up the canon, stopping now and then to listen and look about him. He had gone nearly a mile on what appeared to be a fruitless search, and was about to set out on his return, considerably disheartened, when peering around the corner of a big boulder that lay at the turn of his path he saw something that almost caused his heart to stop beating—a big buck deer, standing just beyond him on the brink of a little stream, from which the animal had just had his morning drink. "What a magnificent creature!" exclaimed Frank half aloud. The boy's hand shook as he set the trigger and cautiously laid the rifle barrel in a little angle in the rock and braced himself for a steady aim. His legs shook and his heart beat like a trip hammer, and—"bang!" The boy peered ahead through the smoke, and, to his bitter disappointment, the splendid creature was bounding up the bank and away. Boylike, Frank threw down his rifle and made a dash after him, hardly knowing why. He jumped into the stream, regardless of consequences to himself,

and was just clambering up the opposite bank when, to his intense joy, he saw the stag totter and fall headlong-dead.

'Hurrah!" shouted the young hunter, "I've got him! I've got him!"

Caution gave place to enthusiasm, for without an instant's thought of what might happen if the animal should not prove to be dead, the boy rushed upon his fallen victim; but the proud fellow was really dead and there could be no danger.

"Now, what shall I do? I can't drag him home bodily, and I can't get help." How he did long to be able to carry away those splendid antlers! But even if he could succeed in removing them, he was not certain that he could carry them. One thing he could do. however, he could cut with his hunting knife some nice pieces from the flank-as much as he could well carry—and have something for a breakfast. This he did, and within an hour he was back at his camp enjoying his venison. He had no salt and pepper with which to season it: but what of that, he was as hungry as a bear and the meat was good and well cooked

-that is, well for an amateur. Then there was enough left for his friends when he should find them later in the day.

Breakfast over, he gave his pony a good drink, saddled and bridled him, hung the unused portions of the deer to the saddle, bade farewell to his "canon hotel," as he called it, and was about to set foot in the stirrup when he heard the crackle of a branch just above him on the mountain side. Turning in the direction of the sound, he looked straight into two of the ugliest faces that he had ever seen, peering at him just over the edges of a rock.

(To be continued.)

HEADACHES JES' FORE SCHOOL.

MAURICE CLIFFORD JOHNSON, IN CHICAGO CERONICLE.

I guess my health is gittin' poor, Er somep'n er the kin', Fer every mornin', jist as sure (Espechully if it's fine), I git sich offul shootin' pains At ma says: "It's jes' cru'l Ter make at poor boy study with Sech headaches jes' 'fore school."

Ma thinks my mind is breakin' down
From learnin' of so much.
She puts wet towels on my head,
An' chopped up ice' an' such
An' tries ter get me off ter bed,
But pa says he's no fool,
He thinks birch oil's the only stuff
Fer headaches jes' 'fore school.

An' teacher, too, don't symp'thize
'Ith boys wots feelin' bad,
Fer, soon's she sees mopin' in,
She says: "Now, ain't 'at sad
Ter make them sufferin' children work!
Young man, set on 'at stool
An' do them sums." Huh, she makes fun
Of headaches jes' 'fore school.

'Tis kind'r funny, though, how soon
I'm over bein' sick,
An' me an' Jim (Jim, he gits cramps),
We sneak off down t' the crick
An' go in swimmin'. Gee! We got
A bully divin' pool
An' spring board. Gosh! you bet they cure
Them headaches jes' 'fore school.

An' fishin', too. We got a raft An asnu, too. We got a rait
An' dandy hooks and lines;
Ketch bullheads, lots—an' sunfish. Say!
Down underneath them pines
They bite like thunder! Settin' there,
Feet swashin', nice an' cool.
Pains, nothin'! Say, d'you ever git
Them headaches jes' fore school?

HOW TO BUILD A CANADIAN CANOE

In the March number of this paper we shall present an article by Kenneth M. Pansom. Captain of the "Gazelle," on "How to Build a Canadian Canoe." The article will be accompanied by drawings that will make the process plain.

Madame Modjeska as the Boys' Friend

MARY H. McCoy

Attractive as Madame Helena Modjeska is as an artist before the footlights, the really beautiful traits of her character endear her more strongly to those feel that everything belongs to you, and Not a very great while ago a mountain same charming woman, who, as an actwho enjoy an acquaintance with her in private life. Among the many splendid qualities of her mind and heart, there is none, to my thinking, more noticeable than her attitude toward boys. I have seen her in the home of a friend where there are four boys between the ages of eight and sixteen, and seldom have I een anything prettier than when, upon her necessarily rare visits, she greets these four lads, always by name, and with a genuine and manifest interest in each. There is not the slightest suggestion of a stooping from her supreme level to theirs; not the least visible effort to think of something that will interest them; but a spontaneity of comradeship, without for a moment losing her own queenliness, that fairly captivates their gallant young hearts. Her auch Ime a subtle, added charm, that is beautiful to look upon. Her heart lingers on her lip, and glances from her eye, and speaks through the pressure of her hand as she says, "You must come to see me at Arden."

And the lad thus invited to Arden, who, for any reason, cannot accept the invitation, feels himself defrauded indeed. For I believe there never lived a boy to whom Arden would not prove a veritable fairyland of delights.

presses it who sits near me as I write, 'just dandy." And this same boy, when asked what, to him was the most delightful feature of a visit to Arden, replied, "Oh, there's so much room up there! And you can catch the pretty little speckled trout, and swim in the big reservoir, and breathe the pure air, and drink the cold, pure water, and hunt. and ride, and then, you know, Madame Modjeska and Count Bozenta make you you can do just as you please." so it is a real boys' paradise to the favored ones who possess the esteem of the charming woman who is queen there; for Madame Modjeska is as discriminating among lads as among men and wo-Arden is Modjeska's summer men. home now, and by and by, when the footlights can no longer tempt her from the comforts of her own fireside, she looks forward to a quiet, restful life amid the eternal hills, with only those about her whom her heart holds dearest. Arden is situated in Southern California. twenty five hundred feet above sea level. in the fastnesses of the Santa Ana Mountains. It is a truly lovely spot. The estate embraces several thousand acres. The available level, or gently sloping lands, have been set with olives, oranges, rapes and walnuts, besides many kinds of fruit for home use. Immense reservoirs have been built for irrigating purposes. But the greatest attraction is nature undisturbed and unadorned. The spreading live oaks and sycamores, the lofty mountains, the babbling streams, the pure air and the delicious water, with that inexpressible restfulness and sense of freedom, combine to make a visit to Arden a pleasure to linger in memory for aye. The house, a rambling, delightful one, typical of country com-In the first place, the trip thither by fort, with big open fireplaces, cozy wincarriage, over mountain roads, and dow nooks, and many book cases filled across mountain rills, is, as a boy ex-| with books of every country, is nestled hundreds, almost, to drink at the foun- live Modjeska."

among big live oak trees at the foot of a towering mountain, that stands like a sentinel over it. From the piazza one looks across the narrow canon at Flores' Peak, a spot celebrated in the history of California as the place where Juan Flores, a Mexican desperado, was captured, something like fifty years ago.

found in the mountains about Arden.

tain close to the piazza. humming birds build their nests in the vines that cover the well-house, and seem to feel the safety of protection.

But all this grandeur, and beauty, and loveliness, is but a fit setting for the gem. Delightful as Arden is intrinsically, its chief charm, after all, is the per-My boy readers will be interested to sonality of the woman who delights to know that there is still "big game" to be call it home.

It is a refreshing thought that this



MADAME MODJESKA'S CALIFORNIA HOME.

lion was killed by a young Pole, super-, ress, has had the world at her feet, has, intendent of the estate. He was justly after all, and through all, kept her heart proud of his prowess, had his trophy so near to nature's own, so that boys, mounted, and presented it to Madame the most natural of human beings, feel Modjeska. It is, perhaps, the only mounat home in her society. And I am sure tain lion that visitors to Arden will care if the days of chivalry should return, and to see

mournful call of the dove adds its touch up a brigade of youthful knights who of harmony to the pervading atmosphere of peace and rest. Song birds come by lances, and whose motto would be '

Madame Modjeska needed protection in Quail are plentiful, and the sweet, her mountain retreat, there would rise would delight to wear her colors on their

TALES OF YANKEE ENCHANTMENT

THE BURRLESS CHESTNUT

A Story of Two of the Laziest Boys in the World.

Copyrighted, by CHABLES BATTELL LOOMIS, 1900

Mason and Jason Nason were just about as lazy as boys could be. They really had enough laziness to supply a whole family, but they preferred to use it all themselves. They were so lazy that instead of walking down hill to school in winter, a perfectly easy task, for it was only a half a mile straight ahead, they coasted down on their sleds, and as winter at Loudon Hill always sets in on the first of November and lasts until the first of April, with snow all the while, they, of course, coasted every day. Then, instead of pulling their sleds up the hill again, they were so lazy that they would wait for the mail sledge, which came along just as school was let out, and they would hitch on behind and be drawn home again. They were just the same on the ice pond that lay be-tween them and their grandmother's thoroughly lazy. On Saturdays they always took dinner with the old lady, and instead of walking over the ice to her house, a distance of three scant miles. these lazy boys would put on their skates and skate over.

Now it is a tradition among the country folk of Loudon Hill that every fall there is one chestnut tree loaded down with burrless chestnuts. But, as a matter of fact, nobody in the memory of the oldest inhabitant has ever happened to find the tree. The forests are thick around Loudon Hill, which might account for it, but, then, the forests are full of boys at chestnutting time, so it does seem singular that no one had ever come across the tree since Anderson Sanderson gathered five barrels of the

Of course, any of the boys would have been glad to run across the tree, but, bless you! the woods were always packed with the ordinary kind of burry chestnut, and after a sharp frost there were not many that needed opening.

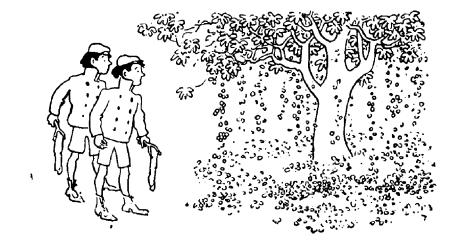
But you may be sure that the time that Mason and Jason became old enough to go chestnutting alone they determined to discover this tree and so save themselves the bother of opening any burrs

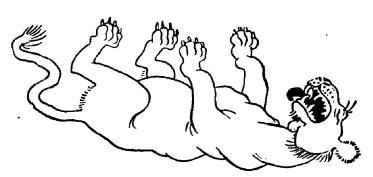


Crouching to spring at them was a panther

The morning after the first hard frost. just as soon as it was light, they got out of bed and actually dressed without washing, they were so eager to begin the search for the burrless tree. Forgetting to put on their blouses, although the air was nippy, they rushed out of the house with red worsted caps on their heads and their blue school down to the tree.'

enter the woods that morning. The enough, each boy got a pricker in his ing and waiting for the boys to step





And as soon as she fell every nut on the tree dropped to the earth.

squirrels were chattering orders to each | finger, because those particular burrs to get ahead of visiting giants in the shape of small boys.

Mason and Jason had not gone ten rods before they came on a great tree. almost bending beneath the weight of chestnuts. Now, boys who weren't so fearfully lazy would have tumbled over each other in their eagerness to get the bushels of nuts that lay upon the ground or clung to the open burrs as if they were afraid to drop, but these lazy bones both said. "Shucks. We wouldn't stop for that kind. Fancy having to climb up a tree and shake it to get some of them down." "And get needles in your hands," said Mason; "or perhaps slip out of the tree." said Jason.

So they pressed on. At first the squir-

rels shouted to each other when they "Look out! Here saw them coming: "Look out! Here come two humans," but after awhile they seemed to understand that the boys weren't after squirrels, but after burr-less nuts, and they chattered derisively at them as much as to say: "We've seen lazy people before, and they never got just what they wanted."

After an hour's fruitless-or perhaps I should say nutless—search the woods began to resound with the voices of other boys, who were taking advantage of Saturday holiday to fill up their bags and baskets and pails,

Bardwell Studwell, Stillwell Stockwell and Howell Newell came upon the two boys in the course of their wanderings. Each of the trio had a bushel bag half full of the nuts, almost as big as the Italian kind. "Hello, boys." said Bardwell Studwell. "Why ain't you picking up nuts; too hard work?"

'We're hunting for the burrless tree,' said Mason and Jason.

"Oh. chestnuts!" said Stillwell Stock-ell. "Every year some idiot kid does that, but it's just a hundred years this fall, my grandfather says, since the tree was found.

"Why, what more do you want than all these nuts?" said Howell Newell.

"Why, half the fun is knocking 'em out of the burrs," said Bardwell Studwell.
"Work isn't ever fun," chorused Ma-

bags in their hands. "If there are a they began to be awfully hungry, but lot," said each twin to the other—for if they were lazy they were also multhey began to be awfully hungry, but they were both twins-"we'll get papa ishly obstinate and they wouldn't go the tree out to the high road, some miles to harness up Ned and take a harrel back to get anything to eat. They ate a handful of ordinary chestnuts that reach of their house. They were actually the first boys to they deigned to pick up, and, queerly

other, for the winter storing began that were not quite open. This made them day and they foresaw a hard day's work more than ever determined to search for the burrless kind.

We'll make those boys look sick when we come home to-night with several flour barrels full of nuts." said Mason.

"Why not sugar barrels? They're larger," said Jason.

"Heavier to lift." replied Mason. Flour barrels will hold all we want.'

All the afternoon they wandered. They could hear the shouts of happy boys and could see their playmates staggering along under heavy loads of the finest nuts that ever grew around Lou-don Hill, but they still scorned to give up their errand and pushed deeper and deeper into the forest.

Once they saw a deer, who fled in a fright, and rabbits innumerable leaped across the path in front of them, while partridges and quail flew about in profusion. Finally the chestnut trees began to diminish. Oaks and pines there were in abundance, but they seemed to have passed out of the chestnut belt.

We've come too far. Let's go back." said Mason.

"No: it's more likely that the tree is not among the others." answered Jason. so they went on. But they were so tired. And so hungry. And so depressed. They had not walked as far in their lives, and their leg muscles swelled up in resentment of the task imposed upon

It must have been close to six o'clock; ertainly the beams of the sun were almost horizontal when Mason said, joyfully, "There it is!"

At the same instant Jason uttered a cry of fear, for crouching to spring at them was a panther. She had been lying on the outstretched limb of an oak, taking an afternoon nap, and she had awakened just in time to see her supper coming to her.

"Here's luck." thought she, and crouched to spring.

But if the twins were lazy, they were also plucky. And there were no boys on Loudon Hill who were such masters never saw so many in my life. Well, if in the use of the deadly sling. Both you must go, good luck, but you'll find boys sprang behind trees and drew out the help of a coal shovel, to fill seven it easier in the end to get what nuts their slings at the same time. They barrels with the nuts. He left the panyou see and not hunt for the other kind." always carried a pocketful of bullets, ther, because Mrs. Nason bated cats of and they lost no time in loading up.

There was the tree, just laden, so that it bent and creaked with the weight of son and Jason, and away they walked with eyes peeled for the burrless tree.

They had foolishly come away without any breakfast and long before noon needed but a tap on the trunk of the tree to liberate them all. And, better yet, a well defined wagon path led from distant to be sure, yet still easily within

But there was the panther still crouch-

from behind the trunks. I tell you that such plucky little fellows deserved to succeed, and as far as the panther was concerned they did. They watched their chance and just as she closed her eyes thinking she must have dreamed that she saw two little boys, and wishing to dream again, they slung their shots and the two bullets joined forces and penetrated her brain and she fell off that branch as dead as a door nail or even a window nail.

And as soon as she fell every nut on the tree dropped to the earth. Whether her fall jarred them off, or whether she was the guardian spirit of the nuts and at her death they were at the mercy of anyone who chose to gather them, will never be known, but there is no doubt that the boys ran gleefully under the tree and filled their blue bags in less time than it takes to say boo to a red-headed woodpecker, and you know how little time that takes.

Mason always carried a ball of very fine thread in his pocket and he took it out and tied one end of it to the tree and then they started for home, unwinding it as they went, so that they could find their way back. Just as they got half way home the ball gave out.

By a curious chance Jason always carried a ball of very fine thread in his pocket, and he tied his to the end of the other and they continued their home run and met their father just about starting to look for them with Ned and the big wagon.

"We've found the burrless tree," said both together, "and we killed a panther."
Old Grandpa Nason was standing in
the gateway. "That's just what An-



Unwinding it as they went.

derson Sanderson did the time he got the nuts. I've heard my father tell of it time and again. You're smart boys."

The barrels were soon put on the wagon and Mr. Nason whipped up old Ned, and following the thread, they came in course of time to the tree.

Mrs. Nason had thrown a few apples and a loaf of bread into the wagon, as she thought the boys might be hungry. She had not worried, as she had guessed what they were doing. The twins ate the food as if it had been a Thanksgiving dinner.

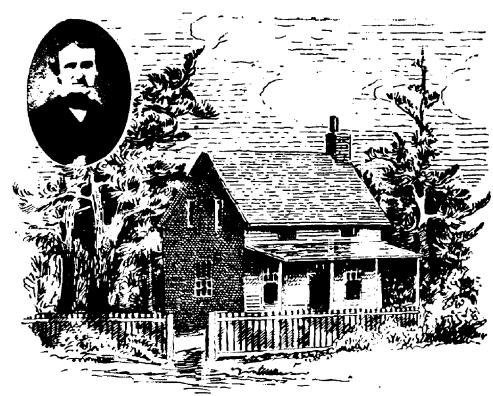
It didn't take Mr. Nason long, with ther, because Mrs. Nason hated cats of all kinds.

On the way home they met Kneeland Vreeland, and when he saw the seven barrels of burrless nuts he congratulated them. "Although my eight barrels are burrless now and I haven't a pricker to show for it, it's a great chestnut year."

The twins did not say that they had secured any prickers themselves were really too tired to say anything.

That evening their mother boiled and roasted a lot of the nuts and they were very good; no better than ordinary nuts.

(Continued on page 112.)



EDGAR ALLEN POE AND HIS BIRTHPLACE

erous, but from the many-sidedness of thrust aside. his character, they are conflicting in

A genius of the very first order, yet their statements and estimates of him Edgar Allen Poe lived miserably and Of foibles he had many, and of vices, died wretchedly at the early age of that one-the accursed thirst for firethirty eight. The most original and pow- water-too often the accompaniment of erful mind in romance that America has the most vivid fancy. The entire life of yet produced. Poe was morbid and un- the man, condone it as we will, is a recnatural, not only in his writings, but ord of dissipation, of duties neglected, of in his life. Biographies of him are num- decorum outraged, of opportunities

Like all such men, in the few rifts

athwart his cloudy life, he felt all the wild thrill and exultation, which ofttimes has a glamour surpassing that which comes from the most serene happiness.

Probably of all the periods of his tempest-tossed career, Poe came nearer to knowing true bliss whilst sheltered by the lowly roof of the cottage amid the fields of Fordham. Here with his young wife, the charming Virginia Clemm, he lived, frugally no doubt, but happily. From first to last Virginia clung to him devotedly. She forgave his every fault, and lauded his toil and worshiped his genius and himself. Whatever illfavor Poe met and deserved from the outside world, he found nothing but sweetness and light at home-Virginia

'Picked out the true meaning from mistake.

Praised effort in the stumble, laughed, 'well climbed,'

When others groaned, 'none ever groveled so.

She died. The sweet bulwark that had intervened, if only for a time, between the poet soul and the wolf of the world, and Poe was desolate. I am not of those who find overmuch to pity in him; my sorrow and pity are all for her.

Yet Poe-as far as his selfish nature could—loved her. Thus he wrote in memoriam:

And the moon never beams Without bringing me dreams Of the beautiful Annabel Lee; And so all the night tide I lie down by the side Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride-

In her sepulchre there by the sea, In her tomb by the sounding sea."

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************ Boys and Housework

SUSAN BROWN ROBBINS, IN "GOOD HOUSE-EREPING,"

On the first morning of my visit, as we arose from the table, I was a little surprised to see the young son of the house, a boy of sixteen or so, quite as a the table. My wonder grew as I saw the through the dish-washing, and seemed and blankets on his bed and put the to call his own. to know where all the dishes belonged. His mother and sister were not very strong, and what he did for them was really a help and was always done cheerfully. One day his sister had a headache and as he saw her starting upstairs to make the beds, he said, "I have made my bed, so you won't have to go up to my room." As his room was on the third floor, this was a help, and his sister knew that the bed was made as well as she herself would have made it.

No doubt his cheerfulness and thoughtfulness resulted from his naturally good disposition, but the ability to do the work so that it was a real help and rehef could not have come by nature, but must have been the outcome of careful! training. The more I thought of it, the tione I admired that mother's wisdom it teaching her son to be a good houseke per, and I thought of the blundering w in which many men help about the ise.

i know of another case where a mother s in poor health and her four sons, all the housework, even to the washand ironing. What is more, they all w up to be exceptionally smart men. y it not be that a knowledge of houserk and the habit of doing it well is! tually a help to a man in his work the large outside world? It is often-le things that make the difference been success and failure, and houserk is something in which one has to careful about little things.

Probably many mothers think there is need to teach their boys housework. it it seems to me that it is more necesry than some of the studies they have go through with at school. Most men some time in their lives are called con to help in the house, and if they ii) wise training when they were young. they will be much more likely to give that help efficiently and without grumbling.

In families where there are more girls

than boys it is still well for the boys to know how to do certain things properly. such as making beds, sweeping, doing dishes, and cooking a few simple things. Even if there seems to be no prospect that such ability will ever be of use to the boy, the time may come when he will rejoice in its possession.

There is one thing which it seems to me that every boy should be taught to do as regularly as he wakes up in the matter of course, begin to help clear morning, and that is to open all the windows in his room, providing it does handy way in which he assisted all not storm, and spread open the sheets

pillows where they will air. Neatness and hygiene demand that this be done. and if he does it, it takes but a moment and it saves some one else a trip to his room for the purpose.

Every father will do well to give his boy a piece of land to cultivate, with the understanding that the returns shall be the boy's own, if he cultivates it well. Many a fine boy has left home and been ruined, simply because his hard-fisted father would not let him have something



A HAPPY FAMILY

CHILDREN OF SUPERINTENDENT OF STREETS WHEELER, OF BOSTON, AND THEIR DOG.

Photo by C. J. Horner, Boston.



main line to be clear so it could resume its progress. Halpin, the engineer, was making a cursory examination of the driving wheels, oil can in hand, while Kyson, the fire-

man, leaned indolently half through the open window. It was near mid-day, and a few buzzards floated in the upper air on apparently motionless wings. There was not a cloud in the sky, and not a whiff of wind to stir the palmettoes, which lined the track on either side. With one exception, the few loungers on the freight house platform had removed their hats and were now using them in a listless, desultory manner as fans. The exception was a boy of twelve or thirteen who was vigorously wheeling freight from the open platform back somewhere into the shadowy depths



"I do wish that boy'd quit workin' a spell," complained one of the loungers, irritably. "Seems like hit jest nachelly makes me tired lookin' at him. Folks no business workin' sech hot weather.

Most of the loungers nodded approval of this sentiment; then one of them took a short pipe from his

'No use wishin' that boy to quit work," he declared, conclusively. "He loves hit like we do our vittles. I 'low he don't get nothin' for rushin' that freight injest does hit out o' pure contrariness. Been here two weeks now, an' I ain't seed him sit down once like a sensible Christian critter-no, sir; not once! Plumb distracted to work from sun-up till night come, an' don't seem to make no pertic'lar difference if hit's pay work or no. Jest keeps naggin' at somethin' continual." He held up his pipe and looked at it in a puzzled, reflective manner; then, shaking his head as though giving it up, went on: "But hit cert'n'y is 'stonishin' how much pay work the chap do pick I have heerd he's laid by more'n two dollars

The conductor of the freight had been walking back and forth, glancing impatiently at his watch from time to time. Hearing the last few sentences, he stepped in front of the loungers with the air of a man seeking interest for enforced leisure.

"Who is the boy?" he asked.

"Prin Cottrell, he calls hisse'f," answered the at Palmetto, puffed impalounger, straightening up a little at finding himself tiently as it waited for the the center of attention; "that's all we know, 'ceptin' he's been here two weeks now an' steers for work like hit was jest nachelly the best fun in the world."

"I have heerd he was p'inted to meet his paw here. said a little sallow-faced man who sat somewhat apart from the rest; "least ways, that's what my sister, who pervides his vittles, says. She read a letter which come to him, an' which said his paw was jest out o' the pen'tentiary to Richmond, an' that the two was to meet here an' hunt for gov'nment land to raise oranges an' truck an' sech. The letter seemed to say the man was put in on somebody else's 'count, an' wa'n't to blame hisse'f."

"H'm! Did the boy show the letter to your sister?" asked another lounger, significantly.

The little man shifted his eyes from the group and allowed them to wander about uneasily until at last they became focussed upon some indeterminate object in the distance.

"No, he didn't," he muttered, sullenly; "folks as keeps folks should know somethin' about 'em."

At this moment a brakeman approached the conductor. "Something's been poundin' on the door of car No. 410," he said, hurriedly. "I reckon a tramp's 'lowed himself to be locked in so's to get a free ride."

"Oh, no; I reckon not. We looked the train over pretty sharp before we started. However we'll go

As they moved away there was a sudden rush and roar, and the through express flashed by and was almost instantly lost among the palmettoes. The conductor of the freight motioned to his engineer.





"Wait a minute," interposed the brakeman. "Let's see what that poundin' means first.'

"Well, hurry! We've no time to spare now. Here's the key to the car. If it's a tramp, fire him."

The brakeman caught the key, which was flung to him, and a moment later was sliding back the door of No. 410. And he was not very much surprised to find a haggard, unshaved face opposite his as the door moved back.

"Come! out with you!" he cried, roughly.

"Is this Palmetto?"

"Yes. Out with you, I say!"

A sudden transformation changed the haggard face into one of glowing, eager anticipation.

"Thank God!" Then apologetically, as he sprang to the ground, "I haven't a cent to pay you, but I couldn't help it. My boy is waiting for me here, and 1 could never have walked from Virginia, and there was no chance to work and earn the money."

But the brakeman only waved his hand impatiently. A shrill, warning whistle came from the head of the train, the brakeman sprang to his position, the conductor to his, and then the long train of heavily loaded cars began to glide slowly in the direction from which the express had come.

As the new arrival approached the freight platform there was a slight ripple of curiosity among the loungers. But above their unfavorable comments came a rapturous cry of "Father! oh, Father!" and the voluntary freight mover and the impecunious traveler were clasped in each other's arms.

But only for a moment, then there were a few hurried words of explanation, and the boy sprang like a deer after the receding freight. It was still moving very slowly, and little by little he lessened the distance between them. As he came opposite the rear car he looked up at the conductor, who was standing in the open doorway of his caboose.

"Here's - something - toward - father's fare." he shouted, as he threw a small package into the car past the conductor. "I'll pay—the—rest—sometime." Then the train began to gather headway, and the boy was left behind. When he was out of sight the conductor picked up and examined the small package. It contained two dollars and eighty cents in silver and three coppers.

An Incident in the Life of General George Washington

It was the spring following "Valley Forge," and the Continental army was moving out of winters quarters. And what an army! Some without shoes, some without hats, all without proper clothing: yet they marched with heads erect and with martial air as only men can do who are fighting for their homes and their liberties. In the hearts of these rugged men through a century and call our forefathers.

One of this heroic band was above the ordinary in culture and refinement. He had at the first call given opened his eyes to find before him the benign face his wealth, and finally, when he had nothing more to of the Commander-in-Chief of the Continental army, with honor when peace was declared.

give, had offered himself in the cause of his country. He was without shoes, bareheaded, and bent under the weight of a heavy flintlock. His face showed determination in every line. His eyes were of clear came feebly: "General, I have been sick, and for two bluish-gray, looking out from under heavy brown days I have had no food; I am starving to death. I His hair, which was dark brown, long and having a tendency to curl at the temples, was caught with a bit of ribbon into a queue behind. His name was Phineas Davis, and he was but a type of the patriot of his day.

Private Davis was ill. Weakened and half-starved. he staggered again and again under the weight of his gun. His comrades relieved him of the burden, and for a time he kept his place in the line, but as the day flowed the lifeblood of a nation yet unborn. These advanced his strength gave way and he fell exhausted are the men whom we are proud to look back to under a tree by the roadside. For a time, he knew not how long, he lay unconscious; then he was aroused by someone touching his shoulder. He

As if by instinct, his wasted hand was raised in salute. Washington smiled, and in his kindliest manner asked why he was so far behind the column. The answer am not afraid to die, but I would prefer the field of battle."

"My man," said Washington, "I will gladly divide my rations with you," and taking from his pocket some grains of parched corn he gave them to the private, with a sip of wine from his flask. Then lifting the emaciated form onto his horse, together they journeyed until they came up with the army.

On that short ride Washington came to know the man whose life he had saved and recognized his noble character. As soon as Private Davis was strong enough to leave the hospital, where General Washington had placed him, he was given clerical work under Hamilton, remaining there until discharged

February in American History

FEBRUARY 2, 1848. TREATY OF FEBRUARY 2, 1848. TREATY OF FEBRUARY 2, 1848. TREATY OF FEBRUARE 3, 1848. TREATY OF FEBRUARE 3, 1848. TREATY OF FEBRUARE 3, 1849. THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO CONCLUDED. The stipulations of this treaty were: American troops should leave Mexico; payment of 3,000,000 in hand and \$12,000,000 in installments by United States to Mexico for N. w Mexico and California; assumption by the United States of debts due her citizens by Mexico to the amount of \$1.50,000, and the fixing of certain boundaries.

FEBRUARY 2 AND 3, 1885: CONFER-INCE BETWEEN PRESIDENT LIN-COLN AND SECRETARY SEWARD WITH CONFEDERATE COMMISSION-ERS TO TREAT FOR PEACE, WHICH PROVED ABORTIVE

EBRUARY 1, 1861. TEXAS SECEDED FROM THE UNION. Disaffection in Texas was greatly fanned by the efforts of the monthship were many members of the Lusiature and active politicians of the St. te. A State convention was called to most at Austin and was declared a legally constituted body, notwithstanding the protest of Governor Houston and others. Less then one half of the one hundred and twenty two counties in the state were represented. The ordinance of secession was adopted by a vote of one hundred and sixty six against seven.

EMBRUARY 1, 1861. TEXAS SECEDED services was shown him, both in America and in Europe. In 1845 the American Institute awarded him a gold medal, and at the great London Exposition of 1851 he received the Commercial medal. From 1855 he was the recipient of the highest prizes of the international and other exhibitions. The most of the Prench decorated him with the recipient of the highest prizes of the international and other exhibitions. The most of the Prench decorated him with the recipient of the highest prizes of the international and other exhibitions. The most of the Prench decorated him with the recipient of the highest prizes of the international and other exhibitions. The most of the Prench decorated him with the recipient of the highest prizes of the commercial medal. From 1855 he was the recipient of the highest prizes of the commercial medal. From 1855 he was the recipient of the highest prizes of the commercial included him a gold medal, and at the great London Exposition of 1851 he received the Commercial medal. From 1855 he was shown him, both in America and in Europe. In 1845 the American Institute awarded him a gold medal, and at the great London Exposition of 1851 he received the Commercial medal. From 1855 he was shown him, both in America and in Europe. In 1845 the American Institute awarded him a gold medal, and at the great London Exposition of 1851 he received the Commercial medal. From 1855 he was shown him, both in America and in Europe. In 1845 the American Institu place on May 3rd, 1884.

FEBRUARY 15. 1898: DESTRUCTION OF U. S. BATTLESHIP MAINE IN HAVANA HARBOR. The Maine, under command of Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, on a friendly visit to Cuba, while anchored in Havana harbor, was blown up by what was afterward proved to be a torpedo fired from the shore. The number of officers and men who lost their lives was 26. Relations between the United States and Spain had been somewhat strained owing to the barbarous treatment of the Cubans by the latter, and the destructon of the Maine

Watt had recently improved. Studled in Paris for a number of years and invented a torpedo, which was rejected by both the English and French governments. The U. S. government at first looked with favor upon his invention, and appropriated \$5,000 tor further experiments, but finally concluded that it was of little importance. In 1807 he, with the aid of Robert R Livingston, perfected his steamboat, and in September of that year the Clermont made a successful voyage from New York to Albany and back. Steam navigation was thereby proved a success. He afterwards built ferry-boats to run across the North and East Rivers, as well as several vessels for steamboat companies. The U. S. government appointed him, in 1814, to superintend the construction of floating batteries, and he built the first war steamer, called the Demologos, which attained the speed of two and a half miles an hour. After Fulton's death, she was named Fulton the First and was used as a receiving ship at the Brooklyn navy yard until 1829, when she was accidentally destroyed.

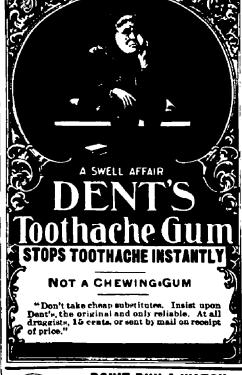
FEBRUARY 25, 1813: AMERICAN SLOOP-OF-WAR HORNET CAPTURED AND SUNK THE BRITISH BRIG PEACOCK OFF THE DEMERARA RIVER IN SOUTH AMERICA.

FEBRUARY 25, 1863: CONFEDERATE

IN SOUTH AMERICA.

IN SOUTH AMERICA.

FEBRUARY 25, 1863: CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT PASSED AN ACT OF CONSCRIPTION. The Act declared: "Every white man in the Confederacy, between the ages of eighteen and forty five years, to be in the military service and subject to the articles of war and military discipline and penalties; and that upon failure to report for duty at a military station within a certain time, he would be liable to the penalty of death as a delatter, and the destruction of the Maine discipline and penalties; and that upon hastened the war between the two countries, which ended in Spain having to relinquish Cuba and other territory into the hands of America.





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FEBRUARY 6, 1778: ALLIANCE BE-TWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND FRANCE. The treaty of alliance directed against England was signed at Paris by Benjamin Franklin. Silas Deane and Arthur Lee, Commissioners on behalf of America, and by the Count de Vergennes, tepresenting France.

FEBRUARY 6, 1862: GENERAL TILGH-MAN SURRENDERED FORT HENRY TO THE FEDERALS UNDER GENERAL TO THE FEDERALS UNDER GENERAL GRANT. This victory, in which the Union sunhoats under Commodore A. H. Foote played the most important part, was of considerable importance, as it opened the way to the capture of Fort Donelson and the probable breaking up of the Confederacy in Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri. The Federal casualties were two killed and thirty eight wounded, twenty nine of the latter being scalded with steam by a shell piercing the boiler of the gunboat Essex.

DEBRUARY 8, 1861: JEFFERSON DAVIS CHOSEN PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY. In January projous he had resigned his seat in the Societe and had thrown in his fortunes with the Confederates. In the following No. mber he was elected President for six house, but in April, 1865, he was forced to flow Arrested in Georgia, he was taken to Fortress Monroe and confined on a charge of high treason. He remained there for two house, was then released on bail, but was was then released on bail, but was be - r tried.

FURRIVARY 9, 1867: NEBRASKA AD-METTED TO STATEHOOD. President Johnson vetoed the bill, but it was passed to both houses; in the Senate by a vote of Party to nine, and in the House of Rep-matrices by a vote of one hundred and by new to forty four. to nty to forty four.

EBRI'ARY 9, 1873: GOVERNOR JOHN GEARY DIED. He was a civil enters in the Mexican war. Was first mander of the City of Mexico after its ture. Subsequently went to California he was appealed for property of Yangas. he was appointed governor of Kansas. k of brigadier general, and at the con-don of Sherman's march to the sea was mole military governor of Savannah. He melected governor of Pennsylvania in

LEBRUARY 12, 1809: ABRAHAM LIN COLN BORN IN LORNE COUNTY, KEN-TUCKY.

General Taylor was only 5,000 men. Mexican loss in killed, wounded and captured was 2,000, while the Americans lost 746. The son of Henry Clay was among those slain.

The had constructed a "cradle" for twenting grain in the field. His first letent for an improved reaper was taken in 1834, and in 1845, 1847 and 1858 other letent for an improvements were patented. The son of Henry Clay was among those slain.

FEBRUARY 24, 1815: ROBERT FULL TON, ENGINEER, DIED IN NEW YORK. Born in 1765 and received a common-school education. Learned miniature painting studied engineering and familiarized himself with the steam engine which James

FEBRUARY 16, 1862 FORT DONELSON CAPTURED BY THE FEDERAL FORCES UNDER GENERAL GRANT. There were captured of the Confederates 13,500 men. 3,000 horses, 48 field-pieces, 17 heavy guns and 20,000 muskets, besides a large quantity of military stores. The Confederates also lost in killed and wounded 1,237 men, while the Unionist casualties were considerably more.

casualties were considerably more.

FEBRUARY 17, 1815: TREATY OF PEACE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN RATIFIED AT GHENT, BELGIUM. Russia's mediation was refused by Great Britain, which offered to treat for peace directly with America, which was agreed to. After several months of discussion the treaty was signed by John Quincy Adams, James A. Bayard, Henry Clay, Jonathan Russell and Albert Gallatin on behalf of the U.S., and Lord Gambier, Henry Goulburn and William Adams, Commissioners for Great Britain. Britain.

FEBRUARY IS, 1865: GENERAL ROB-ERT E. LEE APPOINTED GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE CONFIDERATE ARMIES. President Davis had inter-fered so much in the military affairs of the Confederacy that the project was seriously mooted of making General Lee dictator. Davis was saved this humiliation by the appointment of Lee to the supreme command of the armies of the South.

FEBRUARY 22, 1722; GEORGE WASH INGTON BORN.

INGTON BORN.

FEBRUARY 22. ISID: FLORIDA PURCHASED BY UNITED STATES FROM SPAIN FOR \$5,000,000. The interference of Spain with American citizens in Florida, and her manifest partiality for Great Britain, shown in sheltering her subjects, inciting the Indians to war and allowing an expedition to be fitted out at Pensacola against America, was a source of great irritation to the latter country. General Jackson had entered Florida to put down the Seminole Indians, and being assured of the encouragement given the Indians by the Spanish governor of Pensacola, entered and took possession of that town. Spain protested, but Jackson was upheld by his government. An inquiry was instituted, but pending the result Spain signified tuted, but pending the result Spain signified her willingness to settle the matter by a sale of the territory.

FEBRUARY 22, 23, 1847; BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA MEXICANS UNDER SANTA ANA TOTALLY DEFEATED BY GENERAL TAYLOR. Mexican army numbered 20,000 men, while the force under General Taylor was only 5,000 men. Mexican loss in killed, wounded and captured was 2,000, while the Americans lost 746. The son of Henry Clay was among those slain.

FEBRUARY 25, 1888; HOUSE OF REP-RESENTATIVES VOTED TO IMPEACH PRESIDENT JOHNSON. The vote stood 126 to 37. There were altogether eleven articles of impeachment, consisting of usurpations of office and violations of law. The Senate sat as a High Court of Im-peachment, with Chief Justice Chase as president. The result of the trial was acquittal by one vote less than the two thirds majority which was necessary for conviction

FEBRUARY 26, 1869; FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT TO THE NATIONAL CONSTITUTION ADOPTED. The amendment is as follows: "Article XV., Section 1. ment is as follows: "Article XV. Section 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any state, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. Section 2. The Congress, by appropriate legislation, may enforce the provisions of this article."

FEBRUARY 27, 1874: WOMEN'S WHIS-KEY WAR. In order to suppress the liquor traffic, the women of New York, Ohio and throughout the country congregated on the streets and entered saloons, where they prayed and sang hymns. Much excitement was caused by the unusual proceedings.



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WHAT BOYS ARE DOING

A Musical Prodigy.

Maurice A. J. Warner, a six year old boy, is creating a furore in musical circles in Kansas City, Mo., where he lives, on account of his wonderful skill with the violin. The lad has been practicing only two years. His teacher is W. von Rola Macielinski. The boy shows wonderful talent when not in his master's presence, but when in his presence his work is marvelous. There are those who think that the wonderful results are accomplished by mental telepathy. Those who have seen the two together say that there appears to be a sort of hypnotism exercised over the boy. When playing he stands erect, his eyes fixed on his master, his movements following every idea expressed by the teacher's eyes. The teacher gives no explanation of the phenomenon.

The boy's musical education was begun by his mother, and the story is told that when two years of age he could read



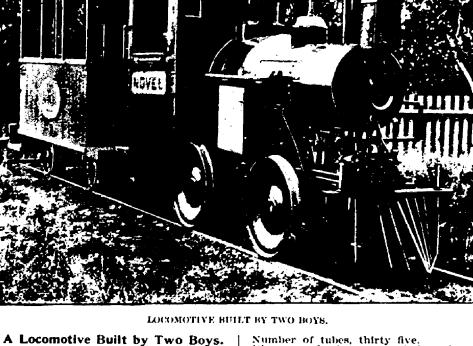
MAURICE A. J. WARNER,

music and play some simple melodies. Two years ago Macielinski became paralyzed below the hips and had to be carried from room to room. At about that time he went to live in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Warner, parents of the boy. He then undertook the education of the little violinist, with the result as stated. His influence over the child has been of gradual growth.

The boy's teacher, in a personal letter to THE AMERICAN BOY, says that there is no mesmcrism about the case. He says: "I explain it as the influence of a very strong mind and inspiration over a less powerful but, believe me, a

Young Warner made his debut before a Kansas City audience the evening of December 5, in the Academy of Music, and the newspapers pronounced the child wonderful. During the performance the child's master sat beside him on the platform and never took his eyes from the boy's face. His best number was the Concerto No. 6 (First Movement) by Rode, a long composition every note of which had been committed to memory. In passages where strength and expression and precision were demanded, the bowing was remarkable.

It is useless to attempt to predict the future of such a boy.



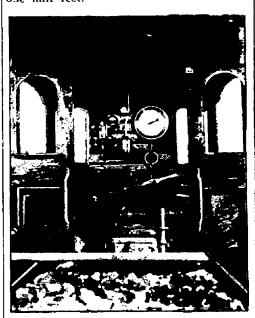
Edwin 11. and Ernest C. Warren, the former sixteen years of age and the latter seventeen, are two Yankee boys af Montvale, Mass., with a decided talent for making things. They first rigged up an elevator in their father's barn, and then other contrivances were thought of and successfully put into operation. Then they conceived the idea of building a lecomotive. As the tracks of the Boston & Maine Railroad ran back of their home, they were acquainted with a good many railroad men. From them they got some cast-off parts of engines. From a street railway company they got the wheels of an old borse car. They found the boiler of an old stationary engine, which they covered with felt and sheet iron, and then they secured a small oscillating engine from a machine shop, which was geared onto the forward wheels by means of a chain. Then they built a tender which carried water and coke in its forward part and in its rear part passengers. Steam brakes were constructed, which worked perfectly. The street car company loaned the boys a lot of old rails, and finally engine. They ounger brother acts as conductor, while the older one cent for four trips. The younger brother acts as conductor, while the older one runs the engine. They carry sometimes as high as twenty passengers at one trip, and on holidays have been known to carry as many as two hundred and fifty persons. It takes three bushels of coke to supply and on nonaxy nave been known to carry as many as two hundred and fifty persons. It takes three bushels of coke to supply steam for one afternoon, and the engine can travel at the rate of ten miles an hour. Here are some of the dimensions:

Length of engine and tender, twenty two feet

Length of engine alone, fourteen feet, Height to top of cab, eight feet three

inches.
Length of boiler and smoke box, seven and one half feet.

Diameter of boiler (outside), two and one half feet.



INTERIOR OF CAB.

Number of tubes, thirty five. Diameter of tubes, one and three fourths

Inductor of tubes, one and three fourts inches.

Steam pressure, fifty pounds.

Brakes, steam brakes.

Diameter of wheels, four.

Gauge of track, three feet.

Width of cab, four feet six inches.

Weight of engine and tender when empty, three thousand eight hundred pounds.

It ought to be said that the boys started to build the engine when the younger was thirteen and the older fourteen, and in the three years that have elapsed since they started they have rebuilt the engine almost entire two or three times.

Youngest Street Railway President.

Onolaska. Wis., claims to have the youngest street railway president in the United States in the person of Earl Pooler, president of the Onolaska and La Crosse street railway company. The young man has just attained his majority. The company operates a street railway in Onolaska and a trolley line to La Crosse, a distance of four miles.

Four Year Old Campaign Singers.

The four year old twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. James Clarke, of Columbus, Ind., have the distinction of being the youngest campaign singers in that state. The boys possess remarkable talent, being able to sing by note almost any song at sight," says the New York World. Their voices are of singular strength and volume. They also play the guitar, organ and harp. They were campaign uniforms and sang at most of the Bryan and Stevenson rallies in their

A Vice President at Thirteen.

Cornelius J. Simmons is but thirteen years of age but he is vice president, so the Chicago Journal says, of one of the street railway companies of the United States, viz., the Collins Park Railway Company of Atlanta, Ga. He not only attends to the many duties of his office. but is also practical enough to be able to operate a motor car, and has worked on a car both as motorman and conductor. He had served for some time in the shop, and has a thorough knowledge of the complicated machinery which makes up the plant. He takes a special interest in mechanics and electricity. At the last meeting of the railway company he was regularly elected to the position of vice president. His father is head of the company.



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A Boy Electrician.



Herbert W. At-kinson, of Grand Rapids, a boy of fourteen, began when he was eleven years old to study electricity out of books which he got from the Grand Rapids Pub-

he got from the Grand Rapids Public Library By this means, and with the advice of a friend who is an electrician, he has attained to considerable efficiency in electrical work. He has fitted up a workshop for himself in his father's house, where he has installed several electric bells, and other electrical appliances, which e given perfect satisfaction. He is ten called upon to replace or repair the operfect work of older workmen. He has aulte a neat little sum put away. The lower workmen as anything of the kind he ever work. The boy expects to go to college at take a course in Electrical Engineer—He stands well in his studies, is someting of an athlete, and is an excellent amist. In other words, he is a typical Merican boy.

down the street, and knew that in a moment it would endanger the lives of two small boys. Without assistance he runshed to where the boys were sitting, near the curb, unconscious of danger, and pulled both just out of the course of the runaway.

The act was bravely done, and none too soon, for the vehicle attached to the runaway. The injury was slight, however, and in a short time the young man had recovered. His action was witnessed by only a few people, but those who saw it say that Ryan is a young hero.

Two Bright Boys.

Two Bright Boys.

Two Bright Boys.

The older one is J. Williard Bailey. He is twelve years old. During the world. The older one is J. Williard Bailey. He is twelve years old.

The Work of the Public Education Association in Supporting Boys' Clubs.

An organization in New York City, known as the Public Education Society, supports boys' clubs, which meet in two of the public schools in the tenth ward on Saturday nights. Each of the clubs has about 150 members, the boys varying in age from 12 or 13 to 20. They are typical children of the east side, and have few chances for diversion except at these clubs. The association is supported by very small dues from the members and by voluntary contributions. At the club rooms they are furnished with means of enjoyment in the way of athletic exercises, basket ball heing the principal game.

East Boston Boy's Daring Deed in the Face of a Runaway.

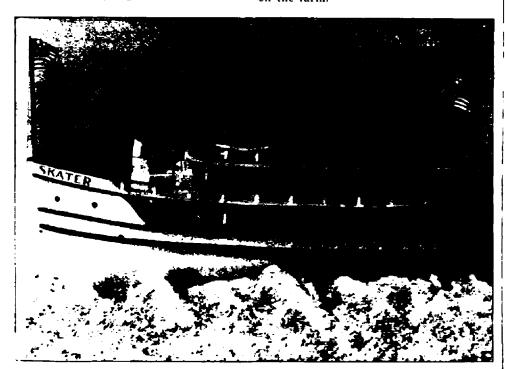
A brave and fearless heart beats within the breast of a young East Boston lad named Edward Ryan. Recently, while standing near the foot of Liverpool street, he saw a runaway horse dashing down the street, and knew that in a mo-



Here are two bright little fellows whom we are sure will make their way in the world. The older one is J. Willard Bailey. He is twelve years old. During last summer he sold water cress at three cents a bunch. He worked odd days on a farm at fifty worked odd days
on a farm at fifty
cents a day, getting up at five in
the morning and
going out on his
wheel from the
city to the farm
before breakfast.
He earned altotis way Next sum-

gether ten dollars in this way. Next sumgether ten dollars in this way. Next summer ne will earn more.

The other little fellow is Louis Elkins, who is five years old. He was adopted when but three months old by Willard's uncle and aunt. He was then a neglected, forsaken little waif. The little fellow, however, has made his way into the hearts of every one. Young as he is he makes himself useful, doing errands, hunting leggs, feeding chickens, and doing numberless little things that a small boy can do on the farm.



A MODEL BUILT BY A BOY.

Rodel of a Boat Made with a Penknife by a Boy.

his pretty model of a lake passenger at consists of three hundred and ten ces, every one of which is either mortised glued to its place. Neither nail nor pin is used. The model is two feet long and the shalf inches wide. The height of the boat ten inches; of the pilot house four and half inches; of the doors two inches, windows are real glass; the smoke-ack is of brass tubing, and the railing of he windows are real glass; the smoke-ack is of brass tubing, and the railing of the deck is of screen wire. The model is inted in drab and white. The builder is thest Redmond, a grocery clerk, whose me is at Ashtabula, O. He sold the model to twenty dollars and is now at work on her penknife inventions. He has made me money working at odd moments in its way.

"I guess that ain't me," said little talph as he gazed earnestly at a photo-raph of himself. "What makes you think it isn't?" asked his mother. "Cause it's standin' still too long to be me," was the reply.

An Anti-Cigarette League.

The boys of the sixth grade of the Carlton School, Wichita, Kas., have organized an Anti-Cigarette League. All the boys in the grade have signed the pledge, the principal part of which forbids the smoking of cigarettes. The boys have elected officers and will hold meetings, incidentally learning something of parliamentary practice. The officers are:

President-Harry Brown. Vice-President-Albert Oliver. Secretary—Douglas McNicol. Treasurer-Fred S. Whitlock.



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our
these circulars out as soon as possible. You can more than save half the price of a new No. 2 Board,
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Boy' Club has been received. We are delighted with it, a better game could not be provided for boys. I wish every Boys' Club in the United States might have one.

Faithfully yours.

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

No. 1—24-Inch Board, 41 Games, \$2.50.

No. 4—28-inch Board, 50 Games, \$3.50.

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THE LEWIS PHONO-METRIC INSTITUTE, 12 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.



WATCHES, RINGS, CAMERAS, ETC.



Your name and address, and we will send you by return mail is of our beautiful stene Set, Gold Finished Searf Pins, with one of our newly illustrated catalogues. Sell the pins at 10 cents each, return the mone; to us, and we will send any premium you may select. Our premiums are the finest in the market, as we have means of getting the best goods at lowest prices. Hundreds of letters come in daily asking for more pins and thanking us for our generous gifts. Other inducements offered in catalogue. Try us once and you will come again.

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A Magazine Air Rifle, something entirelinew, magazine holds 15 shots, finest in the market, beautifully nickel plated, elegantly finished, strong, durable, accurate, don't clog, don't get out of order, 314 in, long, weighs 24 lbs.

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PRINCESS MERCHANDISING CO., The best Bojs' paper published, bright, newsy, instructive and interesting.





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40 acres hardy Esses, 44 greenhouses of Paims, Ferns, Ficus, Roses Geraniums, etc. Hall size postpatd. Direct deal will save you money. Try us-Elegant catalogue free. 47 Years, 1000 Acres. THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., Box 457 Painceville, O.



CAPTAIN'S RADGE. (Twice Actual Size.)

THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY

A National Non-Secret Society for American Boys. Under the Auspices of "THE AMERICAN BOY"

Object:—The cultivation of manliness in muscle, mind and morals.

The object more definitely stated: To promote mutual and helpful friendships among boys; to give wider circulation to high class boy literature; to cultivate in boys physical, mental and moral courage, and develop them along social, intellectual and moral lines; to cultivate purity of language and actions; to discourage idleness, and encourage honest sport and honest work; to cherish and emulate the examples of great and good men; to inculcate lessons of patriotism and love of country; to prepare boys for good citizenship; to cultivate reverence for the founders of our country, and to stimulate boys to all worthy endeavor.

Object, Plan of Organization, Etc.

Object, Pian of Organization, Etc.

We refer readers of this paper to its January number for an outline of the plan of The Order of the American Boy. The following is a brief summary of the important features:

The Order of the American Boy is a National, non-secret society for American boys under the auspices of THE AMERICAN BOY. All the members of the Order in a State comprise a Division. Divisions are divided into Companies. A Company is comprised of five or more boys, one of whom is the Captain. Each Company selects its own name, to which the Executive Officers of the Order add a number. Any paid-up yearly subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY may organize or become a member of a Company. Existing societies, whether for literary, athletic or business pursuits, may join in a body, retaining their present names. The Order as a whole is governed by three Executive officers and an Executive Council made up of men and women. The Executive Officers are a President-General, a Secretary-General, and a Registrar-General. The Executive Council will be at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, July 5, 1901. The "Officers of the Line" are boys. The highest office is that of General-in-Chief. The next grades are Brigadier Generals and Major-Generals. The offices are filled by appointment, the Executive Officers having the appointing power. The Officers of the Line named are chosen from among boys who distinguish themselves as scholars, workers, inventors, athletes, orators, travelers, scientists, heroes, etc. The Division officers are Commanders and Lieutenant Commanders, These are also appointed from among the boys of the Order. The Executive Council is empowered to confer degrees, just as do societies among men: as, for instance, a degree, for good scholarship; a degree, for good scholarship; a degree, for manly deportment in every day life, etc., etc. The January number of this paper gives the list of degrees a boy has appears by the figure in parenthesis after his name where it is mentioned in these pages. The number of degrees a boy has appea

Executive Officers and Executive Coun-

President-General, William C. Sprague; (Editor-in-Chief of THE AMERICAN BOY) Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.; Secretary-General, J. Cotner, Jr., Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.; Registrar-General, Griffith Ogden Ellis, Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

William C. Sprague, President-General, Chairman Ex-Officio; Hon. W. W. Dodge (Lawyer), Burlington, Ia.; Prof. Chas. R. Henderson, D. D. (Univ. of Chicago), Chicago, Ill.; Colonel Chas. R. Miller (Lawyer), Canton, Ohio; W. Scott Bicksler (Lawyer). Denver, Colo.; John Haskell Butler (Lawyer), Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Lucius Boltwood, Grand Rapidis, Mich.; Mrs. E. C. Ferguson, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. J. E. Beal, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Mrs. Frank E. Trowbridge, Toledo, O.; Miss Sophie Ellis, Brooklyn, N. Y.; P. N. Sigler (of Nat'l Cash Register Co.), Dayton, O.; Prof. F. W. Shepardson (Univ. of Chicago), Chicago; George S. Hull (Lawyer), Buffalo, N. Y.; E. J. Whitehead (Mercantile Agency), New York; Walter V. Flfeld (Lawyer), Minneapolis, Minn.; W. O. Hart (Lawyer), New Orleans, La. And the Secretary-General and Registrar-General Ex-Officio.

OFFICERS OF THE LINE

General-in-Chlef-Harry Steele Morrison (8), (The Boy Traveler). Brigadier-Gener-als-Kenneth M. Ransom (5), St. Joseph, (8), (The Boy Traveler). Brigadier-Generals—Kenneth M. Ransom (5), St. Joseph,
Mich., successful yacht builder and sallor,
captain of the "6,000 miles cruise"; James
Francis Smith (5), Brooklyn, N. Y., who
carried the "Message to Kruger"; Wm. H.
Cross (5), Los Angeles, Cal., Herolsm, Sum-

mer of 1900; Herbert Botsford (6), Grand Rapids, Mich., Hero of reservoir disaster July 2, 1900. Major-Generals—Ted Chalfant (6), Wei Hien, China, a little hero in the "Boxer" outbreak: Alfred Smith (5), San Francisco, Cal., heroism: Dennis Weiss (5), Detroit, Mich., heroism, spring of 1900; Jno. E. Swearngen (6), Cedar Springs, S. C. A. blind boy of splendid schol record; Ambrose Steinert (5), New York city, heroism, Sept. 2, 1809; Wm. W. C. Torrance (5), Atlanta, Ga., a boy genealogist; John R. Hayes (5), Farmington, N. H., builds a steam engine; George Lewis Ferry (5), Kenosha, Wis., heroism, March 16, 1900; Miss.

How to Form a Company.

A company may consist of any number of persons, young or old, more than four, and each member of the company must be a yearly subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY. If you can find five boys in your neighborhood who are already subscribers to THE AMERICAN BOY, you can at once form a company. If you cannot find that many who are already subscribers, go out and find boys who are not subscribers and induce enough of them to subscribe to make up your five. Call a meeting at some convenient place, and select a captain from a mong your number and a name for the company. This is all you will need to do at the first meeting. The Captain must then send to Wm. C. Sprague, at Detroit, Mich., the names of the members of the company, with their street addresses, and advise him as to the name selected for the company. He will then give the company a number, to be used in connection with the name, and will send to the Captain a charter for his company enabling it to act as a part of the Order of The American Boy. He will at the same time send to the Captain of the company the articles, documents, etc., mentioned in the next paragraph. The company will then be ready for work, as laid down in the monthly programmes to be furnished by the Executive Council. One boy can very easily interest four of his friends and establish a company. A company may consist of any number

What "The American Boy" Will Do.

What "The American Boy" Will Do.

The Order of The American Boy is founded by the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY for a purpose partly selfish and partly unselfish. The publishers expect to gain an advantage from it, but they expect to give an advantage equally great to the boys of America. The Editor of THE AMERICAN BOY is the official head of the Order, and the publication will serve the Order in every possible way to further its ends and make it a power among boys. THE AMERICAN BOY will give free to every company, as soon as it has received the name and address of its Captain and members and a statement as to the name selected, the following:

A badge for each member of the company, and a special badge of distinction for its captain; a charter signed by the National officers empowering it to work as a company; a facsimile copy of the Declaration of Independence, with signatures; a small handbook on Parliamentary Law: a copy of a suggested Constitution and Bylaws, to be adopted or not, as desired by the company, and during the year a programme for each month (furnished two months in advance); prizes for best work done by companies in various lines of activity; suggestions as to athletics, books and reading, exhibitions, debates, military drill, charity work, etc.

at least four more boys to form a company and get ready for the work to be mapped out in the succeeding numbers of this paper. We want 1.000 companies organized during the year 1901.

We expect to make The Order of The American boy the most powerful and popular organization of boys that the world has ever seen. With just a little effort you can become a part of it.

Don't delay. Get in your Captain's name, and your members' names, and the name you select for your Company at once and be No. 1 for your state. Get as big a Company as you can.

We will print in each issue of THE AM-ERICAN BOY the news concerning the organizing and work of the Companies.

This is the sort of a society your parents and friends will approve of and they will assist you in getting members, selecting a meeting place, etc.

PRIZE OFFER—Every Company should have a good library of boys books. We shall send free of charge to the largest Company organized and enrolled by March first, next, ten splendid new cloth bound books for boys, costing at retail price fifteen dollars. These are not cheap, "blood and thunder" books, but first-class, up-to-date boys' books by reputable authors. Books new and handsomely bound and illustrated.

Look out for interesting news regarding the Order in our March number.

Let us report the organizing of your Company in our next number. Address all letters to

ters to
WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE.
Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich

Companies Organized.

Several Companies of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY have organized and many more are in process of organization. The following have selected their captains and names and are ready for business:

PHILADELPHIA, PA.: STEPHEN GIRARD COMPANY, NO. 1, PENNSYLVANIA DIVISION, ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY, Charles II. Russell,

LITCHFIELD. MINN.: LITTLE CROW
COMPANY, NO. 1, MINNESOTA DIVISION, ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY,
HOWARD W. McClure, Captain.
HEBRON, NEB.: STOTTSENBERG
COMPANY, NO. 1, NEBRASKA DIVISION, ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY.
CAPTOIL KNODE, CAPTAIN.
OVEORD ALA: CENTERAL ION

Organize.

Every boy should now get to work and get at least four more boys to form a company ont in the succeeding numbers of this paper. We want 1,000 companies organized during the year 1901.

Boy was briefly stated in our last month's issue as "Manliness in mind, manners and morals." We have changed the expression to "Manliness in muscle, mind and morals." The result of manliness in these three directions will be manliness in manners and morals. A boy might be manly in mind, manners and morals, and yet lack health and strength of body, and this is one of the chief aims of the order.

Appointment of Commanders and Lieutenant Commanders.

Appointments as national officers are made as rewards for good work in various directions, as school work, athletics, travel, exploration, invention, etc. A list of these appointments was given in January. Appointments as Division (or State) officers are made as rewards for good work in getting subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY or increasing the membership of the order. Division officers are Commanders, and Lieutenant Commanders.

The following appointments have been

COMMANDERS.

Albert W. Fifield (3), Minnesota.
J. Lawrence Hirshland (3), Pennsylvania.
Chas. Gustafson (3), Illinois.
Woodford Kron (3), California.
Chas. Karkau (3), Michigan.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDERS.
Emerson T. Cotner (3), Michigan.
Donald Annis (3), Michigan.
Louis Straka (3), Nebraska.
Fred H. Hilker (3), Indiana.
Archibald Andrews (3), Pennsylvania.
John D. Cronenweth (3), Michigan.
Avery C. Hand (3), Ohio.
Everett A. Sherrill (3), Massachusetts.
Clarence Schwab (3), Kansas.
Robert M. Gray (3), New Jersey.
Karl Matthews (3), Iowa.
Harry R. Mohler (3), Pennsylvania.
Frank P. Beal (3), Michigan.
Clarence Pyeatt (3), Idaho.
Clayton Adams (3), New York.
Geo. O. Bacon (3), Kansas.
Chas. W. Holst (3), New Hampshire.
T. F. Wilson (3), Nebraska.
Eridean O. Henderson (3), California.
Heman H. Smith (3), Iowa.
I. W. Barrett (3), Indiana.
Holley R. Cantine (3), New York.
J. S. Yerger (3), Mississippi. LIEUTENANT COMMANDERS.

Badges.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.: STEPHEN GIRARD COMPANY, NO. 1, PENNSYLVA-NIA DIVISION, ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY, Charles H. Russell, Captain.

GARRETTSVILLE, OHIO: JAMES A. GARFIELD COMPANY, NO. 1, OHIOD DIVISION, ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY, J. J. Jackson, Jr., Captain.

NILES, OHIO: McKINLEY COMPANY, NO. 2, OHIO DIVISION, ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY, Clarence Stewart, Captain.

LITCHFIELD, MINN.: LITTLE CROW COMPANY, NO. 1, MINNESOTA DIVISION, ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY, The member's badge is the same, with the omission of the eagle. As to badges for several members of the same family, where there is but one subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY, Clarence Stewart, Captain.

LITCHFIELD, MINN.: LITTLE CROW COMPANY, NO. 1, MINNESOTA DIVISION, ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY.

HOWARD W. McClure, Captain.

MENICAN BOY See Executive Order of The Interest of the Order of The American Boy is entitled to a free obadge. We show the Captain's badge in the page heading, just double its actual size of the member's badge is the same, with the omission of the eagle. As to badges for several members of the same family, where there is but one subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY.

No. 1. The letter M, shown four times in the margin, stands for manliness in muscle, mind and morals. The monogram will be recognized as O. A. B., standing for "The Order of The American Boy."

The badges.

Executive Orders.

COMPANY NO. 1. NEBRASKA DIVIS
ON ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY.
CATROIL Knode, Captain.

OXFORD. ALA: GENERAL JOE
WHEELERCOMPANY NO. 1. ALABAMA
DIVISION, ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY. Frank Gwin, Captain.

HAGERSTOWN, MD.: THE HAGERSTOWN BOYS COMPANY, NO. 1. MARYLAND DIVISION, ORDER OF THE
AMERICAN BOY, Clifford E. Hays, Captain.

PARK RIVER, NO. DAK: MAJOR
FRAINE COMPANY, NO. 1. NORTH DAKOTA DIVISION, ORDER OF THE
AMERICAN BOY, Alfred B. Overby, Captain.

Companies are also organizing at Anderson, Ind.: Asheville, N. C.; Appleton,
Wis.; Bowling Green, Ohio: Bethel, Vt.;
Reloit, Wis.; Cobleskill, N. Y.; Clark, Pa.;
Carroll, lowa: Emlenton, Pa.; Flizgereli,
Ill:: Leominister, Mass.; Milwaukee, Wis.;
Omaha, Neb.: Olneyville, R. I.; San Marcical, New Mexico; Sloux City, Ia.; Urbana,
Ohio: Urloin City, Ind.: Watertown, N. Y.;
Warsaw, Ind.; Watervillet, Mich.: Woodstock, Ill.

Change in Wording of Object.

The Object of the Order of The American
Boy was briefly stated in our last month's issue as "Manilness in mind, manners and morals." We have changed the expression to "Manilness in muscle, mind and morals." The result of manilness in these three are two of order horders, who wish to join a Company, it was to in a family, as, for instance, two or brothers, whish to join a Company, on the payment wish to join a Company, on the case of the will not be necessary for each to be a subscribers, which to obe a subscriber, will not be necessary for each to be a subscriber, will not be necessary for each to be a subscriber, will not be necessary for each to be a subscriber, will not be necessary for each to be a subscriber, will not be necessary for each to be a subscriber, will not be necessary for each to be nor the morth of the Company, in the one subscriber, but and they company on the other making up the five will in the payment of the morth is the same way, three or more in the same way three or more in the same way three or more in the same broad in making up the five will in the payment of the brothers, in the nu

Meaning, "Yours for manliness in muscle, mind and morals."

Washington and Lincoln Program.

PLAN AND PROGRAM FOR A COPANY MEETING FOR FEBRUARY

Every Company is expected to hold at least one meeting a month, at such time and place as it may select. It may adopt the program we furnish, or part, or none of it. We endeavor, however, to present a program interesting to young and old that will be worth a small charge for idmission, if the Company determines to make a neighborhood entertainment of it and sell tickets.

First, as to Meeting Place. This must suit the Company's convenience. Probably the best place will be a large room or the double parlors in the home of one of the

is often spoiled by dragging it into the night.

Third, as to Rehearsals. Be sure to have one or two good rehearsals. The Captain should have charge of these, and, if possible, have some man or woman present to make suggestions.

Fourth, as to Price of Admission. The Company may decide to charge admission for defraying expenses, or, if there are no expenses, to earn money for some Company project. Make the price reasonable. Better have twenty in the audience paying five cents than five paying twenty cents. You can get stiff paper and make tickets, or, perhaps, one of your number is an amateur printer; he can in an hour give you something nice.

Fifth, as to Performers. Give every member of your Company something to do, and if you are acquainted with any musicians, elocutionists or entertainers outside the ranks, get them to take a place on the program. This will be a good advertisement.

Sixth, as to Advertising. The editor of

tisement.
Sixth, as to Advertising. The editor of the paper in your town will gladly print free something like the following: "The boys of the Robert Livingston Company. No. 2, of the Order of the American Boy, will give an entertainment at the home of John Franklin, Thursday evening. February 22nd, at 7:30 o'clock. Admission, ten cents. Proceeds to help buy books for the Company's library." Other ways of spreading the news will suggest themselves to looys.

Seventh, as to Program. I. Salute. Promptly on time the Captain rises and taking the flag, holds it aloft, saying: "Company, attention." At these words, every member of the Company rises to his feet. The Captain then says: "Company, salute the flag." At this every member, including the Captain, brings his hand to his forehead, palm down, and lets it remain while they say in concert: "We will cherish with loving fidelity, and with unwavering patriotism, our flag." At this the Captain drops his hand from the position of "salute" and the members do the same. The flag is put in its place and all resume their seats.

resume their seats.

2. Regular Order of Business. [See under this head in another column. The "Regular Order" may be omitted, by vote

of the Company.]

"Regular Order" may be omitted, by vote of the Company.]

3. Music.

The Captain then says: "The month of February enjoys the especial distinction of being the month in which America's two greatest men were born. Abraham Lincoln was born February 12, 189, and George Washington February 22, 1732. The program for to-night has been so made as to honor these two great names."

4. Five Minute Biographical Sketch of George Washington.

5. Five Minute Biographical Sketch of Abraham Lincoln.

6. Music.

7. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. [This may be read or spoken by a member. It contains only about 250 words. The text will be furnished free by the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY to Companies adopting this program.]

will be furnished free by the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY to Companies adopting this program.)

8. Sayings of Lincoln. (Slips of paper containing numbered selections from the sayings of Lincoln may be distributed (in advance of the meeting) among the members (and invited guests, if thought best), to be read at this point. The publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY will furnish the selections on application, free of charge.]

9. Music or Recitation.

10. George Washington, the Boy. [Divide among four boys the four articles on the front page of this number of THE AMERICAN BOY, and let them be read in their order.]

11. Address or Debate. Subject, "Which was the greater man, Washington or Lincoln?" [This may be a debate between two or four members of the Company, or may be an address or an essay by a member or, better still, an address by some man or woman prominent in the town or neighborhood. Boys can easily obtain the help of men and women in such a good enterprise as this. If a debate is chosen, judges should be selected and a decision rendered, or the decision may be left to the audience.]

12. Closing Remarks by the Captain, thanking the audience for attending and, if thought best, a few words telling of the organization of the Company, its plans and encouragement of all.

13. Announcements, if any.

14. Song: "America."

15. Salute. The Captain says: "Attention, Company," and the members stand. Then the command is given, "Salute." At this the members bring their hands to their foreheads, to remain there till the Captain has saluted, when the hands are dropped to the side. The Captain will then say, "The meeting is adjourned."

At all business meetings where the public are not invited, an adjournment can not be had without a motion to adjourn is made and seconded and carried, after which the salute is given.

The Athletic Department of the Order

of The American Boy.

members. Move the furniture so as to leave room for chairs in rows, with an aisle down the center. The Captain and the Secretary should each have a little table at the front, so that when sitting they may face the audience. No decoration is required excepting the American flag. This must be used at every meeting and should stand in a conspicuous place at the front. Second, as to Time. The Company should be such as to permit adjournment by 9 or 9:30 at the latest. A good entertainment is often spoiled by dragging it into the night.

Third, as to Rehearsals. Be sure to have one or two good rehearsals. The Captain should have charge of these lessons.

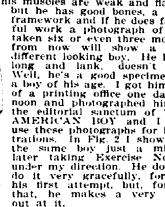
To all members of the Order, free of charge, free of charge, free of charge, free of charge, free of charge. The exercises own bedroom without inconvenience.

In cach issue of THE AMERICAN BOY, directions are given for each day for a month in advance. The exercises are given for each day for a month in advance. The exercises are given for each day for a month in advance. The exercises are given for each day for a month in advance. The exercises are given for each day for a month in advance. The exercises are given for each day for a month in advance. The exercises are given for each day for a month in advance. The exercises are given for each day for a month in advance. The exercises are given for each day for a month in advance. The exercises are given for each day for a month in advance. The exercises are given for each day for a month in advance. The exercises are given for each day for a month in advance. The exercises are given for each day for a month in advance. The exercises are given for each day for a month in advance. The exercises are given for each day for a month in advance. The exercises are given for each day for a month in advance. The exercises are given for each day for a month in advance. The exercises are given for each day for a month in advance. The exercises are given for each day for a month in advance. The exercises are given for each day fo

Exercises for February.

By the Physical Director of the Order of The American Boy.

I show you here the picture (Fig. 1) of an average American boy ready to take his first day's exercise. He is just like you; he has never taken systematic exer-cise and his muscles are weak and flabby.



Exercise 1.—Stand erect, heels together, feet at a little less than a right angle. Take a deep breath, raising the chest and depressing the abdomen, just as if you were trying to pull the ribs up to the



Fig. 2.

chin. Raise both arms parallel with the shoulders, palms of hands down. Now make the arms and fingers tense-stiff-so stiff that they vibrate—that is, tremble. Let on you are trying to squeeze an apple in each hand without the apple being there, making the fingers stiff and rigid, so much so that they

alse both arms parallel with the palms of hands down. Now make and fingers tense—stiff—so stiff y vibrate—that is, tremble. Let ire trying to squeeze an apple in it without the apple being there making the fingers stiff and rigid, so much so that they fairly ache.

The arm from shoulder to tips of fingers being thus tense and your chest elevated and full of air, bend the knees slightly as in Fig. 2, so that your weight is resting on the muscles and is not being supported mainly by the framework. Don't bend the back. Now, in this position slowly raise both arms till they nearly meet above the head (Fig. 3), and slowly lower them again to the horizontal position. Still holding the breath, do the same a second time, and a third time. Keep the mind on the arms and fingers and don't let them relax for a second; keep them tense and trembling all the time. You will soon find you do not meed dumbbells to make you tired and that your arms are about the heaviest things you have tried to lift in many a day.

See in the picture how our boy who is used to active exerting for the day of the Captain. ARTICLE V. DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

Section 1. It shall be the duty of the Captain to preside at all meetings; to enforce a due observance of the Constitution. By Laws, Rules and Regulations; to decide at all questions of the Constitution. By Laws, Rules and Regulations; to decide at all questions of the Constitution. By Laws, Rules and Regulations; to decide at all meetings; to enforce a due observance of the Constitution. By Laws, Rules and Regulations; to decide at all meetings; to enforce a due observance of the Constitution. By Laws, Rules and Regulations; to decide at all meetings; to enforce at de observance of the Constitution. By Laws, Rules and Regulations; to decide at all meetings; to enforce at the Donath Regulations; to decide at all meetings; to enforce at the Donath Regulations; to decide at all meetings; to enforce at the Constitution of the Captain to preside at all meetings; to enforce at all observance of the Cons

boy who is used to active exertion, for he's a worker, is straining over it, and if the color of his face you would see something like the color of a lobster. And after a few trials he was puffing like a little steam engine.

Work for February.

Each morning, on arising, put off every particle of clothing, make slowly five of the arm movements described in Exercise of The American Boy.

The Physical Director of the Order of the American Boy will give instructions in the pages of THE AMERICAN BOY, with a sponge in the hand dash cold smergency, by unanimous consent.

The American Boy Basetali League.

The American Boy.

We want every baseball club among boys, that may be organized during the coming spring and summer, to join the Order of The American Boy and thus become never taken systematic exershis muscles are weak and flabby, but he has good bones, a good framework and if he does faithful work a photograph of him taken six or even three months from now will show a very different looking boy. He looks long and lank, doesn't he'. Well, he's a good specimen of a boy of his age. I got him out of a printing office one day at noon and photographs for illustrations. In Fig. 2 I show you the same boy just a minute later taking Exercise No. I. under my direction. He doesn't do it very gracefully, for its his tirst attempt, but, for all that, he makes a very good out at it.

1.—Stand erect, heels together.

Proposed Constitution, By-Laws, Rules, and Order of Business.

The following may be adopted as a whole or in part by Companies of the

Company Constitution.

ARTICLE I. NAME.

This Company shall be known as the Company, No. -, Order of The American Boy.

ARTICLE II. OBJECT.

The object of this Company shall be the cultivation of manliness in muscle, mind and morals.

ARTICLE III. MEMBERSHIP.

Any person worthy of confidence, who meets the requirements of membership in the Order, as determined by the Executive Council, may be admitted to membership by vote of the Company, as prescribed in the By-Laws.

ARTICLE IV. OFFICERS.

The officers of this Company shall be a Captain, a Vice-Captain, a Librarian, a Secretary and a Treasurer.
(Other or different officers may be provided for, though there must be a Captain.)

ARTICLE VI. ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

All elections of officers shall be by ballot. A majority of the votes cast shall constitute a choice. The term of office shall be six months, or until a successor, duly elected, shall assume office.

ARTICLE VII. AMENDMENTS.

Every amendment or addition to this Constitution and the By-Laws must be handed to the Captain in writing; he shall notify all the members thereof, and at the next regular meeting it may be voted on; in order to its adoption, two-thirds of the members present must vote in favor of it.

ARTICLE VIII. SUSPENSION OF BY-LAWS.

A By-Law may be suspended, in case of emergency, by unanimous consent.

Regular Order of Business.

1. Call to order, by the Captain.

2. Salute to the Flag.

3. Calling of the roil, by the Secretary.

4. Reading minutes of previous meeting. by the Secretary.

5. Proposals for membership.

6. Balloting on candidates.

7. Introduction of successful candidates and the giving of promise in Article IV. of By-Laws, by each candidate repeating it aloud after the Captain.

8. Reports of committees.

9. Secretary's report.

10. Treasurer's report.

11. Reading minutes of previous meeting. by the Secretary.

5. Proposals for membership.

6. Balloting on candidates.

7. Introduction of successful candidates and the giving of promise in Article IV. of By-Laws, by each candidates repeating it aloud after the Captain.

8. Reports of committees.

9. Secretary's report.

11. Reading minutes of previous meeting.

8. Reading minutes of previous meeting.

8. Reading minutes of previous meeting.

9. Secretary's report.

11. Reading of letters, circulars, etc., from the executive officers of the Order.

12. Miscellaneous business.

13. Literary program.

14. Adjournment.

15. Cali to order, by the Captain.

16. Balloting of candidates.

17. Introduction of successful and the giving of promise in Article IV. of By-Laws, by each candidates.

18. Reports of committees.

9. Secretary.

19. Caling of the voil, by the Secretary.

10. Treasurer's report.

11. Rea

Company By-Laws.

ARTICLE I. MEETINGS.

Section 4. This Company shall hold its unless otherwise ordered, on meetings,

Sec. 2. Three members shall be necessary to constitute a quorum.

Sec. 3. At the request of three members, the Captain shall call a special meeting. The notice of special meeting shall state what it is called for, and no other business than that stated in the notice shall be transacted.

ARTICLE II. INAUGURATION OF OFFICERS.

When an officer takes up his duties he shall say, in the presence of the members: "I do hereby solemnly promise that I will faithfully discharge the duties of my office to the best of my knowledge and ability.

ARTICLE III. ELECTION OF MEM BERS.

The election of members shall be by ballot; two dissenting votes shall reject. A candidate once refused admission can not apply again within six months.

ARTICLE IV. INITIATION OF MEM-BERS.

Every new member must affirm as follows: "I do hereby solemnly promise that I will faithfully conform to all the Laws, Rules and Regulations set down in the Constitution and the By-Laws of this Company, and do further declare that I entertain no ill-will toward any member."

ARTICLE V. DUES, ETC.

There shall be no initiation fee. There shall be monthly dues of — cents, payable at the monthly meeting.

ARTICLE VI. SUSPENSIONS.

Two-thirds of all the members present at a regular meeting may suspend a member for disorderly conduct, refusal or neglect to pay dues. Members suspended may be restored at any regular meeting by vote of two-thirds of the members present.

ARTICLE VII. RULES OF ORDER.

The Company shall be governed by the "Rules" and "Order of Business," hereinafter written. General parliamentary law shall govern when the rules do not apply.

ARTICLE VIII. AMENDMENTS.

Amendments to these By-Laws may be made as provided in Article VII. of the Constitution.

Company Rules and Regulations.

Company Rules and Regulations.

1. The Captain (or, in his absence, the Vice-Captain) shall take the chair at the hour of meeting and call the meeting to order by the words: "Company, attention."

2. The Captain may take part in debate, after calling the Vice-Captain or any other member to the chair.

3. When the meeting is called to order, each member shall be seated and shall not speak without permission of the Captain, which he shall obtain by addressing him thus: Mr. Captain. The Captain, in speaking of or to a member during a meeting, shall say: Secretary Jones, Librarian Smith, Private Anderson, all members not officers being known as privates.

4. No member shall speak more than twice on the same motion, without permission of the Captain.

5. When two or more arise to speak, the Captain shall recognize the one who, in his judgment, first addressed him.

6. Every question of order shall be decided by the Captain, but a member may appeal to the Company, who may, by majority vote, overrule the Captain.

7. No motion shall be debatable until it has been seconded.

8. Appeals and motions to reconsider or to adjourn are not debatable.

8. Appeals and motions to reconsider or to adjourn are not debatable.
9. When a question is being debated, no motion shall be received except to lay on the table, to postpone, to commit, or to amend

amend.

10. No member shall interrupt another while speaking, except to call to order, or, with the permission of the member speaking, to ask a question.

11. A motion to adjourn is always in order, except when another motion is being voted on.

The mover of a motion may accept

12. The mover of a motion may accept an amendment, but if he does not, and the amendment is seconded, the Company shall vote on the amendment first.

13. When a motion has been carried, it shall be in order for any member who voted for it to move at the next meeting its reconsideration.

14. Every officer, when he leaves office, shall turn over to his successor any moneys, papers, books or records under his charge, and belonging to the company.

15. All communications, written or printed, received by the Company officers from the executive officers of the Order, shall be read in the next open meeting of the Company after they have been received.

Regular Order of Business.

(Continued on Page 121.)

SOME THINGS BOYS CAN MAKE

CARDBOARD YACHTS.

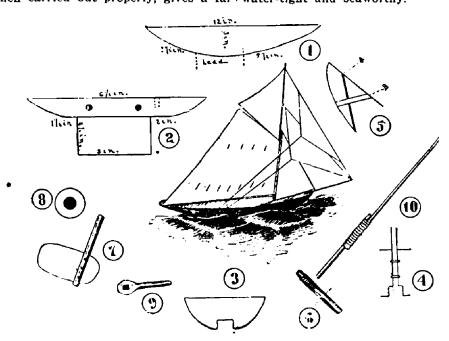
Model Racing Craft Made of Pasteboard-It is the Invention of the Modern American Boy and Can Be Readily Copied.

It is a very tedious piece of work to hollow out the hull of a toy boat with a penknife or gouge in the old fashioned way. The modern American boy has hit on a much better plan-one which taxes his patience less, and when carried out properly, gives a far water-tight and seaworthy.

of paper and lapping them over on to the hull of the boat.

Figure 8 shows a round disc of cardboard, which is intended to fit snugly over the rudder shaft and prevent it from slipping out of place. The tiller (figure 9) will, of course, be fastened firmly to the top of the rudder shaft. Figure 10 shows the manner of attaching the topmast.

Several coats of oil paint or white lead will make your boat absolutely



from following the older method.

Cut two pieces of cardboard, exactly alike, to make the two sides of your yacht. (See figure 1). The dimensions are indicated on the diagram. Use light, strong cardboard for these sec-A single sheet of Shamrock bristol board, which can be purchased at any stationery store carrying artists' materials, will furnish sufficient paper for your entire yacht. Sew the two sides together where the stitches are marked, making the seam as near the

edge as possible.

Figure 2 will be your next step. It consists of a piece of sheet lead two and one half by three inches, fastened between two flat stitches by means of copper rivets. The positions of the rivets are marked by black discs. Slip the lead through the aperture left for it in your paper shell and force out the sides of the hoat with braces made from a cigar box lid. (See figure 3). Small dabs of white lead will hold the braces and the parts (shown in figure 2) in place. The manner of stepping the mast is shown in figure 2. One of your braces must be placed exactly where the strain of the mast will come, and to this brace the mast is fastened. Bore four holes in the brace just back of the mast. This will allow you to run strings about the mast and so fasten it securely in place, as shown in the diagram. The end of the mast fits into a step, indicated by the dotted line in figure 2.

The rudder (figure 7) is made by fitting a section of stiff cardboard between the halves of a split stick and driving pins through. The pins must, of course, be afterward filed off even with the shaft of the rudder. Figure one of the well known meta devices for holding a rubber on the top of a lead pencil. File off the lower part of this where the dotted lines are marked. Figure 5 shows a section of the stern; B, a piece of cardboard held in place with white lead; A, the pencil holder through which the shaft of the rudder will run.

Before fastening down the deck attach the bowsprit to it by punching four holes and running strings about the bowsprit. See method of attaching the mast to a brace, (figure 4). Fasten down the deck by pasting to it pieces

better boat than could possibly result | HOW TO BRAID AND THROW A LARIAT.

Rawhide Is Rather Costly, But a Lad Can Make His Own Lariat and Become an Expert in the Cowboy Business Without a Teacher.

good rawhide lariat costs from eight to twenty five dollars, and is therefore rather too expensive for the average boy, but even if it were within his reach, it would be of little use to forty to fifty feet long, and far too is perhaps no possession of the cowboys more subject to variation than his lasso; what is exactly suited to one seems altogether unfitted for another. and without his own particular style of rope a man loses half his efficiency. I shall, therefore, in this article, suggest several styles of rope and each boy must select the one which seems best adapted to him.

Ordinary clothesline does not make a good lasso. It is rough and raw and frays too easily. If. however, clothesline is experimented with, use the slip longest, noose shown in figure 1, or better, splice A fine

Linen tape may be braided into a splendid rope and even cotton tape is an jackknife, who will take care to get i improvement on clothesline. Good Just like Fig. 2. It is spun with a string smooth cord will make a very fair around the middle, and if properly lasso. Figure 5 shows a five strand made will beat any of the single top braid, which is very strong and pliable. Take alternately each outside strand and cross it over the two following strands. The four strand cording shown in figure 6, to my mind, gives a better shaped rope than the one just described. The diagram itself is the best description I can give of four Arrange them as strand cording. shown, each strand under the one next to it, and then pull them tight. About twenty five feet is the best length for a beginner. To make the loop in a braided rope fasten the end back by means of the endless tie shown in figure 2. When the winding is completed put the end (B) through the loop (C) and pull the end (A) until the loop and end have entirely disappeared beneath the coil. Then cut off the end (A) and the endless tie is complete. In order to have the rope run smoothly cover the loop with canvas or some other strong cloth as shown in figure 4.

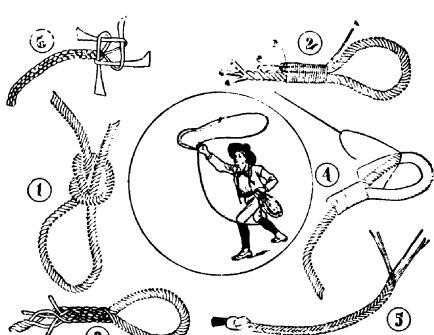
Real rawhide ropes are buried underground for some two weeks and afterwards greased with mutton tallow to make them pliable. Two weeks underground will not improve a line or hemp rope, but the greasing I would strongly advise; only be careful where you hang up your lasso when not using it, for grease has a very penetrating quality.

The art of throwing a lariat can not be reduced to rule. No two men do it alike. If you ask a cowboy to teach you he will say that every man must learn to do it for himself by practice, He will be quite willing to show you how he throws the rope, but his style will be quite different from the very next cowboy you meet, and is certain to be entirely different from the method you finally adopt. The illustration shows the characteristic position assumed at the moment of delivery; but it can only suggest; practice is the only master who can teach lasso throwing.

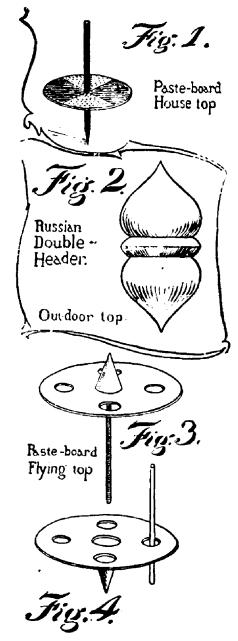
Tops-How to Make and Spin Them.

Any one can buy a top if he can get a few pennies from his father or mother. and any one can make far better and finer tops with a little trouble and industry. Here are some interesting tops him, for the regulation lasso is from that you can not buy anywhere, but which you can make with very simple heavy for a beginner to handle. There tools and cheap material. The simplest of house tops to be spun on top of a table, or some other smooth surface, is made simply by putting a sharpened stick through the center of a piece of pasteboard cut into a perfect circle. Care must be taken that hands, the top will fly up in the air and the wood is longer above the disk than below, so it will keep its balance. If the disk is decorated in water colors it will be prettier as it spins. Quite a game of tops may be played by making these tops for a number of children and letting them try who can make his spin

A fine outdoor top is the Russian



the rope back as shown in figure 3.1 double-header. It can be whittled on of hard wood by any boy with a sharp



you can buy. And then if you would like to make a top which will spin in air. take a bit of thin pasteboard, cut five equidistant oval holes in it, one in the center and four around it as seen in Fig. 4. Paste a small paper cone over the central oval (Fig. 3) and let it dry, when you have a top which can spin in various ways. You can put a stick with rounded end in the cone (Fig. 3) and, twirling the stick rapidly between the palms of your perform there. Or you may insert a stick into one of the outer ovals, (Fig. 4) and swing the top around until it is going rapidly, withdraw the stick and the top will spin in eccentric curves. If this top is colored in various stripes it will be even more interesting in its turnings and twistings.

The Burrless Chestnut.

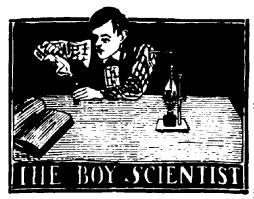
(Continued from page 104.)

but excellent, nevertheless. But, strange to say, the boys did not care to eat any. They may have been too tired to eat or they may have thought that such hard earned nuts deserved a better fate, but, whatever the reason, the nuts went begging as far as Mason and Jason were concerned, and so, after a few days, they were all shipped out west to a toothless minister, to whom a box of goodies was expressed every fall by the missionary

It would be pleasant to be able to say that the boys were cured of their lazy ways, but, as a matter of fact, they still coast to school and skate to grandma's as of old, so the lesson of the burrless nuts was lost on them.

Binders.

You cannot keep your copies of THE AMERICAN BOY in good shape without a binder. We sell a good, substantial one at \$1.00, delivered. Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.



Be Put to Practical Use at Home.

The electric bell, buzzer, and battery are usually the first electrical apparatus out to dinner with his mother, at the that comes into a boy's possession. These are easily obtained and are excellent to start with. The boy sees the workman place batteries in the basement and realizes that they furnish held by a clamp to the dining table. the electricity to ring the door bell the wire running down under the table when the proper button is pushed. After through the floor. some thought he concludes that three' things are essential to make up an outfit of his own, a bell, a battery, and some wire. The dry battery is much the simpler as it is ready for use without preparing a solution.

How rich a boy feels when he starts home with his first bell rig under his arm. Bright prospects lie just before him.

He thinks he can master the bell bus-, iness and later he can make some money. Many people want bells and buzzers put in their houses, and offices, and there is no reason why he cannot get some of this work as he has many acquaintances.

HIS FIRST CIRCUTT.

On arriving at the kitchen table the whole outfit is carefully examined. On the bell there are two thumb-screws or binding posts as electrical people call them, the battery also contains two binding posts. It all looks plain, a wire must be run from a binding post on the battery to a binding post on the bell. A piece of wire about two feet long is cut from the coil of bell wire. an inch on each end is carefully cleaned and one end is screwed down tightly under a binding post on the bell, the other end is placed securely under a binding post of the battery. Now the bell and battery are fastened together by a wire and a boy naturally thinks mind. He will fix his mother a simi-clerk at the electrical supply store is that the bell should ring. Electricity lar rig and it will be so handy that she told of the trouble, and he states that won't run out unless it has a separate can't help buying it. path on which to pass back at the same instant.

After some effort to make the bell will help advertise his new business. ring with only one wire attached, the second wire is cut, both ends carefully cleaned, one end secured firmly to the battery and when the fourth binding post is touched by the other end the bell rings out sharp and loud.

The people hurry at the summons of a new bell, the young electrician has closed his first circuit.

If this last wire be put under the fourth binding post and screwed fast the bell will keep ringing until the battery is run down.

Another lesson is taught, another step is taken forward. The push but-ton simply yields to the wish of the person who presses it, and closes the circuit to the bell. When the pressure is removed a spring inside the push button pulls apart the circuit or path running from battery to bell, the current of electricity is compelled to stop opportunity to complete the job. flowing and the hell ceases to ring.

One wire is run up through the

THE PUSH BUTTON.

It is a very simple thing. A little with a small black or white button pro- cellar. jecting through a small round hole. This round button rests upon a light the hole in the kitchen floor, the end piece of sheet metal, which acts as a cleaned and fastened to the bell. This spring, under this sheet metal spring wire is tacked similar to the first, but is another piece of sheet metal, the wire far enough away to prevent tacks from from the battery is attached to one of touching each other as they might cut these pieces of sheet metal, the wire through the insulation on the wire and from the bell is attached to the other, if they touched they would let the cur-Pressure from the thumb or finger rent of electricity return without passpushes the two pieces of sheet metal ing through the bell. One metal tack together and the circuit from the bat- should never be placed over two bell tery to the hell is closed.

The push button is so simple that the site directions. average boy can take two pieces of thin

sheet brass, copper, or iron and make pass up through the hole under the dina temporary one in a few minutes ing table and be fastened to the push which might appear like Figure one.

Although so simple the push button is very useful in every day life and is the forerunner of many nice pieces of electrical apparatus used for opening push button.

and battery, all close together until fa- battery to the second contact of the miliar with the details, the next step is push button and fastened up, making to put the bell in a separate room from the push and the battery in some out of the way place. A new feature is at once introduced, that of wiring. It seems very simple but requires careful First Lessons in Electricity That Can thought and action in order to do it

THE NEXT STEP.

Possibly our young electrician goes home of a friend, and notices that when the maid in the kitchen is wanted an electric bell in the kitchen rings. On inquiry he finds that a push button is

button. Then it will extend from a binding post at the bell, through the kitchen floor, across the cellar, up through the hole in the floor under the table to the

After experimenting with push, bell, run from the other binding post of the the job complete.

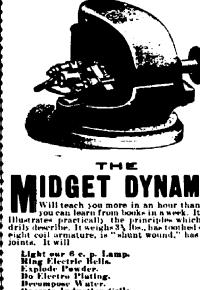
> The young electrician now pushes the button and is informed by the maid in the kitchen that the hammer on the bell just vibrates a little, but does not; hit the gong.

> The enthusiastic face now becomes one of study and thought. The wires are changed around in the battery, other small changes are made, but to no avail, as the bell will not work properly.

The bell and battery, when connected together on the kitchen table, work well, but seemingly will not operate on At once an idea flashes across his the new circuit. As a last resort the

A third piece of wire must now be

DIFFICULTIES.



STUDENTS OF ELECTRICITY

ints. It will
Light our 6 c. p. Lamp.
Ring Flectric Bells.
Explode Powder.
Bo Electre Plating.
Decompose Water.
Operate Induction Colls.
Brive Small Motors.
Excito Flectro Magnets.
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Run as a Motor on a 2 to 10 Volt Circuit or Battery.
And do many other things, useful, interesting and instructive.

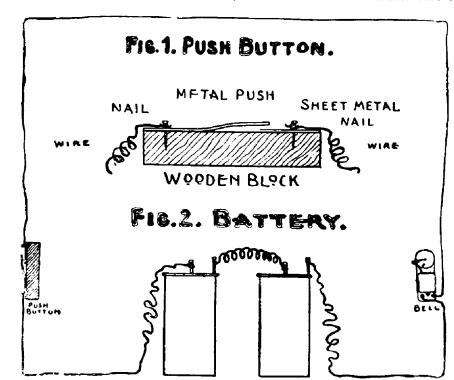
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This will furnish capital to purchase

On going to the electrical supply store to get more bell wire and some double pointed wire tacks he is informed by the clerk that special pushes are made for dining room floors which are operated by the foot.

He concludes to use the push he has on hand and have mother hold it in her lap when at the table, at other times it can hang on a small hook under the table near mother's chair.

The bell is fastened up in the kitchen, a small hole is made in the kitchen floor, the dry battery placed on a beam or shelf in the cellar, in another part of the cellar under the dining table a small hole is made in the floor just at a seam in the carpet. Mother commences to doubt the success of the undertaking but concludes to put up with the inconvenience and give her boy every

in the kitchen floor, tacked fast to the in opposite directions. Neither one can woodwork and the end fastened to the make any progress. bell. The other end is clamped under a wooden, metal, or composition shell, binding post of the dry battery in the

> A second wire is passed up through wires when carrying currents in oppo-

The other end of this second wire must

two or more batteries are required when long runs of wire are used, as supplies for another job and mother the battery must push the current will help advertise his new business. | through the wires.

A new battery is purchased and placed in circuit, as in figure two.

On trial it is found that the hammer on the bell will not vibrate when the button is pushed.

This is very discouraging, but on inquiry it is found that one battery is working against the other instead of working in unison with it. When the connections of one of the batteries are changed and the button pushed the bell rings sharp and loud.

Two things have been well impressed upon the young electrician. One is that when wire is added to a bell circuit, extra battery power must also be added to make the outfit work well, and another is that two batteries can be so connected in a circuit that one will not allow the other to work.

When improperly connected they act opportunity to complete the job. like two boys of equal strength trying one wire is run up through the hole to push or pull each other along a path HSS

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If You Must Bet, Bet on Yourself.

Can one afford to leave a farmer who is paying him \$15 a month and board to go to the agricultural college short course this winter? A Minnesota boy asks it. An editor of a farm paper answers: No, you can't afford to quit such a job if that is the height of your ambition; but if you want to be something more than a farm hand, if you want to master the business of farming (and it is the masters who win nowadays), if you wish to be equipped to do the best work, then get the best practical education you can. I faced this question when as a 17-yearsold boy I quit typesetting in Denver at \$35 a week to go into the best job printing office at \$6 a week. It gave me a chance to learn a branch of the trade I didn't know, but this apparent sacrifice. in order to master that trade, helped to develop a faith in myself that compensated many times over for the temporary loss in pay. Bet on yourself, young man, have confidence in your own grit, faith in your own abilities, and by work, training and education strive in every proper way to fit yourself to do your best. We either go forward or backward. There's no standing still. Qualify yourself to go ahead. The more thoroughly you do this, and the earlier in life you do it, the better your chances for health, wealth, happiness and usefulness, whatever your vocation may be. Such thorough preparation comes high-this young man, for instance, instead of netting \$15 a month must go to considerable expense—but the best is always the cheapest. If you haven't confidence in yourself, how can you expect others to have confidence in you? Courage, judgment, hard work, progress, pertinacity. clean habits, character, high purposedevelop these, and before you know it success is won. Everyone can cultivate these attributes—failure to do so in youth causes far more failures in life than bad luck, ill health, "trusts," or any of the excuses usually advanced by the unsuccessful. Whatever you are be a master of your work and of yourself.



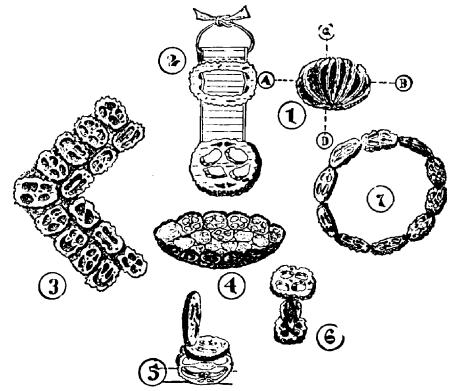
Charlie Boldt, Jr., is a thirteen year old merchant of the blacking brush. His stand is at 1000 Michigan avenue. Detroit. He began shining shoes a year and a half ago. In six months he was able to buy a

chair and stand. He now clears about two dollars and a half a week, buys his own clothes and saves a little money. The picture shown was taken by one of his customers.

Saleable Ornaments Made of Walnuts.

The suggestions offered in this article by no means exhaust the possibilities of ornamentation with walnuts; a dozen other forms must immediately suggest themselves to any clever workman; but it is hoped that the descriptions are sufficient to give a clear idea of how to handle this quaint material.

Figure 1 shows the nut. It can be procured in quantities at any grocery store. Place the nuts one after another in a vice and saw them into sections about one-eighth of an inch in thickness. If the reader is unfortunate enough not to possess a saw, any carpenter will do the work at a very moderate price; or if a boy is possessed of an ordinary amount of diplomacy a carpenter will let him use his vice without any charge. A saw is possessed by nearly every household.



at the top of the ribbon takes the place nish, is complete. of a snap hook.

either stiff cardboard or wood with a light the heart of any infant mother. coating of glue; sprinkling rice plentifully over this and then arranging the sections of nut as shown. Gild or shellac as preferred.

Figure 4, a delicate card tray, is extremely decorative. One of the wooden plates used by many grocers for hold-ing a small amount of butter will give own for sale.

Figure 2, a watch fob, is probably a form for this figure. Lay the plate the most easily made of the ornaments bottom side up upon a table and fit described. A nut sawed at right ansections over it, dropping a little glue gles to the ridges (A to B) will give at every point where their edges come the buckle, and a nut sawed parallel together. When the glue has set rewith the ridges (C to D) will furnish move the butter plate, and the card the charm. A small strip of shammy tray, with the addition of a coat of var-

Figure 5, a rocking chair, and figure Figure 3, a section of picture frame. 6, a card table, are examples of a set is made by covering a groundwork of of small furniture which ought to de-

Figure 7 is a bracelet. The different pieces in this figure are fastened to-gether by gluing bits of ribbon between them

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HOW TO START A SCHOOL PAPER

FOR HIGH SCHOOL READERS H. OREN CUMMINS

Nearly every large preparatory school and all the colleges of this country have to-day their school papers, edited and managed entirely by the students, and out anything which he considers will from which they derive a great amount not be of benefit to the paper. The one of good. In their contributions to the elected to this office must be a pupil of paper the students learn to express their thoughts easily and rapidly, and as they know they are writing for publication. it is an incentive to put forth their best efforts. No matter what occupation one is to follow in life, the ability to use good English quickly is as valuable an accomplishment as a young man or woman can have, and in writing for such a paper this ability is greatly developed.

There are some high schools, also, especially in Massachusetts, which during the last few years have established such papers, and they have invariably proved successful, both from a literary and financial point of view. Any high school of a hundred boys and girls can easily support a paper, and it is the object of this article to show how to go about the establishing and managing of it.

EXPENSE.

A good size for a high school paper is eight by ten inches, and the cost for printing it on good paper, with twelve pages of reading matter, should not exceed twelve dollars for the first hundred and one dollar for each additional hundred copies. If, as is usually the case, the paper is published twice a term during the school year of three terms, the total cost of the six editions need not be more than eighty dollars, which amount includes the money for account books for the business manager, stamps and wrappers for the papers to out-oftown subscribers, and other incidental expenses.

Eighty dollars may seem quite a large amount of money to raise, but it only takes one hundred and sixty subscribers at fifty cents a year to pay the entire expense of the paper. This subscription rate is low enough so that there ought not to be any difficulty whatever in getting enough regular subscribers to run the paper in a school which has a hundred high school students. You can count on people outside the school for some subscriptions, that is, old graduates and friends of the school, who, although they may not at the time have any children there, still are interested in it and willing to help the students in anything of this kind.

THE START.

Get estimates from the local offices for printing a paper of the desired size. mass meeting, perhaps having the principal speak a few words in favor of it, for you will always find that the faculty will give you their hearty co-operation in a venture of this kind. There is nothing so convincing as figures, and with these at hand you can show the school that with the pledging of about a hundred and forty names for a year's subscription at the very low rate of fifty cents, you are in condition to start the paper. A year's free sub-

thusiasm and gets the school as a whole, interested.

MANAGEMENT.

There are four principal officers. The most important officer, and the one on ' whom the literary success of the paper must largely depend, is the editor in chief. It is his duty to look over all articles, stories, verses and whatever is handed in for the paper, and to throw good and mature judgment, popular with the students and thoroughly respected. It is a good idea for this editor to look over the proof of all matter which he decides to put into the paper with the head of the English department in the school, as probably no high school student is so well versed in English that he cannot get some assistance in this way. From this instructor he can also get the names of students who write well, and if the voluntary contributions do not come in fast enough he can give out some interesting subjects to these students to write up. The managers of the paper should all try. however, to work up such a feeling in the school that it will not be considered a article in the school paper.

There are two other editors, who though important in their special departments, do not require as careful consideration as the editor in chief. These are the local and alumni editors. The duties of the former are to look over and correct all locals brought in by the different class reporters, and get them in shape for the printer; he might also be expected to write a short edi-torial on some subject of general interest to the school, or to assist the chief editor, if necessary, in any of his duties. The work of the alumni editor is to get the old catalogues of the school and from them secure the names of graduates and find out what they are doing, and anything concerning any old member of the school which would be of interest to his former classmates. On the success of this department depends largely the number of out-of-town subscribers. It is a very good plan to make the alumni notes of the first edition of the paper as interesting as possible, and to mail a large number of sample copies to old graduates, with a note enclosed requesting subscriptions.

If careful and painstaking effort is made by the one in charge, both by making personal inquiries and in writing letters to graduates, this department ought not only to be very interesting, but to swell the list of regular subscribers by a goodly number of alumni.

The next office to be filled, and one which requires nearly as careful consideration as the editor in chi.f, is the business manager: for, as on the former depends the literary success of the paper. so are the business manager and his as-Then bring the matter up before the sistant responsible for its financial success. He must be a wide awake, energetic young fellow who has the time and is willing to put in some good hard work for the paper. In his arrangements with the local concern which is to print the paper, he should obtain a written contract, so in case of dispute concerning price, he will have this to fall back upon. It is his business to keep the books, to see to the mailing of papers to out-oftown subscribers, to see that the subscriptions are kept paid up by the students, and in short to attend to all the scription to the paper for the student little financial matters which may come who gets the largest number of sub-scribers both in and outside the school sume sufficient proportions, he can get is a good offer to make, as it lends en-rates from the post office for sending the series in the sum of the sum of the series in the sum of the series in the sum of the who gets the largest number of sub- up. If the out-of-town subscriptions as-

papers under the head of second class matter, which reduces somewhat the expense of mailing.

The minor officers of the paper are the reporters, and should include one from each of the four higher classes, and if the High School is run in connection with a graded school, there should also be a reporter to represent the lower grades. It is their work to write up all matters of interest in their classes, or in the school at large, and to hand in their reports to the local editor for inspection. If there is a lyceum in the school there should be a reporter for it, who would be given a short column in the paper headed Lyceum Notes, and he could make this quite interesting by giving abstracts of the best debates. Some schools have also an Exchange Department, the editor of which writes to other schools in the BIG PRINTING PRESS OFFER vicinity that have papers, asking them; for items of interest, and sends similar accounts to them.

In closing, I would say, there are several things which make one's high school life something pleasant to look back on and not merely a dull routine of study and recitations; these are the lyceum or debating societies, the gymnasium, the school battalion, and, judging from my own experience, one of the most important factors both as a source of enjoyment and in its usefulness in after life, is the School Paper.

"The Bomb" is published by Harry M. Konwiser, at 36 Barbara street, Newark, N. J. Judging from the frequency with which it is referred to in other amateur papers, all old amateur journalists are already acquainted with this paper. It contains much excellent matter, both from a literary standpoint and for the purpose of gratifying the special interest of amateur journalists. The only criticism we would pass upon it is that it, like a great many other amateur papers, devotes too much attention to associabore to write, but an honor to have an tion politics and is rather bitter in its criticisms of the acts of other members of the amateur journalists' associations. Of course, if the boys are going to indulge in politics in this way, the papers published by them will naturally have a good deal to say on their political ideas; but it would seem to us that they are thus neglecting the journalistic features of the associations, and while the art of politics has its value, we would not mix it with amateur journalism. It cannot help but retard the journalistic and literary progress of the members of the association that indulge in it to any extent. Don't criticise your associates so much, boys. That element of journalism is no longer found in the better professional papers, the editors of which always ascribe honorable motives to their fellows and try to use the best language possible in referring to each



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"O mamma!" cried little Bob one day. "when you stroke pussy's fur this way you can feel the electricity, and when you put your ear down you can hear her trolley!

Mother--Bobby, this is the third time I've caught you stealing jam, and I'm to wear her father's rubber boots to get getting tired of it.

Bobby—Well, why don't you quit hangin' 'round the pantry, then?

Sunday School Teacher: "What do we

learn from the story of Samson?"
Tommy (mournfully smoothing his ragged locks): "That it doesn't pay ter have women folks cut a feller's hair."

The mother of a little three-year-old had been away from home over night, and on her return asked:

"And how did my little boy get to sleep last night without mamma?'

"Oh," he replied, "papa twied to sing to me like 'ou does, an' I des went to sleep weal twick, so I touldn't hear him."

School Teacher: "Now, Bobby, spell needle.'

Bobby. "N-e-i-d-l-e, needle."

Teacher: "Wrong. There is no 'l' in needle."

"Well, 'tain't a good needle, Bobby: then."-St. Louis Christian Advocate.

"Mamma," said small Willie, "when sister Mary had the toothache you took her to the dentist and had it filled, didn't

you?"
"Yes, Willie," she replied. "Well," continued the little diplomat, "I've got the stomach ache; don't you think you had better take me to the candy store and get it filled?"

Benny was a new boy at school, and as the teacher enrolled his name in her book, she asked: "Where do you live, Benny?" "On Blinker street," he an-Benny?" "On Blinker street," he answered. "You should say 'In Blinker street.' That is considered the proper form now." "Yos'm." "You have lately came to town, have you not?" "Yes'm." "Where was your home before?" "Boonville." "Where is Boonville?" "In the Erie Canal, ma'am," said Benny.

Self-Supporting College Students.

"Most people picture the young man who earns his own expenses while at college as a long-faced prig who rooms in a garret, where he breaks the ice in his pitcher for water to wash with in winter, and tells himself how noble he is to persevere in spite of the sneers and snubs of his more fortunate classmates.' writes Jesse Lynch Williams, on "How kettle, one granite-iron (covered) stew writes Jesse Lynch Williams, on "How kettle, and some other tinware, costing a Young Man Can Work His Way in all about one dollar and fifty cents; Through College," in the Ladies' Home one two burner gasoline stove, which cost "If that type of collegian ever Journal. really existed he is now extinct. The modern self-supporting student is not snubbed nor sneered at by anybody, and he smiles occasionally. This is because there are more college men earning their living today than ever before, and because they earn a better living. Onequarter of the entire three hundred and one members of the last class graduated housekeeping. Each of the three had an at Yale supported themselves partly or equal amount of the work to do; and wholly; probably all of them ate three as each of us knew a little about cookmeals a day, and many of them were qu'te ing, we had no difficulty in carrying in the thick of college life besides. This through our undertaking successfully. point is emphasized, because I know that every year some boys think of going to college and then give it up, largelythough they may not confess it-because they hate to think of being 'queer' and 'out of things.' This is a natural feeling. but it is unnecessary. I recall no football team at my college (Princeton) in the last ten years that did not have at least one man working his way through. and invariably some of the most popular and influential men in every class are self-supporting."

Boy's Composition on Water.

Boys' compositions, if original, are almost always unique. This one on water,

is typical:
"Water is round everywhere, especially when it rains, as it did the other day, when our cellar was half full. Jane had onions for dinner. Onions make your eyes water, and so does horseradish when you eat too much. There are a good many kinds of water in the world-rain water, soda water, holy water and brine. Water is used for a good many things. Sailors use it to go to sea on. Water is a good thing to fire at boys with a squirt gun and to catch fishes in. My father caught a big one the other day, and when he pulled it out it was an eel. Nobody could be saved from drowning if there wasn't any water to pull them out of. Water is first rate to put fires out with. I love to go to the fire and see the men work at the engines. This is all I can think of about water-except the flood.'

A Professional Education for Four Hundred Dollars.

F. R. A.

Many young men look upon a college education as a luxury, obtainable only by the wealthy. That this is a mistaken idea, the writer knows from personal experience.

Three years ago, while a clerk in a Detroit business house, I began to think of the possibility of my being able to take a college course. I was anxious to study law, and after examination decided that the Law Department of the University of Michigan was the best and was the least expensive of the first class law schools of the country. Two months be-fore college opened I determined to attend. When I left for college in the fall I had saved sixty dollars. When I left college in June I had spent an additional three hundred and forty dollars making in all the sum of four hundred dollars for my college course.

My first expense was forty five dollars (thirty five dollars annual fee and ten dollars entrance fee). This left me with fifteen dollars for the balance of my year's expenses. How to make this sum do was a problem not easy to solve. None of my relatives were in a position to furnish me with the necessary balance, but several of my family could send me a small sum each week and this they gladly did.

was fortunate in making the acquaintance of two students from the do excellent work in college. same city as myself, who wished to do their own cooking, so we formed a partnership and purchased the following outfit:

One frying pan, one dish pan, one milk pail, one teapot, one water pail, one teakettle, one granite-iron (covered) stew kettle, and some other tinware, costing us three dollars and fifty cents. Thus our whole outfit only cost us five dollars. The dishes we had brought from home. We had a cosy corner in the basement of the house in which we roomed for our kitchen. The landlady gave us a table. and in an hour's time we had transformed a dry goods box into a convenient pantry and were ready to begin Our food was plain, but substantial, and we always had plenty of it. Our average expense for provisions for the college year was a trifle under seventy five cents per week for each person.

By getting to Ann Arbor a few days before college opened I managed to secure a small but pleasant steam heated cutting the expense to fifty cents for O. K." each. The next problem was that of

yearly outlay of thirty dollars being generally considered necessary. We decided that this was more than we could afford, so we consulted with several of the older students and found that the books we must have would cost about twenty dollars, and most of these we could rent from other students for about one fifth of their cost price. So by using the law library of the university and renting the books not readily accessible there, my expense for books has been from five to ten dollars a year. By this method I do not own the books, but, as a rule, these books are of little value to practitioners, because of their elementary character.

The railroad fare is a very necessary expense, my own, however, has only been about ten dollars a year. Laundry costs but little in a college town, owing to the prevalent use of the sweater, which saves both time and money. Most of my washing I could do myself, and several students I knew did nearly all their own washing.

There are a number of lecture and concert courses at Ann Arbor, which it is very desirable to attend, but which cost a considerable sum to one studying economy. But one who is willing to hustle has no trouble in selling a sufficient number of tickets to his student friends to secure tickets for himself and friend.

The following are my actual expenses for the first year:

College fees	\$45.00
Board of thirty six weeks	
Room rent	18.00
Railroad fare	8.00
Books	
Postage	
Laundry	
Incidentals	2.50

The second year differed but slightly, the only change being a more expensive room and a heavier outlay for books, and ten dollars less to pay in college fees; my expenses for the second year were one hundred and twenty dollars.

Total\$105.00

My third (and last) year I gave up my housekeeping venture and boarded at a students' boarding house, getting first class board for two dollars and fifty cents a week. Owing to this and to heavy graduating expenses I have paid out for this year's expenses the sum of one hundred and seventy five dollars.

Thus my college course has cost in all four hundred dollars. Many a young man could raise this amount the way I did, by obtaining small loans from a large number of friends, even if he could not get four hundred dollars at one time. Of course if a student has sufficient energy and pluck he can earn his way through college by various means; but if he does this he necessarily loses a great deal of time which he needs if he is to

In conclusion I would say that if a young man feels he can better his prospects by possessing a college education, he need not hesitate because of lack of the necessary funds. I firmly believe that if such an one full of ambition, pluck and energy went to Ann Arbor with fifty dollars in his pocket, to protect him against sickness or accident, he could take a four year college course, and, by taking advantage of the many opportunities open to students in a college town for earning their way, could come out at the end with his fifty dollars in his pocket and a very materially im-proved quality of "gray-matter" in his head. "The world belongs to the energetic."



We present herewith a picture of one of our boy friends in the Indian Territory, J. F. Kinnerty. Jr., of Chickasha. His father is a railroad agent on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific. The boy says: "My father J.F. KINNERTY, being a railroad agent has little time to look at

papers, but it didn't take him long to de-

The picture of the boy was taken last books. Law books are very expensive, a spring, just before his eleventh birthday.



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BOYS IN THE OFFICE, STORE, FACTORY, AND ON THE FARM

Cultivate an Honest Eye.

Frederick E. Burnham in "Science and Industry" has this to say about the eye as a revealer of character:

"I once devoted haif a day to the hiring of a man whom I needed in my business, and I wanted one who was willing to work. I advertised for him. The results were interesting.

"When I arrived at my office half a dozen men were already in waiting. One at a time I called them into the office, beginning with the first in the line. One glance at the foremost settled his case; he wouldn't look me in the eye. I told him I should not need him. I suppose he is still wondering why I was so short

"Next came a young man armed with a double-barreled recommendation from his pastor testifying to his good character and business ability. I looked at the youth several times, read the recommendation again, and finally came to the conclusion that either his pastor was no judge of human nature or the paper; was a fraud. Those listless, vacant eyes told me that we could never hope to get along well together. I dismissed

poorly dressed, though his clothes were his dignity. whole; his suit was at least two sizes too small. It was evident that his attire troubled him not in the least, for he held his head high, and as he approached my desk he looked me square in the eye. He said that he had no recommendation, and had had no business experience, but that he was willing to do his best to please me. In an instant it dawned upon me that before me was the man I was looking for. He had nothing to recommend him save an honest, bright eye and a pleasant face: but that was suffi- than he does himself. cient. I engaged him on the spot.

"Since then I have seen fit to advance adamantine texture, who can be taught him over the head of a man who has, been with me for three years. The latter grumbled, but there was reason for my move-the new man had proved himself worthy of promotion."

Instances might be indefinitely multi-

wonderful window of the soul, the eye, indoors.

is a sure index to character.

choice position lost through an indiff- for little else. erent, flinching eye: and there has been many a coveted position won through a elry, exhales an odor of musk, wears fearless, honest eye. That kind of an wide stripes, daring cravats, violent eye is better than a hundred recommen- checks and is generally "horsey." dations."

Advice to Boys Who Are Hunting Easy Jobs.



A writer in the Missouri Valley Farmer savs:

There is in Emporia | ders. in the year of our three score boys learning trades. About fifty are figuring on | becoming lawyers;

editors, and a few hundred others desire to be clerks, bookkeepers, merchants, and what not; but where is the boy who has mason, a blacksmith, a plumber or a machinist, or a tinner, or a member of any other craft or trade? Yet there are a dozen starving lawyers in town and not over five good first-class carpenters. These good carpenters are never out of work. There are half a dozen half-fed doctors in the town, who do not live as well or hold the respect of the community nearly so surely as the first class

stone mason. There isn't a preacher in town who makes as much money as at least two plumbers make, nor who does more substantial good in the world than the plumbers do. A good machinist has a surer and generally a better living than the average clerk; a good tinner makes more money than the average merchant on Commercial street.

But the boys won't listen to talk of a trade. They want to go into business or the professions, and the reason why is this: They don't want to get their pretty hands dirty. They are afraid they will not be able to wear high collars and fluffy neckties. They can't do real work and abide in the primrose path of dalliance, going to moonlight picnics, swinging in hammocks, loafing on front porches, hopping about in parlors; and the boys whose mothers have kept them in starched duds until they begin talking bass, will have their mothers to thank for the ideals implanted in these boysideals which are leading the boys into lives of loafers.

These Should Be Discharged.

The irritable snappish little fellow "The third one interested me the mo- with large ideas of his own importance ment he stepped inside the door. He was and strong determination to maintain

The exquisite young man who parts his hair in the middle and is shocked at the idea of soiling his hands by a little honest work.

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The Napoleon of finance, who has better ideas of the policy of a store than the gray haired proprietor.

The remarkable youth, who invariably knows what a customer wants better The fresh young man, with cheek of

neither manners nor reason. The aspiring young man, who wishes to clerk until he can raise enough money

to study theology. The young man who has a tendency toward consumption or dyspepsia or any

plied of the value of an honest eye. That other disease that is aggravated by work The young man who is ignorant of the

Cultivate it! It is worthy of the use of soap and water, and hairbrush greatest effort. Look up and fearlessly and comb and other toilet requisites. meet the eyes of those with whom you and the young man who is so wrapped converse. There has been many a up in the use of these that he has thought up in the use of these that he has thought

The young man who wears flashy jew-

The young man who blushes too easily. dares not say that his soul is his own, and is generally too good and meek for this rather wicked world of ours.

The young man who hasn't sense enough to do anything unless he is ordered to do it, and the young man who is always doing things contrary to or-

The young man whose nerves are in his Lord nineteen hun- elbows, and the young man who hasn't dred not over two or any nerves at all.-Trade Magazine.

At a conference of the Chicago postoffice authorities, it has been decided to half as many would hereafter employ no boy who smokes like to be doctors; cigarettes or who is known to once have the same number been addicted to the habit. Thus one by hope to be preachers; one every door of opportunity is closing a few-and that's too against boys and young men who are addicted to this obnoxious habit.

Someone says that he thinks a farm an ambition to be a carpenter, a stone boy does less work in a year than the average clerk in a large store.

> A boy answered the question as to where Magna Charta was signed by saying, "At the bottom."

> Is a boy in apple-pie order when he is "crusty?

The Boy on the Farm.

A PRIZE ESSAY BY A BOY.

The boy. What is he? Is he simply a machine made to work? No, for was not Washington, Lincoln and other great men boys at one time in their lives? Though he should do his share of the work, he should should do his share of the work, he should be given some time of his own. The boy on the farm has often to be up early in the morning and sometimes late at night. What can a boy do? He can do his share of the chores, which are generally to get cobs and wood, tend chickens and milk. Besides this, he often has to go for water and help to tend the horses. Simply because he is a boy, he should not he afraid to do housework for his mother or sister. Should he have to work all the time? I would say no. He ought to have plenty of time for books and games.



CHARLES HAYNE.

The Writer of the Essay.

CHABLES HAYNE.

The Writer of the Essay.

Can a farm boy not get an education as well as a city boy? If he is allowed to go and finish at a common country school, he will have a fair education. I read of a boy who, at thirteen years of age, was an authorized preacher.

What should a boy have? Well, in the first place, he should have a room and a place for his things. He ought to have a pig or a calf. He might do as a boy in Kansas did. A farmer gave his boy a small potato and told him he could have land to raise the increase, thereof until the boy became of age. At the end of the fourthyear the boy had four hundred bushels of potatoes and the man wanted to be released from his bargain. Another man in the same state gave one of his sons two old hens and said he would feed the increase for four years. Two years have passed and the boy has two hundred chickens lessides sixty four dollars in the bank. The man says he is afraid that in two more years the boy will own the place and charge him rent for living there. You can give him a share of the garden truck. If he has a colt or a calf he is more apt to care for lt and the rest of them better. You can let him have a pair of skates, a gun, or a watch without missing the cost very much. If he wants to use the hammer, saw or ax, why, let him use them, but teach him to put them in their places when he gets through with them.

What advantages has a farm boy? Perhaps you say he has none. But does the city boy have all the sunshine and exercise that he needs? City boys usually exercise in a room that in all probability is dark. True, the city boy often wears better clothes, but he is not any happier. The city boy does not come in contact with nature as much as country boys. In looking over the list of great men, we find that many were born and raised on a farm. As farm boys are but small men, what would become of the town people if it were not for the farmers?

Compare the farm boy of to-day with one of lifty years ago. He did not get much schooling, generally went barefoo

What more can a country boy want? He has good reading matter, good exercise, good schools and a good living.

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ing a full set of Chess, eleven diagrams, All for \$1,00 and charges prepaid.

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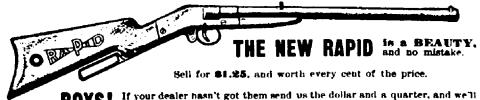
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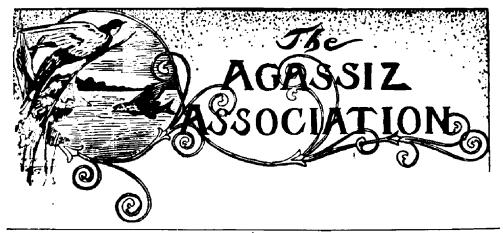
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THE AMERICAN BOY is the only official organ of e Agassiz Association and should be in the hands of

the agussic responses.

All correspondence for this department should be sent to Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, Pittsfield, Mass. Long seriales cannot be used.

of all ages, and anyone who is interested in any form of natural science is invited. Established in 1976. Incor-porated in 1942. Short notes of personal observations are particularly desired for use in the A. A. department. Send illustra-tions when convenient. Questions are invited. Address H. R. BALLARD, Pittsfield, Mass.

A Wonderful Book.

In my hand is one of the most remarkable books. It was written, illustrated, printed, bound and published by an American boy of thirteen years. The title-page is:

CALIFORNIA SHELLS,

A Description of the Most Common Land and Water Mollusks of the Pacific Coast States, by

by Albion Doc. Illustrated.

Printed by The U. P. P. & C. Co., 3240 Briggs Ave., Alameda, Cala. 1900.

The text, seventy seven pages, consists of good descriptions in Mr. Doe's own collection.

The illustrations are the most remarkable feature of the book. The plates have been engraved with a knife on pieces of lead flattened out of old lead pipe. The paper was torn from cheap note books. Mr. Doe's collection includes nearly three hundred specimens of shells, most of which were found in California. Here is a hoy—who, by the way, is secretary of the Agassiz Association, Isaac Lea Conchological Chapter, of which Professor Josiah Keep is president—who, with only a bit of lead pipe, a jacknife, a cheap hand-press, and a head full of American ingenuity and perseverance, has produced a book far more worthy of study and preservation than many—than most—of the popular publications of the closing century.

The book has an excellent index, and is one of the most precious volumes in our library.

library.

A Question of Toads.

While on my vacation this summer at Lake Champlain, I found several toads not more than three-quarters of an inch long by three-eighths wide. They were of the same color and shape as the old toads, and did not seem to have any sign of the tadpole life. Did they develop from tadpoles or otherwise?—F. A. Haight, Lansingburgh, N. V.

singburgh, N. Y.

[Our correspondent evidently knows the general book statement that toads are developed through a tapole stage. Regarding particular questions like this, it is the policy of the Agassiz Association not to shut the door of personal observation, by giving dogmatical answers. We therefore must beg Mr. Haight to study these little fellows for himself, and let us know the result. He can catch some of these creatures and keep them in an aquarium, with a "dry land" attachment, and keep them until they lay their eggs. He can then watch these eggs until they hatch, when he will know in the most satisfactory manner whether they produce tadpoles, or fully formed toads, or frogs. He will also learn many other things incidentally, for instance, whether these little hoppers grow many other things incidentally, for instance, whether these little hoppers grow into big toads, or whether they already have their full size, and are therefore a distinct species.—Ed.]

How a Cat Purrs.

This peculiar sound is an expression of happiness, and is caused by the vocal chords being thrown into such a position that respiration causes a vibration of the larynx, that may be seen or felt on the throat of the animal.—H. C. Brown, Brandow Vt.

A Wise Old Cat.

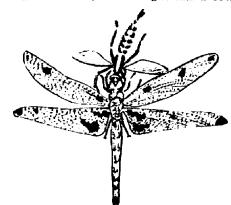
In July last my cat was happy in the possession of three two months old kittens. One Friday my pet, a black, was sick, and its mother was crying without apparent cause. Shortly after, on the same day, as I was at a neighbor's house I saw the cat going around a corner of the house with the two well kittens. This was the first time these kittens had been away from home. I told the old cat to go back, and she turned and disappeared. She was seen every day afterward, but not the two well kittens. On Tuesday evening the black kitten died. On Wednesday morning the other kittens were back in

their accustomed place. Didn't the cat know that the black kitten would die, and so keep the others away from it?—Benja-min Fernald, Winn, Penobscot county, Me.

IDid Mr. Fernald learn what became of the body of the black kitten? The question of the disposition of the bodies of dead animals is one of great interest. We offer a badge of the A. A. to any one who will send an account of animal burial, drawn from personal observation.—Ed.]

We give the following program of Chapter 132, Buffalo, N. Y., for the coming year, as an illustration of what our Association is doing, and as a suggestion to other Chapters:

One evening I heard a great buzzing, and soon saw a dragon-fly jumping around on the ground and buzzing with its wings, but it did not fly. Then I got down on the ground and found that a hornet had the dragon-fly by the head and seemed to be biting it in the eye. I thought this a cow-



DRAGON-FLY AND HORNET.

ardly way of fighting, and killed the hornet.— , Saratoga, Cal.

[This letter is unsigned. If the writer will send his address, we will forward the badge offered for an original observation, accompanied by a photograph or drawing. This offer, by the way, is still open to

A Big Snake.

Inclosed find a description of a snake which I saw while after nuts in the timber, two weeks ago. It was about five feet long, and as hig around as a man's wrist. Instead of crawling, as most snakes do, it curved its back. It was black, with yellow stripes on its back, running from the head to the tip of the tail. The under part was white. I should like to know what kind it is. I read the A. A. columns in THE AMERICAN BOY with great interest, every time it comes.—Robert E. Living-

REPORTS OF THE SECOND CENTURY, CHAPTERS 101-200, SHOULD REACH THE PRESIDENT OF THE A. A. BY FEB. 1, 1901. ADDRESS MR. H. H. BALLARD, PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Snow Crystals.

Crystals of snow and ice are as regular and beautiful as those of any other mineral or rock. Their fragility, smallness and quickness to melt increase the difficulty of collecting and studying them, but their infinite grace and variety repay the added labor involved. Snow crystals may be caught on black woolen cloth, and can then, with care, be examined by a glass, and even photographed through a microscope. We give a reproduction of a beautiful photograph thus made by a member of the Agassiz Association. The mercury at the time stood at 30°F., and the crystal is magnified 10½ diameters. The typical hexagonal form of snow crystals is well illustrated in the igure, together with the frond-like spicules which branch from cach main ray. Crystals of trost are modi-



A Wide-Awake Colorado Chapter.

H. H. Ballard, Pres. A. A.

H. H. Ballard, Fres. A. A.

Dear Sir:—I received the certificate and will try to send in a good report in March. Our drives and walks have taken on a new interest; we see so many things at which we have formerly given but a passing glance. Every common thing seems so wonderful now. How I wish all others were interested as well. I will do all I can to circulate THE AMERICAN BOY.—Mrs. Relle Olson Livermore Colo. Belle Olson, Livermore, Colo.

Blister Beetles.

On June 20, 1900, I saw in our garden a peculiar beetle or bug. There was a large number of them, and I took one home to the old folks. They said it was a potato bug, and I said it was a blister beetle. It was slender and nearly an inch long. Its colors were metallic green, the head and thorax of a coppery luster, the wing covers purple. Our potato plants were just peeping from the ground, and their leaves were not yet unfolded, so the beetles were feeding on weeds in the garden. Don't you think my name was the correct one? I send a drawing. I have studied a number of books, and have come to the conclusion of books, and have come to the conclusion of distortions, as I supposed them to be; but, to my surprise, last spring, when I opened the case, a large number of small files sprang out. I captured some of these, and upon examination found them to be



BLISTER BEETLE.

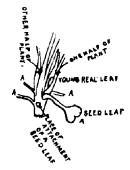
that this insect is Nuttall's Blister Beetle.—Alfred B. Overby, Park River, North Dakota.

[You are doubtless correct in identifying your beetle as Cantharis Nuttalli, or Nut-Agitall's blister beetle. But the "old folks" Cowere right, too, for blister beetles have Prolong been called "potato beetles," on ac-Ba

count of their attacks upon that plant; and before the advent of the Colorado potato beetle in the east, the term "potato beetle" meant one of the blister beetles. There is an interesting account of these insects in the Sixth Report of Dr. Lintner, late State Entomologist of New York, p. 130.—Ed.]

Strange Radish and Roses.

When this particular radish plant grew up I noticed at once how peculiar it was. It had four seed-leaves in place of two on an ordinary plant, and as it grew larger it divided above ground into two parts, divided above ground into two parts, where before it had been as one; but the root remained the same. Was the peculiarity in the seed, or did it occur during



RADISH. A represents positions of seed leaves

germination? Another thing I have noticed, but of which I can give no drawing. I had a rose bush which had one hundred and forty two yellow roses on it; the next year they were all dark pink, and this year there are dark pink and white roses growing alternately on the same stalk.—Jesse Warren, 66 Brent street, Dorchester, Mass.

Cophers.

Copher



find two gophers in the same hole. The gopher is very strong and has a tough skin. On its fore feet it has four sharp toes, which are used in digging. Large gophers weigh from twenty live to thirty pounds. They are found only in warm climates. During the winter they stay at the bottom of their holes. They feed upon peanut vines, cotton and grass. It is popularly believed that gophers never die, unless they meet with some fatal accident.—John F. Moseley, Columbia, Fla.

flies sprang out. I captured some of these, and upon examination found them to be about a quarter of an inch long and very much like a small wasp. Later I saw one puncture the bark of a weed, deposit an egg and fly away. I have since learned that these insects are galifies. Can you tell me the name of the stone inclosed? I found it in one of my mountain rambles.—Howard C. Pratt, Passaic, N. J.

If our correspondent will send us another piece of his mineral, we will try to determine it for him. The specimen he sent was lost in the mails.—Ed.)

Everybody is cordially invited to join the Agassiz Association. Reports of the Third Century Chapters 24, 29, should reach the President by March 1. Address H. H. Ballard, Pres. A. A., Pittsfleid, Mass.



EDITED BY JUDSON GRENELL.

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, also a second prize each month, of one dollar, for the next best photograph, the competition to be based month enricinality of the next best photograph, 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.



INLET OF CONNEAUT LAKE. First Prize Photo, by G. R. Hehnboldt, Sharon, Pa.

if the amateur wants to have uniform success with his toning, there are several things he must do. After resolving to stop sing a combined bath, which only works list right occasionally, though very handy,

Winter Scenes.



"THE HAUNTED HOUSE." ONCE USED BY THE VETERAN ACTOR, JAMES E. MURDOCE, AS A STUDY. Photo by A. G. Gilmour, Lebanon, Ohio.

forth from its broad chimney a graceful curl of smoke, while the shadows of the towering pines spread softly across the great snowfields. There is the creek, which has danced and sung all the summer time around the boulders and over the flat stones and pebbly banks, flirting with tufts of grass, with reed and drooping bushes, now caught by winter and tied up so tightly that it fairly cracks to move a joint. Here and there appear broken masses of translucent ice, while just beyond its waters are changed by winters nagic wand into sparkling jewels, or are spread in smooth transparent surfaces where the sky above glasses her face. A scow is half beached; the reed and bushes are crested with snow, while in the near distance a mountain lifts its dark form as a background. And these beautiful winter scenes can often be found in the back yards of town folk, when the snow bends the shrubbery to the ground. Cultivate winter photography. The discomfort of the cold is nothing to the satisfaction of obtaining something worth preserving.

The January Photo-Era, with its illuminated cover and superb contents, will be a revelation to most amateur photographer. Will be a revelation to most amateur photographers of revelation to most amateur photographer. Will be a revelation to most amateur photographer. While taking a flashlight photograph in as aloon, in St. Louis, the powder exploded, burning the photographer, wrecking the saloon and breaking a couple of plate glass windows. All of which goes to show how careful you must be when using this kind of powder.

Two processes have been employed up to the present time in obtaining photographs in natural colors, but they are complicated, and not within the reach of the average photographer. There are still many difficulties to be overcome. Some of these color pletures are valuable only when shown by reflected light.

The amateur who does not try a ray filter will make a mistake. Though it is february, now, the winter is not over by any means, and there will still be plenty of snow

thing worth preserving.

Work for the Small Camera.

Though as a rule the small camera will not take a very large picture of a face, it is well adapted to figure work, at from six to ten feet, or less, and if the lighting is anywhere what it should be the result will be pleasing. Study your subjects. Put them in positions in which they feel most at ease; get them thinking of something else besides themselves and how they are going to look. Then you will not be disappointed. pointed.

Answers to Correspondents.

George Hollinger-Do not take any picture you would not want your mother to see. Coarse pictures are brutalizing.

Sidney Stanley—In taking pictures of extreme distances very short exposures are generally the best, if the ordinary plate is used. Many do not attempt these kinds of pictures unless with slow or orthochromatic plates. Use new developer.

Jerome Graves—One way to avoid double exposures on plates is to put a piece of gummed paper on the holder the moment the plate has been exposed. This will act as a shield seal. If you delay using the gummed paper you are apt to forget.

Walter Hillman—The use of the "squee-gee" is to get rid of all the air between the print and the mount. You can make one by using a smooth round bortle, put-ting a piece of common paper between the print and the bottle when pressing down.

Some Things One flust Do.

If the amateur wants to have uniform uccess with his toning, there are several hings he must do. After resulving to stop sing a combined bath, which only works ist right occasionally, though very handy, we must:

Keep his trays clean.

Wash the prints thoroughly before toning, several changes of water.

Rock the dish and keep prints in motion. Take out the prints before they are overoned.

Tone until shadows are toned, and then top into a salt bath.

Tone until shadows are toned, and then drop into a salt bath.

Drop the prints into the fixing bath one by one, so that all portions of the print will receive the effect of the bath.

Wash thoroughly either in running water for the better part of an hour, or in a discen changes of water.

Put away the prints to-day where they will be free from dust.

Pictures of smoking chimneys make good evidence when a smoke nuisance is asked to be abated.

Photographs from cameras attached to

Photographs from cameras attached to ites are steadily being perfected, until ow some very desirable pictures have been

shown by reflected light.

The amateur who does not try a ray filter will make a mistake. Though it is February, now, the winter is not over by any means, and there will still be plenty of snow pictures that will be greatly benefited by the use of the filter. They cut off the glare of the snow and give the scene a chance. They prevent over-exposure also, and when the plate is rightly developed, give details very hard to obtain in any other way. other way.

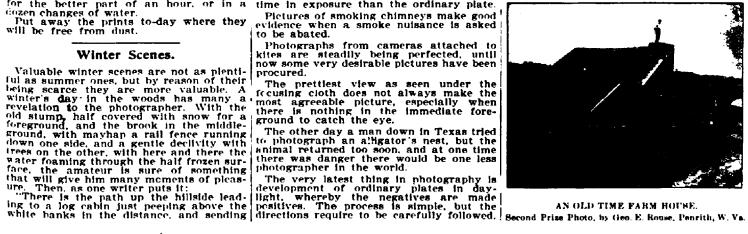
Some Excellent Pictures.

Two pictures of snow scenes have been sent in to this department, both above the average in excellence. "Vermont in Winter." by F. S. Harvey, St. Albans, Vt., and "The First Fall of Snow." by M. L. Ball, Bell, Deposit, N. Y., are the titles. Ivan J. McKenrich sends in "Path Through the Woods" and "An Old School House." Both were worth taking. "On the St. Lawrence River," by Robt. Martin, is a pretty bit of scenery, while the pictures by M. H. Maddern, of Oakland, Cal., and G. R. Hehnboldt, of Sharon, Pa., are worthy of honorable mention. It is to be hoped the glossy pictures will decrease in number, and that the dull finish will more and more press into prominence.

To Make a Portrait at Home.

If it is the picture of a lady you are taking, the position must be graceful; if of a man, it should be firm looking. A picture of a lady can be taken in a recining attitude, but that of a man wants to have an alert look. Put the chair the sitter is to occupy at right angles with the lens. When seated, turn the body slightly toward the camera. Then the head can be brought still farther around, but not full face, with the eyes gazing directly into the lens. Another position is to place the chair and sitter directly in front of the lens, and then with a quick motion have the sitter turn the head at right angles with the lens, without turning the body. This will give a profile that with some faces is very effective.

A good way to do is to examine photographs from galleries of good reputation, and carefully study the positions and lighting. It is not possible nor desirable to follow the positions exactly, for every sitter needs to be placed a little different from every other sitter; but many points can be picked up by a careful study of other people's work.



SHOPPING

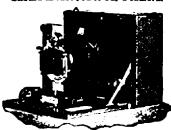
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Ants have brains larger in proportion to the size of their bodies than any other living creature.

found within a few hundred miles of the brain fever, was famous for two things, North Pole.

Butterflies can stand great cold and still live. Butterflies lying frozen on the snow and so brittle that they break unless they are carefully handled will recover and fly away when warmed.

Goldfish live to a great age. There are a few in the Royal Aquarium at St. Petersburg that are known to be one hundred and fifty years old, while the Chinese claim to have goldfish whose ages are counted by centuries. The great goldfish farm of the world is in Indiana, where thousands are reared and exported to England every year.

A poor African came to Moffat, the missionary, with the sad story that his dog had torn a testament to pieces and eaten some of the leaves. "He is no good to me now." "Why not?" said the missionary. "Why, the words of the book were full of love and gentleness, and after the dog has eaten them he won't want to hunt or fight for me any more."

Dawson City's Fire Dogs.

one of the most remarkable fire brigades in the world. The engine is drawn by a team of dogs. The dogs are not a bit less active and intelligent than are the fire horses, which every city boy knows are ready when the alarm sounds to jump into their places, acting for all the world like men. The instant the alarm sounds in the fire house of a Dawson City brigade, the dogs immediately spring into the place where their collars are ready to be snapped into position. In a few seconds they are dashing through the streets of Dawson City at full tilt. dragging the fire apparatus at their heels.

Do Dogs Think?

Sitting at his desk one day, a gentleman observed a dog starting to go across a street. When the dog had reached a point about one-third the distance across he found the mud becoming too soft and deep for comfortable walking. He stopped, looked ahead a moment at the sea of mud before him, then turned and went back to the sidewalk. Trotting along the sidewalk for half a block, he reached the paved cross-street, upon which he passed over dry shod and clean. How different would a man have acted? If a man were to do the same thing we would say that he acted from reason. Why not give the dog the same credit?

Boys and Birds.

Whatever you do, boys, don't practice shooting or throwing at birds. Birds have the same right to live that you have, and then, too, birds are your friends and your fathers' friends. They are friends because they please with their songs, because they make war on your the insects and the weeds. enemies, Now, if you don't want to pick potato bugs and pull weeds out of the ground, stand by the birds. If you want to eat apples without worms in them and do not want to pick the worms off the strawberries and the currants, protect the birds. Of course, the robin may take a cherry once in a while, the blackbird may take an occasional kernel of corn and the jaybird may be a thief on an occasion, but the good that these birds do far more than recompenses for the evil. Birds have their vices and their virtues just as do boys, so boys and birds should be friends.

Rajah, the Man-Killer.

By L. R. B., ONE OF OUR BOY READERS.

Rajah, the world famous elephant, Six species of butterflies have been who died but a short time ago with the first, for his size, being a trifle larger than the renowned Jumbo, and second, for his man-killing propensities, nine human lives being the awful record of his thirty seven years of life.

His last victim was his keeper. Fisher. Catching him in his trunk, Rajah dashed him to the ground, and then, kneeling, he crushed the unconscious man nearly flat with his broad head. He belonged to Lemon Bros.' circus, and was valued at \$25,000. His loss will be keenly felt by the management.

Strength of Insects and Animals.

A series of experiments made to test the jaw force and pulling and lifting strength of various kinds of insects gives some curious points for study. It has been found that a cockchafer can draw fourteen times his own weight and the common honeybee thirty times. From this it may be argued that, weight for weight, each of the above named insects is twenty one and thirty times respectively stronger than the horse, whose strength, as a rule, is taxed to its utmost in drawing its own weight as a "dead load." The editor of this depart-At Dawson, in the Yukon country, is ment of The Republic once experimented with a small hard-shelled beetle by putting him under a common table tumbler. The little creature, not more than onethird of an inch in length, was able to move the glass in any direction. After the experiment had been satisfactorily made both the tumbler and the bug were weighed, whereupon it was found that the little Hercules had lifted nine hundred and sixty times his own weight! He did not carry the weight, of course, but caused it to make some lively motions.-St. Louis Republic.

Baby Lions Going to Bed.

Baby lions, as well as baby boys and girls, need fresh air and sunshine, so, at the Washington Zoo the baby lions have summer quarters where they can run and stretch their limbs in a freedom somewhat akin to that of the jungle. So well do they like their outdoor quarters that they will not go in at closing time, although their big, tender mother urges them by all the ways of which she is mistress. A novel method has to be resorted to in order to get these big babies into their cage without hurting them, for gentleness is one of the rules at the Washington Zoo, and no animal is punished where humane treatment will answer. When the animals are called to their quarters the three baby lions poke their wrinkled noses close to the bars and settle themselves down as if to protest against going to bed. Then a watchtest against going to bed. Then a watchman approaches with a hose and shoots a stream of water close to their small, able prices. MRN. M. B. MLACK, Pueble, Cole. snarling faces. Then back go the kittens by the great rocks to the cavern-like door of the inner cage, followed every step of A. II. NVCE, verneeld, Pa. the way by the man with the hose. Finally, the three small heads disappear and the sliding door hides three pairs of eyes from glaring out into the darkness. Baby lions do not like water-at least, not on their smooth coats-and the animal keeper, who has noticed a kitten stop and shake a protesting foot on a wet pavement, has turned his observation to good account in getting these giant pussies to bed.

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Reviews of Bovs' Rooks

All books reviewed are bound in cloth, unless otherwise stated. No book not worthy of a place in a boy's library will receive mention in these columns.

Books reviewed may be obtained of the ublishers of THE AMERICAN BOY at

SOUNDING THE OCEAN OF AIR: A. Lawrence Rotch, S. B., A. M. The book is made up of six lectures delivered by the author before the Lowell institute of Boston, and treats of atmosphere, clouds, balloons, ballonsoades for great altitudes, kites. 184 pps. E. & J. B. Young & Co.

JOHNNIE. E. O. Laughlin. Johnnie is a plain country boy and we follow him from the age of six till he is the father of another Johnnie. There is humor and pathos in the story. The book is prettily illustrated with reproductions of photographs from life. 227 pps. \$1.25. The Bowen-Merrill Co.

LITTLE BEASTS OF FIELD AND WOOD: William Everett Cram. The author takes the reader into the woods of New Hampshire and lets him see the life of fox, weasel, squirrel, mink, otter and muskrat, giving twenty four lively illustrations, Chapter 1 is on "Little Beasts and How to Find them" 261 pps. Small-Maynard Co.

NATURE'S MIRACLES: Elisha Gray, Ph. D. LL. D. This delightful primer of science treats of energy, sound, heat, light, and explosives. It is Vol. II. of a series, the first of which treats of earth, air, and water. It is popularly written, full of experiments, with loads of humor. A third volume, on electricity and magnetism, is promised, 243 pps. 60 cents. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

THE WOODRANGER: G. Waldo Browne. The scenes here described are pictures of the region of the Merrimac, in what is known in history as "The Debatable Ground"—the uncertain boundary line for 100 years between New Hampshire and Massachusetts. The story relates the experiences of the pioneers of the Debatable Grounds. 312 pps. \$1.90. L. C. Page & Co. It is an interesting and exciting tale of adventure.

ADVENTURES OF PIONEER CHIL-DREN: E. Fenwick Colerick. This book is a portrayal of the part performed by the children of the early pioneers in establish-ing homes in the wilderness, relating acts of bravery and adventures with wild beasts and savages. The stories are gleaned from history, general and local, from colonial days down to the first settlements of the Northwest Territory. 256 pps. The Robert Clark Company.

DICKEY DOWNY: Virginia S. Patterson. The story presented is the autobiography of a bird, beautifully illustrated in colors. A Southern bobolink migrates to the North and tells his experiences. He makes his home in a millinery shop and ses how birds are used there. The result is, of course, a protest against the slaughter of birds at the demand of style. The introduction is by Congressman John F. Lacey. 122 pps. 60 cents. A. F. Rowland.

WARD HILL AT WESTON: Everett T. Tomlinson. This story is descriptive of American school life and is written by one

COMMENCEMENT PARTS: Harry CasLip Davis, If, at graduation, one must bave a model for his commencement oration, essay or address, he can get it between the covers of this book. Indeed, the lazy or incapable boy can here find it ready made. Then, too, there are speeches and addresses for holidays and other occasions—very good ones, indeed—all deriared to be original, that is, we suppose, written by the author of the book. Here the Valedictories, Salutatories, Orations, Essays, Class Poems, Ivy Orations, Toasts in goodly number, with some matter in the way of instruction intermingled. 626
pps. \$1.50. Hinds & Noble.



BEAUTIFUL JOE: Marshall Saunders. Beautiful Joe is a real dog. He at first had a cruel master, from whom he was rescued by one who gave him a pleasant home. It is a story that bears a relation to the dog kingdom, a relation like to that which "Black Beauty" bears to the horse kingdom. The story is delightful and ought to be widely circulated. It can do much good. Hezekiah Butterworth writes the introduction and commends it highly. 359 pps. 25 cents. Charles H. Banes.

AMONGST MACHINES. By the author of The Young Mechanic. The book is for boys and is as practical as its name indicates. It describes machines and appliances "used in the manufacture of wood, metal and other substances." It tells about wire-drawing, brass tubes, making of steel pens, pins, hair pins, screws, bolts, nuts, paper-making machines, glass making. The book, as stated, is for boys; it seeks to instruct them in the details of the more ordinary machines. 35 pps. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Putnam's Sons.

THE YOUNG AND OLD PURITANS OF HATFIELD: Mary P. Wells-Smith. This is the last volume of the Young Puritan series. It gives the story of the experiences and adventures of twenty captives, largely young children, carried away by the Indians in 1677 from Hatfield and Deerfield to Canada, and the efforts to rescue them. It is a remarkable story, full of interest and founded on truth. The book is written in a style to interest old as well as young, and teaches much as to the hardships and the endurance of our forefathers. 352 pps. \$1.25. Little, Brown & Co.

\$1.25. Little, Brown & Co.

THE YOUNG GUNBEARER: G. Waldo Browne. This is a tale of the neutral ground, Acadia, and the slege of Louisburg. It is the second of "The Woodranger Tales," of which the book last above described is the first. The incidents of this story belong to the colonial history of the time of "King George's War." It was the French and Indians against the New England colonists. Acadia comprised what is known as Nova Scotia, and was known as the neutral country. The writer relates the causes that led to the despoliation of people of this peaceful region, cut as they were between two mighty powers, acting like a pair of huge scissors. 33 pps. \$1.00 L. C. Page & Co.

THE LAND OF TAWNY BEASTS:

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THE LAND OF TAWNY BEASTS:
Pierre Mail, translated by Elizabeth Luther
Cary, with fifty two illustrations. With ebgant pictured covers, large type, splendid
paper and its lively illustrations, this book
must meet with the favor of readers who
love adventures well told. The persons—a
Frenchman, an Englishman and an American woman, on a wager, set out to climb
the highest peak of the Himalayas. Their
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with savage beasts and men, and their
feats of mountain climbing, are remarkable. It is not a "Sunday school book,"
and some of the scenes are shocking to the
tiner sensibilities; but the book is clean, if
at times brutal. It is doubtless a clear
picture of the Land of Tawny Beasts.
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HELPS FOR AMBITIOUS BOYS. Will-

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HELPS FOR AMBITIOUS BOYS. William Drysdale. Within the covers of this splendid book for boys are 439 pages, a mine of treasure for aspiring youth. The author not only holds up the mark for boys to aim at, but tells how to aim at it and how to hit it. Copious quotations from great men of all time are mingled with his own words in judicious proportion, and all is presented in a practical, palatable way to hold the interest of readers, young or old, and inspire them. The book, in the hands of every boy, would lessen the story of future failures. There are attractive full page half-tone portraits of men who have become great in their respective fields.

TALKS WITH MY BOYS: Wm. A.

over become great in their respective fields.

A comparing that boys will inevitably do the whole book breathes a healthy pirit. It inculcates a lesson of bravery in the defense of the right—moral courage. It shows that success is not easily won, and that to win it one must earn it. 336 pps. A. J. Rowland.

JACK THE YOUNG RANCHMAN. George Bird Grinnell. The author relates the actual experiences of a young relative of his, who, in 1879, and once or twice afterward, visited the far west—the great Central Plateau—of which little is generally known. The life described is the everyday life of the cow and horse ranch, before the extermination of the buffalo and the wild indian. Its pages are full of stories of the chase, simply and effectively told. 304 pps. Frodk. A. Stokes Company.

THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111.

How Boys of the Order Will Treat Women and Ciris.

How Boys of the Order Will Treat
Women and Giris.

Every boy in the Order of The American
Boy will best show how he lives up to the
motto of the Order by the way in which
he treats women and girls. The Order of
The American Boy is a chivalrous order.
It honors and respects womanhood. Every
member will hold his mother and his sister
as the purest and best on earth. He will
allow no one to question this fact. He will
allow no one to question this fact. He will
always be gentlemanly in deportment, but
particularly so in their presence. Then his
love and his care for his mother and sister
will lead him to respect and honor womanhood everywhere. This not only means
that he will not be positively rude to a
woman or a young girl, but that he will
cultivate delicacy in his treatment of them,
politeness in his manner toward them, and
consideration for their finest feelings at
all times. Some things which it is manly
for a boy to do in this connection are:

1. Touch your cap or lift it slightly when
speaking to one of the other sex.

2. Remove the cap from the head and
hold it in the hand when indoors—particularly in the presence of the other sex:
Politeness does not require the removal or
the cap in public elevators or other public
places where one is exposed to drafts and
the uncovered head may subject one to a
cold, but in elevators in hotels and private
houses, where there is no risk, remove the
cap in the presence of ladies. You need
not stand barcheaded in the street or in a
hallway. Rules of politeness give way
always to consideration of nealth.

3. Don't sit while the lady to whom you
are talking is standing. Don't hold your
hat and offer your scat; don't simply rise
and turn your back as if you really
enjoyed domg a chicalrous act, even if,
in fact, you do not.

4. Lend your hand to protect and assist
we mankind wherever you can—particularly
the aged. He quick to see a chance to
serve them, by carrying bundles, noting
their perplexity.

5. Never forget the respectful forms of

them precedence.

5. Never forget the respectful forms of "Yes" and "No."

6. Never speak disrespectfully of a wo-

6. Never speak disrespectivity of a woman.
7. Do not tell stories about women which you would not tell if your mother were the woman in question, nor listen to them.
8. Treat a homely girl as politely as you would a pretty one.
These are but a few of the many suggestions that might be made to the American there who wishes to grow up to be a gentle-

how who wishes to grow up to be a gentle-man in all that the term implies. May the Order of The American Boy become dis-tinguished for its delicate consideration for womanhood, and the bud of which it is the flower—girlhood.

A New National Officer.

A New National Officers.

In addition to the appointments of "Officers of the Line," as announced in our January number, we announce the appointment of David S. Humphreys, Jr. (5), of Greenwood, Miss., as a Major General. His recent exploit of organizing a cadet company among boys, and his patriotic offer to go with his company to defend the honor of his country, shows he is made of stuff out of which we make national officers of the Order of the American Boy. We have the assurance of Hou. L. P. Yerger, a prominent lawyer of Greenwood, that the boy is worthy of recognition. boy is worthy of recognition.

"Round Shoulders" on Boys.

Boys of the Order should watch them-selves lest they get what is called "round shoulders." A "round shouldered" man is not a very manly looking fellow, and round not a very manly looking fellow, and round shouldered boys become "round shouldered" men. Cure the tendency to round shoulders not by wearing shoulder braces, but by constant effort to keep the shoulders back. This will strengthen the muscles, while the braces weaken them. The exercises outlined for the boys of the Order will cure the trouble, sure, for they will develop the muscles of the back.

The Company Library.

The Company Library.

Every Cempany should elect a librarian and have a library. Each member should contribute to it such good books for boys as belong to him. And this can be done with the understanding, or by provision in the Company's By-Laws, that on the dissolution of the Company or his withdrawal from it, he may receive back what he has contributed. The Librarian shall then catalogue the books in a blank book and give each member a copy of the list. Each book should be catalogued by name and number, and some simple system be adopted for keeping track of books. We shall endeavor in our March number to present a simple plan for conducting the library. Five boys (the smallest number that can constitute a company) ought, without a cent of expense, to start with a library of twenty or more good books. Take pride in having no trashy stuff in your catalogue. We shall present plans for enlarging the library by the purchase of the latest books for boys, so that it will not be difficult for Companies to add one or two new books every month.

Members should watch "The Boys' Library" page of this paper for announcements of new and good books.

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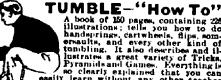
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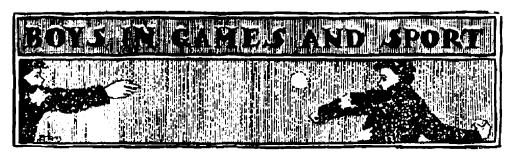
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AMATEURS ATTENTION: The book you want, "Electricity Made Simple." by C. C. Haskins, paper 50c, cloth \$1.00, postpaid. Stamp for catalog. T. Hinferd Electric Works, 394 Washington Boul., Chicago, III.

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A Boy's Hunting Story.

ROLAND D. BOGAN, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

ROLAND D. BOGAN, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

For boys who like to hear about camping, I will tell the experiences of three boys, of whom I was one.

We had spent three days camping near home, and liked it so well that we determined to go again. About the lirst of November we each contributed eleven dollars toward expenses, and set the date of starting at Nov. 10. As the father of one of the party was a lumberman, we could readily get the framework for our tent, which was to be eight feet long by seven wide, with a gable roof. We did not nail the framework together, but took nails along so as to put it together at our camping place. For a cover we had an old sail which had been discarded by its owner. This we cut until it fitted perfectly, then hard-olled it. Another member contributed a good oil stove with two burners. There was some argument over whether we should take it, as one of the boys insisted that old trappers did not have such things. It was finally settled that we should take it, we having convinced ourselves that the only as one of the boys histed that our trappers did not have such things. It was finally settled that we should take it, we having convinced ourselves that the only reason why the old trappers didn't have them was because they couldn't get such things. We were afterwards very thankful that we took the stove along. We supplied ourselves with cooking utensils, and for each one a dish, knife, fork, spoon and tin eup. We each took two heavy blankets and tirearms. One had a shotgun, another a rifle, and the third a shotgun and a thirty-two calibre revolver. We paid out twelve dollars and fifty cents for provisions, ten dollars for canoes, ten dollars for wagon hire (five dollars each way), and then had fifty cents left, which we blew in for ice cream, root beer and cake just before we started.

At seven o'clock the morning of Nov. 10.

canoes, ten dollars for wagon life (fiver dollars each way), and then had fifty cents left, which we blew in for ice cream, root beer and cake just before we started.

At seven o'clock the morning of Nov. 10, a wagon could be seen wending its way along the lonely road about five miles from the town of Tuckertown. N. J., bound for a lake as yet twenty miles distant known as Lake Pohatcong. Three boys trudged along after it, two of them were sixteen years of age and the other seventeen. It was not until dark that we reached our camping place. One got supper while the others helped the driver unload our traps. We had killed five rabbits and two quall on our way. They tasted splendid to four hungry persons. We slept that night in an empty wagon. The next morning, after giving the driver to understand what would happen to him if he failed to appear at ten o'clock sharp on the morning of Dec. 10, we gave him a good-by volley from our guns and let him go. When he had gone out of sight we looked at one another in quite a melancholy way, but we soon got over that. After searching all the morning we found a high knoll right on the edge of the stream near the lake. There we erected our tent, which was a splendid little house, perfectly dry. For chairs we used our folded blankets, our only other furniture being a box on which we put the oil stove and in which we put the pots and pans. We had brought along a cupboard and table. We draped the walls with our extra clothes. Soon we had a roaring fire going, and one of the boys was out setting some muskrat traps. We used the common steel traps and chained them fast to small sapilings, putting them under the water in front of the muskrat's holes. We cut notches in all of the trees that the traps were fastened to. Then we had supper, and those rabbits were the best that I ever tasted. The coffee was strong enough to fight, but it came off second best. The next morning we found that we had caught slx muskrats in our trap, and during the time that we were at camp we caught two hund

over thirty dollars on our month's work.

The evenings were splendid. The full moon looked glorious on the water. One night we were much scared by the hooting of an owl, as we had never heard one before. That dreadful "whoo, whoo" sounded like the wail of a lost spirit. We spent the time fishing, tending traps, gunning, eating and sleeping. Sometimes one cooked, sometimes another. We killed rabbits, quail, hawks and a solitary duck. I spent a great deal of time shooting muskrats with my revolver, sometimes from cover and sometimes by drifting down on them in my cance. After supper we played checkers and dominoes.

On Dec. 10 the wagon came after us, and on the evening of the 11th we were at our homes recounting our adventures.

Every Boy Can Be His Own Iceboat at This

material a boy can make sails and spars that, when completed, will have the appearance of the skating sail shown in the illustration.

pine sticks an inch and a quarter square and twelve feet long, and two pieces five feet long and one inch square.

With a plane, shave the sharp corners from the sticks, making them slightly round, and taper the ends of them a little, but do not shave them to a sharp point. Wrap the sticks with linen line for an inch or two at regular distances of ten or twelve inches apart and paint the wrappings black.

Make a block six inches long, two inches wide and an inch thick, and into the ends of it bore holes and drive stout pins made of thick wire, as shown in fig. 1. This will be the separator.

To the middle of each five foot stick lash a block an inch square and four Inches long, having a pin driven into either end of it, as shown in figure, 2

Give all the woodwork several successive coats of shellac to improve its appearance, and then lash the ends of the yard arms or long sticks together with linen line.

Into the ends drive a large brass screw eye for the guide ropes, and the frame will be ready for the sails.

For the sail, two pieces of unbleached

A little practice will soon enable the sailor to become an expert, and it will be found quite easy to run into the wind and tack about in a successful manner.

When running before the wind keep the feet fairly close together, but when tacking they must be placed apart, and one ahead of the other, as experience will dictate.

J. HARRY ADAMS.

FIFTY GOOD GAMES

As Played in Brooklyn Public Schools

From Report by Jessie H. Bancroft, Director of Physical Training

No. II. BASKET BALL.

This game should be played only by boys known to be in good physical condition.

Teams may consist of five, seven or nine members, according to the size of the field of play.

OPPICIALS

The officials shall consist of a referee and

REFEREE.

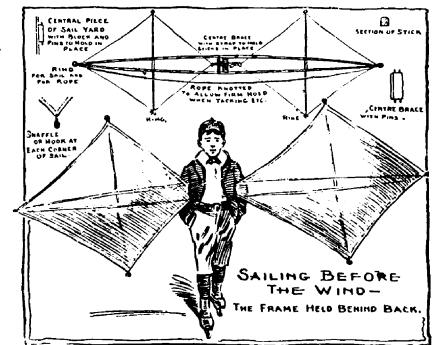
The referee shall put the ball into play by tossing it up in the center of the field, and shall judge of the ball and the players during the progress of the game.

SCORER.

The scorer should be appointed by the captain of the home team, and he should keep the record of the game in full view of the players and spectators.

CAPTAINS.

Captains should be appointed by each team, to represent the team in any disputes and to toss for goals; he should be responsible for team discipline.



muslin one yard and a quarter square will be needed, and have the edges hemmed over a stout piece of cotton line.

Bag snaps or curtain hooks can be sewed fast to each corner that, in turn, should be caught into eyes at the ends of the yard arm and cross sticks; and at the middle a strap and buckle must be provided to draw the inner ends of the sails together.

To rig up the sail spread the yard arms apart and insert the separator directly at the center, where two small holes have been made in each stick to receive the pins.

Two feet and six inches in from the yard arm ends place the cross sticks, so they will be held in position by the pins on the block that will also it into holes made in the sticks to receive them. Bind the center together with a strap to prevent the separator from becoming detached, and then snap or OWI

Find an old leather belt and sew three

hem in my cane. After support we layed checkers and dominoes. After support we layed checkers and dominoes. Find an old leather belt and sew three leather ears to it, one at the front and one on either side.

A skating sail.

A skating sail.

A skating sail to an be supported by dropping the hook into one of the leather sars on the belt in which a hole has been made to receive it. This will leave the hands free to guide the sail, or pull on the pars that, when completed, will have he appearance of the skating sail hown in the illustration.

For the frame get two selected clear is made when the ball is thrown or batted from between the center and end lines from between t

RULES FOR GAME.

1. The game is started by tossing the ball in the center of the field, at the beginning of each half, after each goal, or at any time when the ball goes out of play. The ball must first be touched by one of the center men after it has been tossed up by the reference.

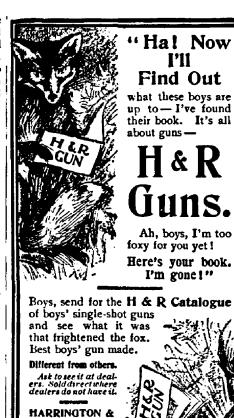
2. The ball may be batted or thrown in any direction. It may be hit with the open hand only. To strike it with the fist or to kick it constitute fouls. It may be thrown with one or both hands. The ball may be "dribbled." I. e., bounced on the floor and struck immediately with one hand. After "dribbling" the player must throw the ball to someone else to make a goal.

3. The ball may be batted with one open hand downward out of the hands of an opponent. To strike, pull or wrench the ball out of the hands of an opponent after may intercept the ball when thrown from or to an opposing player, but he must not run with the ball if caught, or keep it in his possession over five seconds.

5. There shall be no tackling, holding, pushing or interfering with the person of an opposing player in any way. To do so is a foul.

6. A goal is made when the ball is thrown referce.
2. The ball may be batted or thrown in

6. A goal is made when the ball is thrown or batted from the field into the basket.







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Secretal Tricks & Make-ups, was postpaid for 2 & cts.

I senamps or eliver. Apparatus for professing great reasoning half Dollar trick. A too Hearstocks or full Beard, Un-rChin or Ridds Whisters, any sealer, bettle higher distributions, etc. But of Burnt Carb.



Y-DAYS CATHODOACOPE
Y-DAYS Greatest pocket no
velty on earth, Takes like
wildfire. Tells time of
watch through cloth. See
through stone, wood, leather
through stone, wood, leather for \$1.00. Address O. B., X-RAY CO., Philadelphia. Ps.

by players outside. The ball then belongs to the disputant touching it first.

10. The game shall consist of halves of the or ifteen minutes each, with a rest of the nor more minutes between the halves. The teams should change fields at the end of the first half.

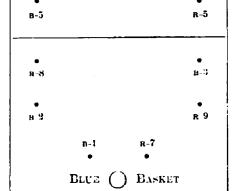
I the first half.

11. If either side tries to delay the game, the referee may take the ball from the flending side, and allow the other side a arrow for goal, under the same conditions a prescribed for a foul. Any questioning the umpire selection is a foul.

PLAYERS AND POSITIONS.

ed Side.		Blue		
R 1Goal Thrower				
R 2 Right Forward			В	*
R 3 Left Forward				
R 4 Center				
R 5Right Center				
R 6 Left Center				
R 7Goal Defender				
R SRight Guard				
R 9Left Guard			В	9
and down males has Do D	A	C		

cranged from rules by Dr. D. A. Sargant RED BASKET. R-3 p 2 R-6 B-6 B-4 O R-4



No. 12. BEAN BAG RACE.

The players stand in lines (about twelve in a line), and bags are passed from child to child Each line should have about ten bags. The line wins that finishes first, i. e., bags. The line wins that inishes first, i. e., passes all of its bags to the end of the line. The game may be varied by having each child pass the bags from one hand to the other before handling it to his neighbor, or by raising the bags overhead, or touching them to the floor, first with one hand, then with the other, before passing.

No. 13. BEAN BAGS IN CIRCLE.

Children form an irregular circle, all facing inward. The bags are tossed from one to another, the object being to keep the bags going. As many bags as possible should be used.

(Others Games to follow.)

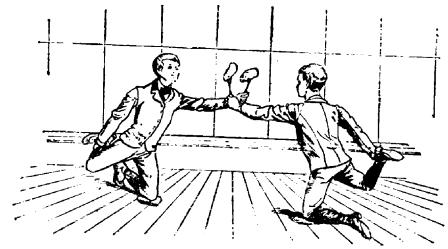
A POTATO JOUST.

Recreation for a Rainy Day, When Animal Spirits Must Be Worked Off.

rainy day is almost sure to be a tenous day to every healthy, normal Checkers, after a time, lose their mum and books cease to be of inter-The boy stretches, kicks out his legs impatiently and casts many wistfil glances out of the windows. He is 🖭 of sitting still. After holding is althy animal spirits in check for the ger part of a day they are likely to loose with a rush.

Few sports are better calculated than petato joust to amuse imprisoned heys. It has all the joys of a combat, at d yet, try as he will, there is no possibility for any boy to become rough.

In the potato joust each warrior is aimed with a fork, on the end of which is a potato. The combatants take their position in the center of the play-room, from each other. They should be sepacuted by not less than three feet. bach must lift a leg from the floor, as shown in the illustration. The fighters may use their own discretion as to which leg shall be lifted from the floor,



and may hold it up with either hand of the fighter as upon his strength. they like. A small cushion placed under the knee will add materially to the comfort of the contestants.

The battle is decided by one of the warriors knocking the potato from his opponent's fork. Toppling over three times is also counted as a defeat. If one of the knights is obliged to let go of his foot in order to keep his balance it is counted as a fall. Every time the battle is interrupted in this way either of the contestants is at liberty to change the foot he is resting upon. If one of the warriors falls against the other and upsets him it is counted against the one who is responsible for the tumble.

You are not likely to realize on your first introduction to a potato joust the amount of skill and practice required; to really become expert in handling the fork. A slight turn of the wrist, a quick push and the practiced knight will defeat the novice; so deftly, so easily that you are left wondering how he

Practice is the only way to learn how he did it. One or two axioms is all the help I can give the novice.

Move your fork as little as possible; long, sweeping strokes are more likely to throw off your own potato than to interfere with that of your opponent.

The most dangerous stroke is one from underneath; always maneuver to keep your potato below that of your antagonist.

A TERRIER FIGHT.

It is a Capital Bit of Rough and Tumble, and Consists of Three One-Minute Rounds with Thirty Seconds' Rest Between Each Round,

Rough-house is the expression used by the boy of to-day when he is describing a general scuffle, and he always smacks his lips over the word. But rough-house has its disadvantages as many sprains and bruises can testify.

Furthermore, a terrier fight is not brutal. No boy will hurt himself while engaged in this sport. As shown in the illustration, two boys are placed facing each other in the center of a room; hands clasped beneath the knees and a stick just under the elbows, as shown. Each contestant endeavors to push the other over; but as it requires considerable attention to keep your balance at all when in this position the attack is no easy matter.

To suddenly give way is a maneuver almost sure to upset your adversary, but unfortunately it is very apt to upset you at the same time and only after considerable practice will you be able to overcome a man in this way. The pivot, a sudden swing to the right or left, is safer, though not quite as effective. Always remember that the hest terrier fighter invariably makes his opponent throw himself. Give way at some unexpected point, and unless he is a skillful man he is sure to go over. Never try a hard push except in the last extremity when everything else has failed.

A terrier fight consists of three oneminute rounds, with thirty seconds' rest between each round. The one scoring the largest number of falls during the time set is accounted the winner.

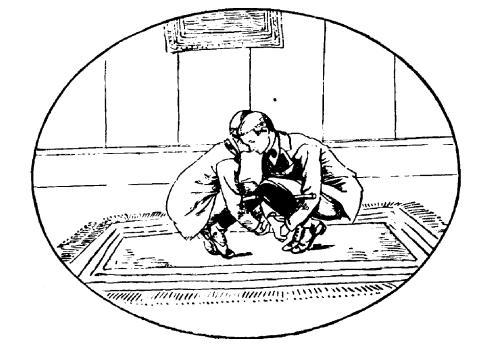
The American Bicycle Compay in Hartford is making a wheel for C. A. Stephens, the noted cyclist who intends to make a trip across the Sahara Desert. The bicycle will be built with a wider frame and a bigger fork than the ordinary wheel. will have a flat tire four inches wide. The wheel will be chainless.

Stephens is the man who rode from Seattle into Dawson last winter on a wheel.

The committee of professors from leading colleges who have been working to put a stop to the abuse of amateur athletics at college, have adopted the following important rules:

many sprains and bruises can testify.
and if the same amount of fun may be had from some less trying amusement.
an amusement, say, which is quite as energetic and quite as exciting, the boy of to-day will certainly adopt it in preference to rough-house.

A terrier fight is exciting, and it is funny—it is also energetic—and victory depends quite as much upon the skill





"DAISY" or "SENTINEL"

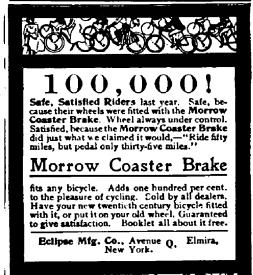
IS stamped on the stock of the finest Air Rifles on the market. Simply a matter of choice beor choice be-tween the two as either style re-presents the best that skilled la-bor and accurate machinery can produce. They shoot as straight shoot as straight as any gun made and are entirely free from danger. Smoke and noise. With a little practice, any boy can become a crack shot. The possession of a good gun helps to make a boy manify and affordshim amusement of an innocent and practical kind.

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eled steel bar-rels, improved sights and inter-changeable parts Changeable parts
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No. 4—Neatinel Ningle Shot, either shot or darts..... 1.20
No. 5—Sentinel Rejeater, automatic, 29 shot..................... 1.25
Darts, assorted colors, 55 crais per doz., prepaid.
If your dealer will not rell you a "Daisy" or "Sentinel" send us his name and we will send any style from factory, charges prepaid, upon receipt of price.

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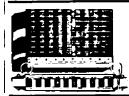
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Varieties of United States Stamps.

One of the greatest difficulties met with by the young collector is that of dis-tinguishing the varieties in the issues of United States stamps from 1851 to 1882. The following descriptions may be of some

ne tonowing descriptions may be of some assistance:

One cent, 1851.—Of this stamp there are three varieties or types:

Type 1, so called, has over the words "U. S. Postage" and under "One Cent"a blue line, and the scrolls directly under T of cent and O of one have a ball at the end of each of them. This variety is very scarce, being catalogued at \$25 imperforate, and \$7.50 perforate.

Type 2 is the same as type 1, except that the scrolls do not end in balls.

In type 3, the curved line mentioned in type 1 is cut away in the center. The last is the common variety, and a careful examination will show the differences we have described.

There are two varieties of the three cent.

There are two varieties of the three cent, ISG.—The scarcer one has an extra line under the words "Three cents," and is called the "Outer line." It catalogues at

The five cent of this issue in the perforated set exists in three types, the first being the same as the five cent imperforate, I. e., there are projections in the center of the four sides of the stamp. In type 2, the projections at the top and bottom are partly cut away and in type 2 entirely so

bottom are partly cut away and in type 3 entirely so.
There are two types of each value of the 1861 series, but as the first type is of the greatest rarity, being in use but a few days, we will not describe it.
In 1867 all of this series were grilled, i. e., had a small punch of dots embossed on the back; this was to prevent cleaning the stamp. These grills are of different sizes, and a millimetre scale will have to be used to determine the size, all measurements in stamps being on the metric system. The 9x13 and 11x13 millimetre grills are the most common in the three cent denomination. common in the three cent denomination, and the 13x16 and that covering the entire stamp are the scarcest, the latter listing \$12.00. All of the remaining denominations grilled are worth more than those without

grill.
In the 1869 set, the fifteen cent is the only one in which there are two varieties; these are known as the picture with and without frame.

In the former there is a small diamond under the T of postage. This is missing in the latter which is the scarcer variety.

(To be Continued.)

Stamps as an Investment.

While the collecting of stamps is presumed to be pursued for the mere diversion, entertainment or knowledge which may be secured through their study, we cannot lost sight of the financial side of the subject. Probably not one-thousandth part of the number of people who collect postage stamps would do so were it not for the belief that the sale of the collection would return nearly, if not its entire, cost, or that the passing years would greatly enhance the value of the collection.

A thirty year endowment life insurance policy for one thousand dollars, at the age of twenty five, will cost about thirty dollars a year, or for thirty years, nine hundred dollars. The policy at the end of this time would be worth one thousand dollars, plus the dividends—probably in all fourteen hundred dollars.

If the same sum of thirty dollars a year were invested in stamps for a like period, we firmly believe the collection would be worth five thousand dollars. In making this statement, it is presumed that intelligence will be exercised in making purchases, and industry used in securing many stamps for little or nothing.

In making a collection with the investment object in view, remember one thing, that its value is greatly enhanced by the perfect condition of the stamps therein contained.

Never put a damaged stamp in your col-While the collecting of stamps is pre-

perfect condition of the stamps therein contained.

Never put a damaged stamp in your collection unless it is a rarity, and then only when slightly damaged, and replace it with a perfect copy as soon as possible. Damaged stamps are practically worthless and cannot, as a rule, he sold for one tenth of their catalogue value.

Another thing to be watched is the centering of stamps. A stamp is said to be "well centered" when the design is directly in the center of the paper, with an even margin all around. Stamps "off center" are worth much less than those in perfect condition, so that they should always be secured well centered, if possible. Heavy cancellations also decrease the value of stamps. All these things should be borne in mind when amassing a collection which will be a sure investment, and if our suggestions are faithfully carried out, we believe the predictions made above will be more than realized.

Special Stamp Offers.

Can. 72, 3c small 20 for 10c Can. 1c Maple, 15 for 10c Can. 2c Maple, 2c green, 60 for 10c Can. 2c Maple, 15 for 10c Can. 2c Maple, 15 for 10c Can. 2c Maple, 2c green, 60 for 10c Can. 3c Maple, 2c for 10c Can

number and the date of issue of the March

number.
H. H. Parker, Mt. Airy, Ga., sends us one hundred and twenty five foreign stamps, which he says we may offer to the stamps, which he says we may offer to the boy sending us the largest number of subscriptions before the issue of the March AMERICAN BOY. This offer, in addition to the offer made by Mr. A. T. Cook, and the offer made by the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY to give one-half of the toreign stamps received in their office before the issue of the March number, makes a very large collection of foreign stamps for the lucky boy.

Wilbur V. Haynes, Marion, Ky., sends us one hundred and twenty five foreign stamps which he wishes to add to the number of such stamps that we ourselves offer to the boy who obtains the largest number of subscriptions for us between February 20, 1901, and March 20, 1901.

South African Stamps.

Nothing is attracting the attention of stamp collectors at the present time more than South African stamps, and particularly those from the countries in which the war is at present being waged. Nearly every stamp paper you pick up contains at least a paragraph about them. Few collectors have a complete set from one of these countries, but would do well to hold what they have. After careful studying I make out the following table of the number of varieties of stamps issued by each country: Natal, eighty six varieties, forty one subvarieties; Orange Free State, fifty two varieties, twenty six sub-varieties; Transvaal, one hundred and fifty eight varieties, one hundred and eighty six sub-varieties.

The latest Orange Free State variety is the present issue surcharged "V. R. I.," and value in figures. The surcharge is printed in black with and without dots. The dotless specimens appear to come from the bottom row of the sheet of stamps. The "spotted" question seems to be a very interesting one to Tommy Atkins when not busy, as he and his friends talk of little else. I think I am safe to say that inside of a year the value of this stamp will increase 100 per

Another is a stamp used by the burghers to mail their letters. This specimen has no face value, as it was to show that the letter was from a soldier and was to be carried free. The inscription is printed in black on yellow paper.

Besides the mentioned varieties there are many other similar curlosities caused by the advance and successes of the British. A. K.

Answers to Correspondents.

David J. Daly, Pittsburgh, Pa.-A New Zealand stamp can probably be bought from any one of the stamp dealers who advertise in THE AMERICAN

J. B., Brooklyn, N. Y .-- There are several different green 3p stamps of New South Wales, the difference being in the water mark in the paper on which the stamp is printed. If you wish us to tell yon what a stamp is without seeing it you will have to describe it more minutely.

N. C. McG.—You fail to state which set of newspaper stamps you have; the first set was issued in 1865 and consisted of three values, five, ten and twenty five cents; the second set, in 1875, had values from one cent to sixty dollars, and the third, in 1895, from one cent to one hundred dollars. The use of the last set was discontinued about three years ago, but in response to the urgent requests of many stamp collectors, the government placed fifty thousand sets on sale at the postoffices, to the public, at five dollars per set. A little over half were sold and the balance called in and destroyed. They can now be bought of almost any dealer for five dollars or less. Write any dealer advertising in this paper and state which set you have.

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alogue, 60th edition will be out in November, I am book ing orders for it for 58c, postpaid, can't I get your order At the same time don't lose sight of the fact that I anstill 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 B. ELDREDGE, Mansfeld, Mass.

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THE BOY COIN COLLECTOR

Why the Old Half Dollars Are So Common.

So many inquiries are coming in from our boys regarding our early half dollars, that the coin editor presumes a few words concerning them may not be out of place. The turban-head Liberty half dollars were first issued in 190, and with the exception of the year 1816, when none were struck, were continuously issued up to and includiirst issued in 1897, and with the exception of the year 1816, when none were struck, were continuously issued up to and including 1836. All have the spread eagle on the reverse with the value expressed beneath, in exergue, 50 °C. Around the edge, in incuse or sunken letters, are the words ritty Cents or Half a Dollar. The question often is asked why are they so common and usually found in such good condition, for it is a fact that most of these pieces are common and found in better preservation than the later dates. The secret of this, no doubt, lies very much in the fact that in 1807 the Harmony Society of Pennsylvania, with headquarters at Harmony, Pa., made an agreement to place all their worldly wealth in a common fund. They sold considerable of their rich landed possessions, and were successful merchants, traders, manufacturers and farmers. The cash was placed in the hands of Father Rapp, their trusted leader, because they had no faith in the permanence of the bank bills or of the banks themselves; they turned their money all into silver and buried their hoards in the earth, for security. This continued for years and as one leader died the secret hoarding place was confided to his successor. All during the Civil War, when silver went to a high premium, it remained buried, and not until 1877-78, when silver went to a high premium, it remained buried, and not until 1877-78, when silver went to a high premium, it remained buried, and not until 1877-78, when silver went to a high premium, it remained buried, and not until 1877-78, when silver went to a high premium, it remained buried, and not until 1877-78, when silver went to a high premium, it remained buried, and not until 1877-78, when silver went to a high premium, it remained buried, and not until 1877-78, and the society became interested in the building of the Pittsburg & Lake Erie tailroad, was it exhumed and invested. Of the \$0,000 in buried silver, over \$10,000 of it was in early American half dollars, much of it passed to the coin editor, when ha

1. W. Durham, Charlotte, N. C.-The 1823 half dollar is worth seventy five cents. F. Tripp, Port Huron, Mich.—The 1853 cent is very common and sells at from five to ten cents.

Emmett Ford, Louisville, Ky.—A silver real, 1779, Charles III. (1759-1788), Spain, if good, is worth thirty five cents.

John Kelliher, Bradford, Pa.—The dealers sell a fine 1841 half dime for twenty five cents and an 1858 dime for thirty cents.

Orton G. Lea. Ashley, O.—You do not mention the date of your fifty cent gold piece. They usually bring from one dollar and fifty cents upwards. Your other coins have no premium.

Clarence Stifee. Allegheny, Pa.—A cent of 1799, in good condition, is worth at least ten dollars; 1798, iffty cents; 1803, 1805, 1807, 1812 and 1814, twenty five, fifty, fifty, thirty five and forty cents each, respectively. A good New Jersey cent of 1787 is worth fifty cents

Charles Eisenmaunx, Chicago, charies Elsemmann, Chicago, III.—The dimes and half dimes issued in the thirties, if in fine condition, are worth about twenty five cents each. The other pieces you mention have no premium. The H on the Canadian cents show that they were struck by Heaton, of Birmingham, England.

Mark Sloan, Martinsburg, Ind,—There are no premiums on the dollar (silver) of 1859, the two cent pleces of 1864, 1865 and 1867, or the small cents of 1858, 1860 and 1863. The half dollars of 1829 and 1832, if good, sell for seventy five cents each. The 1828 quarter is worth tifty cents. If you will again examine your plece of 1806, having all the indications of a half dollar, but with no value expressed, you will notice that around the edge the value is expressed as "fifty cents or half a dollar."

Leonard W. Liddle, Walker, Iowa.—Your rubbing is taken from a live frame piece of 1829. France, Charles X.; 1824-1830. B B after the date is the mint mark of Strassburg, which city, at that time, belonged to France. The dealers would charge you one dollar and seventy five cents for the coin. The dollar gold coins all are worth a premium, usually selling readily at from one dollar and lifty cents to one dollar and seventy five cents. An 1852 cent, if fine, is worth from ten cents upwards. A coln with a hole in it is usually worth only buillon value.

Howard Lammers, Heron Lake, Minn.—You have attributed your coin correctly, as from Bohemia, under Wencesias secundus (II.), A. D. 1278-1395. The coin is, according to the inscription, "Pragensis Grossi," or a groschen of Prague, familiarly called a prager groschen. There is no way of finding the exact date of its issue, only that it must have been struck between the years 1278 and 1395. The coins of Wencesias II. were a vast improvement over his predecessors, due to the fact that he employed the Florentine engravers, the best of this period. These groschen were issued in large quantities, and notwithstanding their age, are quite common today, selling in Europe for from fifty to seventy five cents, in good condition. Howard Lammers, Heron Lake, Minn

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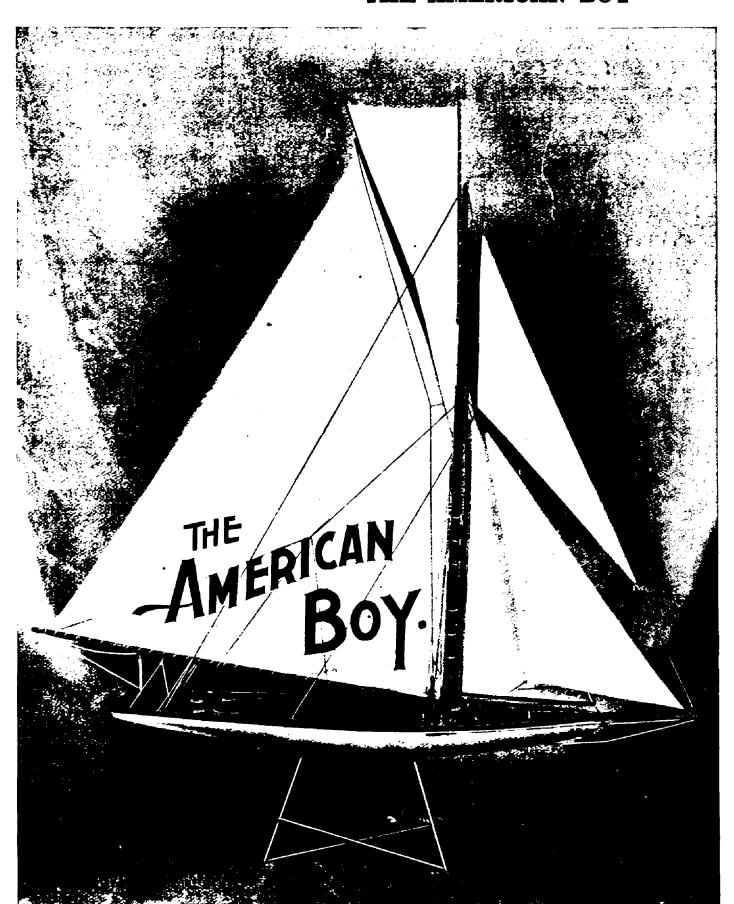
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NETHERINCH STAMP CO., Winsten, N. C.

1000 New Ideas, Plans, Suggestions, Schemes; all Rig Money Makers. Price \$1.00. Money returned if not pleased. Agents wanted. CIRCULARS FREE JOS. C. STEELE, 2218 Beech Ave., Baltimore, Md.

4 COINS 10c, 8 16c, 10 25c; 100 var. stamps 6c, 200 25c, 200 40c, 10 var. unused 10c. Post. extra, if order is less than 25c. Ma. Cal. Stamp Co. Santa Ana, Cal.

\$100 PAID for perfect 1799 cent. Agents Wanted. Stant & Coin Exchange, 13 Ann St., New York City.



PICTURE OF YACHT ONE-NINTH ACTUAL SIZE.

THIS BEAUTIFUL YACHT MAY BE YOURS

N March I next the beautiful yacht shown in the picture will become the property of the person who, during February, becomes a subscriber for one year to THE AMERICAN BOY, or sends a renewal of his subscription, and comes the nearest to telling where in the United States (not counting Alaska or the Islands) the coldest weather is reported by the Government, through its regular stations or volunteer reporters.

DESCRIPTION OF YACHT :- Length at deck line. 3 feet 6 inches i water line, 2 feet 7 inches i beam, at deck. 1 foot ½ inch i at water line, 11½ inches. Draught, 8 inches a span, 4 feet 4 inches a boom, 3 feet 2 inches a hoist. 2 feet a gaft, 1 foot six inches. It carries mainsail, staysail, topsail, and jib topsail. It as worked with a sliding bulb fin and rudder. The hull is of while pine, the deck of gum wood. It is painted white enamel, with red at water line. Sails of Lonsdale cambric. Halyards, sheets and ropes are identical with those of a large yacht. Mast of white pine, varnished, fin ot brass and bulb of lead. Value, twenty five dollars. Pedestal goes with it-

In the water, or in a conspicuous place in a boy's room, it will command immediate admiration.

st telling what will be the coldest spot in the United States, exclus Alaska and the Islands, during the month of February, 1901, and who sends us either (1) an annual subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY for himself; or, (2) an annual sucception to THE AMERICAN BOY for someone else; or, (3) a renewal of his present subscription, whether or not it has expired. The guess and the money must be in our hands by the evening of February 28th. Where a person sends in another person's subscription both are entitled to a guess. Where more than one dollar is sent a guess is allowed for every dollar. Regular premiums are also given as heretofore. If several select a point nearest the coldest spot, or if the same temperature is recorded at several places, the ties will be decided by drawing slips from a hat, some prominent city official of Detroit not identified with this paper acting as referee. The name of the successful contestant will be published as soon as the Government record is made up, probably in the April number.

The Government receives reports from about three thousand regular and volunteer reporters. In 1900 the coldest spot was McKinney, in northwestern North Dakota. In 1899 the coldest was Fort Logan, Montana about fifty miles east of Helena. The coldest point reached in the last twenty eight years was in northeastern Montana.

Every boy, by getting a subscription or renewing his own subscription whether it has expired or is to expire in the future, sending us the money and the guess during February, has a chance to own this beautiful boat.

Boys and Girls!



[FEBRUARY, 19]

Send name and address, No. MONEY, and get a box of 10 of our Scarf and Stick Pins to sel at 10 cents each. Bing, Brasosistic, given for selling 10 pin. Watch, with Chain and Charrigiven for selling a few more when pins are sold, send us the money and get your premium FRIE.

BATES JEWELRY COMPANY,

WDERINE Aface powder perfectly harmless, has tenacious properties of all face powders, protecting the to the face a pleasing and healthful color.

28 centa, postpaid.
ENCELSIOR COSMETIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE MEDICATED CROUP NECKLACE is the only croup preventive known or sold. A boon to the little sufferer. Endorsed by leading physicians.

= Price by Mail 25c. = Medicated Croup Necklass Co.,

OAKMONT, PA. Western Agency, Goshen, Ind., F. S. Grier, Mngr.



REE I RING OR SCARF P

To introduce our Winter Neckwear, we will send three SILK BOW TIES, postpaid, for 25 cents. All different shades and designs. Either Ladies' or Gentlemen's styles. With each order we will send FREE a Kimberly Diamond Ring or Scarf Pin set in the latest styles. And our offer of how to get a watch for a two-cent postage stamp. ERNST MFG. CO., 515 East S6th St., New York, N.Y.

Watch, Camera, Afr.
Rifle, Foot Ball or Mitt.
Bose or Girls can get
FREE any of the above
handsome Premiums for
packages of borrow's Improved Blue at 100

handsome rivers.

Bandsome rivers in Improved Bine at no each, and distribute 20 circulars among your friends. No money in advance. Send your address and we will forward the BLUE in two shipments, postpaid.

Waters Mig. Co., 801 Medianh Temple, Chicage, Ill

A. C. COMPANY, 184 E. Van Baren St.





, with your name lettered in colorafo C. A. FAUST, 66 Rush St., Chic

PIANO-HARP Louder than Italian Harp. One samule Harp in each localit. Write for agency and send good list names people apt to buy; we write them to see your nample of new munical wonder with piano-like tone.

profit on each sale you make. Retail price only f HARP COMPANY, 88 H Miroct, Columbus, Ohio. \$ 1.25 GENUINE SHEFFIELD RAZOR

Catalog. Offer good till March 15th. Don't miss the chance. HOLDEN, Box 8, Station N, New York City START A MAIL BUSINESS No capital requiremade. Our two books giving full instructions 50 cent-

made. Our two books giving and or send 2 cents for circulars.

JACKNON & CO., Box 8154, Meline, Ill.

LADY AGENTS wanted everywhere to sell Benyder's Econodial Pears Perfumes, etc. Work pears and profitable. For free sample and terms sedress, T. H. Snyder & Co., 389 E. 8d St., Cincinnati, C.

WOMEN MAKE \$2 TO \$10 A DAY melling our MACKINTONII DREMS SKIET-new dress shields, stc. Catalogus Free, McKAY MFG. CO., \$727 La Mallo Hirest, Chicago

BOYS FREE BEAUTIFUL STICK or LACE PIN GIRLS FREE Send us names and addresses of twoles ladies and we will send pin. WESTERN NOVELTY COMPANY, Box 61, NICKER-ON, KANSA

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

Payment for The American Boy when sent oy mail, should be made in a Post-office Money-Order, Bank Check, or Draft, Express Money-Order or Registered Letter.

Expiration. The date opposite your name on your paper shows to what time your subscription is paid. Silver sent through the mail is at sender's risk.

Discontinuances. Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrearages must

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 pay-

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO. DETROIT, MICH. MAJESTIC BLDG.

> WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, EDITOR.

GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Result of the Prize Offer for Last Month.

.The following cash prizes were awarded to the boys sending in the largest number of subscriptions between Dec. 15, 1900, and Jan. 15, 1901: Edwin Nicholls, Opechee, Mich....\$10.00 Claxton Munro, Newton Lower 10.00

Willie G. Sprague, 719 Cass Ave., Detroit. Mich. T. J. McDavid. Hillsboro, Illinois... I. W. Barrett, Mt. Etna, Ind..... Frank Wellman, Galloway, Oregon 3.00 Ornan Smart, Green Fork, Ind....

Alfred Dixon, Elk Garden, Cal.... The largest number sent in by any one of the foregoing was eight.

The Next Offer is \$50.

Fifty dollars will be distributed among the ten boys who send in the largest number of subscriptions between February 1 and March 1. The one sending in the largest number gets \$10.00; the second largest, \$10.00; the third largest, \$5.00; the fourth largest, \$5.00; the fifth largest, \$5.00; the sixth largest, \$4.00; the seventh largest, \$4.00; the eighth largest, \$3.00; the ninth largest, \$2.00; the tenth largest, \$2.00. The subscriptions must be annual subscriptions, and one dollar must accompany each subription. The prizes are not offered to those who retain cash commissions on subscriptions sent in. The sender of a obscription, however, is entitled to the premium or premiums offered in our remium list. In addition to the cash warded to the three who stand at the head, we will give to the one sending the largest number one half the foreign tamps accumulating in our office in the period named; to the one sending the second largest, one fourth the stamps; and to the one sending the third largest,

one fourth the stamps.

Experience has proven that solicitors find ready sale for subscriptions to THE AMERICAN ROY. The paper sells itself lay N. V. **\MERICAN BOY. The paper sells itself.** as every boy and every parent and friend of a boy sees at once its desirable qualities.

The Boy Who Earned the \$200.



ALBERT W. FIFIELD. Minneapolis, Who won the capital prize.

awoke to find in his stocking two hundred dollars sent him by the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY for having sent in the largest number of subscriptions (102) to THE AMERICAN BOY during the year. Young Fifield not only received his two hun-

dred dollars, but he received premiums on every one of the subscriptionsenough, we should think, to fill a dozen closets. Albert W. Fifield is "only a boy." and no older than the average boy who reads THE AMERICAN BOY.

A Generous Gift to Detroit Newsboys

By HON, D. M. FERRY The millionaire Seedsman

HON. D. M. FERRY, head of D. M. Ferry & Co., the largest seed house in the world, believes in giving boys good literature. With the opening of the New Year, he has announced that he will present to every one of the four nundred boys of the Detroit Newsboys' Association an annual subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY. It is certain that the gift will be appreciated in four hundred homes where there is not a surplus of good reading matter for the little merchants.

The publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY have reason to be proud of the fact that THE AMERICAN BOY was selected from among many jappers as the best suited to boys, and that the choice was made without their solicitation, and solely on the merits of the publication.

Winners of the Flour Mill Puzzle Prizes.

In our December number we gave to our readers a puzzle which we designated as the Flour Mill Puzzle, and we promised ten barrels of flour as prizes for the first ten correct answers, one barrel for each successful contestant. The flour was offered by the Pillsbury-Washburn Flour Mill Company, the greatest flour mill concern in the world, located at Minneapolis. There were hundreds of answers received, and many of them were correct. The correct answer is "Seven." The prizes were won by the following: Earl Lenz, Kewanee, Ill.: Henry C. Brose, Plainfield. N. J.: Douglas Lacy, Old Orchard, Mo.: Robert P. Kenney, Brattleboro, Vt.; Worth Lightner, Colorado Springs, Colo.; William North, Rising Sun. Ind.: Harry Young. Pontiac. Mich.: Ralph F. Stevens, Whittier, N. C.; Elbert M. Moffatt, St. Joseph, Mich., and Warren E. Hoffman, Mt. Joy, Pa.

The barrels of flour have been shipped

to the lucky boys.

Many other boys gave correct answers but are not entitled to prizes, as their answers were not received in time to be listed among the first ten.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

Award of Prizes for Correct Solution of December Puzzles, Etc.

Gilbecthiot Puzzles, Etc.

First mistake—Harry B. Lohmeyer. 922 N.
Gilmore street. Baitimore, Md.
Second mistake—Horace M. Woodward. 169
Pearl street. Coldwater, Mich.
Longest list of mistakes—Edward Finnerty,
Hitchcock. S. D.
Puzzle No. 93. Marcus Amrine, 420 Washington street, Burlington,
Lowa.

Puzzle No. 94. Aaron Marcellus, Belyidere.

Puzzle No. 94. Aaron Marcellus, Belvidere, ill. Puzzle No. 95. Charles R. French, 810 Ot-

Puzzle No. 98. Clinton Tillinghast, 3 Pleasant street, Medford, Mass.
Puzzle No. 99. Harry Bischoff, 215 Norris street, St. Paul, Minn.

SONETHING NEW A KNIFE with any name or initials beautifully to every purchaser. Etching done by a FREE new process, will never wear off. Knife has two for cents, postraid. Star handle 75 cents.

60 cents, postpaid. Stag bandle 75 cents. PROCRESS ENGRAVING CO., Salyersville, Ky.

Prizes in Photographic Contest.

On Christmas morning last Albert W. Fifield, of Mind apolis rith, W. Va.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 100.

Numerical.

My whole is the translation of motto on the medal issued by Gustavus Adolphus in 1622. 33 letters. My 14, 19, 1, 4, 9, 13, 17, 21, is to tithe. My 31, 23, 30, 6, 2, 32, 29, 12, 1, 25, is spokes-

My 33, 15, 13, 3, 27, 7, 11, 10, is sincerely. My 22, 28, 25, 8, 18, is new and strong. My 24, 19, 16, 26, 5, 25, 20, is one who rises again.

No. 101.

Enigma.

Sometimes I am a ceremony. Performed with pomp and airs. Again, to set down for reading. To lessen, or add to, your cares. Betimes I never can be wrong. Whate'er my foes may say. Again, I'm told "Do thus and so, Else you will get no pay." Else you will get no pay."
There's many a man who's name is mine,
You meet them oft with smile benign.
Now you must know your spelling book,
If me you guess with one short look.

No. 102.

Square--Word.

1. To entwine. 2. Resembling a rostrum.
3. A genus of Bryozoa. 4. An infidel. 5. One being trained. 6. An island in River St. Clair. 7. Doth elate.

No. 103.

Hidden Birds.

- Low can we avert the evil?
- Katahdin is now capped with snow. Ally read to the poor old lady. Put Carlo on the scales. He is a heavy
- dog. Grandma began knitting when she was
- five.
 We shall march about five miles. (Continued on page 12%.

\$25.00 IN COLD CIVEN AWAY.



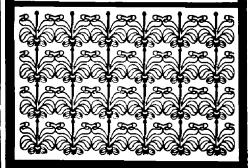
A whole Flower Garden all for 10 cents. "Sell like hot cakes." You can earmone of these beautiful presents in a day. Order quick. No money required in advance. Send for Needs, sell the 30 packages sent you, and return us \$3.00. Then we will mail you the Beasstiful Present promptly. Address U.S. SEED CO., Box 1540, Boston, Mass.

No TROUBLE-No WORRY PERFECT PRESSWORK PERFECT COUNT

The Printing of JOHN F. EBY & COMPANY is Perfect Printing

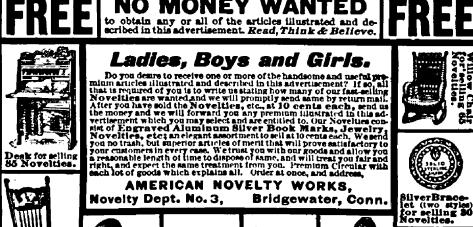
65-67-69 Congress Street West DETROIT, MICH,

CHAS. J. JOHNSON, General Manager











Oak Rocker for selling 40 Novelties.













(Continued from page 127.) The days will soon grow longer. In Pawpaw rent is very low.

No. 104.

Cross-Word.

My first is in jump, but not in run.
My second is in bayonet, but not in gur.
My third is in scratch, but not in bite.
My fourth is in dark, but not in light.
My fitth is in semi, but not in half.
My sixth is in jolly, but not in laugh.
My seventh's in digging-but not in delve.
And my whole was commander in 1812.

No. 105. Charade.

My FIRST by Captain Kidd was used. In which to stow away his treasure: With strong men 'tis essential, and More strong the man, more great it's measure.

Pronounced by some, it is a game, Where brain and patience both are tried; Here comes, on somewhat smaller scale, The general's skill, on every side.

My SECOND really is my WHOLE, On winding thread 'tis often found, Or lies abundant—tempting—sweet, Upon the leaf-spread autumn ground.

And if It's lost, the wheelman may, if fortune has determined so. Be forced to trudge back home on foot, Perchance, ten miles he'll have to go.

My WHOLE'S my SECOND, as I've ob-

served.
And for It boys leave school in haste;
but put a horse before It, and
It loses all Its luscious taste.

—A. P. Payson.

No. 106.

My first is in laugh, but not in cry, My second in you, but not in 1. My third is in zig-zag, but not in straight, My fourth is in town, but not in state, My fifth is in stone, but not in tile. My whole is a large American Isle.

GEORGE PERCIVAL ROBERTSON, Park Hill, on Hudson, N. Y.

Prizes.

For the first complete list of solutions we

For the first complete list, \$1.00.

For the second complete list, \$1.00.

For the third complete list, 50 cents,

For the fourth complete list, 50 cents.

Chat With Solvers.

Frank Tufts, and a hundred others: Give

and a subscription to the paper. He is probably wondering why he doesn't get his paper and a prize. Without his name we can do nothing.

Edwin Callender: We cannot tell you by letter whether you won a prize or not. You must wait for the next magazine. We have received 634 answers to the puzzles in the December number. You can readily see how impracticable it is for us to write.

Foreign Postage Stamps.

To the boy sending the largest number of new subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY by. Feb. 20 we will give, in addition to the regular premiums offered, one half of the foreign stamps accumulated in our office for the month ending that date; to the two next to order one fourth each two next in order, one fourth each.



NATIONAL MEDICINE CO., Watch Dept. 145BNew Haven, Ct.

Pig right from the Paris Exposition, is the latest and greatest wonder out. More from the with this cute little porker han any thing ever invented. You simply blow him up like the picture herethen the Fig hegins to Sing. After any the growth in a limit grunt and finally of less. Everything shout the tragic rading of proor Piggy. Thousands of these Musical Bying Pigs were sold in Paris at the Exposition this season and they are now all the mage in New York. Don't fall to get one if you want some funtry the strongly made of a thin rubber substance so you can carry them in your yest pocket and auddenly blow him up and then there is more fun abead than a bos of monkeys. Just get one and try it. Agents can sell shem at the rate of a hundred an hour in a crowd. We seemed one FREE with lise, three months' trial subscription. One Doc. \$1.00, postpaid. Address, COM FORT, Box 767, A ugustan, Maine.
Two sent for \$5 cents or five for \$6 cents.



DO TOU WANT A WATCH that runs and keeps goes that I wants has a POLID GRILD had once handesome that, dust proof, adjusted to position, potent compensant, and highly finished. This is a runstrable water with granteste it, and with proper care it should want and give entished for 3D years. It has the appearance of 800.501. ID GOLD one. The satch is accompanied with a 30 YEAR GUARANTEE. The cases are beautifully made by the most eitlied workers. The movement is an AMERICAN STILE, expanded when you can see of these truly handsome witches you will as all times have the correct time is your pomeration. Just the watch for railroad men, or those whe need a very close time. Do you want a watch of this character! If so, now is year opportunity to secure one. WE GUZ IT FREE as a premium to anyone for celling 13 plecon of corrections.

previous to a synce for celling 18 ploces of our handsome jevelry for los, each Simply send your handsome jevelry for los, each Simply send your handsome jevelry for los, each Simply send your handsome sold on the handsome sold in the landsome sold in the lands

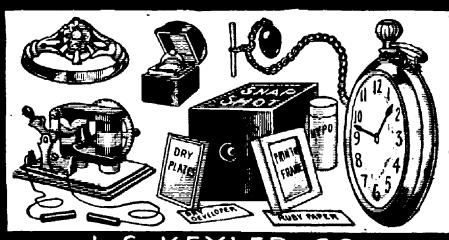
words in this advertisement. while working for us. Addre

FREE WE TRUST YOU with 20 large beautiful colored pictures worth 60c each. You sell them at only 18 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 JE WELRY OF SILVERWARE for what you do sell. We pay postage. We take back unsoid goods. We run all the risk. Address BTANDARD CO., Dept. A, Omaba Bldg., Ohleage.

WE TRUST YOU.

These Valuable Free

And your choice of 100 others for selling 20 packages of Alpine Perfume at 10 cents each. Boys Girls When sold, send us the \$2.00, premium will Ladies be sent instantly. No money wanted in advance. Premium list and instructions sent with goods.



1985 Madison Ave. Cincinnati, O.





and many other valuable articles. Our Belgian Hares are of the finest high bred
stock, and you can make from 5 to 10 dellars a
day breeding them. Our Watches are Nolid
Gold plated and are warranted. To earn one of our elegant premiums, sell 18 pieces of our Gold Plate Jewelry at 10 centseach
and send us the \$1.80 and we will send your premium at once,
sent for quick returns. Raise Belgian Hares and make money. Write to-day
CEM NOVELTY CO., 100 Maiden Lane, Attleboro, Mass.

A YEAR, PAYARLE WEEKLY RY DLD RE-

Cany againg to do, should write at once. We allow \$5.00 m day for expenses in addition to begin, we send first week's expenses. As soon as arrangements are completed for you to begin, we send first week's expenses. We want 12 honest, ambitious persons who will appreciate the confidence reposed in them and share profits on business. As soon as arrangements are completed for you to begin, we send first week's expenses. We want 12 honest, ambitious persons who will appreciate the confidence reposed in them and who desire to be connected with a large concern where they will be well treated and have an opportunity to build up with the house, Address with references and stamp for reply, PRESIDENT MONROE CO., 280 Moson Building, CHICAGO.



If you want a Watch that IS a Watch, and a beautiful Ring—please read this offer. Our Watch represents the perfection of its class, rich, solid nickel finish, best made American Movement, dust proof case, extra heavy bevelled crystal, fully warranted and guaranteed. Our Ring is the very finest extra heavy seamless, solid gold, famous Tiffany style setting, set with a magnificent flashing growthse Opal. To get this fine Watch or beautiful Ring FREE, just send us your name and address and we will mail you Is Stick Pins to sell at 10c each. When sold, send us the \$1.50 and we will send by return mail the Watch or Ring as above for your trouble. Our Stick Pins are stone set and so pretty you can sell 3 or 4 to each person, and earn your Watch or Ring in a few minutes.

ANAWAN JEWELRY CO., I MAIN ST., NO. ATTLEBORO, MASS.



You can easily and quickly GOUGH, Ladics' Jacket, Sheea, Bream Shirit, Mackinsteah, Watch, Camera, Bleyele, Guitar, Mandelin, Viellin, Etc., by selling a lew boxes of our high-grade Toilet SAMPLES Soap or Periume to your friends & neighbors FREE advance. We have the best plan for Boys, Giris and women. Our premiums are absolutely the best, Large illustrated list of premiums maticd FREE. Write for particulars. DAWSON SOAP CO., S6 Fifth Ave., Dent. 166. CHICAGO. 11 (2)

to-day for particulars. DAWSON SOAP CO., 56 Firth Ave., Dept. 160, CHICAGO, ILLS-



FREE TO BRIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS

Either of these Selid Gold Laid Rings set with
these genuine Opals or Kohe Diamond, or your
choice of Club Skates. Brooches, Pocket Knives and other valuable
premiums illustrated in our large catalogue for selling only one
dozen pieces of our jewelry at ten cents each. Bend us your name and address at once.
No money required. Bell the goods, return us \$1.20 and we will send the premium you
Every premium warranted.

elect by return mail. Every premium warranted, EARL JEWELRY COMPANY, 44 Main Street, ATTLEBORO, MASS.

MERICAN

[Spragee Publishing Company, Publish Detroit, Mich. (Majestic Building).

MONTHLY Vol. 2. No. 5

Detroit, Michigan, March, 1901

PRICE, \$100 A YEAR 10 Cents a Copy

LEARN TO CREATE

OR every one boy or man who is entitled to be called an originator there are ten thousand who must be known as imitators. The world waits a long time—sometimes centuries—for some one to originate a very simple thing which works mighty changes imagines is too hard for him. in commercial and home life; then it takes a very few days for thousands to set to work imi- to thinking about making money. We are glad to amount to much who waits till some one tells tating the thing which they had

We want our boys to be originators—to be creators, and not mere automatons. I do not mean that every boy ought to set to work trying to invent a machine or a process. I mean, rather, that every boy should study to be original in thought and action, in even the little affairs of his daily life, so that when he comes to be a man he will not be dependent upon others to think for him and lead him.

not the skill to originate.

Parents have a great deal to do in the matter of cultivating originality in their children. When the boy wants to know how to do a thing, set him to work trying to do it of his own effort. Give him, perhaps, a suggestion as to how, but don't take him the whole way. Throw him upon his own resources. Make him feel, even when he is young, his own responsibilities.

The greatest successes—I almost said all the greatest successes -among men, have been successes in new fields of achievement, or in old fields by original methods. There are many virgin fields of effort still open to our boys, and I am asking that they be trained while young to so think for themselves and do for themselves that

enter these fields as explorers and creators.

biography as a stepping-stone to success. Perhaps it does no harm, and doubtless here and there it does inspire a boy to lengthen out his steps in order that his feet may fall in some great man's tracks; but studying biography will never make a boy great. Let him throw away his reading for a little while and sit down and think out a way, and then go and earnestly pull that we don't think enough; we wait till somebody pulls or pushes us. When the boy has a everything save how to make money. Some one

problem before him, as he has almost every day ought to establish a school to teach moneyof his life, in his work and in his play, cause him to sit down and think of a way out of it, and let | head full of logarithms and Greek and Latin him not, as soon as he gets into difficulty, run to his elders for advice and help, and whine over it until some one older than he puts shoulder to the wheel. Better that the boy should suffer a little than that he should learn to fall back upon others every time he finds something that he



when they grow to be men they will naturally of it. Money isn't everything in life, nor is it the celebrate, he invited in his friends, and they tochief thing; but three meals a day, good shelter, gether soon made a hole in the big yellow I have never had much use for the study of and good clothes go a long way toward making lump. After several days feasting on that buta man, and these things require money. Good ter it was gone. At the beginning of the next food, good shelter and good clothing have more to do with good morals than we have any idea folks couldn't afford to keep him there any of. Charitable institutions that look after boys longer. know very well that the first thing to do in bracing up a boy morally is to give him a good scrubbing and put respectable clothes on him.

Very few men know how to make money. for success. The trouble with the most of us is Less than five, it is said, in every hundred escape business failure in life. Boys are taught by very good witnesses:

making, so that when a boy has crammed his roots he can spend a year or two filling in the chinks with a few ideas of how not to fail financially. Maybe more boys then would escape the humiliation, and mental, and ofttimes moral, collapse that comes so often to men late in life as the result of not knowing how to make money.

We are receiving many letters from boys ask-THE AMERICAN Boy has stirred up many boys ing how they can earn money. No boy is going

> him how to succeed. Much can be taught a boy in this line, but no one can sit down and say to any particular lad, this or that is your way. This world of ours is so made that every little tub has got to stand on its own bottom. Every boy has chances which are peculiarly his. Let my boy sit down and think them out. Advice, perhaps, will not hurt him, but let him not put too much stock in advice. Remember that every creator of a new thing or a new idea starts out with the whole world against him. If a fellow is going to try a new thing, or an old thing in a new way, advice is pretty nearly the poorest capital with which he can start. Particularly is this so with the boy, for boys, they say, don't amount to much anyway. Very few people have time to give advice that is really valuable to them. Such advice is usually half-baked, and is almost always discouraging.

> Let me close by telling you two stories:

> One day a poor boy who was having a hard time getting through Harvard College received from his mother, who lived on a farm, a crock of fresh, fragrant butter. The boy hadn't tasted any good butter for a long while, so he was greatly pleased. To

term the boy didn't return to college, as the old

This story sounds true. Boys in college often get crocks of butter from home, and they often eat it. Boys often leave college, too, because their parents cannot afford to keep them there.

The following is a story that is vouched for

A poor boy at Harvard who was living on (Continued on Page 188.)

IN A FOREST PRISON

ISABEL HORNIBROOK *kaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa*aa



ES, the Maine wilds have been my playground for a good many years—ever since I got into a pretty miry scrape, and learned the most wholesome lesson of my life there,' Judge Havden. looking round upon a dozen of us young people who were gathered about him on the broad plazza of his Brooklyn home.

"I never told you about that trip, did I?" he went on, with a quicksilver sparkle in his deep eyes. "Here goes, then! You can pull me up if I'm too longwinded in summing up those old adventures. I wasn't eighteen when I first camped out in Maine with three other fellows—Neal Heatherington, Jack Ginn and Leon Ormsbee—Neal being our captain and leader, for he was twenty one, attended a technical school and understood the use of a compass-or vowed he

"We had decided to do our tramping and hunting economically, without a guide, for we could not afford his fees; and after ludicrous misadventures we found ourselves near the foot of Katahdin, camping by a lonely 'logon,' which curved into the forest from a small lake, called Fir Pond. On the bank of that tiny bay we discovered a deserted lean-to, just big enough for a man and his dog-with the dog outside. But we managed to make it shelter our four heads for a day or two, while we discussed the main object of our trip, which was, of course, to get a sight of that 'ignis fatuus of hunters,' the bull-moose.

We held a solemn pow wow around the camp fire on our first evening by that lonely water, 'talking moose' from different levels of inexperience. I was the youngest and most ignorant of the party, but I determined to shine at the council, for my pride was stung by the treatment I had received since we started as the 'kid of the camp.'

"I had been given the softest bed, lightest pack, and more than my share of the cooking to do, while Leon, at any rate, always 'jumped' on me if I ventured to offer an opinion about any phase of forest life. So that night I felt bound to assert myself, and went the wrong way about it. I 'talked fire,' as the Indians say-bragged outrageously-about my crack shots at deer and bear in the Adirondacks. You'd have thought the animal wasn't born that could get the better of me, and that I knew as much wood lore as any old woodsman. Neal and Jack only laughed at 'blowing.' But Leon got surly.

'For mercy's sake!' he growled at last, 'will somebody puncture that windbag?' pointing at me.

'And when we stretched ourselves on our bed of pine boughs, I heard him nudge Jack Ginn and whis-'Say, we'll have to give that young greenhorn a good scare or a licking to bring him to his bearings, or his company will be insufferable for the rest of the trip.'

"'Well, I guess you'll have to rise pretty early to get ahead of me,' I muttered, and went comfortably to sleep, knowing that I had kept up my end through all our misadventures, without any grumbling or 'playing down.'

Next morning we were all amiable, deciding to take it easy for that day and explore the shores of the pond, but they proved tame. About noon Leon,

Jack and I left Neal trying to photograph a doe feeding on lily pads by the water's edge, and filed off into the woods to bag some meat for supper. "Our

captain warnings after us that we were to stick together, and on no account to lose pond was far behind, and the sunlight of its banks had filtered down to a variegated green twilight, with sky-hiding, sorrowing pines overhead, and a muffling carpet of needles underfoot, varied by mysterious jungles of under-

when all of a sudden it struck me that the silence seemed more absolute than it had been five minutes before. I wheeled about and found myself-alone.

"I tell you a shiver, like a cold splash, went over me! For a while I couldn't shout; the stillness drugged my voice, so that only a husky little sound came when I gathered breath for a roar.

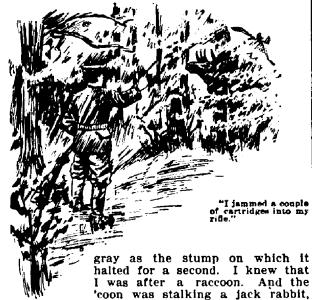
"The forest at that place was more dense and primeval than any we had yet struck, and the lone-liness was so terrible that it seemed to materialize and hem me in, until I had a desperate feeling of being prisoned by some jailor too intangible to fight. I asked myself in a cold ague what had become

of the other fellows. Had the needle-covered ground swallowed them? Or, had they melted into the cobwebs of September haze which drifted through a gap in the trees where a huge windfall lay rotting? I tell you it was a time for remembering all the fairy stories one had ever read and disbelieved! At last I got my voice free, and yelled. There was no answer, only a long, soft rustle of the pine crowns overhead. But somehow that enlightened me, 'as if the trees gave away the trick.

'I couldn't have lost them so suddenly,' I said to myself. 'I believe they're just hiding somewhere to scare me. Well, Jim Hayden, you've played at too many games to show them the white feather. You'll bag your own meat and find your way back to camp

without those jokers—or not at all.'
"At that unlucky moment I saw a stir among some bushes about twenty yards from the trail. All churned up inside with anger and excitement, off I bounded softly towards that tangle, which I was convinced sheltered a deer, forgetting Neal's injunction not to guit the line of spotted trees, forgetting everything but the reckless determination to show those practical jokers that they hadn't 'downed me.'

"No buck jumped out of the thicket, but I presently caught sight of a thing with pointed nose and hair



with as much strategy as a general. I got a glimpse of him now and again as I dodged on blindly, not halting even when the forest rang with anxious shouts, which told that Leon and Jack, frightened at the result of their trick, were doing their troubled best to locate me.

'Let them swallow their own joke,' I muttered savagely, and kept right on in my zigzag course. answering neither shout nor signal shot, till both died away in the distance.

"I think I found my sober senses at last where I lost my 'coon, on the bank of a tunnel-like stream. I knew that I had wandered a long way from the spotted trail, but I turned boldly enough to grope my way back to it. I walked-walked-walked. with intervals of stumbling and climbing, until my legs were stiff as ramrods, and my feet galled through the thin soles of my moccasins. But never a blazed' tree could I find.

My wind and my opinion of myself decreased together. I called myself a 'hare brained idiot,' for leaving the trail, and for being so vindictive as not to answer Leon and Jack when they tried to undo their thoughtless joke. Those fun makers were far enough from me now, for though I fired my Winsome former hunter, which extended for a mile or two into the forest. We followed it steadily will lowed it steadily will be standard to standard the standard to standard the standard to standard the standard to standard the s

lowed it steadily until the It took all the remaining starch out of me. I groped a little farther through the green-misted puzzle, came upon what I took for a mossy bank, and plumped down on it.

"Gracious! the next minute I saw stars. It gave way under me with a horrid crash of crumbling timber; and down I went, my legs, supported by a stiff crust of bark, waving upright, my jarred head just peeping out of the hole I had made. My bank, masked with living green, was a decaying old windfall.

growth.

"Well, I hauled myself out of that tree-trap, thinking that my back was broken. And if ever you saw ahead with much bravado, looking for the next blazed too shaken in mind and body to go farther. Then, Great Caesar! it makes me feel weak now to think of

tree—only every third or fourth one was spotted—| with a groaning glance at my watch, I realized that it was nearing five o'clock, that in an hour or two, not twilight, but night-black gloom would reign in At the same time I became conscious the woods. that I was ferociously hungry, and that some nice fruity smell was coaxing my nostrils.

"'I'm in the worst scrape of my life,' I said to my-'And it's ten to one that I won't get out of it alive! But if I could only find something to eat, and water, I'm not downed yet!'

"On I went again, letting my nose take the lead, and much puzzled by a queer noise which I heard far away in the forest. It was rather like a woodsman chopping at the trees with a blunt axe, only the sounds seemed too shifting and random to be made by anything human. So, afraid of drawing some unknown danger in my direction, I just forged ahead till I came to broader streams of light, like golden creeks, flowing into the gloom. Presently I found myself on the edge of a great stretch of open ground, bordered on either side by the forest, and far away by a pine-crowned ridge.

"Right before me was a patch of bushes, which looked rose-misted in the evening light, so rich were they with the wild raspberries which I had smelled half a mile off. Down I lay and feasted till the gap inside me was partly stopped, then went on to look

"I found it at some distance from the raspberry tangle, a tiny, shallow well, bubbling out of a mossy knoll, the ground around being soft and marshy. The little tin cup which hung at my belt came in handy; and I was just filling it a fourth time when from the forest on my right came a noise so wild and startling that it dropped from my hand and clinked on the pebbles at the bottom of the spring.

'What an unearthly sound! I couldn't describe it. It began something like the gentle bellow of a homing cow, swelling out into a plaintive roar. It rose and wailed, boomed and sank, while I just choked with bewilderment. At last it died in an appealing grunt, and was presently answered by a challenge from another part of the wood. I guess I snorted. like a buck on the jump, myself, while I stood and listened. Again I heard that strange noise, as of a blunt axe striking the trees, which had puzzled me before. It was nearer now, and accompanied by a smashing of twigs and undergrowth, as if an engine were tearing through the woods.

'Gracious! I thought, 'there are enough scares in these forests to keep a fellow's hair bristling all the time!' My eyes began to bulge. Among the disturbed shadows, just within the straggling outer line of trees, appeared a creature taller than a horse, with broad antlers, and broad nose upreared, sniffing the evening scents, looking like some strange animal of a former world. With a start in which I seemed to shake my indentity and jump back to pre-civilized times, I realized that this was the 'Jabberwok.' the bull-moose, and that it was his mate I had heard calling.

"I jammed a couple of cartridges into my rifle and fired, feeling as if I could not aim steadily enough to hit a haystack. But perhaps I grazed him, for the next thing I knew he had plunged boldly out from the trees and was coming for me full tilt, doubtless taking me for some new fangled, fire-breathing animal that threatened that musical cow. I dropped my Winchester and sprinted, making for a clump of hemlocks some hundreds of yards away. Before I could reach the first outstanding tree which I could climb, there was a broad patch of ground that looked as if it was carpeted in crimson velvet with here and there a dwarf spruce waving a dejected head, and



scolding myself for not re-membering that he was more

The moose had halted near the edge of the bog."



"At last I got my voice free, and yelled."

bog water, and I felt myself sinking—sinking in an pit. It trembled, but the roots held. oozy hole that had no bottom.

"In a moment I was up to my waist. The harder I struggled to get out the deeper I sank. I wonder now that my hair didn't whiten in the moment when I realized that the bog was a quaking morass, and that I was being swallowed out of sight and time forever in one of these treacherous 'spring-holes' of which I had heard woodsmen speak.

"I caught at the red lichens round me; they broke and squeezed like sponges. The horrible, oozing water was hardly a foot from my chin, when, with what I felt to be my dying sob, I flung out my arms and managed to clutch the branches of a weak sapling which the wind swayed towards me.

"Goodness! but it was a frail thing—seemed only

it-my feet splashed through a film of moss into black | a straw to stand between a fellow and the bottomless | had got a guide from another camp to help him.

With a sick breath I glanced round at the terror behind. The moose had halted near the edge of the bog, among the squirting pitcher plants. I guess in roaming the forest since he was a 'spike-horn,' he had learned more about quagmires than I knew. He sniffed to windward inquiringly. Just then from the piny ridge ahead came a banging volley of signal shots. I think he wheeled at the repeated thunder, and made for the woods, but I was concentrating my dregs of strength in frantic yells—just daring that fellow who was speaking with the Winchester to go away and leave me to sink wretchedly out of the world.

"Well, he didn't! It turned out to be old Neal who had been scouring the forest for me for hours. He

And together they hauled me out.

"Leon and Jack had suffered so much from him and their consciences that I forgave the practical joke which began my troubles, acknowledging that I had been a 'windbag,' but was cured of empty 'blowing' forever.

"After all I had a crow over them. For I had seen the 'Jabberwok.' And not once again did we come within sight or sound of moose during the whole trip," finished the judge, laughing. "But for the rest of the time I was content to be the 'kid of the camp,' having discovered how little I really knew of woodlore. And I resolved then and there that never again, on any occasion, should my talk be bigger than myself."

Roly-poly's Recitation

A Story for Little Boys and Their Friends

Louise J. Strong

His name was George Washington Willis, but that was so long a name for so short a boy that they put it away with his best clothes, and called him Roly-poly for plain every day. When he had grown into pants he meant to be called George Washington and nothing else, but that was a secret that he had not even told mamma yet.

It was all down on the programme, though, for sister Bess had given it to the teacher and asked her to please read it out real loud so that the visitors might hear what a fine, appropriate name it was for the rosy little fellow in brief skirts and big collar, who was to recite such a be-a-u-ti-ful verse about the Great George Washington.

The whole family, not excepting papa himself, had taken part in drilling him for the occasion; though the training of his mischievous brother, W. W. (William Wirt Willis), was rather confusing to the small mind in that he insisted on repeating a catchy parody, a combination of the verse and "Jack and the bean stalk," a story that Roly-poly was very fond of

hearing.

"W. W., W., you will spoil it with your mischief, I am afraid," mamma remonstrated.

But W. W. W. laughed carelessly, saying, "Oh, G. W. W. knows better than to repeat my nonsense."

Little Aunt May and big Aunt Helen, with mamma and an interested neighbor or two were all going to the

Washington's birthday exercises on purpose to listen to Roly-poly's recitation, it being his first appearance on the platform that they felt sure he was destined to grace in the future.

He was the very youngest and smallest speaker, too, and his sisters. Bess and Mabel, were very proud of his little curly head and big eyes, and even of the cunning lisp he had, he could not speak the long words quite plain yet; but it was all the more cute for that, they thought.

"Now say it once more, Pettikins," Aunt Helen coaxed after he was all ready, "big and loud like a little man."

And Roly-poly said it bravely without a single mistake and they all applauded and kissed him delightedly. Then W. W., standing in the hall, reeled off his parody in a sing-song that made Roly-poly laugh and they set out for the school house in a fine

Roly-poly felt so brave and independent, he wasn't going to be afraid, not at all; and he sat on mamma's knee and listened with close attention, so much absorbed that when the teacher called his name, George Washington Willis, very loud and clear, he just sat and looked at her and didn't remember that it meant him until Aunt Helen whispered, "Now, then, little man," and Auntie May leaned down and said the verse once more to him before he started to the platform.

The whole room smiled, he was so little and round and fat and pretty; and when the teacher lifted him upon the platform he stood looking about him, the smiles grew broader, and someone started to clap and then they all caught it and made quite a breeze of it before the teacher could stop them.

That confused Roly-poly and frightened him a little and he stood with his finger in his mouth, while sisters Bess and Mabel and aunties Helen and May made signs to him and whispered the first line to encourage

Bess was in an agony of apprehension. It couldn't be that he was going to fail! But it seemed so until, in looking about, he caught mamma's eye and she smiled and nodded and made the first words with her

Then the little face cleared, the scared look was chased away by a bright smile, and Bess drew a long breath of relief as he straightened up and put his chubby arms down close to his sides, as they had taught him, and made a stiff little bow that set his curls shaking.

"Oh isn't he too sweet!" Bess' seat mate murmured. And then, don't you think-Roly-poly lifted up his shrill little voice and said out as loud as he could, stumbling just a little over the big words, that par-ody of brother W. W. W.'s, which ran like this:

George Washington was a little boy, Oh, a little boy was he; He stuck his hatchet in his little red jacket, And he climbed that cherry tree. And he hacked and hacked, till that beautiful tree Was a sad, sad sight to see.

Dear! dear! The little sisters put their heads down and cried, aunties Helen and May looked out the window with very red faces; but George Washington Willis marched proudly back to his mamma and climbed into her lap with a very self-satisfied expression. And mamma kissed and cuddled him just as if he had not made such a blunder and set the boys to snickering behind their hands, and the visitors, too, passing their handkerchiefs politely over their faces.

When tearful Bess told the story at home, W. W. W. rolled on the floor and laughed, and papa ha-ha'd and said, "Well done for George Washington; he didn't cry anyhow," and he tossed the little fellow till his short skirts and yellow curls were all a flutter and he shricked with delight.

THE DARING DEEB OF A YOUNG FEDERAL, CAPTAIN C. FRANCIS CLARKE

The twelfth story of a series entitled "Stories of Boy Heroes"

ANNAH ROBINSON WATSON

After the terrible conflict of Shiloh, in 1862, the Confederates, reduced to thirty thousand men, retreated under General Beauregard to Corinth, Mississippi.

The Federals, under General Halleck, were gathered on the banks of the Tennessee river and numbered one hundred thousand. Generals Grant, Pope, and Buell, with their respective commands, were included in this number.

The Confederates were rallying for the attack which they felt must soon be expected from this magnificent force, for they knew that the outlook was a very serious one. They were not only reduced by the recent heavy losses of Shiloh, but their ranks were decimated by illness. Poor and insufficient food, added to unwholesome water had caused many cases of fever, and a large number of the troops were utterly unfit for

These conditions were carefully considered and then General Beauregard instituted the most vigorous measures for their improvement. The sick soldiers were sent home to recuperate for the summer cam-The work of building breastworks and fortifications around Corinth was commenced at once, and from the breastworks. They were ready, thousands scouts were sent out to secure information relating to the enemy, and couriers to other Southern commands asking for reinforcements.

Corinth, it was thought, would be the scene of a great battle and soon Generals Price and Van Dorn started upon forced marches to join Beauregard. They reached the scene of action in good shape, but even with their addition the Confederates only numbered fifty three thousand effectives, while the Federal army was now one hundred and ten thousand strong, composed of men in fine physical condition and most splendidly equipped for the encounter.

General Halleck, commanding this immense force. advanced cautiously. As yet it had been impossible for him to secure reliable information of the strength or purpose of the Confederates. Vague rumors of the most exaggerated nature were afloat, and he felt it wise to be, in a sense, on the defensive even while inviting the conflict.

On the evening of the 29th of May the Federals had approached within easy reach of the Confederate fortifications, but a halt was called and the troops went into camp for the night. It was believed that General Beauregard had collected the strongest force yet put into the field by the Confederates and that they would attack in the morning.

Night, ominous and portentous, settled down upon the camp and upon the town with its far reaching fortifications. The cordon of Federal sentinels took position in the space between, and every heart was burdened by a conscious apprehension of the probable carnage of the day so rapidly approaching.

It seemed that in the town no one slept. All night long trains appeared to be coming and going, and the wild cheers of men desperately in earnest broke the stillness over and over again.

"Reinforcements," said the Federal sentinels.
'We'll have the whole South to fight in the morning." At earliest dawn this information was carried to General Halleck: "They have been receiving troops all night and have collected an immense force behind the fortifications."

A little while later the Federal camp was all astir with life, the men were hastily preparing for battle, commands were being given and regiment after regiment advanced and formed in line expecting of stalwart hearts and arms, while flags waved, bayonets gleamed and all eyes watched for the first signal from the Confederates, but not a sound was heard, no signal was discovered, the stillness of death hung over the town. The Federals paused irresolute. It seemed that the enemy was waiting for them to come nearer, but this would have been probably to court wholesale slaughter.

Suddenly one of their young officers, Captain C. Francis Clarke, rode up to his General and said earnestly: "General, let me reconnoiter the ground! I'll find out what the enemy is doing!"

"What, ride across the open in face of the galling fire which would certainly greet you, and the death you would certainly meet?" asked the General.

"Yes, sir," answered the young hero, "we need the information and it can only be secured in this way.'

Consent was given and away dashed the young captain down the declivity. His horse flew like a captive bird released from the net, while the whole army watched breathless, expecting each moment to see both horse and rider torn into a thousand fragments by bursting shell or avalanche of shot.

Across the open they sped, a ravine was encountered, the horse made a gallant leap but missed the farther edge and came down with a shrill whinny of pain. The Captain was dashed to the ground, but in an instant the two were up again and on towards the fortifications which still were grim and silent.

The Captain did not check the reins until well in their shadow, then turning in his saddle he gave a wild cheer, rose in the stirrups and waved his cap to the waiting army which advanced and marched into Corinth, taking immediate possession of the city and all it contained without firing a gun. But counted among its valuables, were no Confederate soldiers.

General Beauregard, finding that an engagement would be most disastrous to his men, that his force would inevitably be annihilated by the overwhelming adversary, had retired during the night of the 29th, and so successfully had the strategic move been made that not the faintest suspicion of his intention had reached the Federals. The cheering of the Confederates and movement of trains during the night which was supposed to betoken the arrival of reinforcements, was ordered as part of the ruse and accomplished the purpose desired.

The heroic action of Captain Clarke was most enthusiastically applauded by his comrades, and it is none the less deserving of honorable mention and memory because the withdrawal of the enemy prevented a death which he and all others thought inevitable.

Later that same year the gallant young hero started with his command for Vicksburg. The first night out from Memphis he was taken ill. He was sent back to that city and it is said died there.



degree, an outcast from his own kind, skulking, yelping, only fighting when he cannot flee, and only recognized as a poor substitute for a dog where no better may be had. And yet, like the rare diamond among the outcast children of the slums, the poor brakje

Throw something sometimes rises so high above the disreputable level of his species as to be worthy of an honored place even among his noble kin, the St. Bernards and Newfoundlands. One day during the dry season of

the veldt, a party of traders were

crossing the hot, dust-yellow plain toward Kimberley. At noon they were near the summit of a small kopje, or hillock, and as this offered as much air as there was stirring, they dismounted and made preparations for the midday meal.

This kopje, like most of those they had crossed, had a straggling coat of karroo bushes, many of them but a few inches high; and among them was an occasional milk bush, with long finger-like leaves, and here and there a tuft of grass or a clump of prickly pears with uplifted, thorny arms.

Presently one of the party noticed a small animal

making directly toward them through the karroo bushes, and, as it came nearer, recognized the intruder as a brakie.

"Throw something at the cur, Dick," he called, irritably, to one of his companions; "we wouldn't mind feeding a decent dog, but we don't want any of these cowardly mongrels skulking about and maybe following us. Never mind if you do break some of his bones.

Dick caught up a stick and threw it with skillful aim, but instead of slinking away, as they expected, the animal dodged the missile and came nearer. Again Dick threw, and again the animal dodged adroitly aside, this time coming to within a few feet of where they were sitting, and beginning to whine piteously.

"Hold on, Dick," another man called suddenly, "never mind firing any more clubs. I believe the brute's starving. Toss him a chunk of meat instead-

Dick obediently selected a piece of meat almost half into the air to meet it. But the offering was too large for the brakje to grasp in mid air, and both dog and meat fell rolling upon the ground. Only for a moment, however, then the brakje was upon his feet. and, seizing the prize with a firmer grip, bounded away into the karroo bushes.

"Afraid to eat it in sight of us," the first speaker said, laconically; "that's the way with all cowardly brutes. They think somebody is trying to steal from them. This cur will sneak off into some solitary place and gorge himself. Well, if he eats all that meat he will not be hungry again for a day or two."

But apparently he was mistaken, for ten minutes later the brakje was again looking up into their faces and whining entreatingly. Several of the men whistled under their breath.

"Throw him a chunk of meat, Dick," one of them called facetiously; "don't you see the brute's starv- the broken shells of birds' eggs.

The brakje of South Africa is a little cur of low | ing? Whew! I've heard that a Kaffir could eat his own weight in food; now if this cur devours another piece of meat I can at least testify that a brakje is able to. Give him a good big chunk, Dick."

More meat was thrown to the dog, and, as before, he seized it with a strong grip and bounded away into the karroo bushes. This they supposed would be the last of him, but, even in less time than before, he was back again, bounding from one to another, and looking up at them with big, entreating eyes that almost seemed to speak. What little fear and hesitation he had first shown, was now wholly gone. He seemed to have read them, and to have given them his full confi-

"What a dog!" cried several, in wondering admira-tion; "what capacity!" and one of them added: "Here Dick, throw him some more meat; we must fill him up, even if we have to kill a bullock to do it.'

A third piece of meat was thrown to him; but this time the dog merely smelled at it wistfully, and then turned back to them, an urgent entreaty in his whine and eyes, and every motion of his quivering, eager

"He wants to tell us something, I do believe," exclaimed one of the men suddenly.

"But he's still hungry," declared another; "that is evident from the way he smelled the meat. There was a ravenous longing in his every motion."

Apparently the dog understood they were talking

of him, for he gave a quick yelp and bounded into the karroo bushes, then stopped and looked back at them. "He wants us to follow him," cried the man who had asked Dick to drive the cur away. "Come on!"

He started after the brakje, and the others followed. The dog, with a joyous, comprehending bark, rushed deeper into the karroo bushes and then bounded back. and again rushed on and back, and on and back, as though he would tell them to go faster, and that a great deal depended on their speed.

Up through the karroo bushes to the summit of the kopje they hurried; and then the dog swerved off to the right and bounded on for three or four rods, stopping at length near a clump of prickly pears. When they came up panting they found him licking the face of an emaciated Kaffir, who was apparently dead.

But a brief examination showed that the man was merely unconscious, evidently from loss of blood and suffering. His body was covered with wounds, already beginning to heal, and one of his legs had been fear-

surgery had been attempted, for the leg was rudely bound with leaves and grasses, now dry and withcred under the hot glare of the sun. They could see where he had dragged himself across the sand as though in quest of the pitiful bit of shade which the prickly pear afforded.

One of the men went back over the trail which the dragging body had made. When he returned, his eyes sought the Kaffir with an odd look of questioning respect.

"I found the body of a lion down there," he said, gravely. "It must have been killed a week or ten days ago, for the flesh has been nearly removed by birds and ants. There were evidences of a fearful struggle, a hand to hand encounter, I should say, for I found a long knife in the head of the ani-mal."

"You don't mean-" began one of the listeners, incredulously.

"Yes, I do mean just that. I believe this man and the lion fought together, and this man conquered and dragged himself up here, in the condition you see. And furthermore, I believe the little mongrel has since acted as assistant surgeon by licking the wounds, and as sole provider." He nodded toward where the dog was still licking the Kaffir's face. Near the animal and within easy reach of the man's arm, were the two pieces of meat; and scattered about them were the cleanly picked bones of small animals and birds and

The men's eyes sought these, and then each other. The one who had asked Dick to drive the cur away looked

around with a sudden tenderness in his face.
"Yes, I see it all now," he said, slowly; "the little brakje caught animals and birds in some manner which he alone can explain, and brought them to his master. He licked the wounds, and kept off birds and other intruders which might have been harmful. Of course he could not bring water, and the man's unconsciousness is very likely due to thirst. Probably he did not lose his reason until some time this forenoon, and then the dog hurried off in quest of food, thinking that the remedy needed. But when he brought the pieces of meat, and his master would not touch them, he must have realized that the remedy was beyond his power to provide; then he came and implored our assistance.

"And there is another thing," his voice becoming softer; "I believe the dog has been starving himself in order to provide for his master. See how thin and emaciated he looks, and remember how he smelled that third piece of meat in camp. I suppose he felt that his moments were too precious just then to be wasted in eating. I even doubt if he has tasted food since his master dragged himself up here."

They were all silent for some minutes, looking at the Kaffir and the dog; then some one asked:

"What shall we do with them?"

"Take them along, of course," promptly. "A man who has been cared for as this one has, must be worthy of further looking after. His wounds are apparently doing well, and I think we will have no trouble to pull him through. We will take him down to camp, and then carry him on to Kimberley. There I will put him in the care of the best surgeon I can find. We must save him for the dog.

And they did. Before the end of three months the Kaffir was nearly as strong as ever, and by that time they had learned he was intelligent above his class, and that he was trustworthy and brave. When they offered him the position of hunter for their party, he accepted the place with a broad display of teeth. And so the brakje became a fixture of the camp whenever they were on the march; and though, of course, his first affection was always for the Kaffir, he had enough for all the men of the party, giving perhaps the second place to the one who had asked Dick to drive him away.

THE next two numbers of "The American Boy" will contain some great hunting and fishing matter.



They were all silent for some minutes, looking at the Kaffir and the dog.

A Boy in the United States Congress



The writer of the articles that have been appearing from time to time in this paper under the title, "A Boy in the United States Congress," was a lad of thirteen at the time when he was an eye witness of the scenes he describes, and was a part of the stories he relates. He performed the duties of page in the National House of Representatives at Washington in the early seventies, during sessions of the Forty second and Forty third Congresses, which occupied some of the most exciting years of congressional legislation. The articles heretofore published appeared in the November and December numbers of 1899, the January, February and April numbers of 1900, and the February, 1901, number.

THE INAUGURATION OF GRANT AND WILSON.

I am not sure but that I was one of but two or three boys who saw the entire inauguration ceremonies that took place on March 4, 1873, when General U.S. Grant and Henry Wilson were inaugurated President and Vice President, respectively. My readers, generally, know that the President always takes the oath of office and delivers his inaugural address from a platform on the East front of the Capitol, in the presence of a great throng of his fellow-citizens and an imposing array of soldiery. Many, however, do not know that just prior to this public ceremonial, a more private but equally impressive program is enacted in the United States Senate Chamber in the North Wing of the Capitol, when the Vice President elect takes the oath of office in the presence of a very distinguished company.

The inauguration of the Chief Magistrate takes place on the fourth of March following his election: and by the time this number of THE AMERICAN BOY has reached its readers, preparations will be wellnigh completed for the second inauguration of President McKinley, and Colonel Roosevelt will be safe home, we shall hope, from his hunting trip in the Rocky Mountains, and be the center of another impressive scene in the Senate Chamber. By the time these words are read, thousands of persons, representing every section of our great country, will be hurrying to Washington to see another inauguration; but they will see only that part of the program which is enacted on the East front of the Capitol, and will then hurry down to some point of vantage on Pennsylvania avenue, that wide, historic street that runs direct from the Capitol to the Treasury Department and the White House, to see the great procession as it wends its way from the Capitol, with bands of music, thousands of splendid soldiers and sailors,a great moving kaleidoscope of color, in which will be great Generals and Admirals, Governors and Judges, Cabinet Ministers and Senators, and, most conspicuous of all, the President and Vice President. Then, in the evening, every one who can pay the price, will aftend the great Inaugural Ball, and afterwards go home fully satisfied; but not one in ten thousand of the visitors will see the quiet and impressive ceremony with which the business of the other side, but not a sign of disapproval was day begins, when Colonel Roosevelt will take the oath of office as Vice President.

Father told me that if no objection was made to it by those who had a right to object, I could see all there was to be seen on that day; so at an early hour on the morning of March 4, 1873, when the streets of Washington were alive with people, father and I presented ourselves at the door of the rotunda of the Capitol, which on ordinary occasions is the main entrance to the great building, but found the doors closed and received the announcement that we were to enter at one of the basement entrances under the Senate side of the building. On presenting ourselves at this door, we were confronted by saw that, after all, my hopes might be nipped in the bud. A little colloquy followed, in which the question arose as to my right to enter, under the strict orders given, and for a minute I trembled with uncertainty; but with a wave of the hand the guard motioned me to go along; and, once inside, I was free to breathe, though I had yet several points of difficulty to overcome.

It was 9:30 in the morning, and even at that hour the corridors and lobbies of the Capitol were alive with visitors, all of whom were more or less distinguished men, or bore special invitations from those who were distinguished.

The ceremony was not to take place in the Senate Chamber till nearly noon, and between the hour of 9:30 and noon both the House of Representatives and Senate would be lively bodies, for these were the closing moments of Congress, only a few brief hours remaining in which to finish up the

business of the session. I had never witnessed the death of a Congress, and I did not suppose it could be so exciting. The House of Representatives on the preciting. vious day had held nearly a continuous session, from eleven o'clock in the morning until way into the night, and yet it seemed as if, in the little time that remained before noon of March 4, nearly every one of the members had important business to bring before the body, which meant life or death for him to successfully carry through.

The hall of the House was crowded, for not only were the members present, but former members, in Washington to attend the inauguration, and new members who had not yet taken their seats, were admitted to the floor, and with them scores of other more or less important personages who were allowed The galleries were, however, nearly the privilege. vacant, for the general public were not being admitted to the Capitol. I will not describe these closing hours, but may do so later.

As the hands of the clock approached twelve, Speaker Blaine announced that on the adjournment of the House the members would form in a procession and march directly to the Senate Chamber, the Speaker, with two of the oldest members of the House, leading the procession. After some miscellaneous business, Representative Dawes announced that the committee appointed to notify the President had discharged its duty, and that the President had informed them that he had no further communication to make. Speaker Blaine then arose, very commanding and dignified, and made a graceful acknowledgment of the courtesies shown him by the members and thanked them for their kind expressions, closing with the words: "And now, gentlemen, with a hearty 'God bless you all,' I discharge my only remaining duty in declaring that the House of Representatives for the Forty second Congress is adjourned without day." Then there was applause, and every one sought the cloak rooms, while the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House and the members of his staff made their preparations for the little procession that was to make its way directly through from the North to the South Wing of the Capitol. where the Senate was in session awaiting its coming. In the meantime there were gathering in the Senate Chamber many distinguished men of the army and the navy and judicial service, foreign ambassadors and ministers, and others high in official station.

Father and I took a place in the procession that was formed within the hall of the House, and in a few moments were at the entrance of the Senate Chamber. I feared that I might find some little question here from the watchful doorkeepers, for on this side raised. Father nodded pleasantly to these usually stern officials, holding me closely by the hand, while I made myself just as little and inconspicuous and unimportant as possible.

The Senate Chamber is not a large room, and there are just seats enough to comfortably accommodate the senators at their desks, and perhaps fifty more who can lounge on the easy settees scattered along three sides of the room; but for this occasion temporary accommodations had been made for several hundred more persons by bringing in chairs and crowding them into every available space.

The Senate was still at work when the procession was filing in; but at fifty minutes after eleven the several guards, and from their appearance I at once Vice President elect, Honorable Henry Wilson of that we will see it four years from now.

Massachusetts, entered the Chamber, accompanied by the committee of arrangements consisting of Senators Cragin, Logan and Bayard, and was escorted to a seat by the side of the retiring Vice President, Honorable Schuyler Colfax.

Vice President Colfax then arose and delivered his parting words.

At the close of the brief parting address of the Vice President, the new Vice President, Mr. Wilson. "Senators, in assuming the position arose and said: assigned me by the voice of the nation, I am not, 1 trust, unmindful of the obligations it imposes. A service here, somewhat prolonged, covering a period crowded with great events, and an association here with nearly two hundred and thirty senators, many of them Statesmen of large and varied experience, has impressed upon me the exalted ideas of the responsibilities resting upon the occupant of this Chair, under the rules of the Senate, Parliamentary Law, and the Constitution. On passing, then, from the seat I have held for more than eighteen years to this Chair, I trust I comprehend something of its just requirements,-something, too, of the tone and temper of the Senate. In presiding over your delibera-tions I shall ever strive to be free from personal prejudice and partisan bias. A sense of public duty and the obligation of personal friendship alike require that I shall be as considerate, as just, and as impartial as the lot of humanity permits. To the judgment, generosity and friendly regard of Senators I trustfully appeal for that counsel and encouragement, that forbearance and indulgence which 1 am sure I shall often require as your presiding officer."

Vice President Colfax then arose and administered the oath of office to the Vice President elect, and then said: "The time for the expiration of the Forty second Congress having arrived, I declare the Senate of the United States adjourned sine die."

The procession is formed again and passes out of the Senate Chamber, escorting the President and the Vice President under the historic dome and out through the bronze doors into the glare of sunshine that breaks upon the splendid scene. The minute that the well known face of Grant appears a tremendous shout goes up from the multitude—a shout that continues until the entire procession, comprising now nearly a thousand distinguished men, has found its way onto the platform to seats provided for them. It's a small boy for luck; for, crowded out of a place near my father's side at some distance from the center of interest, I espy a seat left vacant not ten feet away from the august group made up of the President of the United States, the Vice President, the retiring Vice President, and the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. As I look back upon it now I wonder at my temerity; but I remember that I was but a boy, and that from constant association with great men I had lost something of the awe usually felt in their presence; for did I not know many of them personally, had run errands for them and been joked by them until I could almost claim a familiar acquaintance? This very same General Grant whom the great multitude were gazing at had spoken to me once just like an ordinary individual, and the great Chief Justice, so sober in his robes of office, had once upon a time put his hand upon my head and in a joking way said, "You must have had a good mother." So I was not so awe-stricken but what I could see a good chair when it stood vacant before my eyes. Maybe I thought at the time that the boys of America needed a representative, on that platform, and if they did they didn't want him in any mean They wanted him up among the people that amounted to something. At any rate, while not one person out of ten thousand who stood throughout the taking of the oath of office and the delivering of the inaugural address could hear a word that was said, and while many who were even fifty feet away were unable to more than see the movement of the lips of the speakers, I got it all, even to the trembling of the hand that held the manuscript.

After all, the big thing about an inauguration is the people. The ceremony is brief and simple, but the crowds! The cheering! The flourish of trumpets! The marching and countermarching of countless uniformed men! The booming of cannon! The waving of flags! These are the things to strike the fancy of a boy; and then to sit where with one glance of the eye one could take it all in is to photograph it on the memory never to be effaced.

The brief ceremony over, the crowd disperses as quickly as possible, for the great procession is forming. Father and I hurry down one of the back streets to get away from the throngs; and, once inside the National Hotel, we are soon at our windows, which overlook the avenue, ready to witness the procession which passes hour after hour until it seems to be interminable.

I wish every boy could see, while a boy, an inauguration. I wish it were possible that he could see it under the favorable circumstances under which I saw it; it would be worth many days of schooling to him. Every four years, on the fourth day of March, the same scene is enacted. Many boys will see it in the next few days for the first time. We can all hope



(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. On arriving at Denver the trapper leaves them and Sinclair and the boys buy their outfit and start on the trail for Pike's Peak along the foot of the mountains. The first evening in camp Sinclair tells the boys a story, and Ned's pony makes a dash for home, but is captured by Sinclair. The day following Frank is lost among the mountains. He kills a stag, and spends a night alone in a canyon. night alone in a canyon.



ETTING away was not to be thought of, so the boy just stood there almost paralyzed with fear at the sight of the two figures

that now stood out in plain view be-fore him. His first thought was of his rifle, but he was so unnerved he couldn't have lifted it had he tried; and then just as the Indians started to approach him the thought flashed over him that maybe they would

prove friendly, and that his best plan would be to meet them as such; so he let the reins fall over his pony's neck, quickly dropped his rifle to the ground, and took several steps forward to meet his visitors. They evidently mistook his meaning, for though he was unarmed, the Indians at once stopped and fingered their weapons as if undecided as to the next best thing to do. At this Frank extended his right hand, all the time walking forward slowly. The two Indians then advanced cautiously. Attracted by a movement behind him, Frank cast a quick glance towards the pony, and found a third Indian holding the bridle and in the act of picking up the rifle.
"Surrounded, by jove!" said Frank to himself.

Then the two Indians, refusing his proffered handshake or not seeming to notice it, proceeded quickly and deftly to take away from him his revolver, ammunition and hunting knife, and then to bind his hands behind him with deer thongs. All the time they said nothing to one another and made not a sound save now and then a grunt, evidently an expression of satisfaction over the ease with which they had taken their prisoner.

"lost;" "friends;" "me friend;" "me pay money." But not a sign of recognition came from the swarthy faces excepting a stealthy glance or two. Frank noticed that the Indians didn't look him square in the face once. About the only sign they gave of being communicative was a shrug of their brawny shoulders and an ugly "Ugh." Then Frank thought to himself, "I'll repeat Uncle Bob's name. Maybe they know him and that will gain their friendship; so just as the big fellow came alongside with the pony and the rifle Frank said, distinctly, "Robert Sinclair." They plainly showed they did not under-"Robert stand, and Frank's heart sank within him.

He was now placed in line with the three Indians.

given to understand that he was to march—where Frank hadn't the remotest idea; not that he hadn't time to think, for he really couldn't do much else; it was no use trying to talk, and the scenery didn't interest him much. Any motion that he made to leave the path made by the Indian ahead of him resulted in a chorus of "Ughs!" from the fellows behind him that boded no good. The Indian last on the line was leading the pony, and, so far as Frank could determine, the animal was about as contented with his new master as with the old one.

Their way led for a short distance along the banks of the little stream and then struck off among the rocks. The boy had not walked much in the heavy boots that he wore; and while they served a good purpose to keep his feet from being cut on the jagged rocks, they tired and hurt him severely after the first half hour. The Indians, shod in their buckskin moccasins, seemed to just glide over the ground. Frank thought that he had never seen such easy, graceful movements; they reminded him of the movements of

a cat, so still were they.

When they had reached a point near the top of the the mountain. Frank could see for miles to the east and south, and he strained his eyes to see if at any place he could discover his friends, but to no avail; and in a few minutes they were over the crest and plunging down a zigzag path into what appeared to be a broad, fertile valley. Several times the pony slipped on the rolling stones, but the Indian who was leading him adroitly held him from rolling down the mountain. Frank himself took several tumbles, in one of which he bruised his elbow, for he couldn't protect himself by his hands, which were tied behind him. He got no sympathy from his silent captors, who urged him on with grunts and grimaces and an occasional shove. At another fall he lost his hat and never found it again. He was now limping, his bruised elbow was bleeding, and his arms ached; but on and on they went with seemingly no lessening ot their speed till the poor boy was sick and faint, and big lumps forced their way into his throat, which threatened to break out in sobs. But Frank was game. He didn't cry out; he just set his lips tight and kept on.

Finally they came to the foot of the mountain and entered a patch of timber; and here the walking was easier and the Indians seemed more indifferent to what he did. An occasional syllable passed between them, and Frank guessed they were nearing camp. He guessed aright; for in a few moments through an opening in the trees he saw a village of some two score of tepees made of buffalo hides with little rings of smoke rising from among them, and at a little distance off some ponies quietly grazing. The Indian just ahead of Frank gave a prolonged call that sounded fierce to the boy, whose nerves were already pretty tightly strung, and then a motley crowd of dusky creatures came from the wigwams and from about the fires and rushed pelimell upon them, shouting, grimacing, talking and gesticulating, and more than one of them brandishing bows and arrows and tomahawks and knives. Old warriors with seams of maybe an hundred winters on their faces, ugly and wicked looking old squaws, young bucks-lithe limbed and many of them gaudily dressed, young squaws with papooses clinging to them, and Indian boys and girls with matted hair and tawny skin, almost without clothing, running about in great excitement or peering at the paleface from behind their mothers.

If Frank needed anything more to make him ill at ease this performance was enough. He felt at any Frank wondered if they knew any English, and moment that some of these savages would let fly an tried, with what little breath his fright had left him, arrow or a tomahawk. Indeed, in the few minutes to make them understand. He said, slowly: "Trail;" in which they were crossing the open space to the lodges he went through the torture of several killings at the hands of men and boys who danced about him aiming imaginary shots at him with bows and arrows and swinging their ugly tomahawks as if to throw them.

They marched straight up to a wigwam, which occupied a central position in the village, before which stood a stolid looking Indian of splendid physique and really commanding presence. With him were several younger Indians. This little group seemed to be waiting for him. The three Indians began at once in Indian jargon to tell their story. It didn't take long, for Indians are not given to long speeches. The big fellow whom Frank rightly sus-

by way of giving directions, and one of the young Indians stepped quickly behind Frank and with a slash of his knife set the boy's hands free. Frank could almost have cried out with joy at even this much of a release, for his arms were bleeding from their bruises and the stiff thongs had cut through the outer skin in places. The Chief made a further motion, accompanied by a few syllables, and the door of a wigwam was opened and Frank was led in and made to sit on the ground. He didn't need a second invitation to do this, as his legs were trembling from weakness. Several Indians entered with him and sat down on the ground, their legs tucked under them.

"What next," thought Frank; "going to try me, perhaps. There is one thing sure, I can't give any testimony, for there doesn't appear to be any interpreter in this court. I would just be satisfied for the present if they would give me a chance to lie down.

In a few minutes a wrinkled old squaw brought in a bowl of something hot and set it before him. Frank had some table manners, but without water, or fork, or knife, or spoon he didn't know how he could use them. Then he wondered if he ought to offer some of it to his silent hosts who were sitting about stolidly watching him. He was embarrassed; but thinking still that politeness was the best policy, he offered the bowl first to the Chief. That dignitary grunted, and indicated plainly his disapproval. Each Indian in turn did the same. Frank then dipped his fingers into the forbidding mess and transferred a little to his mouth. It was evidently some kind of a stew made from bear meat, but it didn't suit the taste even of a hungry boy. He wanted no more, and motioned to the squaw to take it away.

The Indians, who had lit their pipes, sat for what seemed to Frank, hours, until finally tired nature won out and the boy laid down with his head on his bruised arm. Then one by one the Indians withdrew. The old squaw replenished the fire, put a buffalo skin under the boy's head, and squatted down at the opposite side of the wigwam; and when Frank dropped off to sleep the two were alone and she was crooning a wild weird chant that sounded like this:

> Na-nisa-naau, na-nisa-naau, Wa-wan-a-dan-dia, Wa-wan-a-dan-dia, Na-nisa-naau, na-nisa-naau."

CHAPTER XIII.

When Frank awoke the next morning he found himself alone in the tepee. The fire had died down to a few smouldering embers. He made a motion to throw into its ashes the ends of a few sticks that lay about, unburned, and scarcely had he done so ere the leather flap that served as a door parted and the wizened face of the old squaw peered in. On seeing her prisoner awake she entered stealthily, with a succession of unintelligible grunts which might have said, "Good morning," or "How are you?" had there been anybody to interpret them. She bore in her bony hands the same bowl that had served the night before, and this she placed before the boy with a gesture to signify that he was to eat. He was ravenously hungry, and the odor from the unsightly mess, though strange to him, was not displeasing. The squaw disappeared after setting down the bowl, and in a moment returned bearing a gourd of clear water, which he stood in sad need of, and a handful of wild berries. These she placed before him; and then throwing some buffalo fat on the live embers, causing them to blaze up cheerfully, she squatted down opposite him on a pile of buffalo skins and gently rocked herself to and fro, all the time watching him closely through her little piercing eyes.

Frank would have been greatly annoyed at this, but something told him that the old squaw meant to be kind to him. He remembered how plaintive the tone of her chant as it sounded in his ears just as he went to sleep the night before, and there was a sort of a rude delicacy about the way in which she served him. He made up his mind that the old squaw had lost some one whom she greatly mourned, a son,perhaps, a young man about his age; and that she was doing her captive this kindness for the sake of the Indian boy.

While Frank was eating he became conscious that there was unusual excitement on the outside of the tepee. Indians and dogs were evidently running about, and by their whoops and yells arousing themselves to a state of frenzy.

Scarcely had he finished his rude breakfast before an ugly face looked in at him from under the leather flap. In a short time more faces appeared. At first they were the faces of squaws and children only, but later the cruel visages of young bucks and old warriors completely filled the opening. As the excitement increased the old squaw became uneasy, and finally drawing close to him she took his hand in both her withered hands and looked long and silently into its palm, all the time crooning a strange song and rocking to and fro.

"What can it all mean," thought Frank. "Is this the usual morning romp of an Indian village, or are

they preparing for some unusual event?

From the actions of the old squaw he could not help feeling that the latter was true. Were they getting ready to kill him? Was this to be his last day, one ahead of him and two behind, and by a push was pected of being the Chief, said something apparently and would be never see his home and friends again?

The thought almost unnerved him. He tried to think of everything he had ever read or heard about how to make friends with Indians, but he didn't seem to remember a single thing that he could put to use. The Indians had taken from him everything he owned save his trousers and hunting shirt; even his boots and stockings were gone. A proud young warrior, if Frank could have seen him, was stalking about the village in them, followed by the admiring gaze of half the squaw population. His jackknife, which has father had given him on his last birthday, and a few coins that he had carried in his pocket had been taken from him. Of course, his pony, bridle, weapons and ammunition had gone first; so there was nothing he could offer in return for his freedom.

"O, if only Uncle Bob were here!" he exclaimed

aloud.

The old squaw seemed to comprehend his fear. She rose from his side, and taking down a gourd which hung by a string of leather to one of the tent poles, she drew from its depths a piece of worn and dirty paper that looked as if it had been torn from a notebook and had been handled for a long time by dirty fingers. Gliding back to his side, she carefully unfolded it and held it at arm's length before his eyes, her own little black eyes, almost hidden in the stray locks of hair that fell over her forehead, fairly burning with earnestness.

All this time a dozen or more Indians, little and big, were peering in at the opening and the noise

without was becoming an uproar.

Frank saw, to his surprise, on the greasy scrap of what was once white paper, the outline of an Indian pony, and astride its back the figure of an Indian of superb physique and magnificent poise—a picture that no Indian could have sketched, and surely the work of an artist.

Frank almost trembled with joy.

"Who gave it to you?" he cried, almost springing to his feet and not realizing that he could expect no answer to the question.

The old squaw, burying her face in her hands, rocked to and fro, still clutching the dirty picture in her hands. Frank bent close over her to see if perchance the scrap of paper bore any name that would connect it in any way with his uncle, Robert Sinclair, the Indian painter.

No! But what was this? Down in one corner, almost obliterated by the frequent handling, appeared a strange combination of letters, spelling.

"Ma-na-ne-ah."

"This means something," thought Frank; "probably it is the name of the young warrior that this old Indian woman is mourning over. Perhaps"—an inspiration came to him—"perhaps it's the Indian name of Uncle Bob. I'll see."

The faces were still peering in at the opening, and the old squaw was still crooning her wild song.

"I'll see," said Frank. Then taking from the edge of the fire a small stick, which had been burned at one end so as to be like a chunk of charcoal, he drew with it a few lines on the sides of the tepee, picturing as well as he could the sharp outlines of Uncle Bob's clear-cut face, and turning, said aloud twice so that the old squaw and those at the door could



On they went, till the poor boy was sick and faint.

hear him, "Ma-na-ne-ah." At the same time he pointed, first away over the heads of those about him, as if to indicate something way beyond the mountains, and then pointed to himself.

The old squaw raised her eyes in surprise and wonder; then, bounding to her feet like a frightened deer, she scurried out of the tepee, and Frank was alone.

Had he failed to make her understand? Was he after all mistaken in thinking this was Uncle Bob's Indian name?

In a few moments the flap at the opening parted and three stalwart Indians crept in. They were decked out in paint and feathers as if for some important ceremony. Frank's heart sank within him as they motioned to him to rise and leave the wigwam. As soon as he reached the open air he saw that the inhalitants of the entire village were gath-

ered about him, all decked out and painted in their gaudiest colors. A wild shout went up as he appeared. It seemed to the boy that at any moment he would be caught by one of the hungry looking dogs that barked at his heels, or be transfixed by an arrow or tomahawk, scores of which were leveled or brandished at him.

To his horror, Frank found that he was being led to the foot of a tree that stood just on the edge of the village, where two sinewy Indians stood waiting them, holding in their hands several loops of leather cord. Reaching the tree, the three Indians turned him over to the two who had been waiting, and binding one cord about the boy's wrists, which were folded behind his back, wound the other one about his body in several places and passed it tightly around the tree. Then the Chief motioned to the crowd to fall back, and when there was some sort of order, he beckoned to five young Indian boys, who with bows and arrows took their stand before the crowd side by side facing Frank and at about one hundred feet distant from him. The Chief then made a speech to the company, which, of course, Frank couldn't understand—and indeed it is doubtful if he could have understood it had it been in English, for everything about him was growing dim and uncertain.

When the Chief had finished there were shouts and grunts of approval. The Chief stepped back. Frank felt his senses deserting him; he could only realize that he was to be the target for the iron-pointed arrows of these fierce Indian boys for the sport of the village.

The boys drew their weapons.

By some strange impulse Frank gathered his whole strength and shouted at the top of his voice, "Mana-ne-ah!"

At this there came rushing out of the midst of the motley crowd, pushing and elbowing her way and screaming like a crazy woman, the old squaw who had been his keeper. At one bound almost she threw herself before the Indian boys; then gliding like a welrd specter, her hair streaming and her arms spread above her head, and holding in her hand the dirty picture, she threw herself upon the boy with wild gesticulations, fairly hurling at the old Chief a torrent of words.

At this strange interruption the Chief stepped forward and the villagers crowded about partly silent now but with some rumbling of murmurs and ugly "ughs."

The Chief thrust the squaw aside, and standing before his prisoner himself pronounced the strange
name that had so excited the Indian woman. As he
said it he pointed his long, gaunt arm to the Southward beyond the mountains. Frank hurriedly repeated the name, and at the same time nodded his
head to mean "Yes." The Chief spoke a few words
to the crowd, and with a quick movement beckoned
to the two Indians, and they, with some reluctance
apparent on their faces and in their movements, cut
the cords that bound the boy to the tree.

Frank had guessed right. The strange name he had seen on the picture was the Indian name of his uncle, Robert Sinclair, the artist friend of the Indians, and it had saved his life.

(To be continued.)



EDWIN H. AND ERNEST O. WARREN.

The Two Boys Who Built the Locomotive Shown on Page 108 of our February Number-



MISCHIEF.
Photograph by Mrs. D. O'Neil, Paris, Ont.



642 BOYS OF THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL (LANSING, MICH.) AT A FAVORITE OCCUPATION,

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS

CHARLES RICHARD HAIGH

Many a boy imagines that the worst fate that could possibly befall him would be to be sent to the Industrial School, at Lansing, Michigan, or the "Reform School," as it is sometimes called; but, in fact, in

most cases that would be the very best place for him.
Nothing better, indeed, could happen to some boys.
Our pictures give a hint of how beautiful are the grounds and buildings of the Industrial School. Taken together, the buildings form three sides of a square, around which are broad acres, all under cultivation, of which the boys are very proud because they do the cultivating.

The boys in the school are divided into families of fifty, each family occupying a cottage, with a superintendent and matron-usually man and wife-and there are nine cottages, forming the little school village. In these cottage homes the boys sleep and do their school work; for every boy, be he big or little, must go to school at least half the day. The matron is the teacher, and while one half of her family are in the school-room the other half are in the shops and on the farm .

Every boy who enters the institution has a chance to learn a trade, if he so desires; and, with remarkably few exceptions, the opportunity is accepted. Everything in use on the grounds and in the buildings is made by the boys themselves. A boy may become a tailor, shoemaker, baker, carpenter, machinist, printer or painter, under the guidance of a competent instructor. The boys print and issue a monthly paper entitled "The Industrial Enterprise," and they do some printing for private parties, aside from the work for the school. In the tailor shop every garment worn by a boy in the school is made, even to the caps, underwear, socks and handkerchiefs. When I was there recently the boys were working on uniforms for the band, and they were going to be very fine. The band, I might say, has only been in exist-ence since last June, but it makes some excellent music for all that. In the kitchen and dining room are the greatest cleanliness and order. Think of six hundred and fifty boys sitting down to a meal at one time! And I have seen two boys make more noise and disturbance coming in to dinner than did these six hundred and fifty. Why? Because everything is done with military precision and on perfect time. At a signal, heads are bowed, a simple form of thanks is returned, and then-well, that is all any visitor is allowed to see. On Sundays the entire school attends chapel twice; in the morning, to study the Sunday school lesson, and in the afternoon, to listen to an address or sermon. The music is rendered by a boy choir of some thirty voices, and such a reputation has this choir made for itself that it has countless invitations to sing, not only in Lansing but in other cities.

The boys hardly know what sickness is. They are contented, too, so much so that in many instances boys have asked to be allowed to remain after their time was out. The superintendent, Mr. J. E. St. John, has been with the Institution for nearly twenty eight years. In that time he has learned a good deal about boys. He has what he calls his office hour each day. During this hour any boy in the school is privileged to consult him on any subject whatever. One boy has received a new handkerchief from home; another wants to be assigned to some particular trade; another has found a bird's nest with five eggs in it; another shows a copy-book upon which he has been complimented by his teacher. These, and an hundred other little things which an outsider would consider too trifling to be thought of, are held by the superintendent to be of paramount importance.

Corporal punishment is not inflicted; the boys are thrown on their honor. The result is that when a

boy undertakes to assert himself he is quickly brought to terms by the other boys. When the place becomes crowded boys are sent out on parole, and the parole system works well. Passing through one of the halls of the school building, a bright eyed little fellow wearing the shoulder-straps of the First Lieutenant saluted with the correctness of a West Pointer, "What do the straps indicate?" I asked.



Cottages 3 and 4. Boys' Dining Hall. Administration Bldg.

"He is one of the military officers."

Then you have military drill, too?" I asked. Yes, and it's being made more prominent every year. Twice a week our whole force is in line for battalion drill. The carpenter boys have made six hundred wooden guns, and they answer very well. I am fully convinced that the drill is beneficial to the boys, not only in assisting in maintaining discipline but in the matter of health."

With summer comes the baseball season, and the boys have gained a reputation for the kind of ball they put up, having on several occasions administered a stinging defeat to the teams from the Agricultural College.

The success of the school at Lansing is due to the fact, largely, that it is made a school of instruction and not one of detention. Mr. St. John says: "Every boy who comes here is brimfull of energy, and we simply undertake the direction of that energy, rather than attempt to create within him something which may be utterly foreign to his make-up. We strive to develop what good there is in the boy. We find out in what good direction he is inclined, and then develop him along that direction."

The superintendent expresses an earnest purpose to have every boy who leaves the institution so well fortified to fight the battles of life and to withstand its many temptations and trials that he will stand amid it all a credit to the Institution and an honor to the community and to himself.

THE AVERAGE NEWSBOY.

MAX SCHER.

Purty hard lot that a newsboy's got? Well, by gravy! I guess not! Tell you what, my job's red-hot And I am Johnny-on-the-Spot! Hot stuff! That's what!

Take my oath on your dvin' bed. Never a thought hez come in my head Ter kick or grumble. No! Instead I'd much rather be alive than dead! That's me! Great head!

Sellin' extrys 'bout the war, Coin comes in whenever I roar; Hain't got time ter be feelin' sore— Three square meals an' sometimes four! Happy as a bed-bug! Hip! Hurrah!



************** ...THE KID...

HARLE ORIN CUMMINS

"Say, Mister, what'll a piller of blue in white violets cost? We want a big one, biggest size you've got. The Kid's gone.

The florist looked over the counter at the ragged little figure standing opposite, then out on the street at the row of dirty, anxious faces lined up against the big plate-glass window, and, judging from the sober tone in which the question was asked that it must be something strious, he answered kindly, "Violets are pretty high at this time of the year, especially white ones; isn't there something else that would do just as well?"

No. the Kid allers was stuck on violets; never hearn him say nothin' 'bout any other kind of flowers. He used to stand in front of the big flower store windows on show days for half an hour at a time jus' lookin' at the violets. So, seein' as this's the last time he'll ever have any flowers, the fellers thought we might as well git what he'd like best. S'posin' we have a piller 'bout a foot wide an' two feet long, what'll it cost? We've got money enough to pay for it but we wants to save all we can for the Kid's mother."

Who is the Kid, anyway?" asked the florist: "I don't know as I've ever heard of him before."

"Course that wa'n't his real name. His real name was Jimmy Peters, but we allers called him the Kid 'cause he was so small an' sickly. He fell down stairs when he was 'bout four years old, an' didn't never grow much after that, and was allers ailin'. The Kid was bright though, led the class at night school, and allers had some book or other when he wa'n't shinin'. Well, Jimmy had been up aginst it lately. The wet weather had made his back worse, an' he'd been havin' Skinney Brow's beat up by the hotels so's he wouldn't have to walk lound much.

T'other day jus' as he was goin' home to grub he heard a racket behind him. He turned 'round an' seen a horse an' buggy comin' an' nobody in it but a woman an' a little kid. Seems the woman's husband had stepped out of the rig to speak to some one, an' left her

FUNNY BOYS

Benny was a new boy at school, and as

"On Blinker street,"

he an-

货

the teacher enrolled his name in her

book, she asked: "Where do you live,

swered. "You should say 'In Blinker

street.' That is considered the proper

form now." "Yes'm." "You have lately come to town, have you not?" "Yes'm." "Where was your home before?" "Boonville." "Where is Boonville?" "In the Erie Canal, Ma'am," said Benny.

An eight year old lad was asked to write out what he considered a good dinner bill of fare for Thanksgiving, and

A stranger got off the car, and, accosting a newsboy, asked him to direct him

"This way," said the "newsie," and, furning the corner, pointed to a sky-

Thank you, and what do I owe you?" aid the gentleman, pulling a penny out

Furst corse—Mince pie. ·orse-Pumpkin pie and terkey. Third corse-Lemon pie, turkey, cranberries. Fourth corse—Custard pie, apple pie. mince pie, chocolate cake, ice cream, and Hum pudding. Desert-Pie."-Western

here it is:

hris

to the nearest bank.

f his pocket.



holdin' the horse. Somehow it got scart an' started to run, an' course she bein' a woman didn't know what to do, but just dropped the reins an' hollered.

What the Kid was shy in size he made up in bein' quick, and when he seen that horse comin' up the street, it didn't take him long to decide what to do. He put down his blackin' kit an' waited till the horse fetched up to him. It didn't make no difference to the Kid that 'twas a big, ten-hundred horse, nor that he was comin' with his head down at 'bout a two minute clip. He flung off his hat an coat, an' when the horse came tearin' up long side he scooted out an' grabbed the

an' tried to shake the Kid off, but he] found it wa'n't no go. Then he put his head down an' tried sweepin' the streets with him. Jimmy's dad fit an' died in the war, an' I guess some o' the old man's blood mus' have been in him, for he stuck to that horse like a bull pup to a terrier. Purty quick the horse he slowed up a bit, an' begun to go kinder crooked like an' then, all of a sudden, he plumped right down flat, with the Kid under him.

There wa'n't never much to Jimmy 'cept skin an' bones, but when the crowd pulled that big horse offen him there wa'n't much of that. They took him to a hospital right off, an' Skoggy Murphy an' me follered quick's we could. I seen the doctor an' he said 'twant no use, the Kid was too bad shook up, he couldn't pull through, an' they sent me for his mother. Well, that's all there is to it. They tried an operation to fix his back, an' that an' what he'd been through was too much for him. The-Kid-diedlas'—night."

The little chap was winking hard to keep back the tears which would well up in spite of him, but he kept on bravely:

Now the woman's goin' to make it right with Jimmy's mother, so she says. I 'spose she thinks it won't take much money to pay for a sickly little kid like But we fellers is goin' to do som'thin' ourselves, an' we've raised thirty seven dollars. Course we can buy bout anythin' we want with that, but we thought we'd jus' git a piller o' them blue violets with 'The Kid' on it in white letters, an' we calc'lated you'd send round what was left after takin' out your pay from this here, when you send the flowers up.

He drew forth a dirty old wallet, care fully tied up with a long piece of cord to prevent the pennies, dimes, and quarters from bursting out. He laid down the treasure which meant the hard earned savings of many months, and hurried out to join his comrades, as if afraid to trust himself further.

The florist must have had a soft spot somewhere in his heart, for on the day of the funeral there came to the Widow Peters' house, a large box containing not only the pillow of blue and white violets, but bunches of roses and pinks in profusion, and when the Kid's mother untied the wallet, instead of being dimin-

ished, the thirty seven dollars had miraculously increased to fifty.

Sunday School Teacher: "What do we

learn from the story of Samson?" Tommy (mournfully smoothing his ragged locks): "That it doesn't pay ter have women folks cut a feller's hair."

"When I grow up, Gracie," the little boy said, "I'll marry you."

When you grow up. Willie," she replied, "you'll get down on your knees and ask me.

bit, pulled hisself up, an' took the horse by the nose with his other hand, an' begun pinchin' so's to shut his wind off. "First the horse threw his head up Boston Diction.—Teacher (of English)

-Michael, when I have finished you may repeat what I have read in your own "See the cow. Isn't she a pretty words. Can the cow run? Yes, the cow cow? can run. Can she run as fast as the horse? No, she cannot run as fast as the horse?" Future mayor (of Boston)—Git on to de cow. Ain't she a beaut? Kin de cow git a gait on her? Sure. Kin de cow hump it wid de horse? Nit-de cow ain't in it wid de horse.-Judge.



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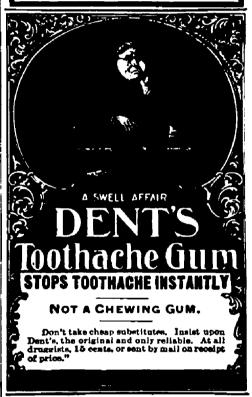
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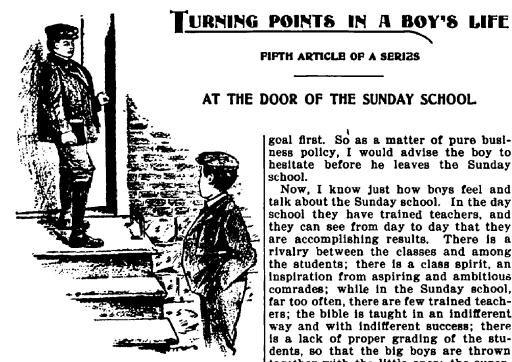


"A quarter! Isn't that pretty high for directing a man to the bank? You'll find, sir," said the youngster that bank directors are paid high

Chicago."—Chicago Tribune.

'A quarter, please."

raper just across the street.



ONCE came upon two boys who had stopped just before the door of a church at the hour for the convening of the Sunday school. I saw that there was an argument going on, and just as I reached them one boy turned on his heel and said: "It's too tame for me." The other pushed open the door and went

If this were fiction I would go on to tell how the Sunday school boy became a great and good man and the other boy became a failure and was buried in a drunkard's grave.

But this isn't fiction; and I don't want to leave the impression with my readers that a boy can neither be great nor good without going to Sunday school; for many a life has proven that a Sun' school training is not an absolute ' sity to the making of a great ?

I do not know that anybo. boys at any of these turr this way or that is r end right, or this wr sure to end wrong of "chance" in the very be the road ' a miser

goal first. So as a matter of pure business policy, I would advise the boy to hesitate before he leaves the Sunday school.

Now, I know just how boys feel and talk about the Sunday school. In the day school they have trained teachers, and they can see from day to day that they are accomplishing results. There is a rivalry between the classes and among the students; there is a class spirit, an inspiration from aspiring and ambitious comrades: while in the Sunday school. far too often, there are few trained teachers; the bible is taught in an indifferent way and with indifferent success; there is a lack of proper grading of the students, so that the big boys are thrown together with the little ones; the superintendent is a superannuated, easy-going fellow who has been selected because he is willing to serve; the music is in the hands of some one who leads, either because he is the only one who can lead. or because he has grown fast to the position from long service. There is no business sense used in the selection of teachers for this and that class of pupils; a fidgety old woman is put over a dozen mischievous, romping boys, and some sleepy old deacon has charge of a numgirls. The school is con-me plan year in and year ber of yeducted ' out.

> blame a boy for getiday school? Don't through the failappreciate why to be known

> > all Sunday great cry nts and udy of shall 388

Loyal to His Mother.

The late Dr. John Hall told of a poor woman who had sent her boy to school and college. When he was to graduate he wrote to his mother to come, but she sent back word that she could not, because her only skirt had already been turned once. She was so shabby she was afraid he would be ashamed of

He wrote back that he didn't care anything about how she went. He met her at the station and took her to a nice place to stay. The day arrived for his graduation, and he came down the broad aisle with that poor mother, dressed very shabbily, and put her into one of the best seats in the house.

To her great surprise he was the valedictorian of his class, and carried everything before him; he won a prize, and when it was given him he went down before the whole audience and kissed his mother, and said, "Here, mother, is the prize. It is yours; I would not have had it if it had not been for you."—Christian Standard.

(Continued from Page 129) cheese and crackers and dried beef, received a crock of fresh butter from home. This boy was not an imitator but an originator. He sold the crock of butter at a good price, bought a little good butter for himself and sent the re-mainder of the money home. Then he took orders for more butter, with the result that in a few months he had scores of customers, and the old home farm was kept busy supplying butter. The boy continued his studies, delivering his butter, making his collections. and prospered. He finished his course at Harvard, and when he received his sheepskin he had a thousand butter customers, requiring four wagons for the delivery of the goods, and had built up such a reputation that a New York concern had recently appointed him its

New England agent, at a fine salary. You will draw your own moral from these two stories.

I have just room enough left to say that any fool can play the mimic, and that there is just one way in which, above all others, man shows that he is made in the image of his Maker—he can create.



SUPPOSE there are plenty of boys who, like myself, would go a block out of their way rather than see two dogs fight. This is not "a bit sarcastic," but sincerely, and without intention of joking. There is something brutal and distressing in a dog fight. It a painful, I believe, to every nature with ense of true manliness and refinement. first impulse of nine persons out of ho see dogs fighting, is to part them, the disgraceful exhibition. The son, who wants them let alone, oats-over the fierce, clamorous him almost invariably the prayed moral nature. He and will act brutally on tell in a minute what n looking at, when ladog fight. And I nearly every case liged to witness been some boy as I to part he expense the of the

carefully observe the things that lead up to fights in general, whether among dogs or your own kind, you will find that the upper dog deserves the greater part of your sympathy. The upper dog is more likely to be in the right than is the under dog, because of the prevailing prowess of right feeling. At any rate, I would not make a custom of sympathizing with the worsted party. It isn't safe. and it isn't reasonable. In a great many instances the under dog gets what he deserves, and no less. He was in the wrong, and that was what carried him If he hadn't been carried down. he would be in the wrong oftener and more insolent than ever. He needed a drubbing; it was good moral medicine for him; and the upper dog was really the best friend he could possibly

Parents sometimes tell me, with a good deal of satisfaction, that they think their boys have the true knightly and chivalrous nature, because they always take the part of a playmate who is getting the worst of it. I always long to reply-and do, generally-that a boy who is getting the worst of it in a "scrap" is not necessarily the boy who deserves to win. I think it is a rather reckless and haphazard chivalry, to make a custom of helping or sympathizing with anyone who happens to be down, irrespective of the reason for his being down. Perhaps he ought to be down, for a time-long enough to teach him not to repeat the hing that caused his downfall.

Always find out, if you can, both sides quarrel before becoming a party to hat is a pretty good rule to follow. that may save unfortunate comand results. Remember that iog deserves a hearing as well Might does some right-there is no doubt mpathy ought not to be but discriminating an l to see a boy or girl heir feelings, but ! ick feelings kept and guidance of 'his is done, a of "slopping implicated st, at any ng with strike e he 80

The Cruise of the Yacht Gazelle: 6,000 Miles on Inland

and Ocean Waters#

KEPNETH M. RANSOM

This is the fourteenth chapter in the story of a six thousand mile cruise by four Michigan boys, in a that 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 XIV.

New Smyrna claims the honor of being the oldest town in the United States, and to substantiate that claim the inhabitants point with pride to the well-preserved ruins of the old Mission House, which they have records to prove was built prior to St. Augustine's oldest ruins. At any rate it's a very interesting place. The masonry is very well preserved, and the mortar between the algonquin rock, of which it is built, is harder than the stone itself. Besides this old ruin drainage canals built of this same rock are still doing service. Scattered about the country are numerous rock-curbed wells which were undoubtedly built by the earliest visitors to the continent.

We remained in New Smyrna three days, and were shown many kind attentions by the hospitable southern people.

One lady I met especially pleased me. I found that she was a sailor born, and

This is the fourteenth chapter in the story of a | the buoys marking the channel to the inlet. We rowed ashore and spent a very pleasant hour with the keeper and his wife. We learned that the bar across the inlet's mouth was considered very dangerous, as the old boiler of a wrecked steamer somewhat blocked the passage, and at best the waves broke with great force as they struck the bar.

We had wondered how we should celebrate the "Glorious Fourth," and we were pleased to know that a good bit of excitement would usher in the day, as we would try the bar for the outer ocean at daybreak.

At 12:05 a. m. our cannon boomed a salute, after which we retired for a few hours' sleep. When our alarm sounded at 3:30 it was just getting a wee bit light, so we dressed and, while Arthur prepared breakfast, Frank and I set up opposition to the thunder-like boom of the surf, and report after report sounded from our cannon in honor of "Old Glory," which proudly floated at our masthead.

As the sun rose above the horizon and the mist cleared away, the cloudless blue sky gave evidence of a fine day. The breeze was fairly strong and as soon as we had finished our repast and stored away the dishes we battened all tight, and, anxious for the excitement, soon ering headway on the other tack, fairly

It did seem so. We realized our danger and, helpless to do anything, we looked at one another as we drifted along toward the angry billows which were only a hundred yards off. I began to think what I would do when we should meet the rolling mass. I looked up at the stars and stripes hanging limp at our peak. Surely, I thought, our flag will not fall on Independence Day, and as my eyes rested on the beautiful fabric a cool breeze struck my face and the light bunting waved slightly as if ready for the battle. A moment more and we had passed the point. Then the breeze increased rapidly until our sails were filled and, bending under the pressure, our ship gathered headway and was once more under the control of the helm. We all gave a shout of joy, although the tide had so drifted us during our helpless condition that it was very doubtful if we could pick up the channel before reaching the breakers. We gave Gazelle a chance to do her best. however, but it seemed of no use. If I held my course I would certainly be dashed on the sunken boiler, and to tack ship was equally dangerous, for if caught broadside in the great swells our chances were small, indeed; but it must be done. We all realized this and stood ready for the result. I watched my chance and at the signal Arthur let go the jib; at the same time Frank eased the mainsail and I put the helm hard down. Love that craft? Well, I guess I do, if only for this one act alone, for she spun around like a top and, gath-

> tion into the deeper channel beyond.

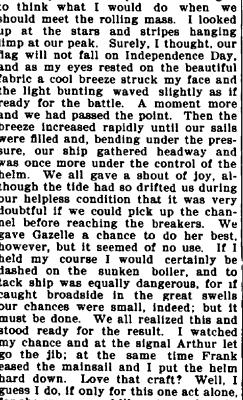
had no fear, for, although the seas were high and breaking, the vacht had been through many times larger ones with safety. So we steered a straight course down the channel, rose and fell on the three rows of breakers, and finally reached the long, easy roll of the open sea, and turned north toward St. Augustine.

All day long we sped on our way. What a splendid day it was! Sea birds hovered high in the air, now and then swooping down on some foolish fish which had ventured too near the surface; flying fish jumped from the bosom of the deep, while dolphins and porpoises played in great numbers about us. Now and then a huge sea turtle would come to the surface and breathe, then sink again into the depths below.

Thus our pleasures were great as our craft cut the water forward and danced along on this day of celebrations.

As night fell we found ourselves off the Matanzas inlet, but fourteen miles from St. Augustine, whose light we could plainly see in the distance. Not daring to run the risk of crossing the bar at the entrance to the harbor at night, we drew in toward shore and, when our lead registered four fathoms, we came to anchor in the open ocean, with the protecting hand of Him who "doeth all things well" to keep us through the night.

(To be Continued.)



walked away from destruc-

Once in the deep water we

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THE GAZELLE SPEEDING ON.

navigation was not worth while knowing. She gave me no end of information regarding the coast, which I afterward found was correct. What pleased me most, though, was that she and her husband had sailed a yawl rig yacht about Gazelle's size from Massachusetts to Florida, whither they came to find a new home. Very refined and highly cultured this lady possessed a calm, brave spirit which while wholly feminine was very Pleasing.

I was sorry that her husband was way with his yacht to the Bahama Islands for a load of sea shells. These be prepared during the winter for the

northern souvenir trade. On the evening of July 3 we said goodby to our friends, and, after putting our supply of provisions and water aboard, the latter coming from one of the old wells near the pier, we unfurled our ils and, with a light breeze and an bbing tide in our favor, moved to an anhorage just inside the inlet which joins

Cosquito Lagoon with the ocean. It was a beautiful night. The sky was lear and the heavens seemed crowded with twinkling stars. It was so grand find quiet save for the roar of the surf as it leat in regular time on the outer beach.

Nestling among several palm trees was the United States buoykeeper's cot-

what she did not know about boats and | had the yacht under full canvas; and as she gathered headway and rounded the point which until now had obscured the view of the ocean we were enabled to take in the situation.

The pass was narrow and at the place where the three rows of breakers rose high in the air we could see, a little to the left of the buoy which rose and fell on the monster billows, the black iron dome of the sunken boiler. We realized the danger was as great as the keeper had described. The seas themselves were dangerous to say nothing of the sunken demon.

Arthur stationed himself forward on the lookout firmly grasping the rigging. Frank and I remained at the tiller anxiously waiting to feel Gazelle rise on the first wave as it came thundering in from the ocean. The tide was strong and on the ebb so we were carried with much speed toward the breakers, but as we came under the lee of a sand dune at the inlet's mouth our wind semed to fail, and, slowly but surely the Gazelle lost speed until only the tide carried her along. As she struck the first swell we found that we had no headway over the tide, thus our steerage way was lost, for the wave struck Gazelle sideways and turning her half way around left us rolling with flapping canvas in the trough of the sea, but still drifting on with lage. Here lives the man who watches the outward tide. Was it our destruction?

A Young Railroad and Express Agent.



Fannon, a station on the Gulf, Western Texas and Pa-citic Rallway, boasts of havboasts of hav-ing one of the youngest rail-way and ex-press agents in the United States, in the person of Jas. Huston, who has just turned sixteen. The sixteen. The career of this boy is typical of that of many honest and enterprising boys throughout the

ing boys throughout the great West. Young Huston was born at Tuscumbia, Ala., Nov. 9, 1884. Afterwards the family moved to San Antonio, and from there to Wharton, Tex., where the boy attended the public schools, and began work as messenger boy for the Western Union Telegraph Company. At this time he was twelve years old, and his pay was seven dollars and a half a month. When fourteen years old he went to Gollad, Tex., as a clerk, where he remained a year. Returning to Wharton he was made telegraph operator by the railroad company, and in March, 1900, when a little over fifteen years old, he was made railroad agent and telegraph operator and sent to Fannon. His salary was fixed at sixty dollars a month. As indicated by the picture, Huston is a fine looking lad, and the fact that he occupies the responsible position named shows that he is honest, faithful and industrious. Northerners are accustomed to thinking of energy as belonging to the North. Southerners themselves excuse their lack of it by reason of the enervating climate. Here is a boy, however, who was born in Alabama, and has passed his whole life in the South, who is the very personification of industry and energy.

and energy.

Has Great Constructive Ability.

MARY P. SAYERS.



Edward Vanderfield, or "Ned," as he is familiarly known among his friends, is a twelve year old Grand Rapids boy of great constructive ability. At the age of five he built a toy barn, which he finished in the best possible manner. At ten ished in the best possible manner. At ten he built a trolley car complete, and laid a track on his father's back lawn to run it on. It was sufficiently commodious for several small boys at a time to ride in, and you may be sure that they took advantage of their opportunity. During last summer he built a house in a large

built a house in a large tree, where he sat and read, secure from in-terruption. 'I he house is twenty two feet from the ground and can be seen at quite a distance

In addition to all this "Ned" does fancy work, making very handsome embroidered pillow covers.

He leads the singing at school and is also quite proficient in playing instrumental

One thing that recommends him to all is his thoughtfulness of his parents.

The Lawton Debating Club.

The Lawton Debating Club, at Cumberland, Md., is composed of boys from fourteen to eighteen years of age. It was organized in December, 1899, with six members. It now has sixteen. It met at first at the homes of the members, but later it was allowed to meet in one of the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. The club has had two public debates, one on the twentieth of last July at one of the churches, the subject being, "Resolved. That the events that occurred in the territory now controlled by the United States prior to the year 1800, were greater and of more importance than those that have occurred since that time." The second debate was held on the 6th of December last in the Y. M. C. A. building. The subject was, "Resolved, That women should vote." At this meeting an admission of twenty five cents was charged, the price entitling the holder to refreshments. The music was furnished by the Y. M. C. A. orchestra. The Lawton Debating Club, at Cumber-

On the Make.

"Mamma," said four year old Harry, "if you'll give me a nickel to buy some candy I'll be real good."

"No," she replied, "I'm not going to pay you to be good."

"All right, mamma," answered the little fellow, "but you'll be sorry when I grow up good for nothing."

In Germany one man in every 213 goes to college, in Scotland one man in 520; in the United States one in 2,000, and in England one in 5,000.

WHAT BOYS ARE DOING

A Young Commercial Traveler.

Portland and Boston, and back to Bangor, Harry Dugan, the eleven year old son of P. T. Dugan, a Bangor (Me.) dealer in harnesses and shoe findings, was recently declared by a Boston paper to be the trips to Boston alone. He attends the



youngest commercial traveler in the United States. When he was one month less than nine years old he made a trip from Bangor, Me., to Aroostook, Conn., thence to Calai and St. Andrews, N. B.,

the fourth grade of the Grammar School of onth Bangor, and is in all respects a bright boy. trip The picture of him in his traveling cospon., tume was taken when he was less than B., nine years old.

A Chinaman for Coxswain.

Sas-Ke Alfred Sze is a young Chinaman who is being educated at Cornell. He is one of the best oarsmen in the university,



and did service for a time as conswain of the Cornell eight-oar crew. The boy was formerly private secretary to the Chinese minister at Washington.

A child, on being asked to illustrate a certain hymn, drew a woman carefully nursing a little bear; under it he wrote:

Can a woman's tender care Cease toward the child She-bear?

Three Boys Manage a Gold Mine.

Near the village of Anaconda, in the Cripple Creek district of Colorado, there is the smallest gold mine in the world, its owners and operators being boys. The company operating the mine is known as the "Yellow kid Mining Company," with a capital of thirty cents, and controlled by three brothers named O'Brien. Dan O'Brien, five years old, is the engineer and president; Bart is official ore sorter and treasurer; John is the general superintendent. The boys have sunk a shaft twenty five feet which has three levels. They have taken as a model of their plant the Morningglory Mine, which is situated near by, and have gallows frame, ore cars, buckets, bins, screens, dump, bell signals, shaft house, tools and implements exactly like those of the big mines in the district. The boys work twelve hours every day, and it is their ambition to succeed their father in the management of the Morning glory Mine.

Moral Bravery.

Many a brave soldier who has stood unflinchingly at the cannon's mouth, has not had the moral courage to stand firm in the cause of right when laughed at by his mates.

"We are told that when Coley Patteson was a boy at Eton, and captain of the cricket eleven, he was present one evening at a 'cricketing supper,' and one of the boys told a nasty, low story. Coley stood up before all his school fellows and said. 'If any more such stories are told in my presence, I resign my captaincy and leave this school.'

"His words took effect, and thus by the influence of one boy the tone of the great public school was purified and raised. The brave schoolboy became a brave martyr bishop, and laid down his life on an island in the far Pacific."

Results of a Study of American Boys by the United States Government.

by the United States Government.

The United States Bureau of Education has published the results of a study of more than one thousand American school children. We can do no more than give a brief epitome of some of the interesting results. Boys are more unruly than girls. Almost ten per cent of the dull boys are unruly. Boys of the non-laboring class are more unruly than are boys of the laboring class. Boys of American parentage are less unruly than those of foreign parentage. Boys of American parentage are six per cent brighter than boys of foreign parentage. Boys of the laboring classes show about ten per cent less brightness than boys of non-laboring classes. The highest per cent of laziness is shown by the dull boys. Boys of the non-laboring class are heavier than boys of the laboring class are heavier than boys of the laboring class are heavier than boys of the laboring class. Bright boys are in general taller and heavier than dull boys. Boys of American parentage, non-laboring class, are equal to the boys of American parentage, laboring class, in five studies, superior in nine, and inferior in none. Boys of foreign and mixed nationalities are inferior in average ability in one study, superior in eleven studies, and equal in two to boys of American parentage. The percentage of brightness decreases as age increases, in all studies except drawing, manual labor, and penmanship. The reverse is true of colored children. Boys with light hair and eyes are less sensitive to pain and less strong than boys of dark hair and eyes.

These are only a few of the facts brought out.

Maine's Youngest Engineer.

Georgie Steuber, fifteen years of age, and a resident of Gardiner, Me., is one of the youngest engineers in the country. He was employed in the capacity of engineer on the steamer "Glenn," which runs from New Mills, Gardiner, to the head of Pleasant Pond, when he was only thirteen years old. Captain Ollver, of the "Glenn," says: "Georgie is the best, most capable boy is know, and a good engineer. He takes to the work as naturally as a duck to water."



The boy's skill is by no means confined to engineering. He is a good musician, and for a number of years was a member of the boys' choir of Christ Church, of Gardiner He is the fastest bicycle rider of his agin his native town, and a good horseman Several years ago Mr. Libby, a Portland gentleman, gave a race at his stock farm and entered his pony. Nellie, and his trotting dog, Jack. Mr. Libby's nephew drove the pony and Georgie Steuber drove the dog. The dog weighed sixty pounds and Georgie, who was ten years old at the time weighed just forty pounds. The race was a very exciting one, and was won by the dog and Georgie.

Watch the newspapers for a week or two with an eye single to what boys are doing as told by the reporters. You will be sur prised to find what a large figure boys cut in the news of the day.



An Interview with Hezekiah Butterworth, the Famous Writer for Boys.

FOR "THE AMERICAN BOY," BY M. B. THRASHER

There are few boys in America-or men who have been boys during the last quarter of a century—who have not read some of the fascinating books written for boys by Hezekiah Butterworth. The readers of THE AMERICAN BOY will like to know right from Mr. Butterworth himself something of how he goes to work to write these stories.

Mr. Butterworth lives in a comfortable old house on Worcester Street, in the South End, Boston. This house has been his home for over twenty five years, although he owns a house and an orange grove in Florida, and the farm and farm house on the Rhode Island coast which was his boyhood home. Mr. Butterworth works in a big room, through whose three long windows the morning sun shines in. Like Whittier, he has a Franklin stove, the front of which can be thrown wide open, and in the winter evenings when Boston's famous east wind howls in the streets outside, he likes to heap wood on the fire and read the stories which the flames and the embers write out before him.

The walls of the room are hung with pictures-where they are not hidden behind cases filled with books. Many of the pictures and books are autograph copies from famous men and women with whom Mr. Butterworth's long life in the literary world has made him acquainted. There are also other interesting souvenirs. One is a massive gold medal set in a frame, which was given to Mr. Butterworth by the American Tract Society because one of his early books was thought to have done a great deal of good. Another is a beautiful stuffed specimen of that rare bird, the quetzal, of Central America, the sacred bird of the Aztecs. Mr. Butterworth tells in this article how he came to possess this specimen.

You ask me to tell you for THE AMERICAN BOY," said Mr. Butterworth, "how I write my books. Well, it was very largely on account of an American boy that one of my last books, "Lost in Nicaragua," was written.

"A certain young American thought he would like to go to Central America to become a coffee planter. I was planning to go there sometime, to visit San Jose, the beautiful capital of Costa Rica, the once terrible volcano of Irazu. and the wonderful hot springs at Cartago. The mother of the young man of whom I have spoken—she was a widow -asked me to look into the coffee raising business there, with a view to a possible purchase of a plantation for him if it seemed to be desirable. An experience which I had in the course of this search seems to fit into an interview for your paper so well that I tell of it here.



MR. BUTTEBWORTH'S QUETZAL, THE NATIONAL BIRD OF NICARAGUA. Photographed for "The American Boy."

"On the steamer on which I was going to Central America I got pretty well acquainted with the captain, an Englishman, who had known the country and the people for many years. One day I asked him what he thought about my buying a coffee plantation there for an

American boy. 'Not an American boy,' he said.

"'Yes,' I said. 'Why not?'

"'Because,' he said, 'your American boys are not brought up right to succeed in such a venture. They are educated all wrong for such a life. They are brought up to habits of extravagance. Besides, if they were successful at first, they would not stay on the place. It is the German boy who will succeed in such a place as that.'

'Why German?' I asked. "'The German boy is willing to wait for results. He will lay out a coffee plantation, and then settle down to live in the country until it is profitable. Your American boy is too impatient for results to secure complete success.

"Of course, this judgment should not be looked upon as applicable to every American boy, but as a general thing 1

country. And, by the way, I have often found these officials perfect storehouses of interesting tales and legends about the country in which they live. At one time it was death to kill a quetzal, and even now there is a fine of eighty dollars for taking one without government permission. I procured this specimen which I have from a taxidermist who had been employed by the government to prepare an exhibit for a national fair and for the Paris exposition.

"The breast of the trogon is a blazing, ruby red. Its head and back are a brilliant, iridescent green. The wings are green and black, with long white feathers beneath. The body of the quetzal is little larger than that of a robin, and yet its two slender tail feathers are often three feet long. The tail is green, and so lustrous that the two long feathers float out behind the bird like strings of emeralds.

"You ask me how I write my stories," said Mr. Butterworth. "When I am at home I study a great deal in the Boston Public Library upon any subject in which I am interested at the time. This is one of the best public libraries in the country for such work. Sometimes 1 write there, but more often at home. I get a lot of cheap paper and a good pencil, and write on a pad in my lap. Twenty five hundred words in a day is

The Boston Public Library makes special provision for such workers as Mr. Butterworth. There are some quiet

my 'stent.' A typewriter takes my copy and writes it out for me." suspect it has enough of truth in it to nooks provided in which persons can

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. From Photograph Taken for "The American Boy."

make it deserving of thoughtful consideration.

"On my way to Central America I went to Januaica, from there to Cartagena, in South America, and from there by steamer to Port Limon, the new seaport of Costa Rica and Nicaragua. Port Limon is reckoned a very unhealthy city, full of fever, but I found Americans -or people of any nationality--who have led correct lives, who go there and take due precautions, rarely have fever, or if they do have it, recover. It is the dissipated who fall ill most quickly and most often die.

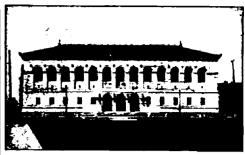
"While I was in the country I met a man who told me of a thrilling adventure which he had had in falling into a cave in the forest, and how he was rescued from what otherwise might by Sarmiento, who years ago was Arhave been his tomb. I learned that gentine's minister to the United States, there are a great many such caves and a friend of Sumner and Horace there. I became fascinated, too, with Mann in Boston. He believed that the the beauty of the national bird of Nic- education of the boys and girls of a aragua, the trogon, or quetzal, said once to have been the sacred bird of character. He is buried in the 'Recothe Aztecs. The legends associated with leta,' at Buenos Ayres, one of the most this bird are numberless.

in my mind a story in which this beau- his tomb is a bas-relief representing tiful bird figured, and in which the hero him surrounded by a throng of children. of the story should get lost by falling I do not believe there is any other great into one of these mysterious caves, and man in the world who has such a monuthen be rescued. When a story like ment, and I do not think any other that once gets started in one's mind it would have given Sarmiento so much almost tells itself. I had put a good portion of it on paper before ever I left the country. A consul whom I met the country. A consul whom I met there helped me with his stories of the lambda by whom I found in Argen-lambda by whom I found in Argen-lamb

work without disturbance, and to which books of reference are brought by the attendants.

Mr. Butterworth does not trust to books and libraries, though, for his authorities, as may be seen by his going to Central America. Not long before that journey he became interested in Swiss kindergarten methods and their development in some of the South American countries. As a result he went to Switzerland, from there crossed the ocean to the Argentine Republic, and eventually crossed the Andes mountains from Argentine into Chili. Fifty miles of the trip over the mountains had to be made on mule back.

"The normal schools in Argentine," said Mr. Butterworth," were founded country is the foundation of its national beautiful cemeteries in the world. The "There gradually worked itself out name means 'Remembrance.' Around



THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

tine. Perhaps their story may do to set against that of the English sea captain. Years ago a man and his family went from New England to California in a prairie schooner. He acquired considerable property there, but as he had a family of sons for whom it was his ambition to provide large farms, he emigrated again, this time going to South America. There on the plains of Argentine he and his family have developed an enormous tract of land into what may very well be called a 'cattle kingdom.' When I was there they had on the ranch ten thousand head of sheep and forty thousand head of cattle. The income of the place was said to be

fifty thousand dollars in gold each year.
"As for myself," said Mr. Butterworth, in closing, "I ought to say that I have confidence in the American boy. He may be educated wrongly, in some cases, and make mistakes, but in the long run I believe that he will come out all right. I have spent a great deal of time in writing for him, and it is a pleasure to me to know that he has liked to read what I have written."

"Goody-Goody" Books.

Reverend George A. Campbell, president of the Christian Ministerial Association of Chicago, wants all the old-time Sunday school books thrown out of the Sunday school libraries, and in their place good novels of the world's greatest writers, such as Ivanhoe, David Copperfield, Jane Eyre, and so on. He says the old-time Sunday school library is effeminated: that it is not only feeble, but is enfeebling: that the books are not true to life, making a good boy always get the rewards, which is not in accord with the world as men know it. He says the novel is the dominant feature of literature, and that the church should make more use of it.

Mr. Campbell is pastor of the Christian Church of Austin.

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THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY



CAPTAIN'S BADGE.

Boys desiring to Organize Companies may obtain a Pamphlet from us containing the

Directions published in the January and February Nos. of this Paper. It is sent free.

Company News.

The Jefferson Pleasure Club of Chicago is about to become a Company of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY.

The Winfield S. Schley Company, No. 2, Division of Maryland, New Windsor, Md., Edwin P. Kolb, Captain, is working to get the help of a number of gentlemen at New Windsor, and the idea is a good one. Two or three grown up friends of boys can be of great assistance to them in suggesting plans and carrying them out.

A new Company has been formed at Heron Lake, Minn., named after the late Senator C. K. Davis. The Company will meet every Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock, and have adopted the Constitution and Byluws printed in the February number of THE AMERICAN BOY. They have a room and are fitting up a gymnasium.

New Companies are being organized at Woodstock, Ill.; Watertown, N. Y.; Weir City, Kas.; Scottsburg, Ind.; New York City, N. Y.; Orange, Cal.; Providence, R. I.; Las Cruces, N. M.; Lindsey, O.; Lake Geneva, Wis.; Denver, Colo.; Belolt, Wis.; Athol, Mass.; Chicago, Ill.; Culloden, Ga.; Binghamton, N. Y.; and other places.

The Mckinley Company, No. 2 Division

The McKinley Company, No. 2. Division of Ohio, Niles, O., Clarence Stewart, Captain, has a fine club room, lighted by four electric lights, heated by steam and furnished with two tables, ten chairs, a library of fifty books and about two hundred papers. This Company will have ten more books when they have received the prize we sent them for getting the largest number of members.

The boys at Watertown, N. Y., who have formed a Company, say they have not yet found rooms sultable for themselves.

This should not deter boys from organizing. It doesn't require a great deal of room for the first few meetings, and a boy's own room in his own home will furnish sufficient accommodations for a while, at least, until the Company grows strong enough to get more commodious quarters.

The Major Fraine Company No. 1

enough to get more commodious quarters. The Major Fraine Company, No. 1, Division of North Dakota, Park River, N. D., Alfred B. Overby, Captain, is named for a hero of the Spanish-American War, who served in Company C. First North Dakota Regiment. The object of the Major Fraine Company is to train the members in speaking, reading, declamation, etc. They will use our programmes where suited to their purpose and adopt original features of their own. They meet every Monday evening.

A NATIONAL NON-SECRET SOCIETY FOR AMERICAN BOYS.

Under the Auspices of "THE AMERICAN BOY."

Object:—The Cultivation of Manliness in Muscle, Mind and Morals.

The object more definitely stated: To promote mutual and helpful friendships among boys; to give wider circulation to high class boy literature; to cultivate in boys physical, mental and moral courage, and develop them along social, intellectual and moral lines; to cultivate purity of language and actions; to discourage idleness, and encourage honest sport and honest work; to cherish and emulate the examples of great and good men; to inculcate lessons of patriotism and love of country; to prepare boys for good citizenship; to cultivate reverence for the founders of our country, and to stimulate boys to all worthy endeavor.

work, as indicated in the January number of this paper. In sending information of this character the Captains should refer us to some one or more men or women who will be able to vouch for the truth of the statements.

The Matter of Programmes.

The Matter of Programmes.

The Companies of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY will select their own programmes. They will meet as often as they desire. Some Companies will wish their meetings to be literary in character; others will look only for amusement; still others only for business. The programmes that we give from month to month are only suggestions for such Companies as desire to use a literary programme. An athletic club will perhaps not wish to adopt the programme suggested; a baseball club will undoubtedly not wish to do so. A club of stamp collectors will want to discuss stamps. A club of young naturalists, formed under the auspices of the Agassiz Association, for instance, will wish to have papers and discussions on subjects of interest to them alone. Amateur journalists at their clubs will discuss questions relative to amateur journalism. Religious societies such as Epworth Leaguers, Christian Endeavorers, etc., will want a programme suited to their own tastes and needs. It is impossible, in view of the mixed character of the Companies comprising THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY, that any one programme shall be fitted to all Companies.

Let it be thoroughly understood that each Company may adopt its own method of procedure, holding its meetings as often as it may deem desirable and conducting them in a manner suited to its conditions and needs. The programme suggested, therefore, is only for such Companies as desire to do literary work, in the way of declamations, debates, etc.

THE JUNIOR ATHLETIC CLUB, OF GLEN ROCK.
PA.

This club has a library and a good start at a gymnasium outfit. How would you like to spend an evening with them?

evening.

The Hagerstown Boys' Company, No. 1. Division of Maryland, Hagerstown, Md., Clifford E. Hays Captain, meets on Saturday afternoons at the home of the Captain. This Company is especially interested in athletics. It is also interested in stamp collecting. It will gather together a library composed of good boys' books. This Company has adopted a salule, by which the members recognize one another on the street. The dues in this Company are ten cents a month.

I. Donald Davis, Captain of the Timothy This Company has adopted a salute, by which the members recognize one another on the street. The dues in this Company are ten cents a month.

J. Donald Davis, Captain of the Timothy Murphy Company, No. 1, Division of New York. Cobleskill, N. Y., is corresponding secretary of a debating club in the high school which he attends. He is also exchange editor of the high school paper called "The Students' Arena," and is president of the Mission Band of the Lutheran Church. Although attending school, he receives two dollars a week for work he does in a dentist's office, "and yet," he says, "I find spare time." He has won two degrees for speaking in the W. C. S. U. contests. The first time he ever spoke in public he won a silver medal. The next time, at Sharon Springs, he won his second medal, and the third time, at Middleburgh, N. Y., he won a gold medal.

of ship subsidies, the queetion for debate editor of the high school paper called "The Students' Arena," and is president of the Mish school paper called "The Students' Arena," and is president of the Mish school paper called "The Students' Arena," and is president of the Mish school paper called "The Students' Arena," and is president of the Mish school, he receives two dollars a week for work he does in a dentist's office, "and yet," he says, "If find spare time." He has won two degrees for speaking in the W. C. S. U. contests. The first time he ever spoke in public he won a silver medal. The next time, at Sharon Springs, he won his second medal, and the third time, at Middleburgh, N. Y. he won a gold medal.

As to Degrees.

Captains of Companies are requested to send to the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY in the Mish of the Mish school paper called "The States should be added to the publishers of the Mish school paper called "The Stablish a system of subsidies, the queetion for debate to five the following." Resolved, That the United States should be should be deather on the January number of this paper we defined to first class new cloth bound offered ten first class new cloth bou

EXERCISES FOR MARCH.

By the Physical Director of the Order of The American Boy.

Each morning, on arising, put off every particle of clothing, make slowly seven of the arm movements described in Exercise I (see February number, page III), with all the mind on them, holding the breath all the time if possible. Then wind your gown or towel about your loins and with a sponge in the hand dash cold water once or twice on the chest and arms. Rub briskly with towel till the riesh is aglow, then do a little drumming on the muscles of the arm and the chest with the palms of the hands. The whole operation will take but a few minutes. See how good you will feel. At night take the same exercise without the bath.

minutes. See how good you will feel. At night take the same exercise without the bath.

Do this for the first week in March, Sundays included. It's good Sunday work.

For the second week increase the number of movements to eight. For the third week increase to ten. For the fourth week increase to thirteen. Bathe all over in tepid water at least twice a week.

After making the movements of Exercise 1 as directed, make the movements of Exercise 1, excepting that the palms of the hands are turned up instead of down. During the first week in March make the movements of Exercise 2 every morning and night four times; during the third week, six times; during the fourth week, seven times. Counting the movements of Exercise 1 and Exercise 2, you will make every morning and evening of the first week a total of eleven movements; second week, fourteen; third week, sixteen; fourth week, twenty. You will find by the end of the fourth week of March you can make the twenty movements as easily as you made the five movements in the first week of February; in other words, you are growing strong.

Executive Orders.

Order No. 4. Captains must promptly report to us additions to or resignations from their Companies, and where a member resigns, his badge should be delivered to the Captain to be returned to us or held by the Captain subject to our directions.

American Base Ball League.

Every amateur base ball club should join the ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY. The publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY will print the scores made by the clubs of the league in its monthly issues. The full terms of our great prize offer to the champion clubs in the League will be described later. They will probably be base balls made of silver with the names of the champion teams engraved on them. When you organize your club in the spring, see that it joins the order.

Captains should keep us informed of their Companies' plans and doings. We wish to publish all news from Companies.

Degrees Conferred.

We confer upon J. Donald Davis, Cableskill, N. Y., Captain of the Timothy Murphy Company, No. 1, Division of New York, one degree for excellence in public speaking; one degree for excellence in literary work; one degree for habits of thrift; one degree for good work in behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY and the Order—four degrees in all.

Degrees have been conferred upon J. Car-

AMERICAN BOY and the Order—four degrees in all.

Degrees have been conferred upon J. Carroll Knode, Stotsenberg Company, No. 1.

Division of Nebraska, Hebron, Neb., as follows: One for good scholarship, his average grades last term being 97½, and up to this time this term 97 2-5; and one degree for skill in athletics. On the last field day between two high schools, of which the Hebron high school was one, he, at the age of fourteen, took the first prize on the running high jump, his jump being tour feet, nine and one quarter inches.

We have given one degree to Minor Wasson, of Stotsenberg Company, No. 1, Division of Nebraska, Hebron, Neb., for good scholarship. In the last two terms he averaged 96.6 and 95 14-53.

One degree has been given to Arthur Davis, Stotsenberg Company, No. 1, Division of Nebraska, Hebron, Neb., for his business enterprise. Last summer he cleared eighteen dollars raising and selling vegetables.

Edward Ryan, East Boston, Mass., has been given one degree for a conspicuous act of heroism.

The McKinley Company Wins on the

O'Callaghan's Boys," by Gulielma Zollinger. These books are absolutely new and are every one of them books that will be a credit to a boys' library. We hope thouse of the McKinley Company will get great good out of them.

Roster of Companies.

Knox Company, No. 2, Division of Indiana, Vincennes, Ind., Captain Otto Bierhaus.
McKinley Company, No. 2, Division of Ohio, Niles, O., Captain Clarence Stewart. Conger Company, No. 2, Division of Illi-nois, Galesburg, Ill., Captain Burt Ander-

Centennial Company, No. 1, Division of Colorado, Denver, Colo., Captain Guy M Laird.

General Lawton Company, No. 3, Division of Indiana, Tipton, Ind., Captain Glan Huron.

Stotsenberg Company, No. 1, Division of Nebraska, Hebron, Neb., Captain J. Carrod

Jennie Wade Company, No. 1, Division of Kansas, Weir City, Kas., Captain Clarence Schwab.

Professor F. B. Willis Company, No. 3 Division of Ohio, Ada, O., Captain Charles Garrett.

Nelson Dingley Company, No. 1, Division of Maine, Auburn, Me., Captain Arthur J. S. Keene.

Nathan Hale Company, No. 2, Division of New York, Brooklyn, N. Y., Captain George S. Squibb.

Shick-hack Company, No. 1, Division of llinois, Chandlersville, Ill., Captain Will Illinois, C P. Wilson.

Gen. Joe Wheeler Company, No. 1, Division of Alabama, Oxford, Ala., Captain Frank Gwin.

Victoria Company, No. 1, Division of Michigan, Watervliet, Mich., Captain Les-ter Sodusky.

The Benjamin Harrison Company, No. 1. Division of Indiana, Warsaw, Ind., Captain Louis Wann. Excelsior Company, No. 3, Division of New York, New York City, N. Y., Captain Ellis J. Finch.

Timothy Murphy Company, No. 1, Division of New York, Cobleskill, N. Y., Captain J. Donald Davis.

Colonel Bratt Company, No. 2, Division of Nebraska, Table Rock, Neb., Captain J. Edwin Tillston.

James A. Garfield Company, No. 1. Division of Ohio, Garrettsville, O., Captain J. J. Jackson, Jr.

Hagerstown Boys Company, No. 1, Division of Maryland, Hagerstown, Md., Captain Clifford E. Hays.

Major Fraine Company, No. 1, Division of North Dakota, Park River, N. D., Captain Alfred B. Overby.

Roger Wolcott Company, No. 2, Division of Massachusetts, Athol, Mass., Captain Loreston C. Smith.

Stephen Girard Company, No. 1, Division of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa., Captain Charles H. Russell. George Washington Company, No. 2. Division of Michigan, Lacota, Mich., Captain Everett Lundy.

Little Crow Company, No. 1, Division of Minnesota, Litchfield, Minn., Captain Howard W. McClure.

Winfield S. Schley Company, No. 2, Division of Maryland, New Windsor, Md., Captain Edwin P. Kolb.

Robert Lafollette Company, No. 1, Division of Wisconsin, Appleton, Wis., Captain Frank G. Kranzusch.

Salt Lake Company, No. 1, Division of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah, Captain Charles M. Nielsen, Jr.

Myles Standish Company, No. 1, Division of Massachusetts, South Hanson, Massachusett C. Read,
Cushman K. Davis Company, No. 2.
Division of Minnesota, Heron Lake, Minn.
Captain Walter J. Gennell.

Abraham Lincoln Company, No. 4, Division of New York, New York City, Capt in Christopher J. Bittmann.

Benjamin Franklin Company, No. 2. Division of Pennsylvania, Meadville, l'a.. Captain Archibald D. Andrews.

Officers of the Line Appointed.

The following appointments as Lieutenant Commanders are announced for this month Maurice A. J. Warner, Kansas City, Mowith three degrees, the degrees being given for energy and determination amid difficulties, unusual musical skill, and excellence in a special department of amateur of deaver. deavor.
Cornelius Simmons, Atlanta, Ga., with









MILLARD FILLMORE.

GENERAL HALLECE.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWN.

GROVER CLEVELAND

COMMANDER WORDER.

March in American History

MARCH I, 1781: ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION OF THE "UNITED STATES OF AMERICA" SIGNED BY DELEGATES. These articles which leagued together the original thirteen states existed for about seven years, when they were found to be defective and inefficient and were superseded by a National Constitution.

MARCH 3, 1821: MISSOURI COMPROMISE BILL AS TO SLAVERY PASSED. The debates on the bill to admit Missouri into the Union, which brought up the whole question as to the right or wrong of negro slavery were of the most exciting and acrimonious character. Southern members even threatening a dissolution of the Union. Ultimately a compromise bill, which has been generally, but wrongfully, attributed to Henry Clay of Kentucky, passed the National Legislature by a vote of 134 to 42. On account of the hostile attitude of the north toward slavery, President Monroe hesitated for some time, but finally signed this measure, which admitted Missouri into the Union as a slave-labor state. souri into the Union as a slave-labor state.

MARCH 3, 1894: GENERAL GRANT SU-PERSEDED GENERAL HALLECK AS GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES ARMIES. For his excellent services in the west and southwest, Grant had already been created a lieutenant-general and received a gold medal from Congress. As Commander-in-Chief he made his head-quarters with the Army of the Potomac until the capitulation at Appomattox Court House in 1865. The following year he was made General of the United States Army.

MARCH 3. 1885; PRESIDENT ARTHUR APPROVED THE ACT OF CUNGRESS APPROPRIATING \$1,880,000 TO INCREASE THE NAVY. This appropriation provided for the nucleus of the present splendid navy of America.

provided for the nucleus of the present splendid navy of America.

MARCH 5, 1770: THE BOSTON MASSACRE. The enmity between the British troops stationed in Boston and the citizens was greatly aggravated by a quarrel between the soldiers and rope-makers. The latter were severely beaten, and to avenge the outrage seven hundred citizens assembled with the intention of attacking the troops. Stones, pieces of ice and all kinds of missiles were used by the mob. A soldier, who was struck, fired his gun, and his companions, in error, fired also. Three citizens were killed and many wounded. These occurrences roused the citizens to fury, the alarm was sounded, and the streets of Boston were soon thronged with thousands of angry people. Terrible bloodshed was only averted by Governor Hutchinson issuing a proclamation that the offenders would be delivered up to justice. The troops were removed to Castle William and Captain Preston, who was in command, together with six of his men, were tried and acquitted by a jury of Boston citizens. The lawyers for the defense were John Adams and Josiah Quincy. The love of justice displayed in this trial greatly strengthened the argument of American sympathizers in England in favor of more consideration being granted to the colonists.

MARCH 8, 1874: M:LLARD FILLMORE

MARCH 8, 1874: M!LLARD FILLMORE DIED. Born in Cayuga County, New York, in 1800, his education was of the scantiest. After several years' apprenticeship to a fuller, his fondness for study caused him to begin the study of law. In 1821 he arrived in Buffalo with four dollars in his pocket, an entire stranger. Despite every obstacle he was admitted to the bar in 1823, and in a few years took rank among

JAMES MOVEOUR

the foremost lawyers of New York state. In 1828 he was elected to the State Legislature, serving three successive terms. In 1832 he was elected to Congress, and retained his seat until 1842, when he declined a renomination. Ability, integrity and industry marked his Congressional career. Defeated for the Governorship of New York in 1844, he was appointed Controller of the state in 1847. In 1848 he was nominated and elected Vice President of the United States, and on the death of President Taylor, Mr. Fillmore succeeded to that high office. On his retirement on March 4th, 1853, he left the country at peace with all nations, and every department of industry in a prosperous condition.

MARCH 9. 1882: CONFEDERATE RAM

all nations, and every department of industry in a prosperous condition.

MARCH 9, 1862: CONFEDERATE RAM MERRIMAC DEFEATED BY THE MONITOR. On the previous day the Merrimac had destroyed the wooden sailing frigates Congress and Cumberland, and the Confederates were jubilant at the prospect of the Federal navy succumbing to the prowess of the powerful ram. Matters looked exceedingly gloomy for the Federal navy when the Monitor appeared in Hampton Roads, commanded by Lieutenant John L. Worden. This vessel of peculiar appearance had been designed and constructed by Captain John Ericsson, to meet such an antagonist as the Merrimac, although a pigmy in size, compared with her rival. Indeed, the Confederates dubbed it in derision, a "cheese box." The fight which took place between the two vessels was of the fiercest description, the Merrimac throwing masses of iron, weighing two hundred pounds upon her enemy with a velocity of two hundred feet per second. These, however, glanced off the Monitor's deck like pebbles from a solid granite wall. The fight resulted, as stated, in the Merrimac being so much disabled by the accurate and terrible assaults of the plucky little Monitor, that she fied to Norfolk and refused further combat.

MARCH 9, 1888: CONGRESS APPROPRIATED \$50,000 for NATIONAL DE-

MARCH 9, 1898: CONGRESS APPROPRIATED \$50,000,000 FOR NATIONAL DEFENSES. In view of probable hostilities breaking out with Spain, the United States at once began to strengthen and increase her defenses in order to cope with and repel her possible antagonist.

MARCH 11, 1874: CHARLES SUMNER DIED. He graduated at Harvard in 1830. Published Sumner's Law Report, edited the American Jurist, and, in Judge Story's absence, lectured at Harvard Law School on constitutional law and the law of nations. His oration on the "True Grandeur of Nations," delivered before the city authorities of Boston, on July 4, 1845, was widely circulated throughout America and Europe, and occasioned much controversy because of its advocacy of arbitration instead of war as a means of settling disputes between nations. His faime as an orator spread and he was called upon to deliver public addresses throughout the country. As a friend of the negro he opposed the annexation of Texas in the belief that it would extend the slave-labor system. His staunch and earnest advocacy of emancipation continued until his death. In 1851 he was elected to fill the place of Daniel Webster in the United States Senate, and kept his seat there during the remainder of his life. He made many memorable speeches before that body, among which "The Crime Against Kansas" occupied two days in delivery. He was a strong upholder of the national policy during the Civil War, and his eulogy on President Lincoln in 1885 may be classed as one of his greatest efforts. While in MARCH 11, 1874: CHARLES SUMNER DIED. He graduated at Harvard in 1830.

England in 1872 he was nominated for governor of Massachusetts, but declined. His death occurred after only a few hours' ill-

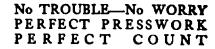
MARCH 15, 1767: ANDREW JACKSON BORN. His birth took place in Mecklenburg. County, N. C. At the age of 14, he joined the Revolutionary forces. Began to practice law in 1786, was a member of the United States Senate in 1797, and Judge of the Tennessee Supreme Court from 1798 to 1804. Major-General of the Tennessee Militia from 1798 to 1814, he conducted the war successfully against the Creeks, and also against the Seminoles in 1817. Became Governor of Florida in 1821-22. In 1828 and again in 1832 he was elected President of the United States, the end of his administration being marked by prosperity in all America's affairs, both foreign and domestic.

MARCH 17. 1776: EVACUATION OF BOSTON BY THE BRITISH. Washington with three thousand meanly clad and ill-fed troops, had succeeded in occupying and thoroughly fortifying Dorchester Heights, overlooking and commanding Boston. The British Commander, Lord Howe, at this wholly unexpected move, which he saw no means of checking, called a council, at which it was determined to evacuate the city. For his success in delivering Boston, Washington was thanked by Congress and awarded a gold medal.

MARCH 18, 1837: GROVER CLEVE-LAND BORN. Caldwell, Essex County, New Jersey, was the place of his birth. Studied for the legal profession and was admitted to the bar at Buffalo, N. Y., in 1859. Shortly after he began to practice he was appointed Assistant District Attorney of Erie County. N. Y. In state politics he occupied the offices of Sheriff of Erie County, Mayor of Buffalo, and Governor of New York. Was Democratic President of the United States from 1885 to 1889, and again from 1893 to 1897.

MARCH 20, 1852: MRS. HARRIET ELIZ-ABETH BEECHER STOWE PUBLISHED "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN." This, the most famous work of the noted authoress, had already been published in the "National Era," of Washington, arousing great interest. terest.

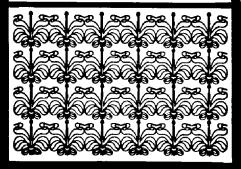
MARCH 26, 1882: WALT WHITMAN, POET, DIED, AT CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY. In his youth he had been successively printer, carpenter, journalist, and army nurse, during the Civil War. His more important works are "Leaves of Grass," for which he was dismissed from his position as a government clerk in Washington; "Drum-Taps," "Memoranda During the War," "November Boughs," and "Selected Poems." The title of "The Good Gray Poet" was applied to Whitman by William Douglas O'Connor.



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WALT WHITMAN

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

CHARLES STREET,

Governos Europenson.

How to Clake Your Own Tackle.

J. HARRINGTON KEENE.

There is no manly pastime which is so long enjoyed in life as fishing. It can be begun and learned earlier than any sport, and some of the most successful anglers are yet very young. It is usually continued long after the gun and baseball, and even the bicycle, are put aside; and many of the most devoted lovers of the gentle art are old and grayhaired grandfathers. It is the least cruel of all the pursuits of wild game, and from the fact that it brings us in close contact with every mood of open air nature, it is a school in itself, teaching observation and interested study of all pertaining to the flowing streams, still waters, shady woods and green meadows, and thereby helping us to attain what the first lady-angler (Dame Berners) writing in 1496 has prettily termed, "a flowering age, and a long."

Truly, however, it may be as "Fishin' Jimmy" Fig. 1. Guide for Tip of Rod. Says in Siosson's charm-

ing little book of that title: "I allers loved fishin' an' know'd it was the best thing in the hull airth. I know'd it larnt ye more about creeters an' yarbs an' stuns an' water than books could tell yer. I know'd it made folks patienter and common-senser an' weatherwiser an' cuter ginerally; gin em more fac'lty than all the school larnin' in treation. • • • I know'd it cooled ye off when ye wus het an' het ye when ye wus cold. I know'd all that o' course -any fool knows it. But will ye b'leve it? I was more'n twenty one years old, a man grow'd 'fore I foun' out why 'twas that way." The object of this and succeeding papers is to explain to even the youngest reader what "Fishin' Jimmy" did not find out till he was a "man growd."

With the bright days of early Spring and the disappearance of snow and ice, all the finny dwellers of the water begin to revive from their lethargy or sleep of the winter, and grow hungry. Not that many of them do not eat during winter, but that all their powers revive with those of everything living, at this season of the year, and more food is

needed to act as fuel for the increased energy, and their greater exer-Fig. 2. Guide Bing for tions. Probably one of the first to show

the approach of Spring is that real boy's fish, the brook Sucker. Hardly has the snow water passed away, when this fish begins his spawning, and will greedily take the garden worm at such time. Next in order of readiness comes the "salmon of the fountains"—the beautiful Brook Trout, and he is in condition for spise it. Procure an ordinary large catching, just as soon as the streams are open. Soon following after, come all the "pan-fishes" dear to the heart of the young angler—the perches, the sunfishes, the pickerel, and finally the basses, all in riotous profusion. And so the fishing season progresses to the full crop of the water harvest in the months that follow the "Ides of March."

But before the actual fishing season arrives, it is necessary for the young through the center with some pieces of angler to thoughtfully prepare his tackling. There can be no more interesting task than this, and the main object of this paper is to start with him at the very beginning of his career and show him how he can, without great study or



Fig. 3. Guide Ring in Pla

more than ordinary skill, make his own tackle. The most successful fishermen are those who can at any time, if needed, repair or even remake their rods or leaders or retie their hooks. No boy who would excel in this sport should omit to learn at least the first and most useful methods of tackle manufacture.

To those who can afford to buy shopmade rods and other useful things these last words do not apply. But supposing that you have no rod to begin with, and that you have no reel or other tackle at all;-go into the nearest copse and cut one of the straightest poles you can find!

A hickory rod is the best, and makes the | and then fold up the two sides as shown this very early in the season, and trim off the branches and set it by the stove not too near--to dry thoroughly. If you need to straighten it more, heat it over the warm stove, and suspend it in the

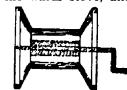


Fig. 4. Homemade Spool-reel.

barn with a weight to the lower end -- several flatirons will do. In a week you will find it greatly improved. Now sandpaper the knots and in-

equalities off, and if you wish to be very particular, carefully take off the bark. though this is, of course, not actually necessary. If you have chosen well, you will have a rod or pole quite good enough for ordinary practical fishing.

But you perhaps want something a little more like a "boughten" rod. In this case you can easily endow your rod with line guides and a homemade reel. For an efficient and ready tip guide, the ring of a large ordinary safety pin will well serve. Cut it off as shown in Fig. 1 (do this with a file or pair of cutter-pincers) and place it on the tip of the rod, which is indicated by the dotted lines. This is to be wound with waxed thread. Ordinary thread and a little cobbler's or shoemaker's wax should be used. Or if you can afford it silk thread is better, and a wax which will not alter the color

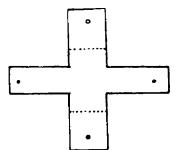


Fig. 5. Plan of Homemade Reel-plate.

of the thread can be made as follows: Resin two ounces, beeswax one quarter ounce, beef tallow one quarter ounce. Simmer in an old tomato can for twenty minutes, and then pour into cold water and pull it like you would candy, till cold. It will be a silvery white. You will need at least five other line guides on your rod at a distance of two feet or so apart, and these may also be made from the loops of safety pins. Bend the legs of the part of the pin you cut off. as shown in Fig. 2, and attach the guides to the rod as indicated in Fig. 3.

Your homespun rod is now ready for a rough and ready reel, and here let me say that it was with a reel just as I am about to describe, that I first began my fishing career, so let the novice not de-

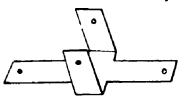
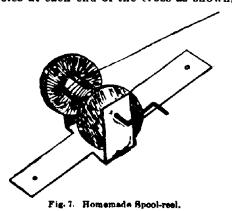


Fig. 6. Plate of Homemade Reel.

thread spool (Fig. 4) and fill up the hole rubber-old rubber eraser will do. Then take a piece of copper or brass wire and thrust it through the rubber filling as shown in Fig. 4. Let the extreme end protrude as shown, for it has to enter the reel plate, now to be described.

Take a piece of tin-that of an old tomato can will do-and cut it with shears in the shape of Fig. 5. Make holes at each end of the cross as shown.



toughest and most lasting weapon. Do in Fig. 6, at the parts indicated in Fig. 5 at the dotted lines. You have now (Fig. 6) a reel plate into the holes of the sides of which you first slip the handle. and then the end of the wire, making the finished reel to appear like Fig. 7. Nail it with a couple of tacks to your rod, and you have a reel quite as useful as a beginner needs, if not so elegant as he will afterwards want. After all is said and done the reel is only for the purpose of readily taking in or letting out line, and one costing forty dollars would not enable you to catch fish if you did not know how or where to find the fish. Tackle does not make the angler, but there is every reason why the angler should make the tackle, even if it be simple instead of ornamental.

(To be Continued.)

THE BOY ..JOURNALIST..

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The Hand Press and How to Take Care of It.

SAMUEL J. STEINBERG.

Care of it.

Samuel J. Steinbergo.

When a salesman in some typefoundry assures the prospective purchaser that on a hand press one can do equally as good work as on a more expensive foot power press, he is generally met with an incredulous smile. Very few are ready to concede the possibilities of the hand or lever press. Even experienced printers share this prejudice. In fact, it is among the printers of experience that this prejudice generally exists. Yet some of the printing I have seen executed on a hand press were excellent examples of fine press work. It all depends on the boy in front of the press. Of course this does not mean that a boy with a two-roller hand press will be able to do as excellent work as the same boy with a three-roller foot power press. There are, however, no limitations to what can be accomplished with the average hand press, whether in plain printing, small book work, color or half-tone work, or even embossing; the only drawback is in speed. The hand presses being built to-day are uniformly good, being strongly put together and having a firm, rigid impression. There was at one time a feeling that a side lever press was weaker on the side opposite the lever than the other, but this idea was finally exploded.

One make of hand press on the market some years ago, advertised as a special feature of their presses that each chase had a patented bottom which prevented the type from failing out. I don't know whether this press is being manufactured now or not, but I want to caution purchasers about investing in one. Type that is put together so loosely or carelessly that it may fall out, will be pulled out by the rollers anyway. The inexperienced printer must set his type so carefully that every letter will be solid and secure.

A hand press, like other pieces of machinery, demands carreful attention. It is far better to wash the ink off the press when through with it than to scrape it off the disk with a piece of rule some days after. I take it for granted that few of my readers will need th

poses.

Keep your press clean—very clean. Dust and dirt will accumulate, but should not be allowed to remain.

There at one time existed a popular idea among professional printers that a clean press signified an idle one, and that the best way to indicate a busy establishment was to keep your presses dirty, and

the best way to indicate a busy establishment was to keep your presses dirty, and your floor unswept. But that theory has gone with the one that no apprentice could become a good journeyman printer until he was proficient in chewing and smoking tobacco, drinking and swearing.

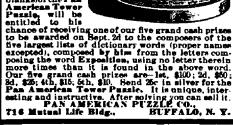
It does no harm to take a press apart occasionally and thoroughly clean the bearings. Grit and dirt from poor oil often accumulates to such an extent as to hinder the speed and smoothness of the press.

One way to protect a press is to keep it covered. If you are at all handy with a needle you can make a neat cover from a few yards of denim, ticking or cretonne. A number of the large printing offices always cover their job presses, and one time I saw twelve cylinder presses and six job presses all being arrayed in blue denim for the night. This man did not believe that clean presses indicated an idle establishment, or if he did believe it, he didn't care.

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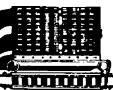
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A Hill of Potatoes.

I. P. ROBERTS.



"notato" or tuber.

LANT a hill of potatoes. You can do it in the house. Plant in a box or a flower pot. Keep the box warm, and do not let the soil dry out. Plant whole tubers and pieces of tubers. Plant pieces

of various sizes. Plant some that have no "eyes." Plant shallow—so that the tuber is just covered with soil-and deep. Watch the results.

All plants are abundantly supplied with means for reproducing their kind: some by seed, some by multiplication at the crown or base or by roots, others by means of underground stems; and some, as the potato, have two or more means of reproduction. In its wild or partially improved state the potato is abundantly supplied with fruit, "seed balls," borne on the top of the stalks. The seeds of a single ball often will produce many varieties of potatoes and they cannot be depended upon to reproduce the parent stock. Farmers seldom attempt to raise potatoes from the seeds; when they do it is for the purpose of securing new varieties. The common method of reproduction is to plant a part or all of an enlarged underground stem, that is, a part of the



be performed again and again, until many plants suitable for transplanting in the open may be secured from a single eye.

Learn that the potato contains starch. This can be done by applying a drop of dilute iodine to a freshly cut surface of

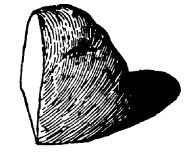


Fig. 2. Piece of Tuber for Planting and Bearing a Single Potato.

the tuber: the starch grains turn blueblack. Five cents worth of iodine purcient for many tests. Dilute it about one-half with water. This starch, after

chased at the drug store will be suffibeing changed to sugar, supplies the

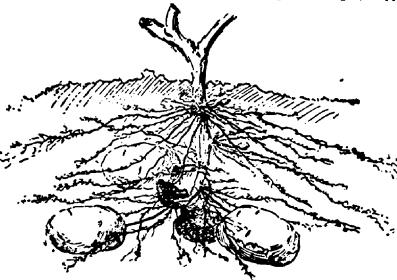


Fig. 1. Underground Part of Potato Plant in Mellow Soil.

When the soil is reasonably porous young plant with nourishment. Dig up and fertile, a strong root may start at the pieces you have planted and see the seed piece and descend more or less which start first, shoots or roots. directly into the subsoil. In most cases. however, the roots spread laterally. This is a good illustration of how plants may vary in their root habits in order to adapt themselves to their environ-ment. Notice where the roots form on the plants you are growing. Few farmers know where they form.

A single eye, with a portion of the tuber attached to furnish nourishment to the bud until sustenance can be secured from newly formed rootlets, may produce one, occasionally more, strong upright stems. A most interesting study of manifold reproduction may be made even in the winter time by planting in a fertile soil a piece of potato containing a single eye. As soon as the rootlets begin to start, divide each eye and piece into two parts and re-plant. in a few days after the rootlets have again started, divide the two pieces into four and re-plant. This operation may

The "potato" is an enlarged underground stem provided with numerous buds similar to those on the stems of



Illustrating Spiral Arrangement of the Eyes,

plants above ground. These buds are placed spirally on the underground stem or tuber with a considerable degree of uniformity. As on the stems of other plants, the buds are less numerous and weaker at the base and most numerous and vigorous at the top or upper end. On a smooth well developed long potato, the spiral arrangement of the buds may

be illustrated by sticking a toothpick or pin in each eye, beginning at the base or stem end, and connecting the pins with a string.

Having seen the potato growing in the house, some information may be given respecting its treatment in the field as a crop.

Potatoes are easily raised, even under adverse conditions, although they respond quickly to superior fertility and tillage. The average yield in the United States during the last ten years was 76.6 bushels per acre, although from three to four hundred bushels per acre are not uncommon under superior tillage when soil and climate are at their best.

The area devoted to potatoes during the last decade was two and a half mil-lion acres annually. Potatoes do best on a moderately moist and deep soil and in a climate relatively cool.

Since the period of growth is short. varying from three to five months, they should be planted in soil which has an abundance of readily available plant food. Notice in Fig. 1 that most of the underground stems which have produced potatoes leave the main stem about four inches below the surface and but a short distance above the seed-piece. This suggests that the seed should be planted about four inches deep. To produce three hundred bushels of potatoes requires the exhalation of over three hundred tons of water: therefore water or moisture is of quite as much importance in securing large yields as plant food.

It is best to prepare the land deeply, to plant deep, and then to practice nearly or quite level culture. The practice of hilling up potatoes, so common in most parts of the country, is to be discouraged, because it is wasteful of moisture and the tubers do not grow in the coolest part of the soil. For very early potatoes, hilling up may be allowable. Till the soil very often to save the moisture.

Making Money Raising Plants.

There are boys who have made money by raising plants for sale. One began with a stock in trade of ten geraniums (assorted kinds), six coleus and twelve begonias, assorted. In February he cut these plants all up into cuttings, which he started over a coal oil lamp in wet sand. He added to this collection two dollars worth of seedspansles, verbenas, asters and marguerite carnations. To this he added sweet alyssum and mignonette. The first day of May he hung out a little sign on the front porch stating that he had flowers for sale. The family laughed at him, but he had a customer before noon. In a few days he had sold all his begonia cuttings, which were thirty in number, at ten cents each. With the three dollars thus obtained he reinvested in more begonias. He sold all his begonia cuttings, which were thirty in number, at ten cents each. With the three dollars thus betained he reinvested in more begonias. He sold fifty geranium cuttings, twenty coleus, twenty five dozen pansies, five dozen verbenas and two dozen sweet alyssum for bedding. He potted the mignonette and marguerite carnations and sold them in bloom. The asters wold well in the fall. He invested all his earnings in stock, and from this he has built up a nice little business. Pansies sell readily from the time they are an inch high. Geraniums are always in demand. Something new and catchy must be added now and then to arouse interest. There is no pleasanter way of earning pin money, though it is not easy work. Selling cut flowers is a profitable branch of the business.

About Sweet Peas.

The best support for sweet pea vines is brush, two to six feet tall, setting rows about six inches apart. If brush cannot be obtained, poultry netting is advised, one foot or eighteen inches wide, fastened lengthwise on six-foot poles, set four or five feet apart. The best results are obtained from sweet peas by planting them four to six inches apart. Sweet peas are great drinkers, and should be watered frequently as well as syringed early in the morning, on clear days particularly, on the inner side of the leaves. Pick the flowers every evening, cutting the stems as long as possible.

We know of one person who made twenty five dollars selling sweet peas off a piece of ground six feet square.

April is the month for action in the garden. Get all tools ready.

We should like to have boys write us some of their experiences in gardening.

A WOMAN FLORIST

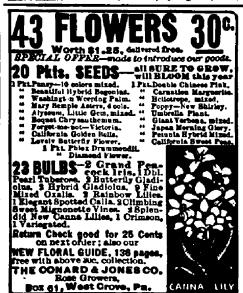
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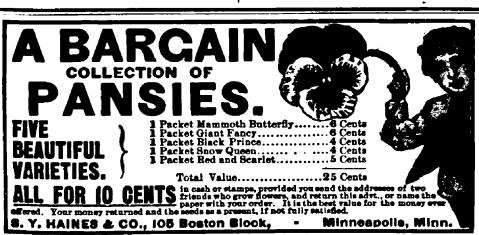
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How to Build a Canadian Canoe

KENNETH M. RANSOM

The canoe has rightly been termed "The poor man's yacht," for its first cost and the expense of keeping it in firstclass condition are moderate.

I doubt much if millions will purchase a boat in which a boy or a man can have a better time. The tippy qualities of the log canoes and bark creations of our forefathers have cast a shadow of suspicion on this style of craft. It is the purpose of this article to describe a canoe that can be constructed by any painstaking novice, for a small sum, and that shall be of good design, light and graceful, yet steady and stanch. It is believed that the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY will hail with joy the opportunity thus afforded them to possess a first-class boat built by their own hands.

If each step is followed as below described in an orderly manner, each part shaped with care and patience, success will be certain.

First select some place to work. If you have no shop, any room sixteen feet long will do. There will be no danger of marring woodwork or doing any damage.

Get together all the tools at your disposal. The more you have the better, but you should have at least the fol-Square, saw, keyhole saw, lowing: brace and bit, chisel, block plane, screw driver, nail set, gauge, light claw hammer, jackknife, two iron clamps and an old flatiron to clinch nails on. If your saws are dull have them filed; grind and whet your plane and chisel, and keep them sharp while the work progresses. Make a bench upon which to plane up stuff and if possible get a bench vise. Add

to the foregoing a strong box to saw on. It is best to purchase all your materials before you begin, and here is a list of the needed articles: 2 pieces of 2x4 scantling 14 ft. long, 2 pieces of pine, 16 ft. x 4 in. x % in. dressed, 1 piece of pine 14 ft. x 2 in. x % in. dressed, 2 pine boards 14 ft. x 12 in. x % in. dressed, 1 piece select white oak 14 ft. x 1 in. x % in. dressed, 1 piece select white oak 14 ft. x % in. x % in. dressed, 2 pieces select white oak 14 ft. x 1 in. x 1 in. dressed, 2 pieces select white oak 12 ft. x 2 in. x ¼ in. dressed, 2 pieces select white oak 14 ft. x 5 in. x %in. dressed, 40 pieces select white oak 4 ft. x 1/2 in. x 1/4 in. dressed, 2 pieces clear white pine 14 ft. x 2 in. x 1/4 in. dressed, 75 strips clear pine or cypress 16 ft. x 34 in. x 14 in. dressed, 20 strips select pine 14 ft. x1/2 in. x 1/4 in. dressed, 2 pieces, 16 ft. x % in. ½ round oak moulding, 1 white ash board for paddle 9 ft. x 9 in. x 1½ in, 1 five gallon gasoline can with screw cap, 2 pounds copper clout nails % inch, 5 pounds 11/2 in. casing nails, 1 pound 1 in, brads, 1 pound % in. brads, 8 flat head stove bolts 2 in. x 3-16 in., 2 pounds 8 penny nails, 1 pound 20 penny nails, 3 pounds white lead, 1/4 pound beeswax, 3 pounds putty, 1 pint Japan drier, 3 dozen 11/4 in. brass screws, 4 dozen % in. brass screws, 1 ball cotton twine, 1 quire No. 3 sand paper, 1 quire No. 1 sand paper, 2 sheets of pasteboard and several sheets of heavy wrapping paper.

A good foundation is necessary in all things, so we will begin by making a good truss on which to build the boat and to hold the forms securely. Figs. 1 and 2 represent this truss. By careful study of the drawings my description construction will be easily un-

derstood. First cut your 2x4's exactly 14 ft. long and letter them a. This done lay them aside, and cut from one of your pine boards 16 ft. x 4 in. x % in. ten pieces exactly 2 ft. long; letter these b as in Fig. 1. In one end of six of these cut a notch 2 in. wide and 1 in. deep. In the remaining four cut a notch 4 in. deep and 1 in. wide. Now place the scantling on edge and nail one of the four pieces at each end (notch out), as if to make a ladder. Then cut two measuring sticks just 37 inches long, and lay them against the back edge of b; put another b piece up against the other ends, and nail with three nails in each end. This

will space them 37 inches apart; continue this way until all are on one side, as in Fig. 1. Then turn over and nail remaining set on opposite side, taking care to have all the notches come even. This done, stand frame notch side up and, with your saw, cut from notch to notch across the scantling and one inch deep, chiseling out. Also cut a 2 in. wide by 1 inch deep groove exactly midway between these, and chisel out the piece.

After completing the foregoing work cut from your pine strip, which is 16 ft. x 2 in. x % in., seven pieces 2 ft. long. Draw a line in the center 1 ft. from each end drive the pieces into the 2 inch grooves and nail them securely. These pieces are lettered g and should look as in Fig. 2. These crosspieces will support the forms securely. Cut two pieces 2 ft. long 4 in. wide and nail them across the ends in the notches forming piece marked f in Fig. 2. Now take your remaining pine board, which is 16 ft. x 4 in. x % in. and cut it so it will be 14 ft. and 3 in. long. Now set your gauge to mark 1½ inches and gauge a line from each edge of the strip. This will divide it into three sections, the middle one exactly 1 in. wide. Take two of your pine strips, 16 ft. x 1/4 in. x 1/4 in., and with 1 in, brads nail along the outer edge of these lines, thus forming a groove 1 in, wide and 1/4 in, deep along the entire piece. Place this piece on the top of your truss over the crossplece and fasten it in the middle, and securely, at places marked "Nail" in Fig. 1. Put in no nails between these points and the ends. Cut two blocks 4 in. long 3 in. high and spring the ends up and place them under as at d in Fig. 1; this will form the curve or rocker of the keel and is important, for it is stronger and does not hog like a flat keel often does. If the work has been well done, the even. Tack down and cut around the

you sight along it from end to end.

Your truss is now done, and should be nailed to the floor firmly, and so braced as to hold it perfectly vertical.

We are now ready to begin work on the boat. Be very careful in making measurements for we will now make the patterns and on them depends the boat's shape.

Study Fig. 3 very carefully, after which cut a piece of pasteboard 15 in. long and 12 in. wide. Be sure the corners are square and the edges true. With your square divide it into six equal parts, making separating lines 2 in. apart. Number the lines as in Fig. Then measure off on line 1 a point 6% in. from the left edge. Lay your square on line II and place dots at 6% in., 10% in., 12% in. and 13% in. from left edge. On line III place dots 6% in., 11% in. 13% in. and 14% in. On line IV. place dots at 6½ in., 11½ in., 14½ in. and 15 in. On line V. place dots at 5¾ in., 10% in., 14 1-16 in. and 14% in. On line VI. place dots at 4 in., 8½ in., 11% in. and 131/4 in.

Lay the pasteboard on a board and drive a 11/2 in. brad into each dot, leaving each nail about 1 in. out. Take a thin strip of hardwood and beginning at x bend it around the first row of nails as a guide and draw a line. Do this with each row and it will look like Fig. 3. Each curve should be perfect if properly done.

Now take a piece of wrapping paper and fold it from left to right, creasing down the seam. With a sharp knife cut your pasteboard around the outer line from x to z and withdraw the nails.

Lay your wrapping paper on the floor, seam to left; next lay the pasteboard pattern on it with left edges perfectly

groove will appear perfectly straight as edge again from x to z on the paper. Remove the pattern and by unfolding the paper you have a full sized shape of the middle of your boat. Letter this pattern m.

Cut around your next line from x to y. Fold another paper and proceed with this exactly as you did with the first This will give you another complete pattern which will be lettered n. Proceed with the remaining two in the same manner, lettering them o and p. It will be observed that pattern p is two inches higher than the rest. Tack these patterns on one of the pine boards 14 ft. x 12 in. x % in. and mark around the edge There will be two each of n, o and p After marking these out, cut out carefully with your keyhole saw. Mark the center of each where the crease in the paper comes. Plane up the edges smooth and round the edges of o and p slightly.

At the tinsmith's buy seven pieces of sheet iron 6 in. long and % in. wide Punch a hole in the center and one at each end of each of these and nail one at right angles with the form, on the bottom of each form exactly in the center so as to fasten them to the keel.

Lay these aside and make Fig. 4 on a piece of pasteboard 18 in. x 18 in., laying off into 2 in. spaces as in Fig. 3; and. as in Fig. 3, measure on line 1, 3% in on line 2, 2 in.; on line 3, 1 in.; on line 4, % in.; on line 5, 0 in.; on line 6, 3, in.; on line 7, 1 in.; on line 8, 3 in.; on line 9, 6 in. Drive your nails into the dots and bend your strip around from x to z as before. Mark and cut out, also cut across where indicated by the dotted line in Fig. 4. Tack this pattern on a piece of board 12 in. wide by % thick. mark and saw out. Name this plece "stern pattern."

Cut a piece of board 12 in. wide and 15 in. long. Divide in center by a line as in Fig. 5. Measure 7½ in. from the top along this line and mark a dot, and with a pair of compasses describe the half circle as shown, and cut this out. Name this piece, "coaming pattern." Pattern making is now done. To make the bow and stern posts is the most difficult work of all, as the wood must be steamed and bent to shape. The ribs and coaming must also be steamed, and for this reason we must have a boiler and steam box.

From any boards you may have make box 5 ft. long and 4 in, wide and 4 in. deep. This box or tube, for it has four sides but no ends, should have several little blocks nailed across the inside on the bottom to hold the wood up so the steam will strike all sides. Fill the cracks with thick flour paste. Воте а hole in the center of the bottom large enough to fit snugly over the hole in your five gallon can; fill your can three fourths full of water and set on a gasoline or oil stove to boil. This outfit will furnish all the steam necessary. Do not let can boil dry.

Nail your "stern pattern" to the floor At the upper part nail a block 1% in. from the pattern piece, thus forming a groove of that width between the two.

Next cut four pieces of oak from your pieces 14 ft. x 1 in. x 1 in., each 4 ft. long. Get up steam in your boiler, and put two of these pieces in the box and stuff the ends well with old cloth to hold in the steam. Steam hard for half an hour, then withdraw a piece with gloved hands, stick one end between the groove at top of pattern and slowly bend around the form, getting it as snug as possible and being careful not to buckle it. Have a helper ready to drive a nail to keep it from slipping back as you bend it. When it is all up tight leave it to set for half an hour while tring are steaming Refore taking the bent piece from the form nail a strip across from end to end to hold it from springing. Bend all four in this manner.

Set your gauge so as to mark ¼ in. Mark 1/4 in. from each edge on the convex side of two of these pieces and with your plane cut away the wood on a bevel so that the convex side will be ½ in, and the concave or back side 1 in-This bevel is for your plank to nail to. Now your stems are done when you cut them to length as in Fig. 4. The keel comes next. Take your piece 14 ft. x l in. x % in. and cut it just 12 ft. long. Now nali your strip of oak 14 ft. x 1/3 in. x 1/4 in. right down the center of this (Continued on Page 159)

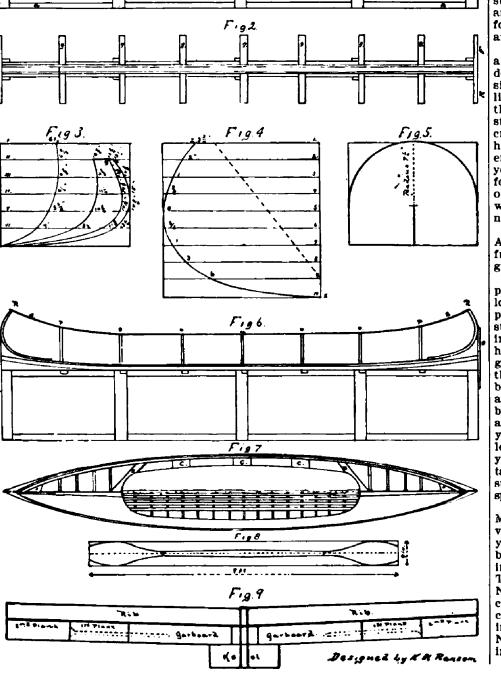


Fig.1.



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Conditions Essential to Success.

Sir Andrew Clark was once asked what conditions he thought were essential to make a man a successful physician. His answer applies to success in any field. "Firstly," he said, "I believe that every man's success is within himself and must come out of himself. Secondly, a man must be seriously in earnest. He must do with all his might and with all his concentration of thought the one thing at the one time which he is called upon to do. If one says, 'I cannot do that—I cannot love work,' then I answer that there is a certain remedy, and it is work. Work in spite of yourself and make the habit of work, and when the habit is formed it will be transformed into the love of work; and at last you will not only abhor idleness but you will have happiness out of the work which then you are constrained from love to do. Thirdly, the man must be charitable, not censorious—self-efficient, not self-deficient. Fourthly, the man must believe that labor is life, that successful labor, with high aims and just objects, will bring to him the fullest, truest and happiest life that could be lived upon the earth.'

A Business Man's Complaint.

Standing, says a journalist, by the desk of a business man who employs quite a number of lads, I saw a boy of about fifteen come in and apply for a situation. The boy was well dressed, and by demeanor and accent indicated that he belonged to a good school. Without taking off his hat, or appearing to notice anybody who was present, he demanded, in a sharp, unpleasant voice: mister, are you advertising for a boy?

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The business man looked at him for a second and answered: "I want an older! boy than you." "What?" "I want an older boy than you," answered the merchant in a somewhat louder voice. "Oh," answered the lad, as he swung around and walked out. "That," said the merchant to me, "is a sample of the manner of a modern school boy. In my business, you know, we depend almost entirely on politeness, quickness and adaptability of the young fellows we have behind the counter. My customers ask me why I change my boys so often. Certainly it is not to save money, for I would be will-ing to keep them if they were worth keeping. The first thing they ask me is what wages I pay, and the next what hours they will have to work. They never think about me or my business, all they want to know is how much money they can get out of me. Apparently they give me no credit for being able to teach them a profitable trade; they only regard me as a taskmaster, who is to be made to pay the highest price, give the shortest hours and accept the lowest quality of service.—Christian Youth.

United States Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, is thirty eight: United States Senator Butler, of North Carolina, is thirty seven, and Congressman Bailey, of Texas, who will probably be the next United States Senator chosen from that State, is thirty seven. Butler is seven months younger than Beveridge, and Bailey five months younger than Butler.

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each week outside of school hours by selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We want to double this number in the thousands of towns where we have no boys. One boy in Minneapolis, who started three weeks ago, writes:

"Here is my order for 90 copies for next week. The Post is selling like hot cakes. Next week look for an order for 125."

Another boy in Dubuque, Iowa, writes:

"Since I started I have made over \$60."

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To be sold at 5 cents each. This will give 50 cents with which to commence. After that they will be furnished at the special wholesale price.

In addition to the profit on the copies sold we will give \$200 in Cash Prizes to the 50 boys who do the best work during the next month.

Write to us and the first week's supply of 10 copies will be mailed, together with full instructions, including a dainty little booklet in which 20 of our most successful boys tell how they did it.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

BOYS IN THE HOME, CHURCH AND SCHOOL

The years from fifteen to twenty three Three Boys Whom Miss Willard Knew. are the most serious in the life of a boy.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed on as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

The Atchison (Kas.) Globe says that it is a grandmotherly notion that a man should be tucked in his bed at home every night until the day he marries and goes to a home of his own. Such hothouse treatment, it says, puts him in poor condition for the cold blasts he is bound to encounter later in life. A man gets training away from home that he needs in after life.

Tit-Bits-Old Gentleman-"Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?" "Little boy—"Never! We have moral suasion at our school." Old gentleman—"What's that?" Boy—"Oh, we get kep' in, and stood up in corners, and locked out, and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at and jawed at, and that's all."

It is reported that a young man, being examined preparatory to joining the church, was asked, "Under whose preaching were you converted?" "Under nobody's preaching," was the prompt reply; "I was converted under my mother's practicing." Did any preacher ever utter so powerful a sermon as the young man embodied in those few words?

Many boys neglect chances of mental improvement. They do not realize what it is to have an education till they get into a company of boys when something comes up for discussion and find that they must sit still instead of taking an active part. After an experience of this sort they usually bemoan their fate and say they had no chance to learn. Some boys leave school sooner than they ought to, either from choice or compulsion. It is usually the ones who stop from choice that grumble at fate. When a boy stops going to school from choice, the main cause nearly always lies in his not being industrious or caring what the future has in store for him.

The Half-Grown Boy.

In the life of every youth there comes a period when he is growing so fast that he is awkward, when his clothing hangs loosely on him, and his arms push through his sleeves with such haste that his mother wonders whether a day will ever come when his hands will look in proportion to his size. Patience, mother, and do not emphasize the little difficulties incidental to rapid growth, by your comments and criticisms. Tell the boy when he pleases you that he is your dearly beloved, and let him still have his share of the petting he likes; big boys need mother-love and kisses just as little ones do. But do not exclaim when he knocks down a chair in his clumsy progress through the room, and refrain from calling attention to any little forgetfulness of his, in company. If you have made him vour companion ar him as if he were a reasonable being, and his sister's equal, from babyhood on, you will not need to be fearful about his ultimate coming out just right. He will be fully grown one of these days, and a credit to you; and in the meantime make home happy for him, and devote yourself to his real interests with an eye to the future. If he likes athletics, so much the better. A boy whose physical life is upbuilt by healthful and regular exercise, will usually make a finer man, mentally and spiritually, than will one who is timid and shrinking, and who recoils from hearty outdoor sports.—Christian Herald.

Let me tell you about three splendid boys I knew once on a time. Their father died, and their dear mother was left to bring them up and to earn the money with which to do it. So these young fellows set in to help her. By taking a few boarders, doing the work herself, and practicing strict economy. this blessed woman kept out of debt, and gave each of her sons a thorough college education. But if they hadn't worked like beavers to help her she never could have done it. Her oldest boy-only fourteen-treated his mother as if she were the girl he loved best. He took the heavy jobs of housework off her hands, put on his big apron and went to work with a will; washed the potatoes, pounded the clothes, ground the coffee, waited on table—did any-thing and everything that he could coax her to let him do, and the two younger ones followed his example right along. Those boys never wasted their mother's money on tobacco, beer or cards. They kept at work and found any amount of pleasure in it. They were happy, jolly boys, too, full of fun, and everybody not only liked, but respected and admired them. All the girls in town praised them, and I don't know any better fortune for a hoy than to be praised by good girls, nor anything that boys like better.

They all married noble and true women, and to-day one of those boys is president of a college, goes to Europe every year almost, and is in demand for every good word and work; another lives in one of the most elegant houses in Evanston, and is my "beloved physiwhile a third is a well-to-do cian." wholesale grocer in Pueblo, Col., and a member of the city council.

I tell you, boys who are good to their mother and to their sisters in the house, always grow up to be nice men. Now I am not blaming you boys, nor anybody else. I know that any number of you are good and generous as you can be, and I know, too, that you haven't been taught to think about these things.-Miss Willard, in Union Signal.

Good Common School Education.

Every boy and girl that is educated should be able to-

Write a good, legible hand. Spell all the words in ordinary use. Know how to use these words. Speak and write good English. Write a good social letter.

Add a column of figures rapidly. Make out an ordinary account. Receipt it when paid.

Write an advertisement for a local paper.

Write a notice or report of a public meeting. Write an ordinary promissory note.

Reckon the interest or discount on it for days, months and years. Draw an ordinary bank check.

Take it to the proper place in a bank to get the cash.

Make neat and correct entries in daybook and ledger. Tell the number of yards of carpet

required for the parlor. Measure the pile of lumber in the shed.

the largest bin, and at current rates. Tell something about the laws of

health, and what to do in case of emer-Know how to behave in public and so-

ciety. Be able to give the great general principles of religion.

Have a good knowledge of the Bible. Have some acquaintance with the three great kingdoms of nature.

Have some knowledge of the fundamental principles of philosophy and astronomy,

Have sufficient common sense to get along in the world.—National Educator.

100 Fine White Envelopes Neatly printed with your return card, postpaid for only Ec. 60 for So. W. E. Hewis, Printer, Beebe Plain, Vi.

His Mother's Training.

Roland stopped and looked at the sign: "BOY WANTED."

It hung outside a large cutlery establishment, next to a store where there had been a big fire. He had made up his mind that he was old enough to look for work and try to relieve mother. Should he go in? He hesitated, then with all the courage he could command went inside. He was sent back to a room where men on high stools were writing in big books, too busy to notice him, but a tall gentleman did and questioned him so fast he could hardly answer.

"What kind of work do you expect to do? Don't know? Most boys do. Never worked out before? Suppose you think it's all play. Well," pointing to some steps, "go down there, and the man at the foot will tell you what to do."

Roland went down and found half a dozen boys at work, with their sleeves rolled up, cleaning and polishing knives. The man at the foot of the steps looked up and said:

"Come to try your hand? Well, three have just left in disgust; doesn't seem to be boys' work, somehow, but it's got to be done. You see," he said, picking up some knives and scissors and showing spots of rust on them, "the water that saved our building the other night injured some of our finest goods. If you want to try your hand at cleaning, I'll show you how. We pay by the dozen." "'Tisn't fair," said one of the boys;

'some have more rust on than others.' "If you don't like our terms, you needn't work for us." said the foreman, and the boy, muttering that he wanted to be errand boy and see something of life, left, while Roland went to work with a will. As he finished each piece he held it up, examined it critically, and wondered if mother would think it well done. When the hour for closing came, the gentleman who had sent him downstairs appeared, and looking round at the boys, said:
"Well!"

"There is the boy we want," said the foreman, pointing to Roland. "He will take pride in doing anything you give him to do. He has been well trained."

Again the tall man spoke quickly.
"That's what we want. 'Boy wanted' doesn't mean any kind of boy. Mother know you came? No? Well, take her your first wages and tell her there's a place open to you here. Then put your arms around her neck and thank her for teaching you to be thorough. If more boys were thorough, more boys would succeed in life."

"I guess, mother," said Roland, when he told her about it, "it was because I tried to do everything as you would like it. I forgot I was doing it because there was a 'boy wanted' "—The S. S. Advocate.

Will Interfere Next Time.

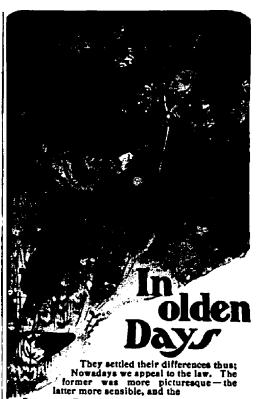
A Lewiston man was passing through a country district near the city one day, when off in a field he saw a boy throwing stones through the glass of a deserted house. The man's first impulse was to shout to him to stop, but then he thought that the boy's father should have taught him better things, and it was not his duty to chastise another man's children for their wickedness. So he went home that night and began to tell the instance at supper table. His boy, who had been out in the country hunting all day, began to turn colors and finally broke out:

"Well, pa, you needn't be so roundabout. You know it was me, and I guess Tell the largest number of bushels of the man who owns it knew, for I saw him running after me down the road

> Before that evening was passed, sure enough, the owner of the old house drove up and demanded the pay for the glass.

BOYS you should read THE COURIER MONTHLY departments. A year's subscription with premium on \$5 cents. The Courier Co., Box 84, Malden, Mas

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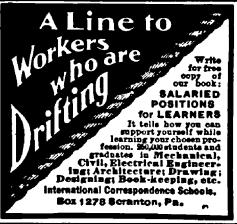
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BOYS IN THE OFFICE, STORE, FACTORY, AND ON THE FARM

Tis common proof. ladder!-Shakespeare.

A boy who has special talent for some one thing which he can do as few others can, will always be in demand.

Never break a promise made to a boy unless for the best reasons, and then only after explaining to him the reasons.

Henry Clay, the "mili-boy of the slashes," was one of the seven children of a widow too poor to send him to any but a common country school, where he was drilled only in the "three R's." But he used every spare moment to study without a teacher, and in after years he was a king among self-made men. The boy who had learned to speak in a barn, with only a cow and a horse for an audience, became one of the greatest of American orators and statesmen.

"Let us be proud of our boys. farmer once asked, 'Is that house yours?' Yes,' said the farmer, 'and that's the finest house around,' 'Is that cow yours?' Yes, and the finest thoroughbred in all the county.' 'Is that dog yours?' 'Well, I should say, and the most intelligent setter in the entire neighborhood.' 'Is that boy yours?' 'Well, er—come to think of it, he is.' But not one word of praise. Do you know a boy, your boy? His name, age, language, manners, associates, his secret thoughts, his desires and difficulties? Does he like music, drawing, carpentry, farming? Do you really know your boy?

turn over to him all the tanneries and That lowliness is young ambition's factories of the firm. In order to run them he must have a thorough knowledge of the trade from the ground up.

My eldest son, Charles A., Jr., did the same thing, and my third son, now at school at the Polyclinic, will follow in their steps. When my boys got along in their teens my wife gave each a latchkey and trusted in their honor not to abuse the privilege.

'I do not say that they were more steady than other boys, but if they needed it I gave them counsel. I shall be proud when all are my partners."

The American Boy's Ideals.

It is not many years since the possibility of becoming president of the United States was held up as an incentive in our schools to persuade the American boy to persevere in well-doing. That it was always efficacious in its results is extremely doubtful, for the average boy knows that this high calling can be reached by very few, and it seems a far off goal—too remote to strive after.

A better idea is now taking its place -the thought of real fitness for a vocation or calling.

Not every boy of the present day desires to be president of this great Republic nor does he make that great office the end of his aim and ambition.

The strife for office and power has no charms for the boy who is a born mechanic, who loves to see things grow under his hand, who saws and planes and fits into grooves, and sees the com-



TONY RICE, WHO KEEPS A SHOP.

Honest Toil.

Charles A. Schieren, former mayor of Brooklyn, says:

I have three sons I am training to take my business. My eldest son is my junior partner, my second is scraping hides in my Tennessee tannery, and my

third is at school. He is only nineteen.
"My son Arthur," said Mr. Schieren, who is working in the tannery, is twenty two years old, and was graduated this year from Cornell University. He is a big fellow, a little over six feet high, weighing 180 pounds, and is an athlete. In college he studied to be a mechanical engineer. He is very fond of yachting, and is a member of the Connecticut Yacht Club.

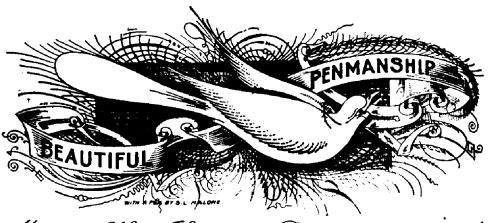
"But he has left all that behind and has gone down to Tennessee to learn the tanning business as if he had no to take charge of the mechanical part of my leather and belting business.

When he is fully equipped I shall tion to small things.

Boys Not Afraid to Soil Their Hands in | pleteness of his work in the numberless details that go to make up the perfect whole of whatever he has undertaken to do.

He wants to be a master mechanic. and if given the opportunity, will work with an eye single to that purpose. A boy wants to be a printer, and the noisy, busy composing room is the goal of his ambition. Perchance he may become a boss printer if he tries. What are chairs of state to him?

Through all the avocations of life whether of brain or brawn, the successful worker is he who recognizes his own peculiar fitness for his chosen work, and determines to master it in all its details. These are what we call "skilled workmen," and they are always in demand. The boy who takes pride in doing everything well, will here meet with the reward of well-doing, for it is in the finer, most unnoticed work that the college education and no expensive perfection of finish is attained. Longsports. He intends to prepare himself fellow's poem of "The Bullders" will help "our boys" to understand the value of this minute and conscientious atten-



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will thoroughly instruct you in the following branches without the aid of a teacher: Plain Business Writing, based upon perfect freedom of movement, Letter Writing and business forms in general, Old English German Text, Roman Marking and various other styles of lettering, Drawing, Free-Hand and Mechanical Designing, Off-Hand Flourishing of Birds, Swans, Quills and Scrolls.

In order to introduce this valuable and beautiful work, Mr. Malone will mail a copy to readers of "The American Boy," at \$1.00 for a period of thirty days. The regular selling price is \$2.00. A Magnificant Gold Medal of original design worth One Hundred Bellars, will be awarded to the one making the greatest improvement in writing during a given period after receiving the work. If you would be in this contest, send for the book as soon as you read this advertisement.

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artist Penman! 5 North Charles Street. Baltimore, Maryland. (Mention the Paper.)

Young Millionaires Not Afraid of Work.

When a young man possessed of millions gets down to hard muscle work in an endeavor to learn a trade, it is something unusual. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, second son of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, a young man possessed of millions, with enough more in prospect on the death of his mother to amount to not less than forty millions of dollars, is now working as a clerk in the office of the New York Central Railroad at a salary of ten dollars a week.

Young Vanderbilt's ambition is to follow closely in the footsteps of his father, and fit himself for the general management of the great New York Central system. He is said to be the sixth of the Vanderbilts who has served an apprenticeship and learned to do the drudgery. Not one of the six was unfamiliar with the construction of an engine. Any one of them could run one. Commodore Vanderbilt, the founder of the family, was a practical mechanic and engineer. William H. Vanderbilt served an apprenticeship for seven years. Young Cornelius Vanderbilt, brother of Alfred, has worked for more than a year in the machine shop for ten hours a day, and he is already a skilled engineer. Not only that, but he has invented improvements in locomotives which have been accepted on their merits, notably a new fire box more economical than any now in use. Alfred Vanderbilt has started to work at an earlier age than any other member of the family. He has recently graduated from college, and in order that he may make a success of his work he has, in a measure, given up the brilliant society of New York and Newport.



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Superior to Seasons.

Superior to Seasons.

In the January number of THE AMERICAN BOY we published a Calendar of the Agassiz Assocation, which contained hints for the guidance of our members during the different months of the year. The rapid growth of the circulation of this paper and the lengthening of its monthly flight into all the states of the Union are rendering any such notice of the changing seasons too provincial for a society so wide spread as ours. A calendar calculated for Detroit, for example, is of no use in Southern California or Florida. A suggestion that January is a good time to study snow crystals loses its force in those regions where roses bloom throughout the year. We, therefore, advise our Chapters and scattered members to make their own calendars and programs of work, adapting them to local conditions and climate. We shall be glad to receive any such calendars, and particularly any constructed for use in the far west and south.

A Nickel-Plated Spider.

I captured conspider shown in the accompanying picture in our house one day house one day last summer. We left the door open over night, and when I got up in the morning I found this spider had spun a web from the door to the wall.

The back of the NICKEL-PLATED SPIDER. spider looks as though it was nickel-plated, only there



The back of the NICKEL-PLATED SPIDER. spider looks as though it was nickel-plated, only there are narrow black lines running across it. The under-side of the spider is black with yellow stripes running lengthwise.

I put it in a box and put several smaller spiders in with it, and I found that the large one killed the smaller ones, although I gave it all the files it could eat.

I had the spider about two weeks when it laid a lot of eggs of a bright yellow and about the size of a pinhead. Several hundred are laid in the shape of a ball. The ball of eggs is perfectly round, and not quite half an inch in diameter. When the eggs were laid the spider put a covering over them like cotton batting. I wish you would tell me what kind of spider this is. Edward Finnerty, Hitchcock, S. D.

[The spider sent by our correspondent is Argiope Transversa, Emerton, an orbweaving spider, which occurs throughout the United States. Ed.]

How the Agassiz Association Helps

We often have letters from our young people asking, "What good will it do me to join the Agassiz Association?"

To this very proper question the best answer we can give is to show what "good" has already come to some of our older members. In the first instance only, shall we venture to give any names, and in this case we violate our usual rule in the hope that we may thus enable some of our Chapters to secure the services of an interesting lecturer.

Fichburg, Mass., Dec. 17, 1900.

Mr. Harry L. Piper belonged to our chapter of the Agassiz Association, where he became interested in nature study, especially in birds; so much so that he pursued a special course in the Laurence Scientific school at Harvard. He is now president of our Chapter, and leads it in the study of birds. He has also classes in the neighboring towns with which he is eminently successful. He is lecturing now on Winter Birds, and is ready either to lecture or establish classes, or both.

Yours truly.

Yours truly, E. ADAMS HARTWELL.

The next letter is from a young lady who thus tells of the benefit she has received from the A. A.

Phe Agassiz Association.

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

about. My two years' silence has not been from lack of interest in the Agassiz Association; rather from the keenest interest, which leads me to devote myself to work which will fit me to become, I trust, a worthier member."

Tribute to the Agassiz Association from a Prominent Physician.

We have hesitated long about printing the following letter on account of its per-sonal nature, but in the hope of inducing some American boy to follow the example of a successful and distinguished man, have decided to give a portion of it:

ir. H. H. Ballard, President Agassiz Association. My Dear Mr. Ballard:

[If the results shown by these three letters alone were all that the Agassiz Association had to show for its record, we should feel amply repaid for our efforts in behalf of the boys and girls of America. They make us proud and grateful and humble.—Ed.]

The Gray Memorial Botanical Chapter

Elizabeth, N. J., Dec. 25, 1900.

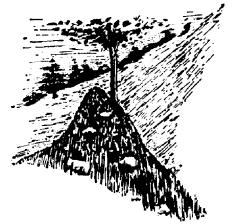
Elizabeth, N. J., Dec. 25, 1900.

Dear Sir—On an examination of our records, I am myself astonished at the success that has attended our efforts. The year closes with twenty three members. Our bulletins are issued by our division secretaries, and circulated so regularly that each member knows when to expect them, and how to add his own contribution and forward to the next.

Quite a number of strange plants, immigrant from abroad, have been discovered, among which I may mention Anthospermum hispidum, and Chaerophyllum aureum; also a strange domestic plant of the Club moss order, which has been classified as Lycopodium ad pressum, underwood, forma polyclavatum, McDonaid, of which I enclose a number of specimens. Having defrayed all expenses, we have a surplus with which to commence the new year. With best wishes for the future success of the Association, I am, dear sir, Fraternally yours,

WILLIAM H. McDONALD, Gen. Sec. Chapter No. 2, Agassiz Association. 122 Pearl street, Elizabeth, N. J.

of all ages, and anyone who is interested in any form of natural science is invited. Established in 1875. Incor-porated in 1862. Short notes of personal observations are particularly desired for use in the A. A. department. Send illustra-tions when convenient. Questions are invited. Address H. H. BALLARD, Pittsfield, Mass.



INDIAN MOUND, OR TUMULUS.

a creek. A few stones are sticking in the side of the mound. I found on it a piece of flint about as big as a walnut with a lot of nicks on it.

PAUL SHERIDAN.
312 W. Scott St., Youngstown, Ohio.

[We sent Mr. Sheridan's letter and sketch to Professor Putnam, of the Pea-body Museum of Archaeology and Eth-nology at Harvard, and he has courteously replied as follows:

Mr. H. H. Ballard, Pittsfield, Mass.

Mr. H. H. Ballard, Pittsfield, Mass.

6"Dear Mr. Ballard: I think the mound is a well known tumulus near Youngstown. If permission could be obtained to explore it, it should be done in a thorough manner. It is likely to be rather an important work. To explore such a mound properly would cost two or three thousand dollars, expended in labor, photographing, etc., and only an expert should undertake it. I inclose a little paper which may be of interest to your friends."

The paper inclosed is the report of a lecture delivered by Professor Putnam on "Methods of Archaeological research in America;" and as many of our young friends are likely to come across similar mounds in the west, we take pleasure in printing below that portion which deals with the

RIGHT METHOD OF OPENING INDIAN MOUNDS.

RIGHT METHOD OF OPENING INDIAN MOUNDS.

In exploring a mound a trench is first dug at the base of the mound. A slight vertical wall is made thereby showing the contact of the edge of the mound with the earth upon which it rests. Sometimes this trench has to be dug to the depth of several feet in order to find the bottom of the mound, as in cases where the mound is erected in an excavated area. This wall is the first section of the exploration, and its outline should be drawn or photographed and its measurements noted. For the latter purpose it is best to stretch two strings over the mound, one north and south and the other east and west, and to take all measurements from those. After this first section is made, the work is carried on by slicing; or cutting down about a foot at a time, always keeping a vertical wall in front, the whole width of the mound. Each slice thus made is a section, and whenever the slightest change in the structure is noticed or any object, found, that section should be drawn or photographed and measured, as at first, and the exact position noted of any object, ash bed, or change in the character of the structure of the mound. This method is continued until the whole mound has been dug away, and a thorough knowledge of its structure and contents obtained. Such work of course necessitates great labor and is expensive in proportion, but only such a method will give full results; all other methods are partial and consequently of little or no value. In fact unless such work is to be thoroughly done "About two years ago I sent in my last report, since which time you have occurred, since which time you have occurred to be a sent to you college course I have elected one scientific subject, entomology. One term was spent in physiology, anatomy and dissection. Then followed two terms of practical work in the construction of phylogenetic trees. Six or eight hours a week the blondeall of Blastrus.

I began last summer's vacation with the realization that ability to read scientific German was one of the necessities for even a pretender at science. So the spare hours were spent poring over derman hours were spent poring over derman thouse what the beetles and the "yellow-breeched philosophers" really were about. So far this year I have taken a general survey of oak insects from the conomic standpoint. Now I am to select the oak gail insects which I collected in the oak gail insects which I collected in

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AN AFTERNOON STROLL. First Prise: H. Osborn Knight, Box 201, Central Y. M. C. A., Chicago.

To Prevent Plates Frilling.

In hot weather, when developing plates, it sometimes happens that the film will frill. That is, the edges will peel oft, and before the developing is completed such incads have been made on the negative that it is ruined. It is very provoking to have plates act like this, and unless one knows just what to do, it practically stops all work. Some makes of plates are worse han others, but all are at times liable to trill.

A good way to prevent this is to act to the some content of the source of the sour

riil.

A good way to prevent this is to take a common tallow candle with you in the cark-room, and before immersing the plate in the developer run the candle lightly around the edges of the plate. This forms a protective band of grease, and the edge of the film cannot absorb any water, and conequently does not frill.

Amateur Ruby Lamps.

A writer in one of the photographic journals of the country says a very good ruby amp can be had by taking an empty hock bottle, and near the bottom make a nick with a file. Then with a red hot poker touch the bottle near this nick. This will start a crack, which by means of the poker can be led right around the bottle. Stand the bottle over a candle, and the ruby light is complete.

Photographing the Sun.

It is possible to get the sun in your negative without "faking." Care must be taken in order to do this. I have several negatives in which the image of the sun is quite distinct. They were made of sunsets, in which, just before the exposure was made. thin veil of cloud floated over the face of the sun, shutting off the brilliant rays, and making it look like a big ball of fire suspended in the sky.—Richard Hines, Jr., in Photo Era.



GUN FROM BATTLESHIP "KEARSARGE," AT STAMFORD, CONN. Second Prize Photo by A. V. Pillsbury, Reading, Mass.

Short Focus Preferable.

The battle of the long focus vs. the short focus lens still continues. Osborne I. Yellott comes to the defense of the latter, in the Photo Era, preferring it for the follow-

the Photo Era, preferring it for the following reasons:

1. Because we can get many views which without it would be impossible.

2. Because with it we have a lens capable of rendering pictures with an apparently greater number of focal lengths than any combination ever devised.

3. Because it is much faster than the long focus or narrow angle lens, at the same cost.

same cost.

A Clock That Takes Pictures.

A photographic time-clock has been invented that takes the picture of each employe of the establishment where it is used. It will take about 50 a minute, so that no matter how large the force may be, every-body can get registered in a very short time—almost as fast as a crowd would walk into any store or shop door.

As is well known, there are many devices on the market to keep track of the comings in and golings out of employes. The usual method is to have a key for each separate person, which is inserted into the lock, and the result is a record of the exact time the key is used. This new device takes a picture of the employe while standing a picture of the employe while standing before the machine, and also a picture of the face of a clock. The two come out together.

The machine uses a long film, capable of taking 288 portraits. By the use of this machine one person cannot use another person's key, and therein lies its utility—if it has any.

Thick and Thin Glass.

One of the disagreeable things about photographic plates as at present manufactured, is, that they are of so many thicknesses. Sometimes one set of a dozen plates will weigh twice as much as another set of the same size. The manufacturers seem to pay no attention to the thickness of the glass, but on the theory that "any old thing will do." coat the first thing that comes along. This is a nuisance, particularly when one has a holder that will not take the thick plates. The only remedy for this kind of nuisance is to stop using the plates of those manufacturers who do not try to keep the thickness of their plates within reasonable bounds. Write a letter to the manufacturers about it. Write another to the dealer. Write to your friends and ask them to write to manufacturers and dealers. It is a matter that can be remedied, and will be, if plensy of people write. One of the disagreeable things about

Backgrounds.



In taking pictures inside, a suitable background will be found a great help. On a pinch a simple white sheet will do, but this will not be found so satisfactory as a figured bedspread. What is better yet is to have

satisfactory as a figured bedspread. What is better yet, is to buy, or paint, on cotton cloth a background about five feet square, dark at one corner, and diagonally across light at the other. But the supply houses now keep them in stock, and any amateur can get one at about what it will cost him to make it himself. It will permit of the face showing a light background or the contrary, and it can be turned so as to produce almost any desired effect. With one of these backgrounds and a sheet so held as to light the sitter, a new and valuable use will be found for the amateur's camera. Especially will this be the case when there are old people in the house, who cannot very well visit a regular gallery.

Non-Cockling Paste.

The following formula for non-cockling paste is recommended in E. & H. T. Anthony & Co.'s "Professional Pointers":

Nelson's gelatine No. 1.... 4 ounces. Glycerine 1 ounce.
Alcohol 5 ounces.
Water 16 ounces.

Dissolve the gelatine in water, add the glycerine, and then the alcohol.

Final Light Picture in a Mine Near Siocan, B. C., by Watch if wished, will be sent you by return mail.

CRESCENT TEA CO. DEPT. 92. Springfield. Mass.

Photographing Nature.

Snow still lays over the landscape of much of the United States, but the sun is beginning to ride high, and it will not be long before the trees everywhere, as they already are in the south, will be covered with leaves, and the velvety grass will have clothed the bare earth with a green carpet. So it is none too early for the amateur photographer, loving nature, to begin to think what he will capture in the way of pleasing pictures. In fact, one cannot begin work too early. If the woods are loved, the early spring affords a splendid opportunity to procure fine scenes. For then the leaves have not had time to grow large, shutting out all the light, but the sunshine rollickingly darts in between the gently swaying branches, and lightens up what would otherwise be too dark nooks and corners.

The picking out of beautiful landscape

the gently swaying branches, and lightens up what would otherwise be too dark nooks and corners.

The picking out of beautiful landscape views requires more study than the average amateur realizes. The eye must be educated to know what will appear as beautiful in the completed picture as it does on the ground glass. Beware of a great tree in the foreground that is so oppressively plain as to prevent you seeing anything else. And, too, beware of a dreary waste of foreground that has nothing to relieve the monotony of mediocrity. Between the two there is a happy medium.

When in the outing beware of over-exposed plates, and in the woods be careful that you do not under-time. In the first instance the chances are that your camera cannot be made to work too quick, when the lens has not been stopped down, and in the other case it will be found that a second or two—even more—gives the best results. No one can sit at his desk and tell another just how long to make an exposure. There are a score of things that will require the time to be longer or shorter. This knowledge can only be gained by experience, and now that cameras and plates are quite reasonable in cost, it will pay to always be provided when afield with the means of gratifying a desire to photograph a scene, by not being without a camera. Slowly, but surely, the eye will be educated to know the possible from the impossible, and when the lesson is learned it will never be regretted, no matter at what cost of time and plates. Those who laid their cameras away during the winter—which really was not the best thing to do—should immediately get them out, wipe off the dust, and prepare to cnicr into a vigorous campaign for prize pictures.

Answers to Correspondents.

Walter Parke—As soon as the hypo is discolored, throw it away. A pound will fix a great many plates and prints.

Charles King-Films give better cloud definitions than ordinary plates, if carefully handled. Follow directions exactly.

Karl Erb-Platinum paper is costly, but it gives beautiful results, and perhaps in the end is cheaper than less expensive paper.

Abdeo S. Ging—The Nodark camera is hardled by the Anthony Company, Fifth avenue, New York City. Write them for a catalogue or circulars.

Palmer L. Kaser—When you buy your paper, directions will be found with it that tell you just how to tone it. There are as many different ways as there are different kinds of paper.

Willie Watson—It is possible to take a better picture of a building in the shade than in the sunlight, because the violent contrasts can be done away with. Only the house in shadow takes a longer exposure.

Harrison R. Hathaway—Your velox prints are very bad indeed. It looks as if they were under-exposed and over-developed. Try an exposure of twenty seconds, and then put a few drops of a ten per cent solution of bromide of potassium in your developer. developer.



THE MINER AT WORK.

Getting Rid of Spots.

Sometimes a good negative will be almost spoiled by being covered with little pin-holes, the result of either dust on the plate before exposure, or of some foreign substance in the negative that prevented the developer properly flowing over the plate. A good spotting medium, to be applied with a fine camel's-hair brush, can be prepared by scraping off the dense portions of old negatives and placing the dust in a small bottle with a little water and a few drops of acetic acid. Dissolve by means of heat. This makes a thickish paste which has the same properties as the negative to be manipulated.

Photographic Notes.

The Weno is said to be the only pocket camera having a pneumatic release.

The Photo-Era for February conta specimens of beautiful snow pictures.

remove hypo stains from fingers or negatives, moisten and dip in persulphate of ammonia one per cent strong.

It is said that the Pan-American Exposition managers at Buffalo, N. Y., will afford every opportunity for amateurs to get pictures of buildings and surroundings.

A number of progressive colleges have adopted photography in the regular course of study, as part of their curriculum, and twenty five more are contemplating doing the same

Most of the regular camera companies have improved their output for 1901, and a new company, the Century, of Rochester, N. Y., will have a new line of cameras on the market in the spring.

Formalin, which some milkmen use to preserve their milk from souring, is used by photographers to harden the gelatine It has a bad effect on the skin, and when used the hands should be rinsed often.

When the amateur gets a timely picture of a local happening of importance, there is profit in immediately offering it to the local paper. But don't delay. Pictures in which there is a streak of fun are more acceptable to an enterprising paper than almost any other kind.

A German publication says the best way to save an under-developed negative is to immerse it in equal parts of aqua ammonia and distilled water, leaving it there for a shorter or longer period, according to the degree of intensification wished to be obtained. Then wash it, and place it in a bath composed of absolute alcohol, one thousand parts, bromide of cadmium, one part.

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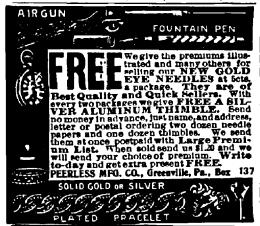
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The Lop-cared Rabbit.

CHAS. B. BOVIER,

There is at the present time so much being said and written about Belgian Hares that one would almost think they were the only variety of rabbit worthy of attention; but this is not true. Many choice and interesting varieties have been almost lost sight of. Among these is the Madagascar Lop-ear, sometimes called the English Lop-ear, sometimes called the English Lop-ear, sometimes called the that nearly all the improperly so. This misnomer undoubtedly originated in the fact that nearly all the importations to this country were from England. But the Lop-ear is a native of the island of Madagascar, and was among the earliest, if not the very first species, of rabbit to attract sufficient attention to be domesticated and bred as a pet and fancy variety.

Until within a very few years it was the most popular fancy rabbit, and is still a great favorite with many, attracting much attention both in the rabbitry and in the show room.

show room.



CHARLES B. BOVIER, JR.

Age. 13: Junior Partner in the Highland Rabbitry. Denver, Colo., and "Dom Pedro." One of His Prize Lop-eared Rabbits.

In weight they are about like the heavy weight Belgian, ranging from nine to fifteen pounds. Some are recorded to have weighed as high as eighteen pounds, but from ten to twelve pounds is a fair average. Their skin fits very loosely, thus giving them the appearance of being much heavier than they really are

than they really are.

There is no standard of color, but they are most frequently found in fawn, sooty or smoky fawn, mottled or tortoise and

In habit they are more sluggish than the Belgian, consequently more easily domesticated, and they become very fond of being

They breed only about four times in a year, and as they are natives of a warmer clime, the summer months are most favor-

Their ears are of very great size, some-times measuring twenty five inches from tip to tip, and six and one half inches in width, although twenty inches by five inches is considered good measurement, and

inches is considered good measurement, and anything over seventeen or eighteen inches fair. They droop very much like those of an elephant, from which peculiarity they derive their name, Lop-eared.

The development of the ears is the one great aim of the fancier, as their enormous size always excites the wonderment and comment of spectators. The meat of the Lop-ear, like that of the Belgian, is white, like the breast of a chicken, aitho not so firm or compact, and is a little more juicy.

The accompanying picture is of Dom Pedro, an imported buck, with an earage of twenty one and one half inches by five and one half inches; weighing about twelve pounds. He was very docile and a great pet, always seeming to enjoy a caress, even

pct, always seeming to enjoy a caress, even from a stranger.

Many who have met him in the show room, during the past three years, or at our rabbitry, will feel sorry to hear of his death in August last. He was three years and four months old, and was greatly mourned by his young owner, who had him "embalmed" by one of our leading taxidermists.

Yellowstone Park must be a very interesting place. There are in the park between sixty and seventy buffaloes, seven or eight hundred antelope, between three and four thousand deer, a number of mountain sheep, and from sixty to sixty five tame elk. Tourists see herds of elk almost daily. There are also many coyotes, wolves and mountain lions which prey upon the deer and elk, but these are being killed by the soldiers as rapidly as possible. When a dead elk is found the scouts poison the fiesth, with the result that the wild animals that eat it die. The cooks at all the big hotels in the park dump their garbage at a certain hour every evening at a convenient place. The bears then come down from the mountain and from the forests and eat their supper in the presence of a large audience of tourists. Many of the bears have become quite tame, and persons with kodaks can often approach within eight or ten feet of a group of bears at this meal.

The Value of Toads and Bats.

As a result of experiments with toads and bats, it has been demonstrated that a house, or even a community, can be rid of various troublesome insects, including flies and mosquitoes. These experiments were made by Professor Clinton F. Hodge of Clark University, Worcester, Mass. Professor Hodge's first experiment was with the toad. "I constructed a small pen in my garden," he said, "and in it, in a pan of water, installed a male and female toad. To attract food for them I placed within the enclosure bits of meat and bone. The results were as satisfactory as they were unexpected. The toads spent most of the time sitting within reaching distance of the bait, and killing the flies attracted by it. watched one toad snap up eighty six house flies in less than ten minutes.

"One day I gathered a quantity of rose bugs in a tin box and began to feed the bugs to a toad. At first I did not count, but finding his appetite so good I started to count. When I had counted over eighty bugs and the toad showed no signs of wishing to conclude his meal, I picked him up. Previous to my beginning to count he had taken anywhere from ten to twenty bugs. I found the toad equally greedy for rose beetles, canker worms, ants, caterpillars, moths, June bugs, weevils, snails and many other insects. So, too, in a house, a room may be cleared of cockroaches by leaving a toad in it over night.

"A single toad may destroy over two thousand worms during the months of May, June and July, and one of these harmless creatures may well do a gardener service to the amount of nineteen dollars and eighty eight cents each season, and yet he can raise twenty thousand dollars worth of toads at an expense of not more than twenty cents.

'Farmers in England buy them, paying as high as twenty four dollars per hundred, for use in their flower beds and gardens. For household purposes a small number of toads could be given homes in an aquarium. At night the toads could be let loose to kill bugs, while in the day they could kill flies. I have built a sort of cage or wire screen, a foot wide and two feet long, the top of which is kept open. It is only necessary to put in two or three toads, provide them with shelters, a dish of water in one corner, and then keep it supplied with bits of raw meat and other refuse matter calculated to attract flies."

In speaking of the bat, Professor Hodge said: "We have no animal more interesting and probably none more valuable, and certainly none less understood and more abused than the bat. They are easily tamed, absolutely harmless when gently handled, and make pets as funny as tiny monkeys. As destroyers of many of our most pestiferous night-flying insects, like mosquitoes, the bat is almost our sole dependence, and, as he is known to hunt insects afoot as well as on the wing, he is also of some value for larvae that do not fly.

"My attention was turned to the bat through the codlin moth, the insect to blame for most worm-eaten apples. In an orchard near my home I found nine of the grubs of this insect in a minute. Chancing to go into another orchard, hardly a mile away, I found only four of the grubs in an hour's search. There is an old barn near by, in which live a colony of between seventy five and one hundred bats. The owner informed me that his apples were always free from worms.'

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A Handy Little Poultry House.



cost much,

tost much, according to a writer in the "Poultry Monthly," to furnish a poultry yard with a nice little house for the chickens. The one shown in the illustration is five feet square, five feet high in front and three in the rear. The door in front is two feet wide, four feet high, and twelve inches from the ground. Inside the board door is a wire door of one inch mesh wire netting, so that the board door may be left open in hot weather. The windows should be about two feet square (single sash), and about two feet square floor and hinged at the bottom. It should be covered with one inch mesh wire netting, to keep out vermin while open. The little entrance near the bottom is eight by twelve inches. It has a slide door on the inside to shut over it. There should be a intic entrance near the bottom is eight by twelve inches. It has a slide door on the inside to shut over it. There should be a little door in the back next to the floor, about ten inches high, running the whole length of the back and hinged at the top. Instead of having the floor nailed to the sills it should be nailed to three strong cleats and hinged to the sill at the back so it can be raised in front, thus allowing the whole contents of the floor to be dumped out at the back, leaving the floor as clean as if it had been swept. The sides of the floor can be made of seven eighths matched lumber, the roof of rough hemlock wood with two or three thicknesses of tarred paper, or building paper tarred or painted over. The sills may be two by three inch stuff.

stuff.

Such a house can be easily moved from one place to another. It can be used as a roosting coop for growing chicks in summer and fall, or as a brooder house for a single brooder or for setting hens. It will accommodate two large broods of early chicks, with hens, by making a partition in the center. It can be used for a small breeding pen. A yard can be conveniently arranged about it with a few pieces of one by four inch stuff and wire netting.



A Little Poultry Advice.

Give water three times a day in winter. Leghorns and Brahmas cannot thrive together.

To kill lice, dust insect powder in the feathers.

One half the chicks and young turkeys die from lice.

More damage is done by overfeeding than by underfeeding. Good, warm shelter saves food, and the better the shelter the cheaper it is.

Young chicks do not eat often. Do not omit a meal. Feed at regular hours.

Salt seasoned to taste is excellent for poultry, but when fed to excess is injurious. A boy can pay his way on the farm many mes over, if he is given a chance at the

Cut clover hay is good feed in the morning. Meat and bone and mixed grain is good at night.

poultry.

Don't give water to chicks so as to allow them to get their bodies wet. Dampness is fatal to them.

Linseed and cottonseed (cake or meal) is excellent food, but all oily foods are liable to cause moulting.

Do not keep food before the hens con-tinually. Make them work. An idle hen is never a good layer.

Beans and peas cooked and thickened with bran and fed twice a week make an ex-cellent food for laying hens.

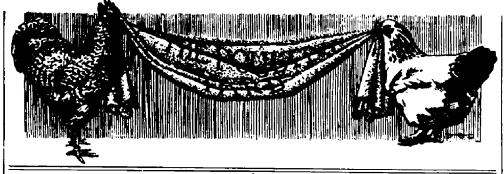
Thirty thousand dozen eggs were recently received from a single steamer at New York. They came from Germany.

Egypt last year exported 39.761,000 eggs. This year the egg exports promise to reach 70,000,000—two thirds going to England.

If the hens have a range in the summer they will need no food at all. It ought to cost nothing to produce eggs in summer.

A fat hen is a poor layer. Eggs from fat hens often fail to hatch, and sometimes when they do hatch, produce deformed and weak chicks.

Be careful that you have no cracks or crevices in your poultry house where draughts can come in. Don't be too anxious for ventilation in winter. You will have more difficulty in keeping the cool air out than in letting it in out than in letting it in.



Squab Raising.

J. A. SUMMERS.



AISING squabs for market purposes has been found so profitable that profitable that many young men are making nice incomes thereincomes there-from. It is a clean business, with very little hard work attached to to it. A boy of fourteen years can very easily manage hundreds of pigeons and make several hundred dollars a year on them. Poultry raisers are adding pigeon breeding as a side line, and find it

iline, and find it.

A place suitable for a pige on house can readily be found; some portion of the barn or stable, the upper part of a shed than be unused can be unused to please the birds can exercise themselves, get gravel to pick at, etc. Squabs are a dainty dish when properly prepared, and are quoted regularly in the markets at from two dollars and forty cents a dozen in summer to almost double that price in winter. Fancy club houses have them daily on their bill of fare. In fall they very often are served instead of quali. There is always a demand for them, and no danger of the markets becoming overstocked, although in summer with larger numbers the prices are lower, but seldom less than forty cents per pair. There is the percentage of profits, considering the first capital invested. I have been in the business for years and made money, and their young is but a few cents per pair. There is the percentage of profits, considering the first capital invested. I have been in the business for years and made money, and their young is but a few cents per pair the profit can be seen. The birds must not be too old and each pair must be mated. To mate put equal numbers of cocks and hens in a loft or building and their young is but a few cents per pair, the profit can be seen. The birds must not be too old and each pair must be mated. To mate put equal numbers of cocks and hens in a loft or building and they will find their own mates. They will always stay mated until death takes one and their s

weeks. In the outside cage have a vessel

for water. This must be fresh every day, and in hot weather give a fresh supply severaly times daily.

As to feed, the pigeon breeds better if given a variety of grains. It does not require meat, ground bone, clover or green foods, as do poultry, but lettuce or chickweed is given as green food and oyster shells as grit. Many pigeons are fed upon nothing but corn all the time, but pigeons fed so are slow and poor breeders. The grains adapted for pigeons are wheat. Canada peas, hemp seed, millet, buckwheat, corn (cracked), oats (hulled), stale bread, etc. Salt must be given them at all times; it is best to put it in boxes and keep it before them. A salt codfish tacked up somewhere in the rooms will also be appreciated. In gathering up the squabs select only ones four weeks old, full feathered and fat. Too many are killed before they have attained the right size for eating. After the squab is dressed throw it into cold salt water for half an hour, then throw into fresh cold water. Wash off feet and mouths and hang up in pairs until ready for market. The safest and quickest method of shipment is by express. In summer, of course, they must be iced when packed. If living near a city and quickest method of shipment is by express. In summer, of course, they must be leed when packed. If living near a city better prices can be obtained from private families or restaurants. If these cannot be secured ship to a good game and poultry dealer in preference to commission men, as better prices are received. The best stock, for squab birds are Antwerps, homers or Duchesse; their squabs are always nice and fat and plump, and seldom turn dark after dressed as common birds are liable to do. If common ones are to be used, select only white, red or blue ones, and dispose of all white, red or blue ones, and dispose of all having dark squabs when dressed.

Poultry Houses.

As it costs so little to build a poultry house there is no excuse for not furnishing comfortable quarters for our fowls. A square box made of boards and covered on the outside with cheap building paper held in place with plastering laths, will make a good house. One eight by twenty feet will cost not over ten doilars. Strong muslin can be used in place of glass in the windows. Such a house was built by two boys one spring and used until winter, when the boys tacked newspapers all over the inside, putting on several thicknesses and tacking them so as to make a complete covering over sides and top. Fowls were kept in this house for two years and were never touched by the frost. During some very cold weather, the boys rigged a frame around the pullets and covered it with some old carpet so as to make a sort of a bedroom, and the hens laid right along through the winter. winter.

Profit and Pleasure Combined.

No one who has not tried it knows how much pleasure there is to be derived from poultry raising; indeed, to many persons profit is not the main attraction; but when profit and pleasure are combined, it is a wonder more persons are not engaged in it. Many persons, particularly boys, require something to occupy their minds and keep them out of mischief. Nothing better for a boy can be devised than the poultry yard. Poultry raising calls for the exercise of both mental and physical powers. It requires no great outlay of money. It does not tend to the keeping of either late hours or bad company. It keeps boys at home. It is safe, and often develops from a recreation into a business. It offers something definite as an object to work for. It is beneficial to health. To lovers of animals it is a fascinating employment.

Every boy should own something. Nothing fills the bill better than a flock of poultry. It cultivates a sense of care and business management. Better give a boy a flock of chickens than a colt. No one who has not tried it knows how

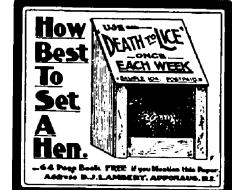
We should like to have boys write us some of their experis in poultry raising.

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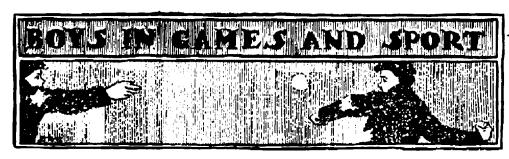


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FIFTY GOOD GAMES

As Played in Brooklyn Public Schools From Report by Jessie H. Bancroft, Director of Physical Training

No. 14. DUCK ON A ROCK.

No. 14. DUCK ON A ROCK.

The players decide who shall be "it," or guard, by throwing their bean bags, called "ducks," at an Indian club placed at a distance of about twenty feet, and the one whose bean sack lands nearest the mark is "it," or guard. The guard piaces his duck (bag) on the club, and the other players try to knock it off with their ducks, throwing in turns from a line fifteen or twenty feet from the stake. As long as the guard's duck is not knocked off, he may tag anyone who advances to recover his duck; whether the duck is recovered or not, the player is not safe until back to the throwing line. If the guard's duck is knocked off, all the ducks may be picked up until the guard replaces his duck on the stake. The guard must continue to be guard until he has tagged someone, and even then must get his own duck and run to the throwing line before the player tagged can get his duck on the stake. The distance of throwing line or "home" from the stake may be increased, to add to the interest of the game.

No. 15. SLING SHOT.

Form a large circle. One player stands in the center and whirls a rope, with a bean bag on the end, under the feet of those in the circle, who jump as it comes to them. Whoever is caught by the rope must exchange places with the one in the center.

No. 16. BEAN BAG BOARD.

An inclined board, having two holes, the lower one about the size of the bean bags, the upper one a little larger, is placed ten feet from the throwing line. Each player has five bags. Bags thrown into the larger hole count five, those thrown into the smaller count ten. The player scoring the greatest number of points wins.

No. 17. BEAN BAG BOX.

Fasten a small box inside of one about twice the size, and that in a third, leaving at least six inches margin between the boxes. This, inclined, is placed ten feet from the throwing line. Each player has five bags. Bags thrown into the smallest box count five points, into the middle box ten points, and into the outside box fifteen points. The player scoring the largest number of points wins.

No. 18. SKIPAWAY.

The players stand in a circle, taking hold of hands. One player, who is "it," runs around the outside of the circle, and tags another as he runs. The player tagged runs in the opposite direction to the first runner. The player who first reaches the place in the circle left vacant by the one tagged, wins. The one left out becomes runner.

No. 19. SLAP JACK.

Same as above, except that when the two who are running meet, they must stop and shake hands, or courtesy.

No. 20. NUMBERS CHANGE.

The players are numbered and stand in a circle. The player who is "it" stands in the center and calls two numbers. The players whose numbers are called must change places, while the player who is "it" tries to get one of their places. The player who is left without a place becomes "it."

No. 21. SLAP CATCH.

The players stand in a circle, holding both hands out in front, palms down. A player in the center, who is "it," trys to tag the hands of players in the circle, who may move their hands sideways, or bend their wrists, but may not draw the hand away. When a player is tagged, he changes places with the player in the center.

first time his elders consent to treat with him as a grown man. He is free from the restraint placed upon him as a boy. Too often his early discipline has not been of the kind to awaken and strengthen his own sense of responsibility.

No. 22. SQUAT TAG IN A CIRCLE.

One player stands in the center of the circle, and tries to tag someone in the circle, who must "squat" to avoid being caught. If tagged before he squats, he must take his turn in the center.

No. 23. DROP THE HANDKERCHIEF.

A player holding a handkerchief runs around the outside of the circle and drops the handkerchief behind someone. The player behind whom the handkerchief is dropped tries to catch the first player before he gets to the vacant place in the circle. If caught, he must be "it" again; if not, the second player is "it."

(Continued on Page 155.)

A Boy Nimrod.

There is a six year old boy in California who can outhunt many a man. The plucky youngster is Austin Otis. His home is in the wooded hills, about fifteen miles back of Cozadero, where his father owns some five thousand acres of land. The boy has lived among the hills all his life. He went hunting recently with no companion but a half-breed fox-hound. Within two hours he had killed a young buck weighing sixty five pounds. He can bring down a deer with as clean and pretty a shot as can any veteran hunter in the country. He has a keen eye and a stout heart.



EXERCISE AFTER SWIMMING. Photo by C. W. Stokes, Smith's Mill, Mins.

Electric Dancers.

of flannel the electricity generated will

cause the figures to rise and fall, as if

A Defense of Athletics-in College Life. A writer in a recent issue of the Atlan-

tic. shows how athletics play an impor-

tant part in keeping young men steady at a critical point in their lives. In brief,

for almost the first time thrown upon his own resources and possessed of an

unfamiliar freedom of action. For the

first time his elders consent to treat with

strengthen his own sense of responsibility.

in athletics may serve to employ him

and tide him safely over the period of transition. The code which surrounds a college athlete is none the less effective because its enforcement is a matter so

largely voluntary. Those who enter into the emulation of athletics have some-

thing to do outside of the school curriculum, and they have certain standards of conduct to follow. They must keep themselves in condition, and that means reasonable hours and good habits. They must not "break training." They have a

two-fold protection against temptations

It is at just this point that his interest

The youth who leaves a preparatory school and enters a college, finds himself

in the act of dancing.

he says:

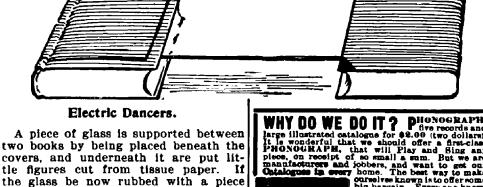
to revelry-physical health and the pressure of the college sentiment. If their youthful spirits forbid their knuckling down to the grind of intense study, this excess exuberance is taken up in a natural and wholesome way.

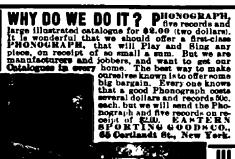
In short, college athletics, in addition to its influence in building up robust manhood, seems to be playing a necessary and useful part as a factor in moral development. The athletic work of course may be overdone; no doubt at times the conduct of athletes has been marked by excesses and abuses. At the same time it is doubtful if all these evils taken together are to be seriously considered as weighing in the balance against the advantages of the system. The moral value of athletics as a helpful influence during the transition from school to college must be taken into account.

Good Coasting.

There is a spot in the Swiss Alps where a sled or a toboggan runs a mile in seventy seconds. The winter sportsmen of Europe take great pleasure in the Cresta run, as it is called, at St. Moritz. The toboggan season begins there about the middle of November. The condition of the run is not left to chance, but the slide is prepared under the directions of a committee. The Swiss toboggans are raised on runners shod with iron or steel. The rider lies prone upon the toboggan, head foremost, both hands grasping the framework at the sides and both feet employed in steering. Iron spikes are secured to the toes of the boots, and by trailing one or the other foot along the ground the big sled may be guided.

If you will make the hull of your toy boat from a piece of celluloid, put in a deck of cork, and above the cork an upper deck of blotting paper, and then saturate the edge of the blotter at the stern of the boat with ether, or some other highly volatile chemical, the boat will propel itself about in the water at a rapid rate. The motion is due to the transforming of the liquid into gas which pushes the boat.









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## Hear What Br'er Rabbit Say:

"Here's dat book 'bout H & R Guns. Heard 'bout dis. Now I'll see what dem guns look like. My! Can't read no more. I'se scared mos' to death! Seems just like some boy after me now with that











## 

ନ୍ତି ବିଦ୍ୱା ପର୍ବତ୍ତର ବ୍ୟବଦ୍ୟ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟ ବ୍ୟବଦ୍ୟ are some illustrated by Mr. J. Frank Bacon, of Cambridge, Mass., who is one of the best fancy skaters in the coun-

First, master plain skating and sculling both forward and backward. Then attempt the fancy figures, first, the outside edge roll forward. Start on the

outer edge of the right skate with the

left shoulder thrown throwing the left shoulder forward, describe a curve to the right. After continuing on this curve for a short distance, place the outer edge of the left skate on the ice, give a thrust as light as possible with the right foot, and gradually throw the right shoulder forward, describing a curve to the left. The left shoulder is

then back again in position to start once more on the right foot. Then try the cross-roll. This is simply a variation of the outside edge roll, the difference being that the unemployed foot is swung across the employed and placed on the ice in front and outside of it going forward and back, and outside of it going backward. The cross-roll may be skated to place as an eight by holding the edge until a complete circle has been traversed and then placing the other foot on the ice and making another circle in juxtaposition.

There are four ways of doing figure threes, although they all make the same mark on the ice. Those four ways are. Outer edge forward to inner edge back; inner forward to outer back; outer back to inner forward; inner back to outer forward. Perhaps the simplest of these is the first named. Start on the outside edge right foot with left shoulder well back. Grad-

There are many skaters who would | ually throw left shoulder forward, and like to be able to do fancy tricks. Here throwing weight still on toe of right foot allow skate to turn to the inner edge, and you will find you have made the three and are traveling backward. Then start on outside edge with left foot, right shoulder well back. Gradually advance right shoulder and turn left foot to inner edge back.

There are a great many grapevines. The simplest grapevine is the best known and is about as far as the ordinary skater gets. Assume that the skater starts back, and, gradually facing north to get up a slight momentum. Start forward with the feet slightly apart. Let the left foot pass in back of the right, crossing the line made by the right, and bring it out again to the side of the right, as at first. Now throw the left shoulder forward and make a cusp, or point, with the toe of

each skate (these cusps pointing east) and allow the body to continue turning until facing south. He is still progressing north, but going backward with the feet side by side. Now let the right foot take the lead again, the left crossing the line made by it, as before, and coming out by the side of the right. Throw the right shoulder forward and make a cusp with the heel of each skate (these

cusps point west) and allow the body to continue turning until you face north, and going forward with the feet in the same position as at the start, when he is ready to repeat the figure. It is necessary for a beginner on the grapevine to get up a momentum before starting, but after learning it he will be able to create his power while doing the figure, as an expert will skate it in such a manner that it is impossible to see where the force is applied.



(Continued from Page 154.)

No. 24. FOX AND FARMER.

The players form a circle, the one chosen The players form a circle, the one chosen as "fox" standing in the center, and the "farmer" standing outside the circle. The farmer sees the fox in his vineyard, and says, "What are you doing in my vineyard?" The fox answers, "Stealing grapes." The farmer says, "I'll send my dog after you," and the fox says, "I don't care if you do." Then the fox runs in and out between the players in the circle, the farmer following in exactly the same track. If caught, the fox goes to his place, and another is chosen; if not caught, another farmer is chosen and the fox may be fox again. again.

No. 25. THREE DEEP; OR, THIRD MAN.

No. 25. THREE DEEP; OR, THIRD MAN,
The players arrange themselves in two circles, one circle within the other, the players some distance apart from side to side and each one in the outer circle immediately behind the one in the inner circle: all face inward. Two extra players, for whom there is no place in the circle, stand on the outside as chaser and runner. The latter may save himself from the chaser by standing in front of any two players (i. e., inside the circle), thus making a line three deep. He then is safe; but the outer one of the three is then "third man," and may be tagged. To save himself, he must run and take a place in front of another couple, but not the couple adjacent to him on either side. If a player is lagged, he becomes chaser, and the one who tagged him the runner. The game may be varied by having the two circles face each other, with a space between them for running. The runner, in seeking refuge, places himself between two seeking refuge, places himself between two players, and the one toward whom he turns his back may be tagged. The runners and chasers may dash through the circle, but must not pause in it, except when the runner takes refuge.

### No. 26. CAT AND RAT.

The players form a circle with hands clasped. One is chosen for cat, who stands clasped. One is chosen for cat, who stands outside of the circle and tries to catch arother in the center, who is the rat. The players forming the circle try to help the rat by raising their hands to let him run under them, but try to keep the cat from breaking through the circle. When the rat is caught he joins the circle, the cat becomes rat, and a new cat is chosen.

No. 27. HAVE YOU SEEN MY SHEEP?

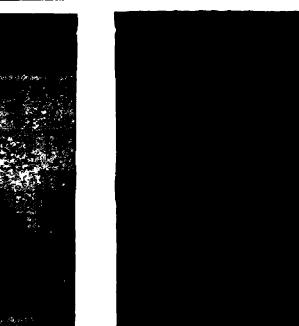
The players form a circle. One player walks around the outside, and touching someone on the back, asks, "Have you seen my sheep?" The one questioned answers, "How was he dressed?" The dress of some player is then described, who, when he recognizes himself, must run around the outside of the circle and try to reach his own place before he is tagged by the questioner. If tagged, he is "it," and the questioner takes his place in the circle.

(Others Games to follow.)



BEST SLEIGHT OF HAND TRICKS known to professional magicians; done anywhere; defies detection. ARISTOS, Magician, B. 48, Kansas City, Mo-









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applied with a brush like paint, and requires no baking
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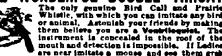
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Send name and address, No MoNEY, and get a box of 10 of our Scarf and Stick Pins to sell at 10 cents each, sting, Bracelet, etc., given for selling 10 pins. Watch, with Chain and Charm, given for selling a few more. When pins are sold, send us the money and get your premium FREE.

BATES JEWELRY COMPANY, Dept. 4, Bez 88. Previdence, R. I.



## THE WONDERFUL DOUBLE THROAT

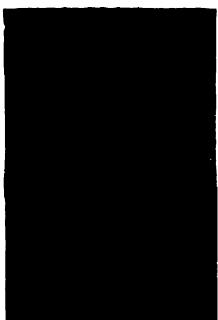


or animal, Astoniab your friends by making them believe you are a Vestellequiet. The instrument is concealed in the roof of the mouth and detection is impossible. If Ladies are near imitate a mouse and see them grab their skirts and climb a chair. BOYS, N you like tue, send 10 cents for this instrument with full instructions. Catalogue of tricks, novelties and books mailed free. N. W. MARDESTY & OO., 1821 La Saile Street, St. Louis, Mo



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| 8 Antioquia<br>10 Argentine          | 4 China<br>12 Canada       | 10 Greece               |
| 10 Austria                           | 6 Cape Good Hope           | a 7 Guatemala           |
| 2 Austrian Italy<br>3 Austrian Levan |                            | 4 Hawaii<br>5 Hong Kong |
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### Answers to Correspondents.

F. W. R., Philadelphia, Pa.—The stamp you enclose is a German local.

L. M. S., Paterson-The 10 pf. Bavaria and 2½d Great Britain are of no value.

F. B., Knightstown, Ind.—There is no premium on the stamps you enclose, which are very common.

H. Y., New York—The 2½ penny Tobago, 1883 issue, unused, lists at ten cents, and the ½ penny, 1885, \$3.00.

A. J. M., Waterloo, Ia.—Your stamps are all common and worth but a few cents. The Petersburg local is a counterfeit.

Addison, Mich.—The one cent stamp you enclose is not the \$25 variety. It is the re-engraved type of 1882, worth about fifty cents a thousand.

M. W. Jr., Kansas City, Neb.—See above answer for value of Guam stamps. The three cent Centennial envelope is worth from ten to fifteen cents.

I. K., Hebron, Neb.—The three cent blue United States stamp with locomotive in the center is of the issue of 1869, and is very common. Catalogued at two cents.

W. C., Minneapolis—The stamp you describe is a label, not a postage stamp, issued by the city of Bamberg in Bavaria, and is used on return letters. It is not of material value.

W. R. R., Springfield, Ills.—The mark you describe on the half-penny green, Gibraiter, is probably due to a slight defect in the plate. We do not consider this stamp worth any more than the ordinary variety.

W. G. H., Sloux Falls, S. D.—If you do not desire to mutilate the envelope or card in order to remove the stamp, lay a wet blotter on it a few minutes and the stamp can be easily removed without injuring the envelope or card.

Miss H. R. B., Lewiston, Pa.—Almost any stamp dealer advertising in THE AMERICAN BOY will purchase cancelled United States and foreign stamps, if they are not too common. Describe fully what stamps you have when offering them for sale.

E. O., Newark, Ills.—The one cent stamp you enclose is the re-engraved type of 1882, but is unused, in which condition it lists at ten cents. We do not buy stamps. Almost any dealer advertising in this paper will buy any stamps you have if they are of any value.

D. W. R., Watervliet, Mich.—The two cent black Jackson head, U. S. stamp, unused, lists at 45 cents. Five cent documentary revenue stamps used through the Civil War are worth very little. What other varieties or denominations have you in revenues? Some of them are valuable.

G. W. Montpelier, O.—The private proprictary stamp you describe was issued by Young, Ladd & Coffin, and used on bottles of Lundborg's perfumery. It is catalogued imperforate on white paper at forty cents, and on pink paper at \$1.50. It is generally sold at about half of these prices.

ington's head are common. There are five varieties of the twelve cent black with Washington's head. These catalogue from 35 cents to \$1.75, according to the variety.

J. R. B., Ferndale, Pa.—The six U. S. stamps you send for valuation are very common. The one cent blue with figure in each corner is worth five cents in good condition. The six cent proprietary green with head of Washington in black lists at \$1.25. The two cent black and orange is not worth anything. The two cent Jackson without grill lists at five cents. Envelope stamps, if cut square, have a list value, but are not worth as much as the entire envelope.

### Varieties of United States Stamps.

(Continued from last number.)

(Continued from last number.)

In 1870 the beautiful issue of 1869 was superseded by an entirely new series, of different design, which continued in use with some changes and additions until 1890. Probably no set of United States stamps presents as much difficulty to the collector as this series. There are five different sets aside from the reissues and special printings which, being of great rarity, we shall not refer to in this article.

The first contract for the printing of these stamps was made with the National Bank Note Co., of New York, by whom two different sets were made; the first had Impressed in each stamp a "grill" similar to that used on the previous issues of 1863 and 1863. This grilled set was in use but a few months when the embossing was discontinued, and has never been used on United States stamps since. With the exception of the one, two and three cents, the grilled stamps are quite scarce, the twelve and twenty four cents being of great rarity. The issues of the National Bank Note Co. were printed in bright colors on thin, crisp paper, which will snap like a new bank note. In 1873 the contract for printing the stamps was secured by the Continental Bank Note Co.; this company used the same kind of paper as the National, but engraved on each stamp from one to lifteen cents a "secret mark" to distinguish them from the previous issue.

The following is a brief description of the secret mark on each value:

One cent—A small crescent in the first white ball at the left of the top of the strip left of II. So a small disagnal line at the left of the scroll at the

One cent—A small crescent in the first white ball at the left of the top of the figure 1.

Two cent—Under the ball of the scroll at the left of U. S. a small diagonal line. This can seldom be seen without the aid of a good magnifying glass, and is the most difficult to find of all the secret marks. Three cent—Under the top point of the ends of the ribbon under "Three' a heavy line of shading. Ir. the National print this line of color is very light.

Six cent—The four vertical lines of shading on the extreme left of the ribbon under "Six" have been deepened and are much darker than in the National print. This stamp also differs in color from the first print, the National being a carmine and the Continental a dull pink.

Seven cent—At the ends of the two indentations in the design in the lower right hand corner there are two little semicircles, which in any ordinary specimen, are very plain.

Ten cent—In the scroll under the "E" of

plain.

Ten cent-In the scroll under the "E" of

Ten cent—In the scroll under the "E" of postage there is a small crescent.

Twelve cent—The balls of the figure 2 in 12 are cut into and form crescents.

Fifteen cent—At the bottom of the triangle in the upper left hand corner two lines have been made heavier; these two lines join at the bottom of the triangle and form a V.

It is believed that secret marks were also placed on the twenty four, thirty and ninety cent, but they have not as yet been positively determined.

bottles of Lundborg's perfumery. It is catalogued imperforate on white paper at forty cents, and on pink paper at \$150. It is generally sold at about half of these prices.

E. G., San Marcos—If your one cent buff stamp with head of Franklin was used in 1830, it is probably the one catalogued at 60 cents. A close examination will probably reveal a few little dots on the back which constitutes the "grill." This stamp was reissued in 1875 and 1880 without the grill, but it is nearly always found in unused condition.

C. T., Waco—There are sixteen varieties of one cent blue U. S. stamps on all of which is the head of Franklin, varying in value from one cent to twenty five cents. We cannot tell which one you have. All of the three cent green stamps with Washington's head are common. There are five varieties of the twelve cent black with Washington's head. These catalogue from 35 cents to \$1.75, according to the variety.

It is generally sold at about half of these cent, but they have not as yet been positively determined.

In 1875 the American Bank Note Co. secured the contract for printing the stamps. No changes were made in the plates, in fact both the National and Continental plates of at least one denomination, the ten cent, were used by the American Bank Note Co. The difference between this printing and the two preceding is in the paper, which is moderately thick and soft and provide will be necessary to detect these difficulty will be necessary to detect these difficulty will be experienced in distinguishing the varieties.

The secured the contract for printing the stumps. No changes were made in the stamps. On the contract for printing the stamps. No changes were made in the stamps. The stam

(To be continued.)

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### The Numismatic Sphinx.

Willie Burns, Woodville, O.—Your coins have no premium value.

Elijah I., Gaylord, Mich.—The ordinary alf dollars of 1854 and 1858 command no premium.

Harry Cavanagh, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.—The dealers charge twenty five cents for an 1831 dime in good condition.

D. E. Strouse, Baltimore, Md.—A crisp, new ten cent note of 1864, portrait of Washington, and value in gold at the sides, is worth thirty five cents.

Clifford Johnson, Bellvue, Wash.—The 1883 V nickels hardly command a premium. Certainly we know of no one who wants to pay over face value for them.

Bradley Crary, Larrabee, Ia.-Your coins are all very common. A coin so old that the date is worn off and the inscription illegible is rarely worth the keeping.

Harold A. Painter, Muncy, Pa.—A dollar of 1796 is worth three dollars. One of 1798, good as your drawing seems to infer, two dollars and fifty cents. The 1811 half dollar sells for eighty five cents.

Jack Dickinson, Newark, N. J.—Your English half penny with date 1700 must be one of William III., 1695-1702. The reverse shows Britannia seated. If the piece is in good condition it is worth half a dollar.

Loyd Bittenbender, Ponca, Neb.-Your 124 half dollar is worth seventy five cents. The trade dollars of 1878 unless uncirculated bring no premium, and the same may be said of your 1854 quarter and 1875 twenty cent piece. cent piece.

Harold A. Stone, Troy, N. Y.—Your rubbing is from an old Roman coin, but is not distinct enough to be classified. If you will send it to us with a prepaid envelope to your address, we will return it with the information you ask.

Hay Barnholt, Lancaster, Pa.—A Good 1810 cent is worth half a dollar; 1811 cent, one dollar and a half; 1826 and 1828 cents, twenty five cents each; 1850 half cent is worth twenty cents. Your other pleces while nice for a collection, command no premium. premium.

Elmer C. Foust, New Albany, Ind.—Your rubbing is taken from a Bank of England dollar, 1804. This was struck during the reign of George Ili., and, as far as we know, is the only purely English coin with the word dollar on. It is worth two dollars and fifty cents. and fifty cents.

A. I. Boyle, Jr., Pittsburg, Pa.—The cents of 1800, 1803, 1805, 1807 and 1808 are worth respectively, one dollar, twenty five, seventy five, fifty and sixty five cents; 1818, twenty five cents; 1831, thirty cents; 1837, 1845 and 1847, fifteen cents each; 1850, 1851 and 1853, five cents each. These prices are for the coins in good condition. five cents each. These coins in good condition.

Wm. E. Croumbe, Chicago, Ill.—To make a rubbing of a coin: Place the coin on some flat surface and place over it some smooth, thin, white paper, then with the coin and paper held firmly, rub with the flat end of the lead pencil over the coin. Many of the impressions of coins we receive made in this way are most admirable. ceive made in this way are most admirable.

Howard Parker, Carthage, Ind.—The 1875 half dollar commands no premium. Your copper piece is a store card of Alfred Willard. 149 Washington street, Boston, Mass. The store cards were issued for advertising purposes, and are not, properly speaking, coins. Some collectors make a specialty of them, one we know having upwards of two thousand varieties of them. them.

Roscoe Stotter, Forest, Ind.-Your draw-Roscoe Stotter, Forest, Ind.—Your drawing is taken from a coupon cut from a confederate bond of Feb. 20, 1863. These coupons represented the accrued interest on the bond, and as they became due they were clipped off and cashed. This coupon (January, 1865.) was the last presented for payment; when the next one became due (July, 1, 1865.) the Confederate States of America were no more.

Harry U. Higgins. Three Bridges, N. J.—Has twenty one half dimes of 1853 and reads in the August AMERICAN BOY that they are worth twenty five cents each. This is the price he would have to pay a dealer for a good 1853 half dime; of course they will buy of him as cheap as they can for that is their business and they expect to make a good profit in it. He will notice the addresses of dealers in coins in the advertising columns. ing columns.

Don Griswold, Sherman, Mich.—Sends a list of some of his coins. While he has some nice pieces for a collection, his list shows nothing rare. All the American half cents are desirable and sought after. The Franknothing fare. All the American half cents are desirable and sought after. The Frank-lin or "Fugio" cent of 1787, if in good condition, is always interesting. If a good rubbing of the old Roman and Egyptian coins could be sent, perhaps we may tell you more about them, but if poor and illegible it will be hardly worth the trouble.

legible it will be hardly worth the trouble. Meade R. Wells, Huntington, W. Va.— You have quite a variety of nice coins for a collection, yet nothing of any particular value from a selling standpoint. The true collector, however, collects for the satisfaction and knowledge obtained by possession, rather than the possible premium he might obtain. We hope you are one of this class. Your coin with Diez Centimos is Spanish, not English, and your confederate ten dollar bill must be dated 1863, and not 1813.

Cornelius M. Smith, Baltimore, Md.—There are two varieties of the 1836 half dollar, one has "E pluribus unum," 50c., and lettered edge; the other has no motto, reads 50 cents, and has milled edge. The former sells for seventy five cents and the latter for three dollars, in good condition. 1893 Columbian half dollars are selling for seventy five cents at the dealers.

Merle Rounds, Timson, Tex.—(1) Egyptian coin dated 1293 A. H. (2) Turkey, two para nickel of 1293 A. H. These two pieces are odd, but not scarce, usually sold at ten cents each. (3) A good half cent of 1806 like this is worth thirty cents. (4) This rubbing is from a double tournois of Henry IV., of France, 1608, and worth thirty cents. (5) Switzerland twenty in nickel, 1844, worth ten cents. (6) A Roman third bronze of Constantine, A. D., 306-337, which, though old, is a very common coin, easily duplicated for a quarter of a dollar.

rated for a quarter of a dollar.

Paul Wentz, Sharon, Pa.—Never use strong acids or alkalis in cleaning coins. Usually all that is necessary is washing thoroughly in soapsuds to remove all grease and dirt, then drying and rubbing with whiting and lastly chamois skin. Anything left after this had better be let alone. We saw a few years since a lot of ancient Greek and Egyptian coins that had been cleaned with acids and polished. They were clean, to be sure, and how they did shine with the lustre of their two thousand years, but to the numismatist and archaeologist their glory had departed never to return.

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On April 1 next the splendid printing outfit shown in the accompanying picture will become the property of the person who, during March, becomes a subscriber for one year to THE AMERICAN BOY, or sends us a renewal of his present subscription, or sends us some other person's subscription, and comes the nearest to telling the number of immigrants landed from steerage (immigrants who come in the steerage of vessels) at the Ellis Island Immigrant Station, New York Harbor, for the month of March. The Government, in making its record of immigrants, counts only steerage passengers as properly such, although many immigrants arrive as cabin passengers, claiming to be visitors or tourists.

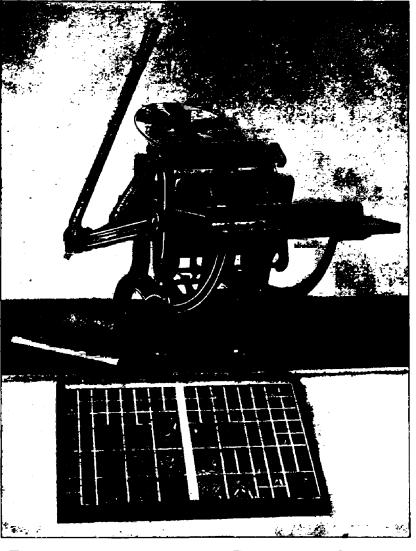
In order that boys may have some idea of the number of immigrants landed at this station, we will say that for the year ending June 30 last the number was 341.712; and in the twelve months ending June 30, 1899, the number was 242,573. Those who make guesses are to guess on the total for one month—THE MONTH OF MARCH, 1901.

Boys must guess upon the number of immigrants landed, and not on the number of immigrants arriving and not landed. Many are returned for the reason that they are afflicted with disease, or are likely to become public charges, or have been convicted of crime, or have come under contract for labor. Under the law, such persons are returned to the countries from which they come and are not allowed to land. The guess is on the number regularly inspected and landed. The figures for 1899 and 1900, as given, include only such as are landed. We have arranged with the Immigration Bureau so that we shall receive the names of all persons applying for information concerning the number arriving in March, and these names will be sent to us so that we will know who really guessed and who did not,

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- 3.—Any one sending us the subscription of another person, in which case both the person sending the subscription and the person subscribing are entitled to guesses.

When more than one dollar is sent, a guess is allowed for every dollar. Regular premiums, selected from our premium list, on the sending in of new subscriptions, are also given as heretofore. If there are any ties the contest will be decided by the drawing of slips from a hat, some prominent city official of Detroit, not identified with this paper, acting as referee. The name of the successful contestant will be published as soon as the Government record is made up-probably in the May number.

Any boy by hustling can get a good many guesses. He can renew his own subscription and get quite a number of new subscribers. and for every one of the latter he will be entitled to a premium as well as a guess. When you send in your money send in your guess.

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of the keel piece and place the whole several places to hold it firmly. Now nail two 4 in. pieces on ends of truss, as lettered b in Fig. 6, and carefully nail on the stem posts as indicated in the drawing, Fig. 6, with three 1½ in. casing nails. With brad awl bore holes for each nail so as not to split the wood. Brace up the stems by nailing to b. and brace them down to the end crosspiece on truss, stem down to end of f,

(Continued from Page 146.)

exactly straight up and down. Measure 21 in. from back of b, along keel, and put a mark; from this, measure off the rest of the keel into 21 in. At the center line fasten form m, at next line form n, then o, then p. Brace each of these down to crosspieces g with short strips. Be careful to have each at right angles with the keel and straight up and down. Nail one of your strips along the top of each form ex-

one on each side. Be sure that they are



ONE OF KENNETH M. RANSOM'S CANOES.

actly over the center line, also to ton of each stem post as in Fig. 6. If all is well this piece will be perfectly straight. Next nail a strip from stem to stern around the top edge of each form. The shape of your canoe will now be well defined. A side view will now look like Fig. 6. Be sure to keep all forms well braced so the shape will be true.

Before we begin to plank make your "dope" as follows: Put your white lead and one and one half pounds of putty into a basin with your Japan dryer: set this into a pan of boiling water on the stove and stir thoroughly until the putty and lead are all melted. Melt your beeswax in another pan and stir it into the lead, etc.; stir this thoroughly and let it cool, if it is too thick add a little Japan dryer.

With great care fit the garboard strake, as the one next to the keel is called into the 1/3 in. groove. This will be made out of your 14 ft. x 1½ in. x ½ in, pine strips. After putting them under the braces shove them into the groove up tight against the center piece of the keel. Fig. 9 shows a cross section of keel and first, second and third planks, and how they should be placed. Nail temporarily in the center and at ends twist up to bow post and clamp into place. It may be necessary to cut the under edge a little on the bevel, as it turns up, to make a tight fit. When it fits well nail along the keel every four inches with % in. brads, also nail securely on stem posts, holding your iron on opposite side as you do so. Use % in brads. Trim off around bow post, but do not cut flush. After the two sign, Fig. 7. garboards are in make a dozen clamps as follows: From your % in. x 1/4 in. stuff, cut twenty four pieces 6 in. long and twelve pieces 3 in. long. Next separate two 6 in. pieces by inserting a 3 in. piece at top. This will make a sort of clothes pin. Nail firmly and your clamp is made.

well done, it is the lightest and strongest used. Each strip is nailed with 1½ in, casing nails on top of the other, thus making a very strong construction which does not check as when wide \*\*\*\*.

Now take the canoe off the truss and after planing the rough ends smooth and after planing the rough ends smooth and after planing the rough ends smooth and after planing the stems, coat all with a good to dope and strips of cotton.

Fit on the outer bow posts which are to any subscribers of THE AMERICAN BOY sending the best description of circumstances under which he labored, together with photograph of finished canoe. A hand-with the strip is nailed after planing the rough ends smooth and after planing the other with photograph of finished canoe. The plane of the control of circumstances under which he labored, together with photograph of finished canoe. The plane of the control of circumstances under which he labored, together with photograph of finished canoe. The plane of the control of circumstances under which he labored together with photograph of finished canoe. The plane of the control of circumstances under which he labored together with photograph of finished canoe. other, thus making a very strong con-struction which does not check as when wide thin plank are used.

After coating the edge of garboard strake well with dope, in which a piece of twine has been pressed from end to end as a calking, pin on a strip with your clamps, and with great care nail through edgeways into garboard as shown in Fig. 9. Work from the center toward the ends; the nails should be four inches apart. Do not drive the nails crooked so they will come through the plank on either side; if you do, remove them.

It is apparent that it will take more stern and nail it into the planking with piece leaving a 1/3 in. space on each strips to fill form m, then the smaller 1/3 in. finishing brads. Next spring one side. Cut this off 6 in. from each end form p. For this reason after you have to this, nailing edgeways with 1 in. strips to fill form m, then the smaller & in. finishing brads. Next spring one three strips on each side, you will begin nails same as you did with planking. keel in the groove on truss, nailing it in to taper your strips. Nail two pieces together so as to cut two at once. Mark the center, and at 21 in. from this, both ways, begin to taper by cutting with your plane the upper edges. When the ends are finally reached your taper should reduce the width at ends to 1/4 in. The middle point of the strips must always be at form m. Continue to build 12 ft. x 2 in. x 1/4 in. oak. This bends up one strip on the other in this manner around the "coaming pattern." until the sheer strip running around the that the joints where the ends meet on top of forms is reached marked sides will be at center side block. Screw s. Fig. 6; build up at ends with this coaming at ends and on side blocks short pieces, cutting the ends of each so as to form a nice, true curving sheer. As you go around the curve you will have to bevel the under side of each strip a little. Put plenty of dope and a string between each strip. It is also well to nail the strips temporarily to the forms, using leather washers on the nails so they can be easily withdrawn. If you can see through the cracks do not be alarmed, but get them as tight as you can.

> The ribs come next, and should be spaced five inches apart. They are made from your 1/2 in. x 1/4 in. oak strips. Steam well and while hot bend in inside of boat. Get some one to help on one side. Mark where each rib is to go on keel and when you push it into place nail it at keel with two 1 in brads. Next hold the rib in shape for a minute, after which nail in several places with 5% in. brads from inside to outside clinching on the outside. After ribbing in between the forms cut all the ends which stick up flush with sides and nail a few strips across to keep the boat time and put a rib in its place. In the bows, where the angle is too acute to make the bend, use half ribs, putting one on each side. Now that the ribs are all placed, they must be permanently nailed. Beginning at keel, bore holes with your brad awl from inside to outside 21/2 in, apart; watch where the end comes out, and stick a copper clout nail any desired color. The deck and coamin the hole; drive through and carefully ing may be finished natural in varnish clinch on inside. Do this all over the boat and when this is completed the hard work is done.

The gunwales will next be put in. These are made from your % in. square oak and are nailed at the deck line on the inside of the ribs. Begin in center and nail toward ends, one nail at each When you reach the sheer at ends rib. spring carefully to conform with plank This piece should take a true curve, and any little uneven places in your planking can be made true by cutting it flush with the wale.

Now fit in block a (Fig. 7) and deck beams as indicated in same figure, nailing at ends through the gunwale. The deck beams are cut rounding, the top having a curve of 3 in. in 3 ft. A notch is cut 1 in. wide and 1/2 in. deep at the middle point of each of these into which a center piece running from a to d is nailed. The pieces which form the end of the cockpit, marked b, in Fig. 7, are cut from 1/2 in. pine board. While the blocks marked 1 are 1 in. pine, 6 in. long and 3 in. wide. Nail on as in de-



joins keel so it will fit nicely; then with your stove bolts, bolt it securely to the real or inner bow post. Begin to bolt at the keel and end at the top. Bevel to ½ in. at outer edge and flush with the planking. Set the boat again on truss and paint all under the deck beams two heavy coats of gray lead paint before putting on the deck.

Your deck will be made out of your ¼x¼ in. strips. Beginning at the outer edge spring a strip around from bow to

Let the ends v together where they meet. When the whole deck is done the seam where the strips v together will be covered by an oak piece ¼ in. thick. This piece will be 2 in. wide at the coaming and tapering to 1 in. at the stems.

Next steam and bend the coamings. which will be made from the two pieces Cut so with 11/4 in. brass screws. Have a blacksmith make six braces to be



screwed from coaming at side blocks with 11/4 in. screws to rib on side of These will support the side deck. Set all the nails carefully, dress off all the rough places and sandpaper the whole boat until smooth and even. This is a mean job, but the more you do the better the canoe will appear. Use coarse sandpaper (No. 3) at first. Scrub across the grain, after which rub with the grain. The brading 1/2 round oak moulding will now be screwed on to finish the sheer. Use 34 in. brass screws.

Putty all the cracks and nail holes. and if any large seams are seen calk with spun cotton. Thicken your dope with putty and use this for the cracks. from springing. Remove one form at a Let the putty harden a day, after which you will be ready to paint.

Clean up your shop so as not to have the dust on your work. Keep the canoe on the truss and paint the inside thor oughly with three coats of good white lead paint, gray being the best color.

Let each coat dry three days. After this is done paint the bottom three coats or painted. If the former is desired, use only spar varnish, for all others will discolor when wet. One coat of wood filler and two coats of spar varnish will be enough.

While waiting for the paint to dry cut 8 strips ¾ in. x ¼ in. x 8 ft. for your floor, and paint them thoroughly, as you did the inside of the boat.

Also cut your paddle from the ash board as in Fig. 8. The blades should be ¼ in. thick at the ends, gradually thickening at the center and handle. A leather collar on the handle, as indicated in Fig. 8, will keep the water from dripping on one while paddling. Copper tip the ends, sandpaper smooth, and finish with three coats of spar varnish.

When all is dry, nail in the floor strips, I in. apart. and the little craft is done, and you will be very proud of her. This canoe will safely carry a load of

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tion and drawings are very plain, I will cheerfully answer all questions when the request for information is accompanied by a two cent stamp. For the benefit of prospective builders I make a special offer to furnish all materials for the work as described at a very low figure. See offer in advertising columns of this issue.

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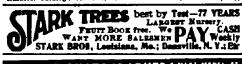


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### A Prize Winner.



Charles Karkau, Lansing, Mich., earned fifty dollars and numerous premiums by obtaining subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY during the year 1900. He stood sixth in the list of lifty two, who won a total of one thousand dollars. In acknowledging receipt of the money he says: "I was very much surprised this morning when I received your check for lifty dollars. I did not time for Santa Claus. You can be sure that I will work all I can for the interests of your paper. I hope that your paper will prosper all the coming years."

### The Yacht Offer.

Thousands of guesses were sent us in the competition for the yacht described in our February number. The winner cannot be named until the Government Weather Bureau gets in all of its reports. Some guesses were faulty in that the guessers did not designate the "place" having the coldest weather, in a sufficient-

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ly definite way. For instance, some said:
"The northern part of Minnesota;" others,
"Northwestern Montana." Such guesses
cannot be considered. The guess coming
nearest to locating the "place" registering the lowest temperature, of course, referred to a city, town, or postoffice. One
might as well say "Montana" as to say
"Northwestern Montana." Manifestly
such guesses are unfair guesses.

### The Flour All Delivered.

The ten barrels of flour offered as a prize in our December number have all been de-livered to the boys who won them, and by this time have all disappeared into hungry mouths in the shape of bread, ple and cake. Here 's hoping that no stomach ache and no dyspepsia resulted! Would that we could print all the letters of acknowledg-ment received. Here are three:

Old Orchard, Mo., Jan. 21, 1901.

Dear Mr. Sprague—The barrel of flour reached here today. I have been watching for it ever since I got your letter. I think I was the happiest boy in Old Orchard today. I think THE AMERICAN BOY is very good to give such a big prize to such a little boy, and I am very proud of it. My mama thinks the Gold Medal flour is the best flour made, and I think my mama knows, because she makes the best bread in the world. I enjoy THE AMERICAN BOY so much, and I think you must know all about boys. Thanking you very much for the flour, I am,

Your little friend,

DOUGLAS LACY.

Brattleboro, Vt., Jan. 26, 1901.

Brattleboro, Vt., Jan. 26, 1901.
Gentlemen—I was very glad to receive the flour, and it came on my birthday. I have not tried any of the flour, but I have heard that it was good flour. I like THE AMERICAN BOY better than any other paper, and I always look forward to its coming. I will try to get some subscriptions.

Yours respectfully,
ROBERT KENNEY.

respectfully, ROBERT KENNEY.

Pontlac, Mich., Jan. 27, 1901.

Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.:

Gentlemen—After a delay that seems almost discourteous, I have to acknowledge both your courteous and generous treatment of a boy who is an admirer of and ardent reader of your "AMERICAN BOY."

Your letter was promptly received, informing me of my success in the prize contest, and to say that I was surprised as well as delighted is putting it pretty tamely. The "Pillsbury's Best" has arrived, all charges prepaid, and I only wish, Mr. Editor, that you could have joined us as we discussed our first "batch" of biscuit and honey. Whenever we have "Pillsbury's Best" we will remember your enterprise and generosity, and commend THE AMERICAN BOY to any who may partake with us, as long as it shall last. I was almost as greatly delighted with the opportunity for studying the complicated workings of a modern flouring mill as with the prize itself. It will pay for "THE AMERICAN BOY" several years. Long may it live to spur the ambitious boyhood to honesty, industry, frugality, and a heroic manhood.

Yours with kind wishes,

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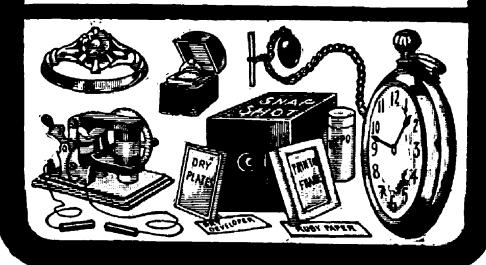
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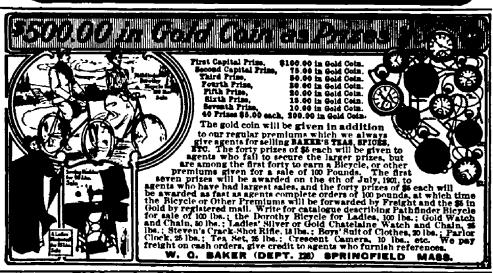
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MONTHLY Vol 2. No. 6

Detroit, Michigan, April, 1901

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### B

## THE GENTLEMAN

NUMBER of incidents in my experience, of late, have made me question whether boys are as gentlemanly now as they used to be in "the good old times." As I was coming up the street, the other day, I saw two nicely dressed young fellows, of perhaps fourteen or fifteen, standing on the corner. A gentleman passed them who had a slight limp in his gait. He was neatly

but rather poorly dressed, and had the air of a man whom life had used hardly, but who was bravely breasting the wave and making the best of adverse conditions. He was not a jaunty, sleek, self-satisfied, well-conditioned man, but refined of face and unobtrusive in manner. The well-dressed boys eyed him closely as he passed, and when he was a few rods away one of them threw the core of the apple he had been eating so that it struck the gentleman in the back; then he unconcernedly resumed his conversation with his companion.

THAT little incident made my blood boil. Yes, I am not ashamed to confess it, boys, it made me downright mad—to use a term that we employ when we care more about being positive than about being correct or elegant. I would have thoroughly enjoyed stepping up to that insolent youngster and giving him a forcible lesson in good manners. But, unfortunately, the time of life had passed with me when I could do this without being considered a maniac, or being arrested for assault and battery.

THE trouble with the average boy of to-day, who assumes to be a gentleman, is just this—that his gentlemanliness is apt to be only a superficial gentility, whose roots are in the clothes rather

than in the heart. It is a kind of tit-for-tat gentlemanliness—well-dressed politeness to the well-dressed, deference to the able-bodied and fine-appearing, courtesy to the sleek. Instead of respecting weakness, it respects only strength. There is something meanly aggressive about it, that reminds me of the disposition of a cur, holding in his bark while a man goes along the street with a firm, steady step, but bursting out spitefully and tauntingly, if the man happens to slip or trip or stumble. I think it was that gentleman's limp, chiefly,

that brought the apple core flying after him. The limp was an evidence of weakness, of misfortune, of inability to retaliate. It placed the man outside the boy's class of "gentilhood," as old Chaucer calls it, and therefore subjected him to the contempt and insolence of the superficially polite.

LET me relate another instance of the same kind, that occurred while I was camping, or rather "cottaging," the past summer.

Not far from our cottage was the summer camp of a large and fashionable boys' school, located in New Jersey. Two of these boys came over, one day, and began firing a rifle near my host's premises.

They seemed trying to shoot as close to the house as they could without hitting it. My host's

sister was sitting out on the veranda, and finally a bullet whizzed over her head and grazed a corner of the cottage.

My host, who was working in his garden, immediately started out and ordered the boys off the land.

"See here, old duffer," was the cool reply, "I want you to understand that we're from N' Yawk. We're gentlemen, and we didn't come up here to be bossed around by

any old farmer." But when my host quietly called to me to bring his Winchester from the gun rack, these self-styled "gentlemen" changed their minds and departed.

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T HOPE there are not many boys of the sort I have described; and yet I am afraid that the shallow, pretentious kind of gentlemanliness is increasing, in these modern days, at the expense of the good, old-fashioned, sincere, chivalric kind, that went clear down into the heart, and was pitiful and sympathetic and helpful as well as courteous, and gentle as well as graceful. I would a thousand times rather see a boy awkward in his manners and noble in his instincts and feelings, than polished in manner and selfish and insolent in heart. I love to see a boy deferential

to weakness of any kind, but I don't care a straw how obsequious he may be in the presence of strength and superiority. Even wolves are polite to lions. That sort of politeness does not count for much. Be a gentleman at heart, I say, if you claim to be a gentleman at all. Respect the burden, respect weakness, respect even inferiority—respect anything you can help. That is the Christian notion of a gentleman; and he who conforms to it is the only one who ought to bear such a beautiful and suggestive name.

### THE BOY WHO RODE A MOOSE

A Vacation Incident in the Maine **♦** Woods

<u> Xaaataaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa</u>



HAT boy's heart has not thrilled at the highly-colored account of the prowess displayed by some daring hunter in the Maine woods—his invariable battle with a moose, which, by a sudden coup de main, is always

vanquished? Sometimes in early life there is an inclination—usually deepening into a resolve—in the breast of every American boy to some time visit this sportsman's paradise. Such a desire was strong within me when I left college—so strong, in fact, that nothing short of a miracle could have deterred me

from my purpose. Fortunately, I was saved from plunging alone into this great wilderness by Jack Angleton, my college chum—"Lazy Jack," we called him—who expressed his intention of accompanying me if only, as he put it, to protect me from the ravages of wild beasts.

For two years, now, Jack and I had made an annual pilgrimage to the big forest in the neighborhood of Moosehead Lake, hoping devoutly that we might have an opportunity to display our skill on a moose. But aside from a half-grown deer, a silver fox, and several gaunt loup-cerviers, no game had come our way. The fall of '97 found us again ready for our vacation, determined to have our moose or languish in the hot, stuffy city ever after, as far as hunting was concerned. We had decided at the conclusion of our previous sojourn that our next would be in a different locality. In fact, our guide, a Winnebago Indian, rejoicing in the cognomen of James Otterfish, recommended Cauquomgomoc Lake as an excellent hunting ground, and there, after due deliberation, we decided to emigrate.

We proceeded by rail to North Twin Lake, thence up the Penobscot's west branch to Chesuncook Lake. The Cauquomgomoc River connects Chesuncook Lake with Lake Cauquomgomoc, the intervening distance being twelve miles. Up this river we paddled, and found ourselves, on the twenty ninth day of September, encamped on the west shore of the lake, with a pretty, sandy beach bordering the water immediately in front of us.

Cauquomgomoc Lake is a pretty sheet of water, about seven miles in length, with a width varying from two to three miles. As a whole, the scenery hereabouts is wildly picturesque. The forest-clad mountains, which overshadow the lake on the northwest side, prove an effective barrier between the water and the scorching sun on warm days in the summer and early fall.

We were itching to plunge at once into the woods, but the moose season would not open until October 1st, two days off, so we busied ourselves making a comfortable encampment. Once Jack, with an impatience that ill became a lazy person, suggested our striking out regardless of the game laws, but Jim Otterfish pointed a bony finger across the lake, where a canoe containing two figures was moving idly along the shady bank.

Who's that?" queried Jack, with some astonishment.

"Moose warden and him guide," replied the Indian, in his quaint English. "Him catch you shootin' moose to-day, you be fined."

Not only would a fine have been imposed,

but an everlasting disgrace, as well, for no true sportsman will disregard the game laws.

The long-looked-for day arrived at last, and after a hearty breakfast of fish, which our guide had hauled from the pool the preceding day, we struck into the woods. Aside from our rifles, which we carried ready for use, our belts contained revolvers, hunting knives and an abundance

of cartridges, while upon the broad shoulders of Jim body, his shovel-shaped antlers and prodigiously Jim was close behind and he, too, sped over the line carried a birch-bark moose horn suspended from one appearance. of his belt.

We were warm on a moose chase within two hours. Before that time had elapsed Jim declared that he saw fresh signs of a moose. To illustrate, he pointed to a tender sapling some distance off.

"Sapling been bent," he said; "moose eat leaves off."

A close observation proved this beyond a doubt, and a more careful scrutiny revealed hoof-prints at the base of the tree, where the ground was nearly devoid of grass.

The Indian, with the characteristic sixth sense of his race, was soon engaged in ferreting out other signs of the animal. We followed him perhaps a mile, when he suddenly seized his moose horn, which he applied to his lips. Immediately there echoed but the weight of the young athlete to tear it from though his heart would brea through the forest an unearthly sound, which gradually reached a high pitch, then died away beneath the boy, and Jack, without further ado, no one to say, "Go it, Tom."

It is a great error to call too often, experienced moose hunters will tell you, and Jim allowed at least fifteen minutes to elapse before calling again. The second call of the strange horn brought no response, and after a sufficient period had elapsed, the Indian sounded a third call. No sooner had the sound died away than an answer echoed through the woods, and so greatly did it resemble the call of the birch horn, we marvelled at the skill and ingenuity of the inventor of such an instrument.

Otterfish gave a grunt of satisfaction, then remarked that, as we were to leeward of the animal, success might crown our efforts. One more call brought the animal so close that we could hear him crashing through the bushes. Just as our guide had motioned us to conceal ourselves in a thicket near at sight of him again. But after traversing half a mile hand, a fine bull moose burst through the undergrowth and stood revealed to our admiring gaze. With his thick neck, long legs, and short, round



Vainly trying to pitch his burden into the water.

Otterfish was a bundle of provisions. Our guide also long and ugly head, he presented a rather formidable a little ahead of Tom, but enough to give him second

had started, as the moose hove Bignt, Jim's command and conceal myself in the thicket, but stumbled over a fallen branch and fell. At the same instant Jack's rifle spoke, and the moose jumped suddenly into the air with a loud bellow. was evident that the bullet had found its mark in some portion of the bull's anatomy, though whether in a spot that would cause any serious effect we could not yet determine.

The wound transformed the moose into a furymaddened beast, and instead of turning to flee, he gave evidence that he was ready for battle. He bore down full tilt upon Jack, who dropped his rifle and sprang for a low-hanging branch of the nearest tree. The branch proved to be partially rotten, and needed but the weight of the young athlete to tear it from though his heart would break.

care," and, fortunately, in full possession of his presence of mind.

At the same instant the branch struck the infuriated animal a sharp blow on the back, and he shit into the undergrowth on the other side of us, Jack clinging instinctively, and very tenaciously, to the base of his big antlers, and bouncing up and down like a tenderfoot on a Texas broncho. Jim Otterfich held his sides while his fat cheeks shook with laughter, and though it was a time of fierce excitement, the incident presented such a comical aspect that I. too, was forced to guffaw loudly.

It was several minutes ere we recovered sufficiently to start in pursuit. I picked up Jack's rifle and slung it across my back. At first we feared the moose would make such rapid time that we would not catch or more, we came to a small clearing, where a stream flowed swiftly through the forest.

Here stood the moose, beliowing fiercely, vainly trying to pitch his burden over his head into the water. But Jack had no longing for such a fate, and he clung fast, though the flerce bouncing had already made him lament that he had gorged himself with fish before leaving

camp. As soon as we put in an appearance, he shouted at the top of his voice:

"Shoot him! Shoot him! I'm pretty near the end of my rope, so you fellows will have to do something!'

"Enjoying yourself immensely, aren't you?" I could not help taunting. Then, after a moment's survey of the situation, I continued:

"Look sharp, Jack! I'm going to try a shot at his hind quarters!"

Jim nodded his approval to this declaration, and dropping on one knee, I took careful aim and fired. Just what happened I cannot say, for the smoke obscured my view for an instant, Then I saw Jack shoot into the air, describe a beautiful high arc, and plunge headfirst into the stream. The moose, weak from the loss of blood, rolled over on his side, and after a few convulsive kicks, expired.

Jack immediately came to the surface, puffing like a porpoise, but he uttered a shout of joy when he observed the fate of his late enemy. The moose proved to be one of the largest ever killed in the Maine woods, and his antlers now serve as a hat rack in the hall of my home. while Jack often lies on the beautiful rug he had made from his hide, that he might remember more vividly the time when he was the boy who rode a moose.

It may be well to mention that he is rather wary of tree branches.

### <del>┍╏╸╏╸╏╸╏╸╏╸╏</del>╍╏╌╏╌╏╌╏╌╏╌╏╌╏╌╏╌╏╌╏╌╏╌╏╌╏╌╏╌╏╌╏╌╏╌╏ GO IT, TOM

FLORENCE MILNER

Tom belonged to a settlement school and the school had furnished most, if not all the real happiness he had ever known. Here the good in him was developed until somehow he began to forget the bad.

He was a sturdy little athlete and won most of the races and other contests of strength Through various winsome traits he had found his way to the heart of his teacher and she was always interested in his success.

One day arrangements had been made for a foot race. Several boys were to run, although everybody was sure that Tom would win.

The preliminaries were settled, the race started, and the boys were off over the course. Tom led clear and free for about half the distance, then, to the surprise of everyone, Johnny began to gain upon him. Jim was just behind Johnny and running vigorously. Tom's feet seemed to grow heavy and Johnny steadily decreased the distance between them, until finally he shot past Tom and, with a sudden spurt. gained the goal fully five yards in advance.

place and to leave Tom out of the race.

Tom, what was the matter?" teacher as the defeated boy came toward her with the tears streaming down his face.

His only answer was a sob.
"Tell me what happened, Tom."

Tom dug his knuckles into his eyes to dry his tears and tried to tell his story.

"I started all right, you know—
"Yes, you led them all."

"But when I got half way there the boys began to call, 'Go it, Johnny, you're second.' 'Hustle, Jim. you're gaining.' 'Run, Johnny, run; you're most up to him.' But nobody said, 'Go it, Tom,' and some how it got into my legs and they wouldn't go;" and Tom, dropping to the ground in a heap, cried as

Moral:-Many have failed in life because there was

## The Men of Might, or The Lusty Nine

VIBOINIA PAUL

I YI! there fellows, wait a minute!" Frank Man-ning was running down Elm street, ki yi-ing at every swing of his long, ungainly legs. The group of High School boys paused in their aimless shuffle along the street and waited for Frank to overtake them. "Well, Shorty, (this was because he measured only six feet two, in his stocking feet), inquired Punk, (this, because he early expressed the conviction that some day he should be 'some punkins'), what is on your mind? You look excited." Shorty was breathless from his tong chase; but, as he recovered his

wind, he hung over the nearest picket fence and fairly tied himself into bowknots with laughter. When his contortionist exhibition had succeeded in waking up the boys to a proper degree of curiosity, he ejaculated: "Oh such nuts, such nuts!"

"Say fellows, I have got a scheme to teach her "Royal Highness" the rudiments of knowledge; sort of bring her up to date you know; kind of show her that boys have the same rights as those wishywashy girls."

"Why, in what way has her Majesty offended you?" inquired the Tucker boy, long ago dubbed "Little Tommy Tucker.

She has not offended me, at all; but she is new, and has had things her own way so far, and she'll think we are a lot of softies if we don't spunk up and do something pretty soon.

That's so," assented Punk, "we really have not initiated her properly; but she has been so sort of pleasant and has such an easy way of talking to a fellow that I had really forgotten that we owe her a duty. They say she just more than 'flaxed out' that tough set of boys at Granby," he added reflectively.

Flaxed out," sneered Shorty, "I don't see how she could 'flax out' anything, she isn't much bigger than a ball club.'

'Correct, my son," responded Punk, "your comparison is a good one-but, by the way, were you ever hit by a ball club?

The boys all laughed; but Shorty, whose imagination was yet in a very undeveloped state, exclaimed: You don't mean that she ever really tackles a fellow, to try to shake him up, do you?

Tommy Tucker joined in with the suggestion, that there might be more than one way to shake a fellow up. The discussion became general, and waxed somewhat warm, until Punk, who really was a youth of much inborn chivalry, said:

Well, Shorty, let's have your scheme; if it is not

anything really mean, I am in for it."

While the "men of might," or "the lusty nine" were huddled together and completely absorbed in their mischievous plot, which by the way, could not have been very mean, if one may judge by the genuine merriment of their boyish laughter, her Royal Highness pa-sed by. To her cheerful "Good evening, boys," nine hars were doffed from nine somewhat sheepish heads, and nine somewhat uncertain "Good evenings," quavered forth from nine shaky and tremulous voices.

Miss Gibson was the new High School principal in the thriving town of Dorsey. She was a tiny woman in stature, with two of the keenest, brightest eyes, and the sunniest smile, and the sweetest voice that

could be well imagined.

At the end of the first week under her management whom for obvious reasons the boys had always called existence. Their faces began to glow; it did not seem "Sulks," graciously conceded that Miss Gibson was nearly so funny as they had expected. not so bad as she might be. The boys all admitted that this was a great deal for Sulks to say.

With all her graciousness, Miss Gibson possessed a certain quaint dignity, which led the boys to call her "the Queen," or "her Royal Highness." There was not one among them who did not like her decidedly, and, maybe for that very reason they concluded to see if her "spunk," as they called it, was equal to her manner.

Every Friday afternoon was devoted to rhetorical exercises. A president and critic sat upon the platform, and in a very dignified manner presided over the meeting; called the various speakers to the rostrum. ushered in any chance visitor; led the calisthenics and took care of things, generally. The principal herself had nothing to do except to keep the best of order.

Now there was a certain time-honored custom in the

all, approve; but as yet she had not thought it wise to attempt any change. From the founding of the school, the girls had been allowed to bring their crocheting or any other bit of fancy work with which to busy themselves during the rhetorical exercises.

The schoolroom was large and airy and when all the pupils were assembled for their literary work, they numbered about two hundred.

On the Friday afternoon following the conference of the "lusty nine," as the boys filed into their seats, preternatural gravity was on the brow of each "lusty niner" and a small, neat package was in his hand.

The president and critic took their respective chairs and proceeded to open the exercises after the approved fashion. The girls took out their embroidery or other work, and everything seemed about to follow the usual custom.

Soon Miss Gibson's keen eyes discovered Little Tommy Tucker very quietly undoing a package, the contents of which he carefully spread out on his desk. It proved to be the squares and triangles that make a block of patchwork. With laborious difficulty he managed to thread his needle, and after putting on a huge iron thimble, he began to sew the bright-hued bits of cloth together.

In the meantime, Shorty had unfolded his package, which contained a long white cotton stocking set up on four knitting needles, and nearly ready to be "toed off;" a huge ball of cotton yarn accompanied his work, and he proceeded to go through the motions, at least, of knitting.

Hickory took out a tidy of most complicated design, and, armed with a crochet hook, which he handled in much the same way that he would a pitchfork, he began to get his sister's pretty piece of fancy work into a hopeless tangle.

Several who evidently could not get hold of anything strictly unique, had brought spools and yarn, and began to knit that long cord which runs through a spool, and that every child knows how

to make.

was pretty large, Punk's bundle and it took him some time to get it unfolded without making any noise; really exposed to but, when it was be a big white sheet, view, it proved to which he at once began to hem. Sulks had brought his darning; and the holes in the socks which he spread out over his desk, were so immense that he heaved a long sigh, as he began his self-imposed task.

Miss Gibson had grasped the situation instantly and, while realizing the gravity of the situation, and how easy it would be for uproarious confusion to grow out of the ludicrous spectacle, secretly she was much amused.

Every eye in school was directed toward her, to see what she would do. With an almost imperceptible gesture, she signed to the girl nearest her to fold up

her embroidery. She did so, and soon without a word being said, every girl had quickly laid aside her work, and was giving the most profound attention to the rhetorical exercises

Which he at once began to hem.

The boys who had not been invited to join the "lusty nine" in their work of proving to Miss Gibson that they were not "softies" but "men of might," conceived the brilliant idea of not even seeming to see the unusual occupation of their neighbors. If it had all been planned in advance, the school could not have responded more readily to the cue which Mis. Gibson's unperturbed manner gave them. Such attention to the essays, orations and declamations, the somewhat conscious performers had never before received.

Miss Gibson inwardly hoped that no member of the school board or interested father or mother would stray in to spend the afternoon. A heavy rain soon set in, and no one came.

The "lusty niners" worked away steadily, with an occasional side glance to see how matters were going. What could it mean! No one was seeming to see them; the very worst boy in school, a sullen, hulking fellow, even Miss Gibson herself was totally oblivious to their

Punk began to feel that his sheet was making him horribly conspicuous; he could not fold it up, so he began surreptitiously to stuff it into his desk. Tommy began surreptitiously to stuff it into his desk. Tucker slid his patch work into his pocket. Sulks held firm and darned away all the afternoon without making any perceptible impression upon a single hole; a few others, to keep him company, continued their work. But something, the very stillness of the room, told the "lusty niners" that the end was not yet.

Just before time for the dismissal bell, Miss Gibson

arose and, in her most engaging manner, said that she had been pleased to see the industrious spirit manifested by the young men in the senior class; that it is true that nature does not endow all alike, and yet she always compensates; upon those whom she deprives of brilliant intellectual possibilities, she graciously bestows mechanical skill; that she regretted the lack of time which

Dorsey High School, of which Miss Gibson did not, at | prevented a place in the school curriculum for sewing, embroidery, etc., but that she was ready to give instruction along those lines, out of school hours; and then, reading off the names of the red-faced "lusty nine," she respectfully invited them to remain at the close of school for an hour's work in her sewing and knitting class.

The school smiled but did not laugh aloud. 'lusty nine'' were in doubt; she had not said that they must stay, but she had respectfully invited them to stay. Now, what did that mean? Shorty who sat in front of Punk, started to go out with the school; but Punk whispered to him: "Remember that 'ball club,' Shorty; you'd better sit down." So Shorty sat down.

After the school had gone, Miss Gibson said: "Now, young men, we shall adjourn to the recitation room, and I shall show you how to get started with your work, so that when next Friday comes, you can employ your time to better advantage.

She opened the door for them to file in. They sat down in a row upon the recitation bench and waited. She seated herself behind a little table and placed a chair beside her. Then she said: "I see some of you have gotten your work in a sorry tangle; you must straighten it out; some of you do not know how to tie knots in your thread, or even thread your needle properly. As I call you to me, one by one, in order to show you how to do, the rest of you may be going right on

with your work and getting as much done as possible."

The funny side of it all struck most of them, and they went cheerfully to work. But "Sulks" had his reputation to sustain and he settled sullenly back, looking very grotesque, with his hands full of shockinglooking socks; but evidently determined not to do as he was bidden.

Miss Gibson did not seem to notice him, but she called Punk and his sheet to the seat of honor, by her side. "Now, Mr. Lee," she began, "when you are going to hem your sheets, you must either use a tape line to measure your hem or a little piece of card board. You should turn your hem nicely and evenly before you begin to sew, or you will have a very poor piece of work; this is the way." Then she turned and measured and basted a few inches; then she made Punk practice tying a knot until he could curl a thread around his forefinger and slide it off in a smooth little ball.

Next came Tommy Tucker with his patch work. She praised it and said that his mother must have taught him how to sew. He used his thimble awkwardly and had trouble in threading his needle. She had him practice awhile, and then called the next. Hickory with his tidy explained that he had not really ventured to do more than go through the motions of crocheting, because the pattern was too much for him. Miss Gibson quite agreed that it was too intricate a piece of work for a beginner, and breaking off the thread, she soon had him busily engaged in crocheting a chain, which he found that he could do nicely. So it went, down the line: every one seeing the funny side of it and taking hold cheerfully, because, he was beginning to admire Miss Gibson's spunk.

But all were intensely interested to see how Sulks, who had not taken a stitch, would come out.

'Now Mr. Murray, it is your turngand we shall have our hands full if we finish those socks to-night."

Sulks never stirred, but he sullenly muttered: "I haint done nothing to be kept an hour after school for, and made to darn socks, and I shan't darn 'em neither. Before Miss Gibson could say a word, the gallant Punk had sprung from his seat and excitedly exclaimed:

"Miss Gibson, if Sulk Murray won't darn his socks, we'll make him darn 'em; won't we fellows?" "Yes

we will," came back a united chorus.

Miss Gibson smiled and said: "Thank you Mr. Lee, but Mr. Murray wants to learn how to darn, I know," and then turning to him she said again, "Now Mr. Murray—" Sulks looked down the line of faces, that scowled dark-

and concluding that disthe better part of valor, shuffled along to the he was drawing the ly through the hole, and sunshine of the beamed upon him, ly obliged to melt.

now that it was time for the lesson to close, Miss Gibson said: "It is all right boys, I understand; I quite agree with you that the girls should not do fancy work on Fridays, but you really did not need to take this means to effect a reform. However, with your help, Friday henceforth be treated with the respect due them. "Good night, now."

The boys thrust their work into their pockets and rushed out. Once off the school grounds they shouted with laughter, and voted unanimously that the "initiators" had been "initiated."

On the following Monday, under the leadership of the gallant Punk, each offered a personal apology to Miss Gibson for his foolishness; and the subsequent history of the Dorsey High School shows that the "men of might" composing the "lusty nine" did not again try to

establish their prowess.

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Feeling

## The Great Bicycle Race at Pultney

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The Juniors of the Pultney High School had challenged the Seniors to a bicycle race and had appointed a committee of three to deliver the challenge and represent them in making the arrangements. The two upper classes of the Pultney High School were unfriendly, and especially so since the corner stone which the Seniors had bought and had prepared to lay in the foundation of the new school building had been spirited away by the Juniors and sunk in the bottom of a neighboring creek, as was generally supposed. The Seniors had good cause to suspect the Juniors, but had no evidence. The result was bad feeling that showed itself on every oc-

When the president of the Senior class called his classmen together and read the challenge, there went around the room a murmur of displeasure. Jack Edwards was the first to speak, and he declared emphatically that, in view of all that had happened, the challenge was a downright insult. Others said the same, until it seemed probable that the challenge would either be ignored or sent back with a curt refusal to have anything to do with the Class of '99. Then Bob Phillips suggested that the class could not afford to appear afraid of a race, and that a victory in an open, honorable contest would do more to humiliate the under classmen than anything that could happen. Then, too, there were in the Senior class J number of good athletes and several excellent riders, and these fellows were quick to show their spirit at the meeting and demand a chance to show their prowess; so by a good big majority the Senior class accepted the challenge and appointed a committee of three to act with the Juniors' committee to arrange the details.

In due time the six boys met and chose a seventh member and went to work. The committee set as a date a Saturday about a month away. Rules and regulations were drawn up and signed. Each class was to select five men for the race. The wheels must be of the same gear and must be approved by the committee. The track was to be laid out on the ball grounds back of the college, elliptical in form, a half a mile in circuit, and the contest was to be one of skill and endurance. The contestants were to go on the track at one o'clock and race till four, and the one covering the most ground in the three hours was to be the victor. Starters and judges were chosen and all preliminaries were settled and thoroughly



The challenge was a downright insult.

understood. Then each class chose its five representatives. The Juniors found no trouble in picking out their five for they were a husky lot of boys; but the Seniors, much to their chagrin, found some difficulty, ful day drew near the Class colors of '98 and '99, the for shortly after the challenge was accepted. Ned Burformer of pink and blue and the latter of crimson and and two Seniors, and the excitement was running roughs, their crack bicyclist, had been summoned gold, adorned everything. There was not a wheel in high. At a quarter to four three were flying around home by the illness of his father, and Bud Thomas, town that did not bear streaming from its handleanother good one, had got a sprained ankle that stubbornly refused to mend. What was to be done? It was too late now to back out of the contest. It had been advertised in the papers and college spirit was running high. To withdraw now was to incur lasting disgrace. At a meeting one night about two weeks previous to the day of the race, the class solemnly debated what to do. Some were in favor of withdrawal. It would not be a disgrace, in view of the sudden illness of Ned's father and Bud's sprained ankle, things which could not have been foreseen. There were more, however, who took the opposite view, and the atmosphere of the little room was heavy with gloom and disappointment. Finally a to prevent the riders from cutting across lots or steal- the track and the little Senior was going like the



Spent most of his time folling on the campus grass.

slight, almost frail looking boy arose and was at once recognized as Alfred Wilson, the most studious boy in the class—a boy every one called "preacher" because it was known that he intended to go, after graduation, to a theological seminary and study for the ministry. He was a close student—too close, for his health. He had never been seen on the ball grounds and was the last man whom the class would have chosen for a contest of physical strength. The boy's face was pale and his eyes shone with peculiar lustre.. "Fellows," he said, "I'll take Ned's place. It's been some time since I rode much, but I would like to try for the honor of my class. I may not look very strong, but two weeks' practice will make a lot of difference. You know I have spent my vacations down among the hills, and I have done some pedalling over roads that tire the best riders, and I am not sure but my legs can stand a three hours' run with a good deal bigger fellows. Put me down for one and I'll do my best anyway. They shall never say that the Class of '98 was afraid."
"Hurrah!" shouted every boy in the room. "Bully

for Alf Wilson! What's the matter with Alf? He's all right. Who's all right? Alf Wilson."

To tell the truth, every boy in the Senior class had the profoundest respect for the quiet, unassuming, determined fellow who led the class in grades and kept himself clean in manner and habits and was going to be a minister. So it was decided that Alf

The Juniors laughed and sneered. "The preacher," they said, "will be the first one to drop out of the race. It's easy," they boasted; "we've got 'em beat already. It's all done but the cheering. Hurrah for '99!"

Wilson should be one of the five.

Then the fives went to work. They read everything they could find about the proper things to eat when preparing for a test of physical strength. They spent every spare minute exercising. When not on their wheels spinning around the tracks or on long pulls over the country roads, they walked and ran to improve their "wind," and wrestled or battled with the punching bag till they were almost exhausted. To tell the truth, they almost overdid the matter. The Juniors strutted about conscious of their apparent superiority in physique, and Jed Andrews, the big, lanky Junior who was expected to win sure, spent most of his time lolling on the campus grass telling how easy it was going to be for him. The Seniors, as if by common consent, recognized the master mind of their pale faced classman, Alf Wilson, even in this matter for which he seemed so little fitted; and when he counselled moderate exercise, early retiring, and careful eating, they obeyed and imitated him.

The townspeople grew interested, and as the eventbars long ribbons to denote the sympathies of the owner. Parasols, canes, buttonholes, all bore little knots of ribbons betokening loyalty to one wide or the other. The Juniors, being the younger class, had the most friends, but the Seniors were not without theirs, and many a young girl wore the pink and the blue, "because," as she said, "the Seniors have lost their best men, you know, and I feel sorry for them."

ing ground. The spectators were allowed within the circle made by the ropes, but not outside, save a certain number of friends of each side who were to render such assistance to the riders as was required in case of accidents or unforeseen occurrences, together with the starters, timekeepers and judges. The teachers were there, and every pupil, of course. The townspeople turned out en masse. Among some of the rougher element, it was reported, there was some betting, but no one was found who had seen it. To tell the truth, nobody tried very hard to prove that there was, for it was said that one of the Seniors had said that if there was any betting he would retire from the race.

It was a pretty scene, for from every post along the track the class colors streamed; hundreds of pretty girls in their natty bicycle costumes and their gayly bedecked wheels were there; and to add to the excitement the Pultney brass band played Sous.'s marches and two-steps till it looked for a while as if the field was a great ball room and that at any moment one might see couples whirling away like fairies over the green sward. Then the five Seniors came from the little tent which had been erected as a dressing room, and a shout went up that caused many a farmer working in his fields a mile or more away to look up and wonder. They wore sweaters, knee breeches and low shoes, and each propelled at his side his wheel—sleek, clean and shining—almost a breathing thing, so graceful and so beautiful.

In a moment more appeared the Juniors, similarly attired, and another shout went up louder even than the other, "Hurrah! There they are! They are the fellows! See that big Jed Andrews! What sinewy legs! Nothing can beat that fellow! Hurrah for

Then the ten mounted their wheels for a little trial practice to stir the blood. No one attempted any spurting, until, passing a crowd of his admirers and urged on to show his speed, Jed Andrews bent his back and away he went around the track-once, twice, three times, cheered by his friends and admired by everybody; and he would have kept on going had not the starters signalled for the racers to line up. Positions were assigned by the starters and all were ready. Each man bent over his wheel listening intently for the pistol shot that was to be the signal, 'Go.'

Bang! Away they went-slow at first, for this was not to be a dash for victory but a long contest in which every man understood, or ought to nave understool, that the racer is wise to husband his strength.

Alf Wilson had made a study of his opponents and well knew that the most dangerous one among them was Jed Andrews. He knew, too, that Jed was reckless and thoughtless, and that if he was to be beaten it must be by superior generalship; so he watched him. He saw at once that the fellow relished popular applause, that he was proud of his strength and of his wheel. He saw with a degree of satisfaction not unmixed with surprise the performance of the big fellow as he pedalled fast and furious around the ring before the signal for starting. Inwardly he felt that his only hope for the success of his class lay in the foolish vanity of this rider. He laid his plans with the shrewdness of an old general. He instructed each of his brother riders to watch a chance and whenever possible to lure Jed into a spurt—to give him a good run, then fall back, take it easy, and let the next one take him.

The plan worked admirably. It was honest, too. for it had been agreed that skill in maneuvering as well as ability in holding out was to count. Round and round they went. An hour went by and showed little advantage for either side. Jed had been drawn into three or four lively spurts, and when each time his opponent dropped back, as he purposely did, Jed kept on at a terrific clip for a half mile more just to show the cheering crowds, who were with him now almost to a man, that he could beat his opponent and have strength to spare.

Alf saw this with his eager, watchful eyes and kept plodding along reeling off the miles. He caused no comment or enthusiasm—scarcely a remark, except now and then some one would say, "how pale that boy looks. I think he ought to leave the track."

During the second hour three boys left the track. one, a Junior, having taken a tumble, and the others. Seniors who were played out. One of the latter returned after being rubbed down, but he stayed only for a short time; he was out of the race. At thirty minutes of four there were on the track two Juniors the ring, two Juniors, Jed Andrews and another, and one Senior, Alf Wilson. The ropes barely held the people away from the tracks as they pushed and urged and shouted. "Go it, Jed!" "Good boy, Jed," shouted the Juniors, and it was noticed that the tougher element among the young men from the town were urging the big racer as if big stakes hung on the outcome of the race. Two of these fellows ran away to the farther side of the track and were seen to run along with Jed a few feet and call to him. next time he came along he slowed up and they passed him a sponge which he took between his teeth. He was losing ground; his strength was failing him. He and the pale faced little rider were now alone on

wind. Jed heard some one calling, "Go it, Jed; five minutes more and you win. Keep it up!

Jed's legs felt like logs of wood; they refused to obey his will; the pedals kept turning, but for the life of him he could not send them faster. He was approaching the two men again. They passed him a small flask. Jed took it, took a good swallow and, throwing it away, bent over his bars and pedalled like a young demon. The crowd saw it. whispered some; "Shame!" cried others.

One more lap and Jed would win. The little rider was close behind him. Jed's brain fairly reeled, and those who looked on saw his wheel stagger, but it kept on. The little Senior was within a few feet of him. The crowd almost to a man was now with the smaller boy. "Go it, Alf. You've got him. Isn't it glorious!"



One last spurt and it is over.

The crowd was massed about the finish line. The riders are one hundred feet away. One last spurt and it is over. The pale face of Alf Wilson is set rigid as iron, and as noiseless and steady as the sweep of a bird his pretty machine with its streamers of pink and blue sweeps down upon the big rider. Jed has a look on his face no one ever before saw, and as his wheel glides over the line a half a length ahead of Alf's, the half-hearted cheer that goes up is a sign that Jed Andrews has won the race, but lost his good name.

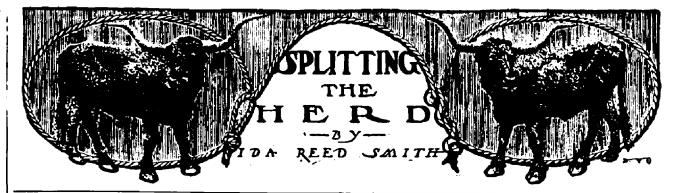
That night there were four candidates to be initiated into the Adelphian Society of the Pultney High School. Jed Andrews and Alfred Wilson were two of them. At one point in the initiation the candidates stand around an altar on which incense is burning. The candidates pledge fidelity to one another as brothers—they promise to prefer one another, and in all their dealings with one another to be true.

The candidates were saying these words over aloud in concert, when, suddenly, Jed Andrews stopped. "Hold on, brothers; I can't go on with this thing any further till I say one thing. I finished first in the bicycle race to-day. I did it unfairly. A fellow offered me fifty dollars if I should win, and when he saw I was losing my strength he gave me whiskey and I took it. I didn't win that race. Alfred Wilson beat me. I shall not go on with this business till he says he'll forgive me for my cowardice, and if he does that I'll return the money to the fellow who paid me, and I'll see that my class does not claim the honor Alf Wilson won for '98."

The lights were out in the room; there was just the fickering glow on the altar. Not a boy dared to

speak. Jed Andrews held out his hand and Alf Wilson took it.

The initiation went on. The Class of '98 won the bicycle race. The Class of '99 did the square thing. The High School at Pultney never saw happier days, and the bicycle race did it.





EVERAL years ago Gard Stuart spent the summer vacation at Fort McKinney in western Wyoming, the guest of his uncle, the commandant of the fort. The time was brimful of excitement and adventure of the kind that boys like best, and Gard's recol-

lections of the time are, in the main, delightful; but there was one "bad quarter of an hour," the memory of which is still strong enough to give him an occasional attack of nightmare, when he lives over again the sensations he experienced while "splitting the herd."
It happened in this wise: Gard and Ron Gilmore,

a boy of about the same age, from a ranch ten miles away, started out one morning for a day's chicken shooting. Mounted on their tough little ponies they left the fort and struck across country for a certain valley said to be much frequented by the birds, taking with them a dog belonging to one of the lieutenants, warranted by the owner to find birds, if birds were to be found at all. They reached the valley after an hour's brisk canter, and picketing the ponies to nibble on the bunch grass and sage brush if they felt so disposed, the boys went through the ceremony of putting the dog on the scent and then followed patiently as he led them up hill and down, over level stretches of ground and into tangles of weeds, right, left, forward and back; but never a speckled feather fluttered to gladden the eyes of the young hunters.

"That dog isn't worth the powder that'd send him to dog-heaven, or I'd ticket him straight through," growled Ron wrathfully as the dog ceased snuffing among the weeds and came towards them, wagging his tail in complacent consciousness of having done his best. "Get out, you blamed overgrown poodle! Make tracks for home and chase the cats. It's all you're good for. Now, Gard, we'll try our luck without any incumbrance. Let's strike for that little gully over yonder. I remember getting two brace of hens there last year."

Crawling through a barbed wire fence that separated them from the ravine, they pushed on toward it until suddenly Ron stopped in his tracks with a low whistle of dismayed surprise.
"What's up?" asked Gard, and for answer Ron

pointed across the gully saying sententiously: 'Horns, my friend. Look there."

Gard looked, and half a mile away he saw a great herd of Texas cattle. Even at that distance their long, sharp-pointed horns had a wicked look, and it was not in the least reassuring to discover that they were coming down the slope towards the boys. They were not moving rapidly, but their heads were up and it was quite evident that they had seen and resented the approach of the hunters.

"Guess we'd better be getting back to the horses," remarked Ron; "those Texas brutes haven't any use for a man on foot.'

The boys turned and put back for the fence, but as soon as the cattle saw the movement of retreat the advance guard began to bellow and with heads lowered, the herd, six hundred strong, broke into a canter and swept down the hillside, a veritable avalanche of

dull red hides and sharp white horns.
"We're in for it," panted Ron as he and Gard took to their heels after crawling through the fence, "maybe the ravine'll stop 'em, but won't do to take any chances. Hope to goodness we didn't drive those pins in too deep.'

Gard glanced over his shoulder as they raced for the horses, and he declared afterward that his cap blew off because the raising of his hair lifted it from his head. The cattle did not stop for the ravine. The

leaders charged down one side and up the other, the herd hard after them, their horns clashing together with an odd, clicking noise, bawling like mad all the while, a deep, thunderous bellow impossible to describe but awful to hear.

"The fence!" gasped Gard as he bent over his picket pin and wrenched it loose; "won't the fence stop 'em, Ron?

"Not much," said Ron grimly, glancing back at the terrible red sea surging towards them as he sprang upon his pony. "They're past caring for a few pricks. A ten-footstockade wouldn't stop 'em now. Up with you, Gard, or we'll be under their hoofs in less'n no time. Even as Gard swung himself upon his pony the herd struck the fence and it went down before the charge,

wire, posts and all borne flat to the ground. Turning his pony, he was about to ride for his life up the steep hillside when he heard Ron yell frantically: "No, no! They'll run you down before you can get to the top. It's our only chance to split the herd. "Come on."

With a shout Ron put spur to his pony and rode straight at the wave of glistening horns that was so perilously near, and Gard followed, hardly knowing what he did. Nearer, nearer, swept the infuriated herd, until the boys could see their eyes, bloodshot with rage. They were barely twenty feet from Ron and his wiry little pony when, as he fired his gun over their heads and came dashing at them with a yell that would have done credit to a Comanche, one of the leaders swerved to the right and another to the left. As though split by a wedge the herd divided to follow one or the other, and into the gap thus made rode the two boys, striking this way and that with their clubbed guns, yelling like mad at every step.

A minute or two and it was all over. The two halves of the herd swept off to either side, leaving the boys coughing and sneezing in a dense cloud of dust. And, now that the danger was over, conscious how great it had been. Gard tumbled from his pony and flung himself flat on the ground without a word. Perhaps it was not all dust that choked him. Ron made a pretence of whistling as he tightened his saddle girth, but his fingers shook and his lips refused to pucker, so he gave up trying to do either. Neither of the boys had any desire to resume their hunting, so after awhile they mounted and rode off towards the fort, saying little but thinking much. For some distance their way lay in the wake of the left half of the divided herd, and it did not raise their spirits in the least when they came across a trampled mass of blood-stained brown fur, all that remained of the worthless but well-meaning dog who had vexed them only a little while before. He had not been quite quick enough about "making tracks for home."

At last Gard said:
"I've always prided myself on having presence of mind, but I flunked cold this time. It makes me sick to think what would have happened if you hadn't come to the front. That thing back there—" Gard come to the front. That thing back therebroke his sentence in two, but the shudder that ran

over him made his meaning clear.
"Oh, pshaw!" replied Ron, with boyish dislike of praise or thanks for a brave deed; "you were off your range. It wasn't to be expected you'd know that cowboy trick. If we'd been caught by a blaze in one of your city sky scrapers, now, likely I'd have lost my head and you'd have had to carry me down the fire escape.'

'Don't believe it." said Gard, "but if I ever do get caught in such a tight place on my own range—well. I hope I'll know it as well as you do yours, Ron Gilmore; that's all."

bearing upon the subject.

TALKS WITH BOYS

 $G,\ W.$ Turley, Perry City, Ia., asks if we teach photography. No.

Roy Work, Ellsworth, Kas., age eleven, sends a remarkably good pencil drawing of a newsboy.

George Benet, Charleston, S. C., writes that he is going to have a picture of his baseball team taken for THE AMERICAN

Thomas Whalen, Pittsburg, Pa., wishes to know whether one who is not a subscriber can compete in the Amateur Photograph contest. No.

Someone sends us from Berlin a very pretty photograph of a mountain scene. We would like to be able to acknowledge receipt personally, but no name is given.

Bertha R. Lichmer, Timmonsville, So.

Owen Shipley, Ledyard, Ia., wants to see articles on Elementary Electricity, and we have assured him that from time to time there will be such articles in THE AMERICAN BOY.

Louis E. Schmidt, of Council Bluffs, Ia., is building a model of the battleship "Kear-sarge" after the plans found in the January number of THE AMERICAN BOY. His

Bertha R. Lichmer, Timmonsville, So. Car., suggests a page for "Little Boys."
Were we to follow every suggestion made with reference to pages and departments, representing fields not already covered by THE AMERICAN BOY, there would be no end to the number of pages in each issue. Possibly a page for little boys would not be out of place. We will take it into consideration. consideration.

and each alternate Sunday a blackboard exercise, chemical experiments, etc. Some of our readers may be able to render Mr. Ackley assistance in the way of furnishing him with books and pamphiets

Lynn Stocking, 1348 Fitchland avenue, Toledo. Ohio, says he is on the literary committee in his school, which is a selfgoverning body. The duty of this com-mittee is to provide a programme for all holidays, and a five minute programme for sarge" after the plans found in the January number of THE AMERICAN BOY. His model will be forty inches long.

James Pollock, Cleveland, O., asks if we charge anything to subscribers for putting notices in the Boys' Exchange.

No; not if the notice is a bona fide exchange notice and is from a boy, and is not an offer merely to buy or sell. We would not advise you to send any Exchange to the streeption every other Sunday, and a five minute programme for all mittee is to provide a program to cach morning and afternoon that may be available bearing on work among boys in connection with a programme for all mittee is to provide a program to cach morning and afternoon that may be available or included and a five minute programme for all mittee is to provide a program to cach morning and afternoon in the programm



(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 travelling runs into a herd of Buffalo and Ned shoots one. On arriving at Denver the trapper leaves them and Sinclair and the boys buy their outfit and start on the trail for Pike's Peak along the foot of the mountains. The first evening in camp Sinclair tells the boys a story, and Ned's pony makes a dash for home, but is captured by Sinclair. The day following Frank is lost among the mountains. He kills a stag, and spends a night alone in a canyon. He is captured by Indians, taken to their camp, escapes death by its being discovered that his captors are friendly to Uncle Bob, the Indian painter. Indian painter.

CHAPTER XIV.

HE Indians were now as friendly toward Frank as they be-fore had been unfriendly. They vied with one another in their efforts to please the boy and atone for their intended cruelty. One by one the young warriors who had divided among themselves his belongings, brought them to him until he found himself in possession of his pony

and even of his bootsthe latter being restored with evident feelings of

disappointment on the part of the dandified young buck who had been strutting about the camp in them much to the gratification of his pride and the discomfort of his

Frank soon found that his escape from death at the hands of the Indians did not mean his release and return to his

friends; the Indians evidently had no such thing in mind. It was going to be a case of adoption, and his foster mother was to

be the old squaw who had been the means of his deliverance. Her joy at the turn of affairs was manifest—not so much in her expressionless face as in the quickness of her movements and the incessant crooning of weird songs that sounded like psalms of thanksgiving, very unlike the mournful tone of her chants of the night before.

The boy was led with much ceremony, followed by the entire village, to the tent of the old Chief, which he was bidden to enter. Then a half dozen of the older warriors, with their Chief, crept in and silently seated themselves in a circle; a long pipe was produced, lighted, and passed from one to another, each in his turn taking a few vigorous puffs. Frank found this a trying experience. The pipe and the smokers were none too clean, and the boy was not accustomed to the taste and smell of tobacco. He did not hesitate, however, to take the pipe and go through with the ordeal, for he recognized the act as one of courtesy and as indicating the friendly feelings back of it. Then a bowl of antelope meat was brought in and each Indian in turn, giving precedence to Frank, drew from it with his fingers a portion and transferred it to his mouth. Then there was more smoking, and the Chief stood up to talk. Frank would have given much to know what he said, but from the Indian's gestures and his occasional repetition of the word "Mananeah" he knew that Uncle Bob and himself were the subjects of the discourse. Two or three other Indians followed in short guttural responses, and Frank wondered if he was not listening to after-dinner speeches as eloquent as any the white man hears. Then the accompanied by the old squaw, who kept at a respectively. Some of the men and women, too old for walk-

company lapsed into profound silence and finally broke up, the Indians quietly, one by one, withdrawing, until he was left alone with the old Chief. He was curious as to what was next to happen, and was not long in ignorance, for from beneath a pile of buffalo skins the Chief drew a collection of sketches, on each of which appeared the Indian name of Mr. Sinclair, and handed them, with evident concern for their safety, to the boy. Frank looked at each and nodded his approval and pleasure, and the old Indian grunted and grimaced. There were pictures of Indians on horseback decked in gaudy attire; strong limbed young warriors astride untamed ponies dashing after a herd of buffaloes; old warriors sitting in solemn counsel smoking the pipe of peace; an Indian camp depicting the domestic life of the red man; and one particularly striking sketch of an Indian boy taking his first lesson with bow and arrow.

Frank handed back the pictures to the Chief with a smile and nod of recognition and gratitude, and then waited for the next move in this strange interview. The Chief quickly returned the sketches to their place, and then turning to a pile of buffalo robes he selected one of the best-that of a buffalo calf, with dark, well matted hair, soft and warm. With evident pleasure he laid it at the feet of his guest. Frank guessed instantly that it was as a present to him, and that the Chief had given him his choicest possession. Quick as his boy wits could work, he made up his mind to return the favor; so, taking out of his pocket several bright coins he held them out to the old warrior, whose eyes twinkled with delight.

Frank now knew that he had a friend on whom he could depend.

The Chief, after sitting for a long time smoking and gazing at the boy and turning over the pieces of metal that, bright and beautiful, lay in his dark, bony hand, finally stepped to the door of his wigwam and, ushering in an Indian youth, indicated that Frank was to follow him. The Indian boy was about eighteen years of age and Frank judged him to be a son of the Chief—and in this he was right. He was as straight as an arrow, and in his face was a look that seemed to defy fear and yet was neither coarse nor cruel. His carriage was superb, and as Frank walked behind him from the old Chief's wigwam he envied the Indian's free and unfettered manner of life. He felt that in a contest with that sinewy fellow he would be a mere plaything. Frank determined at once to cultivate the friendship of the young Indian; and as they approached the wigwam which had been his prison of the night before, and from now on during their stay in these parts was to be his home, he slipped from his finger a ring, which he recalled he had traded a jackknife for one day in school, and handed it to his companion. The Indian boy's face lit up with an innocent expression of delight which seemed ill-befitting the savage blood in his veins, and Frank had made another friend.

They were now at the tent of the old squaw who was to be his Indian mother. She was an ugly, unkempt creature, but she had been kind and had saved his life, and that was enough to appeal to the boy's heart, so he was not sorry to find himself again in her hospitable home—rude and uncomfortable as it was. The old squaw had been making things comfortable for him. Buffalo robes had been carefully spread about a fire that burned briskly in the center. sending up a volume of smoke through the tiny hole at the apex of the tent roof. Spread out on one side was a motley array of Indian gewgaws and fantastic wearing apparel-moccasins, and feathers, and strings of beads made of the teeth of animals, braids of horsehair beautifully woven, several strong bows and an assortment of arrows, a lasso and several stone tomahawks, and some rude garments of skins.

Were all those trappings for him? The thought flashed through his mind that henceforth he was to be an Indian and that the old squaw had brought together this motley collection for him to wear. He was right; and as he had started in to please these people and gain their friendship, he wisely made up his mind to do what was expected of him, so without much formality he began to don the Indian finery. The moccasins felt good to his feet, but as to the other things, he scarcely knew how to use them; and when he had succeeded, somewhat to the amusement of the Indian youth, in putting them on, he felt awkward and not a little confused.

The result was remarkable, however, on the Indian lad, for he at once signified a desire to parade the

table distance, and in and out among the wigwam3 Frank was led—a sort of performance he did not relish-with eyes peeping at him from every side and a dozen or more young warriors bringing up the tail of the procession as a sort of guard of honor.

During that whole afternoon Frank was a target for observation and remark on the part of the village. If he mounted his pony to race with his supple young Indian friend, every young Indian did the same; if he tried to shoot with his bow and arrow at a mark, every Indian in the village looked to see how near he came to hitting a bull's eye, and grunted his or her delight or disapproval at his varying success! if he ran a race with one of his young companions, the whole village came shouting after

When night came and he lay down on his bed of skins, he was so tired he fell asleep at once, but not without a homesick thought of his parents and his friends, and a big-sized wonder as to what was to become of him. Then came dreams in which he became a great chief and marched all of his tribe back to the States and introduced them to his school friends; and just as he had accepted all of his old friends as members of his band and they were about to set off again for the hunting grounds of the west. his father appeared on the scene with a policeman, and he woke up to find it was morning and the whole Indian village astir with unusual noise and confusion.

CHAPTER XV.

When Frank emerged from the tent he found the Indian women busily engaged, some in taking down the wigwams, others in gathering together their scanty effects and binding them upon the backs of their ponies, while children of all ages were running to and fro playing with the dogs and dodging in and out amid the confused crowd of men, women and horses, shouting like young savages that they were. The old Indians were standing in groups at a safe distance from the busy scene, or sitting singly, placidly smoking. One big fellow was standing over a squaw, shouting at her in a loud and rasping voice. The young Indians were astride their horses, riding like mad in a circle about the camp, brandishing their weapons as if in pursuit of an imaginary foe, their long hair streaming behind them and their nearly naked bodies glistening in the morning sunlight.

Frank saw that at their head rode his lithe companion of the day before, his body erect and motionless, his shapely legs clasping the sides of his pony. The young Indian rode without saddle or bridle, and yet so much a part of the seemingly untamed animal was he that the two appeared animated by one spirit. A rabbit darted out from the sage brush as he passed, and quick as thought an arrow sped from the young warrior's bow. Inclining his body far over to the left the boy shouted to his pony, which turned with scarcely a perceptible checking of its speed, and then. with one hand grasping the long mane, the agile youth swung himself almost to the earth, and rising again as quick as a flash, held high in the air the victim of his deadly aim. Frank stood amazed at the exhibition of horsemanship no less than at the splendid picture of physical strength and grace.

The old squaw had prepared a breakfast for him. This he ate heartily, for he was becoming accustomed to Indian fare, while the squaw busied herself taking down the tent poles and strapping them upon the sides of a pony in such a way as to let one end of each pole drag behind the animal, making a sort of litter on which she piled her few belongings. Frank wondered if he ought to help her, but finally decided that old as she was she probably could best do it alone; and, as he saw every other male inhabitant of the village taking his ease, he strolled out to get his pony. which had been hobbled not far distant from his lodging place.

Frank wondered what was the cause of the breaking up of the camp. Were the Indians going on the war path? Were they about to seek better grazing for their horses, or better hunting grounds, or were they afraid his friends might find him if they remained long in the neighborhood? He made up his mind to try to communicate with his young Indian friend and find out the meaning of it all; so, as soon as the camp was in motion, he rode up beside the youth and by signs succeeded in making known his perplexity. The young Indian was quick to grasp the situation, and, pointing to a badly constructed figure of a buffalo marked in the flesh of his forearm. and drawing his bow as if to shoot, he conveyed the information that the camp was about to move into the buffalo country on a hunting expedition. news half pleased the boy, though he realized that every 'step they took bore them farther away from his friends, who must by this time be searching the country for him.

The idea that he was to actually hunt buffaloes with a band of Indians was so much beyond anything of which he had ever dreamt, that he even dared to hope once or twice that his friends should not find him-at least until the adventure was over.

The camp on the march was a curious sight. boy expected to see some sort of order kept, but there was absolutely none. The line of warriors, old and young, pack horses, squaws, children and dogs straggled along until some were, it seemed to him, miles away before others, through feebleness or laziness. young man through the village; so, out they went, had started. The squaws walked, while their spouses ing, sat upon the queer drags drawn by the pack horses, and a score of papooses traveled in the same way, while here and there a puffy little red face looked out from a hole in its bandages from the side of a pack horse to which it was securely strapped.

The young men rode flery young horses and spent the greater part of the time racing ahead, or plunging off to the side in pursuit of game that chanced to stray within view. The whole company pitched camp that night in a hollow near flowing water, and here, as at starting, the women did the work, while the men sat about the fires and smoked.

The next morning early the camp was again on the march, As the sun approached the meridian, two riders who had gone ahead as scouts, came galloping back signaling that buffaloes had been seen over the second rise of ground beyond. Immediately the line of march was turned, and a detour was made to bring it around so that the wind should blow away from the buffaloes toward the hunters, and thus not advise the animals of the impending attack.

A half hour later a camp was located and the squaws set to work putting up their tents preparatory to the feast and celebration usual when the trophies of the chase were brought in. All the male Indians, young and old, gathered at the foot of the slope, a short distance beyond which it was reported there was a herd of buffaloes. On the march the most of the older Indians had ridden their poorer horses, leading their better ones. Now the poorer ones were turned over to the boys or to the squaws, and the hunters sat astride their better mounts, which were as impatient for the chase as were their riders.

Frank found himself, through the kindness of the Chief, mounted on an untamed, tough little beast, without a saddle, and with a rude rope of leather for a bridle. He was afraid to refuse the proffer of a fresh pony, and he did not know how his own pony might act in the presence of buffaloes. He concluded he could trust the Indian pony to keep him out of danger, and he wasn't so sure of his own.

As he saw the Indians moving off in little squads up the slope, Frank began to grow excited. His Indian boy friend motioned for him to follow, and away they went at a swift canter straight ahead. At the top of the hill he expected to see game, but to his disappointment all he could see was little, swift-moving spots of color made by the Indians riding swiftly through the grass. On they went, saying not a word, every

rider swaying to the motion of his animal and every eye fixed ahead. The boy felt the spirit of the occasion, and his heart fairly leaped into his mouth as beyond a low knoll, upon the brow of which he had just drawn rein, he saw a few old bulls scampering out of harm's way. Pushing ahead and keeping up as best he could with his daring companions, he in a few moments noticed, at a point beyond, the waving of blankets which he judged to be the signal that they were in the neighborhood of the herd. Soon the entire band was in a dense crowd riding like the wind, but finally they separated, nearly half of the number riding away to the right as if to make a circuit and



FRANK OPENED HIS EYES AND SMILED.

come upon the game from the other side, while the remainder halted. The halt was but for a few minutes, to allow those who had left to reach their point of attack, and then the horses were set again in motion up a slight rise of ground, and a moment later all stood looking down into a little valley, where a sight met Frank's eyes which caused him for a moment to lose heart. Before him appeared a dense mass of moving objects that seemed to have no end or beginning. And this little band of horsemen were to charge directly into it-perhaps be trampled to death by it!

The boy at once determined that he would remain at a

safe distance and watch the chase from the high ground where he now stood; but scarcely had he formed the resolution ere a shout of defiance rang out on the air, every horse gave a bound, and amid a cloud of dust that whirled up from the animals' hoofs the excited hunters rushed directly upon the solid phalanx of shaggy forms.

Frank's horse proved to be a perfect demon; it threw its head toward the earth and galloped like mad, while its rider was as powerless to direct or control it as if he had been a fly upon the animal's back. Almost in the same instant with the shout of his companions, an echoing shout came from the other side of the valley, and the poor beasts were between two fires. They broke at once and ran singly, or in twos and threes, but the greater part in a confused mass, while the wiry little horses dodged in and out among them barely escaping a goring at every turn, and arrows flew thick and fast. It seemed to Frank's excited vision that every arrow went straight to the mark, as one by one he saw buffalo cows drop or go tottering away, bellowing with pain, to die in some out of the way place. The dust was stifling, and the noise of the bellowing bulls and the shouts of the Indians made the scene a veritable pandemonium.

Frank's practice with bow and arrow had not been sufficient to give him confidence in these weapons, so throwing away his bow he grasped his gun, and, selecting a big fellow that was somewhat separated from the rest, he gave chase. For several hundred feet his pony gained on his awkward prey. and finally coming abreast with the animal the boy took as good aim as his unsteady position permitted, and fired. The bull shook its great head, bellowing deflance, and turned upon the pony that had now come up alongside; at once both rider and horse seemed to realize their danger, for the latter jumped like a frightened rabbit at the charge of the great shaggy monster, and then began a race for life. The boy's gun was now useless, for it was all he could do to hang on to the mane of the frightened pony. Leaning over upon the neck of the animal he called to it to go; he pleaded with it, then shouted and dug his moccasined feet into the animal's sides; but do what he could, the tired horse was losing ground. and Frank had almost given himself up for lost when suddenly a ravine opened before them. Down this they plunged, the maddened brute following. Across its stony bottom they rushed, and then with one wild plunge the gallant little horse threw itself against the steep bank on the other side. Frank urged the animal with all the strength

he could command. The horse slipped—it had not reached the top-it was falling back-then a shot rang out on the air, and horse and rider lay bruised and bleeding under the bank. Almost upon them lay the buffalo, dead.

A white man bent over the boy to revive him. Frank opened his eyes and smiled, while his lips repeated the words, "Uncle Bob."

"Yes, my boy, Uncle Bob, and you are safe. The next time you go buffalo hunting you will go with

(To be Continued.)

The Charlestown Navy Yard and a Visit to an Ocean Liner.

WAYNE M. SHIPMAN, AGE 14.



Navy Yard.
The writer
with a boy
friend made a recent visit to the yard. As we took the

we took the electric car we told the conductor to let us off at the main entrance on Water street, which he forgot to do, and carried us by to another entrance. Here the guard told us that no one under sixteen can enter, so there was nothing to do but to walk back to Water street.

to Water street.

The yard is surrounded by a wall about fifteen feet high, and is about a mile long and haif a mile broad. Upon entering, the guard saluted and said "all right," and there we were in the Navy Yard. On the left the first thing noticeable is Admiral Sampson's residence, which is a very pretty

Liner.

and attractive house. Next we came to the barracks of the marines. At nine o'clock every Saturday morning they drill, and when we saw them we said, "No wonder Uncle Sam can defy his enemies with such soldiers as those." Near here were seen two tame goats playing around the commandant's office. On the right is a large stone building which contains a drug store, library and a museum. In the latter are oil paintings of many of the old seafarers, and also almost anything from Chinese weapons to small trinkets from some other remote part of the world which have been collected by sailors. The next object which drew our attention was the drydock, in which was the gunboat "Vicksburg." This dock was begun in 1823 and completed in 1869. Near here is the wharf where we took the cable ferry-boat to the "Wabash." which dropped anchor about fifty feet from the shore and is now used as a training ship. The officer in charge provided us which dropped anchor about fifty feet from the shore and is now used as a training ship. The officer in charge provided us with an escort, with whom we went about the ship. He told us about the models of the old ships, which are numerous, and answered all our questions. The ship is kept very neat and clean, which speaks well for the sailors. As we came on shore again we made our way to the "Constitution." While on board we thought of Hull, Decatur and the "Guerriere." It is said that only a small part of the original ship remains, and only a few men who have repaired the ship know where it is.

"Close by were anchored some of the modern war-ships undergoing repairs. Among them was the cruiser "Olympia," the gunboats "Machias" and "Peoria" and the dynamite cruiser "Vesuvius." On the gangplanks leading to these ships was the sign "No admittance," but upon one who has a "No admittance," but upon one who has a "in the did not know, and so we walked up the dock. He replied that he did not know, and so we walked up the gang-plank and put the same ques-

permit from Admiral Sampson to visit the "Olympia" such a sign has no effect. The ship-keeper took the pass, remarking that we could go "anywhere except the engine room." As we got on board and wandered between the decks we saw the site of Admiral Dewey's cabin. Being on a real warship made us want to get up to the top; just as high as we possibly could. We climbed up to the pilot house, and after ascending a very steep flight of stairs we found ourselves on the bridge. Then as we passed around the turrets we desired very much to see what was inside. We inquired of the boss painter if we could get into one of them. He kindly showed us into the after turret, where we saw the two eightinch guns which had really fired shots at the Spaniards. Down in the hold, almost to the water-line, are the torpedo tubes in which we took great interest. Soon after we each picked up a souvenir and left the ship.

tion to the officer in command. To our great delight he repiled in the affirmative, and we stepped aboard. Upon entering the cabin we noticed the grand stairway leading below to the state rooms. We then went into the first cabin. This was richly furnished and a dome of stained glass let in light from overhead. We came up and walked around the promenade deck. Looking over the side of iron and steel we saw the water between thirty and forty feet below us. Much to our regret we could not get on to the hurricane deck. The staterooms were furnished in rich wood, and in the first rate contained a single bed and a bureau. We then passed down a long alley-way to the stern of the ship. As we went by numerous open doors we saw the kitchens and the engine-room 'way down in the hold. The ship which we were on is six hundred feet long and is sixty broad. She draws forty feet of water, and is manned by a crew of two hundred and manned by a crew of two hundred and thirty five men. On our way home we thought "how nice it is to live near Boston."

WAYNE M. SHIPMAN,

Randolph, Massachusetts, March 1, 1901.

Boys should not forget that they are Boys should not forget that they are walking phonographs. Everything a boy sees, touches, feels, thinks, does, registers itself within him. You will yourself be a liar if you live with liars; a cynic, if you live with cynics; mean, if you live with the mean; affected, if you live with the affected; and, as Charles Kingsley says, we even catch the expression of one another's

A Story of Irish Magic

^ Lazy Jack.

SEUMAS MACMANUS, Author of "Donegal Fairy Tales," Turf Smoke," Etc. "Through the

(Copyright 1901 by Seumas MacManus.)

Once there was a widow woman, and she had one son, called Jack, a very, very lazy fellow and good for nothing, and a fool.

When he had grown to be a young man his mother, one day, sent him to the town to get a needle for her.

When Jack went to the town and bought the needle he saw passing a cart of hay, which was going as far as his mother's house, so he said to himself: "That's a fine and easy way of getting home the needle," and he stuck the needle into the cart of hay.

When he reached home his mother asked him where the needle was, and he told her it was in this cart of hay, and began to look for it. And if Jack had been looking from that day to this, of course he would not get the needle.

His mother gave him a scolding and a good, sound thrashing, and told him



WHEN JACK FOLLOWED DIRECTIONS.

he was always a fool, and would never be anything else than a fool to think of sticking a needle into a cart of hay. "Oh, mother," said he, "how should

I carry it?" "You should have put it inside the breast of your coat," she told him.

'All right," says Jack, says he, "you'll never find me making a mistake more, and after this you'll never find me a fool more.

Next day his mother had men working, and had no butter for their dinner, so she sent him into the town to buy butter.

Jack went in, bought the butter, and when he got it he put it inside the breast of his coat and buttoned up his

And when he reached him, says his mother: "Jack," says she, "where's the butter?"

"Oh, mother," said he, "I didn't know how to carry the needle yesterday, and you said I was a fool; but I'm not a fool to-day. I put it just where you told me-inside the breast of my coat." And he opened his coat and showed where the butter had melted and run down all over his clothes.

His mother got into a terrible rage. and scolded him and thrashed him soundly.

"Oh, mother," says he," how should I have brought it?"

Says she: "You should have carried it in a docken leaf."

"All right, mother," says Jack, says

this in this you'll never find me a fool more."

Next morning his mother wanted milk for her breakfast, and she sent Jack into the town to buy milk, and when Jack got the milk he put it into a docken leaf and started for home.

But Jack had not gone far until he had not two spoonfuls of milk left in the docken leaf, and when he reached home there was only just the track of the milk on the leaf.

Says his mother to Jack, says she: Where's the milk I sent you for?'

"Oh, mother," says Jack, says he: "1 did as you told me yesterday, and I put it in the docken leaf," says he, "an' it's all run away on me."

His mother flew into a wild rage, and again she thrashed poor Jack till she almost thrashed the life out of him, and told him he was always a fool, and he would never be anything else but a fool. Didn't he know that he should have carried it in a can?

His mother had a lot of sheep, and they were very hard to mind, so she said she must have a dog to watch them, and sent off Jack to bring her home a sheep dog.

Jack went away, and when he got the sheep dog he got the loan of a lit-tle can, and he tried to put the sheep dog into the can, but he could not well get it in, for the dog always bounded out again. So Jack killed the dog and stuffed him down in the can and started for home to his mother, and emptied out the dog at the door.

When his mother saw this she flew into a great rage again, and she scolded and she thrashed him very, very soundly, and told him he was always a fool, and would never be anything else than a fool. "And what should I have done, mother?" says he.

Well, you know, you fool, you." says his mother, says she, "that you should

have led it home by a string. "All right," says Jack, says he, "after this you'll never find me a fool more." Very soon after his mother sent Jack

into the town to buy mutton. Jack first got a good, long string. and when he got the mutton he tled the mutton to the string and started for home, drawing the mutton after him.

And when his mother saw him coming up to the door drawing the mutton this way, she went out to meet him, and scolded him and thrashed him as she had never scolded and thrashed him before, and she said: "You were always a fool, and you'll never be anything else but a fool, and I'll not have you about my family."

So she turned poor Jack out, and sent him away, never to come back.

Jack wandered away and away before him until he came to a graveyard and there was a statue of a man in the graveyard; and as it was a very



DRAGGING HOME THE HAM.



JACK'S WEALTH.

rainy day, the rain was running down the face of the statue.

"Oh, my poor fellow!" says Jack, says he, "it's no wonder you're crying when you are out in such rain as that without a coat on you."

So my poor Jack took off his owr coat and put it on the statue, and as Jack was trying to button the coat or the statue, didn't he pull the statue over, and there under it what does he find only a bed of golden guineas.

For, under this statue, a great miser, who was in that country, used to always hide his gold, thinking that no one would ever discover it there. And as Jack was fingering the gold, who should come up but the miser. He was alarmed to find that Jack had dis covered his gold, and he agreed, if Jack would promise never to tell anybody how much gold he had or where he hid

it, that he would give him half of it all. Poor Jack, as you may well suppose was only too glad to consent to this and the old miser gave him half of the gold in a bag, and Jack went home to his mother with this.

And when he come home with the gold, you may be sure his mother was glad, and welcomed him.

And with this gold she built a grand house and dressed up Jack like a young prince, and he made such a fine, handsome young fellow that when he went courting the king's daughter she fell in love with him, and they were married. He brought her home to his mother, and the three of them lived happy ever after.

Got It Done.

An intelligent-looking boy walked into a grocer's shop the other day, and reading from a paper, said:

"I want six pounds of sugar at six and one-half cents a pound."

"Yes," said the shopman, "that will be thirty nine cents." "Eleven pounds of rice at six cents a pound."

'Sixty six cents." "Four pounds of tea at fifty cents a a pound."
"Two dollars"

Two dollars." And so he continued: "Five pounds of milk at ten cents, four tins of tomatoes at nine cents, eight tins of sardines at

fifteen cents.' The shopman made out the bill and handed it to the lad, saying: "Did your mother send the money or does she want them entered?'

"My mother didn't send me at all," said the boy, seizing hold of the bill. It's my arithmetic lesson, and I had to get it done somehow."

Alexander P. Simpson, superintendent of the Boys' Parlors Association of German-town, Pa., writes us that he encourages his boys to become subscribers to THE AMERICAN BOY.

Touching Act of Herolsm Witnessed in a South African Camp.

"One of the most touching incidents of the Boer-English war came to my knowledge just as I was leaving for America," said a missionary delegate from South Africa to the ecumenical conference. "Of course, there have been many brave deeds and many acts of selfsacrifice on both sides, but none has seemed to me as affecting as that of the little ten year old lad who give his life protecting the man who had befriended

"It was during the siege of Ladysmith, and the British army had its base at Spearman's Camp—perhaps I should say General Buller's base was at Spearman's Camp—when one evening a little boy struggled into camp, and when questioned by the soldiers said he had come from Ladysmith. He was of English parentage and said that his father had been killed at the very beginning of the hostilities; his mother had been buried the week before, and he had left Ladysmith determined to join the English army. How he had managed to slip through the Boer lines was the question which most puzzled the English soldiers, for at that time it was not thought possible for a bird to pass unnoticed, so strict was their watch. This child said he thought he had been shot at, but he must have been 'too little to be hit.'

"He was such a weazen-faced slip of a child that the soldiers, recognizing the truth of his surmise, dubbed him "Too-Little-to-Be-Hit' Blunt, his real name being Jimmy Blunt. He knocked about camp and finally attached himself to Major English of the Second Dublin Fusiliers. He became the major's shadow. eating, sleeping and moving about with him on any and all occasions. It became a joke among the soldiers the way 'Too-Little-to-Be-Hit' followed their major.

"Finally came the action of Venter's Spruit, when the major, leaving his company, walked a short distance ahead to see 'how the land lay.' He was shot down and a deadly fire from the Boers, who had been in ambush, followed. The firing was so hot that no attempt was made by the soldiers to go to their officer and when they saw 'Too-Little-to-Be-Hit' making the attempt he was ordered back coffee at twenty five cents, seven tins of He did not obey the command, that much the soldiers knew , but he was forgotten until the close of the engagement, when. on collecting their wounded and dead. they found he had managed in some way to drag his wounded friend from the open to the cover of some brush wood 'Too-Little-to-Be-Hit' was lying by the major's side, apparently asleep, but when the soldiers lifted him up they found that he was dead. He had bled to death from a wound in the fleshy part of the arm. So, after all, he was not too little to be

Almost all who enter upon courses of crime do so between the ages of eight and sixteen.



HIS weather is enough to freeze the milk of human kindness in a warmer breast than mine," remarked the Potato, as he leaned against the frosty cellar wall.

"I am sure that you must suffer from the cold next to those icy stones," responded the Carrot, "but you can congratulate yourself on the possession of a good warm Jacket; now I am so thin-skinned that at the first of Jack Frost's

touches I become shrunken and positively ugly."

"Yes, my dear Carrot," answered his friend, "your beauty certainly has suffered; but after all your blood is thicker than mine, why actually I haven't an Eye, but what has grown lacklustre and dim. Now there is the Cabbage"-

"Don't talk about me," snapped the Cabbage, "my Head aches so, with being shut in this close, dark place that i have no Heart for anything; I almost believe that this red-headed Beet beside me has gone to sleep!"

'No, I haven't," sweetly responded the Beet, "I was just thinking how much better off we are here than out in the cold, frozen ground, we"-

"Please do not class us all as under-ground vegetables," interrupted the Cabbage, "some of us, remember, are accustomed to sunshine and fresh air.

That is so," declared the Apple; even if we all cannot boast of growing on the topmost branch of the highest tree in the orchard, as I can.'

'I would rather be a Cabbage and

rest on the very bosom of my Mother Earth, than to run the risk of Living So High and being at the mercy of every breeze that chances to blow."
"Well," replied the

Apple, "I am glad that you are satisfied, that is a great point to attain in this world; I fancy that I should feel much happier if that odious Onion would turn about so as not to blow his breath directly in my face; really, it decomposes my feelings.

Probably more than your feelings will be decomposed before Spring," in-dignantly ejaculated the Onion, "while I. who am grudged even the air I breathe, will be healthy and Strong."

'You are strong enough now," sighed the Apple.

The Turnip rolled over impatiently.
What is the trouble?" inquired the

Potato, "I see that you are a trifle uneasy. "I guess you would not feel much like

arguing if you were in such pain as I am." groaned the Turnip. "Why my friends, I have been scalped!"

'Scalped!" cried the Cucumber, from the briny deep of the pickle barrel.

Yes; the top of my head chopped right off with a hoe, before ever I was put into this dungeon, and now I have the wound, and I shall cola in "Try one of my poultices," suggested

the Potato.

"It wouldn't do any good," moaned the Turnip."

"He ought to be bled," insisted the

"You can't draw blood from a turnip," piped the Cucumber, "let him try salt water

baths."

arose over the various remedies that it was with difficulty that the Turnip made himself heard.

"If you do not stop this wrangle," he declared, "I am sure I shall have an attack of brain fever, I am bathed in perspiration now.'

"Wish I could say the same," remarked a voice from the potato bin, but perhaps the Squash will deliver a short lecture, by way of instruction to us in general, and to quiet Brother Turnip's nerves in particular.'

The Squash straightened his crooked neck and cleared his throat.

"You see," he began, humbly, "I am a person of little education, and perhaps my remarks may not be very instructive, but ever since I felt a strange inclination to burst my seed coat, I have done my best, and I shall always

have to, if I fulfill my mission in this world.''

"A squash pie," sneered the Cab-"That is a great

deal more hightoned than sauerkraut," marked the Turnip, severely. "Will you please go on, Brother Squash; really, I feel better al-

"What my mission eventually is to continued the Squash, "I do not know any more than any of the rest of you know yours, but if I am patient and make the very most of all my circumstances, I shall find out in time.

ready.

'When I felt the air of heaven upon my leaflets, I thought that I was created to absorb the yellow sunbeams, so stretched out my leaf hands, and took in so many that I soon grew hearty and strong.

"All the vines and plants that were up before me were soon left behind, and proudly waved my golden flowers above them.

"What can be so beautiful, I thought, as these silky bells, surely it was for these I was created.

"One bright morning I was quite chagrined to discover that they had all wilted, and there were only small, hard green balls left.

"Now, I thought, my youth and frolic are over, and all my energy must be devoted to the care of these balls; who knows but they may be good for something some day?

"Day after day I watched them increase in size, while my glossy leaves grew faded and sere; but I had now ceased to care,



ed the speaker. It was from a braid of corn. "Go on," said the Corn, "my ears are

"There is not much more to tell, but repartee.
before the Autumn rains had filled you "I have thought before the Autumn rains had filled yon cistern to the brim, or the Frost had fettered everything with iron bands, I was brought in, and I heard the farmer say that he would save my seeds for

Spring planting, so I am content.
"It is dark here, but life cannot be all sunshine. It is oftentimes damp and cold, but it is these shadows which teach us to appreciate the sun-gilt spots in life.

"Every time the farmer's wife comes down to the cellar, I expect she will take me, for several times she has Such a discussion now looked at and felt me.

"When I am taken I shall be cut open; that will not be pleasant, but I cannot always remain thus.

"My thick, yellow flesh will make food, and, perhaps, eventually may be assimilated into brain power and evolved into noble thoughts which may make men wiser and bet-

"My seeds will grow up into plants such as I once was, and thus my life and theirs will prove but links in that mystic chain called Life.

"Listen! There are footsteps on the stair.

"I feel that my time has come, and I shall say farewell! Remember that life's highest ambition is not comfort or worldly ease, but rather to make the world as much better for our having lived,' as our circumstances and abilities allow."

The steps had now drawn near, and, sure enough, the Squash was seized and carried upstairs.

Blows from the wood-shed floor soon announced to the occupants of the cellar that the executioner's axe had

been laid upon the neck of the Squash.
"He's done for now," sobbed the Cucumber. "I wonder if anyone would cry for

me if I were to go," coyme if I were to go, coyly inquired the Onion.

"No," was the Sour Apple's retort, "but we'll cry if you stay."

"Poor, dear Squash," sighed

the Carrrot, "that was his last blow;

it makes my blood run cold." "I am composing an epitaph to his memory," tearfully remarked the Potato,

"how does this sound?

Our Brother Squash we'll see no more, He is gone from us forever; Until we meet on some other shore Where blows shall ne'er us sever."

"That does not express our grief at all," wailed the Cabbage; "why, I loved him 'like a brother.'

When shall such genius illuminate this dark age, or such sympathy soften for us these hard times?"

Here the sweet, clear tones of the

Beet were heard, saying:
"Do you not think, friends, that it would have been vastly better, if we had told the Squash himself of our kindly feelings while he was yet among us, and not waited to do it by epitaph or vain mourning?

"I, myself, have been to blame, and I ask, is there a vegetable in this cellar who has ever so much as hinted to the departed Squash, I love you, or, my sympathy is yours?"

Here the Beet paused, but not a voice answered.

"Whether we grow on branch or vine or underground, we all belong to the same great kingdom, and should be

brothers, but instead of trying to make the best of ourselves and each other, we have all seemed intent upon grumbling, and not a few have inlulged in not

about this a great deal of late, but have never had the courage to speak of it, and the idea has occurred to me that these cold, dark days would be less dreary

if we were to unite and form a 'Sunshine Club.'"
"'Ear, 'ear," cried the Corn, enthusi-

astically.

"You can always catch more files with molasses than with vinegar," remarked

the Maple Sugar Cake, speaking for the first time.

"Oh, No! No!" cried the Beet, in a pained voice, "that is not the idea at all; we must be sincere above all things; our lives are too short for pretence of any kind.

"The idea of a 'Sunshine Club' has been moved and practic "y seconded," said the Celery, apparent / waking up, and lifting his curly head from a bed of sand. "Perhaps the Beet can suggest a short constitution for us to live up to, for the Land only knows how Our Own

has been undermined," he added crispily.
"I think I can," replied the Beet timidly, "for it has been in my mind for some time.

"Perhaps you may not approve, but will those who do please say 'Amen' heartily when I finish?

"It is only these four lines:

A kindly word instead of a sneer. A pleasant smile while our friends are near, A gentle act ere the chance has fled To show our love ere our friends are dead."

"Amen," answered every voice so heartily that the listening walls echoed Amen also.

And Sunbeam, the good little fairy, with the gauzy wings and crown of fluffy, golden hair, who had swung back and forth unnoticed in a cobweb hammock, gave her wand one more little shake, scattered another handful of the precious Jewels of Kindly Thought all about and then flitted out at the open door.

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The Cruise of the Yacht Gazelle; 6,000 Miles on Inland

#and Ocean Waters#

KENNETH M. RANSOM

'inuation of the story of a six This is a committee of the story of a six thousand mile ruise by four Michigan boys, in a boat of their reconstruction. 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 XV.

The navigation of the Georgian creeks proved very pleasant, for the scenery was new to us, the winding in and out among the tide water meadows, rank with marsh grass that seems to thrive on the sea water, kept one very alert to follow the ever changing and narrow channels, and to explore the small creeks in quest of game and fish without danger of losing sight of the yacht, whose high sails could be plainly seen above the level sea of green grass.

The country was here very thinly populated, and we sailed many miles without seeing a human habitation.

We were glad and yet sorry when we reached the Savannah River and, with a favoring tide and a brisk wind, held our course for Savannah city. Sorry, because we had enjoyed the wilderness. but glad because we were soon to be again among our fellow men, and in one of the most beautiful cities of our country. Gazelie sped along in fine shape, and though it was late in the afternoon when we entered the river, before six o'clock we were safely anchored off the metropolis of Georgia. Hundreds of darkies were being ferried across the river from their work on railroad improvements, to their homes in the town. They seemed so glad and merry that their day's work was done, and to the accompaniment of the dip of the great oars which gave motion to the flat boats, hundreds of voices gleefully joined in singing a southern darky melody which the buildings on the shore echoed back. It was all so beautiful as I looked about and saw the sun going down behind the funnels of a great ocean steamship lying at the wharf, and a thousand other things as grand in the splendor of the passing day.

We spent several days in Savannah, and I like it most of all the southern cities we visited. We arrived in the heart of the watermelon season, and never will I forget those luscious, big fellows we bought for a few cents apiece at the docks, where the darkies landed their boats loaded down with hundreds of the crisp fruit only a few hours from the patch.

Just before we were ready to resume our journey, a huge English tramp steamer, under her own power, came down the river on her way to the ocean. Aft, on the highest part of the ship, stood a man. I don't know why, but some way my attention was turned toward him. Just as the vessel came abreast of us, I was startled to see him lift his arms high above his head and with a tremendous spring dive headfirst into the river. Arthur saw him also, and being nearest the Nibs, which was towed astern, he jumped into the boat, and with all haste pulled toward the place where the man had disappeared.

It took but a moment to row to the spot, but before Arthur reached him the man came to the surface and, with several yells for help, again sank. mate had seen him, however, and when he again rose to the surface he was so near that the man grasped the boat, and hung on for life, while the oarsman dragged him up to the dock. Quite a crowd had by this time gathered to see what was the matter, but evidently those on board the big steamer were not aware of any man being overboard, as it was now almost out of sight. A big, burly policeman pulled the man from the water. Arthur told his story, and by this time the man had so recovered himself as to speak. Questioned, he said: "I left England on that ship, having signed a contract for the round trip. I

stay; but they watched me so close aboard the ship that I had no chance to leave. At last we started, and I tell you it made me sick to have to return to my old life across the sea. As I stood on the ship, coiling some rope, I made up my mind to be free even if I died in the attempt. I could not swim, but I hoped I would be saved, and, knowing, this was my only chance, I ran the risk and dove in, and please do let me stay. Oh! do let me stay!"

It was indeed pathetic to see this man who had risked his life for the pleasure of living in the land of the free, begging not to be returned.

Here was a hero, for the chances in favor of even a strong swimmer saving his life under the circumstances were small, for the vessel was running seven miles an hour, and the water, where he dove, was boiling from the churning of the wheel. As he raised his hands and sprang into the foam, his heart no doubt re-echoed Patrick Henry's words, "Give me liberty or give me death."

This incident furnished a topic for the conversation of the afternoon as we sped down the river at a lively clip. Consulting the charts we found that by turning

and Frank turned in for a little rest.

At half past eleven o'clock I sighted the Charleston lighthouse, which is visible for seventeen and one half miles, and by half past two was abreast of the light-ship, which is anchored several miles off the entrance to the harbor. It was still a few hours before dawn, so I held out to sea for several miles until the light-ship was in a position nearly to leeward. This was just right, for I now put out a sea anchor forward, and with my mizzen hauled taut aft, the yacht was headed into the seas, and rose and fell on the great waves like a cork. I wanted to let the seas carry me slowly back to the light-ship, which I figured would be reached about daybreak. In this I was right, for as the first streaks of dawn began to show we were within half a mile of the beacon. Calling the boys, the drag was brought on deck, the canvas restowed, and it now being toward daylight we experienced no difficulty in picking up the buoys on our way to the city. Coming to anchor at quarantine I went ashore and presented a clean bill of health and was allowed to proceed to an anchorage off the city.

How interesting it all was! is Sullivan's Island, where Colonel Moultrie, in his fort of palmetto logs, defeated the British and made it possible for Sergeant Jasper to make his name immortal. Here also on our left, as we speed along, is Fort Sumter, now quite antiquated, but still interesting as we

BULL BAY, SOUTH CAROLINA.

to port into a sound which connects Port Royal Sound with the Savannah River, we could save many miles and a whole night's sailing on the open ocean, so we took the cut and sailed along until darkness fell, when we came to an anchorage well inside the sound.

Next day we were under way early, but the wind and tide were against us, and it was late in the evening before we crossed the bar at Port Royal Sound and headed our course north for Charleston.

The barometer had been falling during the afternoon, but as it was very slow, we resolved to make the run to Charleston during the night in hope of reaching that city safely before the storm. It was a fine night on the ocean. The wind was from the southeast, strong but steady, and the sea, though high, was long and easy, and as we squared away with a somewhat free sheet we simply tore along from wave to wave, leaving the water hissing from our quarter. It was just glorious, boys, to see Gazelle go, and the air so crisp and pure, with a tendency to give a fellow one of those "wish-for-more-meals-a-day" feelings. We soon found, however, that we were making too much speed, for at our present rate we would be up with Charleston light by midnight, and as we did not dare to try the harbor channel by night we lowered the mainsail and, putting it in a gasket to hold it snug, we continued on under our mizzen

think of its history and the part it played in our civil war. In strange contrast are the modern batteries with their up-to-date guns and equipment that now guard the harbor.

At last we reach the city and, finding ourselves among other yachts, feel quite at home, as we drop anchor off the battery park. Our predicted storm seemed near at hand, but it mattered little to us now, for the harbor was secure, and a change from the almost unbearable heat of the past days would be welcome.

CHAPTER XVI.

After getting things in shape aboard we in turn took shore leave and, the day being Sunday, was spent in a quiet walk about the city. Charleston is a somewhat quaint place, with its narrow streets. One is impressed with a feeling of being in a foreign country, but I liked it very much.

About three in the afternoon we had all returned to the vacht and were seated in the cockpit under our awning. I proposed that two of us take our pillows and row over to the opposite shore to some woods, which had a cool look, to get some quiet rest. Frank said he did not care to go, but Arthur was glad of the chance, so we set out.

The grove we had seen surrounded a typical southern plantation mansion.

As we walked up the path and stopped at an old well, over which hung "the old oaken bucket" suspended from a the place; and as I was about to help myself to a drink I was touched on the shoulder, and turning about I beheld a negro servant in white duck. Bowing, he said, "The massa says 'Tell de gentlemen dis yah's a private estate and dat no trespass is allowed."

I said "All right," but requested that I might see the proprietor. The servant led the way. When we reached the great balcony, he bade us be seated and called his master, who soon cante out. I introduced my companion and myself, and explained that after being tossed about on the waves of the ocean in our little boat for twelve hours, we had come ashore in search of a cool quiet place to rest, and assured him that if we had known the customs of the country we would not have intruded. I did not expect it but the gentleman immediately took a great deal of interest in us and not only gave us the liberty of the plantation, but sent a servant to show us about and point out the principal places of interest. It was very interesting, the farm being one of the largest and richest estates in the south. The principal crop was sea-island cotton, but almost everything that will grow in this climate, in an agricultural sense was cultivated. The darkies lived in the little cabins, as of old, each with a patch of land. Sunday being their only holiday, they were dressed in their best, and enjoying life in their own happy way.

When we returned to the boat the tide had fallen, leaving it high and dry. The evening was cool on land, so we decided to wait until ten o'clock, when the tide would again be flood, and we could launch the skiff without wading up to our middle in the mud. Our evening was well spent, for the negroes had started a fire down the shore a ways and. seated around it, they were making merry wth songs and stories of interesting happenings of the present as well as of bygone days. We drew near enough to hear their talk without being observed. and thus we saw the true negro life without company manners. It was interesting to hear their yarns in plantation dialect, and half past ten came almost before we knew it. The tide now being flood, we jumped into our boat and rowed to our craft, which we recognized in the darkness by Frank's signal light, a white above a red lantern.

When we awoke next morning the storm was on. Heavy wind, accompanied by rain, ushered in the day and continued until nightfall, when it moderated; but for two days longer we were unable to move, so we enjoyed ourselves looking over the city, etc. We were glad when, with a rising barometer, we said good bye to the place and continued our journey. The previous heavy wind had caused a severe sea, but the wind was now very light, and it took us from early morning till nearly dusk to make Bull Bay, some forty five miles distant from Charleston. We decided to 1 an into this harbor, which is a splendid one, and spend the night. It was lucky we did, for during the next three days a very unusual calm reigned and we were unable to leave the anchorage.

There was no habitation anywhere about so we were, indeed, "monarchs of all we surveyed." We had a real good rest and general good time, nevertheless. exploring the land and shore in quest of shells and curios, etc. An old demolished lighthouse graced the point and, while looking over these ruins, Arthur found a large projectile imbedded in the sand. I should say, judging from its looks, that it was fired at the lighthouse during the civil war.

We had not counted on such a long and as our appetites were 2001. our food began to get low. It was decided, therefore, that the cook should spend the afternoon cooking a good supply of pork and beans as emergency provisions against the time when we again got to sea and were unable to cook because of the roughness.

Our stove, which the cook called the outrigger, was born of necessity and showed decided ingenuity of construction. Sometime previous we awoke to find we had no oil with which to cook. had heard of America and I did long for and jib.

Sweep, which like the well surb was liberty, Mr. Policeman. When I reached With reduced canvas it was easy to here and found it so nice, I wanted to handle the craft and, not feeling at all whitewash, we were gazed at in wonder-

fish was made, I became desperate, with | even after his dip his hair was full of | the result that our galvanized water bucket had a little door cut in its side near the bottom, and a heavy iron plate, after being punched full of holes, was put in as far as the cone-like shape of the pail would allow, forming a partition or grate just above the cut in the side which would act as a draft. A fire was built on the grate of short pieces of wood, and the outrigger was a pronounced success.

It was on this contrivance that Arthur had just set our very best and largest kettle filled with our entire supply of army beans, and all our pork, except a small piece reserved to grease the griddle for flapjacks. We took turns keeping the fire going, and soon the cook announced that they were "beginning to get done."

The outrigger had been placed out on the after deck, the sea was smooth and no one dreamed that it might upset. Way off in the distance we could see the smoke of a small steamer coming up the hav. As it approached nearer we saw it was a small stern-wheel affair that had left St. Augustine for Washington via the inside route the day before we left there. We had thus beaten them so far, by two days. We were glad to see them and they seemed pleased also. In the moment of excitement during the exchange of greetings the cook forgot his cooking, and the swell caused by the passing steamer did the rest, for outrigger, kettle, beans and pork went overboard. Luckily the kettle struck the water bottom first and floated. The cook, who was much excited, determined to save the beans, and with one mighty grab he leaned far out, but, alas! He lost his balance and fell in headfirst. Frank and I were standing on the cabin roof and saw it all. We nearly died laughing. Soon he came to the surface and grabbing the rail of the boat he blurted, "Have they gone?" Of all the funny sights he was the funniest, as his head had gone right into the bean kettle, and

beans. Of course, the kettle sank and we felt disappointed and not a little hungry during the next day, but the thing was so funny it paid to have it happen. During the early evening a breeze sprang up, and making sail, we were soon following the channel by moonlight, leading out on the ocean.

Between Bull Bay and Georgetown there is a dangerous reef, extending several miles out into the ocean, known as Cape Romain. Although a good light covers this reef we had been warned to keep a good distance out. Frank was sailing the yacht and the mate and myself were fast asleep below, when I was awakened by Frank calling, "Hey, Cap!" I jumped up, and going on deck, asked: "What's wanted?" "Look sharp," said Frank, "what is that to leeward?" "Breakers!" I cried, and at the same time our ship rose on a mighty wave which broke with a deathly hissing roar under our very bow. "Tack ship," I cried, at the same time letting go the jib sheets. Frank was cool and collected, and executed the order with care and promptness. The Gazelle responded, but just as we were beginning to fill away on the other tack another coamer struck us broadside, and the heavy boom, striking me with great force, shoved me from the deck. Arthur, who had been rolled out of bed by the shock, was now on deck, and for a moment the boys thought I was overboard. When I felt the boom strike me, however, I grabbed it and hung on for dear life; and although I swung out over the water it was not difficult to again reach the deck when the sheet was cleated down and we were once more in motion. We were in a dangerous situation yet, for the swells still rose high and broke wildly about us, proving that we might strike bottom at any moment. We could only hold our course, and, fortunately, we soon were once more in deep water and away from the treacherous bar.

We now had time to laugh over my mishap. I'll admit that I couldn't see the laughable part of it, but maybe I did look funny, now I think of it, swinging out over the water on the end of the boom with my long legs protruding from my night robe.

Arthur called me clumsy, and I admitted that perhaps I was, but that my head never got full of beans, and, at this he kept still and went below while Frank and I laughed as we crunched away on hardtack.

At daylight we were off Georgetown. South Carolina, but being anxious to reach the Cape Fear River we sailed right by.. The wind petered out during the day and we made but little headway, but the breeze freshened toward night, and by early morning the Cape Fear light was well in sight, and by seven we had crossed the bar and, an hour later, were anchored off the little town of Southport, about three miles up the

Again Dame Fortune smiled upon us. for no sooner had we made thingsenicely ship-shape than the wind went around into the northeast, and for a whole week we were obliged to remain at our anchorage while the ocean was lashed into a raging mass of billows. Notwithstanding our long captivity here we had a very good time. The little town was full of old seamen and pilots, with whom we became acquainted, and we would sit by the hour in the pilot office and listen to queer yarns of sea life and hairbreadth escapes.

The Cape Fear catboats are noted for their speed and we had great sport sailing with friends in these on the river. Clam hunts, fishing parties and long tramps inland were thoroughly enjoyed by all. Letters were written home, and ere we left, mail which had been forwarded to us arrived, so our stay was one of pleasant experiences.

(To be Continued.)

able reading and practices?

Does he talk most of those boys best known to you?

all right.

And, too, what do other boys think of your boy? That is a good test. Boys are discerning little animals. What sort What sort of boys keep away? Is your boy welcomed into the company of boys day or so with a scratch and a blubber, and a talk of ill usage? What do other boys think of him? Are they his friends? If not, why not? If twenty happy boys go by bound for the ball ground and your boy does not join them, ask your-

ming habits; study them; they will teach you much about the life which is

There is no greater duty incumbent on parents than that of making their children companionable. Shutting them up away from intercourse with the world is a positive injury to them and a sin; aration and instruction and watchful ships is likewise a positive injury to

Make the boys manly, teach them fair play, repress the bully spirit, make them detest cheating, encourage their natural love for pure sport, don't make Miss Nancys out of them, put boys' clothes on them and cut their hair, invite the right kind of boys into your home, and the chums your boy will make will draw out his boy heart and mind and develop in



THE SPALDING BEVEL-GEAR CHAINLESS

(CENTER DRIVE.)

A strongly individualized bicycle of the highest

distinctive appearance to the machine.

New Medels.

The new SPALDING CHAIN MODELS retain every distinctive Spalding feature but embody many changes in keeping with the advance of cycle manufacture during the last year.

Price.

No better bicycles can be offered for their price than the 1901 NYACKS. They are light, easy running, strong, handsome, and of marked excellence in construction and finish.

Price. \$25

We equip any Spaiding or Nyack bicycle with our Tire or Hub Coaster Brake, Price \$5

COLUMBIA SALES DEPARTMENT.

HARTFORD, CONN.



cend name and address. NO MONEY. and get a box of 10 of our Scarf and Stick Pine to sell at 10 cente each. Bing, Bracelet. Store, given for selling 10 pine. Watch, with Chain and Charm, given for selling a few more. When pine are sold, send us the money and get your premium FREE.

BATES JEWELRY COMPANY, Dept. 4, Box 88.

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DESIGNER AND BUILDER OF

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Of Every Description.

CANADIAN CANOES A SPECIALTY.

A Fine Dingey for \$25. Send Stamp for Photographs.

Box 44. ST. JOSEPH. MICH.

GET A MUSTACHE BOYS!

Just the thing for a little harmless masquerading. Made of the best material, genuine hair, nicely crimped. Wire attachment allowing them to be fastened to or removed fr m the face with ease. When worn they cannot be easily told from the real thing. Boys and young men, you can have lots of fun putting them on in a crowd of friends, who will be greatly astonished at the sudden transformation. We furnish mustaches in all colors—gave, well light or medium hrown, dark brown. sedden transformation. We limited the colors are, red, light or medium brown, dark brown and black. In order- PRICE ONLY 6 CENTS ing state color wanted. PRICE ONLY 6. Pasceag, R. I.



DON'T MISS THIS OFFER.

Every person returning this ad, to us, we will send them one Gold Plated Watch Chain and Charm, or Genuine White Topaz Stud or Scarf Pin, Gold Wire Ring, with Initial Bangle, Handkerchief, Nickel Plated Key Chain, Coffee Strainer, Set(3) of Beauty Pins. One of the above with a beautiful Bow Tie, sent free with a three months' subscription to a LEADING Family Journal for 10c. Catalogue free. ERNST MFG. CO., 515 E. 86th St., N.)



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X-RAYS Weader of the Age, 18 to on a watch through a sliver dollar, or see any object through clothing, wood or stone. Lasis a lifetime; always ready for use, 25c, postpaid, sampe or silver. B. A. X RAY CO., 25 W. 22d St., New York City.





SPECIAL PREMIUM this month of SOLID SIL.
NAIL CLEANER for selling is Stick Pina at 10 cents
each, ATTLEBORO WATCH CO., Attlebore, Mass.

BOYS THIS IS WHAT YOU WANT. A combined pen and pencil holder, looks like silver, made of aluminum. Holds pencil in pocket, quickly converted to penholder, send 10c. Arthur Williams, Pertage, Wis-

TURNING POINTS IN A BOY'S LIFE

SIXTH ARTICLE OF A SERIES

CHOOSING HIS CHUMS.

SUPPOSE no boy sits down and | teen when he ought to be a noisy, obactually chooses his chums; they just naturally grow into his lifeexactly how and when, no one perhaps can say. The boy, indeed, often has no chance to choose his companions, but must take such as chance or circumstance throws in his way; in his case, it is these chums or none.

To think of a boy voluntarily going without chums is simply impossible. And how unhappy and unfortunate the boy who lives out his boyhood without boy friends! Some of the most pitiful boy letters I have ever read, and I have read many, are letters from boys in the far West and occasionally one from some ostracized little fellow in a fashicnable city flat, who tells me that he wishes he could do something to help circulate THE AMERICAN BOY among other boys, but that there are no other boys in his neighborhood and no one he can reach. I just read between the lines a heart hunger on the part of that boy for boy companionship, and I almost feel the gratitude rising to my lips because of the fact that when I was a boy I ate with boys, I slept with boys, I fished, I hunted, I swam, I skated, I played shinny, base ball, hare and hound, with boys-I swarmed with them, so to speak, and shared in all the healthful fun that a crowd of boys can conjure

I feel oceans of sympathy for the poor little fellow who is kept away from boys for fear of contamination, who is dressed in such a way as to invite their ridicule, who is taught he is too good for them, and brought up on a diet of

streperous, vigorous, healthy, young animal, he is a pale, three-syllabled, little

Give the boy a chance, and if it is within the range of possibility he will attract a chum; and where it is possible for him to select certain ones for his intimates it is an interesting study to watch him during the operation. Sometimes he will make the most curious combinations and give the most curious reasons for them. Often boys of the most diverse dispositions attract each other like opposite poles of the magnet; and, again, two boys seemingly of the same nature will seem to repel each other. My boy went around the corner and a block away for a chum, passing by a dozen or more boys who live within speaking distance of us. I asked him why he chose this particular boy for his best friend, and he answered with all the understanding of a boy of seven, "I don't know, but he's so joyful." What he meant by "joyful," I suppose, was good natured, happy, playful. I could not help hoping that throughout his life he might go on secting his friends from among the joyful sort of people.

A great deal can be learned of a boy's innate character and the bent of his mind and heart by watching his chumming habits. These develop early, and they mark his tendencies very clearly. Let the parent for a moment seriously question why his boy "chums" with this boy or that boy, in preference to other boys, and he may quickly learn what in other boys most attracts his own. Does he follow admiringly the bully, the bragger of the neighborhood? Does he grown folks until at the age of four- hide away in secret from other boys with him true and attractive manhood.

some sneaky-faced youth who does not look you in the eye when you address him? Does he leave the healthful, harmless sports of the many boys to follow one or two who plan and plot to do mischief in the neighborhood, and who perhaps, taught by example, at home, find their keenest pleasure in question-

If so, watch that boy.

Does he, of his own accord, choose boys of good breeding? Does his talk indicate that he admires the nobler sort of boys-the honorable, fair-players?

Then, be of good heart; your boy is

of boys hang around your premises? generally? Or does he come home every self the serious question, why.

My point is, watch the boys' chumin your hands to mold.

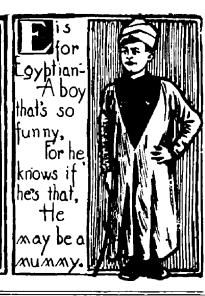
and sending them adrift without prep care in the matter of their companionthem and a sin.







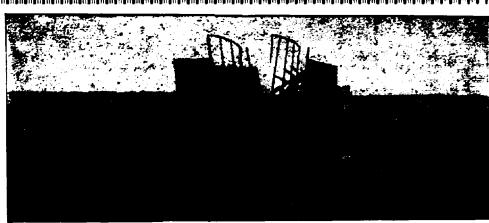






A WEST VIRGINIA OIL WELL DERRICK. Photograph by George E. Rouse, Penrith, W. Va.

The Boys' Picture Gallery



IN THE PATH OF THE CYCLONE.





OUTTING TREES WITH A CROSS-OUT SAW.



THRESHING OUTFIT AT WORK. Operated with a self-feeder and a stacker. Photograph by Glenn Howell, Albion, Mich.



THE OLD CAMEL BACK BRIDGE,

Taken by R. B. Levegood, of Harrisburg, age twelve. The bridge, which spans the Susquehanna River at Harrisburg, Pa., is seven-eighths of a mile long, was built in 1809, at a cost of nearly one hundred and ninety three thousand dollars, and is the only bridge of its kind in the United States. Charles Dickens, in his American Notes, speaks of having to hold down his head to prevent striking its rafters.

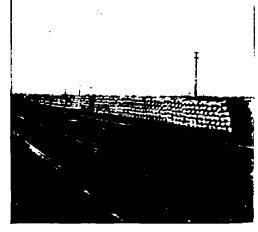


PRESSING CIDER WITH A HOMEMADE PRESS Photograph by Lyman H. North, Waukegan, Ill.



A PART OF THE BUCKLEY AND DOUGLASS SALT BLOCK.





A CALIFORNIA OUT-OF-DOOR GRANARY.

A PART OF THE BUCKLEY AND DOUGLASS

SALT BLOCK.

THE OLD MAGAZINE HOUBE.

A picture showing six thousand sacks of grain threshed from a California ranch three miles south of Red Bloff.

The largest in the world, a place of interest to persons risiting Manistee, Mich. Photograph by Harry Berg.

A house that was used as a storehouse for arms and ammunition by General Washington during his fighting in Spinitely, Mich. Photograph by Harry Berg.

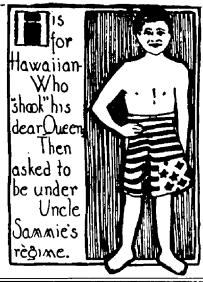
A picture showing six thousand sacks of grain threshed from a California ranch three miles south of Red Bloff. The sacks are piled near a railroad switch awaiting ship of the photograph by Harry Berg.

Manistee, Mich. Photograph by Harry Berg. The picture was sent us by H. R. Van Nees, of Newark, N.J.

Proberta, Cal.



irccian-Good combany Until he gets talking hermob ac.



tor Indian-Who can whoob such a yel That ecn our cdlege-boy teel beat tor



Boston Boys Again Marching.

Boston Boys Again Marching.

Something happened in the city of Boston on February 5 last that reminds us of the day over one hundred years ago when the boys of Boston marched to the head-quarters of the British, and complained that their sport on Boston Common was being interfered with by the British solidiers. It seems the Boston boys nowadays are not very much unlike the Boston boys of one hundred and twenty five years ago. On the day stated in February last about three hundred Boston bootblacks marched to the State House to appeal to the Legislature in favor of a law allowing the boys to shine shoes on Sunday. The boys assembled at nine o'clock in the morning and formed in line, the smallest at the front and the big ones in the rear. They were all neat and clean and their sweaters looked fresh from the washtub. At the word "March" the line quickly took step, and with three ringing cheers they marched up Boylston street headed by three little lads hand in hand, each not over seven or eight years old. The enthusiasm of the boys oozed out at every pore. They danced one another into drifts, joilied the bystanders and cheered all the time. Nine of the boys had been chosen to make the speeches. Their names were. Tony Lepito, Simon Levi, Aaron Kedauski. Dominico Dinnattes, Antony Scotti, Bernard Sousa, Amos Wixen, David Michael and Samuel Rosen.

These boys appeared before the committee and asked that it should be lawful for bootblacks to work on the Lord's day until eleven a. m. Eighteen of the boys were conducted into the office of the Governor and were kindly received by him. The little fellows made good pleas, which appealed very strongly to the hearts of the committeem of the boys appeared before the committeem of the boys and that his lather and mother were both sick and that he had to support them, and that Sunday was his best day; that on week days he carned from twenty to thirty cents, and of sundays from sixty to seventy cents. An eleven-year-old said that he was the eldest of six children, and it was nec

An Episode.

An Episode.

I was on a visit to my birthplace and birthplace of many of my name—writes a noted correspondent of the Western Press hat I might see once more the scenes of my childhood and breathe my native air. I had risen early that I might get a look the sea at sunrise as I had seen it so nany times as a boy—a sight so glorious, that even as a youngster. I used to standed gaze at it with bated breath and expanding eyes. From the little village hotel where I had found lodgment for the night, the road rose in easy elevation for a mile and then ran gradually downward to the meadow levels, and the shore bordered by tottages and trees. I had strolled leisurely oward, stopping ever and anon to hear the singing of the birds and inhale the elicious odors that arose from earth and krass, from shrubs and flowers and the new mown hay in the dewy fields, and now ood at the point from which the splendor the coming sunrise might best be seen, here, expectant. I waited for the red orb's oppearance, the signs and signals of whose occoming were already flashing their shifting splendors on level sea and arching sky. Suddenly I saw far down the road a bit of color flying toward me, and in an instant I realized that a little girl was wheeling up the grade as one speeds onward when loy or hope or fear gives energy to motion. Onward she came like a bird of color flying with set wings. In an instant she was light, and, seeing me, suddenly slowed her stand with set wings. In an instant she was high, and, seeing me, suddenly slowed her sneed and jumping to earth, exclaimed: "Oh, sir; can you tell me where Dr. Blackman lives? My mother is suddenly taken sick and father fears she is dying."

And I, catching her fear as if her errand was mine, quick as her panting breath, answered:

answered:
"A mile ahead—a straight run—the third house beyond the little brook—the grade runs downward even to his door."
A glad cry, a little run, a leap and she was in her seat again and speeding downward and away for love's sweet sake, and to bring quick help to mother.
And I, climbing the old fence, forgot the sunrise at my back and stood gazing after the sweet messenger of love and life, as she, her little heart in her mouth, flew onward.

sne, her little heart in her mouth, new onward.

"God give thee strength to keep thy pace, dear child, and may each wire and part hold true and strong," I murmured as I stood gazing, "for greater need or stronger cause of speed I have not seen since I was born."

And yet some say that the bicycle is

And yet some say that the bicycle is losing its place in the hearts of the people.

Meetings are held monthly. The pledge is as follows:

hereby promise by the help of God to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors, such as wine, beer and cider, and from the use of tobacco in any shape or form, and from all profanity." Each boy of the sixty has taken the pledge.

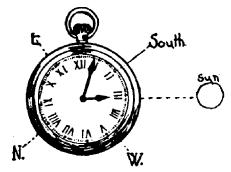
He Was Up to the Limit.

A young society woman tells a story of a very little newsboy who so appreciated her kindness to him at a newsboys' dinner that he went to the extent of great suffering for her sake. At least she thinks it was appreciation, but others have doubts. At all events, the young woman who, with a number of others, was engaged in serving the boys, noticed this



THE DANCING BEAR. The picture was sent us by G. E. Heniken, Grayville, Ili,

Earl V. Perkins, Niles, O., McKinley Company, No. 2, O. A. B., tells us how to find the points of the compass with a



watch, as follows: Point the smaller hand of the watch toward the sun, and half way between it and twelve o'clock is always due South, at any time of the day.

An Anti-Tobacco League.

Henry Ritchie, Jr., a New Glasgow, N. S., boy, writes us that he belongs to an Anti-Tobacco league. Its name is the United Church Anti-Tobacco league. It was organized Nov. 9, 1836. Our correspondent is secretary. There has been on the roll since its organization sixty boys, forty four of whom were under thirteen years of age at joining. At present there are thirty eight members.

little boy way off at one end of the table. Many of his larger fellows were already hard at work on the various good things, but this little fellow had evidently been neglected. Clearly here was a case of urgent charity, so the amateur waltress flew to his side, and for an hour she saw to it that he did not lack for anything. Plate after plate of turkey was literally showered upon him. Finally, as she set another piece of plum pudding in front of him, he rolled his eyes meekly toward her and said in muffled tones:

"Well, miss, I kin chew, but I can't swaller no more!"—New York Sun.

No TROUBLE-No WORRY

"You're a nice lad," remarked the minister to a boy who was chopping wood. "Does mother give you anything for chopping firewood?"
"No," replied the boy, with a meaning look; "but I get something if I don't do it."

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The Printing of JOHN F. EBY & COMPANY is Perfect Printing

65-67-69 Congress Street West DETROIT, MICH,

CHAS. J. JOHNSON, General Manager





before seeing our 11 Jeweled movement, has Patent Regulator, is Quick Train, stamped 17 Jewels, Adjusted. In beautifully engraved Cold Filled Redel Case, The Insperial, with certificate for 25 years. This is the heat watch ever offered for the price, and one of the eldest and most revisable Wholesale Jeweler in America will send it to you by supress. to examine herfore year pay one cent. When you find it to be the best value for the price you have ever seen, pay Agent our Special Price, 25.98 and charges for Watch and Rolled Gold Chain warranted 5 years. Give both F.O. and Express office and state whether Ladies' or Gente' Watch is wanted. Jeweled Righs or Weethens Watch is same price if preferred. This offer can not be continued long, so send order at once to

ALLEN & CO., \$15^U Dearborn St., Chicago, IR.

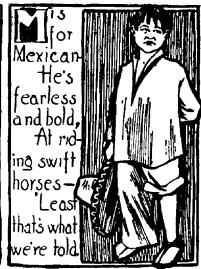


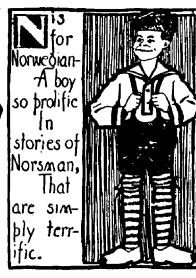
SEND NO MONEY cut this ad, out and send to us, stale whether send to us, stale whether yes wish Gust's or Ledles' we HEELS SO Cents EXTRA), color and grar wanted and we will send you this MISSEST SEASE 1901 MOSEL ENGERS SUCYCLE by appress C.D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest express office, and if found perfectly settisfactory, exactly as represented, the equal of setting the color words and it over your as the color words with the color words with the color words with the color words and the color words with the color wo

Meyelve that sell everywhere at \$56.00 to \$46.00 the Bill. 75 and WOS BEART FOR THE REAL FOR THE SELL FOR THE













The Farm Boy's Reading.

The Farm Boy's Reading.

"The printing press is a fountain of evil as well as of good," says Wallace's Farmer.

"The farm boy of to-day, if he reads novels without an older head to guide him, is likely to receive mental, if not moral, injury. Deterioration, marks the latter day novel, and much of the current magazine and newspaper literature falls into the farm boy's hands. A modern historical novel is unquestionably unadulterated trash and of very little historical value, misrepresenting historical characters and giving false ideas of the times. Thirty years ago dime novels, circulated on the siy, sent boys with bad blood in them away from home. The modern historical novel is simply the old dime novel made fashionable by being put in a good dress. The farm boy whose growth of mind depends so much upon his reading should avoid the so-called modern historical novel and the yellow journal with its sensationalism. If he reads novels let him read Walter Scott and his like. Let him read novels true to nature. Let him confine his newspaper and magazine reading to the best, and not to the cheapest."

What Boys Should Have.

Boys like good stories of travel and history. This is one reason why the Henty books prove so interesting to boys; they mingle history, travel and story so entertainingly. There are young men serving long sentences in gloomy prisons who would never have entered on careers of rime but for bad books. A bad book is a very subtle poison. A boy should not be willing to read a book that he could not fearlessly and openly read aloud to his parents and his teachers.

Reviews of Boys' Books.

All books reviewed are bound in cloth, unless otherwise stated. No book not worthy of a place in a boy's library will receive mention in these columns.

Books reviewed may be obtained of the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY at prices stated.

DRAKE AND HIS YEOMEN: James Barnes. Illustrated by Carlton T. Chapmon. This is a story of Francis Drake, than whom there is no greater hero in the eyes of boys. The book is beautifully illustrated, printed in the very best style and handsomely bound, and contains 415 pages, every one of which is replete with interest to an active, stirring boy. The frontispiece of the book is a work of art, being a marine view in colors. \$1.50. The Macmillan Company.

Walter S. hillips This is a story of the life of a Western boy who grew up along the shores of a little Western river. He is a manly, true and keen boy—just such a boy as interests other boys. He is actual flesh and blood, and is good company. 232 pp. Herbert S.

THE IRON STAR: John Preston True. The fuller title is The Iron Star and what It saw on Its Journey through the Ages From Myth to History. The illustrations are by Lillian Crawford True. The Iron The Iron Star is a wonder book, aiming to give young people historical stories so connected as to suggest the growth of civilization from the times of the Cave men down through the various ages to the days of Myles Standish. It is intended to awaken a taste for historic reading. It does this by following the fortunes of fragments of a meteorite the iron star, which are assumed to have been "Not my fingers."

handed down from father to son for century after century. The pictures of the Cave boy and his brother, who worked as slaves in the smithy of the Viking are so full of interest that even grown persons will find pleasure and profit in the reading. 146 pp. Price \$1.50. Little, Brown & Co.

pp. Price \$1.50. Little, Brown & Co.
CAPTAIN OF THE CADETS: I. T.
Thurston. This book is by the author of
"Boys of the Central" and "A Frontier
Hero." It is a number one story for boys,
introducing the military element and teaching bravery and good morals. It is full
of interest and deplets characters of
marked individuality. The hero is a manly
fellow, whose sturdy pride forbids his accepting help in getting an education or in
caring for his invalid brother. He makes
his way through school by hard work and
becomes the popular captain of the school
cadets. His well-deserved success will stimulate boys. 314 pp. Price, \$1.25. The Pilgrim Press.

SAILING ALONE AROUND THE

grim Press.

SAILING ALONE AROUND THE WORLD: This is one of Captain Slocum's best books, illustrated by Thomas Fogerty and George Varian. The title indicates the nature of the work. He follows the fortunes of the "Spray" in his journey around the world, touching at many interesting points and meeting with all sorts of experiences, many of which are fully illustrated. It is a handsome book in style and vigorous in manner of treatment. 294 pp. The Century Company. tury Company.

SIMPLE EXPERIMENTS FOR SCIENCE TEACHING: John A. Bower. This book is published under the direction of the General published under the direction of the General Literature Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It is, as the title indicates, a book of experiments, most of which are simple and require no expensive apparatus. The book is divided into lessons, each of which contains ten experiments. The character of the book may be indicated by the titles of the lessons, a few of which are: Standards of Measurement; Standards of Weight; How a Candle Burns; What Happens When Substances Burn; The Form of Flame, etc. There are fifty four illustrations and 161 pp. E. & J. B. Young & Company.

SOME BIRDS AND THEIR WAYS: A. C. Webb. This is one of the most delightful

SOME BIRDS AND THEIR WAYS: A. C. Webb. This is one of the most delightful bird books that we have ever seen. The illustrations are very handsome, some of them being in colors. The author was formerly superintendent of drawing and penmanship in the Nashville public schools. He knows what young people need and want. It is not a treatise on ornithology, but simply a collection of sketches giving a life history and description of some of the common birds. It is written in simple language and in a way to be interesting. 141 pp. B. F. Johnson Publishing Company. THE BEST FOOT FORWARD: Francis J. Finn. Mr. Finn is the author of several popular books for boys. The story is a school story in which a number of characters enter, and the value of hard work and discipline in the life of a boy is fully filustrated. 244 pp. 85 cents. Benziger Brothers.

Brothers.

Gulielma Zollinger. This book is replete with interest, the little Irish boys being full of Irish wit and industry. One doesn't tire of following the experiences of Mike. Pat and Tim and is well repaid in reading it, whether the reader be boy or man. Fully illustrated. 297 pp. \$1.25. A. C. McClurg & Company. : Company.

"Are you hungry, my child?" asked Oliver Wendell Holmes of a little girl next to whom at a refreshment table he was seated. "Yes, sir," she replied, bashfully. "Yes, sir." she replied, bashfully.
"Then why don't you take a sandwich?"

"Then why don't you take a sandwich?" he asked.
The little maid responded, "Because I haven't any fork."
The autocrat quoted, smilingly, "Fingers were made before forks," and to his intense

Boys Exchange.

Wayne Seely, Sterling, Ill.—I will exchange foreign stamps for old United States coins.

George Woodward, Elsmere, Del.—I will exchange two pairs of pigeons for one pair of rabbits.

Ethelbert Smith, box 29. Hope, Ark.—I will exchange a goat for good printing press and outfit.

Ralph Heilman, Ida Grove, Ia.—I will exchange stamps, books, curiosities for a printing press. Write.

E. C. Payne, Warsaw, Mo.—I will exchange one Indian arrowhead for an old United States ten cent bill.

Ralph Whittlesey, Tower, Minn.: I will exchange foreign stamps or iron ore for zinc, gold or silver ores.

Harold E. Maddocks, North Ellsworth, Me.-I have papers to exchange for read-ing matter of equal value. Write.

Claude Shearer, East Peru, Ia.—I will exchange seventy five foreign stamps for every three good arrowheads sent me.

E. J. McKain, 406 North Milwaukee street, Jackson, Mich.—I will exchange stamps and buttons for a printing press.

D. A. Gillespie, 479 Hamilton street, Albany, N. Y.—I have a large number of things which I will exchange for a good printing press. Write me.

W. Spahr, Roscoe, Pa.—I will exchange four numbers of the Youth's Companion for the September and October numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY.

F. Cunningham, Saratoga, Cal.—I will exchange curios from the historic town of Monterey, California shells, etc., for Indian relics and curios.

Leonard Chindgren, Jamestown, N. Y.: will exchange a large collection of stamps for a printing press and outfit, the press to be not smaller than 4x6.

Ren Goldman, 6 Plankinton block, Milwaukee, Wis.—I will exchange petrified wood from Arizona—three large pieces—for an air rifle not much used.

William J. McFadden, New Brunswick, N. J.—I will exchange "Jack the Hunchback" or "The Treasure Finders," both by J. Otis, for "The Train Boy," by Alger.

8. N. Thornton, 332 Perry street. Detroit, Mich.—I will exchange a set of six tickets from the World's Fair of 1893 for some type, cuts or fancy initials. Write first.

Leonard Kennedy, 33 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn, N. Y.—I will exchange an Inger-soll dollar watch for Indian arrowheads, relics, curios or minerals worth a dollar.

Maud C. Bingham, McGraw, N. Y.-I have Confederate money, original newspapers of a century ago, to exchange for valuable stamps or other curios. Write.

Everett S. Cook. Otisfield. Me.—I will exchange a hand printing press worth seventy five cents for the first four numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY. Please write first.

Alfred J. Hook, 530 Carlton avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.—I will exchange foreign stamps, also set of pictures of the rulers of different countries, for Indian relics, leaves, etc.

Elbert M. Moffatt, 1401 Forrest avenue, St. Joseph. Mich.—I will exchange an International stamp album, with eight hundred stamps in it, for a good collection of Indian relics or minerals.

George Nesbit, 94 Wakeman avenue, Newark, N. J.—I will exchange a camera taking pictures 2½x2½, and two books and some foreign stamps, for a small typewriter in good condition.

Frank Glover, 1714 Buckingham place, Chicago, Ill.—I will exchange seventy two birds' eggs of many varieties, including an egg worth two dollars, for curios, stamps, Indian arrowheads or other relics.

George E. Hyde, 1816 Chicago street, Omaha, Neb.—I will exchange a four dollar game board, including twenty games, or stamps catalogued at four dollars, for a fifty pound dumb-bell, photographic goods or Indian relics.

Kent B. Stiles. Stonington, Conn.give two volumes of papers published monthly in 1820, 1821, 1822, 1823, 1824 or 1825 for the first nine numbers of THE AMERI-CAN BOY, or one hundred United States and foreign postage stamps for each num-

'HE BEST PAPER FOR YOUNG

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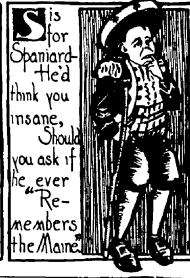


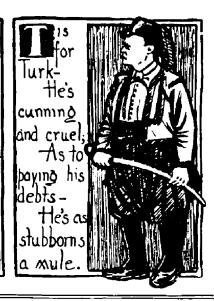
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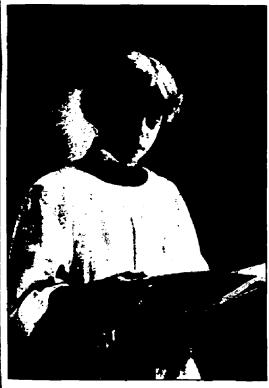




୕୶ଵଵଵଵଵଵଵଵଵଵଵଵଵଵଵଵଵ<mark>ଵ</mark>ଵ<mark>ଚ</mark> WHAT BOYS ARE DOING

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Reuben Manley is a new favorite in Chicago's musical world. He has been singing for the past three years in St. James' Episcopal Church, where he has wen distinction as a soprano soloist. He has a range of over three octaves, taking high C with a tone as pure as a bird's. Reuben is now thirteen years of age and has been under the careful train-



REUBEN MANLEY.

ing of a choir master for the last four years. Several months ago he made his debut with the Magnus Concert Company and has received personal letters of congratulation from many distinguished musicians. His services have been in demand among society people in Chicago. He sang every Sunday evening during last winter in the home of Mrs. Edward Ryerson. He has appeared on several ocasions at the home of Mrs. Emmons Blaine, and recently sang at the mariage of her niece. His work has also een recognized by Mrs. Valentine Turner. A little while ago St. Peter's lathedral invited the St. James Church to furnish music for a festival service. In that service Reuben Manley sang, in Stabat Mater, the Inflammatus, completely winning the immense audience. The boy plays the piano well, in many cases playing his own accompaniments. He has made a great success with the plece specially written for him, entitled The Choir Boy's Dream." The boy has been held back somewhat in his studies owing to a gunshot wound which he received in the Streeter Riot on the Lake front last spring. He is said to be an unassuming little fellow, and this is some-thing quite unusual with a successful boy singer, the petting that he receives soon spoiling him.

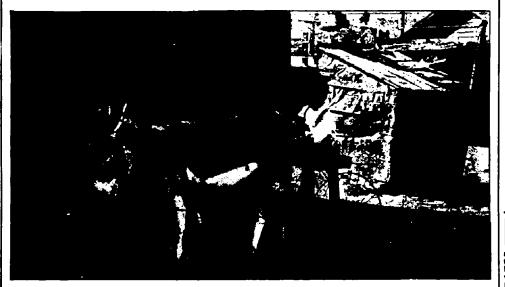


A picture of Morgan Southworth Kimbrough, a nine year old American boy of Greenwood, Miss. which was taken when he was hunting in Arkansas. You will see his gun fastened across the pommel of his saddle, and his hand clutching a dangerous looking weapon. At the feet of his p. ny are the carcasses of a deer and a wild boar. With him stands an Indian hunter dressed in buckskin hunting thirt. The photograph is furnished by his cousin, J. S. Yerger, of Greenwood. Miss., a valued young friend of This AMERICAN BOY.

AN INGENIOUS LITTLE DENVERITE

A. Edgar

It is creditable enough for a boy ten years old to build a wagon or sulky when he has a kit of tools, but little Elmer Ashton deserves great praise and his parents are to be congratulated for having such an ingenious son, for, with only a broken hammer and an old steel table knife he built a very neat little sulky. His materials were a soap box for the body, some old carpet for a seat, two small fence rails for shafts, and two iron braces ter tub. Jennie, Elmer's long eared friend.



ELMER'S HORSELESS CARRIAGE AND HIS BARN.

from a baby carriage to stiffen the frame; the wheels are also the remains of some discarded baby carriage. The whole makes a substantial and practical little rig.

While on his vacation at Victor, Elmer took a fancy to a donkey and bought it out of his own savings, and his father was kind enough to send it to Denver when the boy returned for school.

His first mechanical feat was to build a stable in the rear of his home on Lafayette street. It is pretty nearly square; that is, as near so as one could get it without a level and a square. The frame is built of fence poets and the sides are patched together with old pieces of sheet tin and soan lox covers; the door is made of two old fly screens, and the manger is an old but-



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BOYS MAKE MONEY

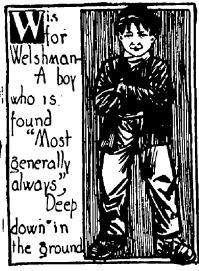
BOYS ENAMELING WHEELS

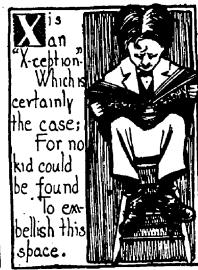
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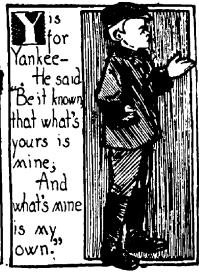
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The Little Lace Maker of Maplewood.

Harry Affelhoy, of Maplewood, a little suburb of Malden, Mass., is perhaps one of the most accomplished lace makers in the country. Crippled for life, and orphaned from infancy by the death of his mother and the desertion of his father, he was early forced to seek some means of employing his time. He is now twenty two years of age, and is but little over four feet in height and weighs only forty seven pounds. His physical de-formity prevented his taking up ordinary means of gaining a livelihood. By the time he was eight years old he had become an expert with a crocheting needle. While other boys were playing on the streets and engaged in boys sports, he was occupying his time learning, with brave heart, how to take care of himself, should his kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Affelhoy, who had taken care of him from infancy, be taken from him.

Harry became interested in needlework by seeing Mrs. Affelhoy and her neighbors knitting. Getting a knitting needle and some thread, he began to work; and what is more, he stuck to it until he had acquired a reputation as a lace maker. At the age of twelve he was sent to school, and in five years, so rapid was his progress, he graduated from the Maplewood grammar school. In school he earned a reputation as an artist. Whenever there was a competition in drawing, Harry Affelhoy always took the prize. After two years in the high school he was forced to leave. Then Mr. Affelhoy bought a little store for him and stocked it with pencils, blank books, blocks, marbles, account books, candy, etc. But this was not to his liking. The store was sold, and Harry went again to his work at lace making and drawing and painting. The result is that he is the inventor of a great many original lace designs. Some of these designs would make the Brussels lace makers grieve with envy. Much of his work is done with ordinary white thread. Occasionally he uses colors, blending them in an artistic way. When he was quite young a favorite pastime with him was to secure a newspaper picture of a new crochet design, and then figure out the stitches and make an exact reproduction. He has a crochet book containing pieces of his early work.

Lace making is not Harry's only accomplishment. He is interested in printing, and often visits a little shop near his home and sits at a type case. He can play on the piano very nicely. For some time past he has been collecting After the Maine was Harry took his two thousand stamps and put them together, making a view of the Maine as she sailed into Havana. It took him months to do it. He cut the stamps into strips a little more than a sixteenth of an inch in width, and pasted these strips together. Then he blended the colors carefully; and when the whole was completed, which was after nearly seven months, he had done something which was counted a marvel, for every line in the ship was complete. To show how minute was the work he did, the United States, flag, blowing out from the masthead, contains twenty five pieces, though the flag is but five-eighths of an



is now valued at one hundred and fifty dollars.

Harry expects soon to issue a small book on lace making. The Boston Sunday Journal, of date April 1, 1900, gave photographic reproductions of some of the boy's lace work.

Sells His Curls for Thirty Five Dollars

Ralph Jones La Selle, of Norway Village, Me., is a newsboy, but selling newspapers is not his sole dependence. for once a year his fine long curls of brown hair are sheared and sold to a wig maker for thirty five dollars. boys who used to poke fun at Ralph for his curls are envious of him. The closer his curls are cut the more they grow; and as Ralph is at no care or expense to grow his crops, he is a lucky lad. He is the youngest of four brothers, but strange to say, he is the only one possessing such hair. He is now twelve years old and has had six crops, and there are promises of many more.

Doubled His Pay Twice.

The "Sunday School Evangelist" tells

the following interesting story:
"A few years ago a large drug firm in New York City advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged with applicants, among them a queer looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman, who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this waif, the

advertiser said:
"'Can't take him; places all full. Be-

sides, he is too small.'
"'I know he is small,' said the woman,

but he is willing and faithful.'
"There was a twinkling in the boy's eyes which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered the remark that he 'did not see what they wanted with such a boy; he wasn't big-ger than a pint of cider.' But after consultation the boy was set to work.

A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered the youthful protege busy scissoring labels.

'What are you doing?' he said. 'I did

not tell you to work nights.

"I know you did not tell me to, but I thought I might as well be doing some-

"In the morning the cashier got orders to 'double that boy's wages, for he is willing.

"Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the street, and, very naturally, all hands in inch by one-quarter in size. The picture | the store rushed to witness the spectacle.

A thief saw his opportunity and entered at the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and after a struggle, was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked why he stayed behind to watch when all others

quit their work, he replied:
"'You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought

I'd stay.'
"Orders were immediately given once more, 'Double that boy's wages, for he

is willing and faithful."
"To-day that boy is a member of the

The Cross-Cut Path to Riches.

There is a certain fascination to every energetic young man in perilous journeys through unknown lands where a single stroke of the pick may reveal a great heap of yellow nuggets. With dreams of sudden fortune his imagination is stirred, and to withstand the temptation of risking all he has hitherto gained and joining the mighty army of prospectors requires no small degree of will-power. He considers the few dollars he manages to lay aside each month from his salary of slight consequence when compared with those barrels of gold of which he has read. Thus he is often lured into the short road to wealth only to be deceived.

Though all admire the ambitious spirit and the high courage that prompt him to brave the dangers of the far North-that realm of buried hopes-the chance of success is so slight and the probability of losing his health, or even his life, is so great that it seems by far the surest and safest way to wealth lies in close application to legitimate business pursuits and rational economy. Little is to be gained by seeking fairer fields. To re-main at home and be content with one's To relot may not in every instance prove the profitable course, yet it nearly always brings the most happiness.

The poor young man of fixed purpose, of good habits, content to bide his time. who endeavors to please his employer and who is fairly economical, almost invariably finds himself at the prime of life in a prosperous condition. He has, it is true, followed the long way around, a way devoid of all the allurements of sensation, yet which at last proves the surest and nearest highway to prosperity. What seems the short road to riches usually ends in poverty, and the one who has the courage to remain steadfast and rely upon thrift and industry is almost sure to achieve financial success.-Herbert Bashford in the Saturday Post.



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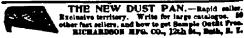
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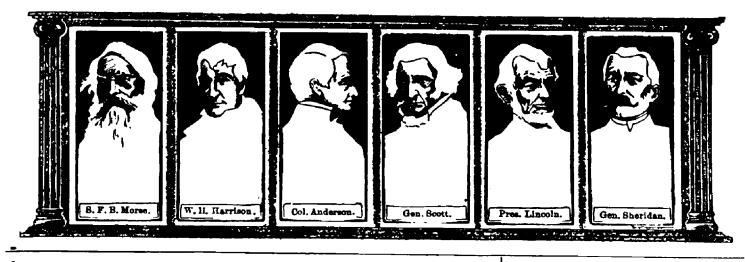
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April in American History

APRIL 2, 1865: BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS. The Confederate army under General Lee had strongly entrenched themselves and had gallantly maintained their position against General Sheridan, who was in command of the Federal forces. But the continual severe fighting had weakened the Confederates and Sheridan pressed upon them with his cavalry. Lee's men fought stubbornly, but the repeated furious charges of the Federal cavalry forced them to surrender. Many gave up their arms, while the remainder took to flight. In addition to a large number of killed and wounded, five thousand Confederate prisoners were taken. The Federal loss was about one thousand, including killed and wounded.

wounded.

APRIL 2, 1872: SAMUEL FINLAY BREESE MORSE DIED. He graduated from Yale College in 1810 and studied painting in England. Opened a studio for portrait painting in New York, and organized and was first president of the National Academy of Design. The University of the City of New York elected him professor of the Literature of the Arts of Design. It was on his return from Europe in the ship Sully, in 1832, that Morse conceived the idea of an electric recording telegraph. His intimacy with Professor J. Freeman Dana had already made him acquainted with the subject of electro-magnetism. Proceeding to make his idea practicable, he, in September, 1837, exhibited to his friends most satisfactory results produced from a mile of telegraph wire. The same year he filed a caveat in the Patent Office and appealed to Congress for assistance in building an experimental line. Although a favorable report was made, nothing was done at the time. For four years he struggled to ensure the interest of European powers as well as to press the United States government. The last hours of the session of 1842-43 were slowly passing, and there were one hundred and eighty bills to be acted upon before his would be brought forward. He was in despair, but next morning was informed that at almost midnight Congress had ordered thirty thousand dollars to be placed at his disposal. Work was at once commenced and in the spring of 1844 a line was completed from Washington to Baltimore and the first message was sent by Professor Morse, the words being most appropriate: "What hath God wrought:" The first public message to be flashed over the wires was the announcement from the Democratic National Convention, sitting at Raltimore, that James K. Polk had been nominated for President. Honors and testimonials crowded upon Mr. Morse, not only from his own admiring countrymen, but the crowned heads of Europe viced with each other in evincing their appreciation of the magnitude and value of his discovery and took the first "sun picture" ever made in

APRIL 3, 1866: PRESIDENT JOHNSON PROCLAIMED THE CIVIL WAR TO BE

AT AN END.

APRIL 4. 1841: GENERAL W. H. HAR-RISON DIED. Son of Benjamin Harrison, Governor of Virginia; educated at Hamplen-Sidney College, and began to equiphimself for the medical profession. Abandoning the science of healing for that of arms, he received an ensign's commission from President Washington in 1791. He left the army in 1797 with the rank of captain to take the position of secretary of the Northwest Territory. The office of Governor of Indiana Territory as well as Superintendent of Indian affairs, which he held for many years, marked his ability and statesmanship. The battle of Tippercance gave him considerable reputation as a general, which was further enhanced by cance gave him considerable reputation as a general, which was further enhanced by the prudence and bravery he displayed during the war of 1812. In 1814, having resigned his commission, he was employed in making treaties with the Indians for their lands. He sat in the lower house of Congress as member from Ohio from 1816 to 1819, and was United States Senator from 1825 to 1828. In the latter year he went to the Republic of Colombia as United States Minis-

ter. He was elected to the Presidency of the United States in 1840, took up his duties on March 4, 1841, and died at Washington just one month thereafter.

Just one month thereafter.

APRIL GAND 7, 1862: BATTLE OF SHILOH. This was one of the most sanguinary battles of the war. General Beauregard had said at a council meeting on the evening of the 5th: "Gentlemen, we sleep in the enemy's camp tomorrow night," and this boast was almost at one time made a reality. Additional Federal troops, however, having arrived during the night of the 6th, the Confederates, despite a most stubborn resistance, were forced to retreat in great disorder. Both sides lost heavily, that of the Confederates being ten thousand men, while that of the Federals, in killed, wounded and captured, numbered nearly lifteen thousand. General Johnson, of the Confederates, and General W. H. L. Wallace, of the Union army, were among the killed.

APRIL 7. 1862: TREATY BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES FOR SUPPRESSION OF SLAVE TRADE. Signed at Washington, D. C. President Lincoln's proclamation of emaintents. cipation rendered any action under clauses of this treaty unnecessary.

clauses of this treaty unnecessary.

APRIL 8-15, 1838: STEAMSHIP GREAT
WESTERN FIRST SAILED FROM BRISTOL TO NEW YORK. In 1819 the steamship Savannah had crossed from New York
to Liverpool, being twenty six days on the
voyage. The Great Western's time was
eighteen days, and from that time the
regular navigation of the Atlantic ocean
has been kept up, until the "greyhounds of
the Atlantic" can now speed from New
York to Liverpool in less than seven days.

APRIL 9 1865. LEE SUPPENDERED

York to Liverpool in less than seven days.

APRIL 9, 1865: LEE SURRENDERED TO GRANT AT APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE. With an army of sixty five thousand men, decimated by starvation, sickness and death to less than half that number; with his retreat cut off and no way of escape possible, it only remained for him to give up the hopeless struggle and make the best terms possible with his victorious enemy. Grant and Lee met at McLean's house and completed the surrender. The terms were af unusual generosity and leniency. The Confederate officers were allowed to retain their side-arms, baggage and horses, on pledging their honor not to fight against the United States government, and the cavalrymen who possessed their own horses were told to retain them, General Grant remarking that they would be needed for tilling the fields.

APRIL 10, 1816: UNITED STATES BANT

be needed for tilling the fields.

APRIL 10, 1816: UNITED STATES BANT CHARTERED BY CONGRESS. The charter of the first United States bank expired in 1811 and failed of renewal for various reasons, one being the multiplicity of local banks, which gave great advantages to the communities. The year 1815—close of the war-found the country insisting upon another United States bank, because of the suspension of specie payments by the local tanks and the consequent financial depression. President Madison signed the charter of the new bank. Its capital was thirty five of the new bank. Its capital was thirty five million dollars, of which the United States subscribed seven million dollars, the re-mainder being furnished by individuals.

APRIL 13, 1861: FORT SUMTER CAP-TURED BY THE CONFEDERATES. Ma-for Anderson, the commandant of the fort, kept the enemy at bay during the preced-ing day and night, but realizing the hope-lessness of defense, and in order to save the remnant of his little garrison, he gave up the contest. This was the opening scene of that great tragic drama which only ter minated four years later.

addition of one star for every state in the Union. The flag at this time (1901) displays thirteen stripes and forty five stars.

thirteen stripes and forty five stars.

APRIL 15, 1861: PRESIDENT LINCOLN ISSUED A CALL FOR 75,000 MEN. Fort Sumter's attack and capture made it absolutely imperative that violations of law and acts of rebellion against the republic should be suppressed by force, if necessary. The proclamation stated the purpose of the call to be to suppress the combinations which were opposing the laws and to cause the laws to be duly executed, and for these purposes the forces thus called would be used "to repossess the forts, places and property which had been selzed from the Union." Union.

Union."

APRIL 15, 1865: PRESIDENT LINCOLN DIED. Shortly after ten o'clock on the night of the 14th, while the President with Mrs. Lincoln and a small party of friends, was seated in a box in Ford's Theater, Washington, enjoying "Our American Cousin," he was shot in the head by John Wilkes Booth. The President only lived nine hours after his assassination. The whole nation was profoundly affected. From European governments and distinguished men everywhere came tokens and expressions of grief and sympathy. The remains of President Lincoln rest in Springfield, Illinois.

APRIL 18, 1847: MEXICANS DEFEATED.

field, Illinois.

APRIL 18. 1847: MEXICANS DEFEATED BY GENERAL SCOTT AT CERRO GORDO. This strong fortress, situated on the slope of the Cordilleras mountains, commanded the high road to the City of Mexico, which General Scott was desirous to reach. Santa Ana had twelve thousand men, with many batteries of guns, in and around this stronghold, while the attacking force numbered only eight thousand. Skill and bravery, however, obtained the victory, and Cerro Gordo was captured. Santa Ana, with eight thousand men, fied to the mountains. The victory cost the Americans four hundred and thirty one men, while the Mexican loss was twelve hundred killed and wounded and three thousand prisoners taken, with forty three cannon, five thousand stand of arms and other munitions of war.

APRIL 19, 1775: BATTLE OF LEXING-

cannon. Nee thousand stand of arms and other munitions of war.

APRIL 19, 1775: BATTLE OF LEXING-TON. General Gage, in command of the British troops at Boston, received information that a quantity of arms and ammunition had been received by the colonists and deposited at the village of Concord. He sent out eight hundred troops under Lieutenant-Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn, to seize them. The expedition became known and church bells, musketry and cannon roused the patriots to action. When Major Pitcairn with his troops arrived at Lexington he found himself opposed by Captain Jonas Parker and seventy of his comrades. Pitcairn at once commanded them to throw down their arms and disperse. The order was refused and the soldiers fired. Eight minute-men were killed, several were wounded and the others dispersed. The effect of this engagement was to rouse the people everywhere to resist with the utmost determination the oppression of Britain, and the war for independence had commenced.

APRIL 23, 1898: PRESIDENT McKIN-LEY CALLED FOR ONE HUNDRED

dependence had commenced.

APRIL 23, 1898: PRESIDENT McKIN-I.EY CALLED FOR ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY FIVE THOUSAND VOLUNTEERS. Spain having refused to accede to the American demand, that she at once relinquish her authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw her land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters, this government at once proceeded to enforce its demand by sending a fleet to blockade Cuba and by raising an army to expel the Spanish from that island.

APRIL 27, 1822: GENERAL U. S. GRANT

APRIL 27, 1822: GENERAL U. S. GRANT

BORN.

APRIL 30, 1803: LOUISIANA PUR-CHASED FROM FRANCE. This territory of the valley of the Mississippi was discovered by the French adventurer La Salle and was named by him in compliment to the French king Louis XIV. It was ceded by France to Spain in 1762, but was retroceded in 1800. Napoleon Bonaparte at this time contemplated sending an expedition to capture New Orleans, which, if carried out, would seriously interfere with the commerce of the western people. Negotiations were at once commenced for the purchase of the territory. The treaty of purminated four years later.

APRIL 14. 1818: PRESIDENT JOHNSON APPROVED OF ACT ESTABLISHING A UNITED STATES FLAG. By resolution of the Continental Congress on June 14. 1777. the flag of the United States was declared to be "thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white, on a blue field, representing a new constellation." At Brandywine river the new flag was first raised in battle, and Great Britain saw the stars and stripes unfuried in London on the day when George III. acknowledged America's independence. As new states were being added to the Union, a revision of the flag was found necessary, and the committee appointed for that purpose recommended the retention of the original thirteen stripes with the



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CENTS. RURAL YOUNG PEOPLE, Milton, Pa.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN TACKLE AND SOMETHING ABOUT FISHING

J. HARRINGTON KRENE

(Begun in March Number.)

The next thing you must provide is a line. Now you cannot make a reel line, but one of fifty feet of good strong linen or even silk twist does not cost more than a trifle. You will have to buy this, and when you are saving your pocket money for this you should include the purchase of a dressing for it. This consists of half a pound of paraffine wax and one ounce of resin, which must be melted together over a slow fire in an enameled agate saucepan. When it has



Fig. 8. Way to Loop in Leader.

simmered for fifteen minutes, take it off the fire and immerse your line. Let the latter remain till the mixture begins to cool so that you can handle the line without burning yourself. Then take this out, and rapidly draw it thrugh a wet rag, so as to remove the superfluous dressing. Stretch it between nails on the wall, and rub it with the rag till you have a smooth surface. This is the easiest applied, and smoothest dressing for all kinds of lines, with which I am acquainted, and it is a perfect preservative from rotting.

The next part of your tackle to be considered is the leader. This is a transparent line from two to three feet long connecting the snell or gut line on which the hook is tied, with the main or dressed line. Now a leader should be made of silkworm gut strands, which are bought by the hundred from the tackle stores, but may be difficult for my young friends to get. In this case horsehair will serve in its place, and even to this day in some parts of England, the stout strands from a gray or white horse's tail are used in preference to the silkworm gut. Take two or three hairs and steep them in a little lukewarm water. This softens them.



Then form a loop with one end of them, and

Fig. 9. Way to Join a Leader. make a single knot like Fig. 8 and draw it tight; snip off the stray ends with a sharp pair of shears. (I advise taking two or three strands, so that the strength of the leader may be sufficient.) To join this length to another, the knot shown at Fig. 9 is thus tied. Take the two ends together and tie one single knot, and pull tight. Cut off the loose ends as before. Continue this tying till you have made your leader say three feet. Then tie another loop, in the same way as be-fore (Fig. 8) and you have finished this piece of tackle. The hook is tied on the silkworm gut all ready for fishing and sold by the tackle stores, but you can buy the hooks separate and tie them on

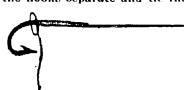


Fig. 10. Way to Tie on a Hook.

hair yourself, if you choose. Two or three strands of hair should be used. One end is tied in a loop (Fig. 8) and the other is pleased on the walls. other is placed on the under side of the hook shank and wound tightly round with waxed thread or silk. To tie this thread a loop should be formed at the finish of the winding and the end slipped through it in what is known as a "half hitch." This should be repeated for security, and the waxed binding is to be varnished, with white shellac varnish-though this is not absolutely necessary. White shellac varnish is made by dissolving the bleached shellac in alcohol, but a small quantity can be obtained for a few cents at any paint seller's.

water. A very simple and effective

sinker can be made by any THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF TH from boy piece of lead

Fig. 11. Load Wire Sinker. wire. He can even cut a strip from a flattened piece of lead pipe, and form it with his jackknife. Having a piece of three or four inches long, he winds it corkscrew-like around a stiff wire, until it assumes the shape of Fig. 11. The line is passed into the coils as shown in the diagram and the end loop of the coil is then closed in on the line, holding the line and

sinker in position. With the foregoing simple tackle the young angler need not be afraid to approach the stream for any of the fishes within his reach.

Every angler welcomes the month of sunshiny smiles and rainy tears, for in it trout-fishing begins, and the French people say that the trout is the poisson d'Avril-the "fish of April"-in very truth. In some states it is true, the middle of the month is reached ere the law permits angling for this fish, but in the meanwhile the lowly but toothsome brook sucker, and the greedy pickerel serve the young angler as a relish for the trout fishing ahead, and the user of the rod is not therefore without occupation in the interval.

Whether the season for trout opens on the first or the fifteenth, according to locality, the date can make no difference to the fascination of the sport. All through the dreary winter months the angler has been looking forward to his first day with the beautiful "salmon of the fountains" (salmo fontinalis) and now it has come, or is near, it is time to recall some of the primary rules which should govern the young fisher who would follow the example of his elders and "a-trouting go."

Most of the fishing done by my young friends will be in the many streams wherein trout delight, and the rod suitable for these fish and waters should not be difficult to obtain or make for oneself according to the directions given in the March number of THE AMERICAN BOY. It is well that this rod or pole or wand-for it is so named in different localities-should be light and as long as may be compatible with the reach of the angler. It is best as long as may be, for this reason: The farther the angler stands away from the water the better is his chance of being unseen by the trout, and as that Nestor of anglers. Seth Green, used to say, "when angling you don't want the fish to know you are in the same county." The rod is best to be light in weight, as every one knows when he is trudging home at night with a load of fish. The lighter the rod at

that time the better. The great painter, Opie, when asked what he mixed his colors with to produce such wonderful pictures, replied, "with brains, sir!" and when the question of how tackle and baits are applied to catch trout, a similar answer may be made. It is not the rod or the other tackling or even the bait, so much as it is the brains with which they are used that do the business. So do not be discouraged if at first you cannot afford a fine rod and reel, but do your best by observation and watchfulness of the habits of the fish to deserve them. You will no doubt obtain them in good time.

The line should be either of linen or silk, and the reel of the homemade pattern will serve admirably. Attach thereto the leader as described above, and let your hook be of the same size honed on a piece of emery stone, or filed with a little file.



Fig. 12. How to Bait Hook.

The bait you will use in all probability in the early part of the season, is the common earthworm, that you dig up in sheltered places. Now do not wait till you actually need these angle-

sometimes also for them-a sinker is them at least a week before you want the may be abroad roving for food, but wanted to carry the line down in the them. Have a good large receptacle so that they will not be crowded, and spread on the bottom of it, a thick layer of damp but clean moss. Place the worms on the top of this, and as they crawl down into it, they will be cleansed of all dirt and impurity, and become tough and lively, and of a semi-transparent pink or coral hue. A trout is always tempted more surely by a worm prepared in this way. If you are fishing with one who prefers his bait un-cleansed and dirty, you will have a chance to test the superiority in the day's result, of this process of prepara-

> The way to bait the hook is shown by Fig. 12. Always enter the hook at the head and the worm will slide on with ease. If you wish to use a large worm, as compared with the size of the hook, break off a piece of the worm or loop it. A large worm is sometimes the only kind of bait that will attract a large trout.

When you find, as is sometimes the case, that the fish are only nibbling at



Fig. 13. Three-hook Tackle.

the bait, and that you do not hook them with any certainty, it is a good plan to tie three hooks about half an inch above each other on the snell, and loop on the worm as shown in Fig. 13. Very often the biting trout takes all three hooks and swallows them. You will then have some trouble in getting them free, but not if you use a simple little tool termed "disgorger," Fig. 14, which is easily made by cutting through each side of a willow or alder stick of about the thickness of a lead pencil, and passing the groove (at A) down to the bend of the hook, and so forcing out the barb from the flesh of the imprisoned fish. A careful study of this tool (Fig. 14) will show its utility wherever a hook cannot be detached by the fingers alone from the throat of the fish.

When you have caught a fish do not strike it on the head to kill it, but do it humanely in this way: Take it tightly in the left hand below the gills, then place the ball of the thumb of the right hand in the roof of the fish's mouth, and with a sharp click break the neckbone. This destroys sensation at once and surely kills without pain. A very large fish must, of course be killed in the ordinary way, as its neck bone is too strong to be dislocated by means of the



Fig. 14. Disgorger.

thumb. Always keep your fish covered from the light and air, and if you want them to retain their beautiful colors till you can show them to your friends, take with you some fine tissue paper, and roll each fish up in it as it is taken from the water. You can wash off the paper, and the fishes will emerge at the end of the day, in all their pristine beauty.

Where to fish, may fitly conclude this article. Assuming you are brook fishing, the following rules are worth "pasting in your hat." Never pass a deep hole, without giving it at least from ten to twenty minutes close searching. In early spring trout are more sluggish than they are later, when the water is warmer, and are therefore apt to be in deep water. Do not pass by trouty spots because they are apparently impossible to get at. Rather wind your line around the tip end of 'your rod till only the hook dangles from it, and carefully approaching so as to make as little noise as possible, thrust the tip through and uncoil the line by turning the rod till sufficient is freed to enable you to reach the envied spot. Then having hooked the largest fish of the day, do not lose your presence of mind, and get your line hung up and tangled in the bushes where you have jerked out the fish, only to see the latter wriggle down into the water again with a flip of the tail and-good bye!

Especially try with care all nooks and crannies near bridges and sunken logs. Wherever there is room for the trout to In angling for all fish but trout—and worms, before digging them, but procure hide, there he will be. At certain times

he seldom does this. The trout is a solitary and quiet natured fish, and usually watches from his covert for food to come to him. Randal Holme in that wonderful old English book, "An Acad emy of Armory," says of this fish 'Trout are emblems of quiet calm and gentleness, such as love not to be in troubled waters, or to be tossed to and fro by the blustering of wicked and malevolent spirits, but rather live quiet at home than enjoy abundance through labor and trouble." If this be so, then surely the trout may teach us all a lesson to avoid strife, and "go a-ang





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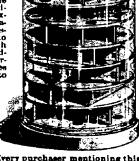
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All correspondence for this department should be sent to Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, Pittsfield, Mass. Long articles cannot be used.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION velcomes members of all ages, and any one who is interested in any form of natural science is invited.

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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.

Sentiment and Science.

What is called "popular science" in these days is in danger of being spoiled by senti-ment and imagination. Our most popular writers and lecturers know that people can be made to feel more easily than they

can be made to feel more easily than they can be led to think.

There is strong temptation, therefore, to secure popular interest in animals, and even in flowers, by fancifully investing them with human sensibilities and human powers of mind. Some even translate the growls and the howls of bears and foxes into human speech, and tell tearful audicnces what the dear wild creatures say to each other in their homes, and on their travels; and breathe so much poetry into their narrative as to raise the death of a marauding wolf into a pathetic tragedy of love and sacrifice.

This temptation the Agassiz Association

This temptation the Agassiz Association has strongly felt, but consistently resisted. The aim of science is truth. The purpose of scientific education is the development of the power of clear seeing and accurate

Poetry and emotion are good in their Poetry and emotion are good in their clace, perhaps they are better and more enduring than knowledge; but poetry and science do not mix well. If it be true that "Christian science" falls because it is "neither Christian" nor science," it is equally true that poetical science must fail, because it is neither poetry nor science. The kindergarten is in greater danger of failure on this account than on any other. Children are shown a white pebble, and Children are shown a white pebble, and are encouraged to call it a "dear little white lamb," or a "pale little princess," or anything in the world except what it is—a

white lamb." or a "pale little princess." or anything in the world except what it is—a white pebble.

"Societies for the prevention" rarely escape this peril. The sufferings of bereaved mother birds and butterflies are placed on an equal footing with human grief. A curious phase of this excessive sentimentalism is its exaggerated regard for beauty. We are taught that it is cruel to kill a butterfly or an eagle because they are so beautiful; while a caterpillar and an English sparrow may properly be killed because they are ugly. Yet the butterfly is the parent of the caterpillar, and if caterpillars are to be destroyed, it is both economical and merciful to make the single death of the parent render needless the destruction of many of its offspring; and the homeliest lamb of the farmer's flock deserves as much consideration as the eagle that tears it in pieces. These are but a few illustrations of the evils of unthinking emotion. They are seen on a broader scale in the senseless opposition to vaccination, and the ignorant outcry against vivisection.

We yield to none in devotion to all deeds of mercy, gentleness and love, but these virtues are not best promoted by telling

of mercy, gentleness and love, but these virtues are not best promoted by telling

The Little Red Ant.

Yesterday afternoon, while the sun was quite warm. I noticed ants busily spreading grains of sand about. Two hours later I noticed the ants coming up out of their hole and carrying the sand down with them. I think they took the sand down to warm their underground house.—Percival S. Bradford, Placentia, California. [Will Percival kindly observe the ants in one of the hottest kindly observe the ants in one of the hottest days of midsummer, and see whether they do the same thing then? Ed.]

Trilobites.

I think the question in the February number of THE AMERICAN BOY about trilodites has not been answered. Webster says, "Any one of numerous species of extinct arthropods, so named from the three lobes usually seen on each section." Leslie G. Davis, Sleepy Eye, Minn.

Snake and Catfish.

Walking on the shore of a mill pond near lake Winola, I saw a big water snake with a catfish in its mouth. When the snake got to shore it began to shake the fish.



the snake and let the fish go, but it had a hole in its side where the snake had bitten it.—William J. Wilcox, 112 Linden street, Scranton, Pa.

Animal Burials.

I saw on your page in THE AMERICAN BOY that you wished an account of an animal burial. I had a cat with four kittens. One died, and I watched the cat carry it to a shed—and eat it.—Karl Bicker, 1209 Washington street, Kansas City, Mo. A small pug dog gave birth to seven pups, and when they were one day old, I saw her breaking their necks. I did not interfere, but watched to see what she would do. After killing one she carried it off to a hole she had dug. This was repeated until she had killed them all and put them in the hole. She then covered them up.

About two days after she was seen eating one of the pups. She continued this until they were all gone, although she was well fed all the time. This is the truth.—R. Emmet McCann, Mena, Arkansas.

PUTTING TAGS ON LIVE FISH.

Each Tag Numbered and a Record Kept So That the Fish May be Identified.

FROM THE WASHINGTON TIMES.

It seems rather an odd idea to fasten metal tags to marine fishes and then let them loose in the ocean with the idea of identifying them as individuals in case they

them loose in the ocean with the idea of identifying them as individuals in case they happen to be caught at a future time; but this is what the United States fish commission is doing Just now with cod, 1,500 of which have been duly tagged and released this year. No two tags are alike, the markings on them being stamped in a series of letters and numbers, record of which is kept in a book in such a manner that if a tagged codfish turns up a moment's reference to the memoranda will furnish the history of that particular specimen, with date of liberation, weight, etc. Only "brood fish"—that is, spawning females—are tagged. They are bought from fishermen, stripped of their eggs at Wood's Hole, Mass., and liberated in the waters of Vineyard sound, after having the tags attached to them. The tag is a small piece of copper, securely fastened by a wire passing through a fin near its junction with the body. The tag is very light, and its attachment in the manner described does no harm whatever to the animal. During the last few months the fish commission has distributed a circular all along the coast of New England, requesting that whenever a cod with a tag comes into the hands of a fisherman or other person, he shall remove the piece of metal and send it to the commis-

England, requesting that whenever a cod with a tag comes into the hands of a fisherman or other person, he shall remove the piece of metal and send it to the commission stationed at Wood's Hole, together with a brief statement as to the date on which the fish was caught, where it was captured, its weight before dressed, its length and the condition of its roe.

The object of the tagging is to ascertain the rate at which a cod grows, the frequency of its spawning and the extent of its travels in the ocean. There is reason to believe that the future of the cod fishery off the New England coast must depend mainly upon artificial hatching. The hatching of cod eggs and the planting of fry in those waters have been carried on for several years, and already the fishery shows a notable improvement, apparently due to this work. During the present year, the work coming to an end April 1, there were planted in New England waters 250,000,000 cc dfish.

Forms of Snow and Ice.



This snow crystal (Fig. 1) was seen Feb. 9, 1901, at Troy. Temperature 20 above zero; direction of the wind was north, but there was not much of it.—H. Bosworth McChesney. 2446 Fifth avenue, Troy, N. Y.

avenue, Troy, N. Y.

The following illustration of a snowflake (Fig. 2) was drawn Feb. 15, 1901. As
I was about my morning work I noticed
a very large snow-flake on my coat sleeve.
It was a very curiously-shaped
one. I thought, for I had not
noticed one in particular before.
I carried it into the shed and
carefully laid it on a woolen
blanket. The weather was very
cold, so it did melt. I got my
magnifying glass and examined
it with care, and found that it
had six points, each very curiously shaped.
At the time when I found this snow-flake
the wind was blowing from the north, but
not very hard. The temperature was five
below zero.—Yours truly. Arthur P. Woods.
Bath, N. H.

El Reno, Okla., Feb. 12, 1901.

H. H. Ballard, Pittsfield, Mass.:

Dear Sir—On a recent trip to the South Canadian River, I noticed under the trees a great many plant-like forms of ice, which lifted up the leaves which covered the ground and held them up on their light will you kindly return them? J. R. P.



They were or fourteen tops. They were twelve or fourteen inches high and spread out something like celery tops. They were about a mile from the river, and in a soll which was sandy for a great depth. I broke them depth. I broke them off two or three inches below the surface, but this gave no indication of how leep they might extend.

There were thousands of them and well deserved a photograph but I can only send

deserved a photograph, but I can only send you a drawing (rig. 3).—Preston A. Murray, El Reno, Okla.

Enclosed find the drawing of a snow crystal (Fig. 4) I caught this morning (Feb. 22) on a black cloth. The temperature was 26 degrees F. The general direction of the



wind was toward the northeast. It was not blowing hard. My cousin also saw one (Fig. 5).—Harry K. Dick, 106 S. Ninth street, Reading, Pa.

Rearing Moths and Butterflies.

1427 Nixon St., Allegheny, Pa., Jan. 24,1901 Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, President, A. A.:

Dear Sir—Last summer we had sunflowers in our yard, and I noticed some caterpillars on them. I placed sunflower leaves in two pasteboard boxes. Next I caught some of the caterpillars, called the "woolly bear," from the innumerable brown hairs, which cover the body (Fig. 1). Later

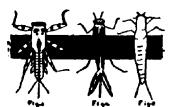


found a caterpillar like the one shown in I found a caterplilar like the one shown in Fig. 2. This was green, and proved to be the larva of the Hawk moth (Fig. 2). It was thick-bodied, covered with little protuberances, and had on each side whitish stripes, edged with red or yellow. After some days the larvae of the Tiger moth (Fig. 1) wound themselves up in cocoons consisting largely of their outer hairs. Yours truly, John A. Musgrave.

WaterInsects—Who Will Name Them?

Watertown, N. Y., Sept. 24, 1900.

Watertown, N. Y., Sept. 24, 1909.
Dear Mr. Ballard:
I send you herewith two pages from my notebook. You will see that they are drawings of three insects. As I had no magnifying-glass with me, I could not observe them very closely. While walking along the stony bed of a sluggish creek I turned up a stone which lay in the water and found a number of these curious creatures



crawling along on the under side of the rock. Nos. I. and II. were particularly odd, walking on six feet, but when in the water, waving their tails like a fish. On each side of No. I. were two paddles (you might call them) which kept continually waving. No. II. had a tail of three fin-like parts. No. III., I thought, was in an undeveloped state and would in time resemble the others. The bodies of all these were somewhat transparent. When I replaced the stone, a number of minnows flocked to the spot, thus showing (I thought) that the three insects were part of their food.

Whether these observations are definite enough, I know not, but I hope they will entitle me to admission into the association.

Report of the Secretary of Chapter 132, A. A., Buffalo, N. Y., for 1900.

The year past has been a prosperous one in the history of Chapter 122. The meetings have been well attended and many interesting lectures were given by friends of the chapter. chapter.

chapter.
At a special meeting held on April 15th, between the officers of the Chapter and those of the B. S. N. S., the custody of the Crosby Collection of Minerals was formally given over to the Society of Natural Sciences by the director, Dr. Amadeus W. Graban, thus relieving the Chapter of all responsibility in regard to letting them out to the public for use.

Five new members have been added dur-

to the public for use.

Five new members have been added during the year.

The Chapter was represented by Miss M.

A. Fleming at the International Geological Congress, held the past summer in Parls.

Excursions were frequent during the spring and fall, the Chapter joining forces with the Naturalists' Field Club. A special excursion to Windmill Point was made possible by the kindness of Maj. T. W. Symons in placing his boat at the disposal of the chapter. It was a most enjoyable occasion and much valuable information was gained.

gained.
It is to be hoped that the new year will be even more prosperous than the past and that it will witness renewed activity among the members with the birth of the new century. Respectfully submitted, Imagene C. Strickler, secretary. January 10, 1901-

Everybody is cordially invited to join the Agassiz Association.

Reports of the Fifth Century, Chapters 401-500, should reach the President by May I. Address, H. H. Ballard, Pittsfield, Mass.



STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

" Exercise should consist not only of physical recreation, but of mental enjoyment as well."

Cycling as a healthful and pleasurable exercise offers the greatest opportunities to riders of the

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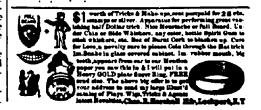
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BOYS IN THE HOME, CHURCH AND SCHOOL

Aunt Em's Letter to Little Boys

The readers of THE AMERICAN BOY in the early part of last year will remember "Aunt Em's Letters to Little Boys." These "Aunt Em's Letters to Little Boys." These letters stopped quite suddenly, and the reason for it was that "Aunt Em" had gone to Europe and was too busy traveling about and seeing the sights to think of the hundreds of little boys who had formed her acquaintance through the pages of this paper. Now that she is home again she evidently feels some remorse over her neglect. We shall doubtless hear from her often now neglect. Worten now.

Dear Boys:

As you will read from the following letter, I have a faithful friend in Bob, who wants to become your friend as well. He wants to know you, and learn something of your school life. I think he has been very good to write so fully about his, don't you? What I want you to do, if you will, is to write me just how far you think Bob is right in what he says. Will you? Then, next month, I will have your letter published—or the best one of the many I hope to receive.

Bob told me that he "really would very much like to know of your idea as to how schools in the West should be conducted, and just how far a fellow can put up with the way principals run their schools."

You see, he don't seem to remember that many times the poor man has to do what his Board of Trustees plans for

Now, dear boys, let me hear from you soon, and I shouldn't wonder if we might do real good to the teachers and principals of eastern and western schools if they hear honest opinions from earnest boys.

It seems a long time since I last wrote you, but having returned from Europe, I hope to give you more time. Write me "care of THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit Mich."

With many good wishes, I remain, Your sincere friend, "AUNT EM."

Dear Aunt Em:

I have, at your request, written this brief account of my school. I live about lifteen minutes' walk from our institute and my school sessions begin at nine

and my school sessions begin at nine o'clock.

First comes the chapel exercises, and we take advantage of this period to study our Latin from papers concealed in our song books. Once my teacher discovered me doing this and justly allotted to me an hour's time in which to think over my wrongdoing after school. There is always a basket ball game or something of that nature that deserves your interest and makes you wish you had been better. It you happened to be staying after school that day. Or, sometimes school studies demand our attention, such as an unfinished grammar or arithmetic test, a spelling lesson not learned, and many other things.

Our teacher is very kind to me and to show her that I appreciate her kindness, but more, I am afraid, for a safe guarantee of a free afternoon, I have tried to be very good lately.

We have an hour's time given to us to eat our lunch, but most of us hurriedly gulp down a sandwich or a piece of cake and throw the rest away and hurry down to the gymnasium, where we are sure of having a good time. I and several other boys have been prohibited from entering the gymnasium as the result of tossing a "grind" in a blanket.

There exists a deadly enmity between

rine gymnasium as the result of tossing a "grind" in a blanket.

There exists a deadly enmity between a public school around the corner and my school, and I cannot tell what caused it; neither can I tell who started it, but it will suffice to say that it is there, and when will suffice to say that it is there, and when the fellows from the public school come on the premises of my school, nothing short of a "cop" can stop the fight. I have, from bitter experience, learned to swallow my wrath and wait until it is safe to battle with the fellows without bring seen by the piercing eyes of the professors, who report to the principal.

I would like to have a western boy tell me about his school and school life, as I am an easterner of eleven years and a half and hope a boy of my own age will answer.

Very truly yours.

"BOB."

Study in the evening is not good for boys. It usually breaks into the sleep habit; it tends to gorge the brain with blood. It makes dreams. If a boy is nervous lock up his books at four o'clock. Let him play and romp and then go to bed.

Nearly Correct, We Should Say.

McLeansboro, Ill., Feb. 2d, 1901. ir. Wm. C. Sprague, Editor, THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich. Dear Sir:

It is plain. I think, that the masses of the American people do not attend church; and the statement was made a few years ago by no less an authority than the New York Christian Herald that eighty five per cent. of American boys between the ages of twelve and twenty one do not go to church or Sunday school. Please inform me, if in your opinion, the latter statement is approximately true. If not, correct, please give the per cent. of boys from twelve to twenty one that you think do not attend church and Sunday school.

Stamp enclosed for reply.

Very respectfully,

GEORGE K. EDWARDS.

How Some Boys Were Taught Reverence.

The irreverence of his choir and Sunday school was a sore worry to a certain rector. Exhortation and expostulation seemed to be in vain. So long as he was present to keep order in choir and Sunday school, there was outward quiet. But when he was absent, things were done which tried his heart. Matters culminated one day in the breaking of the credence table, beside the altar, by the choir boys "playing tag," running through the chancel, jumping on the credence, and thence leaping over the partition into the ambulatory behind the altar. Of course no one with authority was present at the time. Something had to be done. Mere angry rebuke had proved useless in the past. It might stop particular acts, but the rector realized that he would go on haranguing for one misdeed after another, all his days, unless somehow he could convert the spirit of the boys into reverence.

He thought, and he prayed. He began at once quietly but firmly. He established a rule for all the Sunday school and choir: On entering and leaving church, they must bow to the altar. They practiced it in Sunday school, and the choir on Sunday began it, going in and out of service. There was some protest. Some of the con-The irreverence of his choir and Sunday

GENERAL LAWTON'S SON, WITH HIS PET AND A FILIPING SERVANT. Photograph by Professor Dean Worcester, of the United States Philippine Commission.

A Boy With a Kind Heart.

The other day a horse was trying to get a very small quantity of oats from the depths of a very small nosebag. In vain the poor fellow tossed his head and did his best to gain his dinner. At last, just as he was settling down to dumb and despairing patience, a bright-faced boy of perhaps ten or twelve years of age happened along. Seeing the dilemma of the horse, the little fellow stopped and said: "Halloa, can't get your oats, can you? Never mind. I'll fix you!" And straightway he shortened up the straps that held the bag in place, and with a kindly pat and a cheery word which the grateful horse seemed to appreciate, went his way. I would like to be the mother or the aunt or even the first cousin to that boy. I would rather that he should belong to me than own a Paganini violin or a first-water diamond the size of a Concord grape. Bless his heart, wherever he is, and may he long centinue to live in a world that needs him. Kindness of heart, and tenderness, consideration for the needs of the helpless and the weak, and the courage that dares to rentions of heart, and tenderness, consideration for the needs of the helpless and the weak, and the courage that dares to be true to a merciful impulse, are traits that go far toward the make-up of angels. We need tender-hearted boys more than we need a new tariff to bring up and develop the resources of the country."—Our Dumb Animals.

If you have any fault to find with any one tell him, not others.

The chances are that a boy who leads in school will be a leader in after life.

Let Man can run about ten miles an hour and d. jump about twenty three feet at his best.

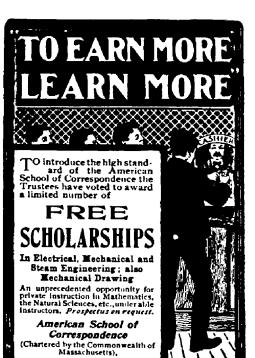
gregation sneered, others criticized. The rector said nothing, but he kept on with his plan. Twelve months passed, and at the end of that time, the priest joyfully recognized that he had found a solution for the problem of irreverence. To-day without fear he would leave his boys and girls alone in church, or Sunday school, if need be. Not one would dare enter the chancel, where that awesome thing is, to-wards which they bow—the only thing in their lives, as young Americans, to which they ever had to pay reverence. And talking in church has become at most a subdued whisper, in the presence of that solemn, mysterious altar that commands their obeisance. their obeisance.

The rector is not particularly a ritualist, but there is one bit of ritual he would not relinquish for any price—and that is bowing towards the altar.

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BOYS IN THE OFFICE, STORE, FACTORY, AND ON THE FARM

..........

Be Worth It.

The reason for the clerk not getting a larger salary is mostly his own fault. He so fears doing more than he is paid for, that he continually stands in his own way of promotion. In the cities of thirty thousands and and less the merchants are unable to hire a man specially for the writing of advertisements. He who takes care of the ad. part must also help in any other manner which may present itself. He must be clerk. Why not reverse it? Why not manner which may present user. He must be clerk. Why not reverse it? Why not clerk become ad. writer during his leisure hours? It will bring business to his store— increase the income of his employer. The proprietor in time cannot fail to feel the increased worth of the clerk. When he proprietor in time cannot fail to feel the increased worth of the clerk. When he realizes that the increased value of the clork is a permanent affair, up go the wages of the ambitious one. The fellow who finds time to complain of his compensation is not he who will get higher on the ladder of financial success. Don't wait. Push ahead. Make your presence felt. The advertising world has use for you, if you will only show your worth—prove your ability. Owing to the lack of the clerk's ambition, the merchant is not getting the necessary aid at present in his advertising. He goes to the newspaper with which he reades and they must help him to keep his ad, in their columns. Otherwise the ad, will not pay the merchant. Think of it, the time is not far distant when every country daily from necessity will have an adwriting department. The newspaper will not get extra pay for the service—the clerk will. Which shall it be, clerk or newspaper? You want the extra few dollars. Get in and get it. It's yours, if you only accept it. "Where there's a will there's a way." Remember that success comes from service—not otherwise.—Shoe and Leather Facts.

A Good Reference.

John was fifteen, and very anxious to get a desirable place in the office of a well-known lawyer who had advertised for a boy, but doubted his success, because,

boy, but doubted his success, because, being a stranger in the city, he had no reference to present.

"I'm afraid I'll stand a poor chance," he thought, despondently; "however, I'll try to appear as well as I can, for that may help me a little."

So he was careful to have his dress and

may help me a little."

So he was careful to have his dress and person neat, and when he took his turn to be interviewed, went in with his hat in his hand and a smile on his face.

The keen-eyed lawyer glanced him over from head to foot

m head to foot. Good face," he thought, "and pleasant

ways."

Then he noted the neat suit—but other boys had appeared in new clothes—saw the well brushed hair and clean looking skin. Very well, but there had been others there quite as cleanly; another glance, however, showed the finger-nails free from soil.

"Ah! that looks like thoroughness," thought the lawyer.

"Ah! that looks like thoroughness," thought the lawyer.

Then he asked a few direct, rapid questions, which John answered as directly. "Prompt," was his mental comment; can speak up when necessary Let's see your writing," he added aloud.

John took a pen and wrote his name. "Very well, easy to read, and no flourishes. Now what references have you?

The dreaded question, at last!

John's face fell. He had begun to feel some hope of success, but this dashed it again.

'I haven't any." he said, slowly; "I'm

almost a stranger in the city."
"Can't take a boy without references,"
was the brusque rejoinder, and as he spoke
a sudden thought sent a flush to John's

neek.
"I haven't any references," he said, with esitation, "but here's a letter from mother just received. I wish you would read it." The lawyer took it. It was a short letter: hesitation.

My Dear John: I want to remind you that wherever you find work you must consider that work your own. Don't go nto it, as some boys do, with the feeling that you will do as little as you can, and yet something better soon, but make up our mind you will do as much as possible, and make yourself so necessary to your employer that he will never let you go.

You have been a good son to me, and I an truly say I have never known you to hirk. Be as good in business, and I am ure God will bless your efforts.

"H'm!" said the lawyer, reading it over the second time. "That's pretty good advice, John—excellent advice. I rather think i'll try you, even without the references." John had been with him six years, and last spring was admitted to the bar. "Do you intend taking that young man into partnership?" asked a friend lately. "Yes, I do. I couldn't get along without John; he is my right hand man!" exclaimed the employer heartily.

And John always says the best reference he ever had was a mother's good advice and honest praise.—Sacred Heart Review.

Some one has said that the young man who wants to marry happily should pick out a good mother and marry one of her daughters any one will do.

"Work, Work, Work!"

Chauncey M. Depew has been an employer at times of as many as thirty five thousand men, and has been in close touch with institutions which employ a hundred thousand more. He says:

Most men fail in life from their own fault in not seizing the opportunities which come to them. What I mean is just this: I was in a large law office down town recently, and I said to the head of it, 'You are working yourself to death.' The head of every concern in this country is working himself to death because he cannot get the proper assistance. He said, 'Yes; and for this reason: look at that office full of clerks, every one of them watching me to see when I am out, so that they can fool away their time, and every one of them watching the clock to see when the time comes for them to leave. If there was among that body of young lawyers out there, and of clerks studying to be lawyers, any one who was willing to take up any work that I would send out there, and stay here all the afternoon and all the evening, and all the night if need be, as I did when I began, that man in a few years would be my partner; but there is not one, not one.'

"It is the rarest thing in the world to find a man who is taking wages or taking a salary who is willing to do any more than he knows he is hired to do. When you ask him to do anything outside of that, he wants to know if you are going to raise his wages or give him extra pay for it.

"You take any large counting house; you take any large factory; you take any large employment anywhere, and you will find that ninety nine out of every hundred, if the hour for quitting is five o'clock, at half past four have their eyes glued on the hands of the clock. you find among them one man who, when one of his fellows is sick says, 'Very well. I will do your work,' or when the work of the office has fallen behind, goes to the head of the office and says, 'All right. I will stay here until that is finished up, that man is certain to walk ahead and climb the ladder, if he keeps his health and stays where he is.

"If any one should ask me what is the

Thoroughness the Corner Stone of Success.

In the civil war times, when the entire financial interests of this country underwent sudden transition, a young man came very suddenly into a very commanding banking position. His influence was widely felt, and his remarkable ability quickly made him a power in money affairs. Added to stalwart honor and industry that knew no pause was his mastery of all the details of his business. But this knowledge was not a sudden acquisition. As a boy in a country bank, doing errands and attending to the office, he lost no proper opportunity to make himself familiar with every detail of the bookkeeping, the routine of all the bank business, and as a boy, before any responsibilities of an important character had come to him, he was thoroughly posted in all that could be learned in the limited sphere of a country bank. Thus began a distinguished and successful career.

That boy was father of the man he came to be. Intense application is needed always in the creation and maintenance of a business position. It demands the highest and most persistent devotion, second only in its obligation to religion. God first, business next, should be the aim of every young man struggling for place and promotion. A study of the careers of successful men is always most interesting, and I would suggest that there is no more profitable knowledge to be acquired by a young business man. But there should always be the limitation that comes with a proper definition of success. There are great and successful men, as the world goes, who may serve as models for work, but whose aims in life are so utterly unworthy-men who make money their god—as to be frightful examples of the debasing power of success, when money and position become an end and not an incident of life. Money is a good friend if rightly used. Power and influence are blessings when their use is controlled by lofty purposes. But money, power and influence, when controlled by selfishness, becomes a curse that debases the mind and corrupts the heart. Therefore, study men, but study them intelligently.

Robert C. Ogden in the Saturday Evening Post.

Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one. A friend made in such a way is dearly purchased.

secret of success in life, I should say, 'Work, Work, Work,'" P. D. Armour said: "An American boy counts one long before his time to vote."

FIVE AGES OF A FILIPINO.

About a year ago a Filipino dramatic company came from their native land to America and, after playing to small houses in several cities in the far West, were stranded in San Francisco, and had to be taken care of at the expense of the city. Finally enough money was raised to send them back to their native islands. Here is a picture of five out of the seventeen in the company. That little fellow at the end of the line ought to have been attraction enough to have supported the troupe.

Grand Central Station

New York.

The president of one of the great universities of New York says of it:
"Permit me to congratulate the company upon the marvelous transformation of Grand Central Station. I did not suppose there was any wand that had sufficient magic to bring out of the old station anything of such perfect adaptability and beauty."

This new palace, located in the very heart of the metropolis, is the New York terminal station of all the

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CAN I BECOME AN ELECTRICIAN



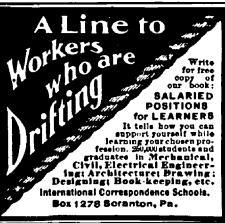
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CAPTAIN'S BADGE. Twice Actual Size.

Boys desiring to Organize Companies may obtain a Pamphlet from us containing the Directions published in the January and February Nos. of this Paper. It is sent free.

Letter from Headquarters of the Order of the American Boy to be Read

Before Each Company at Its March Meeting. The following letter was mailed to every Company Captain on or about its date:

My Dear Captain and Brothers of the Order:

I wish to congratulate you upon the suc-cessful organization of your Company, and urge you to do everything in your power to make the Company a large and prosperous

make the Company a large and prosperous one.

The Order of The American Boy is only a few weeks old, but has already met with popular endorsement, so as to encourage me to believe that it will be the largest and best organization of boys the world has ever seen.

I think you ought to be proud that your Company was one of the first to be organized, and in coming years you will recall with a great deal of pleasure this fact.

Already there are more than forty companies organized, some of them with more than a score of members. There are com-

panies organized, some of them with more than a score of members. There are companies in far off Alabama, Maine, California and even Canada, showing that the Order is going to be a national one in every sense of the word.

I am going to write a letter to each Company once a month, which letter must be rend at the first regular meeting of the Company after it has been received. In this letter I will tell you some things which I may not be able to tell you publicly in the pages of THE AMERICAN BOY, which paper is read by so many thousands of boys who are not fortunate enough or energetic enough to be members of companies.

I send you with this letter your Company charter, which I would advise you to have framed, and hung on the wall of the room where you meet.

where you meet.

I also send you with this letter a pamphlet containing much that you have already read in THE AMERICAN BOY, and some things in addition:

FREE LIBRARIES.

bound paper books that are sold at a few cents, but are in every case handsome, cloth bound books, beautifully illustrated,

that sell from seventy five cents to three dollars and fifty cents each.

If you cannot go out among your boy

Detroit, Mich., March 1, 1901.

circulation to high class boy literature; to cultivate in boys physical, mental and moral courage, and develop them along social, intellectual and moral lines; to cultivate purity of language and actions; to discourage idleness, and encourage honest sport and honest work; to cherish and emulate the examples of great and good men; to inculcate lessons of patriotism and love of country; to prepare boys for good citizenship; to cultivate reverence for the founders of our country, and to stimulate boys to all worthy endeavor.

> friends and induce them to become members of the Order of The American Boy and Join your Company with such a chance of getting reading at almost no cost to them, then I do not know what you could offer them that would build up your Com-

> pany.
> This free circulating library scheme is going to cost us considerable money, but we are bound to make the Order of The American Boy something that every boy in America, and every parent and friend of a boy, will approve of and delight to support.

port.

Another thing I take pleasure in announcing is the following:

THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY

A NATIONAL NON-SECRET SOCIETY FOR
AMERICAN BOYS.

Under the Auspices of "THE AMERICAN BOY."

Object:—The Cultivation of Manliness in Muscle,
Mind and Morals.

The object more definitely stated: To promote mutual and helpful friendships among boys; to give wider circulation to high class boy literature: to cultivate in want to promote mutual and helpful friendships among boys; to give wider circulation to high class boy literature: to cultivate in want to pumper another trial at once. The contestant must not carry weights in making the jump. He must start with both heels just touching the line. If there is a tie, the persons tied should jump until the tied score is beaten. When each of the contestants has had three trials, the umplre will forward to me, over his signature, the name, age, address and measurement of jump of the boy over fifteen, and the name, age, address and measurement of jump of the boy over fifteen. He will give the jumper another trial at once. The contestant must not carry weights in making the jump. He must start with both heels just touching the line. If there is a tie, the persons tied should jump until the tied score is beaten. When each of the contestant must not carry weights in making the jump. He must start with both heels just touching the line. If there is a tie, the persons tied should jump until the tied score is beaten. When each of the contestant must not carry weights in making the jump. He must start with both heels just touching the line. If there is a tie, the persons tied should jump until the tied score is beaten. When each of the contestant with both heels just touching the line. If there is a tie, the persons tied should jump until the tied score is beaten. When each of the contestant with both heels just touching the line. If there is a tie, the persons tied should jump until the tied score is beaten. When each of the contestant with both heels just touching the line. If there is a tie, the persons tied should jump until the tied score is

We do not want the records of all the

will give the ages of the two boys.

We do not want the records of all the jumpers.

When we have received the records of all the Companies, giving the best jumps made in each Company, we will compare them, and confer on the two boys of each Company who have the best records one "degree" each, and to the boy over fifteen years of age making the best jump made by any boy (over tifteen) of the Order throughout the United States and Canada we will give a silver medal and the title, "American Boy Standing Long Jump Champion." To the boy under fifteen years of age a silver medal and the title, "American Boy Standing Long Jump Junior Champion." The records of the winners in each Company and of the championship medals will appear in THE AMERICAN BOY, with their portraits, if we can get photographs. Now you have over a month in which to practice and I want every boy in the Order to get on his jumping legs and go to work. Of course, there will be some long-legged boys who will have the advantage, but I have known some short-legged fellows who have surprised themselves and their friends with the way they could stretch out when they tried. If I were a boy, in years, as I am in heart, I would practice every day from now on until April 13th.

The third Saturday in May will be 'he

Companies Organized Since Feb. 20.

Bear State Company, No. 2, Division of California, Orange, Cal.; Captain Lavern-Parker. River View Company, No. 1, Division of California, Rio Vista, Cal.; Captain Perc.

California, Rio Vista, Cal.; Captain Fercy, Foord.

Horace Greeley Company, No. 2, Division of Colorado, Greeley, Colo., Captain Free, Judson Rupe.

Oglethorpe Company, No. 1, Division of Georgia, Culloden, Ga., Captain L. H. Fitz-

patrick.

James G. Blaine Company, No. 2, Division of Maine, Augusta, Me.; Captain Nathan S. Weston.

James G. Blaine Company, No. 2, Division of Maine, Augusta, Me.; Captain Nathan S. Weston.

Winthrop Murray Crane Company, No. 4. Division of Massachusetts, Pittsfield, Mass.: Captain Frank North.

Gencral N. P. Banks Company, No. 3. Division of Massachusetts, Waltham. Mass.; Captain George H. Stone.

Ethan Allen Company, No. 5, Division of Massachusetts, Worcester, Mass.; Captain H. B. Thurston.

Theodore Roosevelt Company, No. 4. Division of Michigan, Chesaning, Mich.: Captain Harvey O. Chapman.

Aaron T. Bliss Company, No. 3, Division of Michigan, Lansing, Mich.; Captain Leo C. Allen.

The Cuban Athletic Club, Company No. 7. Division of New York, Cuba, N. Y.; Captain Carlos Lacey.

Governor Roosevelt Company, No. 5, Division of New York, Binghamton, N. Y.. Captain Hilliard Proctor.

DeWitt Clinton Company, No. 6, Division of New York, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Captain C. Barrett Bowne.

Hayes Company, No. 4, Division of Ohio. Lindsay, Ohio; Captain Cecil Overmyer.

Andrew Carnegle Company, No. 3. Division of Pennsylvania, Ailegheny, Pa.; Captain Elmer H. Maler.

Lone Star Company, No. 1, Division of Texas, Ennis, Tex.; Captain Lee Haynes.

Marcus Whitman Company, No. 1, Division of Washington, Seattle, Wash.; Captain Walter B. Phillips.

"Old Abe" Company, No. 2, Division of Ontario, Toronto, Ont.; Captain Lou Warnica.

nica.

American Boy Field Days

Third Saturday of Every Month

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

The Order of The American Boy

April Field Day is April 13th

Contest: Standing Long Jump

AMERICAN BOY FIELD DAYS.

The third Saturday of each month will be known as "American Boy Field Day." On that day in every month all the Companies of the Order will compete for a prize. The next field day will be Saturday, April 13th. At ten o'clock on the morning of April 13th, the members of every Company in the Order will assemble at some convenient place to be selected by the Company, and there in the presence of some grown person, man or woman, each member of the Company will try his skill at the standing long jump. The man or woman selected will act as umpire and keep the record of the jumps, decide all points of difference, establish the line from which the jump is made, take the measurement of each jump, and see that the contest is fair in every respect. Each member entering the contest will make three separate trials, a few minutes apart. The contestant will stand heel to the line, and the measure will be taken from the line to the point where the heel of the hindmost foot marks the earth, when the jump is made. If, on lightling, the contestant falls backward, the measurement is made from the line to the point where his hands strike the earth. It will be well to have some soft earth on the ground at the point where the jumper lights, so that the mark made on lighting may be distinct. If there is an honest doubt in the mind of the umpire as to where the jumper lights, he The third Saturday of each month will FREE LIBRARIES.

It tells you about the free circulating libraries which are going to start out from Detroit to visit the Companies, and which we hope will visit every Company in the United States. We have now ten of these libraries ready to be shipped, and just as soon as there are six Companies in any State, we will start the libraries into that State. You will see that all a Company has to pay to get the use of four libraries of five books each for a total of eight months is fifty cents on receiving notice from us that it is ready to be shipped, and the express charges on the books from some near-by point, which should not amount to more than from twenty five to lifty cents. If there are two Companies in one town, and I hope that will be the case in many towns, this charge for expressage will not be made, as the libraries can be delivered by hand from one librarian, or captain to another.

Ohto will doubtless be the first State to organize six Companies. To-day we received news of the organization of the fifth Company in that State, and within the next few days we shall receive notice of the sixth, as they are coming fast

This circulating library scheme is the greatest scheme ever put into operation for the benefit of boys. Just think of it! for a total of not over forty cents a year for each member of a Company, or even less than that, per member, if there are more than ten, each boy in the Company will have the opportunity to read in the course of a year over twenty five dollars' worth of the very latest and best of boys' books. These books are not the cheap-bound paper books that are sold at a few cents, but are in every case handsome, cloth bound books. beautifully fillustreted

May Field Day, and a contest of some kind for that day will be announced in my next

letter.

We wish every Company, whatever the Company may be organized for, to take part in this contest, as every boy needs the advantage to be gained from the exercise thus to be obtained.

In conclusion let me hope that your Company is harmonious, and that you are not

In conclusion let me hope that your Company is harmonious, and that you are not allowing any quarrels, or any strife, to enter. Let there be honorable rivairy, and much of it. When once you have elected officers, be loyal to them, and support them to the best of your ability. Above all, get a big Company.

Succeeding numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY will contain much more of interest to the boys of the Order than heretofore, as Companies are rapidly organizing, and we are getting news that is of great interest to the members, all of which will appear in the monthly issues of the paper.

Accept for each one of yourselves my great regard, and believe me.

Yours for M. M. M. M.,

THE PRESIDENT-GENERAL.

[Later—To readers of THE AMERICAN BOY. Since the foregoing letter was sent to Captains, the number of Companies has increased to nearly sixty, and New York has proven to be the first State organizing six Companies and, therefore, the first entitled to the free libraries. Ohio will doubtless be recond.—Editor.]

Degrees Conferred.

The Executive Council of the Order of The American Boy confers degrees on boys this month as follows:

James Huston, sixteen years old, Fannon, Tex., one degree for industry and devotion to duty; one degree for habits of thrift; one degree for unusual originality and enterprise; total of three degrees.

Edward Vanderfield, Grand Rapids, Mich. Edward vanderneid, Grand Rapids, Mich., one degree for unusual originality and enterprise; one degree for manly deportment in everyday life; one degree for unusual musical skill; total of three degrees.

Harry Dugan, Bangor, Me., one degree for skill and experience in traveling; one degree for excellence in business; one degree for unusual originality and enterprise; total of three degrees.

George A. Steuber, fifteen years old, Gardiner, Me., one degree for skill and invention in use of tools and machinery; one degree for skill in athletics; one degree for unusual musical skill; one degree for excellence in business; total of four degrees.

Charles B. Bovier, Jr., age thirteen, Denver, Colo., one degree for skill in care and culture of animals, and one degree for excellence in business; total of two degrees.

One degree each is conferred upon the

One degree each is conferred upon the following boys for good work in behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY:
Walter B. Phillips, Seattle, Wash.; Ward Bassetts, Bay City, Mich.; John McDonald, Mobile, Ala.; Curtis B. Knighten. Ennis, Tex.; William H. Leach, Cuba, N. Y.; Percy Foord, Rio Vista, Cal.; Howard Martin, Stamford, Conn.; Otis B. Volz, Connersville, Ind.; Arthur Lynch, Michigan City, Ind.; Harris K. Hoage, Lacota, Mich.

Organize.

Every boy should now get to work and get at least four more boys to form a company and get ready for work.

We expect to make THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BQY the most powerful and popular organization of boys that the world has ever seen. With just a little effort you can become a part of it.

Don't delay. Get in your Captain's name, and your members' names, and the name you select for your Company at once. Get as big a Company as you can.

More than one Company may organize in a town or city.

More than one Company may organize in a town or city.

The regular premiums are allowed on subscriptions you take for new members. These premiums may go to the boy or boys who get the new members' subscriptions or may go to the Company—as you may want to take books for your Company library.

library.

We will print in each issue of THE AMERICAN BOY the news concerning the organizing and work of the Companies. This is the sort of a society your parents and friends will approve of and they will assist you in getting members, selecting a meeting place, etc.

Look out for interesting news regarding the Order in each number of THE AMERICAN BOY.

Let us report the organizing of your Company in our next number. Address all letters to William C. SPRAGUE, Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.



THEY WILL FORM A OLUB FOR THE AMERICAN BOY JUNIOR BASEBALL LEAGUE. ONE OF THE WEE ONES WILL BE MASCOT AND THE OTHER WILL CARRY WATER AND ABNICA

Company News.

The boys in Buffalo are organizing, and will call themselves "The Buffaloes."

The Governor Roosevelt Company, No. 5, physion of New York, Binghamton, N. Y., write that they are greatly pleased with their charter, badges, etc.

A Company is forming at Point Mills, Mich., to be known as the General Custer ompany. This will be the first Company rgan.zed in the Upper Peninsula.

The Ethan Allen Company, No. 5, Division of Massachusetts, Worcester, Mass., reently had the privilege of hearing an address by Harry Steele Morrison, General-m-Chief of the Order, who spoke in Workers

The Andrew Carnegie Company, No. 3, Division of Pennsylvania, Allegheny, Pa., will hold its meetings every Thursday. Dues ten cents a month. This Company will take up the work of collecting curios, stamps, etc., and the programmes will be directed to these subjects. All are working to get new members.

to get new members.

The Cushman K. Davis Company, No. 2, Division of Minnesota, Heron Lake, Minn., has twelve members. It meets in a nice lodge room, has a gymnasium and library of about sixty books. The lodge room is decorated with bunting and flags. They have a drill master in the person of a man who was in the Cuban war. Captain dessell thinks they will soon have a uniform. uniform.

uniform.

Captain Garrett, of Professor C. B. Willis Company, No. 3, Division of Ohio, Ada, O., says: "The library scheme is a good one. I think we will take all the different sets. I don't think you could have made a better choice of books. I don't like the idea of meeting at one another's homes. I hope we will soon get a room in which we can hold our meetings and put our library table, etc. We will have two more boys who will join our Company in about three months."

Toronto Company, No. 1, Division of Ontario, Toronto, Ont., held its March meeting March 7. The programme was as follows:

1. Reception.
2. Vote for Secretary and Treasurer.
Willie Watson elected.
3. Initiation of new members.
4. Payment of dues (five cents a month).
5. Preparation of programme for next meeting.

6. Roll call by Secretary.
7. Talk on rules to be adopted.
8. God Save the King.
Captain Warnica says he is doing all possible to forward the interests of the Toronto Company, Division of Ontaria.

Toronto Company, Division of Ontaria.

The Major Fraine Company, No. 1, Division of North Dakota, Park River, N. D., held its February meeting the evening of February 22, and Captain Overby reports it to have been a success. They used the February programme laid down by the Executive Council of the Order. The Company had a basket social and entertainment March 22, the proceeds of which are to be used in forming a library. At its February meeting the Company gave twenty prizes for work done by the members of the Company. The following won irst prizes: Oscar Olson and Hylda Borgeton. The Captain says that the Company had a letter from the County Superintenent of Schools, who said that This AMERICAN BOY was the cleanest and best boys' paper he had come across. The Superintendent asked that Captain Overby try to organize companics in several of the schools of the county, and he is going to try to do so.

"The American Boy" Baseball League.

We want every baseball club among boys that may be organized during the spring and summer to become a member of The American Boy Baseball League. When you organize your club, send in an application for membership, giving name of club, captain and members. At least five of the regular players must be subscribers to THE AMERICAN BOY. Prizes will be offered by the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY for the best records made by clubs of the League, and results of games will be published from month to month during the season. Boys should organize clubs early, so that players can take preliminary practice in gymnasiums or at home, as suggested by the Physical Director of the Order. There will be two leagues, a Junior and a Senior; the former for boys of an average age of less than sixteen; the latter for boys of an average age of sixteen or over; to be known as Junior and Senior Leagues respectively. We want every baseball club among boys

Growing Companies.

The following Captains report additions to their Companies since the issue of the March AMERICAN BOY:
Captain Warnica, Toronto, Ont.; Captain Bierhaus, Vincennes, Ind.; Captain Kolb. New Windsor, Md.; Captain Read, South Hanson, Mass.; Captain Lundy, Lacota, Mich.; Captain Randall, Watervliet, Mich.; Captain Gessell, Heron Lake, Minn.; Captain Davis, Cobleskill, N. Y.; Captain Bowne, Poughkeepsle, N. Y.; Captain Bowne, Poughkeepsle, N. Y.; Captain Overmyer, Lindsey, O.; Captain Stewart, Niles, O.; Captain Russell, Philadelphia, Pa.; Captain Phillips, Seattle, Wash.; Captain Olson, Lake Geneva, Wis.

We are receiving letters from boys asking whether subscribers to THE AMERICAN BOY can get the Order of The American

No badges. We are cobadges are We are compelled to answer. No. These badges are only for members of Companies of the Order of The American Boy.



A Junior Baseball Team That Will Enter "The American Boy" Baseball League.

We present a picture of the Junior Baseball Team of Wauconda. Ill., which was organized in the spring of 1900, and managed by Orton Hubbard, a university man and athlete of some note. The boys average about fifteen years of age. Last season they played with many older teams, the closest contested game being that at Barrington, Ill., resulting in a victory for Wauconda after ten innings with a score of ten to nine. The nine practised every afternoon possible during the season and kept in fine shape. They lost but four games. Fred Griswold was the principal pitcher, and, for a boy, was a very clever and, as the baseball men say, "heady" one. These boys expect to play next summer in "The American Boy" Baseball League. The photograph is furnished by Elmer Duers.

A Shrewsbury (Mo.) boy is working up a Company. He has found a little house in which there is an empty room. It was once used as a cobbler's shop, but the cobbler has moved out and the boys will probbaly scriber.

Halph L. Steele, Gibsonville, N. Y., asks if a three months' subscriber may be a member of the Order of The American Boy. No; the subscriber must be a yearly subscriber.

American Boy Free Circulating Libraries

FOR COMPANIES OF

The Order of The American Bou

Every Company of the Order of The American Boy has practically free use of four Boys' Libraries every twelve months.

Exercises for April.

By the Physical Director of the Order of The American Boy.

For the first week in April, go through each morning and evening Exercise 1, described in the February number of this paper (page 111), fourteen times; also Exercise 2, described in the March number (page 142), eight times; also Exercise 3, described below, three times.

The second week in April go through each vercise, increasing the number of times for each by one; third week, the same, increasing by three.

EXERCISE 3.

Stand as in Figure 2, described on page '11. February number, with heels together, feet at a little less than a right angle, taking a deep breath, raising the chest, with both arms parallel to the shoulders, the palms of the hands to the front, instead of downward as in the picture. Make arms and fingers tense. Having taken a deep I reath, slowly bring the hands together immediately in front of the face, and then return them to their original position, as shown in the picture. It is exactly the



Samples of "American Boy" Free Circulating Libraries.

(Showing, Titles, Authors, Pages and Publishers' Prices.)

"AMERICAN BOY" LIBRARY NO. 1. VALUE, \$6.00.

THE YOUNG CITIZEN, by Dole. 194 pp. THE YOUNG CITIZEN, by Dole. 194 pp. 90 cents.

CATTLE-RANCH TO COLLEGE, by Doubleday. 347 pp. \$1.50.

GOLD SEEKING ON THE DALTON TRAIL, by Thompson. 352 pp. \$1.50.

SCOUTING FOR WASHINGTON, by True. 211 pp. \$1.50.

NATURE'S MIRACLES (Electricity and Magnetism), by Gray. 248 pp. 60 cents.

"AMERICAN BOY" LIBRARY NO. 2. VALUE \$5.00.

Edward Everett Hale's Popular Stories for Boys.

I. STORIES OF WAR. \$1.00 II. STORIES OF THE SEA. \$1.00. III., STORIES OF ADVENTURE. \$1.00 Vol. IV., STORIES OF DISCOVERY. \$1.90. Vol. V., STORIES OF INVENTION. \$1.90.

In distributing this Library among the members of a Company, the Captain or Librarian should see that the books are read by the members in the order in which they are named above.

"AMERICAN BOY" LIBRARY NO. 3.

VALUE \$1.10.

EARTH, AIR AND WATER, by Gray.

243 pp. 60 cents.

LOYAL HEARTS AND TRUE, by Ogden.

352 pp. \$1.25.

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E. V. LALLIER, 231 E. 25TH ST., IN. 1.

LADY AGENTS wanted everywhere to sell Dr. May der's Hemedial Heaps.

Sell St. 25.

For free sample and terms admissible. For free sample and terms admissible. WOOD-WORKING FOR BEGINNERS, by Wheeler. 549 pp. \$3.50.
BEFORE HE IS TWENTY, 104 pp. 75

"AMERICAN BOY" LIBRARY NO. 4. VALUE \$6.06.

HOW TO MAKE COMMON THINGS, by Bower. 234 pp. \$1.25.

THE HALF-BACK, by Barbour. 267 pp. \$1.50.

THE HERO OF MANILA, by Johnson. 152 pp. \$1.00.

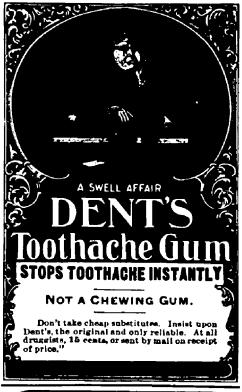
SWALLOW CASTLE, by Wood. 223 pp. 80 cents. same movement as Exercise 2, excepting that instead of the finds meeting above the head they meet in front. The main thing to remember is that the muscles should all be tense—so tense that the arms tremble. In making the movements let the legs be slightly bent at the knee, so that the weight of the body rests on the muscles of the legs.

HOW TO MAKE COMMON THINGS, by Bower. 234 pp. \$1.25.

THE HALF-BACK, by Barbour. 267 pp. \$1.50.

THE HERO OF MANILA, by Johnson. 152 pp. \$1.00.

SWALLOW CASTLE, by Wood. 223 pp. 11.50.







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OUR NEW ILLI'STRATED CATALOG rendy soon. Our prices on Electrical Supplies, Books and Scientific Ar paratus are lowest. Catalog for 6c. in stamps. T. Bin-ford Electric Works, 50 Washington Boul., Chicago, Ili.

the Friend of Man.

GEORGE W. DITHRIDGE, IN THE NEW YORK SUN.

Earthworms belong to the order of Oligochaeta, the name meaning that they have only a few hairs or spines; for although the earthworm to the eye seems to be nothing more than a naked intestinal canal, it really has the rudiments of feet, which, when retracted, give it a powerful grip on the walls of its home.

In the early spring the Lumbricidae (red-blooded earthworms), like the bears, are hibernating a foot or more underground; but when the warmth of the high-mounting April and May sun reaches them, they waken up and bore their way to the surface to enable them to breathe freely. For although the earthworm has no lungs, its red blood is oxygenated through the pores of its skin. When the sun heats down with a too great fervor on the flagged sidewalks they are compelled to come out and migrate in great numbers, at which time millions perish before they reach a congenial spot at which again to set up their lares and penates.

The earthworm has no marine or aquatic qualities; it is absolutely terrecolous, and if its earthy habitat be flooded it drowns.

It burrows a cylindrical canal deep enough into the earth always to have access to water or moist earth. If the surface becomes dry it goes deeper, but always keeps open its communication with the open air. It enjoys life best after a soaking rain has softened and moistened the surface, at which time it lives near the outlet of its burrow, and at night comes to the doorway to reach out after choice morsels of food, for while the earthworm feeds upon the humus of the soil, taking in much of the soil itself, it much prefers more concentrated vegetically most to be discounted. at night comes to the doorway to reach table matter in a state of dissolution. If a bit of old manure be lying on the surface of the ground, within a few inches of the burrow of an earthworm, it will reach a long way out from its portal to get at the toothsome morsel. Having no eyes, it will not trust itself to come all the way out, but keeps a firm grip on its base; and when disturbed making a quick, back-action into its subterrene quarters.

I feed my colony of domestic lum-bricidae upon the household parings, buried in the garden for their benefit. These they consume in a brief period, and keep a sharp lookout from their airholes for the next installment. They are practically free from anxiety about the food supply, and they multiply galore, taking no thought of the morrow.

In the autumn they are admonished by the shortening days and cool nights to prepare for their winter sleep. The parent worms descend deeply out of reach of frost, while the baby worms go below also, curling themselves up like a watch spring and encasing themselves in a lump of plastic earth, previously ingested, and quietly fall asleep in full confidence of a resurrection with the mounting sun of the following year. When in this condition, if the earthly cyst be broken open, the tiny spiral worm may be awakened by the warmth of the breath.

Though the humble worm be little more than an animated alimentary canal it is ever at work promoting the food supply of his pampered relative, man. The crude vegetable matter of the soil is converted by its agency into a soluble form that is eagerly absorbed by the roots of plants. The rich, luscious, green growth of our vegetable and flowergardens is largely due to our voiceless coworkers.

In my flower pots for winter indoor plants I always introduce a couple of earthworms, and keep them awake and at work all winter.

Ruthlessly to step upon and destroy a worm is to commit partial homicide, for the worm is a survival of the same cell differentiation on the road over which man has traveled through unnumbered ages.

Though the worm be but an alimentary canal, yet it has organs; the rudiments are there of limbs and its annular segments are the analogues of the ribs of the vertebrates. Its blood is reddened with iron, like our own, and it derives oxygen from the air by branchiate organs dis-

Earthworms-The Boys' Fish-Bait is | tributed underneath its investing dermatose membrane.

> The lowly earthworm has a most interesting life history; its cycle of life runs in analogous grooves with that of man. Its infancy, its growth, its loves, its alarms and instinct of self-preservation, its pursuit of sustenance and the tragedies which mark the close of its brief career, whether from the spade of the husbandman, the hook of the angler, the bill of the domestic fowl or that of its numerous aerial enemies, all typify the life-history of its more highly developed brother, Man.

> For lo! these many centuries man has been directed to the ant for wisdom, and to the bee for emulation in industrial activity; but from the worm may many a lesson be drawn that is lacking in the living texts of our conventional instructors.

With this introduction of the suburbanite to his neglected and despised subterranean relative, I dismiss the earthworm, commending it to the tender mercies of all under whose power it may hereafter come.

A Horse's Long Swig of Paint.

Pedestrians and guests of hotels in the neighborhood of Wabash avenue and Jackson boulevard, Chicago, were amused one afternoon by the strange drink a horse took. Some men who were painting the new Illinois theatre left a bucket of white paint on the edge of the walk in front of the structure. Nearby stood a horse attached to a delivery wagon. Spying the bucket, the horse walked forward and stuck its nose into the paint to investigate the contents. The paint was evidently pleasing to the horse's taste, for, when it withdrew its head a few minutes later, the paint had disappeared from the bucket, and the animal's nose was coated with white. Persons who were attracted by the occurrence

Pet Squirrels.

R. C. Clark, Meridian, Wis., twelve years old, writes about pet squirrels. He says: "The right time to look for them is in the early part of May. They can be found in holes in old trees. I have found them there both black and gray in the same nest. They should be fed milk reduced with one-third water for a few days. A cage can be made from a dry goods box, having the open front covered with a wire screen, a door being cut in one end. A nest can be made from a small box which can be nailed to the top or side of the cage, a hole being cut through which the squirrel may easily enter. A few dried leaves should be put in the nest.

Buffaloes.

There are only about one thousand buffaloes left in the United States and Canada, and these are in private collections, city parks, zoological gardens, and a few government preserves. and these are in private collections, city parks, zoological gardens, and a few government preserves. Two hundred or more are running wild to the west of Great Slave Lake in Canada. Formerly they numbered millions, roaming over the plains in immense herds. Horace Greeley, in a journey across the plains in 1859, saw one herd in which he estimated that there were over one million animals. They were numerous enough in the early 70's to delay trains on the Kansas Pacific Railroad. The boatmen on the upper Mississippi used to complain that they had to "tie up" for several hours to allow the great numbers which were swimming across the river to get out of the way.

Next to the Indian the buffalo was the most picturesque feature of the West in early days. Both of these are being swept away by the rising tide of civilization.



A BOY'S PIGEON HOUSE.

Sea Monsters in Deadly Combat.

Just outside the Golden Gate a few days Just outside the Golden Gate a few days ago, in plain view of hundreds of pleasure-seekers who were in yachts and launches, a fierce fight took place between a big whale, a huge thrasher and a swordfish. The battle lasted a half hour and ended in the complete defeat of the whale, which was so badly hurt it sank like a wrecked ship, crimsoning the water for many yards around. The thrasher, or fox shark, was fully thirty feet long and it kept up an incessant attack on the whale. It leaped into the air and descended head first upon the whale, beating and biting the leviathan. the whale, beating and biting the leviathan.
After several of these attacks the whale
sank, but was forced to the surface by the savage assaults of the swordfish. Again and again this was kept up until the whale began to show distress by spouting blood. Finally it spouted and then sank like a foundered ship.

To Save the Life of a Dog.

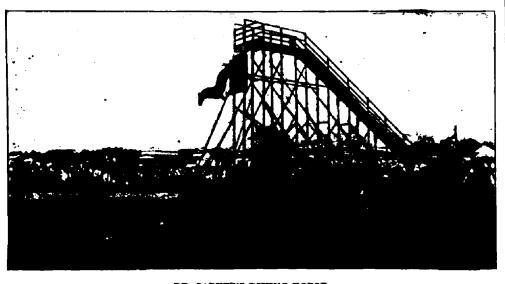
Joseph M. Ryan, of Worcester, Mass., risked his life to save a drowning dog, and received from the Massachusetts Society for received from the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals the Society's silver medal. Young Ryan plunged into the water, swam fifty yards, and though exhausted and thoroughly tired when he reached shore, he saved the dog. The dog, which by the way, was not a valuable one, but an estray, seemed to know that the boy had saved him, and all the way to the shore tried to lick the brave hand that was keeping him from death.

A Butterfly Farm.

William Watkins, of Eastbourne, England, owns a butterfly farm of three quarters of an acre. Here butterflies, both British and foreign, are born, bred and sold in tens of thousands, and you can buy specimens at prices varying from six cents to one hundred and fifty dollars. If you want a very rare butterfly you can go as high as fifteen thousand dollars for a specimen.

A Suffering Dog Begs for Morphine.

An Irish setter owned by Dr. J. W. Snowball, of Atlantic City, was recently run over and had his back severely injured. Feeling sure the dog would die, the doctor began to experiment with morphine. One morning he forgot to give the dog its injection. It crept into the office and lay at the doctor's feet. He was unable to understand its queer antics. Finally it crawled to the medicine chest from which he had taken the morphine, and, looking up at the chest, it began to whine. Dr. Snowball wondered if the dog was really trying to make him understand that it wanted its injection. He took the injector and morphine from the chest. When the dog saw the implement it barked gladly and lay on its back, whining for the doctor to inject the drug.



DR. CARVER'S DIVING HORSE. A picture taken at the Iowa State Fair in 1890 by Herbert M. Harwood, Des Moines, Iowa.

Good Fishing.

Harry E. Martin, Stafford, Ohio, age thirteen, tells us about a fishing excursion which he cnjoyed last summer while he was visiting his grandfather in a small town on the Ohio river. "In the morning, he says, "we went after bait, procuring small toads, minnows, crawfish and potatoes. In the afternoon we set a line two hundred and fifty yards long, which reached nearly a third of the way across the river Attached to this line were seventy five good strong hooks. I sat in the stern of the boat and steered it while grandfather baited a line. A little before dark we took in the line, finding that we had caught two catfish and a perch, each weighing about a pound. A little later we looked again, and found about one-third of the way out a fine large eel four feet long. The next morning we looked again, and when grandfather took hold of the line he remarked that there was something pulling on it. A little way out there was a great splashing and there seemed to be something six or seven feet long moving about. We kept pulling at the line, and just as we thought we had our big fish, it made a desperate try and got away. We caught, however, threficats, a perch and a bass. Shortly after breakfast we looked again, and landed a German carp. Grandfather put it under one of the seats and we started for shore. It flopped so hard it threw the seat off and nearly tipped grandfather into the river. Then we put the dip net over it. On reaching the house we found that it weighed fifteen pounds. In the evening we caught more, among them a mudcat weighing six pounds. In all we caught about thirty fish. I am going to try it again the coming summer."

Georgia's Big Hog.

A hog has been killed at Waldosta, Ga.. that beats all records, having a gross weight of 1,260 pounds. Georgia has also beaten the record on watermelons, one having been raised in southern Georgia which tipped the beam at one hundred and fifty pounds.

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AUSTIN'S RANCH ON THE NIOBRARA.

Roy Austin Tells of His Mother's Experience in Raising Chickens Under Difficulties on a Western Cattle Ranch.



Ma's Old Dominecker.

About a year ago some friend of pa's back East somewhere, sent him a copy of a big poultry paper, and when Coyote Bill brought it over from the postoffice, pa tore the wrapper off, looked at a few of the pic-

to ma, saying: "Here, mother, I guess this must be intended for you. I'm not interested in chickens and ducks."

Ma took the paper and commenced to read it, just like it was a letter from home. She became awfully interested in some article, for she was a-readin' it when I went to bed, she was a-readin' it again when I left the ranch the next morning with Bill, to help round up some cattle for pa, and when we came home to dinner I'll set this ranch afire if she wasn't tryin' to hold the baby, cook, set the table, and read that old paper at the same time.

For a whole week after that ma didn't do much 'cept read about chickens and ducks and turkeys, and one night I heard her a-beggin' pa to let her send to Indiana for some settin' eggs. said he thought she must be losin' her mind to talk like that, saying:

"Do you suppose for a minute that you could send away back there, have the eggs shipped here, and hatch any of 'em?"

Ma said that was just what she could do, and to prove it she got the paper and read a piece about some woman who lived in Kansas, who had sent to New York for eggs, and it told how she had raised eleven nice chickens from thirteen eggs.

"Now, if that woman tells the truth," said ma, "and she has it right here in black and white, you can make up your mind that I can do as well as she did. We've never had anything about the ranch but a lot of old scrubs, and it would be so nice if we could get some eggs from thoroughbred fowls and surprise the natives."

Pa hummed and hawed about it for a whole week, before he'd give in and consent to let ma send to Indiana for the eggs, but she finally won him over, and me and Bill went to the postoffice the next morning to register the letter that had pa's five dollar bill in it.

"You might just as well throw that money in the stove, burn it and be done with it," said pa, "for that's all the good it will ever do us."

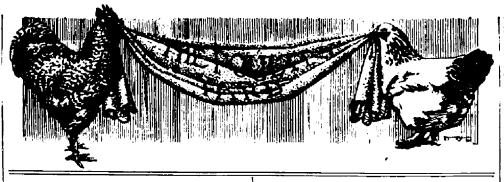
'Don't you worry about that part of remarked ma, "for I'll show you that when I make up my mind not to be outdone by another woman, and a Western woman at that, I'll accomplish something worth talking about."

Three weeks after we mailed the letter, me and Bill rode over to the railroad station, and as luck would have it we happened to get there the same day the eggs arrived. They were shipped in a nice little basket, and on one side of the tag it said, in big letters, "Eggs for Hatchin." Handle Careful." Me and ill talked the matter over, and Bill lowed it would never do for us to try and carry them home on our ponies, cause the jarrin' would certainly crack he eggs, and they'd be no good.

There we were, nine miles from the wouldn't walk no nine miles for all the eggs he ever saw, 'specially as long as he had a pony to ride, but I knew ma would be awfully put out if we went home without 'em.

"You ride home and lead my pony," I said to Bill. "Tell ma I've got the "ggs, and if a blizzard don't overtake me I'll be along in a couple of hours."

Bill 'lowed I was a bigger fool than he thought I was, but ma once saved



ket as gently as if it was a glass globe for the parlor lamp.

When ma saw me a-comin', about a tures, and handed it to most me and handed it had a most me an to meet me, and I do declare she would a-mashed them eggs sure when she hugged me if I hadn't set 'em on the come, I heard something a-squawkin'. ground 'fore she got to me. We carried strings there was thirteen of the nicest the nest and leave her chicks. and whitest eggs I ever laid eyes on, excuse me a moment, won't you?" each one wrapped in thin paper and packed in some kind of stuff that looked soup sometimes, only it wasn't so big saw? A great big timber wolf dashed called it 'celsior, but I don't know what they use it for.

Ma had an old speckled dominecker that had been a-settin' on the nest for ers a-flyin' in all directions. three or four days, and when we took | the eggs out to the barn and ma put the old hen, you'd a-died laughin' to far away I couldn't reach him. When her slide 'em under her, kinder see rattle 'em, so's to get 'em just right, the little chicks, ma cried like a baby. and then she clucked and clucked, just as if she thought they was a-goin' to hatch right away.

Pa had been out all day looking after some calves, and when he came home in the evening he said to ma:

"Well, Bill tells me that you got the eggs. Where are they?"

Ma said she had already set 'em, and in three weeks she'd show him some of ing home, and as she ran out to meet the finest chickens he ever laid eyes on, but pa didn't take much stock in that kind of talk, saying:

"You'd better get 'em out from under the old hen, cook 'em for supper, and let us have some good out of them. "What in the name of goodness has They'll never hatch; I'll bet you a new happened?" pa inquired, ready to burst dress on that."

Ma said she'd remind him of that bet in three weeks, then she went out to the barn two or three times after supper, to see if the old hen was a-tendin' to business, and when she went to bed that night she was the happiest woman in Nebraska.

For the next two weeks ma spent the most of her time during the day in watching the old hen. The old dominecker would generally come off the nest every day long bout noon, to get pa said: something to eat and drink and shake her feathers, and while she'd be a-doin' that ma would stand 'side the nest and watch them eggs, to see that the rats didn't carry 'em off. A few days before they were due to hatch, ma sent me over to Bill Phillips' ranch, and then over to Snowden's, with notes to the folks, tellin' 'em to come over to our ranch on a certain day and see some fine chickens, which ma said would beat anything ever seen in Nebraska.

The evening before they were due to hatch, me and ma went out to see how back of pa's rockin' chair, and when the old dominecker was gettin' along. we'd be eatin' they wanted to roost on and ma said, as she put one of the eggs to my ear:

"Just listen, Roy! Tell us we don't surprise the natives in the morning. Why, every egg's got a young chick in it."

ranch, and nothin' to do but either! The next morning, as soon as breakleave the eggs or one of us would have fast was over, ma asked pa if he o walk and carry them. Bill said he wouldn't stay at home and help entertain some company she was expecting, but pa said:

"I haven't no time to fool away monkeying with a lot of chickens and old hens. I've got to look after those C-Y cattle I bought yesterday.

Along about 10 o'clock the Phillips' came over, and pretty soon along comes the Snowden's. They hadn't more'n got out of the buggies before ma steered 'em into the barn, stuck her hand unhe thought I was, but ma once saved 'em into the barn, stuck her hand under the old hen, and showed 'em some of the chickens that had just hatched. Therefore, dispose of old hens and hatch of the chickens that had just hatched. One or two of the eggs hadn't hatched, for the ranch, afoot, carrying that bas
leg catalogue of novelities, tricks and jewelry fifth and under the old hen, and showed 'em some of novelities, tricks and jewelry fifth and under the old hen, and showed 'em some of novelities, tricks and jewelry fifth more in twelve months, beginning in September or October, than do old hens. Therefore, dispose of old hens and hatch new stock every spring.

One or two of the eggs hadn't hatched, new stock every spring. Pullets hatched about March 1 will lay in September, and Chapman Supply Co., Best 756 B. Bridgepert, Coan.

Chapman Supply Co., Best 756 B.

until after dinner, and then she'd make pa stay at home and poke fun at him for saying she couldn't send to old Sid

While they were all a-sittin' 'round the room, waiting for pa and Bill to

"That sounds like my old hen," said the eggs home, and when ma cut the ma, "though it's a wonder she'd get off You'll

Ma rushed to the back door, with me at her heels, and as we ran towards like the vermicelli that ma puts in the the barn-what do you suppose we around. Bill said that back in Ohio, out of the barn and went a-kitin' across where he lived when he was a kid, they the prairie as fast as he could, holding the old dominecker in his mouth, the hen a-flutterin' and a-squawkin' for dear life, her wings a-floppin' and the feath-

Poor ma, she almost fainted! I ran into the cabin after Bill's carbine, but one after another of the eggs in front of by the time I got back the wolf was so we went into the barn, to see about and the big tears came in my eyes so I could hardly see, as ma picked up the chicks one by one and put 'em in her apron. We carried 'em into the cabin and ma got a basket and put some cotton in it, and then she covered them with her apron and put them under the stove to keep warm.

Pretty soon ma saw pa and Bill compa and tell him her troubles, with big tears a-runnin' down her cheeks, and her eyes red from crying, pa thought sure something had happened to my little sister.

out crying too.

Ma told him how the old wolf had stolen her old dominecker off the nest, but that he hadn't got any of the young l chicks.

"You might just as well have given him the little ones, too," he said, "for you'll never be able to raise them without a mother."

Ma said she'd raise every one of them. if she had to wrap 'em in cotton and take 'em to bed with her at night, but

"Not much you won't! When you get to making a hen house out of my bed I'll emigrate, that's what I'll do."

Ma managed to raise the chicks all right, but they was heaps of bother to her. She let 'em run 'round the kitchen in the day time, and at night she'd wrap 'em up carefully in cotton and put em in the basket and keep 'em under the stove, where 'twas nice and warm. When they got so they could flap their wings a little they thought there wasn't any place as nice to roost as on the pa's shoulders and be fed. The most of em was roosters, and along about 5 o'clock the little things would come out of the basket, get on the backs of the chairs, and sing:

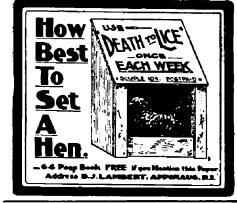
"What's der matter wid y-o-u? What's der matter wid y-o-u?"

They kept up such a racket every mornin' that pa ordered me to take 'em out to the barn, sayin' how he'd wring the neck of the first one that ever came inside the cabin again, but—he didn't.

This was ma's first experience with thoroughbred fowls, or, as pa says, 'Right there's where the trouble commenced.'

The Money in Chickens.

will pay a profit of fifty cents more the first year than April hatched pullets. May hatched pullets will not be well started till December. The average March pullet will lay fifteen eggs a month from October 1 to February 1, giving an average of sixty eggs, which at thirty cents a dozen, equais one dollar and fifty cents. A pullet hatched in March and well cared for should lay one hundred and sixty eggs in twelve months. These at twenty cents a dozen will bring about two dollars and sixty seven cents. Figuring the cost of feed at one dollar, there is a profit of one dollar and sixty seven cents. A part of the time eggs will bring more than twenty cents a dozen, so that the profit on a young hen should be that the profit on a young hen should be at least two dollars.



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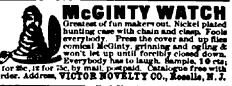
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FIFTY GOOD GAMES

As Played in Brooklyn Public Schools

From Report by Jessie H. Bancroft, Director of Physical Training

NO. 28. TOMMY TIDDLER'S GROUND

The ground is divided by a line into two parts. Tommy Tiddler stands on one side of this line, the other players on the opposite side. The latter venture across the line, saying, "I am on Tommy Tiddler's ground, picking up gold and silver." Tommy may tag anyone on his ground: anyone so tagged changes places with him.

NO 29. ANIMALS.

Two spaces or pens are marked off in distant corners of the playground. One player, called the chaser, stands at one side of one of these pens; the others are in the pen nearest him. The players thus grouped are named for different animals, several of each kind. The chaser calls for certain animals, as "sheep" or "bears," etc., and all of that name run across to the other pen, the chaser running after them. Anyone caught before reaching the pen changes places with the center man, or chaser.

NO. 30. LAME GOOSE.

NO. 30. LAME GOOSE.

One of the players, the lame goose, retires to a space marked off as den; the others tease him to come out, saying, "Lame goose, lame goose, can't catch anybody." Lame goose runs out, but can take only three steps, when he must hop on one foot, trying to tag the others while hopping. All tagged become lame geese. If a lame goose puts his foot down while outside the den, after the first three steps, the others drive him back. The player last tagged wins the game and becomes the first lame goose of the next game. Care should be taken that the hopping is not always done on the same foot. the same foot.

NO. 31. CHINESE CHICKEN.

This game is played with small blocks of wood. These are placed in one or more rows a short distance apart. The players take turns in hopping over these to the end of the line and return picking them up. If a block is touched by the foot, or the other foot put down, or one of the blocks dropped in gathering them, the player goes to the foot of the line. Hopping always on the same foot should be avoided.

NO. 32. WATER SPRITE.

Players stand in two lines facing each other with a large open space, representing a river, between. The water sprite stands between and beckons to one to cross. This one signals to one on the opposite side, and they run across to exchange places. If tagged by the water sprite, the water sprite and the one tagged exchange places. exchange places.

NO. 33. HILL DILL.

One player, who is "it," stands between two parallel lines of players, and calls, "Hill Dill, come over the hill." The players then exchange goals, and as they run across the open space the one in the center tries to tag them. Any who are tagged assist him in tagging the others.

NO. 34. THE HUNT.

NO. 34. THE HUNT.

The ground is marked off as for Hill Dill, with two parallel lines at opposite ends of the ground, each separating a goal from a wide space in the center. The players are called by names of animals, as in the game of that name, and dodge across the open space to the opposite goal as their names are called by the hunter, who stands in the center. The first one caught helps the hunter to catch the others. The second one caught takes the place of the first, who either goes back to the animals or is put in a space called the cage, to wait until the game is over.

NO. 35. RED ROVER; OR, RED LION. One player, Red Lion, stands in a den. The others venture near to him, calling:

"Red Lion, Red Lion, come out of your den; Whoever you catch will be one of your men."

He runs out and tries to catch one. The first one caught joins hands with him, and together they try to catch others, each captive being added to his line. If the line is broken all must go back to the den, and the Red Lion starts a new line.

NO. 36. LAST PAIR PASS.

NO. 36. LAST PAIR PASS.

Players stand in twos, one behind the other. One, who is catcher, stands in front, with his back to the others, and calls, "Last couple out!" when the last two in the line run around to the front and endeavor to join hands before they are tagged by the catcher. They must run up on opposite sides of the line, and must join hands beyond the catcher. The one tagged becomes catcher; his partner joins the previous catcher and they take their places as first couple in the line. The catcher must not look behind him when the last couple run out.

(Other Games to Follow.)

(Other Games to Follow.)

We are led sometimes to exclaim, what will not boys do? In the picture given in connection with this article you will set five boys having the finest kind of sport in a swimming pool. The pool is a homemade one, built by four brethers by the name of Bernardi, who live at Pittsburg. Pa. The oldest one of the brothers writes telling us how they made the pool with which they have so much sport, both in winter and summer. "We had," said he, "quite a large space in the rear of our house, and one day we conceived the idea of making a pond. Our ages were at that time as follows: William (myself), fifteen; Walter, thirteen; Edwin, eleven; and Raymond, eight. With the consent of our parents we began work early in July determined to finish the pool before cold weather set in. The first obstacle was a large apple tree right in the place selected for the pool. After digging around the large tree to the trunk and roots into pieces. With the consent of of some neighbor boys we soon had a hole four feet deep. Then we hauled the brick from a house that was being torn down and made a brick floor. We found some old boards which we used for siding,

Purpose in Amateur Journalism.

Amateur Journalism is a fad or hobby, it is true, but it may be of immense value to any boy or young man who will follow it properly. He may make it of great value, or he may make it a great waste of time. It is not necessary to make the practice of this hobby a drudgery in order to make it valuable. In fact, we think that would be apt to lessen its value. The amateur journalist should get all the pleasure and fun possible out of the work, but he should carry it on with some serious purpose.

With most boys, when they go into amateur journalism, the pleasure to be obtained is the moving purpose, and that is all right. Get all the pleasure you can out of it, and that will be a great deal, but see that some of it is the pleasure of well-doing.

Now, as to whether a boy shall conduct Amateur Journalism is a fad or hobby, it

but see that some of it is the pleasure of well-doing.

Now, as to whether a boy shall conduct a paper with four pages, each four by six inches, like Geo. A. Dolan's Monarch, San Francisco, or The Magician, of Springfield, Ohio, or Young America, of Dyersville, Iowa, or a handsomely and expensively printed young magazine like The Interpolitan, Omaha; The Dewey, Twinsburg, Ohio, or Samuel Steinburg's The Dilletante, Alameda, Cal., or others of high excellence that we might mention, depends upon circumstances. Few have the means, and the younger ones naturally have not the experience or knowledge to qualify them to conduct a publication of the latter class. But then, it will be better any way to begin at the bottom, as it were, and develop Let your papers grow as you grow and as your mental powers develop and your experience and knowledge widen. Whether or not the publishing of an amateur journal will aid in the development of



AN AMERICAN BOY FISHING IN BOISE RIVER,

Picture taken by Eddie Manion, Mountain Grove, Ida

Picture taken by Eddie Manion, Mountain Grove, Ida. the young man's mind and serve to widen his knowledge, depends on the way in which he conducts it. Probably every amateur journal in the country comes to the writer's desk more or less regularly, and he is bound to say that some of them, while they may afford their editors pleasure, are conducted in such a way that they can be of no benefit to them. Some of them seem to have been prepared very carelessly, with no effort and with little thought. They look as if, the time for publication having come around, the editor had made an effort simply to get enough matter together to fill up the paper and then had run it through the press. An editor who prepares his paper that way is not fulfilling his duty either to himself or to his subscribers, if he has any. If a boy will properly conduct an amateur journal he will find the work as valuable as any of his courses in school; but to get that value out of it he must study and think and try to make each issue an improvement over the preceding issue. It is a waste of time and money to get out a paper merely because publication day has come around. It is no use to get out a paper unless you have enough matter of good quality to make up a paper. If you can't fill four pages each time with good matter, cut your paper down to two pages; but make those two good.

Another kind of paper that is of no benefit to its editor or to anyone else is the paper that is devoted entirely to politics. It may be a pleasure to the editor to publish such a paper and to criticise his fellow members of the various amateur journalists' associations, and to say things about them in print that if said to their faces would bring him a well deserved whipping, if the other fellow was large enough, but it is not journalism. It is not worthy of the junior world of letters. It does the editor no good and it hurts the cause of amateur journalism with prospective members of the associations—boys and young men who known little of amateur journalism as it re the young man's mind and serve to widen

really is and who are unfortunate enough to see such papers first. The editors of such papers are not amateur journalists in a true sense; they are merely amateur politicians.

true sense, they are merely amateur politicians.

A boy should not feel bad because he cannot publish one of the higher class amateur magazines, for if he will conduct his small paper properly it will be of immense benefit to him, and to the cause of amateur journalism in general, for the smaller papers seem better to fit the original ideas of the promoters of amateur journalism, and they are certainly the best mediums for recruiting the ranks of the various associations.

The theory is that amateur journalism is the junior world of letters; that its guiding principle is improvement in literary work. Will not the members of the various associations so conduct their publications as

ciations so conduct their publications as to make this theory s fact?

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One of the Smallest Steam Railroad Trains in the World.

One of the smallest steam railways in the world is now in operation in Central Park, New York. The cars are five feet long, twenty-two inches wide, seating two passengers in each car, the grade of the track being twelve and five eighths inches. The boiler is built of steel, holding ten gallons of water. The engine is two feet high and five feet long. It runs on a double track, and is a formidable rival to the swan boats, goat carriages and swings which are among the attractions of the Park for people, young and old. It runs for a few blocks along Fifth avenue beside the Park. The average speed is ten miles an hour. There are two trains on the track. The road is operated by Messrs. Cague Brothers.

THE GAME OF PIRATE.

An Outfit for This Sport Is Easily Obtainable, and Is Played in Any Kind of Available Space.

The war of the pirates takes place between and about two rings which can be marked with chalk on an asphalt pavement or with a sharp stick on a level bit of turf. The size of the rings must be regulated both by the number of players who take part and by the space available. A diameter of from five to six feet will generally answer the purpose. The rings should be separated by perhaps thirty feet. I say advisedly that the game is played between and about the rings, for the primary object of every player is to keep himself out of, and get his opponents into one of these enclosures.

The outfit for the game is easily obtainable. Each player must be furnished with a guide, a straight stick three and one half to four feet in length. Boys should have no difficulty in picking up sticks to answer this purpose. An old curtain stick will do very well. Only one hoop is needed; the sort found on flour barrels is best.

Like most American games Pirate is begun by choosing up sides. The possession of the hoop is decided by a toss up. The side losing the toss up and so the hoop are allowed to choose the ring they will defend. The captain of the side to which the hoop has been granted takes a position midway between the two rings and begins play by placing his guide on the inside rim of the hoop and sliding the wooden circle rapidly towards the feet of one of his opponents or towards his opponents' ring. If he ning band.

succeeds in striking the feet of the man at which he aimed, the man is considered a prisoner and must enter his opponent's ring, helpless until liberated by one of his own side.

Any man at whom the hoop is directed may guard himself in either of two ways. He may jump into the air as in (fig. 3) or he may stop the hoop with his guide as in (fig. 2). The man who first places his guide within the hoop after a play has been made is "in possession," that is, he has the privilege of making the next play.

If during the play the hoop touches any part of a player except his guide, no matter how it occurs, he must enter his opponent's ring a prisoner. A play may be made either by kicking the hoop or by sliding it over the ground with the guide. "Babying," moving the hoop along by short kicks or pushes, is not allowed. Each play must be made from the spot where the hoop has been captured. No one must interfere with the play of a man who is "in possession," but the moment the kick or the push has been given the hoop may be stopped with a guide. Prisoners are liberated by playing the hoop into the ring where they are held captive. If any part of the hoop touches one of the rings it is counted as in. If a man, not a prisoner, for any reason steps within his opponent's ring he at once becomes a prisoner. If any one steps within his own ring he liberates all prisoners held there. After the hoop enters one of the rings, play is recommenced by the captain of the side guarding that ring.

The side first capturing all of its opponents is of course accounted the win-

Fishing for Porcupines.

The boys who live around Craige's Pond, in the township of Orland, Hancock county. Me., have a sort of sport that boys generally do not have the privilege of enjoying—that of fishing for porcupines. The hills about Craige's Pond abound in immense boulders and deep fissures, which are the favorite retreats of these animals. The boys call them "haidgehogs." Dogs are of very little account hunting porcupines. A very poor specimen of a porcupine can whip a two hundred dollar dog. Only an old and experienced dog knows enough to let porcupine alone.

Porcupine lishing is followed for the sake

old and experienced dog knows enough to let porcupines alone.

Porcupine ishing is followed for the sake of sport only, for no one ever thinks of eating a porcupine and it is very hard to discover of what use the animals are. Boys setting out on a porcupine fishing excursion take along a stout line, usually a cod line or a section of the family clothes line; and for bait anything from a bit of sait pork to a carrot, as porcupines will eat almost anything. The line is supplied with a number of stout fishhooks and bait. The baited hooks are carefully thrust as far done the entrance of a porcupine's hole as possible. Then the fisherman seats himself comfortably and waits for a bite. In a short time one and sometimes more animals, having scented the bait, will come out and, after a brief sniff, commence to gulp it down. If the hooks do not find secure lodgment in one or more of the struggling animals the fisherman is in bad luck. All the boys have to do then is to drag them within clubbing distance.

Porcupines have poor memories, so that

Porcupines have poor memories, so that

an hour or two after the boys have caught one they can go to the same hole and catch more, as the animals are rayenous and are not very much afraid of human

develop the boy or girl of to-day the keen-witted, sturdy man that acts, and the healthy, cheer-womanly woman of the future,



for children are very good juvenile wheels; the larger Ideal for adults, better than many so-called high grade bicycles.

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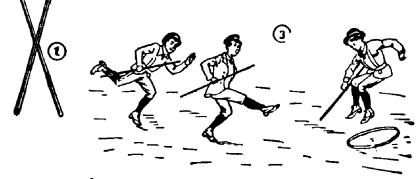
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that has all the "ear marks" of a fine High Grade Hammerless Sporting Rifle ("Just like Tad's"), shoots as well as more expensive guns, and better than cheap ones. A spleadid little arm, finished in full nickel.



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organ or violin or violoncello.

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PORTO RICO Inited States Revenues 1:10 cent and 8 cents. The pair for 5 cents. The pair for 5 cents. F. C. Morgenthau & Co., 87 Nassau Mt., N. Y. City.

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Chase Knight, Cuyahoga Falls. Ohio, has sent the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY a number of foreign stamps, to be given to the boy who gets the largest number of subscriptions for THE AMERICAN BOY by the time the May number goes to



Here is a stamp used by the Central, Overland, California and Pike's Peak Express Company, whose business was formerly conducted in connection with the overland stage before the advent of railroads into Colorado. Express companies in those days handled all the mails. The stamp is a

handled all the mails. The stamp is a simple affair. In the space below the words "Express Company" the date was inserted in pencil or ink.

Answers to Correspondents.

F. R., Letart Falls—See answer to J. w. B.

E. G., Delaware—The \$1.00 foreign exchange 1867 lists at 2 cents.

G. W. P., Chicago.—We know of no stamp issued during the revolution.

J. M., Philadelphia—The 2-cent green U.
S. stamp is worth about 40 cents a thous-

L. H., Chicago.—Swedish stamps of the issue of 1886-91 all have a posthorn on the

Cook Ave., St. Louis—Your stamps are Cuban revenues. They are worth 2 or 3 cents each. E. S., Westerly-The cancelation marks you describe do not increase the value of

K. B. S., Stonington—Your stamps are locals, the first two being German and the last Russian.

C. D. C., Morristown.—The 3c Proprietary C. S. Internal Revenue stamp is worth

about eight cents. P. L. A., Manchester, S. D.—Your description of your stamps is too indefinite to estimate their value.

H. B., Faribault—Philippine 10c de peso Recargo" stamps are revenues. They "Recargo" stamps are revenues, have little, if any, value.

S. A. J., Pawtucket—The 5c de peso Cuba 1881 lists at three cents; the color is gray-blue; there is no 5c sepia of 1881.

V. B., Gallipolis—Almost any stamp dealer will sell a hundred all different foreign stamps for 10 cents. See advertisements on this page.

P. B., Kalamazoo—50c Conveyance lists, one cent; \$2.00 Conveyance, 10 cents; \$3.00 Manifest, 20 cents; \$5.00 Mortgage, 90 cents; \$2.00 red and black, 40 cents.

The large green seal, or Registered Letter stamp lists, 25 cents; the 5-cent Canada beaver lists, 4 cents. See also article on United States stamps in February and March numbers.

E. T., Prairie Depot—We do not buy collections. If you do not care for your stamps sell or trade them with one of your friends who is interested in stamps.

. F., Louisville-One cent blue Franklin 1861 lists, 5 cents; same stamp with "grill" on back, i. e., square of small dots, 75 cents to \$2.00, according to size of grill.

A. W. K., Chicago—Your envelope is one used before the prepayment of postage by stamps was compulsory, the payment being indicated by the postmark "3 Paid." It has no value.

G. N. D., Hamline, Minn.—The old post-mark "Paid" used on letters before stamps is not of any value. Your other stamps are Mexican official seals. They have no denomination.

denomination.

Mrs. Z. E. C., Woodward, Okla.; S. R., Westhampton Beach; G. L., Lewiston, Ill.; L. G. Fargo; C. S. F., Montpelier; C. E. Ir., Mexia, Texas—The stamps submitted or described are not worth anything.

C. S. H., Detroit.—Spanish stamps are very frequently found punched, and when so canceled, have been used in payment of telegrams. We do not remember having seen any Cuban stamps punched.

J. W. B., Hartsville—There are over 100 to have the privilege of selling the old set different revenue stamps of the issue of at a small fraction of its face value. Hence, 1863, and from two to four varieties each of most of these. Give us the denomination countries.

of your stamps, the wording on the bottom, and whether they are perforated or imperforated, and we will give you their value.

FINE LOW PRICED STAMPS

HAWAII 1962, 2c lilac rope, 25c; 5c blue, 4c; 1963, 2c rope

R. O. W., Perham.—Almost any dealer advertising in THE AMERICAN BOY will buy stamps if they are of any value. Do not spend any time saving one and two-cent current U. S. stamps; they are worth-less unless you have several hundred thousand, and for even this quantity you would get very little.

R. S., Blufton, Ind.—You neglected to state what the inscription is on the revenue stamps you found. As there are eleven varieties each of the two cent and one dollar denominations, varying in price from one cent to \$6.00, it is impossible to tell the value of the stamps you have. The postal card is not worth anything. card is not worth anything.

J. B., Warrens Corners, N. Y.—The ten cent Columbian lists at three cents; six cent Lincoln, two cents; five cent certificate revenue, one cent; ten cent green head of Webster, one cent; two cent black Jackson, unused, 45 cents; one cent Columbian, unused, two cents; four cent, with head of Lincoln, one cent.

H. C. L., Duluth—The letters in the corners of the English stamps indicate the position of the stamp in the sheet. Some collectors secure one stamp of each variety of letters and then arrange them as they were originally printed. These are called "reconstructed sheets." Your other stamps are German revenues and locals.

are German revenues and locals.

R. W. C., Orange—When the Indian troops went to China some difficulty arose in connection with the sale of stamps in the field postoffices. The India stamps were finally surcharged C. E. F. (Chinese Expeditionary Force), and sold at the rate of 4 cents to the anna, which was a little less than the anna was worth in India.

I. W., Lansing—We have no knowledge of such a stamp as the one you describe. We think likely it is one of the patriotic envelopes, of which large numbers were used during the Civil War. Several of these had a design on them such as you describe. They are interesting from a historical standpoint, but have no philatelic value.

O. R. I., Kalamazoo—Your stamp post-

O. R. I., Kalamazoo—Your stamp post-marked "Tonga" is from the Tonga or Friendly Islands in the South Pacific. It is catalogued at ten cents and the set to which it belongs is very handsome. The Columbian Exposition Registration stamp we do not recognize and have never heard of such a stamp. We think it must be merely a label merely a label.

L. K., Friendship, N. Y.—The stamp you describe was issued by the papal states in Italy, and if a genuine original is worth about fifteen cents, but as there are millions of reprints of this and the other papal states stamps in circulation, specimens of which are found in most every boy's collection, your stamp is probably one of these. If so it is of no value.

these. If so it is of no value.

H. L., Fairbury—One cent, 1857, United States ordinary variety lists, 12 cents; two other varieties of the same stamp list, \$1.00 and \$7.50, respectively; 3-cent black, from 8 to 50 cents, according to variety; 10-cent brown, from 1 to 15 cents; 7-cent red. 60c; 3-cent dull pink. 1 cent; 3-cent red Washington, 2 cents; 5-cent Garfield, 2 cents; 5-cent Taylor, 5 cents. See also article on United States stamps in February and March numbers. March numbers.

March numbers.

W. N. Victor, N. Y.—The two and six cent treasury department unused are catalogued at 35 and 20 cents respectively. A complete set of Guam is made up of the following denominations: One cent, two cents, three cents, four cents, five cents, six cents, eight cents, ten cents, fifteen cents, fifty cents, one dollar, and ten cent special delivery. They have been advertised during the past month at \$4.50 a set, but the price will undoubtedly be advanced very soon, as we consider them worth much more than this amount.

J. E. S. Dubuque—For a reliable book on

nuch more than this amount.

J. E. S.. Dubuque—For a reliable book on stamp collecting we should advise you to secure first a copy of the Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue, for 1901. This describes and prices nearly every known postage stamp, and contains several thousand illustrations. It also contains several pages of "hints for collectors," in which there is much valuable information. This book costs 58 cents by mail, and is the standard in this country. We should also advise you to subscribe to one or two stamp papers. There are two or three excellent weekly papers, which cost 50 cents per year. We do not know of any book published which tells how to get stamps from foreign countries, "not from dealers." For this you will have to rely largely on your own ingenuity. One of the most common schemes has been to apply to the various consuls of the World.

A. C., Allegheny—As a rule, unused atoms of the parts of the p

A. N., Denver—Your stamps are worth about five cents. Three cent Playing Cards are sometimes found on the backs of old photographs taken before 1870. These are worth about two dollars and fifty cents each.

H. H. Parker, Mt. Airy, Ga.—We are not aware of any particular value attached to the special tax stamps on the sale of liquors, tobacco, etc. Very few care to collect them. Your specimen is returned to you.

J. F. B., Saugatuck—The green stamp is a five lepta Greece, and the lilac, an Austrian newspaper stamp. Both are very common. The fifteen cent stamp with "Imp to Guerra" at the top is a Spanish war tax stamp, the latter word meaning war.

J. W. B., Hartsville—There are over 100 different revenue stamps of the issue of 1863, and from two to four varieties each 1864 are worth more than the same stamps used, though in some cases the directly opposite is true; notably in the stamps used, though in some cases the directly opposite is true; notably in the cases of those countries whose countries whose countries whose countries whose countries whose countries whose countries and the government to private parties, after having been made unavailable for postage. Nearly all Central American stamps are worth more used than unused. The malion New York, and hould have never seen the countries whose name they bear. Mr. N. F. Seebeck, of the Hamilton Bank Note countries whose name they bear of the cases of those countries worth in true, to private parties, after having been made unavailable for postag A. C., Allegheny—As a rule, unused stamps are worth more than the same stamps used, though in some cases the

1882, 2c lilac rose, 25c; 5c blue, 4c; 1883, 2c rose, 1c blue 12c; 1c purple, 14c; 1c green, 4c; 2c brown, 22c; 5c black blue, 22c; 5c green, 2c; 16c black, 36c; 12c black, 36c; 25c dark violet, \$1.00; 2c rose, 9c; 10c vermilion, 30c; 1894, 31 unused, 1c yellow, 2c; 2c rose, 18c; 16c black, 36c; 2c blue, 48c; 5c rose, 1863, 8c. 14awaiians are splendid stamps to buy now, because they are sure to advance very materially in value.

advance very materially in value.

GRECE 1962, 201. lc; 1862, 201 rose, 1c; 1866, 11 brown. lc; 21 ochre, unused, 2c; 51 green, 1c; 801 yeliew, 1c; 201 rose, 1c; 801 bue, 7c; 251 blue, 2c; 25 violet, 2c; 1891. lc; 201 rose, 1c; 801 bue, 7c; 251 blue, 2c; 25 violet, 2c; 1891. gc, peri., 11 brown, 1c; 21 ochre, 2c; 201 rose, 1c; 251 violet, 2c; 01 ympian, 11, 21, 51, 101, 201, each 1c; 251, 3c; 401, 6c; 101, 4c. NEW IESU ESTAN, 11. U.N.YEED—Transvasi, V. R. J., 4, and 1d, 8c; Orange River Colony on Cape, 3d, 3c; Malta, 1f, 1c; Dominica, 3d and 3c, 8c; Costa Rlea, 1c, two colors, 2c; Newfoundland, Royal Portraits, 3d, 1, 2, 3 and 5, 17c; German Morocco, 3 and 5c, 4c; Danish West Indies, 1c, 2c; Mexico, 1c, 1c.

German Morocco, 5 and 6c, 4c; Danish West Indies, 1c, 2c; Mexico, 1c, 1c.
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The Collector Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich. I having a hole in it.



A Successful Young Philatelist.



We present a picture of George W. Linn, of Columbus, Ohio, a young philatelist of some note. Besides being a collector and dealer in stamps he is the publisher of a little paper called the "Col-

which is issued monthly. He says the circulation of the March number of his paper will be five hundred copies, and that it will contain eight pages.

The young man is evidently prolific in ideas, as he suggests in one column of his paper that some stamp collector who is fortunate enough to become the father of a girl name her "Philatelia."

The Numismatic Sphinx.

E. F. Werdner, Philadelphia, Penn.—See answer to Chapin H. Hoskins.

R. B. Graves, Ellisburg, N. Y.-A fine 1852 silver three cent piece sells for fifteen

Edwin Youngberg, Chicago, Ill.—There is no premium on the five dollar gold piece of 1842.

John H. Morran, Steubenville, O.-A silver half dollar of 1895 is worth just fifty

Erie Knight, Benjamin, Mo.-An 1839 dime is worth twenty five cents. They were only issued from the Philadelphia and New Orleans mints.

Merritt E. Gill, Grand Rapids, Mich.—A good 1842 half dollar is worth seventy five cents. There are two varieties, viz.: large and small date.

Howard J. MacGarry, Port Leyden, N. Y., and H. R. L.-Riverside and others are informed that the 1857 and 1858 eagle cents have no premium.

Jelmer Mason, Sellwood, Ore.—It is pretty well acknowledged now that the 1883 five cent nickel piece, without the word cents, commands no premium.

Andrew T. Lundquist, Minneapolis, Minn.

The half dollar of 1893 has no premium.

When no mint mark is shown they were struck at the Philadelphia mint.

Joshua Welmer. New York, N. Y.—There are two varieties of the 1828 dime; one has thirteen stars around the seated Liberty, the other has none. The former is worth twenty five cents, the latter fifty cents.

A. M. Rood, Lincoln, N. Y.—Your 1828 cent, if in good condition, is worth ten cents. No premium on the ordinary 1864 cent. Your third coin is a base silver coin of Mecklenburg Schwerin, of no particular value.

Chapin H. Hoskins, Fond-du-Lac, Wis.—You do not state the size of your Peruvian silver coin. Columbian half dollars of 1893 are catalogued at seventy five cents each, and the 1892 date, though the rarer of the two, can be bought for the same price. See answer to F. W. Kellogg.

F. W. Kellogg, Battle Creek, There is no premium on the two cent pieces with the single exception of 1873. All others face value only. Your other rubbing is, as you suspect. a Norway 2 ore piece, and very common. The set contains the 1, 2 and 5 ore, and are sold, in mint state, for fifteen cents the set.

Robt. A. Jeffries, Louise, Texas—No. 1, Dutch East Indies (Nederlandsch Indie) onc. cent, 1857, is worth ten cents. Holland (Koningrijk der Nederlanden), 1878. one cent, very common. Your last rubbing is what is called a business card, and was evidently struck by P. G. Ballingall, of Ottumwa, Iowa, in celebration of the Coal Palace in that city in 1899. It has no value. See answer to F. W. Kellogg.

value. See answer to r. w. Kenogs.

Bradley Morrah. Mt. Carmel, S. C.—Mexican 8 reals or dollar struck at Zacatecas mint, 1838, unless fine, no premium. The same may be said of your other Spanish and Mexican silver coins. Good 1821 and 1829 dimes are worth twenty five cents each. Half dime of 1838 is common. We know of no bronze eagle cent of 1858. The each. Half dime or 1806 in the know of no bronze eagle cent of 1858 know of no bronze eagle cent of 1858 regular issue was struck in nickel, to which a very small per cent of copper was added. There were some struck, however, in pure copper, which are very rare.

in pure copper, which are very rare.

Merrill W. Rosenhauer. Butler, Ind.—A good five franc piece of Louis Philippe of France is worth \$1.75. The inscription which you fall to make out is "Roi Des Francais" (King of the French). You must be mistaken in date being 1852, for Louis l'hilippe was king only between 183° and 1845. The letter A signifies that 't. was struck at the Paris mint. Your second coin is a common Canadian Bank Token. The third coin is an Irish half penny of George III. (1769-1820). The harp is on the reverse of nearly all the coins struck for Ireland. Good specimens sell for twenty five cents. Your 1837 dime is spoiled by having a hole in it.

Boy Collectors.

George Shull, of Everett, Pa., writes re-George Shull, of Everett, Pa., writes regarding his collection of curios, that he has an old Indian tomahawk, an old drilling sword of Major Harshburger's, who drilled Generals Grant and Lee at West Point; fifty five Indian arrowheads, an old tin cup, which is ninety five years old: an old wooden snuffbox, an old home made sickle, and other old things. His mother has an old Revolutionary knee buckle which she has made into a belt buckle.

James K. Primm, Springfield, Ill.: I am very much interested in Natural History, and have a large collection of stones, shells, marine curios, fossils and Indian and war relics. I keep adding to it all the time and now have about two thousand specimens. I get my curios mostly from specimens. I get my curios mostly from friends, but also buy them. I invest my earnings in curios. I am acquainted with the State Geologist, and he does lots toward helping me out. I think THE AMERICAN BOY is the best paper I ever read. I never want to take a better one.

never want to take a better one.

G. W. Racey, Shawenee, Tenn.: "F. D. H.," in your September number, gives my views about collecting curios. I have lived in several States, but Tennessee is the only State I have lived in where Indian relics are to be found in numbers worth spending time to look for. I lived in Brown county. Kas., for six years, and found only arrowheads while there. I lived for a time in Kansas City, Kas., and one day when passing through a vacant lot I found two or three nice arrowheads. I afterwards did some digging in this lot and found other arrowneads. It pays to dig sometimes. Last spring, in a vacant field near here, I found an indian pestle of a rolling pin pattern fourteen inches long and finely finished. I have cound my Indian relics usually on high ground near water. I have one of the largest collections of Indian relics in this country. My smallest arrowhead is one-half inch long, and the longest seven and three-quarters inches. and the longest seven and three-quarters

Another Army Button Collector.

Sidney S. Wortsman, of Savannah, Ga. Sidney S. Wortsman, of Savannah, Ga., seeing an article in our October issue regarding collecting of United States army and navy buttons, says that during the Spanish-American war sixty thousand soldiers were quartered near Savannah, and that every day boys went to the camps and returned with half a dozen or more buttons each; that when the soldiers returned from Cuba and Porto Rico they gave the boys Spanish huttons, and that he himself had thirty five, which he had arranged on a belt. himself had thir arranged on a belt

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CURIOSITIES

J. M. FINCH, Dayton, Ohlo.

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EDITED BY JUDSON GRENELI

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, also a second prize each month, of one dollar, for the next best photograph, 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 in any event to be our own, without further payment than the payment of the prizes. Welte on the back of the photograph is title, with a description of the picture, and the full name and address of the contestant. THE AMERICAN BOY offers twelve

Photography and Nature.

James F. Ryder is a veteran photographer who lives in Cleveland, Ohio, and who has been 50 years taking pictures. He encourages the amateur when he comes across cne, and is glad to get hold of their pictures, and talk about them to the makers. The other day a reporter met him and he gave some information of interest to all

The other day a reporter met him and he gave some information of interest to all who take pictures.

"Photography is too long a story to be told in a single chapter," said he. "The art is based upon the changes which compounds of silver undergo when exposed to light. The lens of the camera projects the image of whatever comes before it upon the prepared sensitive plate, but no trace of the image is visible until the process of development brings it out.

"The people like to be amused and instructed, and nothing in recent years has been given the people that equals in interest amateur photography. In the use of the camera we are brought in touch with nature. We see much that would hardly be noticed at another time. It is a delightful training to a novice to be set out in the fields and among trees. Pictures he never dreamed of are all about him, and he has only to take his choice. It is just a matter between nature and himself."



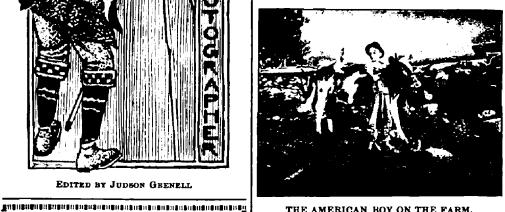
PLAYMATES.

Second Prize Photo by Paul Grau, Bowling Green, Mo.

Fixing the Negative.

A correspondent asks: "How long does it take to 'fix' a negative?" That is a very simple question, but it cannot be answered offhand. It depends on the plate and on the "hypo." If the plate is a double conted one, it will take much longer to remove the bromide, as seen from the back of the plate, than if it is only thinly coated. Then there is a difference in the plates of manufacturers. Some have more silver than others, and it takes longer to fix them. If

the hypo is clean and of the strength recommended by the maker of the plate, it should be left in the fixing bath at least five minutes after every trace of the whitish coating has disappeared. A few minutes longer than is absolutely necessary will do no harm. If it is not sufficiently fixed, the first time, the defect can never be remedied. When plates turn whitish after being dried, it is a sign that the hypo was never thoroughly washed out after being fixed. That is the next thing to do. Never think of washing a plate less than half an hour. If thoroughly fixed and sufficiently washed, it will keep an indefinite length of time it will keep an indefinite length of time without a particle of change.



THE AMERICAN BOY ON THE FARM. First Prize Photo by James G. Robinson, 374 Ash Street. Willimantic, Conn.

Preventing Halation.

Backed plates are quite the fad with some amateurs. They claim that with plates treated in this way they get better definition, and have no general haziness or chalky effects. The dealers now manufacture these plates, and the directions accompanying them are very full and explicit. But a writer for the Photo-Beacon tells how to make a cheap preparation that dries almost instantly. "In my dark room," says he, "there is a wide mouth bottle half full of fresco-painter's black—they call it 'distemper color' in the paint shops. It is ground in water and is quite soluble even when bone dry. I mix up a fifteen cent jar of this distemper black with enough absolute alcohol and honey to make a smooth paste. It dries almost instantly when spread on glass and does not rub off easily. What is best, it is absolutely matt black.

"When it comes to filling plateholders, I take a plate by the edges, glass side un.

matt black.

"When it comes to filling plateholders, I take a plate by the edges, glass side up, and rest one corner against my left side. With a swab of cotton I quickly daub the alcohol lamp black mixture over the back of the plate and without a second's delay insert it in the holder. It is all over in three seconds, and it makes no dirt or trouble, takes no space or apparatus, and it gives results much superior to those on naked plates.

"Plates backed in this way." he continues.

naked plates.

"Plates backed in this way," he continues, "are just as easily handled at the development stage as at the other. There is a slightly damp cloth on a convenient nail near my developing tray. I take a plate from a holder, wipe off the black with this cloth, taking no pains to remove more of the backing than comes easily. The black that sticks to the corners goes through all the baths, does no harm to any of the chemicals, leaves no dirt in the solutions, and finally comes off on the tuft of cotton used to clean film and glass prior to drying."

Excellent Work Being Done.

Two good cattle pictures are at hand. One is by Fred Ludlum, Wilmington, O., entitled "Resting at Midday," and the other is by John E. Wells, Johnstown, N. Y. The latter would be still more beautiful were it printed on dull finish paper. Try platinum. H. Osborn Knight, Chicago, sends "An Afternoon Stroll" and C. W. Cunningham, of Pennsylvania, "The Woodland Path," a picture with artistic merit. Other photos worthy of mention are Schiller Emmet's "A Caddie," W. W. Watson's flashlight of a mine, and Eddie Marrion's "Fishing."

Keeping the Hands White.

F. H. Glew, in a photographic almanac for 1901, tells of a simple method for preventing the fingers becoming stained in the developing chemicals. Before commencing developing, dip the fingers to be used, as well as the thumb, in a wide mouth bottle containing a little collodion. In a few seconds the collodion sets, forming a protective layer which does not impede the most delicate sense of touch, and yet effectually prevents the developer reaching the fingers or nails. When through with developing, the collodion can be quickly removed by means of a rag moistened with alcohol, or by simply dipping the fingers in another bottle containing equal parts of alcohol and ether. F. H. Glew, in a photographic almanac

Metal Mounts for Photographs.

Sometimes a photographer wishes to mount a photograph upon metal. It can be made to stick if the surface of the metal is thoroughly washed with hot water con-taining carbonate of soda. This is for the taining carbonate of soda. This is for the purpose of removing all traces of grease. After being rubbed dry with a clean rag,

further prepare the surface of the metal with the juice of an onion. This gives a sticking surface upon which the photograph may be mounted, with little fear R R R N N T F of it dropping off.

Answers to Correspondents.

D. Washington—Just send to the makers of the Ray camera for instructions as to how to work it.

Wm. Rayburn-Experts disagree as to which is the "best" camera on the market. Yes, the latest "Premo" is excellent.

Palmer L. Kaser—Gold is generally used for toning pictures. Any photographic supply house will give you a formula for

Albert R. Cooper—The Hammer specials are said to be extra fast, but other dealers claim their plates are just as rapid. It is a good plate.

Roy D. Hans—After you have printed, developed and washed your Dekko or Velox paper, dry as usual. Then trim, and before mounting drop it into water for a moment.

Leo M. Sullivan—Those white spots on your prints come from not washing them enough. You should use a dozen changes of water, or, if you have running water, keep them in it for at least half an hour. takes a long while to eliminate all the hypo.

Chas. Rossman-Most of the instructions coming with formulas for plate developers have also attached the needed strength of the various chemicals as shown by the hydrometer. Am not aware of any rule whereby any formula can be changed from weight to strength test as shown by hydrometer.

Willie Baker-You can put a piece of Velox paper in your camera and get a picture, but it will be light where it should show shadow, and dark where the light shines. There is no paper on the market by which you can take a picture direct, because there is no camera that can work it.

Photographic Hints.

The Photo-Beacon says the new adjustable Warnica plateholders are the best of the kind ever offered for sale.

As the outdoor photographic season opens. take plenty of pictures of animals, and send them to THE AMERICAN BOY.

Better develop your plates in almost total darkness than have a single ray of white light strike the plates during the opera-

Prints can be kept for a few days after being printed, but it is best to tone them as soon as possible, as they are liable to lose some of their brilliancy.

The "combined bath"—i. e., toning and fixing—is a delusion and a snare to the amateur photographer. It is only occasionally that the prints will not fade.

Many a print has been spoiled by being handled with dirty fingers. Be sure and wash the hands thoroughly before handling the paper, either to print or tone.

Intensifying under-developed negatives will help, but the resultant print will not be so satisfactory as being right in the first instance. Better far to over-develop if there is any doubt and then reduce.



HANDSOMEST CASE EVER OFFERED with 100 best quality, business or visiting cards, with name and up to 4 lines allowed for either ladies or gents. Send order to-day, its a beautiful novelty. Postpaid, Sc. For 8 complete orders \$1.00. Agents wanted. Aluminum Nevelty Co., 261 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

YOUR FACE on a BUT-TON for 10 CENTS.

Copied from any kind or size picture: all pictures returned uninjured. Send a 2c. stamp for return postage. Agents wanted. Six samples for 10 cents. 18 List tie Beauty Phetos for 25 cents. PETIT PHOTO CO., 712 N. Gilmor st., Baltimore, Md.

WANTED BOYS AND GIRLS to work for us during spare time. You can make a neat salary with very little effort. Send for instructions. COST YOU NOTHING. Guaranteed value of outsit \$300. Give name and address of some responsible lady or gen-START IN AT ONCE. Dewey, Young & Co., \$15 Dearborn St., Chicage, Ill.

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Make pictures 2½ x 2½ 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 nickeled fittings and produce the best results.

Brawnie Camern, for \$\foatin 2\foatin pictures, \quad \quad \text{\$\foatin} \t

The Brownie Book, a dainty, tiny pamphlet containing fifteen of the prize winning phitures from the Brownie Camera Club Contest, free at any Kodak dealer's or by mail.

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Snuff has kept on
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The eldest 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 year dealer for it. Refuse all substitutes. Price, 25 cents. All druggists, or by mail postpaid. Oir culars free. F. C. KEITH (Mastr.), Cleveland, O.



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has removable bottom which enables
you to remove without breaking the
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and others of our best selling household availate—Outds worth
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This Co. is worth a Hillion Dollars and its reliable—Ed,



WILLIAMSON SHOULDER BRACE.

For boys and girls. This brace prevents round shoulders and allows the lungs free action. It should be worn by all school children with any tendency to stoop shoulders. In ordering give length from neck to waist line at back, all other partare adjustable. White or drab. Postpaid on receipt of price, \$1.50 Williamson Corset & Brace Co., 8T. LOUIS, MO.



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Best Blood Purifier known, not a patent medicine but FURE RED CLOVER. Our preparations have a world-wide reputation. Send for streular. B. NEEBHAM'S SORS. SDInter Grean Building, Chingo



As well as Mon everywhere to introduce Dr. Hall's Non-Alcoholic Flavoring Powders. No experience required. Agents earn \$5.00 to \$5.00 a day. We pay freight. Sample FREE. Write to-day. C.S. Herner Mg. Co., 1465 Penn Ave., Pittaburgh, Po-

O PHOTOS

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

OFFER REPEATED BE YOUR AN

Owing to the Success of Our March Contest for the Printing Outfit, We Offer Exact Duplicate of the Same Outfit this Month.

THIS SPLENDID PRINTING OUTFIT MAY BE YOURS

NOT A TOY, BUT A 200 POUND OUTFIT, CAPABLE OF DOING THE JOB WORK OF A REGULAR PRINTING OFFICE. A MONEY-MAKING PRESENT. VALUE, \$50.00.

On May 1 next the splendid printing outfit shown in the accompanying picture will become the property of the person who, during April, becomes a subscriber for one year to THE AMERICAN BOY, or sends us a renewal of his present subscription, or sends us some other person's subscription, and comes the nearest to telling the receipts of the Chicago Postoffice during the Month of APRIL, 1901.

In order that boys may have some guide to help them in estimating the receipts we give the receipts for the month of April in other years. April, 1896, receipts \$447,233.58, 1897, \$435,849.78, 1898, \$476,398.22, 1899, \$528,234.74, 1900, \$571,353.46.

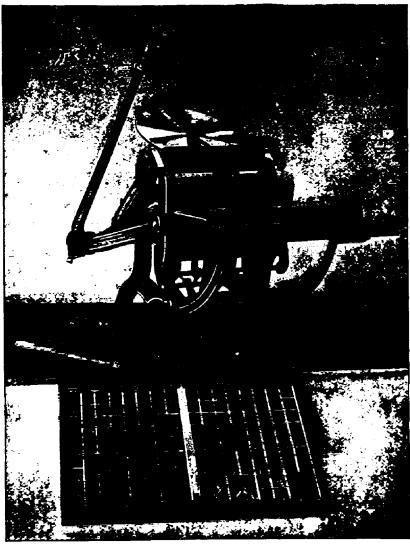
AN EDUCATIONAL SCHEME.

These guessing contests published from month to month are educational in their effect. The February contest drew the attention of the boys to the weather records of the different parts of the country. The March contest drew attention to immigration statistics, and thousands of boys heard about and asked about the subject of immigration for the first time. This contest draws attention to the enormous business of the great Chicago Postoffice. The contest is not one of mere guessing, for the thoughtful, studious, enquiring boy will win. It is like offering a prize to the boy in school who spells down every other boy on words given him haphazard. The boy who reads, thinks, enquires most will come nearest to estimating the receipts of the Chicago Postoffice for APRIL. It is a contest then of skill in estimating, and not a mere guessing in the dark,

A NEW **UP-TO-DATE PRINTING OUTFIT.**

VALUE, \$50.00.

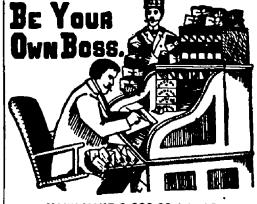
A PERFECT CHANDLER AND PRICE MACHINE THAT WILL LAST A LIFE TIME.



Some bright boy will get this Money-making and Educational

Prize.

Perhaps it will fall to a boy who will make by it money for an Education or get a start as a Great Journalist.

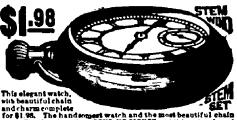


MANY MAKE 2.000.00 A YEAR

You have the same chance. Start a Mail-Order Business at your home, in any town or village. We tell you how. No license required. Big Mail, Orders, Money coming in daily. Large profits. Everything furnished. Our long experience is at your service. If you want to begin, write at once for our "Starter" and FREE particulars.



French Doll, and will live in a child's memory long after childhood days have passed. Address. NATIONAL MEDICINE CO., Dott Dept. 145D New Haven, Coan-



yours. A guarantee for 5 years with every watch. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO. 352-356 Dearborn St. Chicago.



BLOBE MOVELTY CO., BOX 5 A. ERIE, PA.

A GOLD WATCH FREE.

This Elegant Boild Gold Filled Hunting Case
Walch (Lady or Gents' size) 17 jewelled un panden
balance, fully guaranteed American movement
is given free to each person selling our
stick pins. Send your name and address
and we will send 18 stick pins to sell at
10c. sech. When sold send as the \$1.80, and we will send you at ence, prepaid, a fully guaranteed American movement watch. ARTHUR MFG. CO.,

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AND

This WATCH and CHAIN FREE

Camera if wished, will be sent you by return mail. CRESCENT TEA CO., Dept. 98, Springfield, Mass.

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CALCULATING PENCILS
at #5 Cents Each. A Weader, a Marvel. They cell like
hot cakes, Hend 25 cents for sample and go to work.
THE NOVELTY SUPPLY, CORTLAND, N. Y.



can carn a nickel-silver Watch with Chain and Charm by merely showing our Premium List to their schoolmates and friends and distributing a few order blanks. Nothing to sell no money wanted, Write today and get first chance in your town. Address QUEEN'S ROYAL INK CO., Box 100 L, Denver, Colo.

AMERICAN CIRLS
Bomething to give away. Bend to
stamps mailing and packing. BINNS
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Description of the Printing Outfit.

The press, of which a photograph is given, is a new PILOT PRESS, manufactured by the Chandler and Price Company, of Cleveland. Ohio, one of the leading printing press manufacturers of the United States. It is one of their most popular styles of presses—strong, easily operated, and thoroughly practical. All ordinary job printing can be done upon his press, the size of form printed being 6½ x 10 inches. The regular price of the press is thirty five dollars. It has a perfect bed and platen, with all parts adjusted so as to guarantee good printing and long life for the machine without need of repairs. Hundreds of them are in use, and the press has never been known to give dissatisfaction. A young man or boy with one of these machines and a lair assortment of type can make money. It is not a toy as it weighs over 150 pounds.

With the press goes two rollers, a chase, metal quoins and key for locking the form in the chase and "furniture" a new type case full of new type and all the parts necessary to work.

No such chance was ever offered to the Boys of America to get a Printing Outlit.

Who Are Entitled to Guess.

- 1.—Any one sending us his own annual subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY.
- 2.—Any one renewing his subscription, whether it has already expired or is to expire in the future.
- 3.—Any one sending us the subscription of another person, in which case both the person sending the subscription and the person subscribing are entitled to guesses.

When more than one dollar is sent, a guess is allowed for every dollar. Regular premiums, selected from our premium list, on the sending in of new subscriptions, are also given as heretofore. If there are any ties the contest will be decided by the drawing of slips from a hat, some prominent city official of Detroit, not identified with this paper, acting as referee. The name of the successful contestant will be published as soon as the Government record is made up—probably in the June number.

Any boy by hustling can get a good many guesses. He can renew his own subscription and get quite a number of new subscribers, and for every one of the latter he will be entitled to a premium as well as a guess. When you send in your money send in your guess.

This is the finest scheme ever offered to boys, as it gives them not only something that would otherwise cost them lifty dollars, but it gives them something that will enable them to make any amount of money for themselves and gives them an opportunity of learning

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New Subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

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THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO., MAJESTIC BLDG. DETROIT, MICH.

WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE

EDITOR. GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS. ASSISTANT EDITOR

Result of the Cash Prize Offer for Last Month.

The following cash prizes have been awarded to the boys sending in the largest number of subscriptions between February

number of subscriptions between February 1 and March 1:
Walter B. Phillips, Seattle, Wash., ten dollars; Ward Bassets, Bay City, Mich., ten dollars; John McDonald, Mobile, Ala., nine dollars; Curtis B. Knighten, Ennis, Tex., five dollars; William H. Leach, Cuba, N. Y., five dollars; Percy Foord, Rio Vista, Cal., four dollars; Howard Martin, Stamford, Conn., three dollars; Otis B. Volz, Connersville, Ind., three dollars; Arthur Lynch, Michigan City, Ind., three dollars; Harris K. Hoage, Lacota, Mich., three dollars.

The largest number sent in by any one of the foregoing was fourteen.

To Sunday School Workers.

The article entitled, "At the Door of the Sunday School," being one of a series entitled, "Turning Points in a Boy's Life," written by our editor, has met with considerable favor by Sunday school workers, and one has written us asking for the article in pamphlet form for distribution among Sunday school workers and boys. We have prepared the little pamphlet in convenient form, size 2, 3-4 x 6, so that it may be slipped into an ordinary envelope. We will send a supply of these pamphlets to any Sunday school worker asking for them, without charge. The gentleman who suggested the publishing of the article in pamphlet form said: "I think the article has great merit and will do great good. We have not seen anything in a lifetime to equal it for the good it will do." The article entitled, "At the Door of the



10

DO YOU WANT A WATCH that rous and keeps gootime? This watch has a SULID GOLD laid case, handcome
dial, dust proof, adjusted to position, paints ecosponers,
and kighly flashed. This is a remarkable watch Wegnarantee it, and with proper care it should war and girs aniisfaction for 50 years. It has to experience of a 50, 50LID GOLD con. The watch is accompanied with a
50 YEAR GUARANTEE. The cases are beautifully made by the meet skilled workness. The
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DEQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION TO THE BAR

Giving the Rules and Regulations of all the States and Territories. Address

SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO., Detroit, Mich.

270 Franklin Bldg.

Answers to Puzzles in February American Boy.

triumph."
101. Rite. "Christ is my leader, therefore I Right. Wright (a

triumph."

101. Rite. Write. Right.
workman). Wright (a name).

102. W R E A T H E
R O S T R A L
E S C H A R A
A T H E I S T
T R A I N E E
H A R S E N S
E L A T B S T
163. Weaver. Snowcap. L;
Gannet Chab. Owl. Wren.

104. Jackson. Lyre Lorn. Gannet. Chab. 104. Jackson. 105. Chestnut. 106. Luzon.

Award of Prizes to Solvers of Puzzles in February Number.

First complete list—Gerald Suttie, 469
Trumbull avenue, Detroit, \$2.00.
Second complete list—C. G. Valentine, 1335
Thalia street. Los Angeles, Cal., \$1.00.
Third complete list—Irving B. Phelps,
Grafton, North Dakota, 50 cents.
Fourth complete list—DeWitt Gillies, 1027
Twentieth avenue, S. E. Minneapolis, Minn.,
50 cents.

NEW PUZZLES.

Prefix a letter to a part of a flower and get a wild animal.

Prefix a letter to hearty and get a big fish. Prefix a letter to unwilling and get a South American Edentate.

Prefix a letter to a noose and get a vessel.

A Concealed Holiday.

A Concealed Holiday.

The names of several fishes, beasts and fowls are hidden in these sentences. When rightly guessed the initials—in the order given—will spell a national holiday.

"There, Fido, go get the stick," cried Freddie, "else you won't have any sugar." Off went Fido and soon back he came lugging a heavy stone with him.

"Now, look at that," said the little boy, contemptuously, "Fido, you ought to pay closer attention. I don't suppose you can tell a stick from a stone; but you ought to. A dog like you should have more sense. I never told a fib except once, but we won't talk about that, now. Oh here's a box with a new tomato can in it, and the can is empty, and here's an old rag—only you mustn't bite me instead of it, you know. Stop, Fido. You are as saucy and disobedient as can be. I say, a kick would do you good. Guess I'll give you one."

Fido ran off, however, before the boy could reach him.

Diamond.

1. A letter. 2. A vegetable. 3. A sticky substance. 4. To renew. 5. To make amends. 6. Before. 7. A letter

Word Half-Square.

1. A musical instrument, 2. A cele-brated river of the Orient, 3. A Scandi-navian god. 4. Add a letter to this and you have the moon. 5. Exists, 7. A letter.

Drop-Letter.

A line from Charles Kingsley.

D-g-o-d-a-m-l-a-d-e-w-o-l-l-e-l-v-r.

112.

Enigma.

We English speaking people Have a most peculiar word. Its parts are very common And frequently are heard.

The FIRST is more than common; Superior and fine, The SECOND only common, Just in the usual line.

But put them both together A superlative behold, Six-syllabled, but strange to tell, With five the whole is told.

Prizes.

For the first complete list of solutions we will give \$2.00.
For the second complete list, \$1.00.
For the third complete list, 50 cents.
For the fourth complete list, 50 cents.

A GOOD WATCH FREE This is an 18 size watch, heavily nickel plated, has open face, heavy beveled crystal, is guaranteed, and will be repaired free of charge should it fail to keep good time within one year.

MU MONEY OR CASH OUTLAY OF ANY KIND REQUIRED To get this watch, simply send your name and address. We will forward a book of ten coupous, each good for three months subscription to one of the best home magazines in America (a sample copy is sent for you to examine and show). You sell these to you friends and neighbors at 10 cemts each. Forward the money you collect and we send the watch, prepaid. A GREAT CHANCE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, Address to-day.

70 Franklin Bidg. FRANKLIN SUPPLY CO. Chicago.

WE TRUST YOU.

Girls Ladies Boys These Valuable Free Premiums

And your choice of 100 others fully described in our premium list. No money wanted in advance. Simply send us your name and address and we send premium list and 20 packages of Alpine Perfume. All your friends will take one at 10c each. When sold send us the \$2.00 and premium will be sent instantly. Write to-day.

J. C. KEYLER CO., 1985 Madison Cincinnati, O.





SEND NO MONEY, cut this advertisement out the same of the same of

AT SII.25 WE FURNISH THIS SEWING MACHINE COMPLETE WITH ALL ACCESSORIES, including I quilter, forcewdrivers, bobbins, I package of needles, I cloth guide and screw, I oil can filled with oil, and a complete instruction book, which makes everything so plain that even a child without previews experience can sperse the machine at once. FOR 15 OENTS EXTRA, we furnish, in addition to the regular accessories mentioned, the following special attachments: I thread cutter, I brader, I binder, I set of plain hemmers, different widths up to hiths of an inch.

THIS ILLESTRATION gives you an idea of the appearance of the HIGH GRADE, HIGH ARE NEW QUEEN SEW. ING MACHINE which we furnish at \$11.25, in the handsome 5-drawer

tioned, the following special attachments: I thread cutter, I braider, I binder, I be of plain hemmers, different withs up to 5ths of an inch.

SEWING MACHINE DEALERS who will order three or more machine, under another name, and with our name entirely removed, but the price will be the same, viz., \$11.25, even in hundred lots. ORDER TODAT. BORT BELAY. Such an effer was never known before. By \$98.50 UPRICHT CRAND PIANO IS A WONDER. Shipped on one year's free trial. Write for free Plane Calalogue.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.



"OAKWOOD" 2 PAYABLE AFTER EXAMINATION.

Send no Money—Just Order
this strictly high-grade 1901 Oakwood. State name, address, express office, whether you want ladies' or gent's; color: black or marroon, and gear wanted, and we will send the Wheel to your express office, C. O. D., subject to extamination, compare it with any other wheels offered at twice the price place it beside "wheels" offered at less money and it you do not find it superior to either at our 918.95 price, you will of course refuse it. The "Oak wood" is a standard wheel and our written, binding guarantee protects you fully Before purchasing elsewhere make sure of their ability to furnish parts, otherwise in case of breakage your wheel is worthless. We will replace parts any time during the life of the wheel-less tubing!

Is M. EWEMT place your order before having the life to the company of the price of the company of the price of the pr

DESCRIPTION: Made of best Shelby seam less twhing three crown (latest improved Columbia box crown) in ickel-jointed; nickel head; 3½ in. drop, one piece hanger, flush joints throughout. Semething entirely new.

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pince your order before having our 1901 Bicyclo Catalogue con our 1901 Bicyclo Catalogue con taining valuable hints to the bicycle rider

BENT FREE ON APPLICATION. CASH BUYERS' UNION, (Inc.) 162 W. Van Buren St., Dept. D-447, Chicago



A Fine Watch or Genuine Opal Ring FREE

If you want a Watch that IS a Watch, and a beautiful Ring—please read this offer. Our Watch represents the perfection of its class, rich, solid nickel finish, best made American Rovement, dust proof case, extra heavy bevelled crystal, fully warranted and guaranteed. Our Ring is the very finest extra heavy resamilees, solid gold, famous Tiffang style setting set with a magnificent fishing greatise Opal. To get this fine Watch or beautiful Ring FBEE, just send us your name and address and we will sail you BS bick Pins to sell at 10e each. When solid, send us the \$1.90 and we will send by return mail the Watch or Ring as above for your trouble. Our Stick Pins are stone set and so prestly you can sell 3 or 4 to each person, and earn your Watch or Ring in a few minutes.

ANAWAN JEWELRY CO., I MAIN ST., NO. ATTLEBORO, MASS.

THOMPSON'S POCKET SPELLER



THE AMERICAN BOY

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MONTHLY Vol. 2. No. 7

Detroit, Michigan, May, 1901

PRICE, SLOO A YEAR

PRICE, \$1.00 A YEAR 10 Cents a Copy

Turning Points in a Boy's Life

Seventh Article of a Series

LEAVING HOME.



HAVE never made up my mind as to whether a boy who must leave home in his later teens is fortunate or unfortunate. It depends largely, of course, upon the kind of a boy he is and the kind of a home he has. There are homes that boys will

do well to leave—homes where they are coddled and petted and humored and waited on and made selfish, presump-

tuous prigs.

I once boarded; and among my fellow boarders was a family of three-father, mother, and son. The mother was a little, feeble, old woman; the son a tall, hatchet-faced dude. He slept every morning till nine, and then his little, old mother laboriously climbed two flights of stairs to carry him his breakfast; and I always suspected that she polished his shoes. From both his father's and his mother's side he had blue blood in his veins, and every boarder in the house felt deeply tempted to spill a little of it. That boy lived with the old folks till the mother died, and then after a few years of living off his erstwhile friends, he came to be practically a beggar on the street, with no ambition above puffing a cigarette. Better for that boy had he been forced out of the family circle when he was sixteen and compelled to learn to do something for himself.

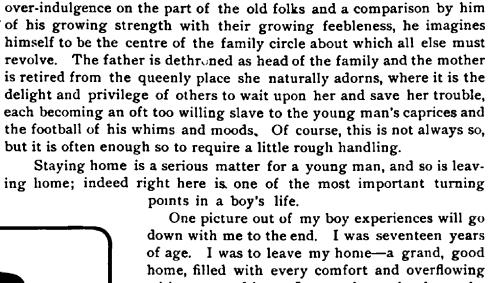
I know another boy—now full grown—who has been "keeping company" with a young lady for a dozen years, and the arrangement is that they will not marry until the boy's mother dies; so he lives at home. I think there must be something wrong with all three of these persons. I hope the wedding will never take place, for I don't have much confidence in that kind of affection. That mother ought to shove the boy out of the home nest, if for no other purpose than that he may fulfill the Divine will and get a nest of his own—lerhaps big enough to give her a cozy corner. I know what I would do if I were the girl; I would cuit keeping company with a boy and set my cap for a man.

You talk about filial devotion on the part of young men who stay at home with the old folks! Ity observation is that it is often filial devotion only by virtue of considerable poetic license. I

notice that too frequently the father of such boys very soon becomes the old man," sits at one side of the dining table, speaks when he is poken to, and carries the coal; and that mother becomes the valet duchambre, even to turning down the bedclothes and following the boy wound to pick up his dirty linen and keep his clothes brushed and nung in the closet.

I will chance it on the filial affections of that other boy who went out from home with a stout heart and a mother's blessing and won independence and came back surrounded by a brood of youngsters to grandfather's and grandmother's for a visit now and then.

Other numbers of the series: "Joining the College Fraternity" (Nov. 1800); "The Question of Going to college" (Dac. 1800); "Choosing An Occupation" (Jan. 1801); "Quisting School" (Feb. 1801); "At the Door of the numbers of the Sunday School" (March 1801); "Choosing His Chums" (April 1801).



The trouble with the boy who remains at home is that, through

with peace and love—I was to leave that home the next morning for a distant point—not for a visit, but as the begining of a permanent absence, save for visits at intervals. Family worship had never been instituted in that home, but that night my father got down the family Bible and read from its pages aloud, and then all kneeled while he offered up the most beautiful prayer I ever heard sent up to the Throne of Grace—a prayer for his first-born who on the morrow was to step over the threshold of home into the great world—a hard, grinding, restless, pushing, pitiless world—there to meet victory or defeat, to come back a blessing or a curse. I tell you I have seen that vision and heard that prayer in a thousand places, at a thousand times; and whether the prayer got its answer or not, it had strength enough to reach down through the years and save in many and many a crisis.

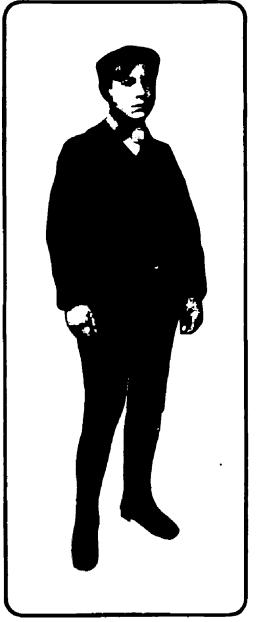
There are circumstances where a boy may well remain at home. If the care of the old folks devolves upon him and he can care for them well only by so doing, then by all means he should stay. If the father's business requires his assistance, and particularly if father and son look forward to the son's taking up the father's work, he may well remain at home, until he has found some one who is ready to help him found a home of his own; and then, barring again peculiar circumstances which may prevent, he should strike out for himself. But if he remains at home for any reason, good or bad, let him remember it is his father's house—not his, and that if ever in his life he owes the duty of service to the old folks,

the old man," sits at one side of the dining table, speaks when he is

May I venture to say that if circumstances require that the boy

bring into the paternal home a wife, he and all concerned will need the grace of angels to keep nicely balanced their varying interests. Were I the father or mother of a son who brought into my house a bride, I would, as I now view it, resign into their hands the reins of authority and, retiring into the background, study to keep the love and respect-of my children by living a cheerful and blameless life before them, and find my joy in their pleasures and their advancement.

I can imagine, too, a boy whose nature is such that to send him out among strangers would be suicidal to his morals and to his very life. Such a boy is the exception. He may need the watchful care of the (Continued on Page 208.)



THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T BE DUCKED

F. S. BALLARD

Everyone called him Little Jim, for, though nearly fifteen years old, he didn't look over ten.

But Little Jim was a weakling. He was an inch under five feet tall, and weighed not much over ninety pounds.

But if Jimmie Burns was weak in body he had strength of mind, and his well-shaped head held ideas in advance of his years. He was a sensitive, imagiyears, of what was commonplace and ordinary in the world, and a longing to excel—to be something great. He was all brain and nerves, and likely this was what ailed his little undersized body.

Naturally, such a boy felt keenly the insignificance of his appearance, and the slights and lack of respect to which it often led. It was a bitter subject with him-his size, and his self pride was often wounded.

To be jostled or presumed upon by boys younger than he, to be ignored or treated with exasperating condescension by young ladies with whom he fain would have been friendly, to have humiliating mistakes made concerning his age by his elders, these were some of the trials that he had to bear. The sight of a great big fellow, with bulging calves, and broad, square shoulders, filled him with a glow of admiration and made him despise his own littleness.

But one day Jimmie got hold of a little book, and the story it told was a true one. It told of a man who was born a wretched little specimen of humanity, so frail that his parents hardly thought it worth while to raise him, and there was so little of him when he was grown up that his conscience would not let him take out a life insurance policy; he felt it would be equivalent to defrauding the company.

But this man began a course of physical training which in a few years made him one of the strongest men in the country, and though but five feet four inches tall, and weighing but one hundred and twenty five pounds, he could pick up two men weighing one hundred and fifty pounds each, and trot with them on it was a fact that the inihis back a hundred yards.

No one but a boy like Jimmie could have gathered the inspiration from this book that he did. As he read he became convinced, and the strength of a great purpose took possession of him. He would do as this man had done, and maybe yet he could be something worth looking at; and he set about the task with the determination of a bright mind.

He fitted up a room at his home with the equipment of a small gymnasium, and with the sympathy and loving interest of his folks, he began his training.

Rarely was there a day that he missed the regular hour set aside for his task; and he trained intelligently. He followed closely the advice and instructions given in the little book which had put this new purpose into his life; interest in his work led him to

learn many things on the subject of physical culture. As his enthusiasm grew, from the very evident he was making. his system of training became still and his application greater. He aimed to develop harmoniously every body—to make himself a perfect little athsucceeded.

the task he had reach. ferent boy. His never, natur-ally, be otherwise; his natural paleness of features, himself. gave him a

##################################### | cate appearance that conveyed a false impression as | rare ability to his strength and age. He had increased in height to take care full three inches, his weight was now one hundred and twenty seven, and his strength was wonderful for one of his size.

He was now eighteen years old and had just entered Saybrook Institute to complete his education; Saybrook was a military academy.

The pranks, which it was the cadets' delight to practice on all newcomers, began at once. Jimmie arrived on a Friday, and on this night, each week, the monotony of the regular fare for supper was radically changed for a menu of baked beans and fresh fried doughnuts.

Fancying, from his youthful appearance, that it might be possible to impose upon him, Jimmie was approached that afternoon by two well-meaning and native boy, with a keen appreciation, for one of his serious-faced cadets, who gravely asked him if he had procured his bean ticket yet, explaining that it was necessary for him to have this ticket in order to be served with the regular rations of beans. Jimmie took no stock whatever in this bean ticket story, and deposited in the waste paper basket the ticket that they so generously gave him.

He was rewarded that night at the supper table by seeing a greenhorn cadet, who had likewise arrived that day, pass up his plate bearing an immense blue when sundry ticket calling for beans, to the huge delight of the cadets, even the instructors at the head of the tables marks began joining in the mirth which this incident, when successfully carried out, always excited. This was only one of the series of time-honored and well-understood jokes, peculiar to Saybrook, which each new arrival, had tried upon him.

But there was one other experience which a majority of the cadets had

gone through at some time, which was not so funny, and that was the initiation, as it was called.

Hazing was strictly forbidden by the rules of the Institute, but as the victim felt that he would lose prestige among his fellows if he made any complaint of the treattiation was still in force, and was inflicted on any cadet not wary enough or strong enough to resist the attack upon his person.

The Institute was situated on Lake Dunmore, and on the shore of the lake, two hundred yards to the south of the Institute buildings, a flat ledge of rocks projected into the water, known to the cadets as "dead man's rock." It was "dead here that the initiation took place.

Onto this rock the victim was hustled, pale with fear, or red and deflant with anger, as the case might be. He was progress that held by the legs and forced over the edge of the rock headfirst into

up and plunged under repeatedly, until the leader of more elaborate the band sang out in ceremonious fashion, "Cadets, has he swallowed a gallon of water?" If the reply was in the affirmative, and the victim looked as though he had and wouldn't be able to stand much more, he was hauled out soaked and nearly strangled, and informed that he was now a cadet in good

One of the chief actors at these performances was Phil Roche, the bully of the school. He was a big fellow, dull intellectually, with a disagreeable face, lete, and he and a coarse, rough way of doing everything. He was tolerated by the older boys, to whom he toadied in an For three effort to gain their good will, but was cordially years he stuck despised and feared by the smaller cadets, who spent determinedly to their time when he was around in keeping out of his

was a very dif- back, were some of the petty manifestations of an

form was still cadets wary in keeping out of Roche's clutches. slight; it would Now, Jimmie was just the style of a boy w Now, Jimmie was just the style of a boy whom a fellow like Roche would take particular delight in annoying. Nothing is so dear to the heart of a genuine bully as to get hold of a little fellow who is sensitive and high spirited, and whose pride is outraged and sharpness by rough handling, but who is powerless to help

of himself, of which Roche was profoundignorant. Roche also felt instinctively the contempt which Jimmie had conceived for him, but there was something in Jimmie's bearing which so far had kept him from offering him any offence.

Jimmie had been at Saybrook about two weeks, meaning reto be passed among some of the cadets intended for his ears, such as, "It's about time something happened, isn't it?" or, "Somebody had bet-



* * gave Boche one grand shove

ter join the crowd and be one of us," etc., and Jimmie was not much in doubt as to the meaning of these remarks.

It was on a half holiday, allowed in honor of principal Huxton's birthday, that Jimmie, alone and in a thoughtful mood, was exploring some patches of woods which surrounded some muck ponds lying parallel with the shores of the lake. Coming out of the woods at the south, he found himself on the

shore of the lake directly opposite "dead man's rock.

On the far end of the rock were half a dozen cadets, and from their appearance Jimmie instantly divined that an initiation, of which he had heard was in progress.

In the center of the group was Cadet Beckwith a new arrival, who roomed in the same hall with Jimmie. His coat and vest had been stripped off. and his white face and helpless expression showed that the rough handling and serious demeanor of his captors had thoroughly demoralized him with fear and uncertainty as to what was coming.

As Jimmie watched, bully Roche on one side and Cadet Sedgwick on the other dragged Beckwith toward the water's edge, the other cadets closing in on them from behind. Holding him by the legs, and with the friendly advice not to kick or they would let him go, they forced him headfirst off the rock into the water.

A wave of indignation, mingled with contempt for the unresisting victim, swept over Jimmie.

Beckwith was hauled out and again plunged in headfirst; this was repeated a number of times, until haif helpless from the shock and strangulation, he was pulled back onto the rock, and informed that he was now a cadet in good standing at Saybrook Institute.

The tormentors had been so busily engaged with Beckwith that they had not noticed Jimmie on the shore. They now caught sight of him for the first time, and Jimmie could see that he was at once the subject of their conversation.

"Hey, Burns, we want to see you," shouted Sedg wick, moving toward Jimmie.

If they expected him to take to his heels, they were agreeably disappointed. Jimmle had not the least idea of fleeing. His pride and spirit of resistance had been aroused to the utmost by the sight of Beck with's humiliation, and with fast beating heart, and an expression on his face, which, had he been larger might have warned them to leave him alone, he awaited Sedgwick's approach.

"Come, Burns, you might just as well take your dose now as any time; we've all had to go through i you know." said Sedgwick, putting his hand on Jim mie's shoulder.

"Take your hand off my shoulder," said Jimmie, de terminedly, looking Sedgwick in the eye in a way that disconcerted the former in spite of his superior size.

"Take your hand off from me," repeated Jimmie and raising his hand he struck Sedgwick's arm aside and stepped back a pacc.

"Well, well, he's going to show fight!" yelled Roche who hurried up at this moment. "Let me take him Sedgie," and rushing at Jimmie, he threw an arn around his neck and endeavored to trip him and lay him on his back.

But Jimmie didn't go down. There was a lively tussle for a moment, and then Jimmie freed his neck from



the water. He was lifted muscle in his standing at Saybrook Institute.

undertaken, and Twisting their wrists, bending them over backat the end of ward until their spines were likely to crack, surpristhat time he ing them with sudden resounding thumps on the innate disposition to torture which made the younger

Roche was conscious that Jimmie was this type of somewhat deli- a boy, and he was, with the exception of possessing a Roche's grasp, and got a hand on both of Roche's wrist-

And then came Roche's first surprise. The arms that held his were stronger than his own. Little by little, in spite of a desperate strain that crimsoned his face. his arms were forced down and held against his sides.

Taken thoroughly by surprise at Jimmie's remarkable and unlooked for display of strength, Roche was quite willing to cease the struggle for a moment, and they lay up against each other panting for breath.

Then Roche gave a sudden wrench, but Jimmie was waiting for this. Roche did not succeed in freeing his hands, and Jimmie, still holding Roche's wrists, forced his arms about his thighs, and throwing all the strength of his three years' training into the effort, lifted Roche's feet clear off the ground.

Not a cadet had offered to interfere; the struggle had resolved itself into a personal duel between Jimmie and his larger antagonist. The initiation had been lost sight of. The instinctive spirit of fair play and admiration for Jimmie's unexpected resistance and remarkable display of strength, made them forbear to interfere, and they watched the struggle desperately interested.

Roche had not dreamed it possible, but as he was lifted clear off the ground, it dawned upon him that he was really in danger of being worsted by his smaller antagonist, ridiculous as it seemed.

than himself, Roche made another struggle, which brought him to the ground, and planting his feet in the sand, he endeavored with all his might to shove Jimmie backward. But Jimmie went back only a few steps, and then they rested again, both breathing heavily from their exertions.

Roche acted not a bit anxious to renew the struggle. but Jimmie didn't wait for him. He had never for a moment lost his grip on Roche's wrists, and again getting him about the waist, he half lifted, half dragged Roche forward along the rocks towards the water's edge.

Roche now realized Jimmie's intentions, and desperate with wrath and mortified pride, he struggled harder. But it was of no use; he had caught a tartar. In spite of his smaller stature, Jimmie was the stronger of the two, and Roche could not get his arms free.

Round and round they twisted and wrestled, and with each move Jimmie forced Roche nearer the edge of the rock, until finally, as they tottered on the very edge, Jimmie, gathering all his strength, gave Roche one grand shove and let go, and the bully of Saybrook, with a tremendous splash, disappeared in four feet of water.

Yells of derisive delight, from the cadets, broke the time, he left Saybrook for good.

Enraged at being lifted off his feet by one smaller, silence, as Roche went under, and there were exclamations of "Bravo, Burns," "Good boy, Jimmie!" etc.

The cadets' regard for Roche was a very thin thing at the best, and the sight of his discomfiture at the hands of his little antagonist was really keenly relished by every one present, while a generous impulse, coupled with genuine admiration and respect, caused them to applaud the victor.

Roche dragged himself out of the water. Not a word did he say, but busied himself wringing water from his clothes and endeavoring to straighten himself out.

In pairs and groups the cadets straggled back to the Institute, and the half suppressed snickers, and meaning smiles on all faces, added the finishing touch to the humiliation of the demoralized Roche.

Jimmie, as might be expected, had by his act at once established himself in the hearts of all the cadets, and he was from that time on the best fellow of them all.

As for Roche, his reign ended with his involuntary plunge in four feet of water. After the showing he had made, his bluffing and petty tyrannizing didn't go at all. He had sufficient discernment to realize this, and after existing under a cloud for a short

A Brave Mississippian

The thirteenth story of a series entitled "Stories of Boy Heroes"

ANNAH ROBINSON WATSON ăaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

Among the families of note in Holly Springs, a little town of North Mississippi, there was none more highly esteemed at the breaking out of the Civil War than that of the Honorable J. W. C. Watson.

Coming from Virginia about 1845, the members of the home circle had brought with them that refinement and culture for which the people of the "Old Dominion" were conspicuous, and had established a home which for years was a center of the most charming and gracious hospitality.

The mother, Catharine Davis Watson, was one of the fairest of Virginia's daughters. She inherited many of the noblest traits of her English lineage, together with the tact, quickness of perception, grace, piquancy and beautiful religious fervor of her Huguenot ancestors.

The father, possessed of the blended characteristics of the best English and Scotch blood, was intense in his religious bent, firm and unswerving in the discharge of duty, and one of the most prominent lawyers at a bar noted for the brilliance of its members.

He was earnestly opposed to secession, but when his state decided upon this course, he went with his people and later was an honored member of the Confederate senate.

In the family circle were five children, a daughter and four sons. The eldest of the latter, William Taylor Watson, immediately upon the breaking out of hostilities, raised a company and went out as its captain. He was only twenty three years of age, but by his intelligence as a leader, and his many noble and attractive traits of character, he became the idol of his men.

He passed safely through many dangers and won distinction in many engagements, when, on March 5th, 1863, the fight at Thompson's Station, Tennessee, took place

Here, leading a charge and inciting his men to deeds of heroism and valor, he fell, mortally wounded. He died on the battlefield, and in all the fierce conflicts where fell the sons of Mississippi, there perished not one who was braver nor more deserving of an honored memory.

The second son, John Staige Davis Watson, had been a student at old St. Thomas' Hall, Holly Springs, the school which became well and favorably known under the management of Dr. Hawks, of New York. Later he entered the Dinwiddie Academy, Albemarle county, Virginia, and here became a warm personal friend of the brave Randolph Fairfax, a sketch of whose life has already been given in these pages. The record of these two young Southerners has much in common and ' the extracts from their diaries are remarkably similar.

The character of Staige Davis Watson was distinguished by an exquisite gentleness and delicacy of feeling, yet, when at the age of seventeen he entered the army, Company B, Seventeenth Mississippi Regiment, he was conspicuous from the first for an intrepid daring which showed him absolutely without fear. Though the duties of his position as sergeant major and adjutant of his battalion exempted him from the risks of actual engagements, he was ever in the front of the fight, where, in his opinion, a soldier's duty should lead him.

His reckless bearing and apparent insensibility to danger brought many warning words and expostulations from the officers, but he seemed completely selfforgetful when his company was in action.

The months dragged by and 1864 came. He was with the army of northern Virginia, sharing in all its vicissitudes and dangers.

From the little diary which came to the shadowed home a few months later, a few extracts are given that the present generation may look into the heart of this young American hero.

"Friday, February 19th, 1864," he writes. cold. Busy all day making out furloughs for re-enlisted men. Rations short. Read two chapters in the Bible.'

"Sunday, February 21st. Busy all day. Received orders to march to-morrow at 6 o'clock. Sent off all baggage on train. Have to sit up all night, it being very cold and my blankets having to be sent off. Tired. Read three chapters in the Bible.'

"Tuesday, March 1st. Rained all day. Cold. In standing by fire to keep warm we were drenched with rain. Move soon. Order came to send off surplus baggage. Read one chapter in Bible."

"Tuesday, March 22nd. Snowing all day. Fall nine inches deep. Rations out. Only ate one meal. Went to bed hungry. Every one talking of the good meals they have had. Sure sign of scarcity of rations.

"Sunday, May 15th. Enemy fell back. Recovered the remains of Captain Barksdale and performed the last sad rites for the body of so dear a friend."

"Tuesday, May 17th. All quiet to-day. Wrote home yesterday. • • Feel lonely. Miss Captain Barksdale. How thankful I should feel for God's mercy to me in having protected me through so many dangers.

Monday, May 23rd. Skirmishing commenced the other side of the river 8 o'clock a. m. At once formed a line of battle on river bank. Moved back a quarter mile about 12 a.m. and threw up fortifications. paid, for heavy cannonading commenced about 3:30 Shot and shell fly quite rapidly"

This is the last entry. On that day, only a little later, when the men were fighting in the trenches behind the breastworks, at Hanover Junction, again and again the brave young soldier was warned by his commander against mounting the embankment in full fire of the enemy, but he only thought of serving the 'Cause" he loved and of inciting his comrades to noble action.

Suddenly, springing upon an exposed point, cheering and lifting his beautiful young face transformed with enthusiasm and self-forgetfulness, the fatal shot came. He fell, pierced by a ball, and never spoke He was carried to Richmond, died at the Arlington Hotel there, and was laid to rest in Hollywood Cemetery, where sixteen hundred Confederates sleep.

In his last letter home, May 16th, were these words: "It is nearly night; I will only have time to say that I am still safe. * * I was struck with a spent ball, also grazed by another, but God mercifully watched over me and preserved me from death. We have been doing very heavy duty and all are nearly exhausted. We have marched nearly all night for three or four nights, since the battle commenced. * Should we meet no more on earth, I pray we may meet in heaven."

In the little Bible which was his constant companion were many marked passages. On a fly leaf, written in his own hand: "O, God, may I walk uprightly, knowing that my influence goeth abroad for good or evil. Grant that it may be for good!"

His commander, Colonel Holder, said of him: "He was one of the most remarkable young men I ever knew, equally distinguished for the gifts of his mind. the elegance of his manners, and the purity of his sentiments."

A Successful Boys' Club

WRITTEN BY THE CLUB'S 14 YEAR OLD PRESIDENT, JAMES MCGANN

What might properly be called The Boys' Elysium is the "Boys' Industrial Association" of Scranton, Pa. It was founded on Sept. 22, 1899, and since its doors were first thrown open to the Scranton boys it has been largely attended.

The club is located in the basement of the Troop Memorial.

The large front room contains tables on which the members play all sorts of games, which are kept by the Secretary of the Interior.

The office, opening from this room, contains the desks of the president and vice-president and the secretaries of State, Industry and Treasury, the Justice of the Peace, and the Attorney-General.

The Justice of the Peace is the dread of the boys, as his duty is to fine the wrong-doers.

There is a reading room also, in which the boys can read all kinds of magazines and papers, and a library where the boys may borrow books for ten days.

The Supreme Court is presided over by the Chief Justice, and the senior and junior judges. In the court a boy can bring a case up against another boy.

Nearly every boy in the club has a trade, and each boy has a company; the club is divided off into com-

panies named after the thirteen original states and has a special night in the week on which to meet.



This picture shows James McGann, President of the B. I. A., and his Cabinst. McGann is the center boy in the front row. The others are, beginning with the back row on the left: Becretary of Public Works, Atomer-General, Secretary of Industry, Secretary of State, Librarian. In the front row, beginning on the left: Becretary of the Treamyr, Vice-President, President, Cashier of the National Bank, Secretary of the Interior.

At these company, or state meetings, any one can make | three nights a week. suggestions for their Senator to bring up in the Senate.

There is a B. I. A. National Bank and the both the Senate meets every Saturday night; it is made deposit their money and receive interest on it.

up of one representative from each state. It makes all the laws for the club.

The trades that the boys have a chance to learn are chair caning, shoe cobbling, carpentry, printing, bookkeeping, architectural drawing, penmanship and telegraphy; and many a boy saves his mother some money by caning a chair, or repairing his own shoes.

Last of all comes the gymnasium, which is the delight of every boy in the club. It contains a trapeze, a stationary bar, a pair of rings, a ladder upon which the boys walk and strengthen their muscles, a punching bag, and many other articles used in a gymnasium.

The first night the association was opened, seven boys were admitted as members, and now there are five hundred and eighty four boys coming to the club. The gymnasium is the best feature of the club, and

all the boys like to go into it. Two teachers are employed there and teach the boys many interesting tricks. The boys behave very well during club hours and there is hardly ever any unusual noise made by them,

when they are playing the games. The club keeps boys from running around the streets after dark, as they can come into nice cosy

rooms and enjoy themselves. All the officers who are secretaries receive five cents and their assistants receive four cents, each working

There is a B. I. A. National Bank and the boys can

How Three "Bikes" Made a City.

F.....

There were sixteen hundred persons living in Blufftown. Among these was the usual number of boys. There were five-only five-bicycles in Blufftown! Two of these were in a corner drug store labeled "For Sale," and the others belonged to boys who didn't pay much attention to wheeling and might as well have thrown their machines into the river, for all the good they were to them. The druggist couldn't sell his wheels, even although they were new and shiny and he had offered all sorts of terms on them. Funny place to sell bicycles, wasn't it? But the druggist took the agency because he thought it would help his courtplaster and liniment trade, forgetting that this would hardly make up for his lost sales of dyspepsia tablets and headache wafers.

Nobody in Blufftown wanted a bicycle because the six or seven streets of the town were almost impassable to four wheeled vehicles, at times, not to speak of two wheeled. Nobody-not even a reckless boywanted to risk his neck on Main street for more than a few minutes at a time, for if he missed a rut he was liable to run into a tomato can, and if he missed that he was sure to hit a broken bottle. There were no decent country roads near by; so what was a bicyclist to do?



Billie Cheadle * * got tangled up one day in a big limb.

Billie Cheadle, who owned one of the wheels, got tangled up one day in a big limb that had fallen from a tree right into the middle of Center street and had been left lying there. While Tom Simpson got a dozen punctures in one turn of his wheel, riding through a pile of refuse thrown into Main street from the Mayor's cellar about house cleaning time; and when Dud Noble fell over a cow one evening, just after dusk, while riding home with a basket of eggs from the grocery, it was unanimously declared by those three boys that there had got to be municipal reform in Blufftown—they would stand it no longer; in fact, the three boys were "mad."

Dud called a meeting of three at his house and forthwith there was formed

"THE BLUFFTOWN BOYS' REFORM SOCIETY—

OBJECT, TO CLEAN UP THIS TOWN."

But what were three boys to do with sixteen hundred people? Let us see. Dud suggested that they get three strips of muslin, print on them the words,

"THIS IS THE DIRTIEST TOWN IN THE STATE. PHIL. DOOLITTLE, MAYOR,

and attach them by wire framework to their bicycles: Billie thought the boys could be organized into a vigilance committee, and Tom suggested that they notify every householder that he must clean up or be exposed to summary vengeance.

The three plans met with decided favor, and the boys worked away into the night with pens and ink and paper, much to the worriment of several parents who didn't know what sort of a game was on foot.
The next morning, much to the dismay of several

citizens, they found pinned on their front doors, neatly folded and addressed notes, which they lost no time in opening and reading. Alderman Workem's note read as follows:

"Honorable Sir: The Blufftown Boys' Reform Society hereby notifies you that your cow is running at large in the streets of Blufftown against the law. Enough sald. "Vigilance Committee, "B. B. R. S."

Mayor Doolittle got the following:

"Your Excellency: The Blufftown Boys' Reform Society respectfully petitions that you move the rubbish heap from the street in front of your house and clean up or quit your job. We are ashamed of our town. "Vigilance Committee,

B. B. R. S."

THE AMERICAN BOY



"Shame! Shame! Shame!" he cried.

The preacher of the Methodist Church, Rev. Theo. Righ, read:

"Rev. Sir: The Blufftown Boys' Reform Society wants the ash heap removed from in front of your church by next Sunday. Yours for good, "Vigilance Committee, "B. B. R. S."

Mr. Needswhisky, of the "Wayside Inn," received the following:

"Dear Sir: The landscape in front of your 'Inn' would be greatly improved by the removal of the beer kegs that line the pavement. Your display shows enterprise and unusual business success for one of our leading industries, but we rather thought the throngs that line our streets on busy days might need the room.

"Vigilance Committee,"
"B. B. R. S."

Editor Little read this:

"Dear Editor: Please let national issues alone for a week or more and trim the trees in your front yard; they are shedding their limbs into the street to the discomfort of citizens who are too lazy to go around them. Please let politicians mend their own fences and give a look at your own. One whole section is about to fail down.

"Vigilance Committee,
"B. B. R. S."

A dozen or more boys that morning received invitations through the postoffice to join the B. B. R. S. During the day three bicycles cut the biggest sort of a figure on the streets of Blufftown. Everybody was on the sidewalks by noon, talking and laughing about

the strange "freak of mischief."

But the fellows who received the letters from the Vigilance Committee said nothing and did nothing. The result was that Alderman Workem woke up one morning to find a big muslin sign adorning his cow as she came home to be milked, reading:

"Alderman Workem milks me. Who milks you?" Everybody saw the point.

Mayor Doolittle found a signboard stuck up over

his rubbish heap, reading:

"Notice: Everyone may dump his dirt here. order of the Mayor." And some one had dumped two blocks away.

The preacher found on his church door the next Sunday morning this:

"Text for to-day: Cleanliness is next to Godliness. Ashes an exception."

Needswhisky and his neighbors found the beer barrels one morning stacked up in a great pyramid, and on them these words in big letters:

'Blufftown's Pride.'

Editor Doolittle was the only man in the lot who

fell down before the assaults of the Vigilance Committee. He was a good fellow at heart, but he had tried talking reform and cleanliness till he was tired out. He saw the inevitable result of the hidden forces now at work; so, as soon as he saw the lay of the land he went to his sanctum, turned the key in his door, threw off his coat, grabbed a pencil, and turned off the hottest editorial that ever left the sizzling brain of an editor. "Shame," "Shame," "Shame," he cried. "Blufftown, wake up! The boys are after us! Organize for work, for progress, for greater things!" And all this time men were up in the editor's trees lopping off dead branches, and the old fence was getting a straightening up that it had needed for a year.

In two weeks forty boys had joined the B. B. R. S. and every one had agreed to keep the street in front of his home free from rubbish and ruts, and use his best efforts to get his neighbors to clean up.

The druggist asked if he could come into the society; the boys said, "Not until you get a good assortment of bicycles, for we are going to have a bicycle club and ten of our members want wheels.'

The druggist got the wheels and the club was formed. And what do you suppose happened to the Alderman's cow? She failed to give milk for three successive mornings—at least the Alderman couldn't get any -and then she disappeared from the streets and some one said the Alderman had put her in good pasture. Soon after that the church had an oyster supper, the B. B. R. S. attended in a body, and from the proceeds



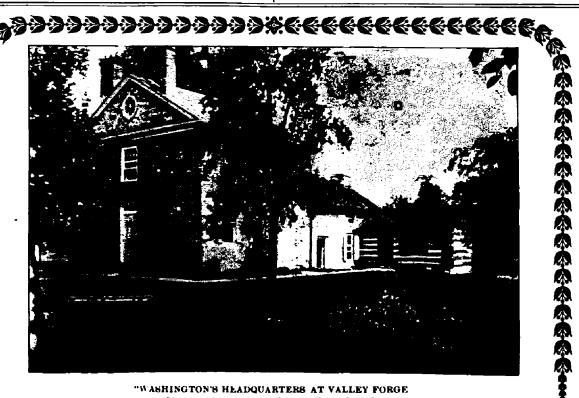
She failed to give milk for three successive mornings.

the janitor was paid his back wages and he didn't dump his ashes thereafter in the street.

The Mayor couldn't stand the pace and lost the nomination for the next term. All the members of By, the B. B. R. S., the editor, and the druggist, and every decent citizen were against him; and Dud Noble got or three wheelbarrow loads of cans and bones onto the job, becoming the youngest and best mayor in the Mayor's pile until it loomed up to be seen four America. The day he took the office there was a bicycle parade, and it was a hummer, and Dud, Billie and Tom led the procession.

The town council now to 'tes care of the streets, the people take care of their front and back yards, and the B. B. R. S. takes care that everybody else takes The druggist has quit selling pills to sell bicare. cycles in the prettiest town in a month's travel, for Blufftown boomed and boomed until now it is not Blufftown, but Noble City—a real flourishing

little city; and three "bikes" did it.



"Washington's headquarters at valley forge Photograph by Clarence Launer. Royersford, Pa

The Toughness of Peter

EDWARD MUMPORD

"Hi! Fight, fight!" The pushing, noisy groups filling the schoolhouse walk from door to gate took up the shrill cry as one boy, and joyously broke across the yard to the lot just beyond it. Those nearest the door paused only to pass the glad news to the boys still in the hall. "Hi! a fight, come on!" called the hall exultantly to the stairs. "Who is it?" yelled all those behind as they came on, and most of those in front shouted back as they ran, "It's Pete Ryan an' young Bradford. Come on, fellers."

In a few minutes the corner of the lot held a surging little sea of small boys, in the midst of which a bare red head and a tousled black one bobbed like a pair of corks. "Give 'em more room," demanded those on the outside of the ring; and those on the inside pressed still closer together, with loud encouraging shouts. Cries of "Good one, Billy," "Pitch into him, Ryan," filled the air.

The red head had gone down once, only to reappear above the black one, when the boys at one side of the ring were pushed aside. A young man strode into the ring, and amid disgusted exclamations from the onlookers, caught one of the fighters by the collar. "Here, you young turkey cocks, stop it," he said. "Can't you two youngsters keep your hands off each

other? Come, what's all this about?"
"Lemme go, Tom," cried Billy, struggling to free himself, his face as red as his hair; "lemme go, I say.

He sassed me, an' I tell you I won't stand it. I'll—"
"Yes, ye will," flung back his adversary, with as much scorn as his breath would allow him to express. 'Ye can't stuff me, Billy Bradford, an' ye can't lick me, neither. I'll-

'No, you won't, either of you." Tom broke in. "I'm



glad I happened along while there was still enough of you left to take hold of. But not another word now, or I'll put you both under the pump. It's pretty clear you haven't anything worth fighting over. You come with me, Billy." And a mid the jeers of the Ryan party the belligerent Billy was led down the road toward home.

"What did young Ryan mean by your stuffing him?" Tom demanded when

they had turned the schoolhouse corner.

Why, I was just telling the fellers about my white rabbit jumping through a hoop yesterday," said Billy. "An' it's true, Tom, you saw him yourself. Well, Pete Ryan made fun of it, an'—well, then I

got mad, an' punched him. An' I'll do it again, too."
"Well," said his brother, "I guess he is about the toughest person of his size in Solebury. But it can't be punched out of him, Billy. You mind your business, and let Peter mind his.

Mr. Porter, principal of the school, who had stood watching the affair, shook his head as he turned back to his deak. "I don't know what is to become or that Ryan boy," he said to another teacher; "he makes "I don't know what is to become of that me more trouble than any ten others in the school. Every day there is some new complaint about him.

"He comes of a bad lot," said the other, of the family have been in jail, you know."

'Yes, I know it," sighed Mr. Porter, "but I can't help thinking there's good stuff in Peter Ryan. He's no coward, for one thing. He pulled little Allen out of the pond last winter, you remember, when no one else would venture on the thin ice—and then swore at him for falling in. Most of the boys admire him so that they will follow him into all sorts of scrapes. He is tough, and dirty, and hard, and he won't study; but he has brains enough, and some day I hope to find a soft spot, and then-well, we'll see."

As they crossed the green, the Ryan partisans still talked loudly of the fight. "If it hadn't been for Bradford's big brother I guess you'd a' laid him out,

Pete," piped up little Allen.

"Yes, sir, he couldn't do nothin' to you," declared Aleck Brown, politely avoiding comment on the deep-

ening color around his hero's left eye.

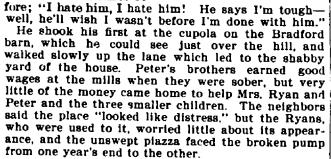
But Peter, beyond a brief remark that "mebbe that young feller wouldn't brag so much for a while," said very little. The truth was that although the affair had not been decided he had to admit, as he thought it over, that he had had a little the worst of it, and the idea kindled afresh the rage that always possessed him whenever he thought of Billy Bradford. The two had been enemies ever since Pete had come to Sole-

bury, three years before. The other boys, who liked his spunk, or else had a wholesome fear of his hard fists, admitted him to a sort of leadership, especially when any reckless mischief was on foot. But Squire Bradford's son, beyond being civil, had from the first refused to have anything to do with him. Billy's father was the richest man in Solebury, and his son's friends enjoyed the use of the biggest swimming pond, the best barn for private theatricals, and the most attractive orchard for miles around. In all this, Peter had been given to understand he had no part. Moreover, although he was known to be the best pitcher among the boys in town he had never been invited to join the school nine, of which Billy was captain.

Billy had "No, sir," said the last time it was proposed. "No, sir; this nine may get whipped, but it's going to play clean ball. If you want fellers on the team who'll get us the name of playing low, dirty tricks you can put 'em on, but you'll have to elect somebody else captain."

Peter could and did "lick" the boy who rashly repeated these rashly words to him, but he couldn't forget the words themselves, and he was thinking of them and others like them as he turned into his own

"I hate the stuck-up young prig," he was saying to himself, as he had said a hundred times be-



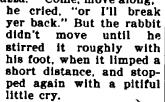
Peter's thoughts were still as black as his looks as he passed into the kitchen. Mrs. Ryan was upstairs, and Peter was improving the opportunity to help himself to some bread and molasses when a slight sound attracted his attention, and he glanced toward the other side of the room. Then he started with surprise, for on a table, calmly munching at some vegetables which lay there, was a large white rabbit. How it came to be there, a quarter of a mile from where it should be, Peter couldn't imagine. But he knew in a moment that it was Billy Bradford's-that it was, in fact, the very rabbit that had provoked the first time. fight that afternoon. He sprang toward it in a hot

'Get out of here, you little thief," he shouted, and with one angry motion of his arm he swept the rabbit to the floor, and out through the open door to the piazza beyond.

"There, I guess that'll teach you to come here stealin' other people's vittles," he said. "An' some day I'll give yer owner as good as that an' better."

Then he went into the house, laughing. To knock that rabbit over so was almost as keen pleasure as to upset Billy himself. "I only wish I'd a' killed the thing," he said flercely to himself. "I wonder if it's

He went out to see. The rabbit was still there, huddled up in a corner of the piazza. "Come, move along,"



Peter stood looking down at it, and the rabbit looked up at Peter.

"I guess I hurt it pretty bad," muttered the boy, muttered the boy, and he stooped suddenly and picked it up. He stood there with it in his arms, thinking, and somehow the revenge on Billy Bradford wasn't such a fine thing, after all. For Peter was naturally fond of animals. Horses and dogs would come to him without fear. The long spring afternoons when they missed him from school he spent in the

watch the chipmunks, or to follow the yellow hammer to its nest in some hollow tree. He knew nearly every bird by sight or by song, and could tell you where the muskrats had their hole down by Pilling's pond.

"Say, there ain't nothin' the matter with ye, is there?" he murmured, as he stroked the fine long fur. But the rabbit gave a sudden jump and a squeal of pain when he touched it, and Peter knew that one of its hind legs was broken. "Aw, say, I didn't go to do it, 'deed I didn't," he declared. Holding the injured animal very gently he walked toward the barn; and as he went carefully up the stairs to the loft there was a softer look on Peter Ryan's face than it had known for many a long day.

A great stir there was at the Bradford house that evening when Billy discovered his loss, and he was over the whole place a dozen times before he would give up the search. But the next day he had to sadly announce at school that "Whitey" had disappeared. The boys were nearly as sorry as he, for the rabbit and his tricks were to have been one of the star attractions at a circus they were planning to hold in the Bradford barn. Billy hoped that it had only strayed into the woods, and would come back. But the days went by, and the circus was given without the rabbit, and Billy was finally convinced that his pet had been killed by a dog.

But Peter, though he knew of the search that was being made, said nothing. With great care he had made a little wooden splint, and bound up the broken leg as his own had once been bandaged by a doctor. Then he built a pen in an unused loft of the barn, and every day fed and cared for the little animal.

"I hurt him, an' I'll make him all right again," he said to himself. Never an invalid rabbit fared more comfortably. Even when there was not too much to eat on the Ryan table Peter managed to save something for his patient, and all the pennies he could earn by odd jobs went for early fresh vegetables that he bought at the store and smuggled into the barn.

The rabbit soon came to know him, and would feed from his hand. One day, however, the bit of carrot

he was offering was refused. Peter searching for a reason, glanced from the rabbit to the carrot. and to the grimy hand that held it. The hand had not seen water that day, and that was nothing unusual. But it was unusual-for Peter to notice it. He turned it over slowly before him, as though seeing it for the

"I'll bet that rabbit don't like



the dirt." he said. And just there Peter had a new idea-an idea that no teacher had ever been able to give him. "Say, I don't wonder he shies at them hands," he mused. "I guess I ain't over pertickler." The new idea was planted. "An' mebbe that's the reason some other folks don't like me," he went on.

The new idea had taken a good root deep down in Peter Ryan. At least something seemed to have happened to him; for it was about that time that people began to notice a change in Peter. The old pump (which, by the way, he had mended) never worked harder than it worked now in the mornings when Peter made his toilet, and the result, in red hands and face, and slick hair, astonished the school. Mrs. Ryan, glad to see the new turn of affairs, patched the shabby clothes, and supplied clean shirts. Peter spoiled one of them in an interview with Aleck Brown, who had called him a "dude," but after that comments on his personal appearance were allowed to pass without notice. He even took to studying his lessons, moved up six places in the arithmetic class, and learned the capitals of all the States, from Maine. Augusta-on-the-Kennebec, down to Delaware, Doveron-Jones'-Creek, and beyond. And one Friday afternoon the school fairly held its breath while Peter Ryan, having volunteered to speak a piece, mounted the platform, put his well-greased boots firmly together, and with hands gripping tightly his trousers' legs recited "Casabianca" in a style which for shrillness and rapidity left little to be desired.

Still no one accused Peter of being too good to grow up. He made just as much noise in school and outdoors as he ever did; perhaps a little more, for he told himself, "I got ter let 'er out onc't in a while or I'll bust." But the boys noticed that . when he played games he played fair, and when beaten simply laughed and tried again, which wasn't like the old Peter. He began to make friends, and nearly every day now the captain would hear from some member of the team. "Say, Bill, Pete's all right. He plays square. Let's put him on the nine." Billy still shook his head, woods, where he loved to though it was plain to be seen he was weakening. But



THE AMERICAN BOY

Peter gave him little opportunity to become more! friendly. At first, with the rabbit at home there in the barn dragging himself about in pain, Peter was ashamed to look his owner in the face. And, then, as the broken bones joined and began to get stronger Peter had still kept away; for he had a plan, and the time for it had not come yet.

One morning early in June he had gone to the pen, and had carried the rabbit out to the chicken yard behind the barn. The little animal, delighted to be set free from his narrow quarters, was scampering around in high glee. Peter watched it for a while, then picked up an old hoop, and held it as the rabbit came near. Without even a word of encouragement it jumped cleanly through. Peter dropped the



hoop and stood up. "Hello!" he exclaimed, "that's neat. Billy said he'd do it, an' I didn't believe him, an' that's what we scrapped about that day. Come here, Whitey.

Peter lifted it up and held it close to him. "Well, I guess you're all right again, old feller," he said. "But me an' you's got ter be such good friends now that I don't-very much-want He buried his face in the soft fur a moment; then carried the rabbit in, and shut it in the pen.

When school was over that day Mr. Porter stopped Peter in the hall.

'Peter," he said with a dropping his on the boy's smile, hand on the boy's shoulder, "I've just been looking over your record for the month. You

haven't any wings sprouting here under your jacket. have you?

Peter only grinned, and ran his eye along a crack in the floor.

"Well," said the principal, kindly, "it isn't too good to last, I'm sure. And it pays, doesn't it, Peter?"

Peter still grinned, but he looked up. "Yes, sir, | I guess it pays," he said, and went out with a queer warm feeling under his vest that he had never noticed there before.

As he came whistling down the yard a little group of boys near the gate suddenly stopped talking. Here he comes now, Billy," said one of them.

Billy Bradford stepped out into the path, and Peter's whistle died away as he found himself gazed at in silence by all the boys.

"Well, what's up?" he asked, shortly.
Billy's face was white with anger. "What's up?" he repeated fiercely. "You know well enough what's up, Pete Ryan. You stole my rabbit!"

"I didn't," began Peter, "I-

But Billy broke in. "Don't deny it! Bert Paxson saw you with it this morning behind your barn. I always thought you were a tough character, Pete Ryan, and now I know it. You're nothing but a low

A quiver of excitement ran through the group of boys. No one had ever called Peter Ryan hard names without suffering for it. An ugly, dangerous look showed in his eyes, and his fist drew up to his chest. But then, at the moment when they expected to see him leap forward, the little crowd gave a gasp of surprise. For the fist fell slowly down again to Peter's side, and he stood simply looking his accuser steadily in the face.

"You're a-mistaken," he said. "I didn't take your rabbit."

And Billy Bradford, quite nonplussed by Peter's unexpected conduct, allowed him to walk away without another word.

"Well, there's something queer about it, anyway." he remarked to his friends. "If it's my rabbit we'll soon find it out."

But Billy's surprise then was nothing to what he felt that evening just after his supper. He was on the piazza at his home, and was just telling his brother Tom of what had happened in the afternoon, when who should open the gate but Peter Ryan, and under his arm a box with holes bored in the sides. He walked straight up to Billy.

"There's your rabbit," he said. "He was at my house; but I told you I didn't steal him, an' I didn't." looks very much like it, all the same."

Peter's face flushed, and Tom Bradford stepped for-

ward. "Come, Billy, let's have fair play," he said. 'Now, Pete, tell me how it was.'

Encouraged by the friendly tone, Peter finally told the whole story. "I was pretty mad," he said, "but when the little feiler suffered so I couldn't stand it. "I was pretty mad," he said, "but I might a' just put him over here in your yard some night, but I said I'd keep him and make him all right again,—an' he is. An' I was goin' to bring him this afternoon if you hadn't-

He looked at Billy, but Billy was loosening the lid of the box. As soon as it flew open, Whitey popped out. Dazed by the light and his sudden liberty, he stood trembling until he saw Peter, when he ran and crouched on the lawn close to his feet.

Peter bent over and smoothed his fur. "You see.



him every day,' he said apologetically, "an' so he knows me pretty well. He'll come to you if you whistle; an' I taught him some other tricks. I guess I'll miss the little beggar some. Goodbye."

He rose and handed the rabbit to Billy, who took it and stood feeling that something ought to be said, but not knowing what to say. The other boy was half way to the gate before he found his

tongue.
"Here, Tom, take Whitey a minute," he exclaimed, and then he ran across the lawn. Peter heard the steps and stopped as Billy overtook him.

"I want to take back what I said this afternoon," said Billy. "I'm sorry I kept you off the nine. an' I'm sorry I ever called you tough. You're a trump, Peter Ryan, that's what you are. There!"

Peter stood shuffling his feet in the grass, but as "Oh, you didn't, hey?" sneered Billy. "Well, it he took the hand held out to him his face broke into a radiant smile.

"Aw, g'wan, Bill," he said.

WITH FIFE AND DRUM.

E. E. FURLONG.

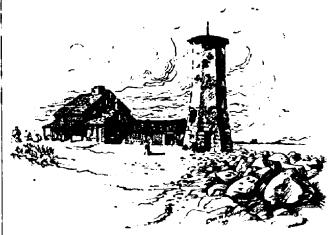
BOUT twenty seven miles from Boston, on the south shore, is Scituate Harbor, a quaint old fishing village. On the shore near the village stands a battered lighthouse, with dingy patches of brick and stone showing through its worn coating

of whitewash. Twice a day the regular steamers plying between Boston and Plymouth pass this grim sentinel; but probably not one in fifty of the excursionists aboard know of its historic associations. Near the lighthouse, several rods back from the shore, stands a small, weather-beaten cottage at | whose doors print hollyhocks stand guard. Some eighteen years ago one could often see stooping among the flowers in the garden that surrounded it a bent, wrinkled old woman. The time that she did not spend in the garden was mostly spent in one tiny front room of which the cottage boasted, rocking back and forth in a tall, straight-backed armchair. On a table by her side lay an open bible out of which for many years she had read one verse daily. The old woman's name was Rebecca Batesbut she was generally known as Beckie Bates. Many are the hours I have spent in that little front room listening to one story out of her childhood. This story never failed to fill my boy ears with the martial beating of drums and playing of fifes. My heart beat faster and faster as I could see in imagination the British bluejackets in full retreat; and many a time I slid down from the high-backed chair from which my feet dangled and pressed my face against the window-pane to peer out across the great ocean and catch, perchance, the glimpse of a British frigate. The story was as follows:

When Beckle Bates was a child her father was a lighthouse keeper, and she, with her younger brothers iters spent the days in wandering about the beach, gathering driftwood, fishing, rowing in the old dory and picking up shells. Troublous times came. such times as cause anxiety in children's hearts and put old heads on young shoulders. Rumors of British aggression filled the air, and reports of threatened invasion. Oftentimes the children strained their eyes to see the approach of a possible English vessel. There were no American soldiers in the vicinity to protect them against an attack, though the fisherfolk were ready to arm at an instant's notice. Time went on, the days stretched out peacefully and uneventfully, and in a few weeks after the first announcement of war everything had settled down again into

its regular routine. One afternoon the sisters, Rebecca and Abigail,

thought of fear at being the only occupants of the old lighthouse. Even the village itself was ungarrisoned, as the able men who were not serving in the lation peace, independence and honor. navy were all away in their fishing boats. Suddenly as the girls glanced seaward, their hearts stood still, for in the offing a British frigate lay hove to. Breathlessly the girls saw some of the British sailors lowering away a cutter and bending to their oars head away for the lighthouse point. Their intentions were only too clear. Believing that the village was ungarrisoned, they thought they could scuttle the fishing vessels which lay at anchor and forage and burn the village.



There was but one thing to be done. must deceive the English sailors into the belief that the village was garrisoned. There was not a moment to be lost. Rebecca and Abigail fairly flew to the lighthouse, seized a drum and fife which hung against the wall, rushed forth, and creeping along the coast hid themselves behind the huge rocks and sandhills. Though their lips were trembling and their hands shaking, they beat a lively tattoo, keeping it up bravely through moments that seemed like eternities. The British sailors, hearing it in the distance, mistook it for the beating to quarters of the town garrison. For a moment they hesitated; then hurriedly putting about, with long and steady sweeps they pulled their boat back to the frigate, and in less than an hour the British had sailed away, leaving the village unmolested.

This was the story of Beckie Bates—only one of a thousand instances of American pluck and valor in the early history of our country, showing how quick our forefathers were to grasp the situation, to structor.

chanced to be left at home alone. They had no | promptly decide and embrace an opportunity, no matter how meager, in the service of their country. These were the qualities which helped to win for this



BOBBY'S ARITHMETIC LESSON.

Schoolmaster—Bobby, how many are four and three? Bobby after looking under table—Seven, sir. Schoolmaster—You rascal! You counted on your fingers. You know better than to do that. Now put your hands behind you and tell me how many three and five are?



Bobby (after again looking under table)—Eight, sir. Schoolmaster—Good. Now how did you know that? Bobby—Please, sir, I counted on my toes.—Normal In-



The Children's Theatre in New York City

HARRY STRELE MORRISON

It is often said that city children miss many of the pleasures which come to boys and girls who live in the country, but it is also true that they have many opportunities for enjoying themselves which are never open to those who live outside the great centers of population.

Children living in New York city have been particularly favored during the past winter by having a theater of their own, where they could go on Saturday afternoons and witness a performance arranged for their special benefit, a performance in which many of the actors were not yet in their "teens." That they appreciated their unusual opportunity has been evidenced by the large attendance at each performance.



The performances at the Children's Theater began just before Christmas of 1899. The plan was so new and so daring that nearly every one predicted that it could not possibly be successful. A theater for children was something so unheard of that in the beginning people attended out of curiosity, and not because they expected to be interested; but the managers the enterprice knew what they were about. They also knew just what to provide to please the children they wanted to attract. In the first place, they arranged for as many children's parts in the play as possible. believing that the little ones in the audience would enjoy seeing other little ones on the stage. Then they trained an orchestra of boys and girls to play between the acts and occasionally during the progress of the play, and this proved to be one of the most attractive features of the theater. Every one enjoyed hearing the children's orchestra, and it was surprising how well they played. There were five boys and three girls, and not one of them was more than fourteen years old, some of them much younger.

The first play produced was "The Forest Ring," written in three acts by W. C. De Mille and Charles Barnard. It was an immediate success and was continued through the greater part of the season. Some of the characters in the play were fairies, some were animals, and some were human beings. The fairies seemed the most popular, because the little girls in the audience sometimes cried when the bears and other animals appeared and growled at each other in their native language. The following was the cast of characters in the play:

THE CHILDREN'S THEATRE

CARNEGIE LYCEUM.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 23, 1901.

"THE FOREST RING."

A Play in Three Acts by

WILLIAM C. DE MILLE AND CHARLES BARNARD.

CHARACTERS.

FAIRIES.

| Arbutus | a poor but honest
Fairy Queen | Julia Marie Taylor |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------------|--|
| Moss Bud, her daught
Peach Bloom | the Queen's attendant | Grace Whitworth jMildred Manners Juliette Atkinson |
| Quicksilver a Fairy M | essenger Boy | Rachael Crown |



ANIMALS.

| Ursa, a Bear | William C. de Mille |
|-------------------|----------------------------------|
| Antiers, a Deer | Austin Webb |
| White Face, a Fox | Abraham Kaufman
Robert Siddle |

HUMAN BEINGS.

| Jane Adams | her vacation in the
Adirondacks | ling /
Marion Wright |
|--------------|---|-------------------------|
| Aunt Babrica | Watson, a widow | Jessie Church |
| Hank Struble | trapper and pot hunt-
er, in love with
Aunt Sabrina | Cornelius Garrigat |
| | The gun does not go | off. |

SCENES.

ACT I-A Fairy Ring in the Forest by Moonlight.
ACT II-Front yard of Aunt Sabrina Watson's house next morning.
ACT II-The Fairy Ring, same day-evening.

It will be seen that there were five fairies, four animals and four human beings. The play describes the adventures of Jane Adams, a New York girl, during her vacation in the Adirondack Mountains. Jane is a very charming little girl, and one day she discovers that there is a fairy haunt near the place where she is staying. She makes friends with the Queen of the Fairies and is taught the language of the various animals of the forest. She makes friends, also, with Ursa, a mother bear, whose three children have been captured by a hunter, and she determines to aid the bear in finding her little ones again. From this time on the play is very exciting. The bear visits the home of the hunter who has captured the cubs, and eventually, after many adventures, and with the aid of Jane Adams and the Fairies, she succeeds in recovering her babies. But in order to accomplish this, she carries off a boy in whom the hunter is very much

interested, and when he comes to find him in the forest, he is told by the Fairies that he can never have the boy until the baby bears are returned to their mother. Of course, knowing it to be of no use to argue with Fairies, he returns the cubs, and everything ends happily.

There are several lessons in the play for the little tots who watch its progress. They are taught that animals have feelings as well as human beings, and that the mother bear missed her cubs as much as the boy was missed by his mother. They are also made to understand that it never pays to treat dumb animals unkindly, because some good Fairy is sure to punish any such act.

To the older persons visiting the Children's Theater, the most interesting thing about it was not the play, but the audience. It was worth the price of admission, most of them said, to see several hundred tiny boys and girls so thoroughly interested in the bears and fairies. Most of the patrons of the theater are so young they have to be accompanied by their nurses or their parents, but they never need any attention while the play is going on. They sit with mouths wide open and eyes that see nothing but the stage characters. and when the curtain drops at the end of each act they sink back into their chairs with a sigh of satisfied enjoyment. They are always generous, too, in applauding, and if an appreciative audience conduces to fine acting, the Children's Theater should become the ideal playhouse.

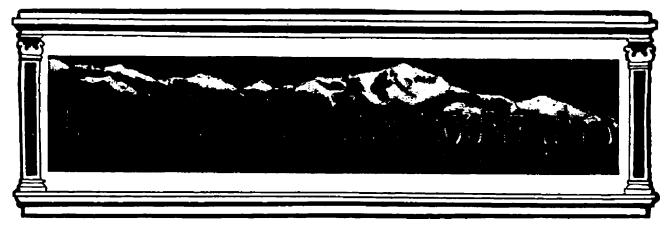
The second play produced last winter was called "The Clown and the Locket," and consisted principally of songs and fancy dances. In April Palmer Cox's Brownies were put on, and proved quite as successful as the other productions had been.

The permanency of the Children's Theater in New York is now assured, and hereafter the Saturday afternoons of a great many children will be spent at Carnegie Lyceum, where the performances are given. It is possible, also, that the little troop, with the children's orchestra, may be taken to some other cities

next winter, so that boys and girls in the west and south may make the acquaintance of the Fairies and the Animals who talk. And as parents are always glad to find healthful amusements for their children, the plays will probably be as successful elsewhere as in New York.

PLACES FOR BOYS.

Gov. Shaw of lowa says: "There is no visible opening for a boy in any field of effort. On the other hand, there is a splendid opening in every field for the boy, so long as he can do it better than it has ever been done before. One quarter of the lawyers of the country can try a case no better to-day than when they began in their practice; and there are women who can cook no better to-day than they could the day they were married."



(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. On arriving at Denver the trapper leaves them and Sinclair and the boys buy their outfit and start on the trail for Pike's Peak along the foot of the mountains. The first evening in camp Sinclair tells the boys a story, and Ned's pony makes a dash for home, but is captured by Sinclair. The day following Frank is lost among the mountains. He kills a stag, and spends a night alone in a canyon. He is captured by Indians, taken to their camp, escapes death by its being discovered that his captors are friendly to Uncle Bob, the Indian painter. He makes friends with the Indians, who adopt him as one of their tribe. He goes on a buffalo hunt with them, and is saved from being run down by a buffalo buil by a shot from the rifle of Uncle Bob, who suddenly appears on the scene.

CHAPTER XVI.

Frank had only been a little stunned by his fall and in a few moments was, as he declared, "as good as His pony stood at a little distance seemingly quite dejected at the poor showing he had made in the hunt, while all doubled up in a heap the dead buffalo lay where it had fallen victim to the deadly aim of the white man's rifle.

Hardly had the boy time to regain his feet and express his surprise at seeing Mr. Sinclair, before Ned and Jack came galloping up, their faces fairly beaming with joy at the sight of Frank safe and sound, for they had seen at a distance the peril he was in and had followed Mr. Sinclair to the rescue, as fast as their ponies could carry them.

"Well, here he is, boys," said Mr. Sinclair with a mock display of sternness; "thought he'd turn Indian and get away from us. He has even thrown away his good clothes and taken to moccasins and feathers.'

"But I had to do it to please the Indians." remon-

strated the boy.

"Oh, that's very good! Ha, ha! And where is

Sleepy Sam?"

Frank explained that he had left his horse in camp and taken a buffalo hunter, instead, on the advice of the Indians.

'And how do you like the trade? The animal didn't seem to be hunting buffaloes when I saw him scampering over this bank with that bull in hot pursuit. I think you had better stick to us, hereafter, and not go roaming around hunting Indians, and adopting their clothes and swapping horses with them. Now, let us get back to somewhere and rest a bit for we three need it after chasing you up and down these mountain passes; then you can tell how you got away from us so nicely."

Then all four mounted their horses and, turning in the direction of the Indian camp, they rode away at a canter.

Away off on the horizon rose a great cloud of dust showing that the chase was still on, while here and there dotting the prairies were the shaggy forms of the victims, some motionless, others standing as if in defiance of mortal wounds, and others lumbering heavily through the grass tossing their heads and bellowing with pain, two, three, a half dozen arrows. bristling from their backs and sides.

The boys were not pleased with the spectacle as they saw the suffering of the poor beasts, and even the excuse that the hides of the animals were needed by the Indians for tent covering and blankets for the winter and the flesh for food, scarcely satisfied them that the ruthless sport was necessary or justifiable. At any rate they were glad to be out of sight of it, as they were soon, and to be seated about the foot of a great tree in the camp amid the women, children. dogs and superannuated old Indian warriors--too old to follow the chase-telling one another of the adventures of the days which seemed weeks since Frank had so suddenly disappeared from the Pike's Peak trail.

Frank, of course, had to relate his story first, and every incident of it sounded like a romance to Ned and Jack, who could scarcely help wishing that they

had been in Frank's place—excepting, of course, at that exciting moment when he was bound to the tree and about to be used as a mark for the arrows of the Indian boys.

Then Uncle Bob related how he and the two boys had succeeded in following Frank and finally res-

cuing him. "When I saw you galloping away from the trail that day," he began, "I had a misgiving that something was about to happen. We fellows in the mountains have strange presentiments and go a good deal; on signs and omens. Of course, I didn't know what was coming, nor did I say anything, but when I saw you gallop up the hill I somehow felt something was going to happen to you and, as you well remember, I called to you to be careful. So, when you disappeared around the hill, I stopped a while to await your return, expecting to see you every minute. You did not come; so I called to Ned and Jack, who were riding on ahead, but they did not hear me; for, as bad luck would have it, just then they had set off racing their horses and were soon out of hearing. I fired my rifle, thinking that would attract the attention of all three of you, but Jack and Ned kept on racing down the trail and no sign of Frank appeared. For a minute I didn't know what to do; by feasting, Mr. Sinclair and the three boys rode out then I put spurs to my horse and made up the hill of camp to resume their journey to Pike's Peak, which after Frank. Imagine my surprise when I reached had been so strangely interrupted. the summit to find him gone and no trace of him to be seen. I knew it was useless to think of setting off alone at haphazard to find Frank and leave Jack and Ned to take care of themselves, so I put about and be a little slower, yet would be more full of interest. rode fast down the trail. By this time these youngsters had stopped racing and could hear a shot from my rifle; so, in a few minutes, they were with me and I had hurriedly explained the situation. There was nothing to do but to return to the spot where I had last seen the runaway and examine the ground for footprints and signs of the direction Sleepy Sam had taken. This all took time, though at first before he had shot down a big elk, called to the boys the trick was easy enough. I could see where the and beckoned them to him. When they had come up pony had jumped aside, then follow his long, swinging strides down the slope to the creek bed and up its sides toward the mouth of the canon. Two or three times we missed the trail, but again found it, then coming onto the hard, beaten bed of the canon, we found ourselves perplexed beyond measure. I am sure it was at the first branching off of the canon that we lost the trail, for here there was absolutely not a scratch or a broken twig to give us the direction. We fired our guns at intervals, climbed every point of vantage, built fires at night, but it was all to no purpose. The boy had disappeared as suddenly and completely as if the earth had opened, swallowed him and closed again. Finally, the next day, Ned came the has left a part of the carcass and gone off to take running to me very much excited, exclaiming that a doze. Now, I have a plan to propose. Let us fol-

he had found the carcass of a deer and near it boot marks in the soft earth. And sure enough, there were footprints not many hours old and easily traced. We found your camping-out place that first night and unmistakable evidence that you had been there. We found, by searching, where you had taken an obscure path up the mountain with Sleepy Sam, and I knew at once that you did not take that path of your own choice, but that you had companions, whom I knew by my understanding of the Indian nature were Indians. We were now in hot pursuit and not much over a day behind you. We reached the Indian village just after it had started for the buffalo grounds and from that time on it was an easy matter to reach you. We came upon this camp a few hours ago, learned from the old men that you were with the hunters, and at once started in pursuit. No sooner had we come in sight of the game than we spied you running a race with a mad buffalo and there was nothing left for me to do but join in the race and save your life."

Mr. Sinclair looked very earnest as he closed his narrative—so earnest that tears came into Frank's eyes and as he arose to his feet, for the hunters were now returning laden with their spoils, he took Mr. Sinclair by the hand and said with emotion:

"And I will not forget that you did all this for me, Uncle Bob. I am only a boy, but maybe a boy can be of service to you some day. Indeed, I hope so."

CHAPTER XVII.

The Indians manifested their pleasure at seeing Mr. Sinclair by a chorus of grunts and ejaculations and, as he could speak their language enough to be understood, there was no time lost in their comprehending the situation and agreeing that Frank should go away with his white friends, though his foster mother was evidently greatly grieved at the loss of her new son. Mr. Sinclair, however, appeased her with gifts and she soon became reconciled.

After a day spent in watching the Indians preparing the hides and flesh of the animals they had killed. and in celebrating with them the success of the chase

Mr. Sinclair proposed that instead of going back to the trail they had originally chosen they should follow one of the mountain trails which, while it would This, of course, was readily agreed to by the boys.

Their path at first lay back over the way they had come. For several hours they rode on together looking out for small game and chatting over the incidents of the few days that had passed since they left Denver, when suddenly Mr. Sinclair, who had ridden a few yards away from the trail to where two days they found him examining the ground, evidently in search of tracks.

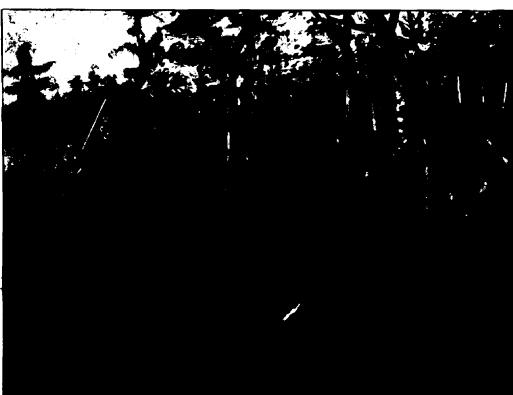
'What is it, Uncle Bob?'' asked Ned.

"Uncle Ephraim has been here or I don't know a bear's tracks. See here," and he pointed to great depressions in the soft, mossy earth that looked like

the marks of a giant's foot.
"Who's Uncle Ephraim?" asked the boys in a chorus.

"Oh, that's a name the old hunters give the grizzly. out of respect for him, I suppose. That fellow was here last night making a meal off my elk, and either being frightened away or satisfied with what he got







She was gaining rapidly on Ned.

low up his lordship or my lady, whichever the brute may be, and surprise him by a morning call. He's not expecting us, but we'll make ourselves at home, just the same.'

'Good!" cried the boys. "A regular bear hunt! What fun!"

'But some one must remain with the horses," said Uncle Bob, "and as Frank has had enough of adventure for a while we will leave him here. Now, don't go playing Indian again, but stay until we return, in perhaps an hour or so."

Frank obeyed with some reluctance and hobbling the horses he turned them out to grass while he threw himself down beside his gun at the foot of a tree prepared to make the best of his enforced idleness.

Uncle Bob, with Ned and Jack, took up the trail into the underbrush. For nearly an hour they pushed ahead up the side of the mountain, over fallen logs and around great bowlders, sometimes guided only by slight scratches on the stones, or broken or twisted branches, which showed the way to the grizzly's den. Mr. Sinclair was in the lead, his rifle in readiness, and his keen, practiced eyes and ears alert. Suddenly, just as he was about to step over a fallen log, he stopped and, turning half round, motioned to the hoys to halt. They listened. "Hear that?" he asked in a hurried whisper. The boys heard nothing but their own hearts beating against their breasts.

"What is it?" called Jack in a stage whisper, fu'll of fear.

"Cubs," answered Uncle Bob, "and they are just over there not ten paces away in that clump of bushes. Look out, the mother is probably with them and like as not the old man's not far away. Now, we're in for it. A grizzly will run if he has a chance, but we have him here at close range and then, too, that mother is not going to leave her cubs. You boys fire only when I tell you. One of you get on this tree and crawl up as far as you can and wait." And at trunk.

"You, Ned, go back a ways and take position be-

hind a tree and don't show yourself till I call. I will get around on the other side of the nest and we'll have the family surrounded. Now don't stir till I call, then be ready for business. Mind, now, if you must fire, hit between the eyes. The brain of a grizzly is as big nearly as an oyster can, and just think you are shooting at a tin can and you are all right. Goodbye. Now, be careful.'

In a few minutes Mr. Sinclair had crept noiselessly out of sight and the two boys held their stations breathless.

Soon they heard the crackling of dry twigs and a loud "ha, ha," and, looking in the direction of the sound, they beheld Uncle Bob approaching them holding in his arms two big. squirming balls of fur, looking like big Newfoundland pups, only heavier-two baby bears but a few days or weeks old at the most.

"The old folks are not at home, boys, so we'll take the babies."

The boys scrambled from their positions and in a twinkle were examining the little, clumsy bear babies.

"Beauties, aren't they?" said Jack. "Yes, but dangerous beauties, for if father and mother bear catch us kidnaping their children there will be the greatest kind of trouble around here." and hardly had Mr. Sinclair uttered these words than a fierce growl from the direction of the nest showed that some one was now at home.

At this the cubs set up a cry that was pitiful, at the same time terrifying to the two boys, and in an instant the great, shaggy beast burst into full view a few yards away.

"Run, boys," cried Uncle Bob, as Bruin rushed toward them with a speed that was wonderful for so clumsy and heavy an animal. Each of the boys held one of the cubs as he ran. Mr. Sinclair jumped behind a stump and, as the beast came on, fired-but the ball went wide. Down the mountain the animal that Jack mounted the fallen tree and on all fours tore after the boys, the cubs all the time crying and crawled as noiselessly as possible up its inclined the boys holding on to them with grim defiance, confident that Uncle Bob would shoot the bear, and they would escape with their precious prizes.

In an instant Mr. Sinclair was in hot pursuit. A shot from the rear could do little damage, but he hoped to thus divert the animal's attention, but two shots had no effect except to wound the animal and seemingly increase her rage. She was gaining rapidly on Ned, who was not so fast as Jack, having some trouble carrying his rifle and big, squirming bundle.

'Drop the cub," shouted Mr. Sinclair, and Ned did so just in time, for the mother bear was just at his heels.

Mr. Sinclair stopped and, posting himself behind a tree, watched developments.

The poor creature was evidently now in trouble. For a moment she stopped to fondle the youngster she had recovered, and then, hearing the cries of the other, she answered with a fierce growl and set off again in hot pursuit.

Here was Uncle Bob's opportunity, for, rushing forward, he caught up the youngster, whose cries; reaching the ears of its mother, brought her again to a standstill.

The poor thing now raised herself on her haunches and, throwing her shaggy head from side to side, became the very picture of despair.

Shall I say that Uncle Bob did what all hunters do in stories of mountain life-shoot the beast as she stood there distracted-or shall I tell the truth? The latter must do, though it may spoil the story for some. The man put the cub on the ground, knelt, took steady aim at the animal-lowered his rifle, and, turning, walked away giving the mother a wide berth. and in a half hour joined the boys, who had put a half a mile between them and the grizzly, told them his experience, and counselled that after showing the cub to Frank they leave it with the elk carcass where its mother could surely find it, and then go on their way.

The boys were at first disappointed in the tame outcome of their first bear hunt, but as they thought it over afterwards they were perfectly satisfied.

But this was not the only bear hunt they had in the mountains, as we shall see.

(To be continued.)

A Toothless Animal.

"Can any boy name to me an animal, of the order indentata that is a toothless animal?"

A boy whose face beamed with pleasure at the prospect of a good mark, replied:

''I can.''

"Well, what is the animal?"
"My grandmother," replied the boy in great glee.

A Very Rare Thing.

The aunt of a bright ten year old youngster had a fad of keeping an autograph album. Some appreciative friend wrote upon one page the quotation beginning: "What is so rare as a day in June?

The youngster in question was looking over the book for a place to put his name and noticed this. The next page was vacant, and he wrote, in the bold if somewhat scraggy chirography of youth, the answer as he saw it: "A youth, the answer as he saw it: ('hinaman with whiskers," and then signed his name.

His Mother's Boy.

The Crown Prince of Germany is so levoted to his mother that he will not permit her to be classed among ordinary ersons.

A clergyman was once explaining to the Crown Prince, who is twelve years ld now, that all men are sinners, vhereupon the little fellow asked him if his father, the Emperor, was not an exeption to the rule. "No, he is not," nswered the clergyman; "the Kaiser is

sinner, like every other mortal."
"Well, I'm sure of one thing," said the ittle Prince, "and that is that my mother s no sinner."

A Letter with Two Tummies.

A four year old Cleveland boy has strong talent along the line of comparisons. His parents have made no effort as yet to teach him the names of the The other day letters of the alphabet. he took a book to his father and pointed to a capital B.

I know what letter that is," he said.

"Well, what is it?"
The little fellow looked at it sharply tracing its shape with his chubby two

"I guess it's the letter wiz two tum-nies," he said.

He Swallowed the Money.

In a car a small boy was observed to ! be suddenly agitated. Soon the con- saw a boy, wearing the uniform of the ductor asked for fares. When he stood before the small boy, there was a slight pause, and the passengers were surprised to hear the following: "Pleathe to make a request: charge it to my papa; I've thwallowed the money."



MRS. McKINLEY'S PET HORSE

Mrs. McKinley appreciates the points of a fine horse, and takes her morning drives behind this beautiful and thoroughly trustworthy horse which answers to the name of "Jeff."

A Judge Thinks Newsboys a Nuisance.

In Philadelphia there is a judge who holds that newsboys are a nuisance. Nine little tots, the oldest of whom was 13 and the youngest 9, had been arrested people that he must pass on his way and brought before him charged with 'maintaining a nuisance," as the lawyers say. The policeman testified that a neighbor, seeing him, put on her bona paper. They all sell newspapers at the entrance of the Reading terminal, a big depot on Market street. The judge keep the peace.

A Loyal Boy Patriot.

A confederate soldier in the Civil War Union army, lying wounded in the hot sun. As the man looked pityingly at little son, who was traveling with him in the boy the little fellow gained courage a railway carriage. Quickly snatching

"Neighbor, won't you get me a drink of water? I'm very thirsty." "Of course I will." said the man, and

he brought the water.

Encouraged by this, the boy asked a time the father remarked: again: "Won't you get me taken to the

hospital? I'm badly wounded."

The man said: "Well, now, my boy. well, so that you can go home again, will you come down here and fight me and my folks once more? How about that?

It was a hard test for a wounded prisoner boy, but that boy stood the test. Looking his captor in the eye, he said. firmly:

mly: "That I would, my friend." 'I tell you," said the man, "I liked that pluck. I had that boy taken to the hospital, and good care taken of him."

An Example of Boy Bravery.

Emerson, in his essay upon "Heroism," says that characteristic of genuine heroism is its persistence, and tells the story of his son, Waldo, when he | needle. was a small boy. On his way to the village school, Waldo has to pass a house where a French family lived. The needle." boy had never heard any language but his own, and the strange talk frightened him; he could not understand it, and therefore felt that the people must be dangerous. Mr. Emerson decided that Waldo was old enough to go and come from school without attendance, and after talking the matter over with the boy, he said: "Now, Waldo, some one will go to school with you this morning, but you must come home alone."

When the school was dismissed, the boy thought of the house full of strange home ,and leaning up against the fence he began to cry. Miss Elizabeth Hoar, the "kids were always scrappin' to beat the band," and that they nearly knocked a man over in their eagerness to sell him you can walk with me." The boy looked at her a moment, and then said sorrowfully, "I don't think that was what my lectured them as to how to behave them. father meant for me to do"; and refusselves and held them in \$300 each to ing her comforting companionship, he trudged sturdily home by himself.

Whistle Again.

"George, George, mind; your hat will be blown off if you lean so far out of the window!" exclaimed a fond father to his the hat from the head of the refractory youngster, papa hid it behind his back.

"There, now, the hat has gone!" cried, pretending to be angry. George immediately set up a howl. After

"Come. be quiet; if I whistle your hat will come back again."

Then he whistled and replaced the hat if I get you taken care of, and you get on the boy's head. "There, it's back well so that you can go home again, will again, you see." Afterward, while papa was talking to mamma, a small, shrill voice was heard saying:

"Papa, papa, I've thrown my hat out of the window! Whistle again, will you?"

Cui Bono.

Johnny-Do they have elephants in Asia? Papa -Oh, yes! Johnny-Do they have circuses in Asia?

Papa-No-o; I think not. Johnny-Well, what's the use of having elephants if they don't have circuses?

Not a Good Needle.

School-teacher: "Now, Bobby, spell

Bobby: "N-e-i-d-l-e, needle."

Teacher: "Wrong. There is no 'i' in

"Well, 'tain't a good needle, Bobby: then."-St. Louis Christian Advocate.



WILDER ELLIS AN AMERICAN BOY AT HELENA, MONT.

The Cruise of the Yacht Gazelle; 6.000 Miles on Inland

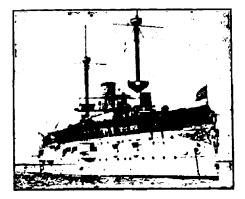
KENNETH M. RANSOM

This is the conclusion of 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 XVII.

The weather finally calmed down and we said good-bye to the many friends we had made in Southport, North Carolina, and continued on.

Probably there is no place along our Atlantic seaboard where more wrecks occur than on the Frying Pan shoals off the Cape Fear river. This sandy and rocky spit extends out into the ocean nearly twenty five miles. A great steel lightship is anchored near its outer extremity to warn the mariner and light him on his way. So great is the strain at times of this floating beacon that the great chain, weighing twenty nine pounds to the link, is broken and the ship goes adrift.



BATTLE SHIP "TEXAS," AT NORFOLK

Notwithstanding the precautions taken by the government, the shoals each year claim great ships as their own. We were very glad when we successfully passed this reef, by taking a short cut through a small and intricate channel known as the Corn-cake inlet.

It was six o'clock when we reached the ocean. Our next port was Beaufort, North Carolina, about one hundred and twenty miles distant. If we were successful in making this run we would have then triumphed over old ocean, for from there to New York, by sailing in sounds, canals and the bays, the necessity of ocean travel was at an end. We were in good spirits, therefore, having a fair wind, a beautiful night, and a high barometer to cheer us.

I was just falling asleep when a startled cry from the man at the helm "Down with your brought me on deck. helm!" I cried. "Hard down, Arthur!" The Gazelle responded and flew up into the wind just in time, for a schooner of some fifty feet in length shot by us, all but grazing us as she did so. At the same time the stillness of the night was rent by the shrill shrick of a woman's voice, followed by a frantic waving of a lantern, which up to this time had not been seen. My blood fairly ran cold as I realized our narrow escape. Both boats were running full speed under a cloud of canvas. The schooner was running on a tack and bearing at right angles with us who were sailing free. Had it not been for the quickness of our craft in stays, we would have certainly been cut in two. We reached port at nine next morning to tell the story of on our success. Seeing our wrecked rigour escape from being run down by a ging he rowed out to offer us assistance, a schooner without lights, evidently but we were already binding on an extra captained and sailed by a man who had slept at his post of duty.

As we crossed the bar and sailed up the channel to an anchorage off the city our happiness was great for we had left; the ocean and its dangers. Arthur was fairly beside himself with joy as he stood on the stern and, with almost childish glee, shook his fist back at the ocean.

Letters followed a telegram to our parents, telling of our success, and the day was spent in celebrating the event

Beaufort, we found, was the home of a jolly crowd of young people who enjoy sailing. The watermelons, too, were especially fine here. I was sitting on deck about one in the morning eating a nice cool one and thinking how quiet was the night, when from way off in the distance there floated across the water the sweet melody of a southern song. Nearer and nearer it came, and finally there glided near a graceful yacht, her well-filled sails plainly outlined in the watery background. It was all so pretty, and as I watched them approach and realized that this song had changed from the melody of the southland to the hymn of the republic, and at last in our honor melted away into "Michigan, My Michigan," and a cheer for the yacht Gazelle, my heart was full to running over.

We found the sounds along the coasts here interesting and pleasant sailing. The channels are narrow, but many beacons and finger posts, together with careful study of our splendid charts, made it easy for us to get along. The winds were quite fair most of the time and very strong, so we made excellent speed.

We had made a beautiful run during the forenoon, the wind being so strong as to require reduced canvas even to a triple reefed mainsail. It w. while running from one light to another, a distance of about sixteen miles, that the hardest squall I have ever experenced struck us. We expected bad weather for we were near Cape Hatteras, so noted for decidedly fussy weather, but oh, my! I didn't expect this.

A great yellowish black cloud overcast the sky. The wind had blown hard all day, but suddenly it broke with terrific violence, rain, driven in blinding sheets, filled the air, while our little craft groaned and creaked under the strain and bounded off before the gale. Our canvas could not stand it. Reefed as it was, the mainsail was torn from the gaff, which was snapped off like a pipestem. It became so dark I could not see my shipmates, who had lashed themselves to the rigging forward. Cannon-like bombs of thunder seemed to shake even the wave-lashed water, while lightning flashes rent the air as we flew along under bare poles. I braced myself and, with one hand grasping the tiller, I protected the compass with the other. I held a course which I hoped would bring us outside the lighthouse ahead, which I knew to be situated on the end of a dangerous, rocky reef, where destruction and death awaited us unless the good ship should weather the gale.

To say we flew along is putting it mildly. I could not see a rod ahead. The time dragged until it seemed hours. The anxiety was terrible, for I knew not at what moment we might strike the rocks and perish; but I held on, and at last the storm showed signs of letting up. The rain stopped and the wind lessened, and finally the sun began to peek through the parting clouds; the mist soon rose and there, on our port bow, not a quarter of a mile inside, was the pretty little lighthouse on the end of the rocky reef. So again we were safe.

The light keeper seeing us and knowing that we had ridden out the long squall, rang his bell congratulating us but we were already binding on an extra three-cornered storm sail and were again soon under way. Our friend, the light keeper, said it was the worst short storm he had seen on the sound for fifteen years. As it lasted one hour and twenty minutes and the distance we covered was nearly sixteen miles, you can judge how fast we were driven before the gale. We ran into Stumpy Bay, where a day was spent making a new gaff from material which we bought. Our journey was then resumed and in three days we had finished the great sounds, and night found us at the mouth | ceiving ship, anchored near by.

of the dismal swamp canal where we found four schooners and a sloop loaded with hundreds of watermelons which they were taking by canal to market at Norfolk, Virginia. This was luck for us, as we not only were glad of friends but we were not yet sick of melons, and the fact that a tug would be on hand to take us all through the canal that night at a low figure greatly pleased us. The sailors came aboard the Gazelle and each boat crew gave us several huge melons, so we had a good supply. The men were all good, kind-hearted fellows, and were very much interested in our collection of curios which we brought from the south, and did not seem to tire of our stories of adventure.

About half past nine o'clock the sharp, shrill whistle of our tug around the was heard, our anchors were brought on deck, and our tow lines passed from one to the other and secured. We, being light, brought up the tail end, and were "No. 6." When all was ready the word was called aft and again sent forward and the tug started.

The night was stormy, the sky being overcast by dark clouds; but now and then the light of the full moon broke through and lighted up the procession. It was strange to be on the tail end of such a long tow. It was like the old game of whipety-crack, with us at the end. When a sharp curve was made we had to be very careful not to get tripped.

This, then, was the famous dismal swamp of which Tom Moore wrote:

'And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal swamp. Where all night long by a firefly lamp She paddles her white canoe.

And as I saw the glow from a decaying stump, and the myriad fireflies about us I thought of the other stanza of the poem:

"He saw the Lake and a meteor bright, Quick o'er its surface played-

Welcome,' he said, 'my dear one's light!' And the dim shore echoed for many a night,

The name of the death cold maid."

At last rain came and thunder and lightning added to the lonesomeness; it was, indeed, "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp." About twelve o'clock the tug stopped, and the order came aft to drop our anchors, as the night was getting dark and navigation was becoming risky. We were glad of this delay for it gave us



RECEIVING SHIP "FRANKLIN."

a chance to have a little rest and to change our soaking wet clothes. As soon as daylight dawned, however, we were again on our way and at eight were in sight of Norfolk. As we came nearer the city the United States navy yard loomed up in the distance.

What a sight it was for us, as we approached, to see several ships of our navy lay at their moorings and still in their war paint. To our joy we found tied to the wharf the much defeated Spanish ship, "Reina Mercedes," which had been brought from the scene of the We did not object to this, however, as a battle of Santiago, in Cuba, to Norfolk a few weeks before.

She was terribly battered and gave one a correct idea of the destructive aim of American gunners.

Beautifully modeled yachts, which were pressed into service at the beginning of the war and did such excellent work, were here, as also were the noted monitors, "Puritan" and "Terror," whose armoured turrets and great guns contrasted strongly with the old-fashioned wooden man-of-war of the "Constitution" type, Franklin, now used as a re-

All these interesting scenes were soon passed, and shortly we found ourselves in the splendid harbor at Norfolk. Going ashore we were informed that the quarantine, which had been in force for several weeks on account of yellow fever, was raised that morning. We were glad of this news, for it gave us the freedom of the city, which we found during our week's visit to be one of great interest and beauty.

We made many friends in Norfolk and Portsmouth, who seemed sorry to have



A BALTIMORE CLIPPER.

as the storm abated. we said good bye, and passing out through Hampden Roads and rounding Old Point Comfort, where is located the famous Fortress Monroe, we were soon in the Chesapeake Bay and holding our course for the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal. Head winds made our voyage up the bay slow but pleasant, and we enjoyed it greatly.

us leave, but as soon

Thousands of craft of all sizes are seen on this sheet of water. from the tiny clam fisherman's to great ocean liners and full rigged ships.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was while sailing my trick on the second night out from Norfolk that I beheld the finest sight I have ever seen. It was a beautiful night with a splendid moon and starlit sky, a "spankin' good' breeze, and but little sea. I chanced to look aft, and off in the distance I saw a full rigged ship under full sail, even to studding sail. Her great yards, on which were stretched the cloud of canvas, were squared so as to make the ship careen gracefully, while the phosphorescent glow at her bows told of her speed, as also did the rapidity with which she overtook us and passed us scarcely a hundred yards away. It is a great treat to see a sailing ship under full sail nowadays, and so enthusiastic was I over the sight, that when I was relieved by the mate I sat up and spent my time in sketching the ship as I had seen it, that the sight might not soon fade away.

We soon passed the mouth of the Potomac River, leading up to our country's capital, and a day and night's good breeze brought us to Chesapeake City and the entrance of the canal, which runs from here to Delaware City on the Delaware River.

The rise and fall of the tide was here nearly five feet, and a hard bottom offered a splendid chance to beach the yacht. I was sure her bottom was covered with barnacles, and as they greatly impeded our progress we made up our minds to give her a thorough scraping. When the tide fell and left her high and dry, we found the whole underbody of the boat like a great piece of very coarse sandpaper, as the shell growth was fully three-quarters of an inch thick. It was an easy matter to scrape them off, and by two in the afternoon we were readto start through the canal.

I paid our canal fee of eleven dollars and our mule team was hitched on, and our trip began. It seemed funny to havfive mules to pull our little craft, when one would be plenty, but they insisted that we should hire a full team with a driver. This canal is the shortest onon the route and costs three times morthan any of the others. Our driver wa in a hurry to get to the other end, an kept the mules on the trot all the way took us to our destination before sio'clock.

We spent the night in Delaware City and next day at the beginning of flood tide we ran out of the canal into th Delaware River and held our course for Philadelphia, which we reached safely the following morning.

We saw the Quaker metropolis at its best, for the weather was perfect and the streets were beautifully decorated for the celebration of the reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic. son's fleet was here to take part in the naval parade. Thus, besides the general

beauty of the city, we found so much of interest that our four days' visit was a perfect whirl of sight-seeing.

Independence Hall, with the Liberty Bell, the original Declaration of Independence and many interesting souvemrs of early colonial days, came first.

The navy yard and Cramp's shipyard, with great warships in every degree of construction, was a veritable dreamland of pleasure for me; and one could not think of leaving without visiting the United States mint.

The immense shipping also attracted our attention, as we left the city and sailed up the beautiful river to Trenton, New Jersey, the place where General Washington made his famous crossing, amid the ice, with his entire army.

At Bordentown we locked into the Raritan Canal, where we were lucky to find a New York yachtsman on his way to the metropolis in his beautiful steam yacht named Cora. He took a great interest in us and kindly gave us a line, and what a pleasant voyage was our day's trip of forty five miles, with our kind

friends, through this favored country.

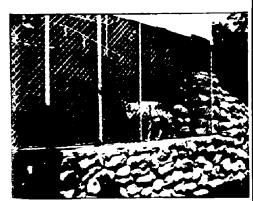
After locking out of the canal at New Brunswick into the Raritan River, we proceeded under our own canvas, and after a most interesting voyage of two days we turned out of the Arthur Kill River into New York Bay. It was early in the morning when we reached the bay. A haze was just lifting from the horizon and little by little in the distance was discerned the Statue of Liberty, and as we drew nearer the outline of the great city's sky-scrapers came into view. A good breeze soon brought us into the Hudson River.

What a Chinese puzzle it is! The water is fairly alive with boats, and every one has to look out for himself. Indeed, we found it true that all our experience was not a bit too great to aid us now. Ships, from our tiny craft to the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, which, in company of six tugs, passed us on the way to her dock, not a stone throw off. It was pretty scary business sometimes, running between the ferryboats, but we finally issued from the busy part and came to anchor several miles up the river in a quiet place.

We visited the city for ten days, during which time we learned much of New

It would take a volume to tell all about the interesting places we visited, including Castle Garden, the Aquarium, Central Park, the great stores, the theaters, Brooklyn bridge, and the tenement districts, so interesting in the study of child-life and where much good work is needed for the uplifting of this part of American boyhood and girlhood. The docks and shipping must not be forgotten, for here are seen the greatest ships the world has yet produced.

The Oceanic, the ship whose stupendous proportions and power were so faithfully portrayed in THE AMERICAN BOY, made her maiden trip while we were in New York, and we had the pleasure of inspecting her as she lay at her dock. Great, indeed, is this greatest of ships.



AT THE NEW YORK "ZOO."

When we said good-bye to the great netropolis we voted that it was well worth coming so far to see, and as we got under way and headed up the beautiful Hudson, we looked back on our visit with much pleasure.

The day we started was bright and exhilarating, though somewhat chilly, and we soon found that the days of negligee costumes were over and we donned our Sweaters.

The wind being strong, we made good Soon the grand mausoleum progress. erected for the last resting place of General Grant was seen on our right.

On the left looms up the Palisades, great rock cliffs rising nearly perpendicular from the water's edge.

The New York Central Railroad, located along the shore, with its frequent trains, tunnels and threading curves, added greatly to the picturesqueness or the scene. Many splendid mansions nestling among the hills or standing out in bold relief upon the slopes of the mountains, attracted the eye.

We passed Sing Sing prison just in time to see a gang of convicts marched to their cells from the shop, in charge of their guards.

The day was nearing its close when we dropped anchor in Tompkins' Cove, a little sheltered nook at the foot of a lofty mountain.

A sort of blue haze, which seems peculiar to this mountain region, hung its gossamer veil over the highlands as we raised our sails, the next morning, and, with a light yet fair wind, again headed grand scenery. At about ten o'clock we reached West Point, the seat of the United States Military Academy, where so many of our nation's heroes have been grounded in the art of war.

The following morning we were off Poughkeepsie, seventy six miles from trip, as it gave us a chance to see the

beast and were gratified as we proceeded, at the rate of twenty five miles per day to note that plenty of good food and kind treatment were improving the animal instead of wearing her out. Some said she would drop dead after a day or two, but she didn't, and fourteen days



GAZELLE AND HER "ONE-HORSE-POWER ENGINE," IN THE ERIE CANAL.

northward, all enthusiastic over the after leaving Albany we reached Buffalo and gave our horse to a man who bought our harness for three dollars, thinking that the harness would be so lonesome without Step Lively.

This long tramp across the state proved one of the very best parts of the



GAZELLE IN WINTER QUARTERS, AT THE END OF THE 6,000 MILE CRUISE, AT UNCLE JOHN'S, ON THE CLINTON RIVER, NEAR LAKE ST. CLAIR, MICHIGAN.

strong, fair wind. It was my day at the cities and beautiful scenery unexcelled tiller, and Gazelle flew along as fleet as There are seventy two locks on this the light-footed creature for whom she is named. Soon the last of the mountains were passed and the scenery, though still engaging, became less attractive. The river, in some places, was filled with tall reeds and we had to follow the buoys, with care. Still we sailed on past towns and cities, outspeeding the steam and naptha launches that we overtook on our last swift sail up the Hudson. Night fell, but the Gazelle still held her way by the light of the moon, and at nine o'clock we arrived at the capital of the great Empire State.

Visiting the capitol, we secured our permits to go through the Erie Canal, and with this document we sailed up to the city of Troy, where Gazelle's sails and spars were removed and stowed and fifty two miles by canal to Buffalo.

It had been our intention to get a tow behind a canal boat, but these fellows, thinking that they were masters of the situation, demanded prices for the service which we could not and would not pay.

Life on the towpath would be a novel experience for us, I explained to the boys; so it was finally decided that we buy a horse of our own and do our own driving. A good old mare (bless her heart!) was purchased for ten dollars. We named her "Step Lively," but we often referred to her as Gazelle's onehorse-power engine.

Albany. Another perfect day, with a beautiful Mohawk Valley, with its large canal, but we passed through them without mishap, the lockkeepers being kind in letting the water in and out with care.

> It was now late in October and marine men said it was very risky for us to venture out on Lake Erie, but they did not know us. Gazelle's sails were again bent on; rigging was overhauled and made secure; and at last all was again ship-shape for the last run which would take us back again to our Michigan.

Before leaving we visited Niagara Falls for a day and greatly admired this beautiful piece of God's handiwork. At last we set sail with a fair breeze and Gazelle seemed glad to once more be on lake water. We were in the best of spirits, for we were going home. It had on deck for the voyage of three hundred long since been decided to put the Gazelle into winter quarters on the Clinton River, near Lake St. Clair, a few miles above Detroit, for here lived Uncle John, a jovial, jolly farmer, who would see to it that the little ship was well cared for during the winter months so near at hand.

Our course was up the Canadian shore and we made rapid progress to Port Stanley, where we stopped for a visit and were nicely received and feasted. From there on to Detroit we had much head winds and heavy seas, and the severe cold of late fall nipped our ears a bit; were full of joy over the now assured small, what is not a serious question !

We took most excellent care of the old | complete success of our undertaking. A little song I had written while on the ocean was very popular aboard these last days, and we sang it until we finally reached the Detroit River, where we again were entirely contented with Michigan.

> Ready about! and the helm goes down; Quick to obey, the ship comes round, And heading away on a starboard beat, We sing this song as we tighten sheet.

CHORUS.

Ye, ho! my lads, then heave once more. We'll heave her abaft and leave the shore.

Heave ho! again and cleat her down: Three cheers for the course that takes us home.

Eight bells are rung, first watch below! From sea to sea we merrily go. Tis midnight hour, yet light as day, And we bound along 'neath moon-

beam's ray.

CHORUS.

Then here's to the breeze that fills our sail, And careens our yacht to her very rail; While she flies like a bird through the ocean foam,

Hurrah for the breeze that wafts us home.

Detroit River has the only marine post office in the world, and as we passed up the river the mail boat delivered a large batch of letters from our friends, who were glad we were again nearly home. A short stay in Detroit, and we proceeded on up to Uncle John's. We found a splendid place to pull the boat out of water and with the aid of a huge tackle and Uncle John's big oxen, the Gazelle, after being entirely dismantled. was successfully hauled out and propped up for the winter.

Well had she behaved: true to the very last; always ready to obey her master at the helm's touch; the Gazelle had brought us home safe and sound.

As we turned for a last look at our little home, when driving away to the railroad station to take the train for St. Joseph, where, anxiously awaiting our coming, were our dear ones, a tear, not of grief, not of joy, but rather of genuine satisfaction, dimmed my eye, and I grasped the hands of my shipmates in token of the success that was ours.

Adieu, Gazelle; the year's cruise is over, but the memories of all your acts, in calm and in gale, merit our everlasting praise. Well hast thou done! Ever faithful, ever true!

THE END.

Leaving Home.

(Continued from front page.)

home folks until youth has settled into manhood; then he should stay at home. But for the average American boy, with his own way to make in the world, I believe it is necessary that he get out from the immediate influence of the home for a time. We have the example set by the birds No bird can learn to fly flopping about in its nest So no boy can get independence of character and action until unaffected by the flattery of partial critics and unaided or, rather, unhindered by paternal hands and voice and pocketbook, he gets out and hustles for himself in a world where the true temper of his steel will be tried.

A boy never comes to know himself till he gets away from home and measures himself alongside of others. At home he sees himself in the indulgent eyes of loved ones and frequently finds, looking in these mirrors, no flaws. He needs to be disillusioned; and a little contact with men as keen, perhaps, or keener than he is, will quickly do it.

s a refuge of and pocketbook behind them in case of failure are prone either to be slothful or indifferent, or to be foolhardy, unthinking and venturesome. Absence from the paternal roof, a closing up of the ever open pocket-book, has saved many a young man

But the subject is endless; and I have more than consumed my alloted space in what I have said. I stop where I started: It is a serious question-serious for the home that is to be left-serious for the boy who is to leave it; but, after all, in view of the eterbut we were getting nearly home and nal effect of every human action, great or

THE PLACE WHERE MAN LIVES

EVERETT MCNEIL



the bullfrog, was wise, and knew the Laws of the Marsh and Lake, and the

Rule of Four; and he should have known better than to go past the Great Black Rock which stands at the foot of High Hill, and marks the ending of the Marsh and Lake and the beginning of the Domain of Man. Chinchunk, the old turtle, met him at the Great Black Rock, and warned him that the Laws of the Marsh and Lake would not protect him if he passed by the rock; and called his attention to the Rule of Four, which, as every frog knows, reads:

"Never go far from the water; imp, when Man swings Jump, when Man swings his arm; (Proak, when the sun sets at evening; Dive at the hoot of the owl."

So Chofoo, the bullfrog, had learning enough and warning enough; and if he had had an equal amount of sense in his head he never

would have taken a leap beyond the Great Black Rock.

The morning was cool and the grass was wet with dew; and Chofoo felt in uncommon good spirits, and, therefore, venturesome. He laughed at the warning of Chinchunk, the solemn old turtle, stretched his long legs, and, by way of declaring his contempt of the caution, made a great leap past the Black Rock and landed in the Domain of Man. And then, just to show the endurance of his courage, he made another great leap, followed by three quick jumps, and stopped under a huge mullein leaf to look around.

Some six jumps to his right he saw a high stone wall, running in a straight line over the brow of a hill; and on top of the wall sat Chitkee, the chipmunk, eating a nut.

"Ho, ho, Chitkee," called Chofoo. "I go to see where this great monster, Man, lives whose tread shakes the hearts of all the people of the Marsh and Lake. Come with me?"

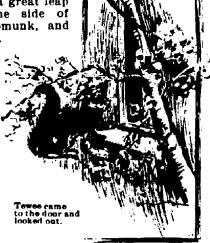
Chitkee, the chipmunk, dropped his nut and, darting quickly down from the wall, jumped upon a stump and looked at Chofoo. "Hi, hi, Chofoo," he called back, "I will go. It is a great sight, the Place where Man lives. But, wait a moment. I will ask Tewee, the mouse, to go with us. Tewee knows the way of Man. He lived with Man once," and, leaping from the stump to the ground, Chitkee ran to the hollow log, where Tewee had built his home, and scratched three times on the doorsill. "Come, Tewee," he called. "Chofoo, the bullfrog, and I go to the Place where Man lives. Come, go with us?'

Tewee came to the door and looked out.

"Yes, I will go, Chitkee," he answered. "But Man is dangerous, and we must move with caution. Man killed my father and grandfather and great-grandfather," and I very much fear in the end Man will kill me. It runs in the

family," and Tewee shook his head sadly. "Yet I will go, for it is a sight worth the seeing, the Place where Man lives. Where is Chofoo, the frog?' "Here, here," answer answered Chofoo, and with a great leap he landed by the side of Chitkee, the chipmunk, and

Tewee, the mouse. 'This we must do," said Tewee, "The great stone wall leads over the hill to the Place where Man lives. I, who have been there before, will run along on the top, and Chofoo can keep to the right and Chitkee to the left of the wall. In this way we can see danger in what-



OW a frog has brains as ever direction it approaches; and, if it comes too well as legs; and Chofoo, near, we can hide quickly underneath the stones of the wall."

"A good plan," said Chofoo. "Come on," and he gave a high jump and came down on top of the hollow log. "I can see far and jump high. Man will need to be sharp to harm me," and, puffing out the white of his throat proudly, he took a long leap from the top of the log.

"Hi, hi, Tewee is wise," cried Chitkee, the chipmunk, darting swiftly over the stones to his side of the wall. "Tewee is wise; and I am cunning and quick. Man can do no hurt while I guard," and Chitkee ran along to the left of the wall, keeping a sharp lookout for Man as he ran.

But Tewee, the mouse, kept silent and ran slowly over the flat stones on the top of the wall, his sharp black eyes glancing in every direction; for Tewee had been to the Place where Man lives and knew the might of the dread monster who dwelt there.

Suddenly, when near to the middle of the hill. Tewee uttered a sharp cry of warning and scurried behind a stone, where he lay looking out from beneath a corner of the stone toward the brow of the

"Hi, hi. Where? where?" shouted Chitkee, darting up the wall to the side of Tewee.

There, there; on the brow of the hill! Keep still, and lie close," answered Tewee, panting with excitement.

But Chofoo, the bullfrog, being low down where the grass was high, could see nothing. "Ho, ho," he thought; "I must know what is causing these timid fellows all this excitement," and he gave a long jump and landed on the top of a high stone.

Then from over the brow of the hill came a great monster, walking on two feet and swinging a huge club in his

"Tewee, is that Man?" asked Chofoo.

"No. that is not Man," answered Tewee. "That is the young of Man. Boy he is called. Man is much greater and has bunches of hair growing on his face. Down, Chofoo, down quick, and hide. Boy has seen you. See, he is bending over to pick up a stone. Get behind a rock quick,' and Tewee and Chitkee sought safety far down under the stones of the wall. Plooff!

laughed Chofoo. "Have no fear. My legs are long and strong. and I can leap high and far. Boy will not harm me. Plooff,' and, swelling out his chest proudly, he watched curiously the antics of the two-legged

quick swing and lurched violently forward.
"What now!" thought Chofoo, stretching up his

struck the stone on which Chofoo was sitting; a blinding shower of sparks and pieces of rock flew into his face; and he was hurled off the stone to the the sayings of the old ground, where he lay, flat on his back, too astonished

"Quick! Quick!" squeaked Tewee. "Under the stones, quick! Boy is coming!" and the brave little ness of a stone by fellow, running from the safety of the wall to where knocking their brains Chofoo lay half stunned on his back, thrust his sharp nose under him and attempted to turn him right side

Chofoo coughed and flopped over on his feet. "Did a word. the top of the hill fall on me?" he asked, blinking wildly.

"Plooff! I see Boy catching me!" and the throat of Chofoo began to swell proudly. "My legs are long Jumping snakes! what's that!'

Suddenly a great thing stood over Chofoo, and a mighty hand and arm reached down to grab him. He gave a wild jump of terror. There was a rush of huge feet after him; a crash like the falling of a great tree near his head; and, panting and trembling, he tum-

stone.

"Did the moon fall out of the sky and strike near my head, Tewee?" he panted.

"No," answered Tewee; "that was the young of Man, Boy. He struck at you with his club. Hark. you can hear him walking away. His tread makes the stones tremble."

"Plooff!" and Chofoo crawled out from under the stone. "Plooff! I was not afraid! Did you see how ! fooled Boy? My legs are long and strong and I can jump far. Plooff!" and he began to puff out his chest.

Tewee now ran on top of the stone wall. "Come," he called, "Boy has gone."

Then Chitkee and Chofoo went each to his side of the wall, and the journey was resumed.

When they came to the top of the hill they saw a level tract of land, and on the level tract of land were huge things, like great rocks, only they were not rocks, and smoke was coming out of one, and all had curious holes in their sides with something shiny in the holes.

"That is Man's nest," said Tewee, pointing to the one that smoked; "and those others are barns and sheds, where Man keeps cows and horses and other monsters which do his bidding. But the most curious of all is Man's nest. I once lived in Man's nest;

"Hi, hi," interrupted Chitkee. "See, there is a flat stone under the great tree. Let us sit there. It is much nearer to Man's nest, and we can see better."

"Good, good," croaked Chofoo. "Come on," and in ten long jumps and six short hops he reached the top of the flat stone. Chitkee and Tewee ran along after him, and sprang up on the stone by his side.

"See, see!" squeaked Tewee, "Man is coming out!"

A hole near the bottom of Man's nest opened, and a huge monster walking on two legs and with bunches of hair growing on his face and head, came out; and after him came Boy. The two monsters walked a little way, then they stopped, and Boy pointed to the flat stone. Man said something in a rough, loud voice, and Boy ran back quickly into the nest. In a moment he came out again with a long bright thing in his hand, which he gave to man.

"What ugly looking monsters," said Chofoo.

"I wonder why they walk on their hind legs when walking on all four legs is so much more comfortable," said Chitkee.

Man lifted the long bright thing to his shoulder, and pointed it toward the flat stone.

Chitkee stood up on his hind legs and watched Man curiously. Tewee gave a frightened squeak and jumped off the stone. "Quick, quick, hide!" he called. "Man has seen us!"

"Hi, hi," laughed Chitkee, "Tewee is timid. Man

can't kill by looking."
"Plooff! Plooff!" croaked Chofoo. "I am not afraid! Man can't swim. There is no web between his toes. Plooff! My legs are-

At that instant a bright flame leaped from the long thing Man held to his shoulder. There was a deaf-ening sound like a sharp clap of heavy thunder, a shricking in the air like the cry of thousands of demons; and Chitkee whirled over backward and rolled off the stone, his head nearly torn from his body by some awful unseen force. Chofoo leaped high in the air; and

"See, see!" squeaked Tewee, "Man is coming out!"

over stones and sticks and through brush and grass he tore, and never paused for an instant until he fell nearly dead with exhaustion and fear in the cool shadow of the Great Black Rock, where sat Chinchunk. the solemn old tur-

Chinchunk slowly nodded his head. against





"Plooff! monster.

Suddenly Boy gave his arm a

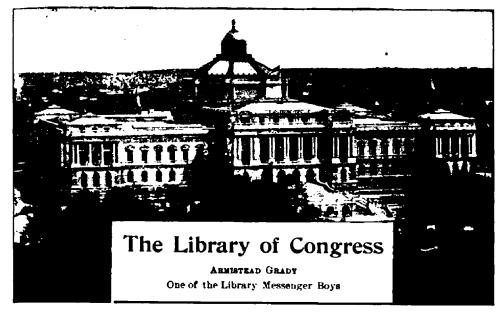
head to gct a better view. Crash! With the sound of thunder a great reak

and too frightened to move.

up.

"No; Boy threw a stone. Quick, under the wall! Boy is after you!" and Tewee darted away.

and I--



post beautiful buildings in the world.

As we stand on Capitol Hill, with the Library on one side and the Capitol on the other, we behold a sight to make a boy's heart beat fast with patriotic pride.

We stand irresolute as to which to visit first, but if we watch the general

ARMISTEAD GRADY.

flow of people, it will not take long to see that the greater number go to the Library first; consequently we fall in line and wend our way

The first thing we see is the fountain at the foot of the lofty entrance. In the center old Neptune is

thither, also.

reposing, with a mermaid on either side of him riding on large sea horses. In the pond beneath them are turtles with streams of water issuing from their mouths and splashing on the horses.

The main stairway leading to the entrance is made of large blocks of granite. Ascending the stairway, we enter the building by one of the three bronze doors and find ourselves in a white marble hall of immense height, all glorious with carving and color, "a vision in polished stone." The hall is encircled by noble stairways of glistening white marble, at whose base stand Marting's bronze lamp bearers. Exquisite infant cupids of all nationalities, wreathed in flowers, are carved along the beautiful banisters.

From the center hall we go down the south corridor to visit one of the most beautiful rooms in the building, "Representatives' Reading Room."

This room is about two hundred feet long, furnished with six desks and three large oaken tables. At the end of this room is a mantel and fire-place. This mantel is one of the wonders of the building. On it are large mosaic figures representing Law, in all its majesty.

All books ordered or called for by representatives are brought to this room as fast as a messenger's legs can carry thom.

While I am writing of this room, I may as well tell how a book is gotten for the members of Congress. A card is made out in this way:

CENTURY VOL. 9, 10, 11, PAGE MORRIS,

This is taken to the Main Reading Room. An attendant from there then sends it through a tube by compressed an to the sixth deck, or floor, all bound periodicals being kept on this deck. The rrson on this deck no sooner sees the M C. (Member of Congress) on the card than all other work is forgotten for the time, and he rushes around to get these three volumes, as if his life (or position) were at stake. After finding them, he sends them out to the Reading Room, With Mosaic Panel of "Law," by Disiman.

The Library of Congress is one of the | and from there they are rushed to the Representatives' Reading Room.
The Senators' Reading Room is much

like the Representatives, only smaller men. and, if possible, grander.

twenty five newspapers and twelve Book' hundred periodicals kept on file. The best newspapers from each state are kept here, the smaller and more insignificant ones being kept elsewhere. No papers are ever thrown away, but all are preserved in neat bundles, dated, and put away for future use.

There are two kinds of newspaper files; one is called the standing rack, or! file, which is stationary. On it are kept; the best papers from the most important cities. The inferior file is the "Stick." This can be removed for reading, and the reader can sit down at a table, spread himself, his coat, his hat and his newspaper all over the table, almost | driving the messenger crazy, for it is part of his work to put the papers away. When the messenger tries to get a little room on the end of the table to put his papers, the exasperating reader spreads out his paper just a little more and gives his coat a little push the wrong way and knocks all the papers on the floor; he then rises and tries to help that furious messenger to pick them up and mixes them hopelessly.

The periodicals are arranged under subjects, excepting story magazines, such as Century, Harper's, McClure's,

Next we enter the South Book Stack, and go in on the seventh deck. There are nine of these floors or decks. On the first or top deck (the decks being numbered from the top down), the foreign newspapers are kept, and from the second down to the fifth the bound United States newspapers are kept. All papers are arranged alphabetically by states. and the papers under each state are also arranged alphabetically. The sixth deck contains all bound periodicals. The seventh deck has all the English fiction. directories of most of the important cities of the United States, and also army and navy directories. On the eighth are kept all current newspapers for a month or two back. Later they are sent to the bindery. The ninth and last deck belongs to the Copyright Division. Here

after they are stamped and recorded, and thieves. the music to the Music Division, the periodicals to the Periodical Division, the pamphlets to the Catalogue Division,

The stacks are strictly fireproof, there being at each end a large marble door which is shut and locked every night. The floors are of marble and the shelves of iron.

After we leave the Stack we find ourat one time, but often there are many that room desires, there being only one boy to deliver books to all the readers. The highest number of readers in one on a half holiday.

Around this room is a beautiful gallery decorated with bronze statues of Columbus, Fulton, Homer and other great

On leaving this room we come upon In the Newspaper and Periodical Read-ing Room there are two hundred and representing the "Evolution of the

GALLEBY OF THE READING ROOM.

The first picture shows men in the early stone age, partially dressed in the skins of animals and building cairns. These cairns were probably the first monuments ever raised by men.

The second picture is "Oral Tradition.

The third represents Egyptians carving on Pyramids. This carving was at first only rude pictures, but, as time passed on, the images became conventionalized and looked more like writing.

The next picture shows us the Indians writing with blood on the skins of animals.

The fifth is the monks inscribing on papyrus.

The sixth and last picture is the print ing press.

A few more steps bring us to the large hall from which we started.

On the second floor to the left of the



THE NORTH STAIRWAY.

THE BRONZE DOOR, "THADITION."

are kept copyrighted pamphlets, sheet grand stairway, we see all the old books music, and some periodicals; but most of and manuscripts. These are all kept in these are sent to the other divisions glass cases to protect them from dust

On the right is the Art Gallery.

The Library and Capitol are connected by a pneumatic tube for sending books between the two buildings, the books being sent in bags which look very much like dress suit cases.

Down on the basement floor we may take a look at the Bindery. This division is a long room full of tables and machinery. The Bindery is a new thing selves in the Main Reading Room. This in the Library. Up to a few months ago room is a large octagon. There are about all books had to be sent to a bindery two hundred and fifty desks and seats in outside of the building, and consequently this room, which are rarely all occupied it took a longer time to get books back than it does now. The largest bound more occupied than the messenger in book in the Library is about four feet by two and a half, and the smallest, one and one-half inches by one.

We may well feel proud of this magday in the year 1899 was nine hundred nificent building or palace, the workand sixty two; the smallest, forty one. manship being entirely that of our own countrymen.



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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 (Mafr.s, Cleveland, O.

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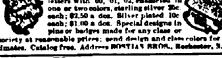
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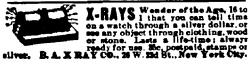
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Johnny reads about Peary. Decides to go in search of the North Pole.

Tells the dog, and agrees to take him.

Makes a combination sled and wagon. Great idea!

Sits on ice to get accustomed to the climate up there.

MESSENGER No. 6023.

DOUGLAS ZABRISHIE DOTY

It had been a hard day for No. 6023.

In the morning there had been a trip over to Brooklyn with a fifty pound valise; and right on top of that had come two hurry calls on his bicycle—one to a swell hotel and the other to a club. It was a cold blustering day and between the heavy valise and the baffling wind, poor No. 6023—familiarly known as "Shorty," was dreadfully tired by five o'clock.

He was twelve years old and small for his age, with a pair of steady blue eyes as deep in tone as his well fitting uniform.

Shorty was the biggest dandy in the office. How he managed to keep himself so neat it would be hard to tell. He was all alone in the world; and his home was a tenement-house room which he shared with a couple of "newsles."

His hair was always carefully brushed and his well worn shoes never lacked for blacking. Shorty's chief source of anxiety was his linen. He had never possessed more than three collars at any one time since he could remember. To make these three hold out through the week and yet always appear with a clean collar required a good deal of figuring.

always appear with a clean collar required a good deal of figuring. Poor Shorty! Often times he was obliged to resort to an ink eraser or a bit of sponge rubber to whiten up the edges of a soiled

collar.

All the other boys at the office smoked cheap cigarettes. But Shorty couldn't afford the luxury of tobacco. All his spare coin kept his hair cut and his boots blacked.

When he had returned from that second

when he had returned from that second afternoon call, Shorty sank down on the wooden bench with the half dozen waiting boys and promptly fell asleep on the shoulder of his companion, who was so enthralled with the adventures of "Diamond Dick" that he never noticed it. The telegraph instruments were buzzing away like

a merry bee hive and outside the elevated trains were rattling noisily by.
"Whirr! Whirr!" went the messenger call and the manager took down the address on a slip of paper and called "boy!"

call and the manager took down the address on a slip of paper and called "boy!" sharply.

"Say, but I'm tired!" muttered Shorty as he picked up the call slip.

The manager stared frowning through his glasses. He was a small young man with greasy hair and a bad complexion.

"You kids make me sick!" he said fussily. "You're lolling around here half the time and yet you complain about being overworked. Born loafers all of you!"

Shorty went out without replying. He knew better than to talk back. His destination was quite a ways farther down town so he took a car which was crowded with well dressed people. To-night he was fascinated by a collar worn by a gentleman who sat just opposite. It was of the style dubbed by Shorty as the "stand-upsit-down" variety. The set of the collar was superb and as white as the driven snow.

Then and there Shorty made up his mind.

Then and there Shorty made up his mind



he would own one of them with the next time an extra quarter came his way. "Forty-fourth street!" bawled the con-ductor and 6023 swung off the car. Shorty's practiced eye swept over the house as he mounted the steps and he utiered to himself "boardin' house! 'Spose it's some ole lady as wants me to carry her grip ter t' ferry!"



"Second floor back!" remarked the maid who opened the door and Shorty stumbled up the dark stairs and knocked on a door. "Come in!" said a woman's voice.

up the dark stairs and knocked on a door.

"Come in!" said a woman's voice.

"Crusty old bird!" was Shorty's mental comment as he entered the room and stood cap in hand. The lady who seemed quite old, had very sharp eyes. Her nose was sharp and so was her chin.

The lady sat rocking in a chair with her bonnet and gloves on.

"How old are you, boy?" she asked.

"I'm jes' twelve, ma'am."

Shorty watched those sharp eyes as they traveled over his slight little figure and he felt a thrill of pride as he thought that he had on a collar fresh from the laundry that morning.

morning

Who taught yer to be so neat?" jerked

"Who taught yer to be so neat?" jerked out this strange woman.
"I dunno! I jes don't like things dirty—that's all!"
"Live with your folks?"
"Ain't got any folks!" said Shorty.
"Humph!" muttered the lady. "Just like me. I haven't any folks, except some cousins, and we don't love each other.
There was a slight pause and then this

me. I haven't any folks, except some cousins, and we don't love each other.

There was a slight pause and then this temarkable woman asked dryly, "Did you ever take a lady to the theater?"
Shorty laughed.

"I say, ma'am!" he cried with a roguish grin. "What 'er youse given us, anyhow?"
The corners of the woman's thin mouth curled up slightly and her eyes gleamed for an instant.

"It's this way," she said. "I'm in town for a little visit and I thought I should like to go to the theater once. I don't like to go alone, but I don't care a pin for any of the shoddy people in this house."

"I'm fond of boys—if they have clean faces—so I rang for a messenger. Now, then, what would you advise me to see—I don't know anything about the plays.

Shorty looked thoughtful for a moment. "Dere's a bully three-ringed circus in town," he said suggestively.

"Just the thing!" cried the lady, "I hav'nt been to a circus since I was a girl. Let's go!"

A minute later this strange couple walked

A minute later this strange couple walked down the front steps and hailed a street

down the front steps and named a street car at the corner.

When the conductor came for fares, the lady pulled out a fat purse, but quick as a flash Shorty had laid a dime in the man's

"Dat's all right!" he remarked a trifle grandly. "I kin stand for de fares as long as youse is blowin' us off to circus tickets!"

The woman started to argue the point, but when she looked at the proud happy look in Shorty's bright eyes, she smiled rather gently and said nothing.

"Now first we'll want a good dinner!"

remarked the lady. "I'll leave it to you where we shall go."

remarked the lady. "I'll leave it to you where we shall go."
"Shall we be dead-game sports and go to a bang-up joint?" inquired Shorty.
"What?" asked the lady blankly. Then she smiled brightly. "Oh, yes; let's go to the best in town!"

The head waiter at Delmonico's felt the few hairs on his bald head rise in horror as he beheld a soberly clad woman and a tiny messenger boy enter the grand dining-room and make for a yacant table. room and make for a vacant table.

He flew to her.

"Madam!" he murmured, "ze boy!"

"Dat's all right whiskers!" put in Shorty
grandly, "I'm escortin dis lady and got de
dough to pay fer de grub. You kin bet on

dough to pay fer de grub. You kin bet on dat!"

"This young man is dining with me!" put in the woman quietly. "Please show us to a table." Which much against his will the head waiter did.

The other diners stared and smiled broadly or covertly according to their manner. But that did not embarrass Shorty or his companion.

In all his twelve years Shorty had never had such a meal. Oysters, soup, fish, roast entree. Shorty tackled the myallantly and heaved a heavy sigh of content after each course. That there could be such wonderful things to eat he had never dreamed, and even the lady admitted to herself that these queer French dishes were more "tasty" than the roast mutton and the pumpkin ple at home.

When the bill arrived on a neat silver salver Shorty had a handful of greenbacks which the woman had reased to him with the woman had reased to him

When the bill arrived on a neat silver salver Shorty had a handful of greenbacks which the woman had passed to him under the table. These he proudly deposited on the bill and when the change arrived Shorty picked out a dime and dropped jingling on the salver.

"There yer are, boss!" he remarked with the air of a man to the property of the property

the air of a man to whom money was no

the air of a man to whom money was no object.

The waiter colored slightly and looked loftly over his head.

"If you're too stuck-up to take a tip—say so—can't yer?" muttered Shorty, and he picked up the dime. Then when he had emptied his glass of water over the table cloth and the picked is not the table cloth and the interior technicals. cloth and the jar of toothpicks in his pockets, these two diners arose and no society belle ever attracted more notice than they

as they marched solemnly out.

But, oh! that circus! Was there ever such a wonderful pageant of marvels and beauty!

sheauty!

Shorty whooped and whistled his delight and even his companion found herself applauding vigorously with flushed cheeks and a sparkling eye.

"Boy!" she declared as they were going out, "I haven't had such a good time in years as I have had tonight."

"Nor me, neither!" put in Shorty, and there he sighed. "The worst of a good time is you're so sorry when it's over."

They were riding up town again in a street car when the lady asked suddenly, "If somebody were going to give you a present, what would you most like?"

Shorty considered a moment; his eyes on a well dressed man opposite. "I'd rather have a dozen collars, the stand-up-sit-down kind, than anything else," he said wistfully.

"You're a good how and I went you to

fully.
"You're a good boy and I want you to
visit me in the country this summer," said
the lady, as she said good-bye.
"Have you got a cow, and trees a chap kin

climb without a cop chasin' him?" ask...

emb without a cop chasm nimr ask...

Shorty.

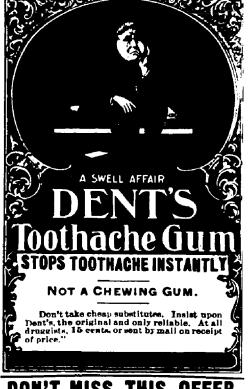
"Yes, said the woman and somehow he eyes had grown very soft and kind.

"It must be beautiful," murmured Short and then "thank ye ma'am, for a built bung time!"

The next day Shorty received a big boy and in it were two dozen collars and six

The next day Shorty received a big boy and in it were two dozen collars and say superb shirts gorgeously striped and figure in the most brilliant colors.

Shorty is general manager of the big company now, and he always takes Thanksgiving dinner with a certain dear old ladwho lives in the country and he always declares that those collars were the making of him.



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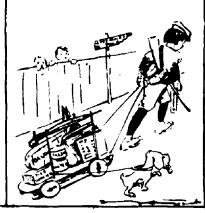
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It's hard learning how to eat tallow

All ready!

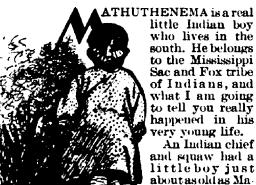
Last night at home. Writes mother about it.

The start.

To be continued.)

Mathuthenema.

GEM. VAUGHAN



An Indian chief and squaw had a little boy just about as old as Mathuthenema, and during an epidemic of fever this little boy died and his parents grieved over it very There is a custom

much, for Indians. among this tribe that whenever a member of a family dies another one is adopted in his place, although it is seldom that the one adopted lives with his new parents.

The bereaved parents soon began looking about the tribe to find a child to adopt in place of their little one; and it must be one of the brightest and best, for was not their child perfect? They came to Mathuthenema's hut and his mother and father listened patiently to their account of their loss. They asked for Mathuthenema, and he was brought in from his play and stood contemplat ing the visitors with all the self-possession possible. He looked as though he were angry about something but he really was not, for he frowned the most when he was thinking the hardest. At length, after sitting in silence for a long time, for so long time that white folks would surely have gone to sleep, the visitors said that they wished to adopt Mathuthenema and that their dead child would give him gifts.

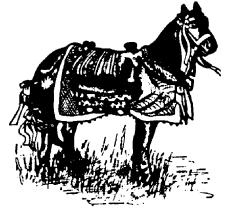


Mathuthenema's parents were well pleased, for an adoption among the wealthier Indians is quite a ceremony.

The day appointed was at hand, and the Indians who were to take part and those who were onlookers stood or sat about an open space near a wood. There was Mathuthenema, not in his little

every day calico shirt, as the first picture shows him, but decked out in great splendor-according to Indian ideas; a big silk handkerchief about his head, another one about his waist; his little calico shirt was trimmed with ribbon, and colored pieces of cotton goods were neatly pieced about the skirt. He had on beautifully beaded moccasins and leggins, while about his neck were strings of brightly colored beads.

Pretty soon a beautiful little pony was led up. On the bridle, tail and saddle were tied great bows of bright ribbon. The pony blanket was bound with silk and little bells jingled about it. tached to the saddle was a large bag full of gifts and yards upon yards of different kinds of calico. All were presents for the little Mathuthenema. It was quite a pretty sight, especially



when the child was lifted into the saddle and the pony's head was turned to the west.

Then came an old chief, who dipped his hand in a red liquid and imprinted a mark on the pony's right hindquarter, symbol of protection. The chief talked awhile, then the pony was turned loose, but as Mathuthenema was too young to drive, his mother mounted, held him and started the pony towards the west, where the Indians think is their happy hunting ground. After going a distance they stopped and there the spirit of the dead child met them and blessed Mathuthenema. They then wheeled about and rode back.

The new parents stood alone and waited for him. When he arrived they seemed very glad and greeted him in Indian fashion, giving him another bundle of goodies.

After it was all over, Mathuthenema took his new pony and other gifts and went to his own home and his adopted parents to theirs. He may seldom enter their home, but he always has a right to them and theirs, and they to him.



FIFTY GOOD GAMES

As Played in Brooklyn Public Schools ' From Report by Jessie H. Bancroft, Director of Physical Training

NO. 37. GATHERING STICKS.

NO. 37. GATHERING STICKS.

The ground is divided into two equal parts, with a small goal marked off at the rear of each part, in which six sticks are placed. Each player who reaches the enemy's goal safely may carry one stick back to his own goal, and may not be caught while carrying it back. If caught before reaching the opposing goal, he must remain a prisoner in the goal until touched by one of his own side; neither may be caught while returning. No stick may be taken by a side while any of its men are prisoners. The game is wor, by the side gaining all of the sticks.

NO. 38. PRISONER'S BASE-I.

Divide the ground into two equal parts, with a small base or prison marked off at the farther end of each division. From five to twelve players guard each side. They venture into the enemy's ground, and, if caught, are put into the prison, where they must remain until tagged by one of their own side who is free. Both prisoner and rescuer can be tagged and brought back to prison before reaching their own ground. The game is won when a free man enters The game is won when a free man enters the opponents' prison, but this can only be done when there are no prisoners there.

NO. 39. PRISONER'S BASE-II.

NO. 39. PRISONER'S BASE—II.

A large goal is marked off at each end of the ground, with a small base or prison adjoining the forward right-hand corner. The wide open space between the goals is neutral territory. The object of the game is to enter the opponents goal. The entrance of one player means victory for his side. As one player advances for this purpose, or gives a "dare," the opponents send cut a player to tag him, when the first side immediately sends out a second player to "cover" or protect the darer by trying to tag his opponent. The opponents side then sends out a second player to "cover" their first one. He is at liberty to tag either of the other two players. In this way any or all of the players may be out at one time, though it is unwise to leave the goal unguarded. Any player may tag any of the men from the opposite side who left their goal before he did. but none who came out after he did. Whenever a player inturns to his home goal, which he may do at any time, the man who went out to cover him must return also, and of course the man who went out to cover this second one, etc.

Any player caught (tagged) is placed in

the man who went out to cover this second one, etc.

Any player caught (tagged) is placed in the opponents' prison ("prisoner's base"), where he must remain until rescued by one of his own side. The prisoner may reach as far out of the prison as possible, so long as one foot is within it. He and his rescuer cannot be tagged while returning home, but the rescuer may be tagged before he touches the prisoner. One rescuer may free only one prisoner at a time.

Much finessing is possible by engaging the enemy on one side of the ground, while a good runner is held in reserve to dash into the enemy's goal on the other side. Each side should have a captain to maintain discipline, take general direction of the game, and decide with the opposing captain any disputed points.

In organizing the teams the two captains are elected, and they then take turns in choosing men for their teams.

This game is more complicated than the one of the same name previously described. It is well for beginners to start with the first game.

(Others Games to follow)

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John H. Morrow, Rural Route 1, Steubenville, O.: I will exchange foreign newspapers for rare coins or foreign stamps.

George K. Woodward, Elsmere, Del.: I will exchange two pairs of pigeons for a pair of rabbits, a buck and a doe. Write

Fred Stanley, 105 Phelps Avenue, Kalamazoo, Mich.: I will exchange stamps for relics of the Civil War, including Federal money. James K. Primm, 1013 West Gove Street, Springfield, Ill.: I will exchange from ore, splinters from trees in Illinois, and other curios, for coins and seashells.

John W. Seley, Pocatello, Idaho: I will exchange Indian pictures and Indian relics for ore or old newspapers. Don't want copper ore, nor papers less than fifty years

Thomas Steffenson, Vashon, Wash.: I will exchange a good shotgun, almost new, and a pocket camera, for a good second-hand self-inking five by eight printing

Clarence Keith, 2004 Central Avenue, Cin-cinnati, O.: I will exchange a piece of coral for an arrowhead, or copies of any Cincinnati newpapers for copies from other

Charles J. Wendland, 479 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.: I will exchange a "Shure Shot" camera for North American stamps. Will also trade Indian pictures for stamps.

Edward G. Michaels, 112 North Plum Street, Richmond, Va.: I will exchange a piece of mica rock, shell from Chesapeake Bay, piece of lava cinder, for other curios Bay, pied or shells.

Edward Finnerty, Hitchcock, S. D.: I will exchange a good pencil compass and divider, with drawing pen attachment, for best offer made me on Indian arrowheads and relics.

Charles Lankenaw, 66 West Columbia Street, Springfield, O.: I have programmes of both grand and comic operas played by the leading stars of the country, which I will trade for arrowheads and other relics.

Guy G. La Follette, Prineville, Crook county, Ore.: I will exchange the leaves or slivers of the pine, fur or juniper trees, or quills from porcupines, for leaves or blossoms of other trees or plants, or cotton bolls or shells.

B. L. Johnson, P. O. Box 986, Stoneham, Mass.: I will exchange a collection of one thousand stamps mounted in an album, catalogued between thirty and forty dollars, for a banjo of some standard make, Washburn preferred.

Ray Clements, 112 Prospect Avenue West Ray Clements, 112 Prospect Avenue West, Bethlehem, Pa.: I will exchange pieces of large naval guns, armor plate and steel projectiles made at the Ordnance Works at South Bethlehem, or nuggets of anthracite coal, for arrowheads and other curios.

Cliff and Tom Knox. 1204 West Ninth Street, Canton, O.: A seven dollar plano harp, "medal" libraries, pieces of wood from the President's home, etc., for a good four by six or five by seven self-inking printing press, or offers.

Clyde C. Swayne, 484 Bates Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.: I will exchange "Fun With Magnetism." price twenty five cents, and numbers 43, 48, 50, 51 and 52 of volume 73 of "The Youth's Companion." for the November, 1899, and February and July, 1900, numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY. Only good copies. Write first.

Elmer H. Maier, 1511 Juniatti Street, Allegheny, Pa.: I have an earthen cup and saucer made in Mexico and sold at the Pittsburg Exposition, and a midnight edition of the Pittsburg Chronicle and Telegram, Nov. 6, announcing the election of McKinley and Roosevelt. Will trade both for Indian arrowheads.

D. C. Howard, 35 Keyes Avenue, Watertown, N. Y.: I will give twenty five copies of Harper's Weekly and fifteen Youth's Companions and ten cents in cash, for the first six copies of THE AMERICAN BOY. I will give fifteen good foreign stamps to any one who will send me either one of the following dated cents: 1877, 1869, 1868, 1862, 1861, 1858, and any below 1858.

C. S. Upham, 36 Edgell Street, Gardner, Mass.: For best offer, will exchange two pairs of skates, numbers nine and nine and one-half, four cloth-bound books in excellent condition, entitled, "On the Amazon," "Five Hundred Dollars," "John Brown's School Days," "The Complete Works of Artemus Ward," Scott's Best Stamp Album with three hundred and fifty five stamps.



Boys and "Blood and Thunder" Reading.

WRITTEN BY CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD, THE POET



reading the vie trash which de-picts such Indian scenes as never occurred, and points out "bloodand-thunder" he-roes who never lived, and of such

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

a type as were never heard of in the west. If I had the power I would catch every dime novel publisher in America and confine him in prison for life, where he could not pursue his criminal work—for it is criminal—and leade as many bright have a rule and discovered. his criminal work—for it is criminal—and leads so many bright boys to ruin and disgrace. My name has never yet figured in one of these trashy concerns with my consent, although I have been offered quite large sums by publishers to allow my name to be used as the author of a western story which they would have had written by another, just as they do with other western characters whom I could name. It is a great trick on the part of publishers to endeavor to secure the names of noted scouts, hunters, and actors as authors of endeavor to secure the names of noted scouts, hunters, and actors as authors of the most ridiculous trash that was ever printed, and I regret to say that some western men are so foolish as to bite at their glittering bait. But a few weeks since in a New York publication I was pained and mortified to see an old picture of myself, published with others, with a flash story, and labeled, if I remember rightly, "Broncho Billy." Broncho Billy.

story, and labeled, if I remember rightly. "Broncho Billy."

The first desire of the average boy after reading a story of western adventure is to go "out west and kill Indians." To a western man this desire is so absurd and ridiculous as to be really laughable. Poor little innocent dupes! Of the many boys who have abandoned their homes to exterminate Indians, not one in a thousand ever reached the Missouri River, and those who did get beyond that stream invariably went to work in kitchens of hotels washing dishes, or served as lackeys in some subordinate position until their parents could send for them. The poor, blinded boys do not realize that to be efficient in the field as a scout, a man must have lived in the west for many years; must be familiar with every foot of the country, and acquainted with the Indians and their haunts and customs. Neither do they cast a thought upon the hardships and privations of the life of a scout; exposed to plercing cold; driving, blinding snow storms; drenching rains; starvation for days at a time; intensest heat and tongues parched for water in summer; always in danger of death and mutilation at the hands of an invisible and cruel foe—these and a thousand other hardships always fall to the lot of a scout on the frontier. The men who foliow such a life do not do it so much from a love of adventure as from a love of the big silver dollars which they receive

who follow such a life do not do it so much from a love of adventure as from a love of the big silver dollars which they receive in payment for their services.

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Boys, take the earnest advice of a fronBoys, take the earnest advice of a fron-Boys, take the earnest advice of a frontiersman, and stay at home. To attempt to gain heroism by following the course pointed out by the publishers of vile novels will lead you to disgrace and death, just as surely as the night follows the declining day. Learn some good trade or profession, and stick to it, and you will grow up beloved and honored by all who know you and your names may some day be written high up on the glittering scroll of fame Future presidents of these great United State are now but boys, and you may be one of them, young reader, if you will apply yourself to study, acquire the principles of truth and manhood, and endeavor to fit yourself for the position. Try it, little friend, and avoid those miserable dime novels as you would a venomous, hideous rattlesnake. They are more dangerous.

"Say, mamma, how much am I worth?"
"You are worth a million of dollars to me,

my son."
"Say, mamma, couldn't you advance me twenty five cents?"-Time.

Jesus of books is more va veloping character than tha as biographical. And the reason is they describe life. The books boys enjoy most are those of travel, adventure, and war, by land or sea. Story books interest younger children, but as boys grow older they crave something stronger than mere story books. And from the boy's point of view the most interesting books are those or some person, the adventures are those of an individual, the battles are fought and won by men. The boy, while reading, identifies with the hero. If the book is American Revolution, he is one of the Green Month of the Green

mere story books. And from the boy's point of view the most interesting books are those that describe action. The travels are those of some person, the adventures are those of an individual, the battles are fought and won by men.

The boy, while reading, identifies himself with the hero. If the book is about the American Revolution, he imagines himself one of the Green Mountain boys, perhaps Ethan Ahen himself; or it may be that he is Marion, the Swamp Fox, or Gen. Greene. or even Washington. If he reads about Paul Jones, he too fights valiantly. Now this characteristic is valuable, for it stirs a boy up to put himself in the place of others greater than himself. It enables him to use these others as models, and it leads him to compare his own difficulties with those of other men. The boy will do all this naturally, without any suggestion, and in fact because he cannot help it.

Biography is the very best reading matter for boys and they should be encouraged to read it, for a man must attain some distinction in the world before an account of his life appears. Then it so frequently happens that the man has had to struggle hard and overcome obstacles and disadvantages that in this way it is helpful. When a boy discovers, for instance, that Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Pauls, was a foundling, or that Garfield and Lincoln rose from poverty and obscurity by hard and painstaking work, that Benjamin Franklin entered Philadelphia with a loaf of bread under each arm, he is ready to attempt hard things himself. If he is poetical he is interested to know that Keats was an apothecary's apprentice; or if artistic, that Murillo was once a slave and copied his master's work secretly. The fact that a graduate of his own school has risen in the world is an interesting bit of biography and leads him to try to do likewise. In fact, when hardships come and difficulties appear, like lions in the way, the boy who has read the lives of great men will at once think how this one and that one worked hard and prevailed over all

Select Good Books.

"Boys have an opportunity of exercising their will power in the selection of their books and thereby show what kind of char-acters they possess," says Frances Camp-bell Jewett. "We all know boys who will read under cover of their desks sensational, perhaps vicious books; and we know other read under cover of their desks sensational, perhaps vicious books; and we know other boys who would scorn such books as they would scorn a lie. A boy should choose for his library good sound books, not necessarily dry, prosy ones, for that may make a dull boy of him. He should choose books of adventure—adventure true to life, for horse like to read of stirring scenes. Such reading stimulates courage and manliness. Books of history ought to be chosen, too, for history is true and makes us like the good and hate the evil. Books of invention should be read because they help boys to be inventive. Books of nature study should not be left out because through them we get glimpses of God. By all means add books of poetry. Some boys think poetry is stilly and fit only for girls. A boy cannot afford to miss the inspiration to be gained from reading good poetry. Let the boy read "Hiawatha Shot the Red Deer," and if he is the boy I think he is, he will before many days have read all of Longfellow's fascinating stories of Hiawatha. After a few years of exercising the will power on the selection of good books, a boy will find that the other kind of books do not interest him, and he will have laid the foundation of a good character.



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May in American History

MAY 1, 1898: BATTLE OF MANILA BAY. Immediately on war with Spain being declared, the United States Asiatic squadron under Commodore Dewey sailed from Hong Kong for the Philippine Islands to engage the Spanish fleet under Admiral Montejo. In the engagement the Americans sunk three of the largest vessels of the enemy, including the admiral's flagship, while others were destroyed by the Spanish loss of life was 400, while the Americans lost none.

THE MERRIMAC. Attacked by Ceneral Wool, and with Generals Burnside and McClellan menacing his rear and flack. General Huger, the commander of the Confederate forces in Norfolk, abandoned the city. Before leaving, a slow match was attached to the Merrimac, which blew the monster ram into fragments along with other shipping in the harbor.

MAY 10, 1863: "STONEWALL" JACK-SON DIED. This able leader of the Confederate forces, Thomas Jonathan Jack-



ADMIRAL DEWEY.

MAY 2, 1863: BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE. In this battle the Confederates sustained a great misfortune in the
loss of Stonewall Jackson, who, while making a reconnoissance during the evening,
was mortally wounded by his own men in
mistake for the Federals. During the series
of battles which took place between April
30 and May 6, both sides lost heavily, the
Confederate casualties in killed, wounded
and captured being 12,277, while the Federals
were crippled to the extent of 17,197 men, as
well as 13 heavy guns. 20,000 rifles, 17 colors
and a large amount of ammunition. Generals Berry and Whipple, of the Federal
army, were among the killed.

MAY 10 1775: CAPTURE OF FORT TI-

army, were among the killed.

MAY 10, 1775: CAPTURE OF FORT TICONDEROGA. This fortress, together with Grown Point, on Lake Champlain, were of great importance to the Colonists. An expedition consisting of less than one hundred volunteers under Ethan Allen, leader of the "Green Mountain Boys," arrived secretly at Ticonderoga early in the morning. So quietly did they approach that the garrisen was taken completely by surprise. Allen called upon the commander, Capturn Delaplace, to surrender, who asked by what authority it was demanded. "By the authority of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" replied Allen forcely. The terrified commander at once is reendered and the Colonists came into possession of large quantities of munitions of war, which were greatly needed. Two days later Crown Point was also captured a d an open door to Canada was thus obtained.

MAY 10, 1862: CAPTI'RE OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, AND DESTRUCTION OF



BTONEWALL JACKSON.

with other shipping in the harbor.

MAY 10. 1863: "STONEWALL" JACK-SON DIED. This able leader of the Confederate forces, Thomas Jonathan Jackson, was born at Clarksburg, Va., Jal. uary 21. 1824; graduated from West Point in 1846, and served with distinction in the Mexican war. Owing to i.l-health he resigned from the army in 1832 and was appointed professor in the Military Institute at Lexington, Va. The opening of the Civil War found him colonel in command of the Confederates at Harper's Ferry. He received the name "Stonewall" from an incident at the battle of Bull Run. The Federals had charged with such fury that the Confederates were forced to fly. General Bee exclaimed to Jackson, "They are beating us back!" "Well, sir," replied Jackson. "we will give them the bayonet!" General Bee, encouraged by these words, commanded the fugitives to halt and reform, crying out. "There stands Jackson like a stone wall." form, crying out." like a stone wall."

MAY 10, 1876: CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION OPENED AT PHILADELPHIA. To fittingly celebrate the one hundredth year of the life of the United States Republic, Congress passed a bill authorizing a centennial exhibition to be held. Philadelphia was appropriately chosen as the place to hold the great fair, because of the Declaration of Independence having been adopted there on July 4, 1776. The ground occupied was seventy five acres, and the cost of the principal buildings erected thereon was \$4.444,000. The exhibition was opened with grand and most imposing



QUEEN VICTORIA.

ceremonies by President Grant. Among the distinguished company present at the opening were Dom Pedro II.. Emperor of Brazil. with his Empress, together with a great number of representatives of foreign nations. Thirty three nations were represented by the products of their industry. The total admissions during the one hundred and fifty nine days it was open to the public were 9.910.966, and the total amount of cash receipts was \$3.813,725.50. There was no admission on Sundays. Appropriate and imposing ceremonies marked its closand imposing ceremonies marked its closing on November 10, 1876.

Ing on November 10, 1876.

MAY 11, 1846: CONGRESS DECLARED WAR WITH MEXICO. Mexico for many years had been a very unfriendly and mischlevous neighbor. The plundering of American vessels and the contiscation of the property of American residents in Mexican territory had been causes of much annoyance to the United States government. The climax of the trouble was reached, however, when the Mexican president declared Texas, which had a short time previously been annexed to the United States, to be a part of Mexico, and his determination to enforce his claim by arms. The war lasted until 1848 with disastrous loss to Mexico, when a treaty of peace was concluded bewhen a treaty of peace was concluded be-tween the two countries.



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

MAY 11, 1858: MINNESOTA ADMITTED TO THE UNION. The town of St. Paul was founded in 1842, and the Territory of Minnesota was created in 1849.

MAY 13, 1607: FIRST ENGLISH SET-TLEMENT IN AMERICA. Over one nun-dred Englishmen landed at a spot on the right bank of the "River of Powhatan" in Virginia about fifty miles from its mouth, and there established the first permanent English settlement in America. The vil-lage and river were named in honor of James I., of England. After various re-verses and hardships, the town was finally burnt down in 1676 and has never been re-built.

MAY 13, 1861: QUEEN VICTORIA DE-CLARED THAT GREAT BRITAIN SHOULD BE NEUTRAL IN THE CIVIL WAR.

MAY 13, 1882: MEMBERS OF THE GREELY ARCTIC EXPEDITION REACHED 83 DEGREES 23 MINUTES AND 8 SECONDS NORTH. The names of the intrepid explorers were Lieutenant Lockwood and Sergeant Brainard.

mirepia explorers were Lleutenant Lockwood and Sergeant Brainard.

MAY 16, 1801: WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD BORN. Florida, Orange County, N. Y., was the scene of his birth. A graduate of Union College, he began the practice of the law at Auburn in 1823 and speedily acquired prominence. He was State Senator from 1830 to 1834, and was twice Governor of New York. Elected to the National Senate in 1849, he retained his seat until appointed Secretary of State by President Lincoin in 1861. In that position he exhibited great wisdom and sagacity in dealing with foreign governments during the troublous time of the Civil War. On the same evening when President Lincoin was mortally wounded, an assassin forced his way into the house of Mr. Seward, who was confined to his bed by an accident, and stabled him three times in the neck and face. From this attack he never fully recevered, although he was lible to resume his official duties. He retired from publicative in 1865 and went upon a tour round the world, being everywhere received with marks of respect. He died at Auburn, N. Y., in 1872.

MAY 20, 1775; ACT OF PERPETUAL, UNION BETWEEN THE STATES.

MAY 20. 1775: ACT OF PERPETUAL UNION BETWEEN THE STATES. The first official announcement of the union was made to King George III., in July of this year.

MAY 24, 1879; WILLIAM LLOYD GAR-RISON DIED. Born at Newburyport, Massachusetts, December 12, 1894. His first Massachusetts, December 12. 1894. His first employment was as apprentice to a shosmaker, but afterwards became a printer. In 187 he edited a paper called the National Philanthropist, which showed sympathy for the oppressed everywhere. Subsequently he denounced in a Baitimore paper, of which he was assistant editor, the taking of slaves from Baitimore to New Orleans. He tallied it "domestic piracy," for which utterance he was fined and imprisoned. He began to publish the well-known Liberator in 1821. The best energies of his life were devoted to the cause of freedom for the negro, and he saw his labors rewarded in the Emancipation Proclamation. He was the founder and for many years the president of the American Antislavery Bociety. In 1860 he world's Antislavery Convention, and cham-Went to London as a delegate to the and instruction with his retain posters. World's Antislavery Convention, and cham-

ploned the cause of the American women delegates who were not allowed to take part in the convention. In recognition of his efforts in the cause of humanity, he was in 1866 presented with the sum of \$30,000 as a national testimonial.

MAY 27, 1813: FORT ERIE AND FORT GEORGE ABANDONED BY THE BRIT-18H. General Vincent, in command of the British garrisons, having suffered defeat at the hands of the Americans under Colonel Winfield Scott and Commodore Perry, abandoned Fort George. This alarmed the garrisons of Forts Erie and Chippewa, who also retreated, thus leaving the whole Niagara frontier of Canada in the possession of America.

MAY 29. 1848: WISCONSIN ADMITTED TO STATEHOOD.

MAY 31, 175; MECKLENBURG DEC-LARATION OF INDEPENDENCE SIGN-ED. The preamble declared that "all laws and commissions confirmed by or derived from the authority of the King and Parliament, are annulled and vacated, and the former civil constitution of these colonies for the present wholly suspended."

MAY 31. 1889; GREAT FLOOD AT JOHNSTOWN, PA. The bursting of the large reservoir, which supplied the city with water, caused the loss of 2,142 lives and property valued at \$9,674,106.

and property valued at \$5.64.105.

MAY, 1802: DEATH OF MARTHA
WASHINGTON. Born in New Kent County,
Va. When seventeen years of age she
inarried Daniel Parke Custis. He died
leaving two children and a considerable
fortune to his widow. Her marriage with
Colonel Washington took place in 1756 and
they took up their residence at Mount
Vernon. She was a very beautiful woman,
and though quick in temper, was of a
sweet and kindly nature, with perfect manners.

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Ellsworth Harrold, Letonia, O.: exchange iron ore for foreign stamps.

John W. Culver, Culverton, Ga.: I will exchange a telegraph instrument for foreign stamps.

Jesse Blair, Box 18, Bennington, Neb. will exchange foreign stamps for Indian relics or curios.

Harry R. Underwood, Oakland, Ore.: I foreign stamps.

Earle Meredith, Sherman, Tex.: exchange a German newspaper for an arrowhead, or some foreign coin.

Carl A. Gies, Pair Grounds, Ore.: I will give six foreign postage stamps for every cigar ribbon that is sent to me.

John H. Morrow, Rural Route 1, Steu-benville, O.: I will exchange foreign newspapers for rare coins or foreign stamps.

George K. Woodward, Elsmere, Del.: I will exchange two pairs of pigeons for a pair of rabbits, a buck and a doe. Write

Fred Stanley, 105 Phelps Avenue, Kalamazoo, Mich.: I will exchange stamps for relics of the Civil War, including Federal money.

James K. Primm, 1013 West Gove Street, Springfield, Ill.: I will exchange iron ore, splinters from trees in Illinois, and other curios, for coins and seashells.

John W. Seley, Pocatello, Idaho: I will exchange indian pictures and indian relics for ore or old newspapers. Don't want copper ore, nor papers less than fifty years

Thomas Steffenson, Vashon, Wash.: I will exchange a good shotgun, almost new, and a pocket camera, for a good second-hand self-inking five by eight printing

Clarence Keith, 2004 Central Avenue, Cincinnati, O.: I will exchange a piece of coral for an arrowhead, or copies of any Cincinnati newpapers for copies from other

Charles J. Wendland, 479 North Ashland evenue, Chicago, Ill.: I will exchange a Shure Shot" camera for North American tamps. Will also trade Indian pictures for (venue, Chi 'Shure Shot'

Edward G. Michaels, 112 North Plum Street, Richmond, Va.: I will exchange a piece of mica rock, shell from Chesapeake Bay, piece of lava cinder, for other curios or shells.

Edward Finnerty, Hitchcock, S. D.: will exchange a good pencil compass and divider, with drawing pen attachment, for best offer made me on Indian arrowheads

Charles Lankenaw, 66 West Columbia Street, Springfield, O.: I have programmes of both grand and comic operas played by the leading stars of the country, which I will trade for arrowheads and other relics.

Guy G. La Follette, Prineville, Crook county, Ore.: I will exchange the leaves or slivers of the pine, fur or juniper trees, or quills from porcupines, for leaves or blossoms of other trees or plants, or cotton boils or shells.

B. L. Johnson, P. O. Box 986, Stoneham, Mass.: I will exchange a collection of one thousand stamps mounted in an album. catalogued between thirty and forty dollars, for a banjo of some standard make, Washburn preferred.

Ray Clements, 112 Prospect Avenue West Rethlehem, Pa.: I will exchange pleces of large naval guns, armor plate and steel projectiles made at the Ordnance Works at South Bethlehem, or nuggets of anthracite coal, for arrowheads and other curios.

Cilif and Tom Knox, 1294 West Ninth Street, Canton. O.: A seven dollar plano harp, "medal" libraries, pieces of wood from the President's home, etc., for a good four by six or five by seven self-inking printing press, or offers.

Clyde C. Swayne, 4814 Bates Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.: I will exchange "Fun With Magnetism," price twenty five cents, and numbers 42, 48, 59, 51 and 52 of volume 73 of "The Youth's Companion," for the November, 1899, and February and July, 1900, numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY. Only good copies. Write first.

Elmer H. Maier, 1511 Juniatti Street, Allegheny, Pa.: I have an earthen cup and saucer made in Mexico and sold at the Pittsburg Exposition, and a midnight edition of the Pittsburg Chronicle and Telegram. Nov. 6, announcing the election of McKinley and Roosevelt. Will trade both for Indian arrowheads.

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C. S. Upham, 36 Edgell Street, Gardner, Mass.: For best offer, will exchange two pairs of skates, numbers nine and nine and one-half, four cloth-bound books in excellent condition, entitled, "On the Amazon," "Five Hundred Dollars," "John Brown's School Days," "The Complete Works of Artemus Ward," Scott's Best Stamp Album with three hundred and fifty five stamps.



Boys and "Blood and Thunder" Reading.

WRITTEN BY CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD, THE POET SCOUT.



The first desire of the average boy after reading a story of western adventure is to go "out west and kill Indians." To a western man this desire is so absurd and ridiculous as to be really laughable. Poor little innocent dupes! Of the many boys who have abandoned their homes to exterminate Indians, not one in a thousand ever reached the Missouri River, and those who did get beyond that stream invariably went to work in kitchens of hotels washing dishes, or served as lackeys in some subwho did get beyond that stream invariably went to work in kitchens of hotels washing dishes, or served as lackeys in some subordinate position until their parents could send for them. The poor blinded boys do not realize that to be efficient in the field as a scout, a man must have lived in the west for many years; must be familiar with every foot of the country, and acquainted with the indians and their haunts and customs. Neither do they cast a thought upon the hardships and privations of the life of a scout; exposed to piercing cold; driving, blinding snow storms; drenching rains; starvation for days at a time; intensest heat and tongues parched for water in summer; always in danger of death and mutilation at the hands of an invisible and cruel foe—these and a thousand other hardships always fall to the lot of a scout on the frontier. The men who follow such a life do not do it so much from a love of adventure as from a love of the big silver dollars which they receive in payment for their services.

Many of the young men in the penitentiaries of the western states and territories assert unqualifiedly that they were brought to their present shame and disgrace through reading dime novels. They longed to be heroes or highwaymen or noted robbers, and their first attempt at crime invariably led to their imprisonment tor a long term.

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Boys, take the earnest advice of a frontiersman, and stay at home. To attempt to gain heroism by following the course pointed out by the publishers of vile novels will lead you to disgrace and death, just as surely as the night follows the declining day. Learn some good trade or profession and stick to it, and you will grow up beloved and honored by all who know you loved and honored by all who know you and your names may some day be written high up on the glittering scroll of fame Future presidents of these great United State are now but boys, and you may be one of them, young reader, if you will apply yourself to study, acquire the principles of truth and manhood, and endeavor to fit yourself for the position. Try it, little friend, and avoid those miserable dime novels as you would a venomous, hideous rattlesnake. They are more dangerous.

'Say, mamma, how much am I worth?" "You are worth a million of dollars to me.

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Books Boys Enjoy Most.

Probably no class of books is more valuable in developing character than that classed as biographical. And the reason is that they describe life. The books boys enjoy most are those of travel, adventure, and war, by land or sea. Story books interest younger children, but as boys grow older they crave something stronger than mere story books. And from the boy's point

I wish I could sit down and take every dimenovel-reading littie boy in America by the hand and point out to him the destination he will reach lif he persists in reading the vile trash which depicts such indian scenes as never occurred, and points out "blood-and-thunder" heroes who never lived, and of such a type as were never heard of in the west. If I had the power I would catch every dimenovel publisher in America and confine him in prison for life, where he could not pursue his criminal work—for it is criminal—and leads so many bright boys to ruin and disgrace. My name has never yet figured in one of these trashy concerns with my con-

and in fact because he cannot help it.

Blography is the very best reading matter for boys and they should be encouraged to read it, for a man must attain some distinction in the world before an account of his life appears. Then it so frequently happens that the man has had to struggle hard and overcome obstacles and disadvantages that in this way it is helpful. When a boy discovers, for instance, that Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Pauls. was a foundling, or that Garfield and Lincoln rose from poverty and obscurity by hard and painstaking work, that Benjamin Franklin entered Philadelphia with a loaf of bread under each arm, he is ready to attempt hard things himself. If he is poetical he is interested to know that Keats was an apothecary's apprentice; or if artistic, that Murillo was once a slave and copied his master's work secretly. The fact that a graduate of his own school has risen in the world is an interesting bit of his graphy and leads him to try to do like. his criminal work—for it is criminal—and leads so many bright boys to ruin and disgrace. My name has never yet figured in one of these trashy concerns with my consent, although I have been offered quite large sums by publishers to allow my name to be used as the author of a western story which they would have had written by another, just as they do with other western characters whom I could name. It is a great trick on the part of publishers to endeavor to secure the names of noted scouts, hunters, and actors as authors of the most ridiculous trash that was ever printed, and I regret to say that some western men are so foolish as to bite at their glittering bait. But a few weeks since in a New York publication I was pained and mortified to see an old picture of myself, published with others, with a flash story, and labeled, if I remember rightly, "Broncho Billy."

The first desire of the average boy after reading a story of western adventure is to go "out west and kill Indians." To a western man this desire is so absurd and ridiculous as to be really laughable. Poor little innocent dupes! Of the many boys who have abandoned their homes to exterminate Indians, not one in a thousand

Select Good Books.

"Boys have an opportunity of exercising their will power in the selection of their books and thereby show what kind of characters they possess," says Frances Campbell Jewett. "We all know boys who will read under cover of their desks sensational, perhaps vicious books; and we know other perhaps vicious books; and we know other boys who would scorn such books as they would scorn a lie. A boy should choose for his library good sound books, not necessarily dry, prosy ones, for that may make a dull boy of him. He should choose books of adventure—adventure true to life, for beys like to read of stirring scenes. Such reading stimulates courage and manifness. Books of history ought to be chosen, too, for history is true and makes us like the good and hate the evil. Books of invention should be read because they help boys to be inventive. Books of nature study should not be left out because through them we get glimpses of God. By all means add books of poetry. Some boys think poetry is silly and fit only for girls. A boy cannot afford to miss the inspiration to be gained from reading good poetry. Let the boy read "Hiawatha Shot the Red Deer," and if he is the boy I think he is, he will before many days have read all of Longfellow's fascinating stories of Hiawatha. After a few years of exercising the will power on the selection of good books, a boy will find that the other kind of books do not interest him, and he will have laid the foundation of a good character. him, and he will have laid the foundation of a good character.



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May in American History

MAY I, 1898: BATTLE OF MANILA BAY. Immediately on war with Spain being declared, the United States Asiatic squadron under Commodore Dewey sailed from Hong for the Philippine Islands to engage Confederate forces in Norfolk, abandoned the Spanish fleet under Admiral Montejo. In the engagement the Americans sunk three of the largest vessels of the enemy, including the admiral's flagship, while others were destroyed by the Spaniards to prevent their capture. The Spanish loss of life was 400, while the Americans lost none.

THE MERRIMAC. Attacked by Ceneral Wool, and with Generals Burnside and McClellan menacing his rear and flack. General Huger, the commander of the Confederate forces in Norfolk, abandoned the chips. Before leaving, a slow match the monster ram into fragments along with other shipping in the harbor.

MAY 10, 1863; "STONEWALL" JACK-SON DIED. This able leader of the Confederate forces in Norfolk, abandoned the shipping in the harbor. was 400, while the Americans lost none.



ADMIRAL DEWEY.

MAY 2. 1863: BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE. In this battle the Confederates sustained a great misfortune in the
loss of Stonewall Jackson, who, while making a reconnoissance during the evening,
was mortally wounded by his own men in
mistake for the Federals. During the series
of battles which took place between April
30 and May 6, both sides lost heavily, the
Confederate casualties in killed, wounded
and captured being 12.277, while the Federals
were crippled to the extent of 17.197 men, as
well as 13 heavy guns, 20,000 rifles, 17 colors
and a large amount of ammunition. Generals Berry and Whipple, of the Federal
army, were among the killed.

MAY 10, 1775: CAPTURE OF FORT TICONDEROGA. This fortress, together with
Crown Point, on Lake Champlain, were of
great importance to the Colonists. An expedition consisting of less than one hundred
volunteers under Ethan Allen, leader of the
Green Mountain Boys." arrived secretly
at Ticonderoga early in the morning. So
quietly did they approach that the garrison was taken completely by surprise.
Allen called upon the commander. Capturn
belaplace, to surrender, who asked by
what authority it was demanded. "By
te authority of the Great Lehovsh and
te Continental Congress!" replied Alien
I reely. The terrified commander at once
serrendered and the Colonists came into
passession of large quantities of munitions
of war, which were greatly needed. Two
days later Crown Point was also captured
at an open door to Canada was thus obtined.

MAY 10, 1862: CAPTURE OF NORFOLK.

MAY 10, 1862: CAPTURE OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, AND DESTRUCTION OF



STONEWALL JACKSON

with other shipping in the harbor.

MAY 10, 1863: "STONEWALL" JACK-SON DIED. This able leader of the Confederate forces, Thomas Jonathan Jackson, was born at Clarksburg, Va., Jackson, Was ground in 1846, and served with distinction in the Mexican war. Owing to i.l-health he resigned from the army in 1852 and was appointed professor in the Military Institute at Lexington, Va. The opening of the Civil War found him colonel in command of the Confederates at Harper's Ferry. He received the name "Stonewall" from an incident at the battle of Bull Run. The Federals had charged with such fury that the Confederates were forced to fly. General Bee exclaimed to Jackson, "They are beating us back" "Well, sir," replied Jackson. "we will give them the bayonet!" General Bee, encouraged by these words, commanded the fugitives to halt and reform, crying out. "There stands Jackson like a stone wall."

MAY 10, 1876: CENTENNIAL EXHIBI-

MAY 10, 1876: CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION OPENED AT PHILADELPHIA. To fittingly celebrate the one hundredth year of the life of the United States Republic. Congress passed a bill authorizing a centennial exhibition to be held. Philadelphia was appropriately chosen as the place to hold the great fair, because of the Declaration of Independence having been adopted there on July 4, 1776. The ground occupied was seventy five acres, and the cost of the principal buildings erected thereon was \$4.444,000. The exhibition was opened with grand and most imposing



QUEEN VICTORIA

ceremonies by President Grant. Among the distinguished company present at the opening were Dom Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil, with his Empress, together with a great number of representatives of foreign nations. Thirty three nations were represented by the products of their industry. The total admissions during the one hundred and fifty nine days it was open to the public were 9.910.966, and the total amount of cash receipts was \$3.813.725.50. There was no admission on Sundays. Appropriate and imposing ceremonies marked its closand imposing ceremonies marked its clos-ing on November 10, 1876.



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

MAY 11, 1858: MINNESOTA ADMITTED TO THE UNION. The town of St. Paul was founded in F42, and the Territory of Minnesota was created in 1849.

MAY 13, 1607: FIRST ENGLISH SET-TLEMENT IN AMERICA. Over one hun-dred Englishmen landed at a spot on the right bank of the "River of Powhatan" in Virginia about fifty miles from its mouth, and there established the first permanent English settlement in America. The vil-lage and river were named in honor of James I., of England. After various re-verses and hardships, the town was finally burnt down in 1676 and has never been re-built.

MAY 13, 1861: QUEEN VICTORIA DE-CLARED THAT GREAT BRITAIN SHOULD BE NEUTRAL IN THE CIVIL WAR.

MAY 13, 1882: MEMBERS OF THE GREELY ARCTIC EXPEDITION REACHED 83 DEGREES 23 MINUTES AND 8 SECONDS NORTH. The names of the intrepid explorers were Lieutenant Lockwood and Sergeant Brainard.

morepia explorers were Lieutenant Lockwood and Sergeant Brainard.

MAY 16, 1801: WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD BORN. Florida, Orange County, N. Y., was the scene of his birth. A graduate of Union College, he began the practice of the law at Auburn in 1823 and speedily acquired prominence. He was State Senator from 1830 to 1834, and was twice Governor of New York. Elected to the National Senate in 1849, he retained his scat until appointed Secretary of State by President Lincoln in 1861. In that position he exhibited great wisdom and sagacity in dealing with foreign governments during the troublous time of the Civil War. On the same evening when President Lincoln was mortally wounded, an assassin forced his way into the house of Mr. Seward, who was confined to his bed by an accident, and stabbed him three times in the neck and face. From this attack he never fully recovered, although he was able to resume his official duties. He retired from public life in 1869 and went upon a tour round the world, being everywhere received with marks of respect. He died at Auburn, N. Y., in 1872.

MAY 20, 1775: ACT OF PERPETUAL UNION BETWEEN THE STATES.

MAY 20, 1775: ACT OF PERPETUAL I'NION BETWEEN THE STATES. The first official announcement of the union was made to King George 111., in July of this war.

MAY 24, 1879: WILLIAM LLOYD GAR-RISON DIED. Born at Newburyport, Massachusetts, December 12, 1894. His first was no admission on Sundays. Appropriate and imposing ceremonies marked its clossing on November 10, 1876.

MAY 11, 1846: CONGRESS DECLARED WAR WITH MEXICO. Mexico for many years had been a very unfriendly and miscolievous neighbor. The plundering of American vessels and the confiscation of the property of American residents in Mexican territory had been causes of much annoyance to the United States government. The climax of the trouble was reached, however, when Ithe Mexican president declared Texas, which had a short time previously been annexed to the United States, to be a part of Mexico, and his determination to enforce his claim by arms. The war lasted until 1848 with disastrous loss to Mexico, when a treaty of peace was concluded between the two countries.

RISON DIED Born at Newburyport, and sheed its closs in a state of the states became a printer. In 1857, the edited a paper called the National Philanthropist, which showed symptomax the opposite of the opposite of the opposite of the opposite of the taking of slaves from Baltimore to New Orleans. He valled it "domestic place, of which uterance he was fined and imprisoned. He began to publish the well-known Liberator in 1831. The best of freedom for the negro, and he well-known Liberator in 1831. The best land the condition of the Company of the Company, Providence, E. L.

SOLID GOLD RINGS FREE for sell-like Remedy Company, Providence, E. L.

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ploned the cause of the American women delegates who were not allowed to take part in the convention. In recognition of his efforts in the cause of humanity, he was in 1866 presented with the sum of \$30,000 as a national testimonial.

MAY 7, 1813: FORT ERIE AND FORT GEORGE ABANDONED BY THE BRITISH. General Vincent, in command of the British garrisons, having suffered defeat at the hands of the Americans under Colonel Winfield Scott and Commodore Perry, abandoned Fort George. This alarmed the garrisons of Forts Erie and Chippewa, who also retreated, thus leaving the whole Niagara frontier of Canada in the possession of America.

MAY 29, 1848: WISCONSIN ADMITTED TO STATEHOOD.

MAY 31, 1775: MECKLENBURG DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE SIGNED. The preamble declared that "all laws and commissions confirmed by or derived from the authority of the King and Parliament, are annulled and vacated, and the former civil constitution of these colonies for the present wholly suspended."

MAY 31. 1889: GREAT FLOOD AT JOHNSTOWN, PA. The bursting of the large reservoir, which supplied the city with water, caused the loss of 2,142 lives and property valued at \$9,674,105.

and property valued at \$9,64,105.

MAY, 1802: DEATH OF MARTHA WASHINGTON. Born in New Kent County, Va. When seventeen years of age she married Daniel Parke Custis. He died leaving two children and a considerable fortune to his widow. Her marriage with Colonel Washington took place in 1759, and they took up their residence at Mount Vernon. She was a very beautiful woman, and though quick in temper, was of a sweet and kindly nature, with perfect manners.

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300000000000000000000000004 WHAT BOYS ARE DOING **ිිවෙහිවෙහිවෙහිවෙහිව විද්යා**

"Teddy" Roosevelt, Jr.

"Teddy" Roosevelt, Jr., son of the Vice-President, is the exact opposite of the average boy. He is an original character, inheriting his father's positive disposition and emphatic ways. His tastes are mature. In winter Teddy slides down Sagamore Hill on his skis and his sled, and in summer fishes, bathes, rides his pet pony and takes walks through the woods. He is fond of gardening, and is a born naturalist. He owns some guinea pigs, and has a museum in which all the specimens are labeled. There are samples from far-off China as well as from near-by places. Among them is an owl, an ostrich egg, birds' eggs in all sorts of nests, and several choice birds. There are bats and lizards, which Teddy himself has stuck. His collection of beetles is large and beautiful. He has samples of butterfiles from China, each in a glass case by itself. There is a fragment of a Spanish flag taken from a Spanish ship, and a Spanish sword and several other Spanish trophles. He has a large collection of souvenir buttons, pins, pictures, etc. He is fond of swords and pistols, and often visits his father's gun room where Kit Carson's celebrated rifle and a large number of guns of every description are to be found. In this room are massive heads of buffalo and deer, and rugs made out of the skins of bears and tigers shot by the Vice-President. The boy is a good student and learns quickly. He takes lessons on the piano. Teddy is fifteen years old and has two brothers and three sisters, one brother, Kermit, being eleven, and the other. Archie, five. The girls are Alice, sixteen; Ethel, nine, and Quentin, three.

Has Saved Two Lives.



Donald Douglass, sixteen years old, who is living at Alblon, Neb., has the distinction of having saved the lives of two boys. Some time ago, while at Camp Douglass, five miles above Des Moines, on the Des Moines, on the Des Moines, on the Des Moines, he noticed a little fellow eight or nine years old sinking in deep water. Taking in the situation at once, the boy ran some forty rods, leaped into the river, reached the spot, dove, and, catching the little fellow, carried him to a boat near by. To Donald's presence of mind and his quickness of action was due the saving of the boy.

Some time later, while camping at the

and his quickness of action was due the saving of the boy.

Some time later, while camping at the same place, a little three year old boy jumped into the water from a boat moored some distance away. Donald heard the splash and turning saw the boy just as he disappeared beneath the surface. Swimming to the spot, he dove and brought out the boy and gave him to his excited mother,

A Very Young Composer.

Bruce Campbell, of Osawatomie, Kas., though only lifteen years of age, composes marches and two-steps that would be a credit to a man who makes a business of composing music. His first piece is called "Koonville Jubilee," a cake-walk. His second was "Banjo Mose." "Koonville Jubilee" has been purchased by a New York music company.

General Funston's Father Proud of His

When the news reached the Funston homestead near lola, Kas., that General Frederick Funston had captured Aguinaldo, the friends and neighbors of the general's father and mother called upon them with a band of music to congratulate them. General Funston's father made the following speech on the occasion:

"My Friends and Neighbors: I am sure that your presence here tonight is exceeding agreeable to myself and wife. It is the climax of our lives. And when I say that I do not forget my own life which has not been without its successes. But when the sun is setting low in the life of a parent, nothing brings such deep and unmixed joy to the heart as honors to one's child.

"I want to say for Fred that he has always been a good son. I do not mean that he has lived a life presoribed by his dear mother and myself, but that there has been no little meannesses in his life; his ideals have always been high. His as-

has been no little meannesses in his life; his ideals have always been high. His associates have been picked for their virtues and he has sought to accomplish something and he has sought to accomplish something in the world, something worth doing, not something merely that would bring notorlety. I know the boy's character thoroughly—and I say he was always a good boy. The success which has crowned his life might well teach a lesson to young men, to have an aim in life and make that aim high

aim high.

"And so this glorlous news comes to us and is doubly welcome. It is welcome to us because it has brought acknowledgment from you, his neighbors, and from the people of his state and country that you are proud of him. And furthermore, it is welcome because it comes on the happy birthday of his little mother, who to-day celebrates her fifty-eighth year."



LISLE C. RICHARDS, CUYAHOGA FALLS, OHIO. Who is an excellent reciter.

A Good Cricket Record.

FROM THE STRAND.

Master A. E. J. Collins, of Clifton, England, last year upset cricket records by scoring 628 runs not out, in a single innings. The score was recorded in a school match at Clifton. A Middlesex amateur



A. E. J. OOLLINS,

WHO MADE THE RECORD SCORE OF 628 NOT OUT. From a Photo by W. H. Midwinter & Co., Bristol.

up to that time possessed the unique record of 485 not out. Young Collins batted seven hours, his rate of scoring, therefore, averaging about ninety runs per hour.

Saved His Father's Life.



A Shick-shinny (Pa.) boy, aged eleven years, recently saved his father's life by his remarkable mind and his ability to put into practice a physiology lesson which had at h e learned

light a lamp, but did not notice that part of the head flew inside his dressing gown. The inflammable material was ignited in a moment. Loran discovered the flames and cried out: 'Papa, you are afire. Ile down quick!' Mr. Briggs was by this time enveloped in flames, but he obeyed his son. in fact, he was too weak to do anything for himself. Loran seized a rug and placing it over his father soon smothered the fire. Had it not been for his prompt action and presence of mind his father would have been horribly if not fatally burned.

"When asked afterward why he thought of this way of putting out the fire, Loran said he had learned it from the study of physiology at school, a chapter of his textbook being devoted to directions in cases of accident."

An English Boy Wins an Honorable Record.

FROM THE STRAND.

It is an honorable achievement for a boy whose school life has extended over a period of nearly cleven years, never to have missed a single attendance throughout the whole of that time, yet this is the unique record possessed by Master Abel Roberts, of Llangollen, England. He was admitted into the infants' department of



ABEL ROBERTS.

WHO HOLDS THE RECORD FOR SCHOOL ATTENDANCE, From a Photo by Lettsome & Sons, Llangollen.

the Board School in that town in 1888, the Board School in that town in 1988, when he was only three years of age. From the infants' school he duly passed into that of the seniors. Altogether, for ten years and nine months, he was present both morning and afternoon with unerring regularity and punctuality, not even being compelled to absent himself from his school dulles on one single occasion through ill. duties on one single occasion through ill-

Another boy in the same school boasts a similar record for six years. Can any of our American boys show as clean a record for school attendance?

The Youngest Hockey Players.

We present pictures of Tom and Jack Howard, aged six and one-half and four years, respectively, sons of Thomas A. Howard, hockey captain of the New York Athletic Club, New York City, who are perhaps the youngest hockey players in the country, if not in the world. Jack, the younger, skates well and handles his hockey stick in good style, and will as he grows older develop into a good hockey player.



he had learned at school.

LORAN DE WITT BRIGGS.

Loran DeWitt Briggs. He began attending the public schools at six years of age and has proven himself an apt pupil.

The newspaper of this boy's native town recently told an incident that shows of what material he is made.

"Loran Briggs, the young son of Forest W. Briggs, proved himself a hero Tuesday evening. His father is recovering from typhoid fever and was just able to walk about the room. He struck a match to



W/E respectfully announce the completion of the most W wonderful outdoor amusement for young people (5-18 years old) ever invented. Made of light wood, with thin metal wings. Guaranteed to fly over trees and house without wind. To get samples into every section of the United States at once, we will send, postpaid, for 30 days only, a sample

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BOYS

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HERE IT IS, BOYS! The Cracker Jack Telegraph noisy. Make money selling them, Send 10e for samiland circulars. JAMES A. HENDER, Alteens, Pa

How to Make Money Raising Violets.

Many persons, aside from nurserymen and florists, have made money raising violets. It takes very little capital and not much experience, and the work is light and agreeable. If you have not a greenhouse, you can use a shallow frame of wood. This placed on the ground and covered over with a common the ground and covered over with a common glass sash will answer the purpose. Four boards will make a frame, and the sashes may be bought for one dollar and seventy five cents apiece. With these sashes you can grow violets all winter long. You can buy a pot or two of violets and multiply the plants by cutting off in the spring the off-shoots which put out from the center. Pot the offshoots separately and let them grow in a partly shaded place all summer, and in plants by cutting off in the spring the offshoots which put out from the center. Pot
the offshoots separately and let them grow
in a partly shaded place all summer, and in
September they are ready to be set out
under the sashes. The plants begin blooming in October. and the flowers are picked
every day until spring. Pluck them in the
afternoon late, if you are going to market
them the next morning. The demand for
violets always exceeds the supply. The
average plant will produce fifty or more
good violets during the winter, and they
will bring as much as two dollars and lifty
cents a hundred about Christmas, or during
the Easter holidays, and fine ones will
always fetch a cent aplece. Do them up in
bunches of fifty, wrapping them in paraffine
paper. Don't put water on them after they
are picked, as this takes away their fragrance. Professor Galloway, of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, says
that one hundred sashes of violets will yield
an annual profit of at least five hundred dollars. One person can easily manage that
many. When the blooming season is over
in May, take up the plants and set them out
in fresh plowed ground, which may then be
covered with sashes. The violets will begin
blooming again in the following October.
The plants should be watered and weeded,
and every day in winter the sashes must be
lifted a bit, though never taken off. Ventilation is necessary to prevent the plants
from being scorched. In cold weather mats
of gunny sacking lined with straw should
be laid over the sashes to prevent freezing,
while earth should be banked up around
the frames as an additional protection. In
the summer, screens of laths or brush suspended about the frames or posts, will defend the plants from too much sun. They
should be planted where the drainage is
good, and the soil should be a good loam,
with a mixture of one-fourth part of manure. Any land that will grow potatoes is
good for violets. When the runners begin
to appear on the plants they must be cut
off. One last thing to rem

The Boy's Use of Money.

The Boy's Use of Money.

A writer in the Mothers' Journal tells us some very plain truths about teaching children the use of money. "Many persons," she says, "seem to think children should not be trusted with money, but I think wise spending is the result of experience rather than theory. Men are benefited by a sense of responsibility and so are children. If a boy is allowed to buy his own tops, marbles and skates, instead of having them bought for him, he will enjoy them more and have a much better appreciation of their value. I know of parents who, from principle, refrain from hiring their children to do anything for them and teach them not to take money from others for their service, and the effect has been not so much loose notions of money as very strict ideas about manners. Many parents adopt the rule of paying their children so much every week, possibly for brushing their teeth, thus giving an incentive to perform the necessary duty; but whether for duties and favors or just for relationship's sake, I think it wise, as well as kind, that each child should have a certain sum each week that he may call his very own. Most people seem to believe that children, even after they have reached the age of discrimination, should not be trusted are almost invariably ruined. More harm is done, in my judgment, by an exactly opposite course. If children are not allowed to have money how can they possibly learn its proper use?"

Typewrites in Several Languages.

"One young man at our university," said a student, "is earning his living in a rather novel way. It seems that inventions have been perfected by which typewriting can be done in any language, and this boy, having a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, supports himself by typewriting manuscripts for professors. He sent word to them that he was prepared to typewrite in Greek and Hebrew as well as the German

them that he was prepared to typewrite in Greek and Hebrew as well as the German text, and the orders began to come in fast enough to fill his depleted pocketbook. The convenience of the thing, as well as the young man's originality, appealed to the professors, and when he last confided his financial status to me he had a comfortable surplus of several dollars a week.

"He is going to add Sanscrit to his list as he makes his way along, and he says he would attach Chinese if Mr. Wu would give him a job to report his honor's speeches for the Pekin press. Typewriting can now be done in any language desired. It opens a new field of usefulness for impecunious students and saves busy professors with erratic handwritings a lot of trouble—to say nothing of the compositor's disposition and relieving the drain on his vocabulary. The attachments for writing different languages are inexpensive, he tells me, and one machine can be used with them all."—New York Tribune.

and co

A Little Talk About Savings.

A distinguished economist felt that it was as necessary to teach a child to save as to train him to earn. He formulated a system of savings for the lower schools of France so wise and efficient that in ten years there were in France twenty one thousand school savings banks with four hundred and forty two thousand and twenty depositors, whose weekly average deposits of fifteen centimes had amounted to 10,248,226 francs, or over 2,000,000 dollars. The establishment of the banks was left to the voluntary efforts of the teachers. The children deposited pocket money only, and it was made a part of every Monday morting exercise.

and it was made a part of every Monday morting exercise.

The French cultivate the saving habit, Mme. Carnot gave a dinner to four hundred of the poorest children of Paris, and at its close gave to each one a bank book containing a credit of ten francs. When floods spread desolation and want in the south of France, the children of the schools of Bordeaux freely gave from their savings four hundred dollars for the relief of the four hundred dollars for the relief of the

There are some school banks in our own

There are some school banks in our own country; and when the penny depositors of the school bank of Long Island city heard of the great Johnstown flood, they sent four hundred and fifty two dollars out of their savings as their contribution. School savings banks ruin the trade of the neighboring candy shops.

Every boy, as soon as he is old enough to spend money, should be given a legitimate means of earning it, or a regular allowance, which at first may be made to cover his pleasures and gradually increased to include his necessities and charities. A boy ought to learn how to give as well as how to save, and so should give his own money to the church or Sunday school. Let the boy take care of his own money.

school. Let the boy take care of his own money.

Ida M. Bodman, in the Mothers' Journal, says, in writing on this subject: A child seldom has sufficient will to enable him to work for a distant object steadily. He lives in the present, but every time he denies himself some trilling, pleasant gratification in order to save a few dollars to buy something of real value, he has received a valuable lesson. Our primary object is not to persuade him to accumulate money, but to prevent him from spending it unwisely. In some cases in order to stimulate the boy to put aside his pennies for a specific object, it is helpful to promise to add a certain amount to the savings.

A Young Gardener.



Yutan, Neb., March 11, 1941.

Dear sir: I saw in the March AMERICAN BOY that you would like to have boys write you about their experience in gardening, so I thought I would write you about my experience. I am only eleven years old. Last summer I cleared five dollars out of a small plece of land. I did the work all alone, and I am glad to say one of the dollars went for a year's subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY, the best paper ever printed for boys. Yours truly, Guy Parmenter.

Not Afraid to Soil His Clothes.

A young man who is now well up the list of high-salaried officers of a big manufacturing company said several days ago, that he owed his first opportunity to show his ability to the fact that he was not afraid to soil his clothes. He was one of half a dozen young men just graduated from scientific schools who entered the shops of this company as students.

They were expected to show that they were practical workmen, but most of them preferred theory to practice. The manager of the company was a self-taught man, and he didn't take much stock in scientific schools.

schools.

The young man who has succeeded took

The young man who has succeeded took The young man who has succeeded took his measure accurately, and. putting on old clothes, went to work in the shops. Whether by accident or design, he was roticed by the manager one day stretched out on his back under a heavy casting, with a hammer and cold chisel in his hand working away as if he had no higher ambition. A week later the manager summoned him to the office.

"Didn't I see you under the casting several days ago?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Yes."
"Well, I find that we have a vacancy on our staff now, and you may fill it if you choose.

you choose.

The young man did choose, and his progress has been rapid. He does not have to soil his clothes now to prove his ability.

The steady saving of one dollar per week will amount, at a fair rate of interest, in thirty years to three thousand dollars, which is a larger amount than ninety out of every hundred persons possess when they die

What Shall He Do?

What Shall He Do?

Here is a boy typical of a very large class of boys in all our communities. He is seventeen years old and seeking employment. It is family are fairly well to do. There is a certain loudness about his dress, and more than a suspicion of tobacco about his breath. He attended the high school until he reached the second year, when he "graduated," as he had reached the point where he didn't need further study. He tried, for brief periods, work in a variety of places. He is now in a large city, with neither relatives, acquaintances nor money, seeking employment. He says he is willing to work. Every shop door, manufactory and mercantile house is closed to him, for he has no special training and no one to vouch for his honesty. He has never been taught to use horses, tools, or machinery. He is only one of thousands of boys between the ages of fourteen and twenty who are not trained to do well any kind of work: every community produces scores of them.

We say that the place for the boy is in school. But is a boy educated until he is fitted to earn an independent livelihood? How long shall be stay in school to be educated? Is it not the duty of the State to afford some sort of practical training to boys who do not choose to become brain workers, and who are naturally inclined to employments that require a specialized education? Boys of this class who drop out of school usually find nothing to do. They either find employment among strangers at nominals. It would seem that about the only schools conducted on rational lines are those founded for the criminal classes, where a boy is not only educated in mind but also in eye and hand.

inal classes, where a boy is not only e-cated in mind but also in eye and hand.

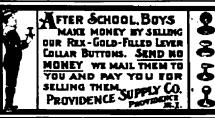
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real and the first of the head and made have been all the control of the control THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION

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 any one who is interested in any form of natural science is invited.

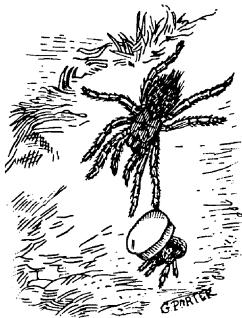
Established in 1865. Incorporated in 1872.

Short nates of personal observations are particularly desired for use in the A. A. degartment. Send Illustrations when convenient. Questions are invited.

Address H. H. BALLARD, Pittsfield, Mass.

Trapdoor Spider.

I have just received your excellent paper. I find almost everything that would interest the average American boy in it. I was especially interested in the bird article in the Agassiz Club column. Bird study is a real fad with American boys nowadays, and I think it should be encouraged; don't you? Apart from the interest in nature the study inspires, it has a tendency to make boys more thoughtful of, and less likely to wantonly kill, the little feathered songsters. I also take great interest in the illustrations, as I am fitting myself for an illustration and am ambitious to rise to tho top round of the ladder in the profession. Some time I mean to join the Ag-



TRAPDOOR SPIDER.

assiz Club, when I can find time to write an article and illustrate it from personal observation. But just now I am more anxious to gather information. I see you allow boys to ask questions. I would like to know all about the trapdoor spider of Jamaica; will some boy living in that section who has seen one, tell me about it its habits, etc.? I have an illustration which I will send. I have read they burrow in the earth, and fashion a trapdoor that exactly fits the entrance so that when closed you cannot tell it from the earth, and if you tried to raise it from the outside they would hitch their forefeet in the silken webbing of the door and their hindieet in the lining of the burrow and resist with all their might. Are they large, or is their strength wonderful in proportion to their size?—One of your American boys. Geo. D. Porter, Strong, main.

Salt Lake City, I'tah. Dec. 12, 1900.
To the "Agassiz Association":
One day last summer I was walking along the side of a hill, when a turtledove flew in front of me. It seemed hurt and fluttered along the ground, and I went after it in hopes of catching it, but after we had got a long way from where we started it flew up in the air. Afterwards I found out that it did this to lead us away from its nest. In the future I am going to write the names of the birds that do this. I sent a drawing of a male and female turtledove.

WILLIE JONES, age ten years.

What is It? A Badge for Each Correct Answer.

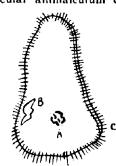
To each of our readers who shall send us the correct name of the creature de-scribed below, we will send one of the beautiful badges of the Agassiz associa-

beautiful badges of the Agassiz association.

Having learned of the A. A. through the columns of THE AMERICAN BOY, I wish to become one of your members, and will tell you of a very curious thing we found in our corn-crib. Its head and front legs, six in number, looked like those of a spider, but protruded from a small conical shell resembling an inverted sea-shell, the point of the cone being downward. The base of the cone—which is the upper part in this case—has ten sharp points or projections—six in clusters of three each, behind, and four in pairs in front. It is about one-half an inch long, and the shell is about one-fourth of an inch deep. The base is not round but oblong. Who can tell what it is, or to what family of insects it belongs?—Mrs. Belle White, Wyman, Page county, Iowa. Page county, lowa.

A Paramœcium's Dinner.

I had the decidedly good fortune the other day of watching a paramecium feed. It must take a good deal of patience on the part of the diner, as having no sense of taste whatever, it cannot discriminate be-tween digestible and indigestible matter. This particular animalculum took in sev-

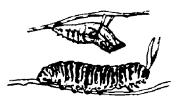


PARAMŒCIUM with food (a) in body and with contractile vesicle (b) and cilise(b) extended.

Butterfly.

I have taken great interest this summer in watching the transformation of the caterpillar into the butterily. I spent my vacation in the Catskills, and almost as soon as I got there I began looking around for caterpillars. I succeeded in finding some milkweed caterpillars, the kind ornamented with black, white and yellow stripes.

These I placed in a small box covered with netting, feeding them with fresh milkweed leaves every day. In a few days the caterpillar would begin to cover a small part of the netting with a sort of slik, which it spun, and then it began to fasten itself up in a somewhat curved position,





DEVELOPMENT OF BUTTERFLY.

with its head downward. Although I watched it carefully, I was never able to see the exact change which took place. The only apparent movement was a slow motion of the head from side to side, but in a few hours there would be a beautiful chrysalis in place of the caterpillar. The chrysalis was of a pale green color, ornachrysalis was of a pale green color, orna-mented with bright gilt spots. After re-maining in this about two weeks, there came forth a beautiful butterfly with orange-colored wings, bordered and veined with black, ornamented with white spots, called the "Anosia Plexippus," or Milkweed Rutterfly Butterfly

Next time you go to the country, boys, watch them; and be sure to take a magnifying glass with you; you will need it.—
(Miss) Margaret Brandt, 314 Rivington street, New York city.

THE LONG-HAIRED KINGS Latest Comic Song and Household Comic Song

Annual Report of Chapter 824

Fall River, Mass., Nov. 13, 1900. Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, President, Agassiz Association, Pittsfield, Mass. Dear Sir:—The Chapter organized March

14th with the following officers: Norman S.

Easton, president; J. Bion Richards, secretary. The meetings held March 23rd and March 30th, were for the consideration of the by-laws and the election of new members. It was decided to hold meetings the last Friday of each month. The subject of the meeting held March 30th was the "Aquarium;" April meeting, "Birds;" May meeting, "Flowers;" June meeting, "Insects;" July and August meetings were informal on account of it being vacation season. August and September meetings were devoted principally to "Botany." At the October meeting, the society was addressed by Dr. G. L. Parker, Assistant Professor in University Museum, Cambridge, his subject being "Some objects in forming a natural history society." We have now 109 members. Very respectfully,

BENJAMIN COOK, JR., Secretary.

Has any Chapter a larger membership than this of 824, Fall River? It has cer-tainly made a remarkable record for little more than half a year's work. We offer our hearty congratulations.

A New Chapter.

We cordially welcome to the Agassiz eral masses which were no sooner forced into the soft substance of the body than of Ridgewood, N. J. Among the officers they had to be rejected as unit. Still they seem to thrive happily and my "Jar aquarium" is rapidly being censely populated with this curious but highly interesting member of the animal kingdom.—H. Beckwith Regd. Sea Bright. New Jersey.

Association, the Henry Hales Chapter, of Ridgewood, N. J. Among the officers are: President, Miss Miller; secretary, Lucius Smith, and Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Fitz Hugh. The ages of the children are from six to sixteen. The active membership is limited to thirty. Association, the Henry Hales Chapter, active membership is limited to thirty. The Chapter desires to study the local "Anosia Plexippus," or Milkweed flora; also birds and insects, and the geological formation of Ridgewood. This Chapter is the outcome of a plan to have a society composed of adults and children in about equal numbers. The elder will help and encourage the younger, and also learn much from their bright, sharp eyes, for children do see so much more than an ordinary grown person. The Chapter would like cor-respondents, who may address the secretary, Mrs. A. Fitz Hugh, Box 182, Ridgewood, N. J.

Annual Report of Chapter 125.

In accordance with the requirements of the Agassiz Association, I send the following report of the N. S. French Chapter, number one hundred and twenty five, of the Roxbury High School, for the past year.

The Society has held twenty six meetings, of which twelve have been outings to various places of interest in the vicinity, and fourteen have been regular meetings held in the school building. At the latter there have been some debates, and also papers read by the candidates for membership, in accordance with our recent regulations.

The Society has at present fifteen active members and seven honorary members; and is in a flourishing condition.

Very respectfully yours, SARA C. CROSBY, Secretary.

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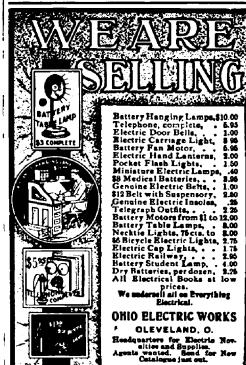
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Scient cord for ordinary use, but more can be girl in the house across the street. Price 13c.

Yale's "Self Help Bureau."

An institution known as the "Self Help Bureau" is in existence at New Haven, Conn. It was started to assist self-supporting boys in Yale College to get employment out of study hours and during vacations. The manager of the Bureau puts himself in correspondence with summer hotel proprietors in the mountains and on the seacoasts, calling their attention to the fact that he has about five hundred Yale students who are looking for situations as hotel clerks, waiters, messengers, etc. He also corresponds with the street car companies of the various cities, offering young men as conductors and motormen. Many places are found through the Bureau for undergraduates who wish to teach during the summer. The introduction into our new territories of the American educational system makes an outlet for teachers, and this Bureau is taking advantage of the opportunity. The superintendent of education in the Philippines writes that applicants for positions as teachers in the Islands must be either college or normal school graduates, must be healthy and be able to stand a tropical climate, must be willing to go to whatever part of the Islands they are assigned, must agree to remain three years, and must plan to make teaching their life work. He says that transportation to the Philippines will be paid all teachers who are accepted under these conditions.

The employments by which Yale under graduates pay their expenses through Yale are numerous and varied. It is said that nearly a dozen members of the present senior class have paid their way through Yale by acting as professional pallbearers at fashionable funerals.

Chased by a President.

Chased by a President.

Mrs. McKinley is exceedingly fond of children. At Canton, before and after the election of 1896, the young boys and girls of the town, knowing the reception which they would find at the famous little house on Market street, had a way of running in quite informally to see the wife of the future President. One day during a rainstorm a ragged little fellow walked up the yard to the porch and tried to get in the door. In some way he had heard that Mrs. McKinley liked little boys, and he, too, wanted the honor of her caresses. And perhaps he should see and speak with the President himself—who could tell? So he marched bravely up, all by himself. But he didn't know how to ring the bell, and his little knockings brought no response. No one happened to hear him; he waited and waited, his heart sinking lower and lower under his torn, dingy jacket. After a time hope and courage failed him, as he started mournfully away, the tears gathering in his big brown eyes. Someone in the household saw him as he walked sadly down to the gate, and called the attention of Mr. McKinley to him.

Quick as a flash the President-elect ran out of the house hatless in the rain and brought the lad back with him where Mrs. McKinley's kindness and a big plate of ice cream rewarded him for all his trials.

It is not every poor boy that has had a President of the l'nited States chasing him bare-headed in a rainstorm.

No Place at Home for the Boy.

I met him on a street corner—a bright black-eyed lad of perhaps fourteen summers. I had seen him there evening after evening, and wondered whether there was no one who knew the temptations he encountered. I made friends with him, and won his confidence. Then I questioned him kindly in regard to his spending so much time in the streets.

"I know," he raid, looking up at me in such a frank, winning way, that I could not help thinking what a noble man he might make, "the street is not the place for a boy,, but you see there's no place for me at home."

I was surprised and pained at the answer. I met him on a street corner-a bright

might make, "the street is not the place for a boy., but you see there's no place for me at home."

I was surprised and pained at the answer. "How is that?" I asked.

"Well, I have two grown-up sisters, and they entertain company in the parlor every evening. They give me to understand that I am 'a third party,' and not wanted. Then papa is always tired, and he dozen in the sitting room, and does not like to be disturbed. It's pretty lonesome, you see; so I come down here. It was not always so," he went on. "Before grandma died I always went up to her room, and had a joily time. Grandma liked boys."

There was a quaver in the voice that told of a sorrow time had not yet healed.

"But your mother?" I suggested.

"Oh, mamma!—she is only a reformer, and has no time to spend with me. She is always visiting the prisons and workhouses, trying to reform men, or writing articles on how to save the boys."

"And her own boy in danger?"

"Yes. I am not half as good as I was before grandma died. I am getting rough I am afraid. There does not seem to be any one to take an interest in me, so it does not much matter."

It was hard, bitter truth; and yet I knew that this was not the only boy who needed a wise, gentle hand to guide him through the dangerous period.

Mothers! make home the brightest spot on earth for your children. Take an interest in their sports; make yourself young for their sakes.

I think the saddest, most hopeless thing I over heart from a boy's lins was that

I think the saddest, most hopeless thing I ever heard from a boy's lips was that sentence: "There is no place for me at home."—The Household.

A chicken is a stupid bird, and nothing about it seems more idiotic than the way it advertises to the whole world when it has laid an egg.



The Truncated Man Who Makes Toys.

Perhaps no one takes real pleasure in looking at deformed persons or pictures of them. Sometimes we have a feeling of curiosity that leads us to look too intently on some of our fellow men who have been deprived of some one or more of the parts of their bodies, but it is to be hoped that



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TAKING AN AIRING.

MAKING TOY FURNITURE

Perhaps we may be pardoned for giving pictures of a person who was exhibited in Paris during the Exposition, remarkable for having neither arms nor legs. He is known by the name of L'home Tronc, or Trunkman. One would think that a man without arms or legs would lead a very unhappy life, unable to move about and do the thousand and one things

we do so with a feeling of pity, and never with a disposition to ridicule.

Perhaps we may be pardoned for giving pictures of a person who was exhibited in Paris during the Exposition, remarkable for having neither arms nor legs. He is known by the name of L'home Trone, or Trunkman. One would think that a man without arms or legs would.

We are indebted to the Scientific American struck and the scientific American struck and the scientific American struck and the scientific American struck as a man without arms or legs would.

We are indebted to the Scientific Amer-an for the pictures and the facts nar-

BE PUNCTUAL. NEVER BE A MIN-UTE LATE IN ARRIVING AT YOUR PLACE OF BUSINESS. BUT OFTEN FIVE OR TEN MINUTES EARLY.

How many boys can tell where each article composing their breakfast came from; for instance, the salt, the pepper?



YOUR INITIALS ARE HERE.

Here is a monogram that contains every letter of the alphabet.

DO NOT BE DISHEARTENED AT DIFFICULTIES. IT IS NOT LIKELY THAT YOU WILL AT FIRST BE EN-TIRELY PLEASED WITH ANY POSI-TION. ALL BEGINNINGS ARE DIFFI-CULT. GIVE THE PLACE A TRIAL OF ONE MONTH AT LEAST BEFORE YOU DECIDE AGAINST IT; AND HOWEVER MUCH YOU MAY DISLIKE YOUR EM-PLOYMENT, LET NOT YOUR DISLIKE SHOW ITSELF IN INDIFFERENCE OR INATTENTION TO YOUR DUTIES.



What We Are Coming to.

Ten Rules of Politeness for Boys.

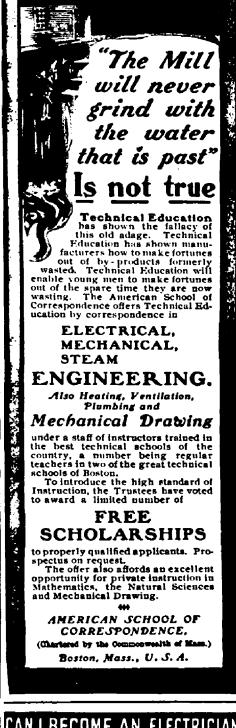
- 1. To be polite is to have a kind regard for the feelings and rights of others.
- 2. Be as polite to your parents, brothers, sisters and schoolmates as you are to strangers.
- 3. Look people fairly in the cyes when you speak to them or they speak to you.
- 4. Do not bluntly contradict anyone.
- It is not discourteous to refuse to do
- 6. Whispering, laughing, chewing gum or cating at lectures, in school or at places of amusement, is rude and vulgar. Be doubly careful to avoid any rudeness to strangers, such as calling out to them, laughing or making remarks about them. Do not stare at visuors.
- In passing a pen, pencil, knife, or pointer, hand the blunt end toward the one who receives it.
- 9. When a classmate is reciting, do not raise your hand until after he has finished,

10. When you pass directly in front of anyone or accidentally annoy him, say: "Excuse me," and never fail to say "Thank you" for the smallest favor. On no account say "Thanks."—Sacred Heart Review.

New York's Little Truants.

New York's Little Truants.

The New York Truant School, at 215 East Twenty First street. New York City, under the general supervision of Valentine M. Collins and twenty one assistants, is an interesting place. Boys who make a business of running away from school, and are otherwise so incorrigible as to disturb the peace of the regular schools, are committed to the Truant School, there to be held until the expiration of the school year. The superintendent is allowed, however, to parole the boy—that is, pardon him—and return him to the regular schools, if the boy shows that he deserves it. The principal of the regular school must consent, however, to his pupil coming back. A probation card is given to him when he is discharged, and he must present himself at the Truant School for inspection, at first weekly, afterwards semi-monthly, until finally he is wholly released. The superintendent is now looking forward to the erection of a Truant School in the country. If you compare the portraits of to-day with those of thirty or forty years ago, you will find that the necks of men and women are becoming longer and more slender. This is doubtless the result of wearing tight, high collars. If the fashiom lasts another two or three generations we shall be wearing collars from four to five inches deep and we shall feel quite comfortable in them.



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HOWE MILITARY SCHOOL, FIRM Prepares thorougly for College, Scientific Schools, or Hushness, Seet advantages at moderate expense. Manual training (elective). Personal attention given to each boy. Fine athletic field and beautiful lakes. For illus, cat. address REV. J. H. McKENZIE, Recter. A boy can do some things better than a man-spin a top, for instance.

From birth to twelve years of age a boy changes from a bundle of instincts to a bundle of habits.

A writer in giving advice to boys as to how they should conduct themselves in the store and office, says: "Be quiet; be just as near nothing as you can." Bosh!

Business men want bright, ambitious boys around them prepared by their experience in humbler positions to fill higher cnes as they become vacant.

A boy in the store or office should be ready, quick to hear, quick to move, light on his feet, silent, respectful, faithful, good natured, pleasant voiced, and should keep out of everybody's way; but if he did, would he be a boy?

Every boy should aim to do all his work at least a little better than any one else can. He should give it thought, figure out how he can save time and money for the firm, and yet improve the character of the work done. He should study economy in the doing of that part of the firm's business that he is looking after—try to find shortcut methods that will save time and money. Suggestions are always in order. Suggestions are always in order.

Too many boys on entering business fall to realize the dignity of their positions, but elling to their boyishness and schoolboy pranks which seriously interfere with their work. Foolishness is not tolerated in business, and the sooner a boy learns this the better for himself and his employer. He need not assume the air of an old man, but he should attend to his work during business hours and lay aside nonsense. ness hours and lay aside nonsense.

The Keynote to Success.

The keynote to success is sounded by the ite Senator Cushman K. Davis in these

late Senator Cushman K. Davis in these sentences:

"I believe in superfluous knowledge, 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 conscientious, constant 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."

He himself began life, first as a farm hoy and then as a telegraph operator. Of this latter occupation he said:
"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. There is no such thing as making an opportunity—circumstances make the opportunity."

"He'll Do."

"He'll do," said a gentleman decisively, speaking of an office boy who had been in his employ but a single day.
"What makes you think so?"
"Because he gives himself up so entirely to the task in hand. I watched him while he swept the office, and although a procession, with three or four brass bands in it, went by the office while he was at work, he paid no attention to it, but swept on as if the sweeping of that room was the only thing of any consequence on this earth at that time. Then I set him to addressing some envelopes, and although there were a lot of picture-papers and other papers on lot of picture-papers and other papers on the desk at which he sat, he paid no atten-tion at all to them, but kept right on ad-dressing those envelopes until the last one of them was done. He'll do, because he is thorough and dead in earnest about every-

You may be naturally a very smart person; you may be so gifted that you can do almost anything; but all that you do will lack perfection. If you do not do it with all of your heart and strength.

Luck Comes to the Bell Boy.

"Luck." said a man, who believes in it, "comes to different people in different ways. I know a man who is now about as well ixed as most men would want to be whose luck came to him in helping a man on

ixed as most men would want to be whose luck came to him in helping a man on with an overcoat.

"He was a bell boy then in a hotel; and one day a big man, who was big and prosperous financially, as well as physically, and who had just got his overcoat out of the coatroom, turned to him and said:

"'Here, boy, help me on with this coat,' at the same time tossing the big coat over to him and turning away. The boy didn't begin to be big enough to do it, and, asking him to was just the big man's little joke, for he was a good-natured man; but the next minute the big man felt the coat going up on his shoulders all right. Turning round he saw the youngster stepping down from a chair which had been standing near and which he had grabbed onto the minute the man turned his back.

"This tickled the big man very much, and he took the small boy into his office, and practically the boy's fortune was made from that minute, for he had the stuff in him to make good as well as the brains to meet his luck half way when it came."

BOYS IN THE OFFICE, STORE, FACTORY, AND ON THE FARM

DO YOUR WORK PROMPTLY. THROUGH WITH AS MUCH WORK AS POSSIBLE IN THE EARLY PART OF THE DAY. ALWAYS SEE THAT HALF AN HOUR'S WORK IS DONE IN HALF AN HOUR.

George Sexton, who has charge of two hundred boys at Wanamaker's, says: "The great trouble with the American boy is he doesn't stick. After he has worked hard at one place for six months or a year, just as he is in line for promotion he throws up his prospects just because some firm offers fifty cents a week more; and so he starts all over again in a new house whose ways and business he must learn." ways and business he must learn."

Nothing commends a young man so much to employers as accuracy and punctuality in the conduct of business. And no wonder. On each man's exactitude in doing his special best depends the comfortable and easy going of the whole machine. In the complicated tasks of social life, no genius and no talent can compensate for the lack of obedience. If the clock goes fitfully nobody knows the time of day; and, if your allotted task is a necessary link in the chain of another man's work, you are his clock, and he ought to be able to rely on you. The greatest praise that can be given to the member of any association is in these terms: "This is a man who always does what is required of him, and who always appears at the hour when he is expected to appear."—John Stuart Blackie.

DO YOUR WORK CHEERFULLY. CHEERFUL SPIRIT AND AGREEABLE MANNERS PLEASE NOT ONLY YOUR EMPLOYERS, BUT ALL WITH WHOM YOU HAVE OCCASION TO ASSOCIATE.

The Hotel Boy's Opportunity. FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

Frank Walcott Hutt.

A well known hotel man told the writer recently that a strong, willing boy who happens to be out of work, if he has good references, can almost invariably find employment in one capacity or another st some one of the large city hotels or summer resorts. He would say this to young, strong, capable and intelligent American boys who may have no other profession in view: Do not be afraid to begin at the foot of the ladder in hotel work. If the opportunity offers, don't be backward about accepting the menial duties of "front," elevator boy, bell boy, or kitchen boy, with the small wages that accompany them. The bell boy knows what is going on in a hotel, if anyone does. With his seat near the clerk's desk, his opportunities to observe, assist, make himself useful, and even to advance himself, are innumerable. If he is open cyed and painstaking, and goes into the hotel with the intention of being something more than a mere automaton, it will not take him long to know people as they are, to discover their likes and dislikes, their fads and folbles. Neither does it take the clerk long to discover the boy's capabilities, and to make seasonable suggestions to his advantage, if the boy really desires to advance.

The writer knows of a boy, who, begindesires to advance.

The writer knows of a boy, who, begin-

ning as "front" in a small hotel, soon obtained a place as the paper and magazine man in the same house. He was a careful saver of his pennies and he came to be a proprietor.

The summer hotels in the north offer hove constant concerning as the un-

The summer hotels in the north offer boys constant opportunities, as the unsteady and the dissatisfied are coming and going all the time. Then again, in the late summer and in the autumn there is always an opening to go south with new and old managers of "winter" hotels. The hotel boy who alms to become the successful hotel man should know that no profession, when honestly and sincerely served, is more respected than that of the hotel landlord.

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Prices include shirt with 8 letters, padded pants, cap, hose and belt.

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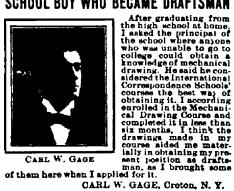
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you for a good position where there are excellent chances for advancement? We can help you. Thousands of our students have been benefited by our instruction. Read this from a

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are very useful as well as ornamental. Send name and full address by return mail. MONDAY MFG. CO., Rochester, N. Y

DON'T I Go to school to Learn Bookkeeping. I will week, at your home. Guaranterial, find good positions, too. Write L. S. CLARK, R. 176, PEGEIA, ILL.



country grocery store allowed. Had he not realized the value of time, the importance of a profession, and utilized his idle hours, would he have been the Great Lincoln? Every generation produces some great minds, but the best mind requires training. A few hours each day, given to the study of law, under proper direction, will furnish a mental equipment which

will fit one for the practice of law, or to creditably fill any situation in the commercial world. We offer a course of study which can be followed without interruption to other pursuits. Without systematic guidance the study of law is long, obscure, and discouraging. We supply every need, books, lessons, selection of studies, side-helps, quizzes, lectures, examinations. We send a free catalogue of particulars, and book of testimonials, showing our graduates in successful business in every part of the world. Three courses: Preparatory, Business Law, Regular College Course.

The Sprague Correspondence School of Law. 500 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY A NATIONAL NON-SECRET SOCIETY FOR AMERICAN BOYS. Lone Star Company, No. 1, Ennis, Tex., reports having had an interesting meeting early in April. This Company is endeavering to origin to organize six different Companies in various parts of Texas in order to take advantage of the circulating library plan.

CAPTAIN'S BADGE Twice Actual Size.

New Companies Recently Formed. Mobile Boys' Company, No. 2, Division of Alabama, Mobile, Ala., Captain John Me-Prairie Creek Company, No. 1, Division Arkansas, Rogers, Ark., Captain Fred

Shelby M. Culiom Company, No. 4, Division of Illinois, Austin, Ill., Captain Ward Castle.

Castle.
Richard Yates, Sr., Company, No. 3, Division of Illinois, Jacksonville, Ill., Captain Roy E. Crampton.
General P. S. Post Company No. 5, Division of Illinois, Galesburg, Ill., Captain Roy Freeman.
Cadillac Company, No. 5, Division of Michigan, Detroit, Mich., Captain Warren Vinton.

Daniel Boone Company, No. 3. Division I Nebraska, Wayne, Neb., Captain Daniel

AMERICAN BOYS.

Under the Auspices of "THE AMERICAN BOY."

Object:—The Cultivation of Manliness in Muscle, Mind and Morals.

The object more definitely stated: To promote mutual and helpful friendships among boys; to give wider circulation to high class boy literature; to cultivate in boys physical, mental and moral courage, and develop them along social, intellectual and moral lines; to cultivate purity of language and actions; to discourage idleness, and encourage honest sport and honest work; to cherish and emulate the examples of great and good men; to inculcate lessons of patriotism and love of country; to prepare boys for good citizenship; to cultivate reverence for the founders of our country, and to stimulate boys to all worthy endeavor.

Returns are not all in yet from the April Field Day contests, so that the names of the champion jumpers cannot be given before the issue of the June number. Returns already in show that the Companies pretty generally engaged in the Field Day exercises, as mapped out by THE AMERICAN BOY for April 13. Boys desiring to Organize Companies may obtain a Pamphlet from us containing the Directions published in the January and February Nos. of this Paper. It is sent free.

If you want to organize a company of the Order of The American Boy, write the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich., for a pamphlet telling you how to do it. In a few words, all that is necessary to do to organize a company of the Order of The American Boy is to get four boys, in addition to yourself, each one of

The Robert Lafoliette Company, No. 1, Appleton, Wis., is making good progress. It is a literary club, which heretofore has been meeting at the homes of the members but has now secured an office for a meeting place. This Company promises to have its picture taken, so that readers of THE AMERICAN BOY can know what the Company looks like

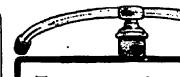
AMÉRICAN BOY can know what the Company looks like.

The William C. Sprague Company, No. 1, Lebanon, Ore., meets the second and fourth Saturdays of every month. Several of the boys in this Company belong to a base ball nine, which they have named THE AMERICAN BOY Base Ball Nine of Lebanon. The names chosen by this Company in its enterprises indicate great loyalty to THE AMERICAN BOY.

The Ernest F. Acheson Company, No. 5, Cannonsburg, Pa., has changed its name to the J. Murray Clark Company No. 5, as some dissatisfaction had arisen with the old name. This Company has been somewhat unfortunate in its choice of a name, as it first named itself after Andrew Carnegle, but as there was already a Pennsylvania Company by that name another choice was made necessary.

made necessary.

Fred Stewart. Captain of the Prairie Creek Company, No. 1, Division of Arkansas, Rogers. Ark., writes: We have chosen "The Prairie Creek Company" for our name, as we are all country boys and live on this beautiful creek. We aim to study the action of its waters, etc. We have a private swimming pool and will have a military drill. We have a boat, and can run it, too. We also have a good start at a library and gymnasium.



"True as steel and skill can make them"



comprise a line of chainless and chain models, ranging in price from

\$60 to \$25



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Bend name and address only to

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American Boy Field Days

Second Saturday of Every Month

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

The Order of The American Boy

May Field Day is May 11th Contest: Running Long Jump

Scores and Winners in April Contest will be announced in June.

whom is a yearly subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY, to agree with you to form a company. Meet and choose a captain and send to the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY the name and address of the captain and the name you would like to give the company. We will then furnish you with further particulars.

Toronto, Canada, asking that the two Companies keep up a correspondence, and the request has been acceded to. Many members of this Company collect stamps, but it has been decided to make debating the leading feature.

Captain Huron, of the General Lawton Company, No. 3, Tipton, Ind., has been ill

Daniel Boone Company, No. 2. Division of Nebraska, Wayne, Neb., Captain Daniel B. Jett.
Captain Jack Crawfor: Company, No. 1. Division of New Mexice Las Cruces, N. Mex., Captain Joseph Lowe.
The Buffaloes Company, No. 8. Division of New York, Buffalo, N. Y., Captain Sidney James Dunn.
Eden Junior Volunteer Company, No. 10. Division of New York, Eden, N. Y., Captain William H. Eckhardt.
General Nelson A. Miles Company, No. 9. Division of New York, New York City, N. Y., Captain Harold G. Pritchard.
Pontiac Company, No. 2. Division of North Dakota, Cooperstown, N. D., Captain Theodore Syverson.
William C. Sprague Company, No. 1, Division of Oregon, Lebanon, Ore., Captain Lester West.
J. Murray Clark Company, No. 5, Division of Pennsylvania, Canonsburg, Pa., Captain Lloyd Galbraith.
William Penn Company, No. 4. Division of Pennsylvania, Waynesburg, Pa., Captain Frank Hoover.
Sprague Company, No. 2, Division of Itah, Salt Lake City, Utah, Captain Joseph A. Barlow.
Old Glory Company, No. 4, Division of Nebraska, Harvard, Neb., Captain Malcolm J. McLellan. It is now time for boys to begin organizing base ball clubs, and get them enrolled as members of THE AMERICAN BOY Base Ball League. There will be two AMERICAN BOY Base Ball Leagues, a Junior and a Senior, the former for boys of an average age of less than sixteen, the latter for boys of an average age of sixteen or over. There must be at least five subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY taken in a club in order for it to be a member of the league. The prizes to be offered to the winning clubs at the end of the season will be well worth striving for.

Company News.

The Buffaloes Company, No. 8. Buffalo, N. Y., prints the notices of its meetings in the city paper.

The Winfield S. Schley Company, No. 2, New Windsor, Md., is organizing a base ball club for THE AMERICAN BOY Base Ball League.

General Nelson A. Miles Company, No. 9, New York City, occupies a nice room furnished with chairs and tables and lighted with gas.

Roger Wolcott Company, No. 2, Athol, Mass., has a room for its meetings and is getting together a good library. It holds weekly meetings in which there is much interest manifested.

The River View Company, No. 1. Rio ista, Cal., meets every Saturday at 1:15 p. m. at the home of the Captain. Monthly dues five cents. It has already established a nucleus of a library.

The Benjamin Harris

The Benjamin Harrison Company, No. Warsaw, Ind., holds its meetings every riday evening at 7 o'clock. This Company as also established a library. It has AIR RIFLE framed its charter.

framed its charter.

DeWitt Clinton Company, No. 6, Division of New York, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., held an election of officers in March, which resulted as follows: Harry D. Chichester was chosen treasurer and Harry G. Harper secretary.

James G. Blaine Company, No. 2, Augusta, Me., is organizing a base ball team. This Company charges its members dues of ten cents a month. It has a circulating ilbrary, each member keeping a book one week.

captain Huron, of the General Lawton Company, No. 3, Tipton, Ind., has been ill for some time, and Secretary Williamson has presided over the Company meetings. This Company meets every Friday evening in a good-sized room furnished with eight chairs and two tables. They have a library of seventy five standard books, nine of which were given to the club by Mr. Ralph G. Shook, who is now attending the Culver Military Academy and who expects to become a member of the Company at the end of his school term.

Sidney J. Dunn, Captain of the Buffaloes Company, No. 8, Division of New York, Buffalo, N. Y., says that his Company is made up of some very good young athletes. He wants to know if there is any reader of THE AMERICAN BOY who can take hold of a bar with both hands and puil himself up to his chin ten times without touching the floor once? He says that by constant practice he has become able to do this. There are some boys who cannot do it even once. Our correspindent challenges any boy under sixteen years of age to do it ten times, as described. It is what the boys call "chinning yourself."

Cushman K. Daris Company, No. 2,

Cushman K. Daris Company. No. 2, Heron Lake, Minn., has sixteen members, and is busily engaged in raising money for a library, gymnasium, flag, etc. Captain (Continued on Page 216)

CI C THAT'S A GOOD ONE SELLS FOR \$1,25

Has No Competition

It is not a tin toy, but a

dealers ought to have it

O ROBERTS

ness of good dealers. We'll send any responsible DEALER a sample, prepaid, at the dozen price. Show this gun to a boy and you can't sell him anything else.

BOYS ask your hardware dealers for them. If they can't supply you, we will express one prepaid for the \$1.25.

RAPID RIFLE CO., Ltd. Grand Taring.

Boys who are not members of a Com-pany of THE ORDER OF THE AMERI-"AN BOY are sending in for badges. These are not given or sold to any persons who are not members of a Company. Badges are not sent to persons organizing Com-panies until the Companies are fully or-canized, when all the badges are sent at time. ne time.

As soon as there are six Companies of the Order in any one State, we will send from Detroit, on request from any one of such Companies, a library of five books that the Company can use for two months. The Company can use for two months. The Fee to be paid for the library is fifty cents. The value of the library is from six to eight dollars. There are six (or more) Companies in New York and Michigan. Any Company in either of these States may obtain a splendid library at once by sending is fifty cents.

The question is asked whether if a member loses his badge we will supply another me? We charge for extra badges ten cents

Companies of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY are being formed in many localities—too numerous to mention.

Reports of meetings of the Companies of the Order should be promptly sent to the Publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY.

Companies should report to headquarters promptly the names and addresses of new members.

Order of The American Boy.

(Continued.)

Lammers and Private Fairfield gave a magic-lantern entertainment at the home of the former, charging five cents admission, and clearing one dollar and seventy five cents. Sergeant Johnson is handy with tools and has made wooden guns, with which the members drill. The Company has five dollars in its treasury, has a drum corps, and is organizing a base ball club to enter THE AMERICAN BOY Junior Base Ball League.

Degrees Conferred.

At the suggestion of Captain Davis, of the Timothy Murphy Company, No. 1, Cobleskill, N. Y., we have conferred one degree each on Eddie Vosburg and William Hutt for habits of thrift.

We have given one degree to George W. Linn, Columbus, Ohio, for good work in stamp collecting.

Linn, Columbus, Ohio, for good work in stamp collecting.
Degrees have been conferred upon Harry Affelhoy, Maplewood, Mass., as follows: One degree for skill in invention; one degree for energy and determination amd difficulties; one degree for industry and devotion to duty; one degree for excellence in amateur business, and one degree for unusual originality—in all five degrees.
One degree has been given to Reuben Manley, Chicago, for unusual musical skill.

One degree on Elmer Ashton, Denver, for skill in invention.

Exercise for May.

DIRECTIONS BY THE PHYSICAL DIRECTOR OF THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY.

For May, repeat the exercise given for April, increasing the number of times each movement is made by two.

The American Boy Field Day for May.

The Field Day for May is May 11. Follow the directions given for the April Field Day in the April mumber of THE AMERICAN BOY. The members will contest in the running long jump. No other directions for this contest are needed over and above those given for the standing long jump published in the April number. The contestants may take any length of run they please in making the jump. The referee should take great care that the jumper makes his jump from the mark and does not overstep it.

We shall be glad to have the winners in the Field Day contests in each company send us their photographs as soon as the records of the contests are sent in, as we can make good use of them.

can make good use of them.

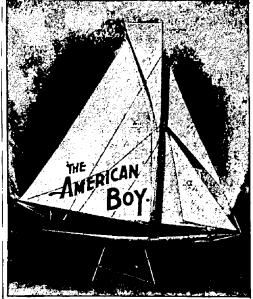
The Captain Jack Crawford Company.

The Captain Jack Crawford Company.

The only Company organized up to this time in New Mexico is the Captain Jack Crawford Company, No. 1, at Las Cruces, of which Edward C. Wade, Jr., is Captain. Captain Jack Crawford is known as the Poet Scout. We are personally acquainted with Captain Jack's secretary, and through him we have from time to time received interesting matter concerning this romantic character. Captain Jack is a rare example of a brave frontiersman, with a fine mind and a tender heart. His father was born in Scotland, was banished from Scotland because he advocated a free form of government, and fied to Ireland. Here he married a Scotch lassie. The elder Crawford was a joily fellow, a good equestrian and a reciter of Scotch selections. In 1854 he left Ireland for America, leaving his wife and five children, of whom Jack was the third. In Ireland. For four years the mother struggled to support them, receiving little assistance from the husband. Then she left the children with an uncle and came to America. Later the children were sent for, the boys going to work, on their arrival in the Pennsylvania coal mines. At the breaking out of the civil war Jack was picking slate at a coal mine at one dollar and seventy five cents a week. His father entered the Union army and was twice badly wounded. Jack enlisted when he was not quite sixteen years old, and was sent home twice because he was so young, but the boy persisted, finally joining the Forty eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers. He was twice wounded, and while at a hospital learned to read and write under the instruction of a sister of charity. Shortly after the war Jack was left an orphan. He promised his mother just before her death never to drink. In a letter dated February 26, 1880, Captain Jack writes to Colonel, as God is my judge, I have faithfully kept it and will, while I live and breathe."

Soon after his mother's death, Jack became anxious to try his fortunes in the west, and shortly afterwards we hear of him as a bold, honest and skillful scout,

Soon after his mother's death, Jack became anxious to try his fortunes in the west, and shortly afterwards we hear of him as a bold, honest and skillful scout, one of the earliest explorers in the Black Hills. In the Indian campaign of '76 he was second in command of General Crook's scouts, superseding Buffalo Bill as chief in August of that year. In July, 1876, in response to a telegram he rode from Medicine Bow to Rosebud and Little Big Horn, nearly four hundred miles, through a country peopled with savage Indians. He carried the New York Herald's account of the Battle of Slim Buttes to Fort Laramie—three hundred and fifty miles—in less than four days, receiving for this \$722.75. He has published one book of which we know, entitled "The Poet Scout; a Book of Song and Story." One chapter from this book will be found in another column of this number of THE AMERICAN BOY. With it appears the author's portrait.



ACTUAL LENGTH, 8 FT. 6 IN.

The Winner of the Model Yacht.

In our February number we offered to the February subscriber, or to the one getting a subscription during February, and coming nearest to estimating what point in the United States would have the lowest temperature during February, a Model yacht, whose length of deck line was three and one half feet, and whose value was twenty five dollars. Hundreds of estimates were received from boys all over the country.

The lucky boy is Iro Puder, Big Stone, S. D., 'who, on the ninth of February, guessed Pokegama Falis, Minn. a town five miles east of Grand Rapids, Minn. The United States Weather Bureau reported to us in March that the lowest temperature reported during February was that at Pokegama Falis, Minn., for February 6, the mercury registering 38 degrees below zero on that day.

The reports of the Weather Bureau for past years show that in 1897 the coldest spots in the United States were this same town of Pokegama Falis, and Leech Lake, in Minnesota.

A number of boys guessed spots in

town of Pokegama Falls, and Leech Lake, in Minnesota.

A number of boys guessed spots in Minnesota. Some guessed "Northern Minnesota." Such guesses, however, were of no value, as the contest required that the guessers select a "spot" or "point." It would be just as appropriate to guess "Northern United States" as "Northern Minnesota." St. Vincent, Minn., seems to have been the popular point with the guessers, as sixteen boys guessed St. Vincent. This was quite natural, as St. Vin-



THE BOY WHO EARNED THE YACHT.

cent is in the very northwestern corner of the state, right up close to the Canadian

The boys who made the next best guesses The boys who made the next best guesses after that of Iro Puder, were Barney Tolsman. Seattle. Wash.: Harold Thompson, Erie, Pa.; William V. Marmion, Harpers Ferry, W. Va.; Harold Lew. San Francisco, Cal.; Richard Pedrick, Peoria. Ill.; Alex, Freer, Peoria. Ill.; Glenn S. Patchill. Corning. N. Y., all of whom guessed Duluth; and George Fellows, of Vinton. la., who guessed Two Harbors, Minn., and Bruce E. McEntin, of Kansas City, Mo., who guessed Ely, Minn.

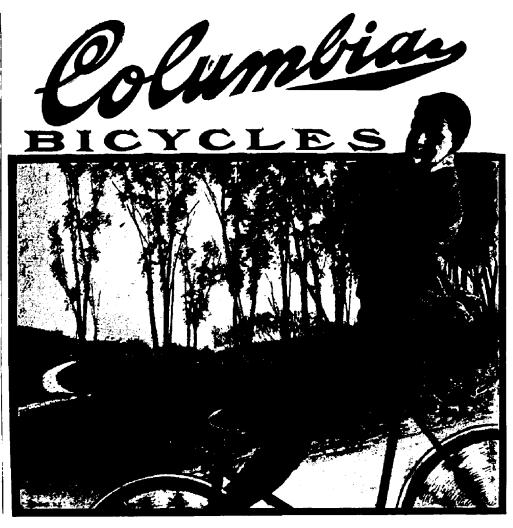
McEntin, of Kansas City, Mo., who guessed Ely, Minn.

The Weather Bureau at Washington writes us that during February they received a great many inquiries from various parts of the United States as to the lowest temperature reported during the month and that the bureau did not understand at the time the cause for the unusual interest displayed in February temperatures. The winner of the prize having made his guess on the pinth of February he could not winner of the prize having made his guess on the ninth of February, he could not have received information from the Weather Bureau at Washington of the temperature on the sixth at Pokegama Falls, and could not have known at the time he made his guess that the temperature at Pokegama Falls was lower than would be reported during the remaining twenty two days of the month.

As Big Stone, S. D., is on Big Stone Lake, the winner of the yacht wil have the opportunity to test its sailing qualities.

HE HAS RECEIVED HIS YACHT.

Big Stone. S. D. April 14, 1901.
The Sprague Pub. Co.
Dear Sirs: I am very glad to say that
I received the yacht yesterday and I will
now send my photograph. I think the
yacht is very pretty and handsomely made,
and thank you very much. I think I can



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make good use of it on beautiful Big Stone lake. I like THE AMERICAN BOY very much and always look forward to its

coming.

Hoping you may prosper with such a good paper, I will close.

Yours truly, IRO PUDER. Age 15.



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BOYS AND POULTRY

Poultry Notes.

One quart of grain food per day for ten hens is considered liberal feeding. This is equivalent to five pecks a year to each hen. If grass and meat are fed, give only half the grain.

The biggest egg in the world is now in the olggest egg in the world is now in London. It was found buried in sand in Madagascar. The egg measures a yard in circumference and over a foot in length. Its capacity is equal to that of one hundred and fifty hen's eggs.

Such an egg is worth about three hundred dollars.

Every boy on the farm should be ambitious to have fine poultry. It does not seem right that the city fancier should monopolize all the fine birds. Farmers are too often busy looking after what they consider larger interests, and fowls are left to take care of themselves.

Give your poultry faithful care. Do not attempt to keep many fowls unless you have free range. On limited grounds you may do very well with fifteen or twenty fowls; where, should you attempt to double the number, you would keep them at an absolute loss. Fifty fowls in one flock will never do as well as twenty five.



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10 aristics Poultry, Regs, Pigeons and Harce. Colored to 1-152 book of above 200, mailed. J.A. Borgey, Telford, Pa.

Two Successful Young Poultry Raisers.

May is a bad month for hatching.
Clover, with an ounce of lean meat a day, will soon compel a hen to lay. Another prescription is fresh meat and bone cut with a bonecutter.
Carbonate of lime is the cheapest powder in use for dusting over the floors and walls. Aim to get the solutions of the powders into cracks and crevices.

An excellent food for ducks and geese, and also for hens is cooked turnips or potatoes with chopped clover, and thickened with ground corn and oats.

Bran is injurious if fed raw, but if cooked or well scalded so as to soften it, bran makes good food. It is the best bone-forming element that can be given.

Separate the layers from the others. You cannot keep old hens, pullets, fat hens and lan hens together successfully, for they do not require the same food.

Eggs can be bought in China at from two to three cents a dozen. Large quantities are shipped from there to Australia, where they are sold at six cents a dozen.

Every one having a flock of fowls should endeavor to combine beauty and utility, as it will cost no more in the end to have beautiful birds than to keep scrubs.

To keep a hen in condition for laying, she should not be given all that she can eat Keep her hungry enough so that she will scratch and hustle about for herself.

One quart of grain food per day for ten hens is considered liberal feeding. This is

poultry raising.

Raymond Wales, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: I have been in the chicken business about two years. I started with twenty chickens. During the two years I raised more than eighty. I had my egg customers to whom I went around each week with eggs. They took from a dozen to two dozen each a week. At the end of a year I bought myself clothes, shoes and a number of other things and had a little money left. At the end of two years I killed off my stock and sold them at twelve and a haif cents a pound. The next summer I got some Golden Seabright bantams, paying five dollars for a dozen eggs. The chickens themselves and their eggs were so small that they didn't bring me much profit. I have sold all but six. Next summer I am going into the bee business. I hope all the boys will have good luck with their chickens.

Beverly T. Wren, Chilhowie, Va., says:

Chickens.

Beverly T. Wren, Chilhowie, Va., says: In the spring of 1896 I obtained fifteen scrub hens and a scrub rooster as a gift from my grandmother, with the understanding that if I succeeded I was to give her one-third of what I made. Well, the first year I didn't make much above expenses, but I got a lot of experience that was valuable to me later. I went on the theory that chickens raised themselves and you could give them any old thing for food once a day. I had many discouragements that first year. The hens would quit setting: the chickes would have the gapes, and I had much trouble to keep the weazels and other animals out. The next year I sold all my old chicks and bought ten fine Plymouth Rock pullets and an Indian game all my old chicks and bought ten fine Plymouth Rock pullets and an Indian game rooster. I thought I'd make my pile this time sure. I repaired my house and coops and fed regularly on cracked wheat, corn, buckwheat and shorts: also plenty of grit and water. By the middle of March I had over a hundred of as pretty chicks as I ever saw anywhere. By the end of March I had only ninety, but they were thriving. I sold eighty five fryers to a local dealer for twenty nine cents apiece, making a total of twenty dollars. I sold the old ones, paid all expenses, and had seventeen dollars left aitogether. I did not miss a day from school and did all my other chores besides.

NELSON G. MORTON.

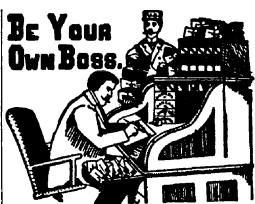
President of the National Amateur Press Association.

JOHN LIVINGSTON WRIGHT.



Nelson G. Morton holds an office of no inconsiderable interest to many hopeful and youthful journalists, authors and printers; also, because he is in every way a fitting type of what because an amateur journalist should be, this little

myself. The rest I sold for forty six dollars. In Subtrive six settings of eggs at two dollars per setting. In that man in N. Norbaska for fitteen dollars, and a cockerel for five dollars. In January last exhibited at the Illinois State-Fair at ling over for typ premiums I have won into years. Don't think I have had no trouble, however, in raising chickens, for a long time before a long time of the state on as he has so far, he will rise steadily and speedily to an important place in the newspaper world.



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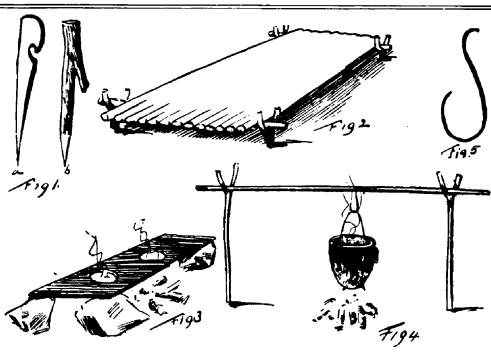
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Boys in Games and Sport



How to Camp Out.

LEWIS A. BROWNE.

It is possible some of THE AMERICAN BOY'S many readers may think, when they read the foregoing title, that anyone can camp out without either experience or instruction. If so, let them try it once, and they will learn from painful experience that they neglected to take many articles of actual need, while taking much that proved to be entirely useless.

Besides this, boys are not all situated alike, and what one can procure another will be unable to obtain; hence the following hints from one long experienced in camp life may prove of value to many who contemplate enjoying a few weeks in camp this summer.

this summer.

In the first place, there is no vacation trip, or outing, which will afford half the healthful pleasure of a lew weeks "near to nature's heart" in a camp.



Select some site near lake, pond or stream, if possible, where you can enjoy the threefold pleasure of fishing, boating and swimming. A party of three or four gives better satisfaction, and an A tent, at least 7x7 feet, should be used. If you cannot procure a tent, you should not give up the trip in consequence, for an Indian wigwam covered with bark and boughs, may be substituted, or, better still, a "leanto" covered with bark and boughs or sod, can be built. A boulder or embankment is necessary for this. (See illustrations.)

If you have a tent but cannot conveniently carry the tent poles, the accompanying illustration will show you how to do without them. Select a dry place for the camp, on a slight

a dry place for the camp, on a slight knoll, if possible, in order that the rain may flow off read-

The following lists are for a party of four boys making a three weeks' trip. If they do not have to him the boart the trip should not cost them over two dol-lars each for the entire three weeks.

them over two dollars each for the entire three weeks, counting what each one can take from his home. If a hoat has to be hired this will make the expense of the trip about three dollars each, or only one dollar per week each for a trip that will prove to be worth to each one an hundred times that amount.

Here are the lists; if you contemplate camping, copy them carefully: Four quilts, two blankets, two rubber blankets, two short-handied axes, plenty of rope, extra suit each of old clothes and underclothes, plenty of fishing tackle and a very large box of worms, target, rifle, camera, bathing suits, frying pan, two kettles, coffee pot, eight tin plates, four steel knives and forks, plenty of nalls and spikes, six spoons, two large spoons, two butcher knives, four pot hooks, five tin dippers—pint size, toaster, sheet-iron for fireplace, iron rod for crane, soap, towels, rags for dishcloths, cuts, etc.; thread, safety pins, needles, court plaster, ointment, Jamaica ginger, Epsom salts, five pounds cornmeal, four

double loaves of bread, two pounds of coffee, one-half pound of tea, four pies, four dozen doughnuts, four dozen cookies, four cans roast beef, peck potatoes, one-half peck of onlons, sait and pepper, five pounds of sugar, four cans of condensed milk, five pounds of sait pork, four cans of clams, four cans of baked beans, three pounds of crackers.

Pack these things in soap boxes upon which you have placed hinged covers. Four boxes should hold all but the tent and bedding, which you can make into one bundle.

bundle.

In preparing your camp, hang all the kitchen utensils upon nails driven into a large tree near your fireplaces. Nail two boxes, like cupboards, upon another tree near where you will eat your meals. In these place all the foods but the canned goods, which you can set on top of the loves.

boxes.
Keep your clothes in your tent or hut. Make a frame for an awning and place your rubber blankets over it. Under this build your tables of old boards or poles, together with seats. Stretch a rope to hang and dry your clothes upon and air your bedding there every pleasant day. Also dig a trench around your tent to carry off the rain. Arrange to fasten your boat securely and you will be pretty well settled.

carry off the rain. Arrange to laster your boat securely and you will be pretty well settled.

You can make tent pins as in figure 1 (a), or cut them in the woods as in figure 1 (b).

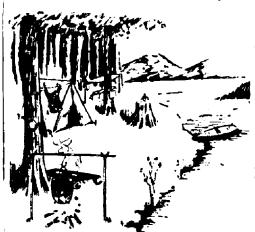
The most satisfactory bed is made by covering the ground two feet deep with pine needles, and over this placing a few light hemlock boughs. Cover this arrangement with your rubber blankets at night. Make your bed upon this and you will never be damp. If you prefer to sleep off the ground you can make a bed as in ligure 2, with small, springy poles, and cover these with boughs.

Figure 3 shows what to use in fleu of a tove, a piece of sheet from 18x24 inches. For boiling and chowders make a rack or crane as in figure 4. Have the cross rod, (a), of fron, gas pipe will do, as this will not burn off and drop your dinner into the fire.

When four go camping the best method in regard to work is to pair off, that is, let two do all the work one day and the other two do the same the next day, and so change about.

There are generally farmers living in the vicinity, of whom you will be able to purchase milk, vegetables, and other things you may need.

With these few hints the bright readers of THE AMERICAN BOY can make an ideal camp and thoroughly enjoy themselves for a few weeks this summer.



The Game of Three Bits.

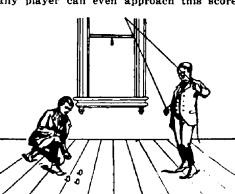
Fasten a small metal weight at one end of a string. Run the string so that it will move freely back and forth over a chandelier, or small brad driven into the celling. Next saw from an old broom handle three sections, each of two inches in length. These pieces are known as the bits. Let the weight hang straight to the floor. From the point it touches measure out three feet and on each side three inches. Inclose this space three feet long, six inches wide, by pinning tapes to the floor.

Each player is allowed three swings, and he governs the length of the string to suit himself. The player not at the string may set up the three bits in any position he chooses; but they must be kept within the space marked out by the tapes.

To knock all three bits down in one swing counts ten and allows an extra swing. To knock all three bits down in two swings counts five. To knock all three down in three swings counts three, or one for every bit knocked down. Forty is the highest count which can be made during one play of three swings, as only one extra turn is permitted. Ten plays of three swings each constitute a game. The player having the highest score, of course, wins.

There is considerable opportunity for developing skill in knocking over the bits. Usually a player may calculate to sweep down two of the bits with his swing and his endeavor will be to glance from one of them into the third piece.

The best possible score is four hundred; but it will take months of practice before any player can even approach this score.





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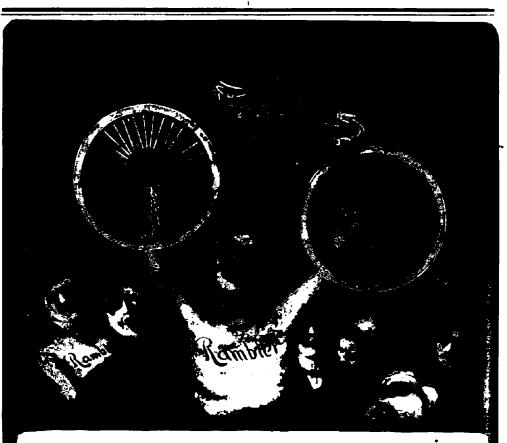
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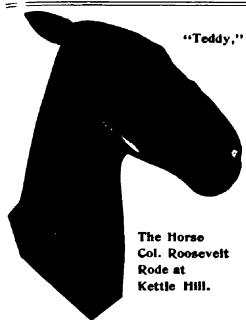
than are those men and women who ride for HEALTH and PLEASURE on smooth-running wheels of proven worth, for comfort and safety's sake. Standard Ramblers cost \$40, 20 lb. RACER, and RAMBLER BEVEL-GEAR CHAINLESS, a little more-worth much more.

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RAMBLER SALES DEPARTMENT

CHICAGO

BOYS



At an auction of horses recently held in New York City an old stiff mustang, poor as a crow, was offered for sale. "How much am I offered?" shouted the

auctioneer

uctioneer.
"Five dollars," some one shouted.
"Seventy five," shouted another.
The auctioneer nearly lost his head in amazement.

amazement.

It was the horse Teddy Roosevelt rode at Santiago. The auctioneer didn't know it, but the buyer did, and he was a proud buyer, too, when he rode "Teddy," for that was the name given the animal, down the street, followed by the street arabs who shouted, "It's Teddy's horse; he rode it at Santiago." At the battle of Kettle Hill "Teddy" got a rifle ball in the shoulder and he still carries it. A Spanish saber ripped open a gash along his breast. His bones stick through his skin like the ribs of a wreck, and his hair has come out in handfuls; but whenever his owner rides him out people stand around and give the old mustang an ovation around and give the old mustang an ovation

The Homemade Menagerie.

Step up, ladies and gentlemen, we have on exhibit many rare and curious animals —animals from every part of the world. It costs only five cents to see the show.

(The clown begins his speech in the above

fashion.)

fashion.)
Figure eight shows the clown. He must wear a large shirt, which will be loose and baggy. The sleeves can be gathered with strings about the wrists. His trousers, figure ten, are made from any sort of cheap white cloth. The ornaments are cut from colored paper and pasted in place. The clown's hat, figure nine, is made by thoroughly soaking an old felt hat in water and then stretching it over a broom handle, as shown in the diagram.
The chown continues: I am the showman (clownus, menagerous), from nowhers in particular, and I am going to tell you about the animals.

in particular, and I am going to tell you about the animals.

My first wonder to which I shall draw your attention is the came! (Camelus-bactreanus) from Central Asia. The ship of the desert. You will please not approach too near, as the came! bites viciously. At this speech the came!'s jaw works vigor-

Two boys, one slightly taller than the ther must work up the camel together. ee figure sixteen. The boys may wear other, must work. See figure sixteen.



pajamas or wrap white cloths about their legs. In either case the strings, tied as shown in the diagram, will give the desired

effect.

The head, see figure two, is cut from a thin plank. Eyes, nose and mouth are put in with water colors. The ears, bits of leather or cloth, can be fastened on with tacks. The string which works the jaw must run down the neck inside of the bolster case covering the neck.

Attach the camel's head to a section of broomstick. The broomstick held in the outstretched hand of the first boy forms the camel's neck. The tail is made by stuffing an old umbrella case with bits of paper. It is manipulated by the second boy. A sheet thrown over both boys' heads, and, lastly, a small rug thrown over the sheet between the boys, completes the camel. camel.

My second feature of interest is an in-habitant of the barnyard, a domestic goose, probably a descendant of the grey or wild goose (Anseranser Linnacus). You will please notice particularly the tail and feet, which I believe you will find quite different from those of any other goose you have ever seen.

you have ever seen.

(The boy who plays the part of a goose will bend forward, and then have a sheet thrown over him, the two ends of which are tied about his ankles. The neck is the boy's arm covered with a stocking leg, and the bill is made from two cornucopias of yellow paper. See figure eighteen. These are placed one over the first two fingers and the other over the thumb. The strings shown in the diagram serve to hold them on the hand. The eyes are made of paper and glued in place. A second sheet is gathered over a short board to make the wings and tail. See figure thirteen.)

Before showing you my next attraction

wings and tail. See figure thirteen.)

Before showing you my next attraction I should like to call your attention to our signs. (A number of these are hung about, reading: Visitors will please not feed or annoy the animals. Ladies need not be alarmed by the presence of the white rat; he is well behaved, etc.) I will now show you something to amuse the children. A baboon (Cynocephalus babunis) from Central Africa. It is not customary to trust such large specimens of this animal outside of a cage; but I have reared this one myself and I can assure you that he is quite harmless.

(The baboon's face is shown in figure

quite harmless.

(The baboon's face is shown in figure one. It is made from ordinary cardboard. The mouth is drawn in with ink. Long. black or brown stockings cover the legs. A cape—monkey or sable fur will be the best—covers the shoulders. A pair of large gloves cover the hands. The tail is made from any sort of dark cloth. Sew two long strips together; turn them so that the seams will be on the inside, and stuff with paper.)

seams will be on the inside, and stuff with paper.)

This (figure fourteen) is our rough rider (Broncus billious) from Arizona. He is mounted on his famous bucking mustang. Vixen. We have offered a reward of one hundred dollars to any one who will ride that horse. Buffalo Bill has himself tried it several times, but always without success. (If there is in the house the remains of an old hobby or rocking horse its head may be used for the bucking broncho. Those who can not obtain a hobby horse may make the head as they did that of the camel, see figure three; light wood finished up with water colors. The mane and tail are made from frayed rope. The ears are bits of leather. A framework of two sticks. One running each side of the boy, makes the back, over which is thrown the blanket. A pair of trousers stuffed with old newspapers and a pair of old shoes will make the false legs, which hang at the bronco's side. An old felt hat and a whip complete the outfit.)

Our ostrich to which I will now draw

side. An our test income the outfit.)
Our ostrich, to which I will now draw your attention, belongs to the Struthlonidal family, and was captured in Africa. We pride ourselves on the plumes possessed

family, and was captured in Africa. We pride ourselves on the plumes possessed by this specimen.

(The head of the ostrich is made like that of the goose; but as no boy possesses an arm sufficiently long to make an ostrich's neck, the head will have to be fastened at the end of a stick. The neck, like that of the goose, is covered with a stocking leg. The body is a sheet gathered about the boy and stuffed out with newspapers. The tail and wings are feather dusters. Long stockings cover the legs.)

Gaze now upon the Indian elephant. (Elephas indicus.), largest and strongest of all animals which tread the earth. These creatures are in the prime of life at one hundred years of age. This one is probably much older.

(Two boys are needed to make the ele
(Two boys are needed to make the ele
(Two boys are needed to make the ele-

ably much older.

(Two boys are needed to make the elephant. Two pairs of pajamas caught together under the feet and stuffed out with paper make the legs. The boys must bend forward, the last boy placing one hand on his companion's shoulder. With the other hand he holds the tail. A sheet thrown over the boys will make the back. A pillow case, one corner of which has been turned in, will make the head. Make the eyes of paper and paste them on the pillow case. One arm of the forward boy in through a stocking will make the trunk. The tusks are long cloth bags stuffed tightly with paper. They can be sewed to the pillow case. The ears are palm leaf fans. A small, brightly colored rug is thrown over the back to give the

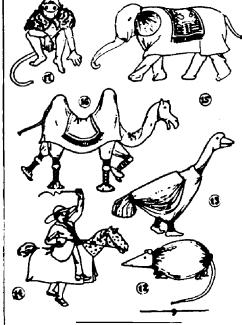
effect of the gaudy trappings of the circus. The tail is made like that of the camel.) I will now call your attention to the one animal of which the elephant stands in dread, the rat (Mus decumanus). Its nativity is unknown, but it is probably Asiatic. This is an albino specimen, and, as the sign has doubtless already made you aware, is well trained and well be

(A very small boy must be found to play (A very small boy must be found to play the part of the rat, figure twelve. The rat's head, figure five, is a large cornucopia of paper, on which eyes, nose and mouth have been painted. The ears, figure four. are bits of cloth or leather. The tail is made like that of the monkey. The body is a small sheet gathered about the boy and stuffed out with newspapers, as shown in the diagram.

and stuffed out with newspapers, as shown in the diagram.)

The last feature of my exhibit is the alpaca (A. Pacas), the fourth species of Auchinia. It inhabits the plains of the Andes. The skins make excellent rugs. The skin of this specimen, unless he injures it during the show, will very likely answer some time for a rug.

(Two boys, one slightly taller than the other, are needed for the alpaca. The tall one will stand upright; the other must bend slightly forward. A stick must rest on each shoulder of the shorter boy, the other ends of which are fastened under the arms of his companion. Black stockings must of his companion. Black stockings must be worn by both. The head is made like that of the camel. Last, a heavy fur rug is gathered about the boys, as shown in diagram eleven.)



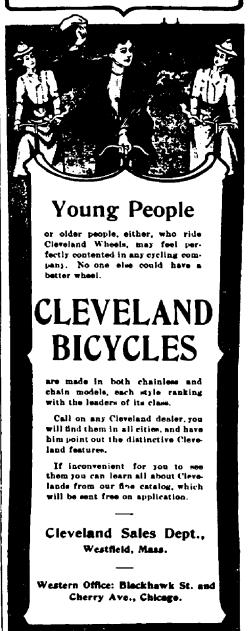
A Novel Method of Catching Monkeys.

The Indian of South America employs this peculiar method of capturing monkeys.

Taking a cocoanut he cuts a hole in each end just large enough to enable a monkey to insert its paws; puts some lump sugar inside, then places it in a promising spot and awaits the capture of his some and awaits the capture of his game.



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My Appreval Pheets at 50% com. 1900 "Eval Stamp Hinges," 5c, post extra: 100 Old Frankljn 1c blue, 10c; 100 Jackson 2c vermilion U. S., 10c; 1000 foreign stamps, 15c. H. S. Wright, 144 17th Mt., Breeddyn, N. Y.

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24 1898 War Revenues—Consisting of Prop. and Doc. issues only 20c. I can supply you with anything in the 1994 War Rev. line cheap. Finest app. about 50% com. E. W. Mayer, Lock Box 78, Hudson, Wis.

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Answers to Correspondents.

Hiram A., Salt Lake City.-The stamps you send are of no value.

G. O., Apollonia.—Your collection is too small to be worth anything.

Martin P., New York City.—Your stamp is a three cent 1861, and has no value.

T. T .- Your stamps are very common and in poor condition, and are worth practically nothing.

A. A. B.—The seven stamps you send drawings of are worth about five cents. They are very common.

P. B., Shrewsbury Park.—The two stamps you enclose are the three cent 1851 and the one cent 1875 American bank note print. Neither of these is worth anything.

H. W. T., Hastings.—Your one and two cent stamps are of the Issue of 1869. The first is worth about twenty cents and the second six cents. The two cent green envelope stamp with head of Grant is probably from a letter sheet. It is not worth over one cent. over one cent.

O. O. S., Moundsville,—In the Hartford die of the Centennial envelope the line under "postage" is single; in the Philadelphia die it is double. A stamp which has no cancellation, even though it had been used, should be worth more than a cancelled specimen. used, should be celled specimen.

M. S., Washington.—We know of no such stamp as you describe. A two cent red U. S. local was issued by Menant & Co., but it was nothing like the one you describe. Better send on your stamp for examination. It may be a fake; there are many such purporting to be U. S. locals.

H. S., Veo.—We do not buy stamps; but almost any dealer advertising in THE AMERICAN BOY will purchase your stamps if they are of any value. Many of the old revenues are very common, and some of the fifty cent and one dollar values can be bought for twenty five cents to fifty cents a hundred. The denomination of the stamp is no indication of its present value.

stamp is no indication of its present value.

J. A. H., Brooklyn,—The stamps you mention as being on the document are of little value, as they could be duplicated for thirty or forty cents; but the fact of there being so many on one document (194) makes it particularly interesting, and gives it some additional value. If you have or can secure the document, we should advise you to leave the stamps on it. The following are list values of stamps mentioned: Fifty cent mortgage, three cents; \$1 entry of goods, ten cents; \$1.50 In. Exch., fifteen cents; \$2 mortgage, fifteen cents; \$2.50 In. Exch., ten cents; these prices are subject to about fifty per cent discount.

The War Tax.

One of the last bills passed by Congress prior to its adjournment, was for the reduction of the war revenue tax. The tax was repealed on the following: Bank checks, notes, money orders, express receipts, bills of lading for export, express receipts, telephone and telegraph messages, powers of attorney, protest, warehouse receipts, charter party, leases, manifests, mortgages, insurance, bonds except indemnity, commercial brokers tax, certificates, proprietary medicines, chewing gum, perfumery and cosmetics. The tax on conveyances, foreign bills of exchange and passage tickets was materially reduced.

By this it will be noticed that all of the proprietary taxes have been repealed, so that no more private proprietary stamps will be issued.

Better make a collection of them, as there are only 29 varieties. They can be

Better make a collection of them, as there are only 29 varieties. They can be secured without much expense, and will be an interesting reminder of the Spanish

STAMPS ON APPROVAL 50 per cent Beference Required, Robert L. Jenes, 1120 York St., Benver, Cole.

COINS AND STAMPS Bought, Sold, Ex-changed, Price Lists Free, Write us to-day. 84-Louis Stamp & Coin Co., 1008 Pine St., St. Louis, Me.

STAMPS OF APPROVAL



The Numismatic Sphinx.

There is no premium on the nickel, flying eagle, or Indian head cents issued 1857-1864. The Columbian half dollars of 1892 and 1893 are selling at seventy five and sixty cents each respectively. None were issued in 1894, The Columbian, or Isabella quarter dollar, issued in 1893, still holds its original price of one dollar; 40,000 were issued. The fractional currency, or "shinplasters," issued during and after the civil war, command no premium unless in fine or uncirculated condition.

no premium unless in nne or uncirculated condition.

The rarest United States copper cent is that of 1799, 1793, 1804, 1809, 1811 and 1796 follow in order of rarity. These cents were issued every year beginning with 1793 up to and including 1857, with the single exception of 1815, when none were struck. Sets of about sixty of the different dates, the early ones poor or fair, but with dates distinguishable and later dates fair and good, are often sold at \$5 a set. The cents from 1816 to the end of the series can be purchased in from fair to good condition for from five to ten cents each. Of the small cents, the nickel flying eagle cent of 1856 sells for five dollars, and the bronze 1877 cent brings ten cents. The two cent bronze pleces, with the exception of 1873, which was issued only in proof, have no premium. These remarks will answer many inquiries.

W. Raymond Evans, Yeadon, Penn.—An 1832 half dollar is worth seventy five cents. C. M. Scott, Harry Mahen and Ward R. Robinson—Your questions are answered in Robinson—You another place.

Delancey Donnalley, New York City, asks "To what nation does the forty wreaths belong?" We do not know.

M. P. Brooks, Sturgis, Ky.—A Spanish four real, or half dollar, of Ferdinand VII. (1808-33), 1810, worth forty cents.

Carl Holbrook, West Roxbury, Mass.— The half dollar of 1834 is worth seventy five cents. No premium on your other coins.

James Pollock, Cleveland, O.—A very com-mon English half penny, George 111, 1806. A good 1815 quarter sells at the dealer's for fifty cents.

R. S. Sherman, Rockland, Me.—A good 1799 dollar is worth from two to five dollars, depending upon which one of the three varieties it is.

French five franc piece of 1811 sells at the dealer's for \$1.50. An 1818 half dollar is worth seventy five cents.

Stoddard King, Northwood, N. D.—There is no premium on the modern English pennies or haif pennies. Your other questions are answered elsewhere.

Oliver Maxwell, Steubenville. O.—The coins you have are all nice for a collection, but are common. Notice what is said of the copper cents in another place.

Carl Robertson, Garden Grove, Iowa.—An 1853 three cent piece, if in good condition, is worth ten cents. Coins with holes in them as a general thing have no premium.

L. M. Sternbergh, Paterson, N. J.—Your rubbing is taken from a coin of Alfonzo XII. (1874-85), 1875. It is a five peseta or All. (1874-85), 1875. It is a five peseta dollar size, and the dealers ask \$1.50 for o

Arthur Watt, Chicago.—Your "ein kreut-zer, 1816," is an Austrian coin and very common. The cents of 1825, '26, '27, '29 and 56 are all common, selling at five and ten cents each.

Paul Gale Rhoads, Colorado Springs.—All the nickel, bronze and copper coins of the U. S. are struck in Philadelphia. None have ever been issued in New Orleans, as you surmise.

Leonard Vair, Ravenna, O.—The half dollars of 1819 and 1837 sell for seventy five cents each. Your other U.S. coins, unless fine, have no premium. Your foreign coin is a centime of Belgium. See the advertising eclumns.

Arthur B. Moss, New York city.—Your French and Italian coins are all common. The word Barre beneath the head of Emperor Napoleon is the name of the artist designer. The other letters, or initials, are mint marks.

Gevernment Relies—Guns, Swords, Revolvers, Saddles, Cannons, etc., from Government suction are now being sold at ridiculously low prices. Send for illustrated lists. Francis Bannerman, 678 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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FREE — A FIME GOLLECTION — FREE A nice general collection of five hundred (500) varieties neatly mounted in a New International Stamp Albumwill be presented to the boy, who during May and Julia, makes the largest total sale from my Approval Books. This is not one of the cheap 500 variety packets sold by some dealers, but a choice collection made up from 17 own stock for this special purpose and contains millow the same sever found in variety packets. Write Ta-Bay for an application blank and see if you can a the collection. You must mantion this paper and approval books will not be sent unless satisfactory references are given. The name of the boy winning the collection will be published in the August number of this paper. In addition, the boy making the second largest sale will receive a collection of 200 varieties mounted in a New Imperial Album.

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for Approval Book and gives satisfactory references. CHOICE MAY BARGAINS.
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Labuan 1897, 1c to 24c, complete, 40c.
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New Zealand 78, Pictorial, ½, 1, 2c, 5e; 79, ½ and 1c, 2c, 184 24; New Zealand 78, Pictorial, ½, 1, 2c, 5e; 79, ½ and 1c, 2c, 184 24; New Zealand 78, Pictorial, ½, 1, 2c, 5e; 79, ½ and 1c, 2c, 184 24; New Zealand 78, Pictorial, ½, 1, 2c, 5e; 79, ½ and 1c, 2c, 184 25; New Zealand 78, Pictorial, ½, 1, 2c, 5e; 79, ½ and 1c, 2c, 184 25; New Zealand 78, Pictorial, ½, 12c, 5e; 79, ½ and 1c, 2c, 184 25; New Zealand 78, Pictorial, ½, 12c, 5e; 79, ½ and 1c, 2c, 184 25; New Zealand 78, Pictorial, ½, 12c, 5e; 70c, ½; New Zealand 78, Pictorial, ½, 2c, 5e; 70c, ½; New Zealand 78, Pictorial, ½, 2c, 5e; 70c, ½; New Zealand 78, Pictorial, ½, 2c, 5e; 70c, ½; New Zealand 78, Pictorial, ½, 2c, 5e; 70c, ½; New Zealand 78, Pictorial, ½, 2c, 5e; 70c, ½; New Zealand 78, Pictorial, ½, 2c, 5e; 70c, ½; New Zealand 78c, Pictorial, ½ HAYTI-SPECIAL BARGAINS.

THE NUMISMATIST

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Mexico, 1900, 8 var. 120
Mexico, 1900, 8 var. 120
Mexico, 1900, 8 var. 120
Scotta, 1800, 7 var. 120
Japan, 1807, 1, 2, 8, 6, 8, 12, 18, 240. 35c
North Borneo, 1897, 1, 2, 8, 5, 6, 8, 12, 18, 240. 35c
North Borneo, 1897, 1, 2, 8, 5, 6, 8, 12, 18, 240. 35c
North Borneo, 1897, 1, 2, 8, 5, 6, 8, 12, 18, 240. 35c
North Borneo, 1897, 1, 2, 8, 5, 6, 8, 12, 18, 240. 35c
North Borneo, 1897, 1, 2, 8, 5, 6, 8, 12, 18, 240. 35c
North Borneo, 1897, 1, 2, 8, 5, 6, 8, 12, 18, 240. 35c
North Borneo, 1897, 1, 2, 8, 5, 6, 8, 12, 18, 240. 35c
North Borneo, 1897, 1, 2, 8, 5, 6, 8, 12, 18, 240. 35c
North Borneo, 1897, 1, 2, 8, 5, 6, 8, 12, 18, 240. 35c
North Borneo, 1897, 1, 2, 8, 5, 6, 8, 12, 18, 240. 35c

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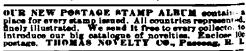
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EDITED BY JUDSON GRENELL

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, also a second prize each month, of one dollar, for the next best photograph, 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 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.



KNIGHT'S SPRINGS WATERFALL

This Fall is situated eight miles northwest of Georgeton, Tex. The water comes from a large spring on the to: of the mountain. A very large vegetable and fruit garden is irrigated by means of this apring. First Prize Photograph, by Homer A. MacDougie, Georgetown, Tex.

Answers to Correspondents.

Walter David-Write to the Eastman mpany, Rochester, N. Y., for a book of tructions on how to use their cameras, you have some other make, then write the manufacturer of that particular

Milton Jackson—A negative cannot be mide directly from another negative, but a positive can, and perhaps that is what you mean. While in the dark room put the film of the negative and the film of the unposed plate together, and place both in the printing frame. The exposure can be mide by lighting a match and holding it within a few inches of the face of the filme, moving the light around so as to kee the same amount of exposure to all pirts of the plates. Then develop as you would for a negative. If the timing has been right, the result will be a fine positive. Milton Jackson-A negative cannot ben right, the result will be a fine positive.

harles P. Hexom—If you want to vignite your picture, after the negative is in the printing frame, put over the front tissue paper sufficient to hold back it e printing over those parts of the picture to a you do not wish to appear. If you want to block out all but the figure, then carefully cover that part of the negative it at you do not wish to appear with an opaque solution, which is applied with a brush, and can be obtained at any photographic supply house.

The Dark Room.

Before the amateur photographer has been very long at the business, he sees that he needs a dark room all his own, where everything will be left just where he puts it. And he will begin to figure where he can place it, and how much it will cost. To be sure, all rooms at night are dark rooms, and the kitchen or bathroom can be utilized on occasion, but it is nice to have a corner all one's own, into which you can retire and indulge in the fascinating work of manipulating properly exposed plates.

The writer's first dark room was a ventilator shaft, about three by four feet. When the door was shut elbows touched the sides. In front was a shelf just hig enough to hold a couple of trays and a few bottles, and the light came through a hole six inches square, covered with a piece of ruby glass. There the operator melted in summer and froze in winter, but it was better than no exclusive room at all.

Since that time experience has been had with several dark rooms, until the opinion is now held that too big a room is almost as bad as one too little. A good place is in a dry celiar, especially if there is a furnace there. Then nothing will freeze, and it is cool in summer. If not that, take a closet, say three by six feet. If you can cut a hole through the side and insert a pane of ruby glass, and then put your white light outside of that it will be found more convenient than having the light inside. If this is not feasible, use a ruby light lantern.

A pail with a faucet to it will supply running water which can run into another

light lantern.

A pail with a faucet to it will supply running water, which can run into another pail under your sink. In summer it will then be easy to drop a chunk of ice into the pail, so that there will be little danger of frilling plates or even fogging them by using too warm developer. Do not have too many shelves. They only serve as collection agencies for useless material. Take a chair in with you so you can sit down while developing. Put a fastener on the inside of the door to keep people from rushing in while you are at work, for a single flash of light can easily spoil a day's work.

single flash of light can easily spoil a day's work.

An amateur developing outfit can be purchased for one dollar and fifty cents, but as a rule it is better to get larger trays than just big enough to hold a plate. Sometimes, when the exposures have been the same, a couple of plates can be developed at one time. The professionals sometimes develop a dozen or more plates in one tray at one time. So it is best to have good sized trays. One must be kept exclusively for developing. Never put "hypo" in it. Another is needed for fixing, and a third, a big one, for washing.

After the developer has been used once or twice, it should be put in a bottle by itself, to be used on over-exposed plates. Indeed it will do no harm to first try a plate with the old developer. If the picture comes up slow, or not at all, pour it off, and use fresh developer. Starting in this way many an over-exposed plate will be saved. One should always have handy a little bottle of saturated solution of bromide of potassium. This is to be used as a restrainer, in case of over-exposure. A drop or two to the ounce of developer will prevent the plate developing too fast, and without contrast.

If all white light is excluded, the amateur without contrast.

vent the plate developing too fast, and without contrast.

If all white light is excluded, the amateur will be surprised to see how strong the ruby light can be without doing any harm. It is not necessary to be in almost total darkness. But it is a good plan to keep away from the light when loading the plateholders, for then the plates are the most sensitive. With a little practice the holders can be loaded in the dark almost as rapidly as in the light. But after the development has commenced, the necessity for this extreme caution vanishes.

An ordinary boy can make his own dark room if a closet is not handy. Just what to do to have one complete in every detail was told in the issue of THE AMERICAN BOY for February. 1900. But if nothing so elaborate is needed, just get ordinary "ceiling." and if there happens to be a knot hole or two. stop them up with cotton. A wide board will serve for a shelf, and a cheap iron sink can be had for very little money. It might be best to buy the door, for in these days of machinery one can be had for almost the cost of the material. Once obtained, little by little "all the comforts of home" can be added to the dark room.

Photographic Notes.

Acid sulphite in your hypo bath will give the negative a good, clean color.

In the beginning, boys are advised to buy their chemicals ready mixed for it will be cheaper and give more satisfaction.

The backed plates that manufacturers are now putting on the market greatly aid in preventing halation, which, by some, is mistaken for fog.

Those who make their own developers cannot be too careful about obtaining pure chemicals. In this case the cheapest is sure to be not the best.

It is best not to have anything to do with copyrighted pictures in the way of copying them, though it is likely that if this is done just for the benefit of the amateur photographer, and not for sale, no notice will be taken of it. Keep your hands off other people's property.

Bright machinery will not photograph well, so to insure a good picture it is a good idea to mix white lead with turpentine to the consistency of thin cream, with sufficient lampblack to form a light slate color. After the picture is taken, the color can be easily removed with a bit of cotton moistened with turpentine or bensoline.



A WARNING.

Second Prize Photograph, by Oscar Jaeger, Dubuque, Ia.

Selecting the Camera.

In a very few weeks more the long school vacation will begin, and every boy in the country is looking forward to having a good time before the next school term. Each one

vacation will begin, and every boy in the country is looking forward to having a good time before the next school term. Each one desires to get as much enjoyment during July and August as it is possible to crowd into these two months, and it is evident to anyone who has given the subject a moment's thought that the camera will ald immensely in this. But as the makes of cameras run into the score, it becomes a serious problem which to select.

The camera having the widest range of usefulness is the one taking a 4x5 picture. It allows of good sized figures being photographed, while at the same time not being too expensive to run. Another good size is the one taking a picture 3½x3½. Those who do not like square pictures can very easily remedy the matter by cutting off that part of each print that is the least desirable, and as a rule most prints will be enhanced in value by this trimming. When one buys a camera that takes a smaller picture, the range will be found limited, and in many cases the negative will not be worth printing. The small camera has its uses, but it is a mistake to buy one expecting to make portraits as well as satisfactory landscapes and marine views.

After one has had a small camera for a year or so, and has not tired of it, his ambition will lead him to want something larger. Then the 5x7 camera will catch his eye, and he will wonder how he could have been so long satisfied with a little fellow. The possibilities of doing real portrait work will dawn upon him, and, too, he will see beauties in landscapes never perceived before. And he will find out that with the aid of a "kit," or a self-adjustable plate holder, he can still use 4x5 plates wherever the subject does not require the larger and more expensive size. After that comes the camera using a plate 6½x8½, to go beyond which is seldom advisable.

As to the particular make of camera most desirable, it is impossible to decide without knowing the characteristics of the would-be purchaser. One boy will be able to manipulate the most complica

simplest mechanism. Extra attachments to cameras are sometimes good and sometimes useless. One boy can use them and another cannot. So in making a choice it is well to keep this in mind and select one that can be worked without too great attention to minor details. All the cameras of the established houses are well made, and with fairly good lenses, so that the only point to be kept in mind is the mechanism, the size, the weight, and general appearance.

point to be kept in mind is the mechanism, the size, the weight, and general appearance.

No boy with a camera should be without a tripod. It is absolutely necessary in time pictures, and greatly aids even when taking snap shots; for it stands to reason that the steadler the camera is held while making an exposure, the less liability will there be to blurring. At any rate, only snap shots can be taken without a tripod, and with the larger sizes even this is almost impossible. A tripod is a little awkward to carry, to be sure, but it gives one the air of "meaning business," and well repays the trouble it involves.

As to "long focus." and "wide angle," and "tele-photo," and other lenses, attachments and things, it is well not to think too much about them at first. Some of the more important of these can be added later, if thought advisable, and the expense is not insurmountable. Just buy an ordinary all-round camera, and before it is worn out it will have paid for itself in enjoyment many times over.

Time pictures of crowds on a dark day will be more successful if taken with the very largest stop. With the crowd some distance from the camera, a second of time exposure will usually be ample strong developer to get contrast.

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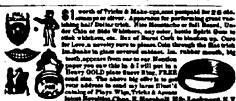






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MAGNIFICENT CAMERA OUTFIT

AN OFFER THAT WILL APPEAL TO EVERY READER OF THE AMERICAN BOY

A PRIZE OF THE VALUE OF \$36

On June 1 next the camera and outfit shown in the accompanying pictures will become the property of the person who, during May, becomes a subscriber for one year to THE AMERICAN BOY, or sends us a renewal of his present subscription, or sends us some other person's subscription, and comes the nearest to telling the receipts of the Detroit Postoffice during the month of May, 1901.

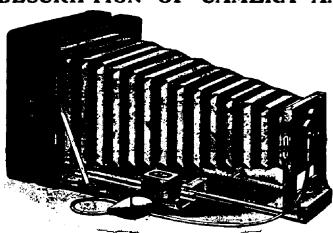
In order that boys may have some guide to help them in estimating the receipts of the Detroit Postoffice for the month of May, we give the receipts for this month in other years, as follows: May, '98, \$54,413.12; May, '99, \$61,771.49; May, '00, \$68,791.98.

EDUCATIONAL SCHEME

The guessing contests published from month to month in THE AMERICAN BOY are educational in their effect. The February contest drew the attention of readers to the weather records of the different parts of the country. The March contest drew attention to immigration statistics, and thousands of boys heard about and asked about the subject of immigration for the first time. The April contest drew attention to the enormous business of the great Chicago Postoffice. The contest for this month draws attention to the business of our own postoffice at Detroit. These contests are not contests of mere guessing, for the thoughtful, studious, inquiring boy will win. It is like offering a prize to the boy in school who spells down every other boy on words given haphazard. The boy who thinks, reads and inquires most will come the nearest to estimating the receipts of the Detroit Postoffice for May. It is a contest of skill in estimating, and not a mere guessing in the dark.

DESCRIPTION OF CAMERA AND OUTFIT







The Camera offered is a new Tele-Photo Poco D, made by the Rochester Camera and Supply Company of Rochester, N. Y., and will be shipped to the winner direct from the factory. It is complete, with shutter, lens, and dry-plate holder, taking a picture 4 x 5. The camera has an extra long draw, which is very desirable and advantageous in taking distant views. Having a reversible back, either horizontal or vertical views may be taken without altering position of the camera. The camera has rising front, fine rack and pinion focusing movement, combined view-finder and level, and Unicum shutter fitted with Symmetrical lens and sole-leather case. The regular price of this camera at the factory is \$30.

We furnish also an outfit, including dark room lantern, three fiber trays, one bottle developer, one Poco lamp, one printing frame and easel, one pound Hypo soda, one dozen printing paper, one negative rack, one tube M. Q. developer, one jar paste, one paste brush, one dozen card mounts, one book of directions one squeegee roller, one graduate; also a tripod, the articles named being valued at \$6.00.

The Value of the Entire Prize is About \$36

We have not been content to offer our readers a cheap camera, but have gone to one of the best camera concerns in the country, the Rochester Camera and Supply Company, for one of their best instruments and most complete outfits.

WHO ARE ENTITLED TO GUESS.

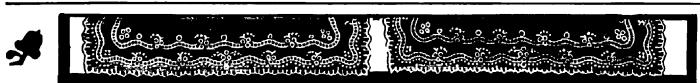
- 1.—Any one sending us his own annual subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY.
- 2.—Any one renewing his subscription, whether it has already expired or is to expire in the future.
- 3.—Any one sending us the subscription of another person, in which case both the person sending the subscription and the person subscribing are entitled to guesses.

When more than one dollar is sent, a guess is allowed for every dollar. Regular premiums, selected from our premium list, on the sending in of new subscriptions, are also given as heretofore. If there are any ties the contest will be decided by the drawing of alips from a hat, some prominent city official of Detroit, not identified with this paper, acting as referee. The name of the successful contestant will be published as soon as the Government record is made up-probably in the July number.

Any boy by hustling can get a good many guesses. He can renew his own subscription and get quite a number of new subscribers and for every one of the latter he will be entitled to a premium as well as a guess. When you send in your money send in your guess.

This is the finest scheme ever offered to boys, as it gives them not only something that would otherwise cost them thirty-six dollars, but it gives them something that will enable them to make any amount of money for themselves and gives them an opportunity for endless amusement and for learning photography.

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> WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE EDITOR.

GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Forms close for our June issue May 10.

For Sunday School Workers.

We have a number of copies of a little We have a number of copies of a little-pamphlet made up from the article pub-lished in our March number entitled "At the Door of the Sunday School," being one of the series entitled "Turning Points In a Boy's Life." This article met with great favor with Sunday school workers. The lit-tle pamphlet is in convenient form, size 23,x6. We will send a supply of these pam-phlets to any Sunday school worker asking for them, without charge.

Answers to Puzzles in April American Boy.

107. P-anther. W-hale. S-loth. S-loop.

108. Dog. Eel. Camel. Owl. Rat. Ant. Toad. Ibex. Ox. Newt. Dragon. Ass. Yak. Decoration Day.

109.

PEAPESTORE
ATONE
ERE

110.

INDUS ODIN LUN

111. "Be good, dear maid, and let who will be clever."
112. Extraordinary.

Award of Prizes to Solvers.

irst complete list-Lawrence Abby, wton, Kansus. Second complete list—Leo Verhoeven, 14 iner street, Rochester, N. Y. Phird complete list—Allen T. Oliver, Mer-

111. Nourth complete list-Edwin B. Reimel, Mr. Bethel, Pa.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 113.

Enigma.

whole, composed of 34 letters, is a whole, composed of so letters, in a dutation from Dryden.

M: 33-5-13-20-17 is to reprove.

M: 22-32-31-6-16-6-18-28-6-30-19 is shame.

M: 4-28-8-17-7: is a gift.

M: 1-3-11-20-21-25-26-12 is the woodpecker.

M: 34-29-9-14-17-19-15-10-24 is a dark yellow-ish-brown man

ish-brown man. My 2-28-10-27 is to fasten.

Decapitations.

Behead note and leave a numeral.
Behead part of the body and leave a conjunction.
Behead part of the body and leave assent.
Behead most able and leave blissful.
Behead a ditch and leave a grain.
Behead eternity and leave a preposition.
Behead an invasion and leave help.
Behead a perfect conception and leave a business transaction.
Behead money and leave a kind of tree.
Behead anut and leave a grain.
Behead pleasing and leave the whole.
Behead a plaything and leave the whole.
Behead a speech and leave an allowance.
Behead a period of time and leave a part of the head.
The decapitated letters spell the name of a favorite among boys.

No. 115.

Diamond.

I. A letter. 2. A prefix signifying son. 2. A galleon. 4. Sea shells. 5. A barkeeper. 6. Murder. 7. To beg. 8. To understand.

No. 116.

Square-Word.

1. One who tears or rends. 2. Worn out. 3. To aim at. 4. To echo again. 5. One who etches. 6. To throw back.

No. 117.

Boys Whom We Know.

An exclamation and a test of speed.

A letter and the trace of a wound.

A letter and an obstruction.

No. 118. States.

Out of health in three letters. Three interjections. Know, learn, err.

No. 119.

Cross-Word.

In Audubon not in Agassiz, In serious not in smile. In truffle not in pancakes. In brief not in while. In tonnage not in weight. In salling not in skate. In potato not in game. The whole, two cities name.

No. 120.

My FIRST is by one's self.
My SECOND means a state.
My THIRD spells gall, or rage,
Though not pronounced like that.
My whole goes dashing by
Faster than horse can fly.

Prizes for May Puzzles.

For best complete list of solutions we will or second best list, 50 cents.

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The Law Student's Helper, published by The Sprague Publishing Company, the controlling owners of the Sprague Correspondence School of Law, is beyond question The Best Young Men's Paper in America.

accellen The Best Young Men's Paper in America.

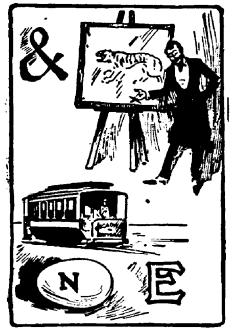
As its name implies, it treats largely of the law, but in such a way as to make it of the greatest value and greatest interest to men and women who are not studying law as well as to those who are, it averages forly pages to the month. It's editor is WILLIAM C. BPRAGUE, Pres. of Sprague Correspondence School of Law; asst, editor is GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, Vice-Prin, of that school. It treats of all current events in the law and political world from the standpoint of the lawyer. It departments, "Questiess Answered and Bifficetities Met for Middents of Law," and "The Felf Examines," which gives questions from bar examinations, with their answers, have proved very valuable, while the miscellaneous matter is always unique and highly interesting. The rule of this paper is, once a subscriber always a subscriber. Its subscription list has grown to be the largest that can be claimed by any legal or semi-legal journal. We speak of this to show how it stands among those who know what good journalism is. It appeals to the young men who are in the busy walks of life, in that it treats of current events in a simple concise manner, and one does not have to read through pages of treat to free the semilar pages of treat of treats of current events in a simple concise manner, and one does not have to read through pages of treats of treats of the pound of the pound pages of treats of the pound of the pound pages of treats of the pound of the pound pages of treats of the pound of the pound pages of the page of the pound pages of the page of the pag it treats of current events in a simple concise manner, and one does not have to read through pages of treab to get at the substance of what he wants to know. It is to-day necessary to intelligent citizenship that one give attention to passing events and be able to view them from an intelligent standpoint. This paper supplies what no other paper gives, an opportunity for a brief, condensed, philosophic review of the world of law.

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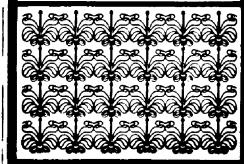
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MERICAN

MONTHLY Vol 2. No. 8

Detroit, Michigan, June, 1901

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YOUR COUNTRY WANTS

DVICE is cheap, and the boy deems it never more so than in June when, with diploma in hand, he steps down and out from school life into the world of action; and never is advice

so little in demand as just then, and perhaps that is the reason it is so cheap.

It frets the average boy who has gone to school faithfully up to the day of graduation, preparing as he thinks, to do battle with life, to be told that now that he is about to enter active life he needs advice. Then why all this schooling, why all this preparation, if, at the close of it all, he must be moralized over, and sermonized over and warned and advised by every Tom, Dick and Harry of an old fellow who himself, as a rule, shows very little evidence of having heeded his own warnings, followed his own advice, and practiced his own precepts?

It must look to the average young fellow as if we had very little confidence in our systems of education, if at the close of his school course he finds himself preached to like a child and made to learn by heart a lot of kindergarten "do's" and "dont's." His father tells him never to go into debt, and his rich uncle tells him that debt is a good thing to come to a young man; a friend tells him never to invest his money in life insurance, while another shows him where life insurance was a blessing of the rarest quality, and each cites pertinent instances that seem to close the argument. One man tells him not to marry until he can support a wife in comfort, and another tells him that a young man never begins to save till he marries and assumes the responsibility of a family. One man advises against secret societies; another, in their favor. One advises him against going into business on borrowed capital, and another, who did so and succeeded, urges the opposite

Thus, in a maelstrom of conflicting opinion, he enters upon life in just the mood to do as he pleases, and perhaps make failures and successes in about the same way as his father did before him.

Then, there is the stock advice of the graduating exercises, where the President of the School Board, in the presence of a proud and happy audience of the boy's friends and relatives, tells him to be honest, to be true, to be manly, to be loyal to duty and country, and the rest.

Yes, boys of America, you who stand this month on the threshold of active life, will do well to listen and heed these admonitions, threadbare as they are: and THE AMER-ICAN BOY would be, it believes, derelict in its duty if it did not add its | you-as an honest worker-as a competent worker-as a cheerful

voice to the volumes of advice-and it does so, kindly but earnestly. Graduates are told to have an aim in life, to set a goal and keep it in view, to allow neither friend nor foe, nor the allurements of pleasure or temporary advantage, to stay their efforts or turn their steps aside. They are admonished to keep in mind the vision of the youth in the Athenian races, who, stretching every muscle to win the laurel, keeps his eye ever on the goal.

THE AMERICAN BOY would emphasize this advice. If there is any one thing that Young America wants to learn at this time it is that his country wants him—and needs him; but it does not want him if he is incompetent, or indifferent, or not in earnest. It takes but a few years for the world to detect these faults in him, and as soon as they are discovered he is marked for a life of the commonplaceperhaps destined to fill the ranks of the discontented, the growlers and the pessimists, who spend their time prophesying evil and doing their best to bring it about.

Is there anything grander than the spectacle of the honest, industrious man, be he mechanic or lawyer, who, by attending faithfully to his own business has become an expert, never wanting in employment and honor? That man is the backbone of our national life—the hope of our country's future. Is there any spectacle so disgusting as the complaining, discontented, changeable man, be he mechanic or lawyer, who wastes his time and energy blaming others for his own misfortunes, who never becomes expert or competent in anything, and never has permanent employment and never gains permanent honor? These men are a menace to our personal and national safety.

These two classes of men are in every community. The great mass of ignorance, poverty and crime is among the men who have led changeable, fretful, impatient, lazy lives. Here is found the demagogue, the second-class politician, the street cor. ner loafer, the store box social reformer, and the blatant anarchist. Many college graduates are among them, for, to their shame, many colleges fail to teach the essentials of earnest, practical, successful living. Some of them graduate men, in whom they have planted the seeds of discontent, sending them out with glib tongues and cynical hearts to poison society and despise work.

Boys need to be taught that, in the words of President McKinley, work means wages, wages means contentment. Many have not content because they have no wages, and the greater part of those who have no wages are those who will not work,

or have refused to learn how to work.

Boys of America, learn above all things that this country wants



(Continued on Page 282.)

TIMMIE O'FLANIGAN

"Number 20"

Annah Robinson Watson

"Your name is Timmie O'Flanigan, isn't it?" asked the nurse who had paused beside one of the white cots

in the boys' convalescent ward of a great hospital.
"Yes'm, thets whut they calls me," replied the little fellow whose eager eyes were looking into hers.

"And what do you do when strong and able to run about?

"Well'm, I use ter he'p er street cleaner, but here lately I'se been gittin' up in the wurl er little. I's been er shinin' in the bes' sirclety, on Fifth avenue."

He moved his hand rapidly back and forth over the white coverlet and from this the nurse caught his

"Oh, you are a bootblack?"

"Yes, siree, thets hit; I'd jes stopped work, en wuz crossin' Broadway when, I dunno how, I got un'er er horse's foots, but I ain't knocked up ter hurt."

The nurse passed on to the next cot and Timmie was left to himself. He had only been brought to the hospital a few days before and everything was still new and strange to him.

He was now in a ward where twenty cots, ten on each side, stood against the walls. They were white and clean, and in every one was a boy who had received some kind of injury but was now almost well. They were so tenderly nursed and so generously fed that the place seemed almost like heaven to the poor little waifs

Over each cot hung a large white card. On the one just above Tim's head was written in black letters:

"TIMMIE O'FLANIGAN,

Number 20.

Broken leg, entered January 18th, 1900."

On the clean fresh shirt Tim wore was fastened a tag upon which was also seen "Number 20," for this was his hospital name, the children being known only by their numbers.

Tim was trying to spell the words on the cards hanging opposite. There was "Bill Fritzel, Number 9, broken arm," "Hans Battenberg, Number 10, fractured skull," and other similar records down the line.

In the cot next to Tim was a little Italian, the son of an organ grinder, and the two boys had been discussing the advantages of their respective callings, when interrupted by the "rounds" of the nurse.

"I'm goin' termorrer," resumed the Italian.

"Is yer glad?" asked Tim slowly, as if considering

the matter seriously.

'Well, not 'zactly; yer see, hits awful nice here."

"You bet," was the reply. "I'm goin' soon, too; doan' know but whut I'll git bruised up ergin jest er purpose ter come back."



"Spankings, 20. Equally distributed among patients."

It was now almost dark, the evening meal was served, the dishes cleared away, the night lamp lit and the boys expected to be quiet, but Tim was rest-

less and wriggled about in bed.
"You better keep still," said his friend. "She doan"

like thet."

"But I ain' been this still fur this long in all my life befo', en hits hard," replied Tim.

trying to touch the next cot.

'Can't do it," smiled the little Italian.

At this, as if a sudden thought possessed him, Tim jerked the pillow from under his head and threw it at his neighbor, with a burst of laughter.

The pillow went beyond the mark and struck the boy in the next cot, who, catching the infection of mischief as children do the measles or chicken pox, tossed it back again, then hobbled out of bed and called to the boy in the next cot, "Jine in! Jine in!"

In a moment all was merriment and confusion, every patient who could get out of bed was hobbling or crawling around, and some of those unable to follow the example were helped to the floor, while peals of laughter filled the ward and a general romp began.

The nurse came hurrying back from the dining room. She stood in utter amazement before the open door; such a sight had never before been witnessed in that hospital; then the situation quite overcame her gravity and she joined in the laugh, but called hastily: "Boys! boys! stop! get into your cots at hastily: "Boys! boys! stop! get into your cots at once. Nineteen, twenty, seven, eight, do you hear me! Get to bed at once, I say!"

Just at this moment the physician who was making his "rounds" came within hearing and hurried to the

"What is all this, Miss Johnston? It must cease immediately!" he said sternly.

'But I cannot stop it, doctor-at least not on the moment; the poor little chaps are feeling the effects of having enough to eat, perhaps for the first time in their lives, and of being warm and comfortable and clean. I'm glad to see that they are really children after all and can laugh."

"But discipline, discipline, my dear madam," replied the doctor solemnly. "This is disgraceful."

Miss Johnston waved her hand imploringly towards the cots and cast an appealing glance at the children. but neither had any effect and she turned towards the doctor.

"You will have to—to—spank them—my dear madam-spank them." he said grimly.

'Spank twenty children, one after the other? Why, doctor, I couldn't; I would need help! I never did such a thing in my life!"

"Probably not," he replied, walking out of the room in dignified silence. At the door he paused before the table where the tablet lay waiting to receive his to sleep.' orders for the night. He wrote in a quick, nervous hand then passed on without another word. The doctor had no children of his own but he had memories, and doubtless they had something to do with the order.

Miss Johnston came out as he departed and saw on the tablet:

"SPANKING, 20. EQUALLY DISTRIBUTED AMONG PATIENTS."

"Twenty spankings!" she gasped; "twenty spankings!" but there was no help for it. Miss Johnston was conscientious and could not disobey the order left by the doctor. She stopped a moment to think, while the boys, with a sudden suspicion of danger, hurried into place, each to his own cot.

Like a good nurse, Miss Johnston had observed her patients closely; she knew them all quite well and felt sure where the mischief began; that it was nervous, restless, impulsive Timmie O'Flanigan who started it, so she walked gravely to his side and turned down the sheet under which the little figure began to wriggle.

"Stop resisting, twenty, stop resisting!" she said, and in a few moments an old-fashioned chastisement, such as the doctor remembered, had been judiciously administered to Timmle O'Flanigan. He gave a shrill squeal, then another, and she passed on to "19," then to the next, varying the severity of the punishment with the nicest sense of justice, until, as she said, the boys were "well dressed" for the night.

Most of them soon fell asleep but Tim lay awake. He was restless and excited. He pushed back the she returned to the boys' ward. covers and lay with wide open eyes gazing about the room. Miss Johnston sat only a short distance away, just where the dim light of the night lamp rested full upon her face. Tim fell to watching her. It had been a hard day for the kind-hearted nurse, though he did not know it, and the unusual experience of the last hour had added to the weariness already burdening

"Looks sorry," said Tim to himself; "mose wush I hedn't er done it. She's been awith good ter me. Then he lay still a long time gazing at her, his poor little starved heart reaching out with a strange new sense of repentance and tenderness.

The nurse left her seat, passed down the ward, then back again and near Tim's cot, saw his bright, wideopen eyes gazing eagerly toward her, and paused.

"What is it?" she enquired kindly, coming nearer; 'what is it?"

"You ain't mad at me?" he asked nervously.

"Why, my poor child, no; what do you mean?" And she drew a chair close and sat down.

"Well, I done hit; I pitched my piller at him," jerking his thumb toward his next neighbor. "'T wuz er lot er trouble ter whup us all; 't wuz er big job; I's sorry I done hit."

"Well, if you're sorry, it's all right; don't think among patients."

"He reached his hand out from under the covers, about it any more, just go to sleep," and she smoothed the coverlet and tucked it in gently.

"Hes you got any boys uv yer very own?" he asked earnestly.

"No," she replied. "I had a little brother once but he went away a long time ago."

A tear gleamed in her eye and with quick sympathy Tim asked, "Ain't he comin' back?"

No, he isn't coming back," she replied softly. The poor little waif had touched a concealed door



"I'm goin' erway frum here soon, ain t Iy"

in her heart, and she took his hand saying again, "Go

But these ministrations were a new delight to Tim and he persisted with a wistful look on his face:

'I'm goin' erway frum here soon, ain't 1? "Yes, I think so; are you glad?"

"I ain't got no place in pertic'ler ter go ter," he answered slowly, "en I ain't got nobody pertic'ler whut'l be glad ter see me. Ef you ain't got no boy uv yer own I could guv myself ter yer-I'd be sho 'nough good."

There was a quiver in her voice as she replied, "Give yourself to me; why that's kind, but I wouldn't know what to do with you." Then, seeing the sudden tears rise, she added quickly, "Oh, well, I'll think about it. go to sleep. I'll think about it in the morning and see if I could take you.'

The nurse went back to her place near the lamp. the eager little face of the child still before her. place to go!" She could not banish his words from her mind nor the sound of the stifled sob in his voice. Poor little wayfarer," she thought; "sent back to the great wide world, lost in the crowds of Broadway, or the Bowery, to be again trampled under the horses' feet, or, worse still, drowned in the depths of sin and misery. To save even this one little soul would be a noble life work, and during the hours of vigil she asked herself again and again how could it be done. Then her thoughts went back to other days, to the little invalid brother who had gone away so long ago. and whose life had been so bound up with her own as to be its guiding influence even yet.

At last the hours of watching passed; she went off duty, and it was late in the following morning when

She saw that Tim was watching for her eagerly, and

that he, too, had been thinking. He looked wan and nervous as his eyes turned towards her full of enquiry. "Is yer goin' ter do it?" he asked quickly. "Is yer goin' ter take me? I's been dreamin' 'bout it all night.'

Yes, Tim," she answered gravely. "I'm going to take you. I've been dreaming about it, too, but we will not be together all the time."

A light as of a new world broke over the face of the little waif and was reflected upon her own; then the nurse passed on.

When the time came for Tim to leave the hospital Miss Johnston had a half-day off and the two left together. Tim was dressed in a new suit of clothes and looked quite a new boy. They crossed on the great ferry, took the train and went through many beautiful places before reaching the station where they stopped. Here they took a cart which was waiting and rode to a farm where Miss Johnston's mother lived.

Now at last Tim had a home of his own and he was surely the happiest boy in the State of New York. He always said he would have been a vagabond to the end of his life but for the prescription of the grim old doctor: "Spankings, twenty, equally distributed

MAM'SELLE LA BELLE

ANELIA WOFFORD

At nine o'clock of this clear, shining May morning, as usual Old Higgins and Annette were walking down Main street; and as usual Old Higgins was beery and mirty, and Annette fluffy, white and daintily clean as my lady's powder puff. They passed unnoticed till they reached B. & D.'s fashionable dry goods store, where a glad clamor of children's voices from a carriage at the curb greeted them.

Look! See, mamma, there is the pretty little trick dog. May we see her act? Let us call her here.

Nothing so pleased Old Higgins as notice of his pet, and, radiant, with an uncertain hand at his frayed, greasy hat brim, he advanced to the carriage.

The children would like to see your little dog act." said the mother, pleasantly. "You haven't made up your mind yet to let us have her?"

'No, mam; no, mam; she's sweetheart, daughter, and wife to me. But she's always willin' to accommodate the ladies, speshully the pretty ones. Come, Annette, and show the lady and little ones how the young lady says 'no' to her beau—that's one of her new tricks.

A crowd quickly gathered, and conspicuous in it was a man, dark of face and seedy and gaudy of dress, who pushed himself, aggressively forward. Annette's repertoire was exhausted, and the carriage was turning away, this man placed a hand on Old Higgins' shoulder.

"How will five dollars strike you for that dog?" he whispered eagerly.

Won't strike at all," Old Higgins answered, con-



"Come, think a minute."

"Fifteen? Come, think a "I'm a-thinkin', and fifteen

won't do it either.' "Twenty, then."

snapped the man. "Stop, think a minute. Twenty dollars ain't picked up on the street every day for just a dog.

Old Higgins stopped short and indignantly faced his persecutor. for so he counted him.

> dog?" "She's more human than half the folks that walk on two feet. No! five, ten, twenty fifteen. thousand dollars

can't buy her. Go," and he shook off the man's detaining hand.

Old Higgins had one very sad fault, an insatiable fondness for beer, and to-day the children's liberality enabled him to gratify it bountifully. He never committed the rash indiscretion of sleeping on the street, and when the last penny had been spent he betook himself to his customary sleeping place, a thread of an alley back of a deserted building. There he laid himself down to heavy slumber, with little Annette keeping an alert watch beside him.

He had not slept long when the dark-visaged man of the morning came gliding softly into the alley. Instinct with distrust Annette barked sharply, and fawned and leaped upon her prostrate master; but vain were her calls for help. Old Higgins slept on. One quick swoop of the man's long arm brought her into his grasp, one cruel twist of the slender silver collar reduced her to cowering submission, and with his prize upon his arm, the man stole away as swiftly and noiselessly as he had come.

Old Higgins' slumbers were in proportion to his tipplings. When he awoke the slip of sky was still above him, but not so brightly blue. It was past six licking tongue and toyful barks had always greeted touch, and he looked about him in fuddled inquiry.

"Annette, Annette," he called huskily. "Come. come, my girl. None of your tricks now. come," coaxingly, "I see you."

But no bounding form, no glad yelps answered his Astonished, he sat up, turning stupidly here and there, calling, whistling, but still no Annette.

Old Higgins scrambled awkwardly to his feet, and huffled down the alley, calling, whistling, coaxing. stopping to look back, then down at his feet, turning round and round in his search. Then up and down his arms dropped limp, and he stared before him with

his dead sleep and brought a horrible dream of her theft by the dark-visaged man, and now that face and dream thrust themselves together into his memory. "She's stole," he said hoarsely. "I never dreamt that. He followed me an' stole her."

To the police station he went, and to the first bluecoat he met he made his maudlin, pathetic plaint. But a tearful old vagrant and a lost dog were of no moment to this policeman, and Old Higgins was dismissed with the empty promise that the Chief would be told; that a sharp lookout would be kept for the dog and the thief; and that in the meantime he, too. must keep his eye skinned.

Unneeded advice! Up and down the streets Old Higgins shambled unceasingly, hoping, searching always. In secluded nooks and alleyways he would stand by the hour, trembling with delicious expectancy of seeing her pass; and in that moment of recovery he always pictured himself flying out upon that hated man, and wreaking upon him his just wrath. Every gamin he met had the promise of marvelous fortune if he should find the dog.

In this dreary, sickening search the long, pitiless winter passed, and spring came fresh and blooming. One morning in this sweet promising time as Old Higgins was wandering about, looking, hoping against a dread certainty, a boy thrust an advertisement into his hand. Mechanically he opened it: in the center, staring up at him, was the dark face of Annette's abductor. A glance at the bold black headlines told him that "Professor Mead's Troupe of Educated Dogs, The Wonders of the World," would give their first performance that afternoon at Twelfth and L streets. Clutching the bill fast in his hand he presented himself at the police station, eager, trembling, wild with excitement. "That's him," he said. pointing a shaking, grimy finger at the pictured face. "He stole my dog. Send a cop with me, an' I'll point him out. He's got my dog."

Oft hearing of that woful tale had not yet convinced the officer of Annette's importance, and again

he resorted to subterfuge.

"You might be mistaken in your man, an' if, and Old Higgins' call for help was answered. said. you were there'd be no end of a row, the newspapers jumpin' on to the force and all that. Now, you go out to the circus yourself, don't raise any trouble till you're sure you've spotted your man and dog, then holler, and the officer there will help you out.'

Old Higgins waited for no more. To the grounds he went, and all the morning he hung around, hoping for a glimpse of Annette. Fortunately his dusty pockets yielded sufficient money for the admission fee. His was the first ticket that was bought, and he was the first that passed under the tent. Close to "Dog?" Do you the ring he seated himself, every nerve taut, his face call her jist a quivering with excitement and emotion, his eyes now he asked melting into tears, now aftre with anger, now bright with expectancy.



He had no eyes for the lithe greyhounds whose coursing won rounds of enthusiastic applause. The coaching party of monkeys and dogs might have been i a funeral train, for all the laughter their drolleries drew from him. He had but one thought-Annette! Annette!

At last the ring master, he of the remembered face, o'clock, and homeward bound pedestrians made a announced that Mam'selle La Belle, the canine marsteady stream past the mouth of his alley. Annette's vel of the century, would now appear in her varied acts. Old Higgins gripped his hands hard and his waking, but now there was neither sound nor at the entrance; he was sure that Mam'selle La Belle was Annette.

"There she comes," a boy at his side exclaimed ecstatically. Old Higgins dashed his hand across his eyes; he could not see, his brain was in such a tumult. Now he made out a small figure in a trained pink silk, with a tiny pink parasol above its head-Annette! but Annette, thin and shrinking, with big frightened eyes that never left her new master's face.

Old Higgins struggled to his feet. "Annette! Annette!" he sobbed.

At the sobbing cry the curly white head was turned. the street he looked, calling, whistling. All at once the ears alert. The pink parasol was dropped, and with quick, glad barks the little pink robed figure

Second states of the pression —and up into her old master's arms she leaped, whimpering, barking, licking the tear-wet face, quiv-

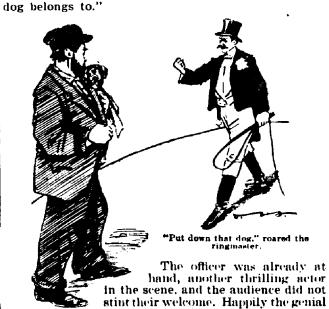
ering, sobbing, like a joy-mad human thing.
"Put down that dog," roared the ring master, strid-

ing forward, his dark face black with rage.
"She's mine. Stand off," roared back Old Higgins.
"You stole her, you thief! Don't touch me."

"He is one of the circus men. They always have a clown in the crowd," a woman whispered to her com-The whole audience interpreted this stirring realism to be an extraordinary bit of good acting, and gave it their generous applause.

"Call the police," blustered the ring master, not daring to approach the flery old man.

Yes, call him." jeered Old Higgins. "That's jist what I want. Bring him in an' let him tell who this



vagabond and his dog, as well as the "I don't know that we could send a man out." he story of her theft, were well known to the officer,

"This man is all right," the officer said, laying a friendly hand on the shaking shoulder; "and this is his dog. You let him alone."

The ring master gave way before the assured tone of the officer, but swagger he must to maintain his

"I bought her square," he said. "I can prove it, and I'll have him prosecuted for stealing my property."
"Do it," Old Higgins urged scoffingly. "That's jis That's jist

what I want. I'll be at the police court to-morrow.' Under the policeman's escort, amid a storm of appreclative encores, Old Higgins went out. The next morning he and Annette were at the police court. Annette, confident and happy as of yore, and old Higgins radiant, eager to prove his right. But the darkfaced man did not appear. In the night like the Arabs, and a wise man when tarrying is dangerous and flight is easy, he folded his tent and stole away for other and safer parts.

SOME THINGS THAT ARE NOT SO.

Cayenne pepper doesn't come from a pepper plant. nor Burgundy pitch from Burgundy. Jerusalem artichokes do not come from Jerusalem, nor turkeys from Turkey. Camel's hair brushes are made from the tail of the squirrel. German silver is not silver, and it was invented in China. Cork legs are not made of cork; neither do they come from Cork, Ireland. Prussian blue does not come from Prussia. Irish stew is not an Irish but an English dish. Cleopatra's Needle was set up a thousand years before that lady was born. Shamoy leather is not the hide of a chamois, but the flesh side of sheepskins.



INDIAN GRAVES ON THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI, AT OUINCY, ILL

Photo by Evlyn Barlow, Quincy, III.

CAPTAIN JACK BRIER'S TRIUMPH

FRANK B. TRACY

T WAS the night before the great baseball match, and Captain Brier, of Lonsdale Academy, was wide awake. Sleepless nights before and after an important match are not unusual to excitable and spirited boys. Their very earnestness spoils their rest, and what little sleep they may get is crowded with dreams of strife. But it was an extraordinary occasion which made Jack Brier roll from side to side that nightsomething beyond the mere suspense and anxiety over the result of the game. An acute problem had forced itself upon the young athlete and he was trying to solve it fairly and honorably. Right fought on one side and love of victory on the other; these two forces hope-lessly clashed and the battle caused Brier to toss and groan as he thought and thought.

The game on the morrow was to be the final match of the year between the teams of the two rival educational institutions, Lonsdale Academy and Greenfield Institute, situated in thriving western villages on opposite shores of a great lake. Two games had been played, each team winning at home, and the deciding game was to be played in the city of Tecumseh, neutral ground. The Lonsdale boys were hopeful and even confident of victory, practicing every pleasant day and using the gymnasium for exercise when it rained. The team was in excellent condition, working together as one man. But their hopes were rudely shattered when in an exciting game with the "scrubs' three days before the great match, Williams, the 'crack" pitcher, turned his ankle. Then panic seized the Academy and all sorts of schemes were suggested, from postponing the game to hiring a pitcher from Chicago. None of the substitute pitchers could stand more than three innings, and there was no time to develop a new one. Confidence had gone with the loss of Williams, and Brier felt that if the Greenfielders happened to make a few hits in the first inning his men would lose their heads and suffer a humiliating defeat. But there seemed no option in the matter and Brier was left to try the substitutes and hope for luck.

That evening had brought to Brier the exhibarating tones of hope. Oliver Reynolds, a leading member of the Athletic Association and President of the Senior class, suddenly burst into Brier's room, shouting breathlessly, "Have you heard the news? Harry Weldon is here and has agreed to pitch for us. He's in fine trim and we can just murder those Greenfielders with him in the box. Isn't it glorious? I guess we're having a share of the luck now."

With a whoop he was gone, leaving Jack almost overcome with joy. The captain leaped to his feet and was dancing a jig in high glee when suddenly the thought stopped and sobered him; "Isn't it against the terms of the agreement?" He turned heavily to his desk and drew out the well-thumbed paper. Soon his eye rested on a certain paragraph and he said

"Yes, here it says plainly, 'Every player must have been a regularly enrolled student at the beginning of the term'"; then he sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

> Harry Weldon was a famous pitcher, an alumnus of the Academy, a brother of one of Brier's classmates and a son of the resident trustee. It would be very easy to hide the facts. The initials of the brothers were the

same, and if a Greenfielder asked about the "new pitcher" the catalogue would be shown to him; and none of those his name on the score card." who would go from Lonsdale to attend the game would betray the team. What seemed almost to justify the deception was the suspicion, grown to without him." nearly an established fact.

paid by the Greenfielders. Indeed, it was hinted that the Greenfield faculty connived at the deception.

The temptation was very great. He was sure that if he had thought of it at the beginning of the season these articles would have contained a provision permitting members of the alumni to play on either of the teams. It was done in other schools. Harry was in reality "one of us," and there could be no comparison between his status and that of the Greenfield pitcher. Victory was very sweet, especially over a foe that had won its only game by fraud. How could he face his old chums if the team should be ter- fortunate situation more than ribly defeated when by doing a thing which was, to all you do, but it can't be helped.

and times, trying to devise some means of escape from the dilemma. From the outset he scorned the suggestion that he allow Weldon to pitch and throw the blame upon someone else. He hated a lie in any form. It was a miserable plight for the spirited, noble boy.

Suddenly a new thought seemed to come to him, for he leaped to his feet and began to walk rapidly and feverishly. Whatever the new idea was, it plainly involved many considerations for he often shook his head, mumbled sentences in an excited manner and several times stopped short as if some argument struck him forcibly. At length he turned to his bed and sighed aloud, "It seems the only thing left to do," and soon sank into a tired, broken sleep.

Next morning, after the practice, Captain Brier called the players into the club house. With a slight, tremor in his voice he began: "I have a very disagreeable matter to speak of. Nobody feels worse about the accident to Williams than I do and I am willing to do almost anything to fill his place. You have heard of Harry Weldon's coming and his kind offer to pitch for us to-day. Now, I don't want to be called a prig, but the agreement is squarely against such a case. It might have been provided for last spring, but it was not, and I doubt whether it would have been the right thing under any circumstances. How can we permit these rules to be violated, just to win one game? Boys, we've been fair and square so far. Let's keep up our record. We must remember that this is not the last year in which Greenfield and Lonsdale will play ball, and we must take care that our successors are not harassed by our work this year. Yes, I believe the Greenfielders are shamefully violating this rule, but we are not spying on them and will say nothing now. I know Harry seems one of us and it's hard to shut him out, but, boys, I've thought over the thing for hours and I can't see how we can let him play. He understands how I feel and will do what we say.

He took his seat amid deep silence. The boys sat looking at the floor and at one another. At length one of them said, "Well, who will pitch in place of

Brier's face crimsoned, and he replied hesitatingly: "That's the hardest part of the whole trouble for me. I-I have decided to try it. You see, every summer for several years I have pitched for our club at home, and I am in fairly good practice now getting ready for the summer. I've done no pitching since I came here because my work was not needed; but as I have taken the responsibility of declining Weldon's offer I shall try to fill his place. If I fail, Caldwell will be called in and if he succeeds, all the more glory will be his."

After a few moments of silence the catcher broke in cheerily: "Well, old man, if I'm going to catch you this afternoon, we ought to have some practice together." This little remark broke the ice and soon the players were gathered around the captain, endorsing his stand, but confessing that they had set their hearts on seeing Weldon "in the box."

The little town of Tecumseh was fairly overrun with students that day. They drove from Lonsdale and Greenfield in tallyhos, drags, coaches, omnibuses and all sorts of vehicles, while the trains were crowded and the roads filled with bicyclists. The carriages were allowed on the grounds, and it was a brilliant assembly which thronged the grand stand, stood behind the ropes and sat in the carriages, all decorated with old gold and blue ribbons, and making merry with school songs and yells. Both teams were given enthusiastic welcomes when they strode on the field for practice. Lonsdale came last and Brier placed Caldwell in his old place, left field, and was arranging signs with his catcher when Dan Creamer and Charley McJunkin, two of the most loyal of the team's supporters, pushed through the crowd and faced Brier.

"What does this mean, Jack," excitedly demanded Creamer; "isn't Weldon going to pitch or are you going to run him in after you get started? I don't see

Brier's heart sank within him; this was the sort of reproach that hurt him the worst. But he answered quietly: "No. Weldon is not going to take any part in the game. We found that it would be against the agreement and we've decided to do the best we can

"Oh, that's idiotic nonsense. Are you going to that the Greenfield pitcher humiliate us before this great crowd by was a semi-professional being whipped by these Greenfielders who who had never read a have run in a professional on us all season?

Then he sank into a chair and buried line of Latin and whose his face in his hands.

Then he sank into a chair and buried line of Latin and whose hoard and tuition was a fair play. Don't be a milksop board and tuition were and lose all your friends. Why, you Indeed, it was hinted that can't pitch against those fellows. We don't blame you for having a good opinion of yourself, but they'll knock you out in the first inning. Besides, a lot of us boys have some cash up and if you persist in this fool scheme, we are sure to lose.

Brier quickly but frankly replied: "There's no use being angry about this thing, boys. I regret my weakness and the unappearances, only technically wrong, he might have I'm sorry you've bet on the game

won? He rolled the matter over in his mind a thous- for its against the rules. But we are going to try to win and hope you will encourage us. That's all."

In a few moments the news that Weldon was not to pitch spread over the field and Brier was bitterly denounced by some of his best friends. Many ascribed his conscientious action to vanity and conceit, ex-



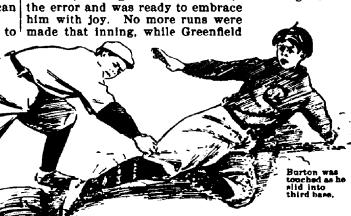
"What does this mean, Jack" excitedly demanded Creamer.

claiming: "He has just been waiting to get a good chance in the box. about ten minutes." Well, he'll get enough of it in

Greenfield won the toss and went into the field, while Lonsdale came to the bat. The first batsman was greeted with slight applause and struck out amid groans and shouts. No cheers for the second and third batsman who went out on weak hits.

Grim determination marked Brier's face as he stepped into the box and heard no friendly greeting. He thought to himself bitterly, "Is it possible that the whole school favors dishonesty and frowns on the man who stands up for the right, if by his stand he loses a point?" But the Lonsdale people were not so hostile as they seemed. Most of them were simply in despair and had not the heart to cheer. Brier faced Burton, his first batsman, with coolness and the first ball shot across the plate before Burton knew it had started. One strike was called by the umpire—and there were a few handclaps. The next one Burton struck at savagely, but it was a slow one and the spectators laughed derisively as the umpire cried, "Two strikes." But Burton was a good batter and the next two balls, wide of the plate, went by unnoticed. The fourth ball came directly over the base and Burton's bat met it squarely and drove it flercely into left field, where the substitute was. The ball bounded away from him and when it was returned to Brier, Burton had reached second base amid great applause. The next batsman went to first base on balls and several Lonsdalers left the grounds. "before the slaughter comes," they declared. But Brier showed his skill by retiring the next two batters easily. The fifth batsman sent a lucky hit just beyond the second baseman, which allowed Burton to score—and Greenfield's champions yelled with delight. Their joy was short for the lucky batsman was put out trying to steal second. The score now stood. Greenfield 1, Lonsdale 0.

Brier was the first batsman in the second inning He had an excellent record but luck seemed against him for his hard-hit fly went straight to the center fielder. The next two batsmen, however, sent out ringing base hits, and when Caldwell, the substitute who had made such a disastrous error, made a twobase hit, scoring the two on bases; Brier forgave him the error and was ready to embrace



made another one in her half. The score was now tied, two to two.

The crowd now began to realize that the match was to be no "walk away" for Green-

field, and as the third inning opened the excitement | was an exciting and menacing scene, but Brier conwas intense. It was nip and tuck until the sixth when, with two men on bases, Brier knocked the ball far over the right field fence, bringing in three runs and placing and motioning his players back said monotonous tones, "One strike," and the Lonsdalers with two men on bases, Brier knocked the ball far over the right field fence, bringing in three runs and placing and motioning his players back said monotonous tones, "One strike," and the Lonsdalers to the umpire, "Mr. Umpire, I believe you hand and cheered. Gibson was clearly needed and cheered and sharply to the umpire and solved first three runs and placing and motioning his players back said monotonous tones, "One strike," and the Lonsdalers with two men on bases, Brier knocked the ball far over the right field fence, bringing in three runs and placing and the said monotonous tones, "One strike," and the Lonsdalers with two men on bases, Brier knocked the ball far over the right field fence, bringing in three runs and placing and the said monotonous tones, "One strike," and the Lonsdalers with two men on bases, Brier knocked the ball far over the right field fence, bringing in three runs and placing and the said monotonous tones, "One strike," and the Lonsdalers with two men on bases, Brier knocked the ball far over the right field fence, bringing in three runs and placing and the said monotonous tones, "One strike," and the Lonsdalers with the said monotonous tones, "One strike," and the Lonsdalers with the said monotonous tones, "One strike," and the Lonsdalers with the said monotonous tones, "One strike," and the Lonsdalers with the said monotonous tones, "One strike," and the Lonsdalers with the said monotonous tones, "One strike," and the Lonsdalers with the said monotonous tones, "One strike," and the Lonsdalers with the said monotonous tones, "One strike," and the Lonsdalers with the said monotonous tones, "One strike," and the said monotonous tones, "One strike," and the said monotonous tones, "One strike," and the said monotonous tones, "One strik the right field fence, bringing in three runs and placing his team three ahead. Then the Lonsdalers, to whom disgust had given way to incredulity and incredulity to amazement and hope, forgot all their churlish suspicions and fears and screamed and the ever modest Brier. He simply felt that he would shouted in their delight. Grave professors slapped win. each other on the back, and Brier was compelled to doff his cap again and again before the crowd would be quiet. All Lonsdalers were now his sworn friends and denied ever having any other feeling.

No more runs were made until the ninth, when Lonsdale added another by hard hitting. Then came that nerve-testing, climacteric last half of the ninth on them. So it was that on that Tecumseh ball field, within five minutes after the inning opened, the scene had wholly and wonderfully changed. Now it was Greenfield which was shouting and Lonsdale which sat silent. By a combination of hits and errors two of the Greenfield team reached bases and were brought in by a rattling two-base hit from the pitcher. Brier was beginning to tire fast under the tremendous and unusual exertion, but he steadied down and the next

two men were retired on weak flies. Two men out, two runs in, one man on second, two runs to tie, three to win. The next batsman was Burton. Brier threw a ball wide of the plate, but Burton reached over and caught it on the end of his bat, sending it like a shot above the first baseman's head—the safest spot on the ball field. The man on base ran quickly home, while Burton dashed down the line, over first, on to second and turned toward third just as the right fielder, speeding as if with wings, came up and met the bail. A moment's fumble, just the least possible delay, and his arm swung true and Burton was touched as he slid into third base. Some one knows whether Burton reached the base before the ball touched him, but the Lonsdalers and the Greenfielders will continue to argue on that point for years. The umpire called, "Safe," and the Lonsdalers, who were just ready to pour out upon the field in the joy of triumph, cried out their anger and hissed and hooted the decision. The third baseman was terribly wrought up and the Greenfield players came running in to protest against being "robbed of the game." It

Then turning to the catcher, he coolly asked, "Simpson, how many runs do they need to win?" "Two," to the batsman," explained the umpire to Brier's inwas the reply. "Well, they won't get them," declared quiry. The next came squarely over the plate, but

The great crowd, just now so wrought up and torn with emotions which completely swayed their judgment, was as still as death when the players resumed their positions. Gibson, the Greenfield captain, now—this is the most critical moment in base ball. Both came to the bat. Although his club's best batsman, sides had now forgotten to cheer or hoot. No groups, he had done nothing as yet. "Now he's due for a as usual at the closing part of a game, stood by the hit," cried the coacher and all eyes were on Brier, exits, waiting for the last out. Every man was rooted in which many games are won and lost. The advanteveryone was saying under his breath, "A hit will tage is with the batsmen, for the fielders must await tie and a home run will win." The first ball came



Gibson swung at it fiercely.

rific force. The ball shot out toward the fence, but the Greenfield yells were suddenly hushed when it fell many feet foul-and Lonsdale gave a sigh of relief. The next ball curved quickly before it reached

Gibson and as he dodged it, the umpire called out in quiry. The next came squarely over the plate, but Gibson expected it to curve, and "Two strikes" were called amid great Lonsdale cheers. Gibson shouted angrily at the umpire and pounded the plate with his bat. The next ball was too high.

Three balls, two strikes, two men out, ninth inning to his seat. Brier poised himself carefully and threw the ball with utmost speed. Gibson swung at it what the batsmen will do and the strain is very great swift and true and Gibson's bat struck it with ter- fiercely, missed it and it shot in toward him and landed in Simpson's mitt-just a moment; but its speed and twist were so great that the ball wriggled out of the catcher's hands and rolled away while Gibson sped for first and Burton came thundering in with the score to tie the game. Simpson sprang after the ball and clutching it eagerly threw it with his might to first. His aim was true, the ball was held before Gibson could reach the spot and the game was over. The score:

Lonsdale Academy...... 0 2 0 1 0 3 0 0 1—7 Greenfield Institute..... 1 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 3—6

Why tell of the mad rush by Lonsdale to Brier's side, how they carried him off the field on their shoulders, of the speech he was compelled to make that night from the broad granite steps of old Lonsdale while the Principal cheered his sentences like a Freshman? The one thing in that speech which will ever remain in the school's traditions was Brier's closing words:

"I believe it always pays to be honest—and being honest doesn't mean being a milksop. We won this game fairly, but I would rather have lost it than won it dishonestly. Our greatest victory to-day was not in winning the game, but in trying to win it by fair methods. That's what makes this night so sweet to me."

That night as he lay sleeping in his dormitory his room-mate heard him mutter in his dreams:

"Well, I tell you, it was a good thing for us that we got that run in the ninth.

********************* PHIL KEARNY'S BUGLER

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF GUS SCHURMAN'S EVOLUTION FROM A BOOTBLACK TO BEING AN ADOPTED CHILD OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

He Was the Youngest Enlisted Soldier of the Union Army and Has Many Interesting Stories to Tell of His Life as General Kearny's Orderly and an Enchanted Expertence as Ted Lincoin's Playmete in the White House.

ALLEN SANGREE

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The pride of the First Division, Third Army Corps, was a drummer boy, named Gus Schurman. He is Union Army alive today. Wherever veterans of the Fortieth braves, bore an important part, until famous Red Diamond Patch foregather, this boy—now the northerners' retreat turned into mad flight. a thoughtful, gray haired man of 50—is met

with a wondrous cheering and accorded the seat of honor.

The story of Gus Schurman's evolution from a New York bootblack, to adopted child of the Lincoln family in the White House, is a bewitching gem of war narrative, the more interesting because of its historic accuracy. It is vouched for by documents in Mr. Schurman's possession, by the testimony of the surviving members of the Fortieth New York Regiment and by that of well-known veterans, such as Gen. Daniel E. Sickles who visited the White House at the period in question and were instrumental in having the drummer boy sent there. Mr. Schurman is now employed at the Customs House in New York and is prominent in Grand Army affairs.

In the early part of '61 Gus Schurman was drumming recruits in Chatham Square, to which honor he had arrived after vigorous training for two years at the Turn Verein Hall in Orchard street. His family being poor, Gus had left school and began to earn his living by working in a saw mill on Center street, the boss there being Mr. Block, now proprietor of the Congressional Hotel at Washington. When work was slack Gus took his station at City Hall Park with box and brush and competed with the bootblack brigade at three cents a shine. In the Turn Verein Hall he learned to drum so well that when war broke out he was taken into the Forty-second New York (Tammany Regiment). Being ill treated there he applied to the Fortieth, of

which his father was a member, and over which Mr. Gilder, father of Richard Watson Gilder, was chaplain. "Couldn't think of it," said Col. Riley, "you're too

young!" Schurman was only eleven then. When the colonel said "no," he relates, "I began to cry and turned away from the tent; but my father went and spoke to Col. Riley when he called me back and made me take a drum. All the men began to laugh because the drum was nearly as big as myself, but nevertheless the colonel said I would do, and I guess in all the world, at that moment, there was no one as happy as I."

The Fortieth, known as Mozart, left Yonkers for Washington on July 4. Though they did not get to Bull Run, they witnessed the retreat, and through the battles at Seven Pines, Malvern Hill and all the skirbelieved to be the youngest enlisted soldier of the mishes of that disastrous peninsular campaign, the Fortieth braves, bore an important part, until finally knew no such other one of reckless valor and indomit-



TAD LINCOLN AND GUS SCHURMAN.

FIGHTING PHIL'S BOY ORDERLY.

Schurman's chance to distinguish himself came sooner than he expected, however, and in a most unusual way. It was at Harrison's Landing, and Gen. McClellan had set a day to review the army. Gen. Phil Kearny, commanding the First Division, called for a drummer boy to act as his orderly for the occasion, and Corporal Brown, staff cierk, picked out 'Gus." This in itself was an honor, for Fighting Phil Kearny was the idol of the army. Mounted on his powerful gray charger "Moscow," seated firm as a Centaur, holding the reins on the stump of his right arm (a memento of the Mexican war), this true type of chivalric hero carried everything before him in a charge and inspired his troops with irresistible enthusiasm. He was one of whom it was truly said: "He would rather fight than eat," and the Union Army able aggression. So strong, that at Florence, Italy,

he danced through a masque ball clad in eighty pounds of chain armor, he knew no pity for himself physically and had little sympathy for signs of weakness in others.

This was the man to whom the twelve year old drummer boy presented himself and received in turn a kindly word, silver bugle and an immense white horse called "Babe," over whose back the lad could scarcely stretch his legs. His previous riding practice had been derived from taking the sutler's horse to water.

STORIES OF GEN. KEARNY.

In the course of the day's maneuvres the staff galloped over a rough field broken by an ugly ravine. Gen. Kearny, being a superb horseman, took this with a mighty bound and looked around to see if his aides were following. Dismayed at the jump, they had all skirted about the ends, all but one. Mounted on the white horse "Babe." a stable mate to Kearny's own horse, the mite of a drummer boy might as well have tugged at a railroad train. On and on the great charger came, ears back, nostrils all wide and eyes like coals of fire, to the edge of the precipice and there rose on her powerful haunches and shot into the air as though to leave earth forever, landing the new orderly pale and almost senseless.

"I slid clear up on Babe's neck," relates Mr. Schurman, "and holding on to one of the charger's ears with a grip that I did not loosen until Gen. Kearny looked at me and smiled grimly. I guess he knew that I would have given half my life to have

stopped that brute on the other side, but he said | that had formerly been ridden by Gen. Mosby, the | nothing, only when the others rode up, the hairs of his mustache stiffened like the bristles on a cat's tail, which was peculiar to him when angered or disgusted.

"In the evening I reported myself to him so as to return to my regiment, but he said brusquely: 'Go and bring your baggage to my headquarters and consider yourself my orderly in the future.' The jump on Babe seemed to have made me popular with him and from that day to the day of his death I was ever by his side. My task was not an easy one. In battle, Gen. Kearny used my back for a writing desk, scribbling off dispatches and cursing me roundly if I trembled. At the second battle of Bull Run he was writing orders on his knees, I steadying them the while. Minie balls and shells fell all around us and finally a piece of railroad iron, aimed directly at the general, struck right at his feet and threw the dirt in our faces. It made me shake in my boots, but not nearly so much as when he turned and demanded savagely what was the matter. 'Oh, nothing, sir,' I replied, with a gasp, 'only a little frightened, that's all.'

"'Never get frightened—never get frightened at any-thing,' he growled, as the bristles in his mustache began to rise heavenward."

The tragic death of Fighting Phil at Chantilly was felt by no one more than "Kearny's Little Bugler, he was now known throughout the division and the men made more of a pet of him than ever. The cook of a Maine regiment, camped nearby, felt it his religlous duty to feed the lad pancakes every evening for supper and see that his knapsack was ever bloated with crullers. "Many a poor wounded chap," says Mr. Schurman, "I have cheered up with Maine crullers."

MEETING THE LINCOLNS.

Kearny's little bugler served in succession for Generals Stillman, Birny, Stoneman and Sickles. He was present at Gettysburg when the latter lost his leg from a solid shot and it was while with Gen. Sickles at Bell Plains that he fell in with the Lincolns. The President, Mrs. Lincoln and Tad, then ten years old, came down to pay the commanding general a visit, and

noticed the young orderly strolling about headquarters. "Who is that child?" asked Mrs. Lincoln of Gen. H. E. Tremaine, chief of staff. "Oh, that's Gus Kearny's bugler boy," replied the officer, who, at Mrs. Lincoln's request, presented the lad.

Don't you think it's a shame to have such children In the army, Mr. President?" asked Mrs. Lincoln, with some feeling, but Gen. Sickles interposed. "Why, that boy is a great fighter," he laughed, telling of an incident when the bugler had been nearly shot down by a Union soldier, while aiding Gen. Stillman to rally a Pennsylvania regiment at Antietam. "He was Phil Kearny's boy. You know what that means!'

At that moment Tad Lincoln ran up and the two youngsters were soon chumming it boylike, calling each other "Gus" and "Tad." "As I look back now," says Mr. Schurman, "I can see that I must have been a subject of envy to Tad, for by that time I had become an accomplished horseman, could blow a bugle, beat a drum and swagger in true soldier style. The men had presented me with a roan mustang called Pompey,

guerilla, and on this I cavorted around until Tad could to West Point. I have set my heart on it. But as i stand it no longer and persuaded a cavalryman to lend | have no position or influence, I see no way of realizing him his mount for a ride. The horse had a sore mouth, however, and in a few moments was galloping wildly with Tad bouncing around on its back. When on the point of being thrown I overtook the runaway and saved Tad from a fall. When we returned, he told his mother of it, and she said to Gen. Sickles: "Now you must let him come," and Mr. Lincoln added, "Yes. general, we ask it as a favor."

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

"My first night in the White House I shall never forget. We kept up our racket until Mrs. Lincoln called us and said that Mr. Lincoln was tired and wanted to rest. As she opened the door of the bed chamber where the President, Mrs. Lincoln and Tad slept, I saw the great gaunt head of "Abe" Lincoln peeking out from a long white night cap. The President was lying on his back, his hands crossed over his breast, and the picture made an impression on my mind that can never be erased.

'Tad slept in a crib alongside his parents' bed, and after he and I had 'tagged' each other good night, Mrs. Lincoln showed me into the guest chamber. The contrast of this splendor with my humble lodgings of the last year, when I had slept for the most part on the soft side of a hard board 'neath a water soaked tent, was so overwhelming that even now the thought of that guest chamber awes me."

THE PRESIDENT'S MILD TEMPER.

Tad was a generous, sweet tempered but inventive youngster. At times his budding genius took a distinctive turn, particularly on a certain Sunday afternoon when the rain prevented going outdoors, and Tad killed time by hacking at various pieces of furniture and finally sawed the bannisters of the main stairway. When this was reported to President Lincoln, he did not even scold, but took the boys into his room and entertained them by displaying his swords.

I recall once when Mr. Seward, Mr. Stanton and a number of other gentlemen in uniform were discussing something of great importance with the President, and as we let out an exceptional vigorous "whoop," some one said, "Mr. Lincoln, don't those boys annoy you?" But he, with a kindly smile said, "Oh, never mind, it's

"At the public receptions we were usually frolicking about Mr. Lincoln's chair, and I remember stumbling against the Grand Duke Alexis, who was paying the President a state visit. Great personages, however, were of little consequence to me at that time. I was interested only in army doings and my one desire was of the hospitals. The audience consisted mostly of to become a West Pointer. So when a well dressed soldiers from a Pennsylvania Bucktail Regiment, who young man handed the President a letter one day and were guarding the capital building. The price of adsaid something about West Point, I was 'at attention.'

"I remember thinking it odd that after presenting a letter of introduction and shaking hands with the President, the stranger should say in humble tones: Your excellency, may I have the honor to address you?' Afterward I observed that Mr. Lincoln's bearing awed his most impulsive visitors. "What can I do for you?' he asked the other.

"'Mr. President,' said the young man, 'I want to go my ambition.'

"'I am very sorry, young man,' the President told him. 'Your ambition is commendable, but I cannot help you. Each congressman, you know, has the right to one appointee, but the senators have no such privilege. I appoint ten cadets each year, but I must first look after the sons of fallen generals and senators."

"This conversation caused a lump to rise in the young bugler's throat, for he saw his own ambitions dashed to the ground. He wept salt tears and could not conceal his disappointment from his playmate, so at dinner Tad asked his father if Gus was not to go to West Point. 'It is my intention to send him there.' replied Mr. Lincoln, 'as soon as he is old enough.' '

One of the most dramatic incidents in Gus Schurman's visit to the Lincolns was his meeting with Wilkes Booth, the man who was to afterwards murder President Lincoln. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were fund of the theater, and at the table with the two boys often discussed stage doings, for Tad and Gus were also well informed. Hardly a night passed that they did not attend a play and this was a great treat to the poor bootblack, whose theater experience had been confined to occasional attendance of Bowery melodrama.

'We were known at every play house," tells Mr. Schurman, "and only had to show our faces to be ushered to the best seats in the theater, a box, if any were vacant. During the performance the stage manager invariably asked us back of the scenes, and there I met from time to time the well known stage folk of the day. Among them I recall Lucille Weston and Susan Dennen. Many a time we sat in the identical box in which Mr. Lincoln met his death.

One night the play at the Washington Theater or Groves, I am not certain which, was a stirring drama called the "Marble Heart," in which a dark, handsome man with brilliant black eyes took the leading part. Spellbound with his acting, Tad and I looked up his name in the programme. 'I'd like to meet that man,' said Tad. 'He makes you thrill.' So after the second act we went back and were taken to Mr. Booth's dressing room. 'This is President Lincoln's son,' said the stage manager, and the actor gave us each a hand with a very sweet smile. He continued with his make up, asking us how we liked the play, and we telling him the parts we most admired. On leaving, he handed us each a rose from a bunch that had been presented him over the footlights."

Gus Schurman's life at the White House ended as abruptly as it began. With the aid of Mrs. Lincoln, the two boys arranged an entertainment for the benefit mission was ten cents. Just as Mr. Lincoln entered the room a mud stained courier arrived telling of Lee's advance north, and in a moment all was confusion Among the messages which now came in every few moments, was one from Gen. Sickles ordering his bugler to the front immediately, and before midnight struck, Gus Schurman once more back in regimentals,

was hurrying on to Gettysburg.

Lafe, the Simpleton A BICYCLE STORY



AFE OWNED a bicycle. We call it a bicycle, rather out of courtesy to Lafe than for any other reason.

Where he got the machine no one knew. Some said he stole it; some, that he had

bought it with a few hard earned dollars; some, that he had found it in iunk heap; but no one sunposed for a min-

him as to where he got it, but to their questions, all of which were asked in a spirit of ridicule, Lafe never gave an answer. All that was really known about it was that Lafe Lafferty appeared one day on the streets of Blissfield astride a machine that set the town laughing. He at first peddled along unmindful of this, apparently taking little notice of the taunts that from time to time became positively abusive. "Hello, Lafe, where did you get the ice wagon?" "Get on to that scow!" These and an hundred other mocking expressions followed the awkward, half-witted boy as he rode, or rather worked, his strange looking machine through the streets of Blissfield.

It was an old two-wheeled vehicle, one of those homemade ones of wood and iron that used to be seen before even the days of the big high wheels; it had two big, lumbering wheels of wood, between which was a seat not far above the level of the axles, compelling the rider to push forward rather than push up and down as in the modern machine. The amount of work required to propel it was tremendous, and the effort made to steer it was great, as every time a push was given with the right foot the front wheel swerved off to the left, and every time a push was given with the left foot the wheel swerved off to the right.

The first time Lafe Lafferty was seen riding the thing he was going to the pasture for the cows; this, and driving the cows back to pasture was Lafe's chiet occupation-indeed, his only occupation outside of caring for his wheel.

Every one in town knew Lafe, and every one made fun of him on general principles. It was a shame, too, for he was half-witted and harmless, and did what he was able to do faithfully and well, and that is more than some whole-witted people do. He just lived to drive those cows backwards and forwards, ute that he had and keep his wheel clean. You could set your watch by his movements mornings and nights, as he went

nothing any one had ever heard.

As he went by the homes of the village in the early morning many heard the whistle of the boy and knew it was time to get up; and at nightfall as they sat around the supper table and heard the well known whistle somebody invariably exclaimed, "There goes Lafe." Strangers or visitors in the town, who spent any time there, without exception asked about the strange acting fellow, and were told that he was a boy of uncertain age and parentage who had, for years, been doing the same work-driving the cows. Some said the boy was really an old man, but you couldn't tell from his silly face nor from his deformed shape. Most people added, "He don't amount to any- ingly takes care of the helpless was over and around

thing; he's a simpleton, and don't know anything beyond driving cows.'

So, no wonder that when Lafe Lafferty came rattling down the street on that clumsy old velocipede, his back humped up, his big, dirty boots shoving on the wooden pedals, his foolish face twitching and grinning, he frightened horses and set the town laughing; nor did either horses or men get over it for weeks indeed not until the date of our story.

Now Lafe had sensibilities; he had a certain degree of pride; his feelings could be hurt; and many were the times he had chased a crowd of boys for blocks for calling him names, mimicking his gait and his whistle, or poking fun at his wheel. No one knew what he suffered. Simpletons are not supposed to suffer; at least, there seemed to be no one in Blissfield who cared much whether this one suffered or not.

Finally, Lafe tired of the ceaseless ridicule and ap peared no more riding on the main streets of Blissfield. Still, the boy loved his old wheel. It had been the only companion that had entered into his life. It alone had never laughed at him, or taunted him, or poked the finger of scorn at him. It, at least, had been faithful to him; and many a time the poor, witless boy, as he took the wheel to his garret room and Lafe was a simpleton and no ever accused him of on his daily errands to and from the pasture, whist-making anything, excepting faces. Many questioned ling his one peculiar, silly tune, that sounded like wooden spokes and handle bar and talked to it as he had never dared talk to a human being, laughing and crying, and finally falling to sleep with his arms linked in its spokes.

Lafe was human if half-witted; and goaded by abuse of himself and his wheel, he loved to take it and ride far out into the country at night, where no unfriendly eye and voice could disturb his enjoymen'. Many a long conversation he held with his wooden friend along the country roads, with no one to hear but the moon and the stars.

One night early in June Lafe rode far out on the river road. The night was dark and riding was difficult and dangerous, but the Divinity that seemthe strange boy and his strange vehicle. He rode for miles past farm houses and their sleeping occu- windows and voices called to him; but he rushed ou, beneath him. Again and again he fell, but only to pants, whistling his one silly tune to the time set

by the rattle of the pedals. There must have been some heads turning restlessly on their pillows at the unusual "clank, clank, clank" of the straining wood, and the weird whistle which sometimes broke into a wild song.

Some six miles up the river was a great dam, which restrained the waters of a rather jurbulent stream. The boy often stayed out fill night, sleeping under the open sky. On this particular night he found a deserted cabin, or covered pen, on the shore just below the dam, into which he crawled for shelter just in time to escape a storm, of which he had been warned by frequent flashes of lightning and increasing thunder. Dragging his wheel in with him, he sat upon the floor of the rude structure and listened.

The storm was fast gathering. The light was blinding at times, and the very earth trembled. Then the rain came like a mighty flood. The roof leaked, and soon was torn from its fastenings and whirled away in the wind. The boy was drenched, as he huddled up in one corner, tucking under him as best he could his beloved velocipede. Soon water oozed up through the great cracks in the floor. Lafe peered out between the cracks in the wall just as a blinding flash lighted up the surface of the waters, the wooded hills beyond, and the angry sky. The stream was raging against its banks, and tossing on its surface like chips rode great timbers. Another flash revealed to the wild-eyed boy that the dam had broken.

A cloud burst! In that wild moment it flashed across the mind of the half-wit of Blissfield that lives were in danger in the homes on the river bank below. Grasping his wheel, he crept out of his hiding place into the storm. Another flash of lightning revealed to him the road by which he had come, and stumbling up the bank, dragging his heavy burden after him, he reached it; then, mounting, he rode, hatless, and soaked to the skin, to spread the alarm. Here and there a light from a farm house showed him that its occupants were already awake and alive to their danger. "Up! Up! The dam!

The dam!" he shouted, as he sped by. Black darkness followed each flash of lightning. He slipped and fell, then rose, bruised and bleeding, but still shouting.

crying only, "Up! Up! The dam! The dam!"



It was a wild ride—the ride of a madman, amid rain, and mud, and rocks, uphill and down, with no help save the blinding flashes from the sky and the

rise again with the same cry on his lips. Where no

lights appeared at windows, his call, now more the shrick of a fierce animal than the call of a human being, awakened every man and woman to a sense of their danger.

The rising flood had reached the road in its low places and Lafe must wade, carry his wheel, a heavy burden even for a strong boy, and heavier for one weakened from wounds and exertion. Here and there great stretches of the way were sheets of water. Then he took to the hills back of the road.

"Up! Up! The dam! The dam!" Those who now heard the voice from the homes along the way afterwards declared it sounded like a hollow moan from the very waters themselves.

At last he reached the outskirts of the village, which, already warned of its danger, was taking every measure for safety. Suddenly his head dropped, his arms became pulseless, his legs stuck powerless upon the heavy pedals, and with one last effort, crying, "Up! Up! The——," he dropped upon the road.

Two men with a lantern, hurrying along the outskirts of the town along the river road, not two feet from the edge of the oncoming flood, found at midnight a form, hardly distinguishable as that of a human being, lying, face up, with one hand clasping the bar of an old velocipede, its parts broken and scattered.

The next day the story was told that not a life was lost on the Blissfield river road, and that the strange apparition that flew crying down the way warning the farmers of their peril was the cow driver-Lafe, the simpleton.

That Lafe Lafferty was sick with a fever for long weeks; that he was tenderly nursed; that a fund was raised to give him the best of medical care; that employment and a home were given him by the town authorities; and that a handsome new model bicycle was bought and placed in his hands as the gift of appreciative men and women who lived along the Blissfield river, goes without saying.

And now no stranger or visitor in Blissfield long remains in ignorance of this story, and boys and girls no longer laugh at Lafe, the simpleton.



"GRANDPA'S FIRST ATTEMPT."

A King on His Knees.

King James II. one day lost some important papers. He hunted for them until at last he got into a great rage because he couldn't find them. Then he a long time in his service, and charged him with the loss. Gib (that was his name) said that he knew nothing of them. But the king grew very angry, and said: "Gib, remember I gave them to you to take care of; what have you done with them?" Gib fell on his knees and declared that he did not receive them. Then the king kicked him, as he kneeled at his feet. Gib rose and left the apartment, saying: "I have always been faithful to your majesty, and I have not deserved such treatment. I canot remain in your service. I shall never be you again!"

Not long after, the person to whom the service keeps yeh warm. not remain in your service. I shall never see you again!"

king had actually given the papers, returned them. The king was ashamed of his conduct, and sent some one after the old servant. Very reluctantly Gib came again into the royal presence; when the king got down on his knees before him, met an old Scotch servant, who had been and said that he would not rise until he forgave him. the matter, and begged his master to rise; but he would not, till assured that the insult was fully forgiven.

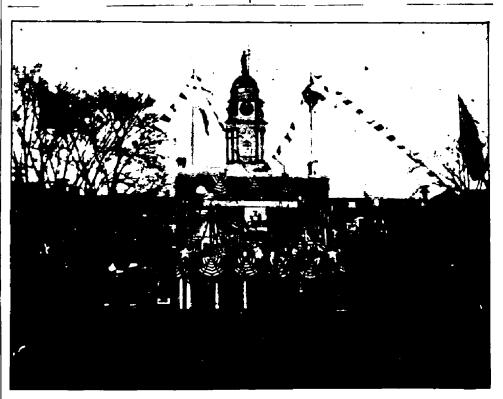
It is a maxim in a monarchy that "the It is pleasant king can do no wrong." to find one who, having done a wrong. was humble enough to confess it, and beg pardon, even of a servant.

Teacher—"Can any of you tell me why flannel is comfortable in winter?

Yankee Doodle in Europe.

John Quincy Adams once told how our National Air was introduced among Europeans. He and Henry Clay and three others were in Ghent, in Belgium, as commissioners of the United States, making a treaty with Great Britain at The bandmaster came to our band. commissioners and asked for our National Air. "It is 'Yankee Doodle,'-" said they. "Yankee Doodle? What is that? Where shall I find it? By whom was it composed? Can you furnish me with the

score?" Not much. They were at their wit's end. It was another kind of score they had come to settle. At last a happy thought came to them: Henry Clay had a colored boy with him for a servant, and, of course, he could whistle; and, of course, he knew "Yankee Doodle" by heart. So they sent for him and the the close of the war of 1812. There was problem was solved. The colored boy to be a big banquet, with the diplomatic whistled and the bandmaster jotted corps present, and the music of each nadown the air: "and before night," said tion represented was to be played by the Mr. Adams, "'Yankee Doodle' was set to so many parts that you would hardly have known it." And it came out the next day in all the pride and pomp and circumstance of a royal brass band, to the edification of the majesty and nobility of Europe.



THE CITY HALL IN NEW YORK CITY, showing the hall as it looked on the occasion of the welcoming in of the New Century. This picture is by George H. Clay, of Long Island City.

Your Country Wants You

(Continued from front page.)

builder of your own fortune—as an optimistic philosopher, to spread content among your fellows.

You can only be what your country demands by attending to the business of making all possible out of yourself. Then make that your everlasting aim. If you do this, then under any system of government and amid any social conditions you will be safe; for the world must always want the competent man-the man who can do things better than can other men.

If you set out to be a lawyer, be a lawyer, and don't let the siren voice of politics, or speculation, or trade prevent your being the best lawyer in the community. No client is safe in the hands of a lawyer who locks his door and throws away the key at the mere suggestion of "office"; for politics and business were never successfully wedded.

If you set out to be a christian minister, preach Christ from the start to finish, and let others teach

the isms of the day, and leave to the theater and the with luxuriant manes and tails that swept the ground. rostrum the business of entertaining.

If you set out be a physician, heal the sick, and be not satisfied till day after day you have mastered and practiced the latest and best that science and discovery have attained, and this will keep you busy. Leave to others the work of the "quack."

If you set out to be a mechanic, be the best in your community, and be content with the honor and emolument this will surely bring.

Men who say there is no room for young men nowadays are deceivers. You will invariably find such men to be failures themselves-and men who under the very best of conditions would fail.

Providence sometimes throws obstacles in the path of young men, diverting their energies into strange channels; but, young man, be sure that the obstacles are the work of Providence. Generally they are not, for success in any field is a matter simply of overcoming obstacles.

There is no "bent" in one's disposition or talents that tends half so much to success as the back "bent" to the yoke of common, unremitting, contented work.

They were small but spirited looking animals. Most of them were quietly grazing, while others were capering about and playing like a company of school. boys.

For some minutes the four friends lay close in the grass on the edge of the mesa watching and admiring the beautiful sight, each boy choosing the pony that he would like to have and changing his mind as fast as his eye moved from one pretty fellow to another. Each boy was crazy to capture and own one of the animals. Uncle Bob was busy laying plans to get at least one to take the place of "Spareribs."

After a few minutes of whispered conversation, in which it was agreed that Frank should remain where he was with an eye on the baggage at the foot of the slope, and that the others should take the three horses and go for a chase, Mr. Sinclair and the two other boys ran quietly down from their hiding place and proceeded to unpack their horses, so as to leave them no encumbrance save their saddles, bridles and lassos, the boys wild with excitement and Mr. Sinclair keeping up a running fire of advice and suggestion to aid them in the chase.

CHAPTER XIX.

The boys had had some practice already in handling the lasso, but it was necessary for Mr. Sinclair to give them a little additional instruction, and particularly to warn them not to get in front of the drove after it was stampeded, as the danger of getting run over and trampled under foot was great.

When all was ready, the little company waved good-bye to Frank, and rode along the base of the slope in order to come up on the other side of the drove at a point where they could approach nearest to it without their presence being known. After riding a short distance Mr. Sinclair halted and dismounted, the boys following his example. They then led their ponies slowly up the hill, carefully picking their way that the crackle of sticks or the sound of noofs might not warn the wild horses of their approach.

When near the summit they mounted their horses again. Mr. Sinclair then directed the boys to take their lassos from the horns of their saddles, wind them about the left arm, and hold the noose in the right hand. These lassos were thongs of rawhide some fifteen yards in length, braided, and having a running noose fixed at the end.

When they had followed instructions and were ready for the start they gave the word to their ponies with a bound they reached the level together, not twenty yards away from the edge of the drove. Pausing not even for an instant, the three horsemen bounded forward, and at the same instant every horse's head in the drove was thrown in the air, and with snorting, rearing and plunging, the whole mass went galloping away. The riders spurred their horses to the utmost, driving directly after the flying host. Mr. Sinclair, after going an hundred feet. drove his pony to the right, hoping to outflank the flying drove and cause them to circle round, and thus keep them from running in the direction of Frank. whose hiding place was almost directly in line with the forward movement. Jack and Ned followed as best they could, and, when close upon the frightened animals, got ready to throw their lassos.

Ned singled out a black fellow of sturdy build that with flowing mane and tail made a pretty picture as on the very edge of the drove he plunged along. When almost abreast of his intended prize, the boy let fly his lasso, but the noose dropped on the back of the black horse and slid off to the ground. The time lost in gathering it in for another throw could not be regained, and the chase was off for Ned.

Jack had his eye on a pure white horse—a little beauty of splendid proportions. Nothing tempted him to let go his lasso for any other prey, after his eyes lit upon this beautiful animal. "I'll have you. my beauty," cried Jack at the top of his voice, as leaning far over his horse's neck he whirled the noose of his rawhide thong about his head. Then the white horse gave a plunge and for a moment was lost amid the struggling mass. Jack drove his own horse straight at the first opening that he saw in the flying forms, and, scattering them with his shouts. he soon came again alongside of the white horse. Unmindful of his danger, he was now almost suirounded by flying heads and feet. The dust from the mesa completely covered him, but the boy's eyes readily distinguished the glistening sides of the wild horse he was pursuing.

"Ah, there you are, old fellow; you can't get away again," he cried, and "whiz" went the lasso. For a moment the noose seemed to stand still in mid air: then it settled directly over the head and neck of the white horse. Jack's heart gave a great jump. He had caught his prize.

Mr. Sinclair was now giving his whole attention to turning the course of the frightened drove. By great effort he had forced his horse nearly abreast of the leaders, but not yet had he driven them one inch from the straight course. Wasting no time in catching horses, using his lasso for a whip, and yell-



(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. On arriving at Denver the trapper leaves them and Sinclair and the boys buy their outfit and start on the trail for Pike's Peak along the foot of the mountains. The first evening in camp Sinclair tells the boys a story, and Ned's pony makes a dash for home, but is captured by Sinclair. The day following Frank is lost among the mountains. He kills a stag, and spends a night alone in a canyon. He is captured by Indians, taken to their camp, escapes death by its being discovered that his captors are friendly to Uncle Bob, the Indian painter. He makes friends with the Indians, who adopt him as one of their tribe. He goes on a buffalo hunt with them, and is saved from being run down by a buffalo buil by a shot from the rifle of Uncle Bob, who suddenly appears on the scene. Uncle Bob relates how he, Ned and Jack searched for Frank and finally found him. They leave the Indian ramp, and after a day's travel come upon bear tracks and they have an adventure with a bear and her cubs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

For several days after the events narrated in the preceding chapter nothing unusual occurred in the lives of the three boys. By easy stages they followed the mountain trail toward Pike's Peak, enjoying every inch of the way but keeping well together and running no further risks of accident and delay such as had already made their journey much longer than they had expected it would be. They had at the start planned to be at the home of Mr. Sinclair, in the shadow of the big mountain, in three or four days at the outside, and they had now been nearly two weeks on the way and had still some distance to go; but they were enjoying it, getting muscles like iron, faces and hands as brown as an Indian's, and appetites that could scarcely await the signal to pitch camp and

They had become hardened to the saddle, and had felt at home on the back of a bucking pony. It was no trick at all for any one of the three to draw rein, jerk his gun to his shoulder, and bring down a bird on the wing, or put a quietus on a jack rabbit that, frightened from cover, was making a streak across

One thing of somewhat serious interest happened several days after the little company had the experience with the bears: Jack's pony was bitten by a getting a new mount, having rattlesnake. The poor beast soon began to show the effects of the poison, and with all the poulticing and of the others and crouching in the grass, careful handling that Uncle Bob could give it, matters grew worse until it was evident the animal could go no farther and that it must be shot.

Jack was heartbroken, for "Spareribs" was a good horse, and being the first one Jack had ever owned he had come to love it, ugly though it was; so when

if he were talking to a human being, and then arose, turned his back, and ran out of the camp as fast as he could, so as not to hear or see when Uncle Bob ended the poor animal's misery.

With but three horses for four persons and a lot of baggage, the little party found itself in an unfortunate situation. The only thing to do was for each one to take a turn at walking, for on the rough and uncertain path up and down the sides of the mountains and along rocky ravines, the burden of two to go, at the same time spurring them forward, and riders on one beast was too great.

After the well-aimed bullet of Uncle Bob's gun had done its work, the boys rolled a big rock to the animal's head, and on it Uncle Bob put the words,

OUR FRIEND-"SPARERIBS," A GOOD PONY.

In the course of the day the company regained its usual good spirits, and then something happened that threw everything else for the time out of mind.

Uncle Bob said he saw indications in several places of the presence of a drove of wild horses. The travelers were just then ascending a hill that formed an approach to a mesa, or open table land, nestling between two ranges of mountains.

"Like as not we'll see a lot of them when we reach the level," said Mr. Sinclair; and, soon, Jack, who,



Leaving their horses at the foot of the hill, Mr. Sinclair, Frank and Ned went up the hill cautiously the moment came to put an end to its suffering, Jack to reconnoiter. Sure enough! There they were, of ing at his own horse and bringing down upon his threw his arms about its neck and said good-bye as all colors from jet black to milk white, some pied, rump the loops of leather cord, he dashed ahead to



of the lot."

conquered.

the saddle.

save the life of Frank, who lay concealed directly in the path of the oncoming avalanche.

But Frank had seen his danger. At first he was rooted to the spot by the excitement of the unusual tened a pair of hopples on the animal's fore feet and spectacle; then all of a sudden realizing his danger, ne looked about him for a place of safety. A great rock lay halfway down the slope part way embedded in the soil. Running to this, he crouched behind it just as the foremost of the struggling mass tore by him, sending the stones and loose earth flying in all directions. Wave after wave of flying animals thundered about him. His eyes were blinded, and his nose and throat were choking with dust, while his face and hands were bruised with flying stones.

When the last wave had passed he crept out from his shelter and ran to the place where the baggage had been left, to find it trampled into an indescribable mass. Just then, at the top of the hill, Uncle Bob appeared, hatless and horseless, waving his arms and shouting with joy on seeing him safe-if not sound.

In his anxiety Mr. Sinclair had forgotten Jack and Ned, so as soon as he had found Frank he hastened

JOE'S POINT OF VIEW

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CORA YOUNG WILES

Say! granpa, we've had lots of fun since school let out last spring.

We've swum and waded, fished and played, and done most ev'ry thing.

We had a gay croquet set, but we fussed 'bout ev'ry

We all got in our new chair swing together, just the game.

Ernest and me, we had a tent beneath an old pear

With sawdust floor and brickbat stove that drew quite bootailee.

We caught and cooked our own green frogs, our fish and crawfish, too,

And fried potatoes with fat meat like all the campers do.

The girls a really true play house had, with windows and a door,

cooked upon a truly range, with carpet on the

They mussed with ice cream, candy and with salad, cake and tea,

They made some smoky coffee and it suited Ern and

And, gee-mi-nee! just when we'd want a little time to play. We'd haf to rake and clean the yard and haul the dirt

away, And feed and water all our pets-our gold fish and

white rats-But Nettie in the kitchen always feeds the dog and cats.

And once, when all the family was visitin' the farm, I hoed potatoes, fed the pigs, picked beans 'n' gath-

And lots of other vegetabuls, ezackly like a man,

And folks all think I farm as well almost as farmers

And now we have a pony; ain't our papa just a brick? And all the time outside of school on pony's back we stick.

As four can't ride her all at once, each has a pony day

And gets to use Miss Nell alone 'cause turn about's fair play.

And soon we'll hunt our skates and sleds for Winter's very near,

We'll make snow men, go coasting—'tis the best time of the year.

At night we'll carve and draw and paste, be busy, ev'ry one.

And mamma'll read us stories—say! I'm glad old summer's gone.

TURNING POINTS IN A BOY'S LIFE

EIGHTH ARTICLE OF A SERIES

BEGINNING TO SAVE.

Comparatively few boys ever reach the point where they begin to save. Most boys, at some time in their lives, make spasmodic efforts in the direction of saving money; but as for acquiring the habit or making the thing permanent, they simply never do it.

The saving habit is not a natural one with boysnor is it with men. Occasionally a young fellow is By actual experience with children I know that the found who seems to value money for what it will bring prospectively as well as immediately; but as a rule boys value it only as it is measured in things to eat, things to wear, things to have fun with, now. The future value of a dollar as a savjor from want and the numerous burdens of middle and old age does not count for a moment with them as against its present value in things that make for to-day's enjoyment.

Now, in nothing are men but "children of a larger growth" more truly than in their proneness to enjoy be saved. A father may agree with his boy that he can begin to learn the necessity of saving part of the present at the expense of the future. We all take every time the boy lays by a nickel or a dime, or any what is given to him. the words of Holy Writ too literally in daily life in our taking no thought for the morrow. But there is nothing in the Bible that really teaches improvidence, and certainly everything in nature teaches against it.

Our sober sense, and the experience of mankind generally, tell us, also, that the boy who does not learn early to save a part of what he gets as against the needs of the future, is in a fair way to come to want, and that he is taking long chances, to say the least.

I suppose that any fair minded boy will admit that it is desirable to lay up money against a rainy day, but he will probably couple with the admission the assertion that as soon as he makes something beyond his expenses he is going to commence to save. Fatal assertion! Such a time seldom comes to boy or man. rightly used: and if a college education is not wanted so many and so frequent, with the word of counsel Experience shows that expenses grow with income, it will, if added to until the boy is able to go into and of warning. Teach boys to save.

and many a man utters the sad confession that he was happier and got along with less worry on his small for the establishment of a business. income of the earlier years than he does now with the greater income.

Then cautiously approaching the horse's head and

tightening the lasso as he went, Mr. Sinclair fas-

run a noose around its under jaw; then he loosened

the noose about the neck of the animal. So soon as

it got its breath again it reared and plunged until

its sides were covered with foam. The boys expected

every moment to see the horse throw itself over on

its back, but Mr. Sinclair firmly held it by the rope

hausted, Mr. Sinclair approached its head hand over

hand along the cord by which he held it; then plac-

ing his hands over its eyes he breathed into its nostrils—a method early adopted by the Indians for taming wild horses, and the beautiful animal stood

In another half hour the company was again on its

way, the boys riding and Mr. Sinclair leading the white horse, which as yet had not been broken to

(To be continued.)

When the frightened animal became well nigh ex-

attached to the noose about its jaw.

The habit of spending breeds itself until what at possible with one in his right senses.

It seems strange that parents who realize so forcibly their own mistakes in this direction should be so indifferent to the idea of money which their children come to have.

That the saving habit can be cultivated is certain. habit is speedily developed, and that nothing gives the young boy more genuine pride and pleasure than the seeing of his little accumulations grow from day to day, even though it be penny by penny.

It is not my purpose to point out methods of saving money or acquiring the habit of saving; these methods must differ with the varying circumstances of the individual. A boy may be taught that of any money that comes to him a certain proportion must sum, he will add to the deposit a like amount. The father will do well to start a bank account for his boy, depositing therein himself, in the boy's name, a dollar, two dollars, or more every Saturday. I know a father whose scheme is to deposit every Saturday five dollars for his five year old boy. Sometimes it troubles him a little to get the money into the bank, but he manages it somehow. At the age of sixteen, when the boy is ready for college, he will an old age of positive want. have to his credit, counting accumulated interest, over three thousand dollars, which, at even an extravagant estimate, should give him four years in col-

business for himself, supply him with ample capital

As to where to put money in safety, it is not my purpose to say. Most young men need to put their money where it will be as far away as possible from one time was an extravagance now seems a trivial the temptation of using it. A good bank paying a thing and, perhaps, a necessity; things are now done reasonable interest on deposits is generally considunhesitatingly which once were deemed silly and imered a safe place, but the temptation to draw it is constant. Investments in fluctuating securities, and certainly speculation in general, is a bad form of savings, as tending to create a speculative fever, than which nothing is more dangerous. Buying certain forms of insurance from long established old line insurance companies by which at the end of a stated period the investment returns to the insured with accumulations, is surely a good method, but care must be taken that the company is carefully managed and is safe. The putting of money into real estate appeals to some. The loaning of it on doubtful security is certainly to be condemned.

But the point I wish to make is that, as the productive period of life with most men ends early, the habit of saving should take root even in infancy. As soon as the little child learns what money is for,

There is no sadder reflection than that which forces itself upon us as we meet young fellows in the street exhibiting the habits of the spendthrift, and know that with the certainty of fate most of these very fellows are coming, unprepared, into the responsibilities of middle age, with wife and children, and often with father and mother, to share with them the bitter fruits of early extravagance, and later come into

O, to live life over again, with all the wisdom of experience!

But, as this is not possible, then we should live it lege and supply him with the education which, for over again, so far as possible, with the boys and the capital in life, is infinitely better than money, if girls, standing at these turning points in their lives

"Gallant John Pelham," The Boy Artillerist

The fourteenth story of a series entitled "Stories of Boy Heroes"

ANNAH ROBINSON WATSON

In the first great struggle of our nation, the grandfather of "gallant John Pelham" served as a major in Lafayette's command.

He was distinguished not only for intrepid bravery but for his kindly heart and generous, sympathetic nature. It is told of him that on one occasion at Valley Forge, when the American forces were in such sad plight, he took off the only pair of shoes he had and gave them to a poor fellow whom he happened to see walking through the snow in his bare feet, the major wearing only stockings until another pair of shoes could be secured.

From one capable of such unselfishness must descend a heritage of honor, and it was from such ancestors that the young hero, John Pelham, the boy artillerist, derived his inspiration.

His uncle, Peter Pelham, was a major in the war of 1812 and died in command at Pensacola, Florida, in

When the Civil war opened five Pelham brothers joined the Fifty first Alabama Regiment. Only two of them are now living. While all were notably brave and attained distinction, John, one of the five youngest artillery captains of the war, became justly famous.

He was born in Alabama on September 7th, 1838. and entered the Military Academy at West Point July 1st. 1856, when in his eighteenth year.

Here he quickly attracted attention by his intelligent and cheerful discharge of duty and his remarkable skill as an athlete. In fencing and boxing he was the superior of any cadet at the Academy, and his feats of horsemanship were considered marvelous. When the Prince of Wales visited West Point in 1860 he was specially interested in Pelham for his proficiency in these accomplishments, and his dash and soldierly bearing.

When the trouble between the States came he was still at the Academy. Just one week before he was to graduate and get his commission in the United States army he resigned and went South to take up arms for the people of his own section. Like the majority of his comrades, he was first Southern, then American, and sympathized with the soldier who declared: 'I would fight with France against any nation of the known world, but with Brittany against France.'

It is said that a fair daughter of Indiana assisted him to get through the lines into Kentucky. Succeeding in this, he went at once to Montgomery, Alabama, the first Confederate capital, and reported for

From Montgomery he was sent to Virginia, and at the first battle of Manassas his bravery and ability as a soldier were so conspicuous, that General Stuart had him organize for his command a six-gun battery. Some of his men were from Talladega, others were Frenchmen from Mobile, and these he placed in charge of the one Napoleon gun in the battery.

At Cold Harbor, when it was necessary to engage the Federals in a desperate skirmish that certain maneuvres might be effected, he dashed a third of a mile in advance of the force and, with only one gun, drew, the fire of an entire battery of the Federals.

At the second battle of Manassas he thrust his guns forward almost into the columns of the enemy and won a warm expression of appreciation from Stonewall Jackson, the silent, taciturn commander, who rarely gave either commendation or censure. It was here that Jackson said to Stuart: "General, if you have another Pelham, give him to me."

At Shepherdstown again he was in advance of the troops with one piece of artillery. When the enemy in overwhelming numbers were almost upon him Stuart ordered retreat. His men reluctantly obeyed the order, but Pelham seemed unconscious of the fact

that he was alone, and continued to load and fire his piece until the Federals were so close upon him that escape seemed impossible. Then he mounted one of the horses and started off with the gun. He had only gone a short distance when the horse was shot under him, but he cut its traces and mounted another. This, too, was shot, and then a third horse met the same fate, but he finally escaped with his gun through a blinding storm of shot and shell.

At Sharpsburg he showed the same superb courage and then came Fredericksburg and the climax of his glory. The little town with its cordon of hills stood ready for the baptism of blood and flame when, in November, 1862, Sumner's grand division of the Federal army moved toward it. Then two of Long-street's divisions hurried to its defense, and on the 21st they took their position on the crest of the hills. Next, Jackson's command came from the Shenandoah Valley, and, early in December, General Burnside approached with his immense force, and an attempt was made to throw a pontoon bridge across the Rappahannock river, that the troops might reach the town. The brave Mississippians, however, under Barksdale, kept up such a galling fire along the river front that they defeated nine different attempts of the Federals, and kept up the engagement until all the Confederates were in position.

On December 13th the battle opened. The Federals with their brilliant blue uniforms and glistening bayonets made a splendid appearance, while the grim veterans under Jackson, in their dull suits of butternut brown, mostly ragged and threadbare and their poor accoutrements, were in sad contrast.

The engagement opened on the Corfederate left, where Pelham stood ready with his six-gun battery. As the dense masses of the Federals advanced the artillery made great gaps in their ranks, but they still pressed on. Six desperate charges they made, all marked by the most unflinching courage and determination. Meagher's Irish brigade left its dead within twenty five paces of the wall behind which were lined the commands of Cobb, Kershaw and Ransom. John D. Renfroe gave this picture of the battle of Fredericksburg:

The flower of the South's young manhood was on the heights in double lines behind bristling and glimmering guns. Every soldier knew there was to be a fearful fight before the sun sank behind the western wood. Jackson, Stuart and Lee rode down the Confederate lines to the extreme right, followed by waves of cheers. Stuart called to Pelham and said something. Immediately he dashed down the heights, followed by one gun at a gallop. It was the "Napoleon Detachment" of Mobile Frenchmen. Onward they rushed, far down to the foot of the heights, where the road forks. There they halted, unlimbered and prepared for action. Soon they saw moving toward them steadily, with measured tread, a long, compact blue line, their bayonets glistening in the streams of sunshine. There was a flash, a boom; the earth shook around Pelham's Napoleon. Then there was a shrill, hideous, indescribable shriek of shell as it swirled through the charging lines of blue. The surging mass recoiled, halted, hesitated; then, with a demoniacal yell, pressed forward toward the single gun. The yell ceased, and for a moment there was a ghastly hush. And then there came thundering through the air from across the Rappahannock boom on boom. From southeast to east, from east to northeast; then from the north, came huge shells whirling death in their arms. Pelham had drawn upon himself the concentrated fire of half a dozen batteries-twenty four guns-yet his gun continued to roar and never failed to slaughter. No other gun on the Confederate side had yet opened, but this lone war-dog howled on. And in the half lull between the booms of the cannon there floated above the noise a sound that seemed strange on that day of multitudinous terrors-the Napoleon Detachment singing the Marseillaise as they fought their gun. Like infernal imps in tophet they flitted about in its smoke. Two armies looked on while the Mobile Frenchmen wrote history with Time wore on. Still the gun roared, and the sound of its roaring thundered through the air. General Lee said: "It is glorious to see such courage in

one so young." In his report of the battle he spoke of no one but Pelham below the rank of major-general terming him "the gallant Pelham!"

At dark the Federals withdrew, the ground was heaped with their dead and dying, and the day ended for them in most disastrous defeat.

John Pelham was now only twenty four, but the service of this great day had made him a lieutenant colonel. The order was issued but had not gone into effect when the fight occurred at Kelly's Ford, on March 17th, 1863. Here he saw a regiment wavering and dashed forward in their lead, shouting: "For ward, boys! Forward to victory and glory!

In this gallant action he fell, his brain pierced by a fragment of a shell. He died in a few hours.

General Stuart telegraphed the event, saying: noble, the chivalric, 'the gallant Pelham,' is no more. How much he was beloved, appreciated and admired let the tears of agony we shed and the gloom of mourning throughout my command, bear witness. His loss is irreparable."

In Stuart's general order announcing his death to

the division, he said:

"His eyes had glanced over every battlefield of this army, from the first Manassas to the moment of his death; and, with a single exception, he was a brilliant actor in all. The memory of 'the gallant Pelham,' his many virtues, his noble nature and purity of character are a sacred legacy in the hearts of all who knew him. His record was bright and spotless, and his career brilliant and successful."

He was calmly and recklessly brave, and saw men torn to pieces around him without emotion, "because his heart and eye were upon the stern work he was performing."

The body of the young hero was carried to Richmond; there it lay in state at the Capitol, and was then taken to the old home at Jacksonville, Alabama. for burial. The spirited lines of A. Sidney Morton deserve a place in any record of this young hero:

> "Into the hurtling storm of shell, Into the gaping mouth of hell, Pelham the dauntless dashed— Out from the meager line of gray, Out to the bloody fringe of fray, Where thousand thunders crashed.

"Lashes to straining horses plied, Cheers of defiance as they ride Under the eyes of Lee. Out of the day and into night, Clouded in smoke they ride to fight, Glorious sight to see!

"Out of that Bedlam Freedom speaks, Hear it in Pelham's Parrot's shrieks. Pelham! 'tis bravely done! In the concentring, deadly hail; Daring to die but not to fail, Pelham still fights his gun!

"What is that sound? 'Tis not a cheer-There, yet again—list! Comrades, hear! Hark, 'tis the hymn of France! Rising, the lofty anthem swells, Over the din of countless hells, Freedom defiance chants!

"Never was witnessed braver deed, Bringing of praise its richest meed, Making a deathless name— Courage sublime in one so young!'— Words from the heart of Lee he wrung, Crown of immortal fame!"

The "gallant John Pelham" had a cousin who served as private in Terry's Texas regiment. He fell while charging the enemy at Dalton, Georgia, and the Texas Legislature enacted that as he, "a hero in more than one hundred battles, had died leaving no one to bear his honored name," the child of his sister should receive it, and be called Charles Thomas Pelham, in order that so noble a name should not fail to be perpetuated.

BURIED TREASURE.

An Amusing Game Where An Old Tin Can is the Only Paraphernalia Required to Play It.

It is probable that on some occasion a number of boys were idly kicking a can about, and the game of buried treasure just evolved itself without any particular effort on their part. It is certainly a good game, and those whom I have watched play

the seem to enjoy themselves immensely.

The equipment for the game is not difficult to procure; cans are always available.

Decide by counting out who shall be "it."

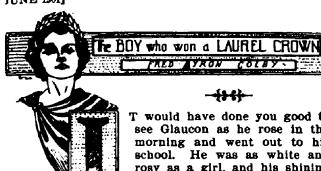
or the miser who must guard his treasure.

The miser will take a position directly over the can, his treasure, one foot on each over the can, his treasure, one foot on each side. At least, this is the position usually chosen as being the best suited for guarding the can. There is no rule, however, about this, and some boys prefer other defenses, as standing just behind the can or continually moving about it.



The other boys are brigands, and circle about, attempting to get the treasure, or in other words, kick it away without being tagged. If one succeeds, another immediately kicks it, and away goes the car down the street with a crowd of yelling brigands after it, doing their best to prevent the poor miser from regaining his position over the treasure. If the miser succeeds in tagging any boy who has kicked the can before another boy kicks it, the boy tagged becomes the miser and must stand over the treasure.

Of course, the boys who are attempting to get at the can will help one another One should attract the miser's attention in front, while another creeps up from behind, or vice versa. If the distracted guardian of the treasure turns his attention to the man behind him, the boy in front will immediately dart in, and so on. I think you will find that the game, simple as it seems, offers numerous chances for judgment and quick maneuvering.



T would have done you good to see Glaucon as he rose in the morning and went out to his school. He was as white and rosy as a girl, and his shining golden curls fell down upon his neck and shoulders, making him

look still more like a woman. He had taken a bath and anointed his skin with oil, and his graceful white tunic, which had no sleeves and was belted at the waist, left a good many bare spots on his lithe. olive-colored body. He wore no shoes, only a pair of sandals, which were mere soles fastened upon his feet with straps.

He did not stop for breakfast; Greek boys know of no such meal; they eat only twice a day, at noon and at night. So he went down into the court, with its splashing fountain, which was used for the family sitting room, where he found his mother at work with her distaff, or perhaps making some fine embroidery. using gay-colored crewels which she drew through tight linen meshes, making a border of red and yellow and purple flowers.

"Good morning, Glaucon, did the gods give thee a pleasant slumber and sweet dreams?" asked the lady, to whom the boy bore a marvelous resemblance, having the same dark eyes, soft pink flesh, and curling golden hair. She wore a sleeveless robe buttoned upon her white shoulders by heavy golden clasps, and her head was crowned, after the fashion of Athenian dames, by a silver ampyx, which gave her a tall, stately appearance.

"Oh, thank you, mother, yes; and how beautiful Aurora decked the sky this morning!

Glaucon was thirteen years old, and for several years his education had been given him by male tutors. He lived away from his mother in the men's apartments, but every morning he came down to see the beautiful woman who had been his earliest teacher. It was a beautiful thing for him to do, and his mother appreciated it.

Eurigine, wife of the great archon Callimachus, regarded her son with a loving gaze as he stood before her in the morning light.



"Thou art growing handsome, Glaucon," she said. "Soon thou wilt be a man, and I shall have a boy no longer.'

She kissed him upon his brow. "And thou wilt be a brave man, too, Glaucon. All the men of thy house have been heroes. I shall be proud of thee some day. 'Shall I be as great as Alcman was?" asked the lad, with an eager face. "That would be fame indeed."

"Yes, perhaps as great as Alcman himself, who knows, if thou art brave and faithful and true!" answered his mother.

Glaucon walked to a corner of the open court where among others stood the bust of his heroic ancestor who died fighting the Persian foe at Marathon, the face of a grave, stern man.

Glaucon glanced at the shadow of the sun in the courtyard; it was time for his music lesson, so he kissed his mother good-by, drew his himation over his shoulders, and passed out to go to his schoolroom.

These lessons he took from an Ionian singing master, learning how to play both on the lyre and the harp. He was already a good singer and could accompany his harp with his voice in many difficult pieces. Every day, too, he spent several hours in the gym- Alpheus, and stretched his limbs by a short run then, he fails. A dozen rods only intervene. They

This was a pleasant change after poring over the abacus and strumming on the lyre, and he entered into it with all the enthusiasm of a young Greek.

No race ever held the physical training of its youth of so much importance as did the ancient Greeks. They had high ideals of manly beauty and vigor, and their standards could be reached only after the most exacting training. For three years, until he was sixteen, Glaucon spent the larger part of his time in the gymnasium. There were no weeks in his school year. The Greeks cut their month into decades instead of weeks. The only vacations he had were the regular festivals, of which there were quite a number in ancient Athens. At some of these there were games and gymnastic exercises, and there it was Glaucon first discovered his abilities as a runner. He easily won a race over all the practiced athletes, and received a crown of flowers from the hands of the fairest maidens of his "city of the violet crown," as the poets termed Athens.

He was now over seventeen, a strong, sturdy youth, with the limbs of a young Apollo and the endurance of a deerhound. It was very important to be a good runner, for war was the great occupation of the ancient peoples, and a Greek army always ran into battle shouting a grand pæon; and to be a famous runner and win prizes, that was something to be proud of. Glaucon now began to take special training, for he had made up his mind to contend for a prize at the Olympic games.

The Olympic games, which took place once in four years at Olympia, in the Peloponnesus, was the great national festival of Helias. Their splendor and importance can hardly be understood to-day. The victors at these games won not only deathless fame, but glory was reflected upon their native cities. On more than one occasion the walls of a city were pulled down to admit a conqueror at the Olympic games, to signify that, with such a champion inside, no walls were needed as a defence. Scarcely inferior to the fame of a Miltiades or a Pausanius was that of a victor in these games.

The month of the one hundred and seventeenth Olympic festival was at hand, and everyone was wending his way to the Peloponnesian city. Among others went Glaucon, accompanied by his father and a crowd of Athenian citizens. It was bright summer weather, and as they approached Olympia, crowds from other Greek cities met and intermingled. It was noticeable that no women were to be seen among the gay processions; they were not permitted to grace the festival with their presence. Every city of Hellas (which included many islands) and the cities of Magna Grecia, in Italy, and of Cyrene, in Africa, sent representatives to the games, and if there happened to be war between two cities, a truce ensued so that each could go peaceably to the festival.

Beautiful was Olympia in the summer time, nestling in the valley of the Alpheus, under the grim shadow of Mount Cronium. The vast concourse of people gathered there made it seem like a gay and splendid camp. The whole valley teemed with life, and the thousands of voices made of it a Babel. Gay Ionians and stern Dorians met as brothers of one family, and the victors of former contests were welcomed with an enthusiasm that was denied to kings. Next to the old-time heroes, attention was directed to the young athletae who were to contend for the prizes. Glaucon found himself an object of interest to many a keen-eyed, supple Greek, and he heard whispers: " He is to contend in the racing match day after tomorrow. He is the son of Callimachus, one of the archons of Athens."

A group of Spartans passed by; they eyed the Attic champion with bold and critical eyes.

'A strutting turkey cock," exclaimed one. "We'll pull out some of those gay feathers of his before he goes back to the violet city. He hasn't got the wind, and his legs are too long."

Glaucon looked at the speaker, who was a strong, sturdy Dorian, magnificently formed, and wore his hair long in the Spartan fashion. Glaucon's own locks were shorn, and only short, crisp curls adorned his head. The Spartan returned his gaze with a scornful toss of his head and passed on, but the young Athenian afterwards learned that he was to be one of his competitors in the coming race.

The first day of the festival was mainly devoted to sacrifices and to preparations for the games. All went to worship in the great temple of Olympian Zeus. There Glaucon saw the great statue of the god, carved by Phidias, which was one of the wonders of the world. "Hail to Zeus!" was the cry of the gathered thousands, and the Athenian lad bowed before the majestic Loure of the Cloud Compeller, towering forty feet high on his lofty throne. Many costly libations were poured, and the choral hymns swelled in praise to the gods. The running race was to take place on the second day. The judges had previously been selected, consisting of ten venerable citizens of Elis, who were distinguished by their purple robes. They were to oversee all the games, pass judgment upon the contests, and award the prizes.

Glaucon slept finely the preceding night, and awoke

nasium, practicing boxing, wrestling and running, among the olive groves. Scarcely had he eaten his and other athletic sports with boys of his own age. morning meal of bread and radishes when the heralds morning meal of bread and radishes when the heralds announced the opening of the foot race. The grave, gray-haired Callimachus laid his hands upon his son's shoulders and wished him godspeed, or, in other words, asked great Zeus to bless him. Glaucon simply answered, "Thou shalt not be made ashamed, my

> The next moment he was pressing forward with the other contestants to draw lots for places in the foot race. These lots were in a silver urn, and those who drew the first four numbers took their places upon the course for the first race. Glaucon was one of this number and took his place with three others at the head of the course.

> The convenience of the Greek dress is now made apparent, for the boys have only to unfasten their chitons at the shoulder and letting them fall, they



The Spartan passed on with a scornful toss of his head.

stand in a condition to start at once in the race. They are perfect in form and condition; their flesh is round and hard, and their very skins shine with the healthy glow of youth. They have been in training for months and years. No slight effort will fatigue them.

Glaucon glances over the faces and figures of his rivals. There is only one that he recognizes. It is the Spartan youth who taunted him. He makes up his mind that the struggle will lie between the haughty Dorian and himself; so he nerves himself for the supreme effort.

The course for the runners embraces a mile, the whole length of the stadium. The starting point and the goal are each marked by a square pillar. The line of starting is formed by a rope which restrains the impetuous runners, who stand abreast eager to commence the struggle for renown before the mighty assembly. The heralds of the Hellenodicae proclaim the name and country of each competitor. First they name Glaucon, of Athens; next Cleon, of Corinth; then Lyxes, of Argos; and last, Diagoras, of Sparta. Our young Athenian knows at last the name of the foe who is to try his endurance. He has no time, however, to scan critically his formidable competitor.

The signal is given at last, the rope falls, and the competitors spring forward like winged messengers of the gods. Each does his level best, but before the distance is half covered it is apparent to the crowd of spectators that the struggle for victory lies between two-Glaucon, the Athenian, and Diagoras, the Spartan. They have left the other two far behind, and are rushing with flying feet towards the goal. Side by side are these two. Neither one seems to gain an inch upon the other. Set grimly are the Spartan's lips. He is straining every muscle to its utmost. The perspiration glistens on his bright, naked body. Glaucon, too, is quivering all over from the effort he is making.

Two-thirds of the distance is passed, and neither has gained upon the other. Glaucon is doing his utmost, but the dogged persistence of the Spartan is not to be overcome. He can feel his own heart beat like a sledge hammer striking an anvil, and his head feels light as air. He hears nothing but the panting breath of the struggling Spartan and sees only that straining, magnificent form. Just before him now is the goalthe square, white pillar of stone, beside which sit the solemn judges looking like kings in their purple robes. It towers like a mountain, filling the whole space before him. He must reach there first or die. To him it is not merely a contest between his strength and that of Diagoras. It goes beyond mere personal rivalry. Athens and Sparta stand opposed, and as the representative of the violet city he must not with a thrill of expectation in the early light of the suffer defeat or win a dubious victory. At the very summer morning. He bathed in the waters of the last he will make a supreme effort; if he fails, why the vast crowd. There is no shouting. Not a single whisper these words in my ear, and under their in- are now as great as Alcman, thy great grandfather, voice cries "Glory to Athens!" or "Renown to Lace- spiration I darted forward and won the prize, half my Go and praise the gods, for through them thou didst daemon!"

straining figures leaping over the sand. Men hold their breath in the excitement of the moment. Which will win, the supple Athenian or the sturdy Spartan? A hundred thousand anxious hearts watch and wait. The suspense is soon over. A rod before the goal is reached the expectant thousands see the lithe young Athenian shoot forward half his length as if moved by some invisible power. The next instant his hand is on the goal. At the same instant the Spartan falls forward upon the ground, blood pouring from his mouth and

A roar of applause proclaims the triumph. When it subsides the heralds of the Hellenodicae proclaim the name and country of the victor, which is followed by a deafening acclaim from the enormous crowd. Glaucon is raised aloft on the shoulders of half a dozen Athenian youths, who carry him out of the throng to his father, the laurel crown of an Olympian victor upon his shining golden hair.

Can you imagine how the boy victor was received at Athens when the throngs returned home from Olympia? The gates were pulled down to admit Callimachus and his son, for the former had won a chariot race with his four black horses, and the air was vocal with the cheers of the populace. Garlands were spread before them, and the well-trained chorus sang the triumphal ode. But after the sacrifices and the banquets Glaucon sought his motner,

in the room where she sat with her maidens.
"My dear mother," he cried, "I owe it all to you, and to your training. It was your words, courage, faithfulness and honor, that saved

are still side by side. A breathless hush comes over | me. At the last moment I seemed to hear some one | Every eye is fastened upon these sinewy, length ahead of the bragging Spartan.



Shoot forward as if moved by some invisible power.

"And, my son," answered the proud mother, "you Go and praise the gods, for through them thou didst win thy victory."

The Farm Boy.

A song for those who a-roving go. And a song for those who linger By the cross-roads gray, where the guide-post tall

Lifts its homeward-pointing finger. And brave is he who, in untrod ways, Dwells 'mid alien scenes and faces; But a hero, too, makes his home-bounds sure

In the happy old farm-places.

trove

The farm boy hears, in the summer noon, Over hill and over valley, How the siren Fame hath her treasure

Where the fortune seekers rally; But the true heart turns to the waiting plow.

To the well-loved commonplaces; And he knows no joys like the smiles that shine

On the welcome homeland faces.

A song for those 'neath the apple trees, On the open meadows toiling, Where there comes few claims of the world-unrest,

Peace of mind and home despoiling. Their fathers' share in the well-worn glebe

Guard they well from alien races; And the farmland blooms through the smiling length

And the breadth of the dear home--F. W. Hutt. places.

A That Larkin Boy A

LIDA MAY SMITH

"Be somebody! There is room enough for every boy to have an honorable place in the world. He only surroundings are, boys, you can rise above

them if you only will." These words of Dave Larkin's teacher were ringing in his ears while he was doing his evening chores. Dave's home was a miserable affair, but it was the only home he had ever known. Dave's father was a drunkard. His mother was a good, honest, hardworking woman; but with ten mouths to feed and only one pair of hands to work with, it was no wonder that the family was considered shiftless.

"Dave Larkin is a nice boy," said his schoolmates, "but we can't ask him to our homes, you know, because he is so ragged, and his father is a drunkard."

But in spite of his old clothes Dave had truthful eyes. If you looked sharply into his face you would see that underneath all the show of poverty and neglect Dave was a good boy. He was naturally ambitious, and many and many a time had vowed that he would not be like his father but would try to be a good and great man.

The encouraging words of the teacher fanned the spark of ambition in Dave's breast into a flame. "I will—I will be some-body!" he said to himself. "Nothing shall hinder me."

There was something of the sublime in the resolution of that ragged boy, made with clenched fists and tightly compressed lips.

Dave said nothing about his determina-

tion to any one, but every afternoon after school as he brought the cows home he quoted with no decent clothes to wear and you would all be bursting into the room.

sweeping gestures from the speeches of Daniel Web- ashamed to have me speak."

The little woman put ster and Henry Clay, and every evening that he could get away from home he spent at the parsonage reading the books the minister gave him. At school he you will succeed." worked hard, and if he didn't stand at the head of the class he came near enough doing so to make every-

body respect him.

were intensely excited over a prize debating contest. A gold medal had been offered for the best oration. The winner was to be sent at the expense of a philanthropic gentleman to the State Oratorical Contest,



which was to take place in another city on New Year's "I know you are going to try for the medal," said Dave's teacher to him one day. "What, me?" asked Dave, reddening to the tips of needs determination, to win it. No matter what your his fingers. "I'm afraid I can't, sir. You see, I have speaker before him had been greeted with flowers

'Never mind the clothes, my boy. Go into the contest, and go in to win! Do your best, and I believe

theme the lives of men who, by their own efforts, had ody respect him.

Just then the pupils of the Glendale High School evening, with old "Bossy" for an audience.

Dave was ashamed to tell his schoolmates that he was going to try for the medal, for he knew that they would only laugh at him. When the evening of the contest came he did not go forward with the rest but sat in an obscure corner. He felt that there would be no welcome for him, with his old patched clothes, in a conspicuous place among the welldressed boys and girls.

Dave's name was the last one called. Every

and applause. Dave stepped upon the platform and a murmur went throughout the audience that sounded very much like disapproval.

What a shame for the teacher to let him speak!" whispered one.

Then a clear ringing voice told of the great men whom the world loved to honor-men who had worn shabby clothes—who had known what it was to be poor and hungry. The speaker seemed to forget everything excepting that he was living with his heroes. His voice was earnest, appealing, enthusiastic. Before he had said a dozen sentences his audience was with him. They soon forgot about his clothes. They felt only the burning earnestness of the speaker. They failed to applaud his eloquent periods lest they might lose a word. They felt that they were in the presence of genius, and at his closing words, "Let us not be bound by poverty and misfortune, but let us make our own lives so pure and noble, so full of good deeds that the world will honor us for what we have done," the audience broke into a storm of applause.

Dave won the medal; and when some one proposed "Three cheers for Dave Larkin," every man, woman and child in the audience joined in the hurrah.

With sparkling eyes and burning cheeks Dave ran all the way home, where a tired little woman with aching eyes sat patching a well-worn coat.

"Mother, I have won the medal," he cried.

The little woman put down her sewing, took the pretty ornament in her hands and, baptizing it in a

flood of tears, pinned it on the breast of her boy.

And when "Old Man Larkin," as the village called Dave went to work with a will. He took as his him, heard what his boy had done, and saw the prize he had won, he said:

"Wife, I'm going to quit. A fellow that's got a boy like that had ought ter be somethin' himself."

My Mother's Pumpkin Pie. THURMAN HATTON, AGE 19, LAS CRUCES, N. M. Often when I sit me down. To think of things gone by, My thoughts will often wander To my mother's pumpkin pie. Of all happy situations, I will often give a sigh. And will wish I had a slice, Of my mother's pumpkin pie.

V. hen Christmas time was coming. And the turkey had to die, I kept thinking of dessert, And my mother's pumpkin pie.

Often when we were kept in, On account of a cloudy sky, Nothing tasted any better Than my mother's pumpkin pie. My little sister Mary Doted on the bread of rye. But rye bread was not in it To my mother's pumpkin pie.

You may go down to the bak'ry, And purchase sweet meats—but my! The bak'ry's pies ain't in it To my mother's pumpkin pie.

When I was a little mad, Then began to scold and cry, Oh! nothing soothed me quicker Than my mother's pumpkin pie.

Talk about jams and jellies That you've got to go and buy. They are nothing to compare With my mother's pumpkin pie.





How Boys Make Money.

Harper Annat, Wooster, Ohio—I have ound out a new way of making money. I go to houses of our neighbors in the norning when it snows and shovel off the snow. They pay me five or ten cents.

Merritt C. Stark, Livermore, Iowa-I make money by trapping. I have got twenty traps. I have made about eight dollars. This winter I caught fifteen muskrats. I have got a double-barreled shotgun and go hunting quite often.

Paul Wolf, Pleasantville, N. Y.—A while ago you asked the boys to write and tell you what we did, so I think I will tell you what I do. I have a paper route and sell about one hundred papers a night. I make about two dollars and fifty cents a week, and my father is going to save it and buy me land by and by. me land by and by.

Raymond Moore Remick, Philadelphia, Pa., age fifteen, says: "I have read in your paper of a boy who made eighteen dollars last summer selling vegetables. With a piece of ground about twenty five by thirty five feet, which I planted with parsley, I made fifty dollars over and above my expenses, which were ninety cents. I sold the parsley at restaurants in Philatelphia."

Henry C. Brose, Plainfield, N. J.—You want to know how I make money. Well, I go for milk every evening for a man, and I get seventy-five cents a month. I don't have to go very far, and I get some exerise that way. For the last two years I have been selling soap. In the summer I cut grass and do odd jobs, and make money to pay for the subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY.

Eugene H. Blake, Greenwood. S. C.—I wish to say to the "boys" that one of the best and easiest ways of making a little money is the planting and selling of vegetable plants, such as cabbage, tomato, pepper, eggplant, etc. Last year I tried the business and had great success, although a man in the same town was in the business aiready. Select good seeds, and a good spot in the garden near a fence or wall, where your plants can get plenty of the morning sun. You can get any seed attalogue that will tell you how to prepare and make a good hot-bed for your plants, so as to protect them. Work them often and keep them well watered, and you will have success. Never ask too much for your plants and people will buy them readily. They will sell well at ten cents a liozen, except the cabbage plants, which bring from twenty to twenty five cents per second of the second

Senator Depew to the Young Hen.

Senator Depew to the Young Flen.

Senator Depew is reported recently to have said: "Society is ruinous to young men. The young man needs all his energy all his vital force for his career. A few days ago I was in the office of a lawyer—tine lawyer—one of the most distinguished men in New York, and he and I were dissussing this very subject. He has two-ons who are very popular in society. They are clever young fellows, were great avorites at college—foot ball and all the st of it, you know—and now are simply verwhelmed with social attentions. In their ither's office is a young man who is studying law. He is about the same age as the inwyer's sons. Being very poor, he comensates for his opportunity to study by usting the office furniture, etc. I noticed hat an industrious, capable fellow he as, and spoke to the lawyer about it, and come than agreed with me in admiring the young man's spirit. "What worries he,' he said, 'is the thought that when I me gone he will probably be at the head of this business and my sons will be in is employ—if he cares to employ the mentions of the proposed of the lawyer about it, and the really spoke as if there might be serious question whether his sons would be worth employing."

You see what society can do for a young man.

A boy at seventeen can practically de-termine for himself whether he will be a leech on society or whether he will be detected and successful man.

Home is the first, the most important and most enduring school of character.

JAMES A. GARFIELD ON BOYS

I FEEL A PROFOUNDER REVER-ENCE FOR A BOY THAN FOR A MAN. I NEVER MEET A RAGGED BOY OF THE STREET WITHOUT FEELING THAT I MAY OWE HIM A SALUTE, FOR I KNOW NOT WHAT POSSIBILITIES MAY BE BUTTONED UP UNDER HIS SHAB-BY COAT. WHEN I MEET YOU IN THE FULL FLUSH OF MATURE LIFE, I SEE NEARLY ALL THERE IS OF YOU; BUT AMONG THE BOYS ARE THE GREAT MEN OF THE FUTURE: THE HEROES, STATES-MEN AND PHILOSOPHERS OF THE NEXT GENERATION.



AN IDAHO READER OF THE AMERICAN BOY. Photo by Eddie Manion, Mountain Homa, Ida,



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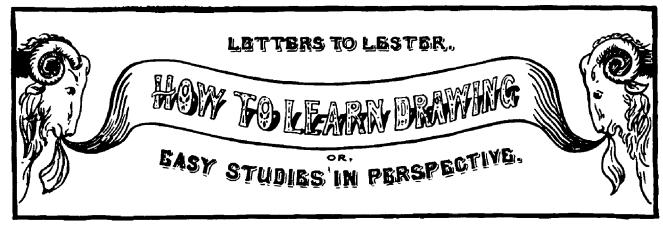
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My Dear Lester:.

to me about learning to draw, and I believe every boy should want to understand the subject as But our be earnestly as you do. If other boys knew what a field lighthouse. for enjoyment such knowledge would open up for them they would be just as anxious to know how to draw as you are-just as much so as they are to play marbles. When I see a boy going about with a camera snapping it at this and that, I always feel like telling him to learn to draw and he will get a great deal more of real enjoyment out of the pictures which he makes himself. Which is the more enjoyable—to bring home a lot of photographs, or a lot of your own bright sketches from a summer's vacation? I know what you think about it, anyway, and I am going to write you a few letters showing how it can be done, and then, if THE AMERICAN BOY publishes them for the benefit of its readers, I feel sure there will be hundreds of other American boys who will think as you do before very long.

Of course, it is necessary to know something about drawing before one can understand perspective. Every boy who goes to school to-day learns a little, and with that little, my dear Lester, added to what I am going to tell you, you can learn all the principles necessary to enable you to draw objects upon your table, or to make a sketch from nature out of

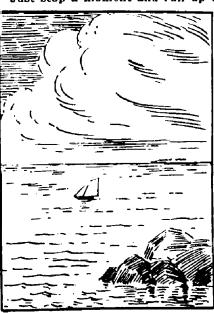
The first is called "Still-life Drawing," the second just what I have called it, "Sketching from Nature;" so in the future you will know what I mean when I use these terms.

The first thing to do is to learn all about the horizon line. Very few artists know how important this is. Everybody knows, if he stops to think, that there can be but one visible horizon line. When you look out of your window, off there, where there are no houses, you see apparently, a line where earth and sky seem to meet. If you look in another direction you will see the same thing, and if you can follow the line along from place to place you will see that it is the same horizon line. You cannot see another above it or below it, because such a thing is impossible. Yet I have seen pictures by good artists which would have, if all their drawing in the pictures was considered, two, three, and even four horizon lines to each picture. How this could be we will see later on; I only want, now, to impress upon you the great importance of this foundation line in drawing.

Many have never seen the sea, but almost everyone has seen a lake, or at least a pond. You know how level the surface of the water is and how, if you look away off yonder, this level surface seems to touch the sky.

Now, let us imagine that we are at the seashore, and that we see, far away in the distance, a lighthouse which we are about to visit. Before we enter the boat, let us look at this great tower. See how it looms up against the sky, and there is the horizon line just touching the rock upon which it is built, close down to its base.

Just stop a moment and run up the bank with me,

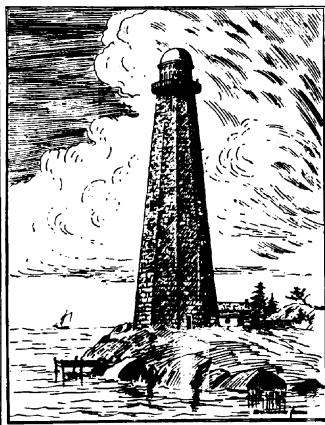


and look at our lighthouse from there. Now we are higher up and can see farther away over the water. This makes the horihigher, while horizon appears, now, remember-

anywhere. Put your face close down to the ground, I have been very much interested in your letters and you will realize how low your horizon becomes and how much less you see than when standing up.

But our boat is waiting for us—let us start for the While rowing out to it we will look around a little. See how the waves dance up, sometimes high above the horizon; but they come down again to the general level, often making a hollow far below it, thus preserving the ordinary surface practically unaltered.

We notice another thing, away off on the very horizon line itself a little yacht is sailing along before a gentle breeze; perhaps it is the "Gazelle" about which we have been reading so much lately and in which we are all deeply interested. When we get to the wharf at the foot of the lighthouse and scramble up on it, and then climb still higher up on the rock, we look again, and, behold! the "Gazelle'



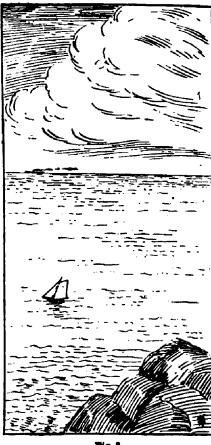
is no longer out on the edge of the water, but appears to be surrounded by the element in which she floats. Just as the horizon line moved up the lighthouse so has it moved up the mast of the yacht, and now we see the ocean far beyond her. (Fig. 1.)

And how about ourselves? Before we started, the tower, at whose base we now stand, was "away off there" at sea, and now it and we are in the center of a great circle—the water all about us, bounded everywhere by the horizon, which is just as far away from us here as it was when we started. Thus we see how things change to us according to our changing positions, and how important it is that we should recognize this fact. When we looked at the lighthouse from the shore it was a small affair, smaller than your little finger; now it towers away above us, and we have a hard climb before us-up, up, up its zon line seem winding stairs to the lantern.

Let us continue to watch the "Gazelle" as we travel the tower does upward, peeping at her from the little windows in not move. so the sides of the tower upon the stairway. As we rise the line of the higher we find the horizon line appears now at the top of the mast, now a foot above, now many feet, until the little yacht seems to have moved half way above the rock, from it toward us. (Fig. 2.) But we know she is not upon the side sailing in our direction, because her side is toward of the tower us all the time, and we can only conclude that our This gives us view has broadened. When we step out upon the bala great point cony, having reached the lantern, the little yacht seems almost at our feet, while the water around her the higher we has grown to an immensity, stretching away for miles are the higher beyond her; and a great ocean steamer, which we the horizon line did not see at all when at the foot of the tower, is now, appears. You in its turn, "away off there" on the horizon, appear can test this ing a mere speck in the distance.

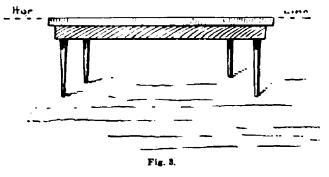
How straight the line which divides sky and water appears. I will hold out this stick for you and you will see, you "sight it" against the line, that it seems just as straight as the stick: and while doing this we notice. too, that it (the stick) is perfectly level.

Now, let us sum up what we have learned so far, that it may not be forgot-First, the horizon line is. apparently, line where earth and sky seem to meet, Second, it retreats from the eye as the latter goes upward, giving us more and more of the earth's surface as we rise above it. Third, it is

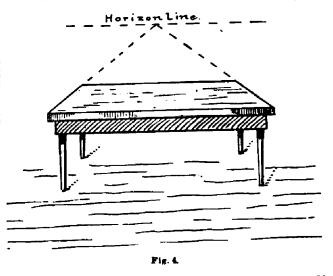


always a level line. So much for this wonderful line, but we are not done with it yet. We must learn just how it controls us in our drawings, for, whether we know it or not, everything that is properly done is (or may be) referred to it to prove its correctness.

Let us suppose that in this glass house on top of the tower, which is called the lantern, we find a large table perfectly level. They do have such tables in some of the lanterns, and they are kept level by adjusting screws, so the light will burn properly when placed upon them. (Fig. 3.) Now, if we bring our



eyes down to the edge of this table and look across its surface we can see the horizon line through the window, and can see that it coincides exactly with the upper surface of the table. If we stand up the



horizon line appears above the table. (Fig. 4.) If we stoop down and look under the table, down goes erious lina three accompanying views of the table show us these different relations of the horizon to it. (Fig. 5.)

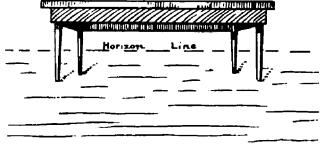


Fig. 5.

The point I want you to notice is this: That the | do not appear so. This is evident, because if C D is | diagrams with every drawing, we only need to know level surface of the table, although we are so high up in the world, if it could be carried out any distance, say a mile or two, would appear to go to the horizon—or, in other words, the horizon seems to have "come up" level with the top of the table. Thus we see, that if we carried this level table with us down the stairs, and looked over it through each window, the horizon line would appear level with it always. But we do not need a table to learn our les-When we look over the table it is really the level of the eye that we are considering—the horizon ine appearing always level with the eye, no matter where we are. The level of the table merely proves this. Any other level, such as an engineer's or a carpenter's spirit level, would answer the same purpose. We must fully realize that a level line from the eye, say a string stretched out straight and level, would always appear to touch the horizon at its farther end.

Having learned so much about the horizon line, we must now learn about the other lines we have to deal with when we are drawing. First, there is the vertical line one which is straight up and down, like the sides of the doors and windows. We always draw such lines "up and down" (at right angles to the horizon line), because if they slant the least bit the drawing will always appear askew.

Then there is the horizontal line, which is the name for one parallel to the horizon. Do not confuse horizon and horizontal. They have the same position (level), but the first is always related to the eye, while the second is always related to the first. Suppose you sit at a table with me a moment, and try to understand this matter thoroughly before we go any further, for it is a little difficult. Here is the nearer edge of the table. You can easily see that this is parallel with the horizon, because if you raise the table up, not tipping it in the least, until level with your eye, it will coincide with the horizon. Then there is the opposite side of the table, which is parallel to this one and must, therefore, be parallel to the horizon.

If you went around to the end of the table you would find the same relations—the ends would be parallel to the horizon just as the sides were, and these would be horizontal lines. But we cannot look at all these lines at the same time from these different positions. We must keep one position when we are drawing and draw just what we see from that place. If you sit back a little way from the table and hold out your finger, and "sight it" against the nearer edge and then against the opposite side, you will see that you have to raise your finger from the first to the second position. This proves that the back of the table appears higher than the front. And if you will hold out a stick and measure the apparent length of the nearer edge, and compare it with the opposite side, you will see that the opposite side appears the shortest.

Now let us make our first simple drawing—one of the top of the table. Here is the diagram we would get. A B is the nearer edge of the table; C D is the farther edge, which appears higher up and shorter. So far, so good. But how about A C and B D? Here we have lines which Fig. 6.

we know are horizontal but which

shorter and higher up than A B, then we are forced, in order to join them, to draw these lines toward each other and upward. We know they are horizontal, but they do not appear so, and we cannot draw them so.

Let me give you another example of the same thing. Suppose you were standing at one end of a long hall and looking down to the other end. Now you know the hall is the same size from end to end. The floor is level (horizontal) and the ceiling is also horizontal. So the long lines which "go from you," marking the top and bottom of the walls on each side, must be horizontal, too. But the hall looks smaller at the other end, the lines in the ceiling appear to run down, while those in the floor appear to run up, and thus, to draw the hall we would have to draw these horizontal lines which "go from us" as slanting lines.

I want you to notice this expression, "lines which go from us." These we call "retreating" lines—they retreat from the eye, exactly like boys who are frightened and take care to get out of danger by retreating from it. They have another name, too, a very important one, and one we shall use a great deal-they are called horizontal vanishing lines.

We have now learned something about a few of the different kinds of lines, for there are many more, and ought to be able to understand each other when we talk about the drawings which are to follow. I have tried to make this all clear to you, and if you will practice drawing some things, just like those I have mentioned, you will readily see for yourself how they look, and how these rules I have given you apply to everything. You cannot get a "Gazelle" and compare it with a lighthouse, perhaps, but chairs, and books and tables are plentiful, and with a little thought and care you can get a great deal out of what I have told you.

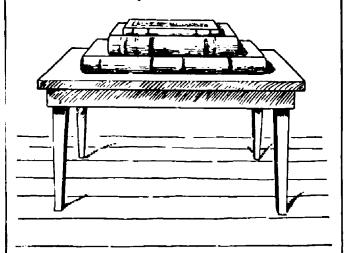


Fig. 7.

Take, for instance, this drawing of the table with a few books upon it. I have selected large books because they show the lines better. It looks like an easy matter to draw such things, and it is easy when you know the rules. The diagram given along with the drawing will explain it fully; but we don't make

how to make them. With such knowledge drawing becomes easy.

But what is the use of making such a diagram if we cannot analyze it-that is, discuss each line and point in connection with it separately? The power of analysis in one case brings the power to do similar things in another case. By selecting the different lines and telling all about them we learn how to draw lines of a like nature. Here we have four numbered sets of lines. Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 are absolutely vertical lines-always drawn vertical. Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9

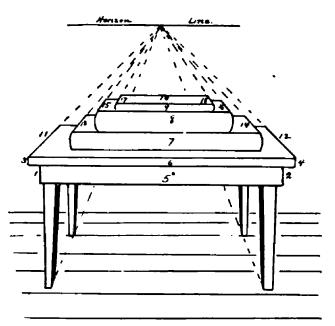


Fig. 8.

and 10 are horizontal lines, which appear horizontal and are therefore drawn so. Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18 are horizontal lines which do not appear horizontal, but seem to rise toward the horizon line and to converge (that is, come together) at a point. If you follow the dotted portion of the lines you will see that when extended they do meet. This point where they meet is called a vanishing point. We will learn all about vanishing points before long.

In addition to these three sets we have a fourththe curved lines. It is always easy to get these right when they join the ends of straight lines.

Besides these four sets we have the lines of the table legs—which are oblique, as the legs are wider at the top than at the bottom; and also those which show the cracks in the floor, which really belong to the horizontal set.

Now, my dear Lester, if you will sit down and study these things, as I said before, you will learn a great deal about drawing, that you can build on when I write you my next letter. But it requires practice and plenty of it. Do not be too sure of yourself. It is always well to get someone older to explain anything you cannot understand. I hope you will come to your next lesson with this one thoroughly learned. Your friend,

STANSBURY NORSE.

CUP DEFENDERS.

A New Came That Requires Good Judgment Yet Has Enough of the Element of Luck to Make It Amusing.

Who shall have the honor of defending the cup? Every American boy may enter his boats on the course shown in the diagram. A little clever work with a penknife will make four or five miniature boats; but this is considered too much trouble. Buttons, such as those shown in figure 1, will answer very vell.

Figure 2 shows the four little fates which contend in the life of every yachtsman. They are wind, tide, fog These fates are nothing and rocks. more than four bits of some branch of n tree, which has been split down the center. They should be about five inches long and from one-half to quarters of an inch wide.

Hold them in the hand, as shown in gure 3, and then toss them upon the

The count runs as follows: Four white (fair wind and tide,) 4. Four black (a gale,) 5. Three white (good wind.) 3.

Two white (light breeze,) 2. One white (drifting.) 1.

Whenever a gale is thrown it entitles the player to a second chance.

It is part of the duties of a captain, during a yacht race, to hunt for his

of a course. Let each young navigator, B. then, see what fortune his four fates have in store for him.

A preliminary toss decides who shall play first. The yachts, four or five of which are entered by each player, enter the course at the disc, just above the open circle marked A, and travel on

The air never moves alike on all parts around the circle toward the open circle

Each player must state before he makes a throw which yacht shall be benefited, or otherwise, by the play, and he can not change his mind after the play has been made.

The open circle B is the first turning point in the race. If your throw allows

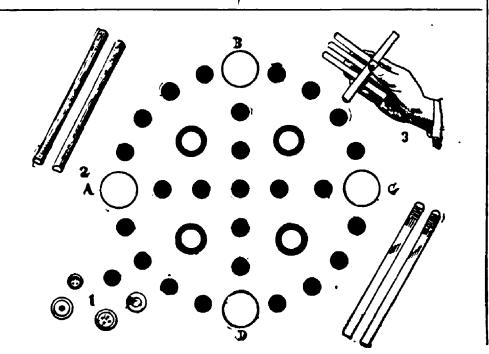
a boat to just land on this circle, the captain may, if he choose, turn into center of the course and reach the finish by following the short course, that is, towards D, to the center, and then straight in to A, the finish. To do this, however, he must risk the rocks, the four circles with heavy black boundaries.

If a gale, four blacks be thrown for any boat within the circle of black discs, the unfortunate craft is immediately blown upon the rocks and can only be liberated when a fair wind and tide is thrown for the same boat. When a vessel is liberated from the rocks she must begin the course anew.

At the open circle, C, a yacht has the opportunity, if the throw allows, of turning into the course and clearing straight away for home. If, however, she overthrows the circle, C, she must around unfortunate as to land on the circle D, she must turn into the course, risk the rocks and take the longer way in.

If a yacht lands on a disc occupied by a rival, the latter is said to be blanketed and cannot be moved until the last arrival pushes on. If a third boat lands on the same disc it blankets both the others, and so on; the last boat to arrive always holding the rest in check.

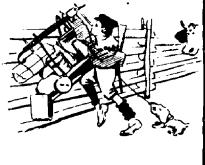
There is really more of an opportunity offered for good judgment in this game than the first glance would lead one to believe. Try it and be satisfied of this fact



JOHNNY'S TRIP TO THE NORTH POLE.

A Continued Story. Begun in the May Number.







No. 9. His first adventure. Something he did not expect.

No. 10. A narrow e-cape. Finds "discretion the better part of valor,"

No. 11. He makes ready to cross the river to Canada by means of a balloon boat which he blows up with his bicycle pump.

The Daily Life of a West Point Boy.





VIEWS OF THE ACADEMY GROUNDS.

lived secured the appointment of a boy in the town to a place at the West Point boy become a person of great consequence in the eyes of the other boys. it must be given up to work and study. We had very erroneous ideas regarding the boy's future life at West Point. Somehow we thought that he would have nothing to do but to walk around with a gun on his shoulder, and "pop away" at people and things as he pleased. We had the impression that he would now be forever free from any of the duties that most boys dislike so heartily. We thought that he was done with everything implied in the word "chores," and that hereafter there would be far more play than work in his life. If the boys of to-day have this impression about the life of a boy at West Point they will find out how mistaken that impression is if they will take the trouble to read this article.

It may interest you to know at the outset, that the United States Military Academy at West Point is the finest military school in the world, and that it will have been established one hundred years next year. Its graduates are the best trained of any military graduates in the world. They are subjected to the most severe discipline, and are made to understand that the duties for which they are in training are very serious duties indeed.

The moment a student at West Point enters the Academy his training begins. If it is summer time he must get up exactly at five o'clock in the morning, and in the winter he must get up at a quarter before six. The instant he hears the first note of the reveille he must jump from his bed. There is no turning over more slumber," as might be the case if he were at home. It is a serious infringement of the rules for a boy to lie

I remember that when I was a boy the sounds. And the moment he is up his Congressman in the district in which I duties begin. Every minute of the time before him until he goes back to his bed at night is apportioned by rule, and he Military Academy. Immediately that can call but an hour and forty minutes of that time his own. All of the rest of

The cadet is allowed fifteen minutes in which to wash and dress himself. Then a bugle note announces "police call," which means that the cadet must make his bed and put his room in order, and this must be done by rule. He cannot give his bed or his room "a lick and a promise." He must make his bed in a certain way, and nothing but absolute perfection in the way of neatness and thoroughness will be tolerated in the sweeping and cleaning of his room. The blankets of his bed must be folded



THE PARADE GROUND.

in a certain way. His mattress must be rolled up in a certain way. Nothing must be left lying around. A place for everything and everything in its place is the unalterable rule in a military academy. The boy who is inclined to be for just "a little more sleep and a little slack or slovenly in his habits must overcome those habits or he must leave the academy. His cap must be hung on just one particular nail, and it is a vioin bed even five minutes after reveille lation of the rules to hang it any other

place. A keen-eyed inspector comes around every day. He peeps into clos-ets or drawers or boxes, he takes note of the way the books belonging to the cadet are arranged on the table. He is on the alert to discover a little dust or a garment out of place, and if he makes such a discovery the cadet will hear about it, and it will affect his markings at the academy.

When the cadet's room work is done he marches to breakfast "according to rule." He sits down to breakfast at a certain minute every morning, and he gets up from breakfast at fifteen minutes after seven. A bugle call regulates his every movement. After breakfast he may have fifty minutes in which to do as he pleases within certain limits. He need not work nor study during that time. It is his recreation hour. When it ends at eight o'clock the imperative bugie calls him to his studies. There is no chance to shirk here, and study or recite the cadet must until one o'clock. Nothing but actual illness will be accepted as an excuse for failure in one's recitations. If a cadet cannot stand the severe test to which his studies subject him he is regarded as unfitted for military work, and he must leave the academy. He must study civil and mining engineering, natural and experimental philosophy, geology, drawing, chemistry, law and history, military signaling and telegraphy, modern languages and mathematics.

In addition to all this he must do a great deal of work in the gymnasium, and he must make himself familiar with a great many bothersome little details that are not to be overlooked no matter how triffing they may seem. He works harder than any boy on a farm or in a factory works, and he has less time that he can call his own. It is hard for him to understand at first what a great part of his study and work has to do with his future duties as a soldier, but the time comes when he sees how important even the most trifling detail of his training has been.

From his studies the cadet marches to his dinner for which he is allowed forty minutes. Uncle Sam knows the value of good food, and the cadets have the best of everything to eat, but there is very little "fancy cooking" done for them. They have the best the market can afford in the way of good, nourishing food, and their hard work gives them an appetite for a substantial diet.

After dinner the cadets have twenty minutes more for recreation, and then they again "pitch in" to their studies,

until four o'clock. At ten minutes after four begins the regular military drill (the day on the drill grounds, and thilasts until half past five under the mosrigid discipline. Dress parade follows the drill, and the cadets have from half past six until seven o'clock in which to eat their supper. After supper the cadeis are allowed half an hour for recreation. When the time is up the sound of the bugle is heard, and the cadet must go directly to his own room and remain there for the rest of the evening. But there is not a minute's time for idleness during the evening. Indeed, he sometimes wonders how in the world he is to get through with all of the study that before him waits. There are so many hard lessons to be studied for the following day, and so entirely by rule is everything regulated, that if the cadet gets through with his lessons he cannot make up his bed and get into it until he hears the bugle call that gives permission for him to do so. He hears this call at exactly half past nine, and then he proceeds to unroll his mattress, spread out his sheets and blankets and get into bed. At ten o'clock the bugle calls again, and instantly all lights go The cadet must stay in bed until the sound of the reveille is heard in the morning; then he "pops out" and goes through with it all again with no variation excepting on Sundays, but even then he must do everything by rule. He is not allowed to lie in bed a little longer because it is Sunday. He gets up at exactly the same hour every day in the week. But there is no hard, grinding study on Sunday. The cadet's room must be spotless and in simply perfect order on Sunday, for it will receive special inspection on that day.

At half past ten on Sundays he, with his fellow cadets, march to church, and there he stays until noon, when he marches back to his quarters and from there to dinner. Sunday afternoon is given to him as a time of rest and quiet. in which he may read or write letters or do as he pleases until dress parade at half past six. But he goes to bed at the same hour as on other evenings of the

The cadets remain four years at West Point, during which time they receive lessons in obedience and in military discipline such as they can never forget.

When they enter the army they are far better prepared to fill positions of special trust and importance than the soldier who has not had their training.

The boy who thinks that he would like to enter West Point because of the good time he can have there would do well to remain where he is, for West Point is a place of hard and almost unceasing work that only an exceptionally strong and determined boy can endure.



A "HOMEMADE" INDIAN.

The accompanying picture represents Will G. Halsey, of Chicago, a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY, dressed in an Indian headdress, hunting shirt, leggin moccasins, belt, etc., all made by himsels, with the exception of the blanket. He collects Indian relics. He has pottery, tomahawks, knives, builet pouches, knives sheaths, etc. These he hangs on the walls of his room.

The Only One.

Tommy's mother—Why is it, Tommy, that you are always fighting with Willie Simpkins? I never heard of you quarreling with any of the other boys in the neighborhood.

Tommy—He's th' only one I can lick.



No. 12. He lands in Canada after a swift and safe voyage.



No. 13. Has an argument with the custom-house officer.



No. 14. In the virgin woods of Canada. No easy job.

No. 15. Reaches Hudson's Bay. Takes observations. Lat. 8247 Long. 817; Temp., 30 above. (To be Continued.)

WHAT THE BOYS SAY

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Edward H. Cost, Xenia, O., wants to see plans in THE AMERICAN BOY for a dog

Dwight Morrison, McKenzie, Tenn., wants to know how to make a camera and where to buy what one cannot make.

Hugh A. Norman, of Chicago, s that we print directions for bui racing yacht about two feet long. building a

Vincent B. Miner, 428 E. Sixth street, Plainfield, N. J., wants more articles in the line of instruction in printing for ama-

Rolla Eliason, Elburn, Ill., thinks a few suggestions on the care of shotguns and rifles and how to shoot them would interest a good many boys.

Vincent H. Godwin, Newport News, Va., wants to know if it is possible for a student to get into an observatory. He aspires to be an astronomer, and is willing to begin at the bottom.

Ross Toney, Berrien Center, Mich., asks our opinion of the book entitled "Cast Up by the Sea."

The Editor has not read it. Have any of our subscribers; and if so, what do you think of it?

Eugene Martin, Shelbina, Mo., says that a Methodist preacher in his town has organized a lodge by the name of "The Order of Kindness," with sixty one members. The object is to get in the boys who loaf on the streets. There will be a library, gymnasium, etc.

Vincent Newcomer, 225 East Seventeenth street, New York City, wants to know if there is a book published in the United States concerning model yachts. He says that in his school, the Nautical Academy, Easton, Md., he is taught boat building, horsemanship, how to sail boats and run gasoline launches gasoline launches.

Master Paul A. Mastenbrook, Grand Haven, Mich., age thirteen, sends a very nice pencil drawing of a balloon rising above the earth. On the balloon in large letters is "The American Boy." Under the picture he writes: "The American Boy never fails to rise."

Had this been drawn with pen and ink we might have found room for it in the paper, but as it is we shall have to return it.

William G. Taulon a Norman (P. 1)

William G. Taylor, a Newport (R. I.) boy, suggests that it would be well for neighboring boys who keep poultry, pigeons, rabbits, etc., to form a Company of The Order of the American Boy with the purpose of learning all they can about nets and animals.

pets and animals.

We approve of the plan. Nothing could be more interesting to a company of boys than the study of animal life.

than the study of animal life.

Chauncey Poer, Gwynneville, Ind., suggests that THE AMERICAN BOY include a department devoted to music. Our friends do not realize, perhaps, the limitations under which we are working. It is manifestly impossible for us to accept of a small part of the suggestions made, and yet we welcome them. There has been some complaint that the departments already established have crowded too much the story department, and if we were to add further departments we certainly would be in danger of leaving out much that is of general interest. We will do the best we can to meet the boys' expectations, but realize constantly that there are some things which a boys' paper should include that we cannot find space for.

are some things which a boys' paper should include that we cannot find space for.

Here is how two boys made the dollar for their subscription to THE AMERICAN HOY. The boys are Earl and Carl Keller, of Bear Valley, Cal., aged thirteen and nine, respectively. Their father, in cleaning up a bunch of gold in a mine, had some quartz that was run over, or not thoroughly worked. There was some gold left in it. The father did not want this wasted, and told the boys they could have it if they would mortar it up. They had to do it by hand, and this is not a very easy job. They first put the rock and dirt in a large mortar, or iron pot, and with a long iron pestie they pounded the rock to a fine sand, putting in only a small quantity at a time. When they got enough fine sand to fill a gold pan, which is a pan made of sheet iron, they took it to a tub of water, dipped it in the water, and shook it continually. By this process the gold settles to the bottom of the pan. They then washed the dirt from the top of the pan, which speedily catches up all the gold, and tone squeezed the quicksilver through a thick cloth, the gold staying in the cloth. This does not remove all the quicksilver from the gold, and to do this it must be burned off. When the gold was finally obtained they sold it at the rate of eighteen dollars an ounce. This was hard work, but the boys made several dollars at it. It was harder for Earl than ordinarily, for last summer the boy lost his right hand. out the boys made several dollars at it. it was harder for Earl than ordinarily, for last summer the boy lost his right hand, and he had to do all of his work with the left.

The letter from which the foregoing is taken was written to us by the mother of the boys, who says in closing, "I must say this: THE AMERICAN BOY is the best paper I ever read for boys, and we sincerely hope it has come to stay."

A man down south writes: "Let the young man about to be out of a job try a year on the farm. Plowing behind a brindle mule will give him a new constitution, take the kinks out of his top-knot, the frog out of his throat, the gas off his stomach, the weakness out of his legs, the corns off his toes, and give him a good appetite, an honest living, and a sight of heaven."



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J. Lee Robinson, of Cambridge, Mass., though only twenty years old, has been actively engaged in journalism for nearly four years. He obtained his education in actively engaged in journalism for nearly four years. He obtained his education in the public schools, graduating in 1897 from the English high school at Cambridge. While in this school he turned his attention to writing, his first contributions being given to the school paper. He also became the correspondent for his school for the Cambridge Chronicle, the foremost weekly in the city. Finding the work congenial, he did not stop at the "copy" for which he was responsible, but regularly which he was responsible, but regularly sent in accounts of entertainments and other matters having a news interest, doing this work without compensation, but



J. LEE ROBINSON.

not without result, for immediately after his graduation from school he was offered a position as reporter for the Chronicle, which offer he accepted. Since then he has been actively connected with the Chronicle, and about a year ago was promoted to the position of city editor. He, at the same time, became one of the Cambridge reporters for the Boston Daily Journal, and is now its chief Cambridge correspondent. As Cambridge is the seat of Harvard University, and has nearly one hundred thousand inhabitants, this position is one of great importance, and is certainly a great honor to one so young. The secret of his success is contained in two words—energy and thoroughness. Of the former he has a boundless amount, while he considers the latter quality the more necessary of the two. He believes that to succeed one must not be afraid to do more than one's share of work because of the fear that someone else will not do his full share. He is the youngest person connected with a Boston newspaper, doing editorial work. He is an accomplished typewriter, preparing all his copy on the machine. He does not use shorthand, but has a system of abbreviations which, though scarcely intelligible to the uninitiated, enables him to report a speaker with unusual accuracy. At school he was active in his class and debating societies, and is now president of his class alumni society. He is an American boy of to-day and has shown himself the possessor of the practical present-day qualities that insure success. not without result, for immediately after

Starting an Amateur Paper.

One of our subscribers in New Jersey has one of our subscribers in New Jersey has written us saying that he desires to start an amateur paper shortly and asking for advice and information, especially as to how he can get advertisements. We are always glad to publish anything that will help our readers, if it is possible for us to

do so.

We would advise you to identify yourself

""" amateur fournalists' assowith one of the amateur journalists' asso-ciations. The leading associations are the United Amateur Press Association, which United Amateur Press Association, which is the older amateurs. The secretary of the United Amateur Press Association is

Guy N. Phillips, Morningside, Sioux City, Ia., and Warren J. Brodie, 478 The Arcade, Cleveland, O., either of whom will be glad to give prospective members any information they may desire. Through these associations, or either of them, you will get in touch with a large number of amateur journalists, who will be glad to help all they can and will exchange papers with you. This will prove profitable in many ways, but will not bring you any money.

For making money out of your publication you will have to depend principally upon local subscribers and local advertisers. If you make it a paper of interest to the boys of your neighborhood or of your school, you ought to be able to sell quite a number of copies of each issue. A good way to do this is to make it a sort of school newspaper, giving the news in regard to the boys, their doings, and their interests, just as the professional papers treat the news and interests of grown-up people. In this way you should bring in enough to pay for the expense of publishing the paper. Then, too, you will be able to get some local advertising, especially from the dealers patronized by your family, and you can also get some subscriptions from grown-up people on the score of friendship, who will be glad to help you along. From ten to twenty five cents a year, according to the size of the paper published, is about the average subscription rate for amateur papers.

In addition to the news items, you should

papers.

In addition to the news items, you should have one or two literary articles—for instance, a story, an essay and a poem. If you join the amateur journalists' associations, their manuscript managers will send you stories, poems and essays written by members of the associations, as each member who does not publish a paper of his own is expected to write at least one article a year, and either publish it in some magazine with which he is connected or send it to the manuscript managers of the associations; the managers then parcel out the manuscripts so received among the amateur papers, thus giving the editors acceptable matter.

If you get out a good paper, so that it be-

amateur papers, thus giving the editors acceptable matter.

If you get out a good paper, so that it becomes well known among amateur journalists, and your advertising rates are low (they shouldn't be over five cents an inch), you will get some advertising from other places than your home town, because amateur journalists are a very enterprising set of boys and young men, and many of them are engaged in some little kinds of business on the side, which they advertise in the amateur magazines. The receipts from this source will not amount to a great deal, but they will help pay expenses.

Now you will want to send your paper through the mails at regular newspaper rates, which are one cent a pound, for it would be too expensive to put a one cent stamp on each paper; but you have to get a paper admitted to this privilege before you can mail it under the newspaper rate. Your local postmaster can give you all the information that you desire about mailing the paper. You will have to obtain some regular subscribers before you can get this privilege, however.

If you go into the publishing of an ama-

privilege, however.

If you go into the publishing of an ama If you go into the publishing of an amateur paper for the mere purpose of making money, you may be disappointed, for you cannot make very much out of it, though a properly conducted paper will pay a profit. The conducting of an amateur paper, however, is an education in itself and you will find it well worth your while to publish your paper for that purpose alone; though, of course, you should try to make it pay expenses. It will be a waste of time and money, however, for you to try to get what is known as general advertisers—for they would not consider a paper of so small a circulation as an amateur papers is that so many amateurs seem to lack the strength of purpose necessary to him out a paper received. or and they get three and quit either for a time or permanently. In the course of time, however, you may develop your paper into a good property and make a profes-sional publication of it, and you can then get business from the general advertiser and the large advertising agencies. Quite a number of successful professional publications of to-day started out as amateur papers. Start your paper in a small way, enlarge it and improve it as your facilities increase set it out resultant and you may

enlarge it and improve it as your ractities increase, get it out regularly, and you may one day have a valuable property.

An article entitled "How to Start a School Paper" appeared in THE AMERICAN BOY for February, 1901, at page 115. That article might be read to advantage in connection with the foregoing.

CARBORUNDUM

This is not a free offer.
You do not have to solve any puzzles.
You do not have to subscribe to any magazine.
No cash prizze or sums of money are to be distributed.
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Oscar A. Millard, La Farge, Wis.—I will exchange a few arrowheads for some copper relics.

Gordon W. Cullum, Dickson, Tenn.: I will exchange Indian arrowheads for old amateur papers.

Ralph Turner, Utica, Pa.: I will trade a 44 Winchester repeating rifle valued at twenty dollars, for Belgian hares.

Leslie Holberg, Macon, Miss.—Will exchange a young boy's bicycle for an English setter or pointer. Write first.

Clifford D. Bohannan, Hebron, O.—I will exchange a good camera for stamps, and Indian relics for a good printing press. Fred. W. Landerfeld, Monongahela, Pa.— I will give cash for a good specimen of a "half cent" and "half dime" of any date.

Bertie Hines, Cumberland, Wis.—I will exchange a 22-calibre rifle for a magic lantern, small printing press, or any other article of equal value.

Clarence Brown, Box 206, York, Neb.: I have a two and one-half by two and one-half Vive camera which I would like to exchange for Indian relies.

Russell Hertzog, Hiram, O.—I will ex-hange my amateur paper, "The Young Cagle," for other amateur papers. I also have stamps to exchange.

Elbert Holdren, Hatton, Kas.: I will exchange buffalo horns for a good microscope, or a pair of No. 7 to 5 skates. Boys must pay postage both ways. Write first.

Boemis Puterbaugh Boyton Control

Boemis Puterbaugh, Baxter Springs, Kas.: I will give ten foreign stamps for every arrowhead sent me. I would like to exchange stamps for a good stamp album.

Chester Rehm, 1238 Ogden Ave., Chicago, Ill.: I will exchange an international album and seven hundred and fifty varieties of postage stamps in it, for pigeons, curios, or a camera.

or a camera.

John U. Goller, 4 Mechanic street, Lawrence, Mass.—I will exchange "A Year
Among the Birds," cloth bound, three hundred and seventeen pages, for Indian relics
and arrowheads.

Peter Eble, 333 East Eighty-ninth St.,
New York City, N. Y.: I will exchange the
Erie Train Boy, by Alger, for the November, 1899, number of THE AMERICAN
BOY. Write first.

H. E. Fried, 349 Central avenue Clave.

H. E. Fried, 949 Central avenue, Cleve-land, O.—I will exchange a seven dollar and fifty cents electrical battery, in good condition, for a good printing press and outfit; battery almost new.

Louis J. De Pass, 43 Fayette st., Watertown, Mass.: I will exchange ten fancy plgeons, two white carriers and four pairs of tumblers, for a Winchester or Marlin repeater rifle in good condition.

Elmer McFadden, 316 Arlington avenue, Youngstown, O.—I will trade three books for coins, arrowheads or curios. Write first. Will exchange a stuffed humming-bird for three or four foreign coins.

Harris T. Fulton, Roseville, O.—I will exchange McClure's Magazine for 1898 for first six numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY.

Clure's for each AMERICAN BOY.

Rudolph Evers, 102 West State street, Hammond, Ind.—I have a number of magazines of the years 1838, 1839 and 1900, which I would like to exchange for others, such as Harper's Round Table and St. Nicholas.

Ashley Kendrick, 19 Marion Place, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.: I will give ten caucelled stamps (not common) from Guatemala, Orange Free State, Barbados, Hayti, etc., for a book on how to train dogs and other animals.

George W. Engstrom, Cannon Falls, Minn.—I will exchange a fine piece of petrified moss for a good Indian arrow or spearhead. Will exchange moss, fossils, agates and cornelians, and pipestone and petrified wood for Indian relics.

Albert Yomenfals II Wast Seventiath

Albert Lowenfels, 31 West Seventieth street, New York City, N. Y.—I will exchange one hundred and thirty seven stamps, nearly all different, and a half-worn stamp album and one philatelists' album, for a pair of Belgian hares.

O. D. Valentine, Oxford, Mich.—I will exchange stamps, Indian relics, cyclone relics, shells, starfish, minerals, for the same, and a telescope, bicycle and 22-calibre rifle for a printing press, shotgun, or something of equal value. Write first, william Powell Westhury Station Lang.

-William Powell, Westbury Station, Long Island, N. Y.—Will exchange stamp album with three hundred and seventy five stamps for three thousand stamps; also Indian arrowhead and six coins dating back of 1846, for a printing press and type, in good condition condition.

Eugene Newsom, Paragould, Ark.-I have Eugene Newsom, Paragould, Ark.—I have a small printing press, with some type, which I will exchange for a rifle or anything you have that will suit me. I also have a small 2x2 camera, with supplies, excepting two or three articles. I will exchange leaves of Arkansas for leaves from other States. I have a good collection of foreign stamps which I will sell or trade. Write me.

tiend no more Exchange Notices for the present. We have more ikan we can use.



Reviews of Boys' Books

A NOAH'S ARK GEOGRAPHY: Mabel Dearmer. This is a delightful book for children by the author of "The Book of Penny Toys." The pictures are all full page and in colors. The type is large and easily read. As a gift book for a little boy or girl nothing could be more appropriate or meet with greater favor. It gives a true account of the trials and adventures of "Kit", "Jum-Jum" and "The Cockyolly Bird". 221 pps. \$1.50, Macmillan & Co.

PITMAN'S TWENTIETH CENTURY BUSINESS DICTATION: This book contains forms of business letters, legal documents and miscellaneous work. It is a BUSINESS DICTATION: This book contains forms of business letters, legal documents and miscellaneous work. It is a complete manual of dictation for the use of schools, colleges, teachers, law stenographers and students of shorthand and typewriter, with chapters on Spelling, Punctuation and Characterization, and matter counted for speed practice. 240 pps. \$1.00 in cloth, 75 cents in boards, Isaac Pitman & Sons.

STORIES OF PIONEER LIFE: For the law to read about animals. The here is "Mishook." an

STORIES OF PIONEER LIFE: For young readers. Florence Bass. This is a book of stories about real people who lived many years ago. From the table of contents we learn that it treats of Our Land—Present and Past; The Coming of the White Man; Marquette, Missionary; Daniel Boone: The Early Flat-boats; Blockhouses and Forts; The Early Settlers of Ohio; Story of Frances Slocum; Story of the Early Life of Abraham Lincoln, and so on. It is replete with illustrations. 136 pp. 40 cents. D. C. Heath & Co.

NATURE'S MIRACLES: Vol. III. Sub-NATURE'S MIRACLES; Vol. III. Subject, Electricity and Magnetism. In Volume I. of Nature's Miracles Professor Elisha Gray talked on Earth, Air and Water, and in Volume II. on Energy and Its Manifestations in Heat, Light and Sound as Explosives. Professor Gray in the third volume-takes up Electricity and the third volume-takes up Electricity and Magnetism, in which he stands among the first authorities. He has spent forty years in the laboratory. Professor Gray tries to give such a simple explanation of these forces that the general reader gets a clear understanding of the subject. 248 pps. 60 cents. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.



Sample Illustration (reduced).

BLACK BEAUTY: Anna Sew-ell. Who is there that has not read "Black Beauty." that admira-ble story of ble story of the life of a horse as a horse as told by him-self—a book that has done more to win for horses kind treatkind treat-ment than any other book ever written? It

has passed through many editions and is still delighting thousands of readers. The publishers have gotten out a very handsome publishers have gotten out a very nandsome edition with illustrations of great beauty worthy of the story. The illustrations are by Winifred Austen, a lover of horses. We wish that every reader of THE AMERICAN BOY might read "Black Beauty," a book for young people. Twenty five full page drawings. 200 pps. \$1.25. L. C. Page & Co.

GOLD SEEKING ON THE DALTON TRAIL: Arthur R. Thompson. This book describes the adventures of two New England boys in Alaska and the Northwest Territory, and contains eleven illustrations. The boys in this book were accompanied by their father and uncle on a trip to the Klondike. They hunted and fished, took long mountain tramps, and lived a healthful, vigorous out-of-door life. It is a record of personal experiences in which the boys shot ducks, rabbits, bears and carlbou, crossed wild mountain ranges, forded rivers, took long trips on snowshoes, and searched for gold. The book is not only interesting but full of information. 352 pps. \$1.50. Little, Brown & Co.

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS: For the children; A Mother Book. E. Frances Soule. This book is an attempt to assist the mother who wishes to train her children to keep the Sabbath and yet make it a day of brightness. Time is apt to hang heavily on the hands of the children during Sunday afternoons. This book suggests some simple methods of busying the brain and hands of restless children. It is full of

good sense and is of a very sweet and tender spirit. It contains also a collection of hymns and poems for the little ones. The book will be a boone to many a perplexed and weary mother. 162 pps. 75 cents. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

CATTLE-RANCH TO COLLEGE: Russell Doubleday. This is said to be a true tale of a boy's adventures in the Far West twenty five years ago, telling of his amusements, his trials, his work and his play. The author tells the story in a boy's own words. This book ought to be of interest, not only because of its novelty but because of its truthfulness. The story of a boy who has passed through the stern training. of its truthfulness. The story of a poy who has passed through the stern training of a frontier life to occupy an honorable place in an Eastern university ought to be acceptable to boys young and old. The book is replete with lliustrations, many of them from photographs. 347 pps. \$1.50. Doubleday & McClure Co.

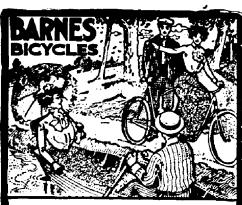
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THE OREGON TRAIL: Francis Parkman. A sketch of prairie and Rocky Mountain life. The book before us is a beautiful product of the bookmaker's art, containing seventy-five illustrations by Frederic Remington, the great sketch artist. This popular book is a classic. It has been read by thousands of young and old with delight. It describes a journey among the Indian camps and the Rockies by Francis Parkman in 1847. Mr. Remington's striking pictures of Indian camps, buffalo hunts, etc., lend great charm to the narrative. Boys will like it. In pictures and in text it gets as near as possible to the truth of Indian life. 411 pps. \$2.00. Little, Brown & Co. & Co.

THE HERO OF MANILA: Rossiter Johnson. Illustrations by Clinedinst. The title of this little book shows for itself what it contains. It is a history of the life of Admiral Dewey, from the days of his early boyhood to the present, fully illustrated. The book is written for boys, and is one of the "Young Heroes of Our Navy" series. Every American boy knows how Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, but comparatively few know the story of his early years and his training under Farragut. We hear in these pages of Dewey the schoolboy in Vermont. Dewey the midshipman, and finally of his part in Farragut's famous exploits on the lower Mississippi. 152 pps. \$1.00. D. Appleton & Co. pleton & Co.



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June in American History

JUNE 1, 1888: EX-PRESIDENT JAMES BUCHANAN DIED. Born in Franklin County, Pa., April 23, 1791, he graduated from Dickinson College at the early age of eighteen years. Choosing the bar as his profession, he was admitted to practice in 1812. Two years afterward he became a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature. Mr. Buchanan's legal practice was so successful that, at forty years of age, he retired from his profession a wealthy man. Elected to Congress in 1821, he held his seat for ten years. From 1832 to 1834 he was minister to Russia and was a member of the United States Senate from 1834 to 1845. From 1845 to 1849 he was Secretary of State in President Polk's cabinet, where he displayed pro-slavery sentiments. Was United States Minister to England from 1833 to 1856. In the latter year he was elected by the Democrats, President of the United States and was succeeded by Abraham Lincoln, the champion of the Republican party, in 1860. Mr. Buchanan's pro-slavery and disunion sentiments freely expressed, no doubt helped to precipitate the Civil War. His moral character and private life were irre-proachable.

JUNE 2, 1785: FIRST AMERICAN MIN-ISTER APPOINTED TO ENGLAND. John Adams, who had already negotiated a commercial treaty with Great Britain, was appointed first United States Minister to that country. His reception by George, III. and his court was a cold one, and he returned shortly afterward to America.

JUNE 5, 1868: FIRST CHINESE EM-ISASY RECEIVED BY THE PRESI-DENT. Anson Burlingame, who had been minister to China, was appointed by Prince Kung, the regent of the Chinese Empire, special ambassador to the United States and the great European powers, to ne-gotiate treaties of friendship. He arrived in this country with many Chinese atten-dants and officials and was successful in carrying out his mission. carrying out his mission.

JUNE 8, 1845: ANDREW JACKSON

JUNE 10, 1801: TRIPOLI DECLARED WAR AGAINST THE UNITED STATES. The lack of sufficient naval force compelled the United States to subsidize the rulers of the Barbary States in order that American commerce might be unmolested by the piratical fleets, which swarmed along the Mediterranean. The Bey of Tripoli, not satisfied with his share of this "backsheesh," demanded more, and being resused, declared war. Commodore Dale, Commodore Morris and Commodore Preblewere at various time engaged with the nemy. The last named officer, however, doing the most damage to the enemy. It was under Commodore Preble that Lleutenant, afterwards Commodore, Stephen Peratur, carried out the daring and desperate act of burning the United States ship Philadelphia in the harbor of Tripoli. The war ended in June, 1806, when a treaty of peace between the two countries was concluded.

JUNE 15, 1775: WASHINGTON AP-OINTED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY. He was rominated by Thomas Johnson, a member of Congress from Maryland. The result of the balloting showed a unanimous vote Washington's favor. Washington at that time occupied his seat as member of

JUNE 15, 1849: JAMES K. POLK DIED Pollock was the ancestral name of his amily, and the future president was of cotch-Irish descent. Mecklenburg County C. C., was his birthplace on November 2, 185. After graduating at the University I North Carolina and prosecuting the tudy of law, James Knox Polk was admitted to practice in 1820. His success in ublic affairs was rapid. A member of he State Legislature in 1823, he was sent into affairs was rapid. A member of he State Legislature in 1823, he was sent into affairs was rapid. A member of he State Legislature in 1823, he was sent into the territory to quell any uprising General George A. Custer, with a part of his force, consisting of hardly 300 men. In the state of his force, con

JUNE 1, 1850: SEVENTH CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES TAKEN. The returns showed the population to be 20,191,876.

JUNE 1, 1888: EX-PRESIDENT JAMES BUCHANAN DIED. Born in Franklin county, Pa., April 23, 1791, he graduated from Dickinson College at the early age of eighteen years. Choosing the bar as his profession, he was admitted to practice in 1812. Two years afterward he became a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature. Mr. Buchanan's legal practice was so successful that, at forty years of age, he retired from his profession of the program of the profession of the pennsylvania Legislature. Mr. Buchanan's legal practice was so successful that, at forty years of age, he retired from his profession of the program of the p

JUNE 17, 1872: GREAT INTERNATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE AT BOSTON. The special features of the occasion were a chorus of 20,000 voices and an orchestra numbering 1,000. Military bands of many other nations, including that of the British Grenadier Guards, also took part. The Jubilee closed on July 4.

JUNE 19. 1864: BATTLE BETWEEN THE KEARSARGE AND ALABAMA. The Alabama was manned and owned by British subjects and used as a Confederate privateer, plundering and destroying vessels and merchandise belonging to American citizens. The United States ship Kearsarge, commanded by Captain John A. Winslow, finally put an end to the Alabama's depredations off Cherbourg, France. The fight resulted in the sinking of the Alabama with a loss of nine men killed and twenty one wounded. Part of the remainder of her crew were rescued by the Kearsarge and part by the crew of an English yacht, called the Deerhound. The Kearsarge had three men badly wounded—one of them dying shortly after.

The celebrated "Alabama claims" arose on account of the damage caused by the Alabama to American shipping and merchandise. The tribunal of arbitration fixed the sum of \$15,500,000 as the sum to be paid by Great Britain in satisfaction of the various claims, which sum was paid over to the United States the following year.

JUNE 22, 1898: LANDING OF AMER-

JUNE 22, 1898: LANDING OF AMERICAN TROOPS IN CUBA. The army numbered 17,000 men, under the command of General Shafter. The landing place was Balquiri, some distance east of Santiago. As the Cubans had driven the Spaniards back into the interior, the landing was effected without opposition, and the troops immediately advanced upon Santiago.

JUNE 23, 1800: GREAT EASTERN ARRIVED IN NEW YORK, Until recently this was the largest ship ever built. She was constructed on the Isle of Dogs, England, in 1856. The dimensions were; Length, 692 feet; breadth, 118 feet; height, 70 feet. She had eight engines of 11,000 horse power; ten boilers, five smokestacks, and six masts. Her chief work was in laying the first Atlantic cable; otherwise she proved an unprofitable investment, and was broken up for junk in 1889.

JUNE 25, 1876: MASSACRE OF GENERAL CUSTER AND HIS COMMAND BY INDIANS. Congress dispossessed the Indians of a considerable part of the Black Hills reservation, which aroused their anger. A strong military force was sent into the territory to quell any uprising. General George A. Custer, with a part of his force, consisting of hardly 30 men. encountered Sitting Bull with a force of Indians five times greater. A terrible struggle engaged in which General Custer

Horn," from its having taken place there.

JUNE 27, 1873: HIRAM POWERS, section to Congress. He was defeated for the vice-presidency in 1840, but four learns later the Democratis elected him to the presidency. The chief events of iTesident Polk's administration were the war with Mexico, the establishment of an independent treasury system and the inauguration of the Department of the Interior. Mr. Polk's death took place only a few months after his retiral from office.

JUNE 17, 1775: BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL. One of the most important of the most important of the Revolution. Although it has come down in Revolution. Although it has come down in Revolution. Although it has come down in Revolution. The Market Hills of the Greek Slave is prob-

ably the best known of his creations, numberless casts and copies of it having been taken. Of famous Americans, he made a portrait statue of Washington for Louislana, of Calhoun for South Carolina, and of Webster for Massachusetts. His death occurred in Florence.

occurred in Florence.

JUNE 28, 1738: BATTLE OF MONMOUTH COURT HOUSE. The British
troops under General Sir Henry Clinton
were, after the evacuation of Philadelphia,
advancing as rapidiy as possible making
their way to New York with Washington
following, to give battle should an opportunity be presented. The battle was a decided victory for the Continentals, although,
owing to the disaffection, tardiness and
disobedience of General Lee, defeat at one
time was imminent; and only the presence
and stimulating example of Washington
made victory possible. In killed, wounded
and missing the Americans lost 228 men,
while the British left behind 4 officers
and 245 non-commissioned officers and men.

JUNE 28, 1836: JAMES MADISON DIED.

JUNE 17, 1872: GREAT INTERNATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE AT BOSTON. The special features of the occasion were a chorus of 20,000 voices and an orchestra numbering 1,000. Military bands of many other nations, including that of the British Grenadier Guards, also took part. The Jubilee closed on July 4.

JUNE 18, 1812: UNITED STATES DECLARED WAR AGAINST GREAT BRITTAIN. This, the "Second War for Independence," was brought about mainly by the dangerous political influence which Great Britain was exercising in American affairs. When the war finished American affairs when the war finished American affairs. When the war finished American affairs when the war finished American affairs. When the war finished American affairs when the war finished American affairs to the war for Independence was completely and forever accomplished.

JUNE 19, 1829: MAINE SEPARATED FROM MASSACHUSETTS. Maine was the twenty-third State admitted into the Union.

JUNE 19, 1864: BATTLE BETWEEN THE KEARSARGE AND ALABAMA. The

JUNE 30. 1834: INDIAN TERRITORY FIXED BY CONGRESS. The act stated that, "All that part of the United States west of the Mississippi River, and not within the States of Missouri and Louislana, or the Territory of Arkansas, shall be considered the Indian country." By formation of states and territories, this area is now greatly reduced.

area is now greatly reduced.

JUNE 30. 1898: LADRONE ISLANDS SEIZED BY AMERICA. These islands form part of the Philippine group belonging to Spain and were taken by America during the Spanish-American war. The Spanish Governor-General of the Islands only heard of the war for the first time from the officers of the United States ship Charleston, which made the capture.

JUNE, 1785: INTRODUCTION OF THE COTTON PLANT INTO GEORGIA. The seeds were obtained from the Bahama Islands, and its exportation was begun in 1788 by Alexander Bissell, of St. Simon's Island.

JUNE, 1900:: TWELFTH CENSUS OF UNITED STATES TAKEN: The population was found to be 76,236,220.

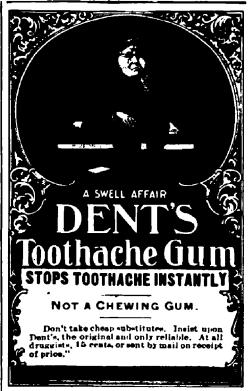


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Trees stand bare of leaves, and show their cold but graceful skeletons. Brooks hide away under sheets of ice, and tuck themselves under soft blankets of snow, and only murmur softly in their sleep. Insects are cuddled away in warm chrysalids and no longer enliven the air with their color and music. And so, every one is glad of the first tokens of renewed life, which herald the coming again of spring and sumherald the coming again of spring and sum-

herald the coming again of spring and summer.

First, the sky takes on a softer hue and the clouds assume a kindlier tint. The sun rises a little earlier day by day, and night by night stays up a little later. Winds change to breezes. Snow and ice gradually pass away. The bark on shrubs and trees becomes more tightly drawn, and a swelling appears in the buds that have lain slumbering since last fall. The hardy sparrows that have endured the winter, chirp with a note of happy relief. Chanticleer sings his matin song in a less melancholy key. Even the crows caw with a triumphant cry of hope. By and by a flash of blue runs through the air, and a ripple of music announces the return of the first blue bird. Then it is that we are alert to find the first flower of the new year. What is this earliest flower? In New England the honor is not yet finally awarded. It is claimed by the trailing arbutus, which often opens her pink and white spiceblossoms under the edge of a dying snowdrift and fills the surprised air with Arabian perfume.

It is claimed by gentle hepatica, which

perfume.

It is claimed by gentle hepatica, which of brown and blue, and purple, in endless shading, intermingled with spotless white, and yielding to him whose senses are keen and expectant a breath of delicate fragrance.

and expectant a breath of deficate fragrance.

It is claimed by the virile and virid skunk cabbage, which hides its adventurous green blossoms deep among its spathes in the depths of chilling swamps. It is claimed by the brave little coltsfoot, the squire of Madame Dandelion, as he opens his starry eyes by the sandy roadside. These and others have claimed first place in the long procession of New England blossoms. But who in New England can tell what flowers are first awaited with eager expectancy in Virginia, in Texas, in Colorado, in Oregon?

To help us solve these questions, we confidently appeal to the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY. We invite every one who may read these lines—and that particularly means you!—to write a short account of what you think is the earliest flower in your own neighborhood.

of what you think is the earliest flower in your own neighborhood.

If you can give the date of its first appearance, so much the better. If not, you might make a note of it next spring. But at least be pleased to send us its name now. To every one who will do us this service we will send a badge of membership in the Agassiz Association. A drawing or photograph of the flower will be especially welcome, but that is not required.



WHAT IS ITS NAME!

and picture in the hope that some Kansas friend may

even print all the best letters. This is because we cannot use a great many on the same subject. We have enough letters on spiders alone to fill our space this month; but our readers cannot live on a spider diet alone.

We make this general explanation to all our correspondents, once for all. We shall continue, however, to send a personal let-ter in reply to every one we receive if we have to hire a roomful of clerks to do it!

Tree in a Mill Wheel.

Lanesville, Conn.
Dear Mr. Ballard:—Near the place where
I live is an old mill wheel
lying flat on the ground,
and all covered with moss,
and in the center, where
the axle passed, is a small
mulberry tree growing. It
is six feet high and six
inches in diameter.
There are no other mulberry trees for miles
around, and no one planted
this one. How could it Lanesville, Conn.

this one. How could have come there?—G. M. Stack.

[To answer this question one must be able to "see through a mill stone" indeed. Probably the seed was dropped by a bird.—

Attidæ, or Jumping Spiders.

MULBERRY IN MILL WHEEL.

There is a fascination about spiders that induces one to watch their movements in spite of an intuitive shrinking. Why they should be more repulsive than other created animals is a question that I have often asked myself without receiving a satisfactory appear.

often asked myself without receiving a satisfactory answer.

One day recently, while employed in a basement, I observed a small black spider creeping along in the shadow of the doorcasing, some three feet from the ground. It came up on the corner of the board and hungrily regarded a bevy of files that were buzzing around in the sunlight and occasionally alighting on the casing, unmindful of the approach of their natural enemy. enemy.

The spider crouched low. and began

enemy.

The spider crouched low, and began slowly and almost imperceptibly to creep upon its prey. When within an inch and a half or so, it suddenly sprang forward and made a vicious clutch at the fly, who escaped by a hair's breadth.

Without the least show of discouragement, the spider continued its efforts, and about the fourth attempt, landed its prey, which it immediately trussed up in a kind of web shroud, made on the spot, and started out for another forage.

I am satisfied that the vicious little creature wielded some kind of psychic influence over the fly he was approaching, for, when within a certain distance, the victim seemed paralyzed and unable to move until the last moment, when it was often too late. One curious feature about the spider's tactics was the fact that in leaping at its prey, it would sometimes spring an inch or more from the perpendicular board casing with no apparent support.

I discovered on closer examination, that

Holton, Kas.

Mr. H. H. Ballard, President Agassiz Association.

Dear Sir:—I send a drawing of a plant which grows on the sides of cliffs in this State. It is a shrub with a queer odor, and there is a fine fuzzy hair on the leaves and it bears small red berries.

What is its name? — Elbert Holdren.

Joy, Ill.

Dear Agassiz Association:—
Enclosed find a sketch of a little creature, green tree frog, I think. I saw it last summer on the leaf of a lily. It has little round disks on its toes. I caught it and put it in a box with a glass front. It climbed up the smooth glass. How could it do that? In some parts it was almost olive green; the abdomen light yellow. Two yellow stripes run down the back.—
Carl Vernon.

[For this interesting

Ant and Caterpillar.

Westbrook, Me. Dear Mr. Ballard:—I saw an ant trying very hard to drag a caterpillar. It was the largest ant I had ever seen. I became interested. The caterpillar was quite a large one. After a little the ant became exhausted and left the caterpillar, which was now so helpless that it could hardly move. In a few seconds the ant appeared with another one. This time one ant caught the caterpillar by one end and the other by the opposite end, and they hurried it along pretty fast. I thought this rather rough treatment, so I picked up the caterpillar, carried it a few yards and laid it on the ground, and went on my way home.—Harold C. Hamilton. Westbrook, Me.

Snake and Frog.

Germantown, Pa., April 12, 1901.

1 was on the porch of my home one morning when I saw a snake about thirty inches long in the grass. Looking more closely I saw that the shake was swallowwas swallowing a good sized to a d alive. It was swallowing it

swallowing it head first, and the hind legs of the toad were hanging out of the snake's mouth. I watched until the snake had entirely swallowed the toad. I could see where the toad was in the snake's body by the swelling at a certain place. I killed the snake with a spade and cut it on each side of the swelling so as not to cut the toad, and also to see whether it was dead or alive, and to my surprise the toad jumped out of the part that I had cut and hopped away as well as ever.—Yours truly, Conyers B. Graham.

[This observation of Mr. Graham's, and his first drawing, may throw light on certain stories of "two horned" snakes, which we have received, and which appeared too "fishy" for publication.—Ed.]

Queer Creatures in a Cistern.

Gibsonburg, O.

Dear Sir:-I found some queer looking creatures in our cistern They had They naw long bodies and long about them 11 2 1 1 E

tails; but the queerest thing about them was that they ate through their tails. They cleaned the cistern perfectly and then disappeared as mysteriously as they had come. Can you tell me what the name of these creatures is? They looked like this cut.—Your friend, Clarence Stilson.

[Clarence himself was in the best posi-tion to study the creatures he discovered. He should have captured a number and kept them in a glass of cistern water cov-ered with gauze netting. Then he could have watched them closely day by day, and he could have noted any transformations that occurred. He might even have learned that they did not eat "through their tails," as they seemed to. Can any one tell us more about these little fellows?—Ed.]



Brattleboro, Vt.
While hunting in
a rocky ravine late
in the fall, I saw an animal such as I never had seen before. I chased it about a quarter of a mile in and out among the rocks. I fired five times at it and missed it every time. I was much mortified, as

were only one plant in America with a queer odor, fuzzy-haired leaves and red herries, like the ground cherry for example, that would be another thing!Ed.]

To Our Correspondents.

We receive ten times as many letters as we can print. If, therefore, you do not find your letter in THE AMERICAN BOY, you have no reason to think that we do not fully appreciate your kindness in writing it. As we have not room for all, we are forced to make a selection. We cannot

Barn Swallows.

Lakeville, Mass Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, President Agas iz

Lakeville, Mass Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, President Agas iz Association.

Dear Sir;—I send you the following coservations on the nesting of the barn swallow which I hope will be of interest other members of the A. A.

In this locality the barn swallow is our commonest swallow, the air being fairly alive with these graceful birds. They arrive from the south about April 29, and some begin nest-building as early as May 5. The majority, however, do not begin the work before May 15. The nest is made of mud and lined with hay and a few hens' feathers. It is rather shallow and is attached to the rafters of a barn or shed. The work generally requires about ten days, at the end of which time the eggs, four or five in number, are laid and incubation begun. In fourteen or fifteen days the young appear and are cared for by both parents.

One of the parents arrives at the nest with food in her bill, feeds it to the young and then hovers over them a moment to warm them. By this time her mate has secured a passing insect, which he brings to the nest, she slipping off at one side, just as he alights on the opposite edge. He then feeds and warms them just as she has done, she meanwhile being in search of more food. This is continued until the young are well enough feathered to withstand the cool air. After that the old birds seldom alight on the nest except at night (they feed the young while fluttering before the nest). The young remain in the nest about eighteen days.

After the young have left the nest they return each evening to the barn to spend the night. In about a week the female starts a new nest for the second brood, the male caring for the young about a week longer. They are then left to shift for themselves while both birds put their energy into the construction of a new nest and the raising of another brood. The second batch comes off toward the last of July and the young leave the nest about the middle of August. Old and young leave for the south about September first.

F. SEYMOUR HERSEY.

[Notice how many different

[Notice how many different states are represented in the letters on this page. In this regard they were taken quite at random from our desk.—Ed.]

Reports from the Seventh Century Chapters, 601-700, should reach the President by July 1.

Everybody is invited to join the Agassiz Association.

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"Cramming" for Examination Not Approved of in Germany.

Darmstadt is menaced with a revolution arising out of a schoolboy's idleness. He was the son of a superintendent of education named Dettweller, and as he had neglected his studies, one of the gymnasium teachers, Dr. Ahlheim, "crammed" him for the examination. Young Dettweller was, however, not only lazy, but extravagant, and to obtain pocket money sold copies of his crammer's notes to several of his schoolfellows. Of course they passed their examinations brilliantly, rendering their more studious classmates justly jealous. It became known in the town how the black sheep of the gymnasium came out first on the class lists, and a complaint was lodged. An investigation was made, and Dr. Ahlheim was blamed for cramming young Dettweller and removed to another gymnasium. This punishment appeared too mild for the Darmstadt parents, and the campaign begun in the local press was continued. On Tuesday last the whole sitting of the Lower House of the Diet was devoted to a discussion of the incident. The Minister of State announced that a new investigation had been begun and promised to inform the House of the result when it was completed. But this did not satisfy the Diet, and a dozen orators vented their indignation. The galleries of the House contained a large audience, a most unusual occurrence in the Hessian Parliament.

IMPROVE YOUR LEISURE HOURS BY CAREFUL READING. IN ORDER TO COMMAND RESPECT, A YOUNG MAN MUST KNOW SOMETHING OF THE WORLD AND ITS DAILY LIFE, ITS PUBLIC AFFAIRS. AND ITS PUBLIC MEN, TO BE ABLE TO CONVERSE INTELLIGENTLY, YOU MUST READ GOOD LITERATURE.

Mechanics Institute, a Training School for Young Men.

The training school for young mechanics in New York City known as the Mechanics' Institute was founded in 1785 by twenty-two citizens of New York, its primary object being mutual aid, assistance in case of illness or distress, and care for the widows and orphans of those who should die without property. The scope of the institution has been broadened as its income permitted. In 1820 it added the Mechanics' school and the Apprentices' Library; in 1873 it inaugurated a course of instructive lectures; in 1886 it added reading rooms, and in 1889 it instituted free scholarships in the New York Trades School. Évening classes furnish free instruction to young men in free-hand, mechanical and architectural drawing, cabinet decorations and clay modeling. There are two new evening classes that have recently been established—a mathematical and elementary architectural class, dividing the architectural class into elementary and advanced. The modeling class is for young men, such as plasterers, stone-cutters and woodcarvers. An ordinary plasterer, for example, is taught to be a decorative plasterer or designer for raised star work. To encourage young men in acquiring practical knowledge of some useful trade, the society maintains twelve free scholarships in the New York Trades School and supports their holders for a Any mechanic or tradesman year. vouched for as to character is eligible to UDOD in membersnip payment of an initiation fee of \$1, which payment constitutes him a life member, there being no annual dues or assessments.

The aim of the society is to make it an institution where young men, by applying themselves for three or four years, may, upon passing the required examination, receive a certificate which will be of service to them in any place in the United States. The course of study was formerly limited to one year, but the regular courses are now three or four years, so that the students are turned out practical draughtsmen, ar-chitects or workmen in their special departments.

Only the Boys' Room.

Fiora Zoll Briggs writes wisely and entertainingly about "The Boys' Room" in a recent issue of the Woman's Home Companion. She tells how she had been led from room to room of a very pretty new home by a friend who was quite enthusisatic over the many attractions of the beautiful parlors, reception hall, dining room, bath room, etc. "Small wonder," says she, "for it was indeed a beautiful home." But lassing through the house I noticed at one side a door slightly ajar. Without thinking, I asked. "What room is that?"

"O, that is only the boys' room," she said, "You know boys don't care for pretty things." There was but one window, and that was covered with an ugly, faded curtain, evidently out of the old home. The woodwork and walls were painted dark—"for boys are so dirty, you know." The bed was comfortable, but not in the least attractive. The floor was covered with a well-worn carpet. There was but one chair, and that didn't look particularly comfortable. "But boys don't stay in their rooms long enough to sit down." she said, noticing a look of inquiry on my face. There was an old washstand, with the usual belongings, and a second-class mirror hanging over it. There were no bookshelves, no stove or fireplace, and, strange to say, no table.

This is a picture of the average boy's room. It is furnished with the idea that boys don't care for pretty things and that the boy doesn't care to stay in his room, so just enough is put there to serve his absolute necessities. Parents forget that the years from five to fifteen are the most important years in one's life. It is in these ycars that habits are fixed and the mind and thought and taste are turned into perma-

thought and taste are turned into perma-

nent grooves. Every one must admit that environment greatly influences the young, and this is true not only of girls but of boys. The mother usually takes great pains to have the girl's room attractive, but if the mother is to have refined sons she must see to it that their surroundings are of a refined nature. Much of the "don't care" in boys may be overcome. Food, shelter and clothing do not alone make a home. Give the boy a room that will be more attractive to him than the street corner; make it so attractive that he will want to invite boys to his own room rather than desire to meet with them elsewhere. Encourage the boy to feel that his room is his castle, and that he is master in his own domain. The entertainment of his friends is one of the boy's inalienable rights. It is certain that those inalienable rights. It is certain that those whom the boy invites into his own room will belong to a better class of boys than the ones who will entertain him on the street

ones who will entertain him on the street corner.

Let the boy choose his own pictures and other decorations. Let him have pictures of horses, dogs, ships, birds, and the like. Let him have a good table on which to write, read and play games. Give him a good light by day and by night, and a nice bookcase. If there are defects in the room, hide them with decorations. If possibir, let him have a fireplace, where on cold and rainy days he can have a cheerful glow. Such a room will have more influence on a boy's character than the mother can imagine. It is safe to say that mothers who think boys don't care for this or that, often have never in their lives given a serious thought to what boys really do care for such mothers are the ones who wonder why the boys don't like to stay home, but all the while home has never been made in the least attractive to them. the least attractive to them.





TO CUT THE PEEL OF AN ORANGE.



A YOUNG PORKER.



A PORTRAIT IN TWO MINUTES.

Small and very interesting objects can be made of orange peel. The materials for the purpose are simple, and consist merely of a very sharp penknife and a few splints of wood of different lengths.

of wood of different lengths.

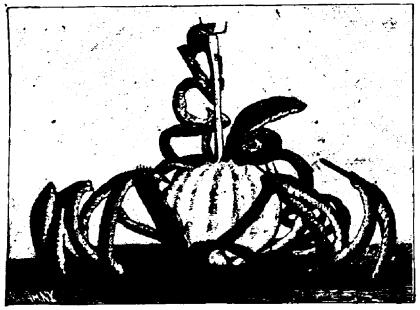
Let us take an orange, says Lectures pour Tous, a French periodical, and make four incisions in it at right angles, starting from near the base. With the thumb nail inserted under the rind, let us separate the latter from the fruit without tearing it. We thus obtain four quarters of peel united at the base. Now let us cut these quarters into thin strips by strokes of the knife blade given alternately from the free summit of the quarters to their point of junction, and from this point to the summit, taking care each time to stop at a short distance from the extremity. We thus form a ribbon interrupted by four small losenges, and obtain an entanglement of narrow strips. Let tain an entanglement of narrow strips. Let us arrange these upon the orange and wind a strip of the rind into a spiral and support it by a splint of wood thrust into the top of the orange. In this way we obtain an object that has somewhat the aspect of a pile of rocks upon which formidable ser-jot the orange.

What Can Be Made of Orange Peel. pents are erecting themselves in menacing attitudes.

If it be desired to obtain an animal less frightful than a serpent, carve the top of an orange, and here and there raise up a few bits of the rind, so as to form two pointed ears, four legs, and a little twisted tolly and head when the restaurance of the rind of the rind. tail; and, behold, we have a young porker that appears to be upon the point of grunt-

ing. Not content with being a carver of animals, the artist in orange peel may raise himself to the dignity of a portraitist. See himself to the dignity of a portraitist. See this simple fellow who comes into being in measure as the knife indicates his two round eyes, his flat nose, his widely spaced ears, and his thick lips. It would be possible in two minutes to form in this way the portrait of an old woman with her cap and spectacles, a clown with toupet and wig, or an old bewhiskered sailor smoking his pipe.

If a bouquet be desired, there is nothing easier than to make it. Place an orange upon a vase, and, in the entanglement of the strips of rind, insert here and there a few pansies, the beautiful, velvety tints of which harmonize well with the warm colors of the orange.



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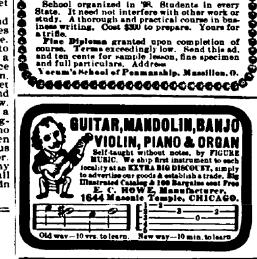
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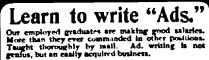


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TODD SEMINARY FOR BOYS 64th year. An for young boys near Chicago. Hend for prospectus. No BLE HILL, Woodstock, III.

Going After a Position.

James A. Shaw, in the Chicago Times-Herald, taiking to boys who want positions, says: "Put an ad in some good paper, stating in clear-cut language your age, qualifications, and that you are willing and ambitious. Look through the best newspapers and pick out the ads that seem attractive and write a letter to each one. Call personally on the firms you would like to be with, carrying a letter of application composed and written by yourself. Try to impress upon those to whom you go the fact that you are just the boy they want, and yet don't make yourself obnoxious. Take any position you can get, just so it is an honorable one, for the possession of a position is the best recommendation you can have for securing another, should ou wish to. If you are out of a position when you apply, the person applied to may think that it is through your own fault. Take your hat off when you approach any one for a position so that he can see that you know what politeness is, and can also see your head at the same time. The shape of your head may not be just exactly the right shape; but if you have a pooriy shaped head and no politeness you are worse off than with politeness and a poor head. Men judge a good deal by the face and shape of the head. Dress as neatly but quietly as possible. If you can get letters of introduction it will enable you to get a hearing, which you might not be able to do if you didn't have them. When you have obtained the position, try to keep it on your own merits."



IDAHO FRIENDS OF THE AMERICAN BOY. Photo by Eddie Manion, Mountain Home, Ida.

Colgate Hoyt, one of the world's successful men, told some young men recently how, when he was a boy working in a hardware store, he wanted to quit when he was put at washing windows and the young girls he called on saw him at his menid occupation. The boy complained to his father, who advised him to do the washing and do it to the best of his ability. "If you do whatever is given you to do to the best of your ability." said the father, "your employers won't find it profitable to keep you long at window washing."

In choosing an occupation do not choose the one that first offers you the best position or salary, but choose one in which you would be willing to devote your life. There is nothing to be gained by jumping from one thing to another and working a few months here and there.

Every boy has a market value, just as surely as a load of corn or a bushel of potatoes has. Commercially, some boys are worthless, some worth but little, while others are very valuable.

THERE WILL BE TIMES WHEN YOU THERE WILL BE TIMES WHEN YOU WILL NEED TO REMAIN ON DUTY AFTER REGULAR HOURS. DO NOT MIRMUR OR SHOW ANY DISPLEASURE ON SUCH OCCASIONS. ACCEPT THE SITUATION BRAVELY. AND WORK WITH INCREASED EARNEST-NESS.

Boys should not make the mistake of thinking that it is easier to occupy a position in an office or a store than to work on a farm. The boy in the office who attends to his business will get just as tired as the boy on the farm.

The young man who would starve before he would do anything beneath what he con-ceives to be his dignity, is not made of the right kind of stuff to cut much of a figure

A successful man is an enthusiastic man. There are some other things required for the making of success, but enthusiasm must be under it all. Boys, be enthusiastic.

Elihu Burritt got the name of "The Learned Blacksmith" because he not only worked at the forge but he improved every opportunity to get an education.

A boy who is not willing to work is of no use to the world.

BOYS IN THE OFFICE, STORE, FACTORY, AND ON THE FARM

Small Potatoes.

Some years ago a gentleman visiting a farmer in Lolland, Conn., took from his pocket a small potato which, somehow, had got in there at home. It was thrown out with a smile, and the farmer taking it in his hand to look at it, a turious little boy of twelve, standing at his elbow, asked him what it was. "Oh," said he, "nothing but a potato, my boy; take it and plant it, and you shall have all you can raise from it till you are twenty one." The lad took it, and the farmer thought no more about it. The boy, however, not despising little things, carefully divided it into as many pleces as he could find eyes, and put them into the ground. The product was carefully put aside in the fall, and planted in the spring, and so on, till the fourth year, when the actual product was four hundred bushels. The farmer seeing the prospect that the potato field would cover the whole farm by another year, asked to be released from by another year, asked to be released from his promise.

WHEN YOUR OWN SPECIAL TASK FOR ANY DAY IS LIGHT AND NOT SUFFICIENT TO KEEP YOU BUSY, DO NOT FAIL TO OFFER YOUR ASSIST-ANCE TO OTHERS. THIS WILL SERVE TO CREATE A FRIENDLY FEELING BETWEEN YOU AND YOUR ASSOCI-

Wanted a Job as Boss.

A boy of about fourteen, with well worn clothes and a face in which timidity and determination struggled for the mastery, entered the office of a shipping house on Front street one day last week, approached the desk of him whose appearance spoke the control of the establishment, and, catching his cye, said:

"Do you want a boss, mister?"

"What!" exclaimed the proprietor, surprised out of his self control.

"I want to know if you want a boss, sir."

"I don't understand you. What do you mean?"

"Well, sir, I've been looking for some-thing to do for three weeks now, and no-body wants a boy, so to-day I thought I'd see if somebody didn't want a boss. I'd like to be a boss."

"Well, well! That's not bad. Are you

"Well, well! That's not bad. Are you willing to work up to the job? It took me twenty five years to get it."

"Deed I am, sir, if you'll give me the chance."

chance.

To-day an earnest boy in jumper and overalls is struggling with bundles and lacking cases in the shipping room of the concern. He intends to be boss of the establishment before his side whiskers, which have not yet sprouted, are as gray as those of the present incumbent.

And the chances with his energy and

And the chances, with his energy and will, are in his favor.—New York Times.

ALWAYS KEEP IN MIND SELFIMPROVEMENT. LEARN WHEREVER
AND WHENEVER YOU CAN. MAKE
YOURSELF WORTHY OF PROMOTION
BY THE WAY YOU IMPROVE IN
YOUR WORK. ONE WAY TO IMPROVE
YOURSELF IS TO STUDY CAREFULLY
THE METHODS AND HABITS OF THE
SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MEN WHOM
YOU SEE AND MEET.



CUTTING ICE.

The men on the right are sawing the ice; those on the left, poling it to the shute. Photagraph by Ward A. Baldwin, Thomaston, Conn.

THIS IS A BUSY AGE. EVERY-BODY IS HURRYING. MUCH IS DONE IN A SHORT TIME. THEREFORE MOVE BRISKLY AND STEP LIVELY IF YOU HOPE TO MEET THE EXPECTATIONS AND APPROVAL OF YOUR EMPLOYERS. EMPLOYERS.

"The National Banker" says: "Never before was the call for trained men so loud as now. They are in demand everywhere, not only in the professions, but also in banks, business houses, and even on the farm they are in demand. There is an increased demand everywhere for college educated men. The market for brains and education is constantly widening."

Advice to Boys.

Someone connected with the Cleveland Window Glass Company writes the following on the subject of "A Boy's Deportment".

ment":

BE READY.—When waiting, be ready to catch the first sign of your being wanted; have your wits about you; be quick to understand what is wanted, move on the instant, and act with spirit till the job is done.

done.
ON AN ERRAND.—Keep to the right, and ON AN ERRAND.—Keep to the right, and be gentle about it; turn out to the right, if there is room, when you meet anybody; but don't lose time; dodge in and out wherever there's room. Keep a good lookout ahead. Don't go into a crowd; go round it. Give way to everybody; but get there quickly. Be active, springy, light on your feet. Get done with your errand. Be ready for what comes next. Don't dawdle.

Never go two and two. There isn't room or time in business for that.

On the Stairs.—Don't stop, keep to the right.

Don't slide on the rail; don't lean on it. You may put your hand on it, going down, for safety—nothing more.

Never go down two steps at a time. Step

Never go down two steps at a time. Step lightly.

CARRYING.—Carry things with care. Touch them as little as you can. Never toss them. Carry papers carefully. Don't put them to your mouth, or rattle them.

Keep a good lookout ahead.

NOISE.—Whether busy or not, don't whistle, or sing, or make any sort of noise, or talk without occasion.

When you need to speak, go near and speak low. Don't shout.



THE CLOWN AND THE DONKEY. Photo by Arlie Owen, Gibsonville, N.C.

After Leaving ${ t SCHOOL}$

You expect to go to work. Why not prepar-for a position that will pay good wages from the start and enable you to gain valuable experience at the same time? We have helped thousands of young men to better positions. Many of our students have gone from school into drafting rooms at good salaries where they have continued their studies and advanced to even better positions. We can do as much for you; our catalogues tell how.

WE TEACH BY MAIL Mechanical Welland By MAIL Mechanical from Mining Engineering; Bhop and Foundry Practice: Mechanical Brawing; Architecture: Architectural Brawing; Plumbing, Heating and Ventilation; Sheet Metal Work; Telephony; Tolography; Chemistry; Grammental Design; Lettering; Bookhooping; Stenography; Teaching; English Branchoo; Locometive Running (for ongineers and firemen only); Electrotherspentice (for physicians and nurses only). When writing state subject in which interested.

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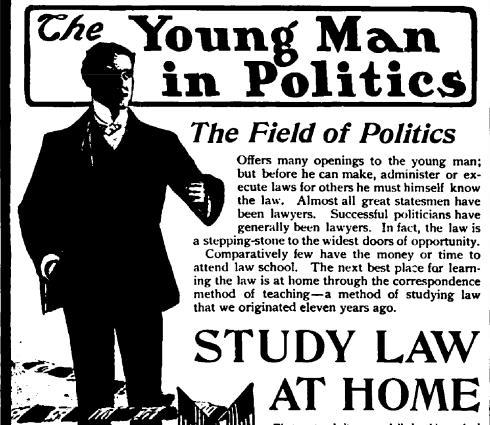
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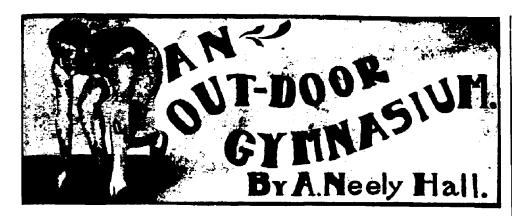
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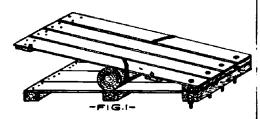
With the coming of summer, the healthy American boy puts an end to his indoor amusements and devotes his spare time to outdoor sports. It is this season of the year that his head is full of base ball and all kinds of athletics. The gymnasium affords him plenty of enjoyment during the winter and spring months; but when the warm weather arrives, he wants to get out into the open air. With a little work he can it up an outdoor gymnasium making the greater part of his apparatus himself.

The spot you wish to use it, and bank up carth until a gradual slope is made. from the ground to the top of the springboard.

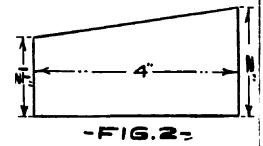
Hurdles may be made out of light lumber, so as to knock over readily. They should be constructed like saw horses, but do not need to be so firm. Make the body out of a piece of two-by-four, tapered on two sides as shown in

himself.

For practicing the high jump, you will find many boys leaping rail fences, boxes and solid objects which is exceedingly dangerous work. A boy is always likely to slip or be unable to clear the mark, and injure himself. Besides, the possibilities



of hurting himself, this method of practicing jumping is unhandy, as boxes of different sizes cannot be easily obtained. With a little work a pair of jumping stands may be made with which you can practice the high jump. Secure two two-by-two poles, each about ten feet long, and with a ruler measure off one foot from one end of both. Above these marks lay off each inch, after which bore holes at each mark, using a small bit or gimlet. With some black paint and a fine brush, mark off each foot by making a band around the pole, and letter them one, two, three, etc. When this is done, whittle a couple of wooden pegs to fit the holes, or, a couple of spikes the right size will be more serviceable. Sink the poles up to the first hole, about eight feet apart. Get a pine bar long enough to reach from peg to peg. With these stands there is no danger of injury as the stick will fall off the pegs at the slightest touch. For pole vaulting, a pole sufficiently strong of hurting himself, this method of prac-



to bear your weight should be procured. One end of it should be pointed so that it will stick in the ground and keep from

One end of it should be pointed so that it will stick in the ground and keep from slipping.

A springboard is good for practicing the high jump. For this obtain three pieces of two-by-four, each two feet long. Lay these upon the ground, parallel to one nother, one foot and one half apart, and hall flooring upon them. This forms a platform for the springboard. On one end it fasten a piece of two-by-four, after apering it from two inch thickness on one ide to one and one half inch on the other. See Fig. 2.] Secure a log two feet long and fasten it on the middle of the platform in farallel to the two-by-fours. Obtain some pieces of ash or any wood that is stout and limber, and make a second platform ix inches longer than the first one, aving about a quarter of an inch between ach board. Use two strips, as (a) and b) in Fig. 1. to strengthen them. Fasten he end of this platform to the first platform at the end where the tapered piece of two-by-fours is nailed. As there will be a great strain upon this end of the pringboard, nails will not hold. The best way is to use bolts long enough to go through the two platforms and project an inch or more beyond the bottom of the springboard. These ends will catch in the kround and hold the springboard in place. The upper platform should not be nailed to the log, but merely held to it by passing straps, diagonally around it and the log he end of this platform to the first platform at the end where the tapered piece of two-by-fours is nailed. As there will be a great strain upon this end of the pringboard, nails will not hold. The best way is to use bolts long enough to go through the two platforms and project an inch or more beyond the bottom of the Springboard. These ends will catch in the kround and hold the springboard in place. The upper platform should not be nailed the log, but merely held to it by passing to the log, but merely held to it by passing traps, diagonally around it and the log supon each side of the springboard, as is shown in the illustration of the completed springboard. These straps are to keep the upper platform from springing up. After completing the springboard, set it upon their places and slip the baskets into their places and slip the baskets into the platform to the first plates.

We were talking with a sixty year old farmer friend lately, and he said that when he was a boy on the old farmer friend lately, and he said that when he was a boy on the old farmer friend lately, and he said that when he was a boy on the old farmer friend lately, and he said that when he was a boy on the old farmer friend lately, and he said that when he was a boy on the old farmer friend lately, and he said that when he was a boy on the old farmer friend lately, and he said that when he was a boy on the old farmer friend lately, and he said that when he was a boy on the old farmer friend lately, and he said that when he was a boy on the old farmer friend lately, and he said that when he was a boy on the old farmer friend lately, and he said that when he was a boy on the old farmer friend lately, and he said that when he was a boy on the old farmer friend lately, and he said that when he was a boy on the old farmer friend lately, and he said that when he was a boy on the old farmer friend lately, and he said that when he was a boy on the old farmer friend lately, and he said that when he was a boy on the old farmer friend lately, and he

made out of light lumber, so as to knock over readily. They should be constructed like saw horses, but do not need to be so firm. Make the body out of a piece of two-by-four, tapered on two sides as shown in the cross section of Fig. 3. Nail the legs to the body and then brace them in the manner shown in the same figure.

manner shown in the same figure.

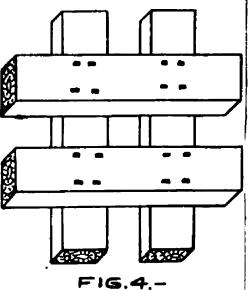
For a turning pole an old curtain pole may be used. One end of this should be fastened to the shed or house by making a socket similar to Fig. 4. and, after nailing it to the wall, slipping the pole into it. Sink a two-by-four in the ground at the other end of the pole and brace it firmly. A hole should be cut just large enough to admit large enough to admit the pole.

An old mattress is a

large enough to admit the pole.
An old mattress is a good thing to keep beneath the turning pole to prevent injury in case of a fall, and also to be used in practicing tumbling. However, if one of these cannot be had, a few potato sacks stuffed with shavings will answer the purpose very well.

If your yard is large enough, a running track can be made around it by simply banking up the corners with earth to enable the runner to turn readily. For short sprints the most common method of starting is upon all fours, as shown in the figure at the head of this article. A hole for each foot should be made in the ground a couple of inches deep, one about nine inches behind the other. An obiong strip of wood should be sunk sidewise in the ground, for a mark to jump from in the broad and standing jumps.

A very good set of goals for basket ball, the rules for which were given in the February number of THE AMERICAN BOY, may be made out of a pair of barrel hoops. With a gimlet, bore holes around each hoop about one inch apart. After doing this, make a netting by fastening cord from one hole to the hole opposite and then connecting the loops at every inch or so to form a perfect network. To keep the knots from slipping, it will be well to sew each one. Fig. 5 will give you an idea as to the depth of the basket. When the two baskets are finished, select a place at each end of the yard about ten feet above the ground, where you can hang them. They may be nailed to these places, but as nails are liable to split the wood when the ball is thrown into the basket, it is better to make some kind of a bracket to hold them. Fig. 5 is a form that has been used by the writer and has proven

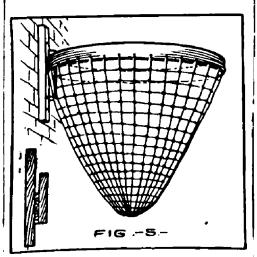




them. A large rubber football may be substituted for a basket ball.

A platform should be put up along the side of your fence for your punching bag. Make it about three feet square out of pine flooring, fastening the boards together by means of two pieces of two-by-four. When this has been firmly constructed, fasten a cleat upon the fence a little above your head, and nail one side of your platform to it. Support the other side with two two-by-fours, sinking the lower ends a little way into the ground. A swivel should be secured from a dealer in sporting goods and screwed to the under part of the platform.

For making this sort of a gymnasium, it is a good plan to organize an athletic club. With this club you can impose dues to defray your expenses, arrange con-



tests among yourselves, and carry on your athletics as well as any athletic association. In counting points in an athletic contest, the custom generally followed is to give the winner of each event five points, the person making the second best record three points, and the one who is third best, one point.

It may be that a great many city yards are too small to accommodate this gymnasium; but there are generally vacant lots near by, in which you can fit up your apparatus. Those of you who are fortunate enough to spend the summer months in the country, will have a splendid chance to try the outdoor gymnasium.

Let the Boy Sleep.

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And all business in New York seems to

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10,000 BOYS Got a "Vent-Packet Weighting Machine," drop a penny in the slot and watch the results. Everybody wants one at first sight. One agent sold 80 in 5 minutes. Rample, perspaid, fee. Big cat. free. A. B. Mercie. 2818 Berch Av. Balten, Md.

THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY

A NATIONAL NON-SECRET SOCIETY FOR AMERICAN BOYS. Under the Auspices of "THE AMERICAN BOY,"



(Twice Actual Size.

Object:—The Cultivation of Manliness in Muscle, Mind and Morals.

The object more definitely stated: To promote mutual and helpful friendships among boys; to give wider circulation to high class boy literature; to cultivate in boys physical, mental and moral courage, and develop them along social, intellectual and moral lines; to cultivate purity of language and actions; to discourage idleness, and encourage honest sport and honest work; to cherish and emulate the examples of great and good men; to inculcate lessons of patriotism and love of country; to prepare boys for good citizenship; to cultivate reverence for the founders of our country, and to stimulate boys to all worthy endeavor.

Boys desiring to Organize Companies may obtain a Pamphlet from us containing the Directions published in the January and February Nos. of this Paper. It is sent free.

A Name Well Bestowed.

The Company of The Order of The American Boy organized at Canonsburg, Pa., and named for Hon. J. Murray Clark, a respected citizen of that place has received from Mr. Clark the following letter, in response to a request from them to the effect that they be given the privilege of calling their company the J. Murray Clark Company:

Canonsburg, Pa., April 25, 1901. Lioyd Galbraith, Thomas Jones, Clyde Jacobs, Robert Taylor, Harry Auberle, George Estep, John Black, James Espy, Bert McKee, Clarence Edwards, Willis Craig, W. Estep, J. Clark Greer and others others.

craig, W. Estep, J. Clark Greer and others.

My dear young friends:—Your letter informing me that you have organized an American Boy Society, and asking permission to call it after my name, has been received. In reply, it gives me great pleasure to grant your request, and to express my high appreciation of the honor thus conferred upon me. Your object is improvement, and your model is the American Boy. In the choice of such an ideal you have shown good judgment, for, as there is no higher type of manhood than the American, so there is no higher type of boyhood than American boyhood. It would be neither patriotic nor in good taste for you, being Americans, to pattern after the French or the German or the English boy, and in your purpose to be strictly American boys, you deserve commendation.

You are to be commended also for a desire, as expressed in your letter, "to make the most of yourselves." Than this there is no worthier ambition, and you could not hetter direct your efforts than in striving to realize this high purpose. Such a course will command the respect and confidence of all good people, and it will be a source of ever increasing satisfaction to yourselves. However strangely it may sound, it is a true and important observation that the child is father of the man. If you make "the most of yourselves" as boys, you will pretty surely make the most of yourselves as men. If you improve your opportunities and achieve a noble boyhood, a noble American manhood will naturally follow. That each one of you may achieve this great distinction is my carnest wish, and if I should be able to assist you in any way in your endeavors, it would be of my highest pleasure so to do.

Be firm! One constant element in luck is genuine, soild, old Teutonic pluck

Be firm! One constant element in luck is genuine, soild, old Teutonic pluck. See yon tall shaft. It felt the earthquake's thrill.

its base and greets the sunrise

Stick to your aim. The mongrel's hold will slip,
Put only crowbars loose the buildog's grip.
Small as he looks, the jaw that never

Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields.

Anectionately your friend, J. MURRAY CLARK.

The referees chosen by the companies in the April Feld Day contests did very satisfactory work. The boys chose in some cases their fathers, in others their mothers. One company chose the mayor of the town, another chose a lawyer, another a barber, another a grocer. One or two companies chose other boys, but we would prefer that the record be made and sent us by some one of mature years and judgment.

Where the weather prevents the contest taking place at ten o'clock on the morning of the Field Day, another date as near as possible to the date set should be selected.

Standing Long Jump Championships.

The Standing Long Jump Championships for boys over fifteen years of age in the contest between the companies of The Order of the American Boy that took place April 13, goes to J. Carroll Knode, Stotsenberg Company, No. 1, Hebron, Neb., his jump being 9 feet, 3½ inches. The championship for the boy under fifteen making the longest jump goes to a boy in the same company, namely, Minor Wasson, his jump being 8 feet, 4½ inches.

J. Carroll Knode is, therefore, proclaimed THE AMERICAN BOY Standing Long Jump Senior Champion, and Minor Wasson THE AMERICAN BOY Standing Long Jump Junior Champion. These championships will be held by these boys until the honors are taken away from them by winners in another contest for the standing long jump championship, which will probably be announced a year from now. Silver medals will be sent to these boys at once. at once.

ar once.
The standing of the winners in the various companies is given as follows:

The Poet-Scout Proud of the Honor.

Captain Lowe of the Captain Jack Crawford Company No. 1, Order of the American Boy, Division of New Mexico, wrote the Poet-Scout, advising him of the name chosen by the Las Cruces Company, and received a fine acknowledgment and a few lines of verse. The correspondence was as follows:

Las Cruces, N. M., March 39, 1901. Captain Jack Crawford, San Marcial, N.

Las Cruces, N. M., March 39, 1901.
Captain Jack Crawford, San Marcial, N. M.:
Dear Captain—We have the pleasure of informing you of the organization of the Order of the American Boy, and we also have the pleasure of calling our company The Captain Jack Crawford Company, in honor of our friend, Captain Jack, whom we heard recite his thrilling stories of the "Camp Fire and the Trail" in Las Cruces, N. M., some time since.

The object of the order is to promote mutual and helpful friendship among boys, to give wider circulation to high class boy literature, to cultivate in boys physical, mental and moral courage, and develop them along social, intellectual and moral lines; to cultivate purity of language and actions; to discourage idleness and encourage honest sport and honest work; to cherish and emulate the examples of great and good men; to inculcate lessons of patriotism and love of country; to prepare boys for good citizenship; to cultivate reverence for the founders of our country, and to stimulate boys to all worthy endeavor.

We have two club rooms, one an athletic room and the other the assembly room. We have a good start for a library, consisting of several papers, magazines and books. Every Saturday we go through the military tactics and manual of arms.

We remain,
Sincerely yours,
THE CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD COM-PANY.

JOE LOWE, Captain.

JOE LOWE, Captain. THURMAN HATTON, Secretary.

San Marcial, N. M., April 7, 1901. Joe Lowe. Captain, and Thurman Hat-ton, Secretary, The Captain Jack Craw-ford Company, Order of The American Boy:

Gentlemen—I can find no language with which to express the surprise and pleas-ure your good letter of March 30th has given me (and which I have only now re-



WHAT you der in buying a wheel is much more important than what you give. The "unit of bicycle value" is to be found in the TRIBUNE BICYCLE, the real standard and most popular of wheels. \$40

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American Boy Field Days

Second Saturday of Every Month

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

The Order of The American Boy

June Field Day is June 8th Contest: Standing Hop, Step and Jump

Scores and Winners in May Contest will be announced in July.

BOYS OVER FIFTEEN.

Ft.
J. Carroll Knode, Hebron, Neb... 9
Henry Greenwald, Denver, Colo... 8
Willie Lamale, Lindsey, O... 8
Carlos Lacy, Cuba, N. Y... 7
M. Simpson McClure, Mobile, Ala.. 8
James J. King, Buffalo, N. Y... 7
Stanhope Vaille, Athol, Mass... 8
Walter J. Gessell, Heron Lake,
Minn... 6
Joseph Lowe, Las Cruces, N. Mex. 7
Walter Abbott, New Windsor, Md. 7
F. A. B. Brent, Philadelphia, Pa... 7
Anton Gregis, Eau Claire, Wis... 8
Frank J. Stevens, Chesaning, Mich. 6
Charles M. Nielson, Jr., Salt Lake
City, Utah 7

BOYS UNDER FIFTEEN. Minor Wasson, Hebron, Neb...... 8
Daniel B. Jett, Wayne, Neb...... 7
Harvey O. Chapman, Chesaning, The next AMERICAN BOY Field Day contest is set for the second Saturday in June. namely, June 8, the contest being the Standing Hop, Step and Jump.

Where there is but one boy in a Com-pany over fifteen that boy should jump and his record be sent in; and the same where there is but one boy under fifteen.

ceived). It is indeed gratifying to know that I have by my humble but earnest efforts in "Song and Story" won the respect and confidence of the boys of Las Cruces, and I thank you heartily for the honor conferred upon me by giving your Company my name.

The objects of your order which you enumerate are indeed excellent, and if carried out by your members must result in great good. I have only just returned from the San Andreas mountains, where I was doing some work at my lead camp, and my fingers are sore and stiff. However, I will try to write a verse or two on the objects of your order:

Promote a mutual helpfulness And friendship for each other; Be Damon-like and Pythias As brother unto brother. Read only high class literature, And cultivate the muscle; Protect the right in every fight And win in every tussle.

Use only language that is pure, Nor honest labor shirk. Discourage baneful idleness For God made man for work.

DO YOU BELONG TO A BASEBALL CLUB

WHAT POSITION DO YOU PLAY?

We offer a set of Baseball Buttons for the lapel of your coat, illustrating and naming each position in a club. For pitcher, a button with the picture of pitcher and word pitcher across the top. For catcher, a catcher, etc. Every hall player should have one. Every club should have a set. Rend us 5 etc. with the name of your position on the club and we send you a suitable button, postpaid. Bend us 25 cents and we will send you a set of nine buttons. Mt. Lewis Button Co., 620 N. B'way., Mt Lewis, Mc.

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last a full nine-inning game.

NOTE—You only pay for the ball, nothing extra for our trade mark. The dollar price is made only to introduce the best ball in use to-day. Fully warranted and

kuaranteed the best. LEAGUE MITT No. 7-0, \$6.00, for \$4.85

FIELDERS' GLOVE No. 25, \$2.50, for \$1.95 LEAGUE PROTECTOR, ... \$7.50, for \$6.25 BOYS' LEAGUE BALL,75, for .40

SCHMELZER ARMS CO., 44 Years in Business. KANSAS CITY, MO.

Let love of country ever be An endless inspiration, And emulate the good and great Who gave us such a nation.

God gave us Father Abraham, He gave us Grant and Lee. What Washington had but begun They sealed—and we are free. Who knows, but in Las Cruces, Down on the Rio Grande, Among your company of boys, Is one born to command.

Thanking you again for the honor, and with the fervent hope that each and every member of The Captain Jack Crawford Company may become worthy and honored members of Uncle Sam's big family. I remain ily, I remain, Your devoted friend,

In clouds or sunshine, CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD.

Captain Jack Crawford to "The American Boy."

A letter has been received by the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY from Captain Jack Crawford, the Poet-Scout, dated San Marcial. New Mexico. April 27. From it we quote the following, showing his interest in THE AMERICAN BOY and in American boys:

regest in THE AMERICAN BOY and in American boys:

"Editor THE AMERICAN BOY,

"Dear Sir:—The enclosed clipping from the San Marcial 'Bee' regarding Captain Jack, The Order of the American Boy and the Captain Jack Crawford Company of the Order, explains itself. I have just received a copy of THE AMERICAN BOY itom one of the boys at Las Cruces. As I have been playing 'freeze out' for the last three years in the Klondike and only just recently returned, you will pardon me for my ignorance of the existence of The Order of the American Boy and the paper. THE AMERICAN BOY. I was recently notified that a Company of the Order that was formed in Las Cruces was named after me, and I know of nothing that has given me more general satisfaction than to know that such is true. Your paper is destined to do better missionary work than any paper ever published—especially among that class of boys who are much misunderstood and who become either outlaws or heroes, statesmen and presidents. I have talked to the majority of the prisoners in the penitentiaries of the United States, and I always tell them that I am one of them only I have never been caught; then I explain that I was a wild, reckless boy, and on account of my father's intemperance deprived of everything a boy should have; and it was because I gave my christian mother a promise never to drink that I never was caught—never was trapped by rum, or the dime novel. I am packing my trunk for a tour of the Santa Fe Raliroad, giving entertainments. One of the company has asked me to write something for THE AMERICAN BOY, and I will. Am just finishing a powerful boys' story that is just the story for THE AMERICAN BOY, etc., etc."

"CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD."

What the Boys Think of the Libraries.

Ellis J. Finch, Captain Excelsior Company, No. 3. Division of New York, New York City, N. Y., writes: The library received this morning. I was very much pleased with the books.

Harvey O. Chapman, Captain Theodore Roosevelt Company, No. 4, Division of Michigan, Chesaning, Mich., says: Library No. 4 received this morning in good share. I was very much pleased with them.

Company News.

Victoria Company, No. 1, Watervliet, Mich., Lester Sodusky. Captain, is the latest to take advantage of the Free Circulating Libraries.

Salt Lake Company, No. 1, Salt Lake City, Utah, has a library of forty books. It also takes Collier's Weekly and the Saurday Evening Post.

Clarence D. Vibberts, Meriden, Conn., has been given the appointment of Commander of the Connecticut Division of The Order of the American Boy.

The Captain of "Old Abe" Company, No.

Division of Wisconsin. Lake Geneva,
Wis., has resigned, and Harold Logan has
been appointed in his place.

Ora Baker, of William C. Sprague Com-pany, No. 1. Lebanon, Ore., has resigned the position of treasurer, and Eugene L. Smith has been elected in his place.

Cecil Overmyer. Captain of the Hayes Company. No. 4. Division of Ohio. Lindsay, D. has resigned, and Oliver Overmyer has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

The Israel Putnam Company, No. 1, Disision of Connecticut, Meriden, Conn., olds its meetings and drills every Wednesday evening in a beautiful hall in the enter of the city.

The Buffaloes Company, No. 8, Buffalo, N. Y., makes report on the Field Day contest through its Captain. The report should immade by a referee, or some one chosen by the Company outside the ranks of the

The largest Company thus far organized is the Israel Putnam Company, No. 1. Miriden. Conn. Captain Clarence D. Vibluris. This Company has at this writing twenty members, with a prospect of more in the near future.

Daniel Boone Company. No. 3, Wayne, Neh., reports that the Field Day record made by them in April was not what was nossible under more favorable conditions. The weather was bad and the ground muddy.

The Captain of Toronto Company, No. 1, Toronto, Can... lives in the central part of the city. On the roof of his home there is a large stereopticon and moving picture machine, which throws pictures on a wall for advertising purposes. One of the advertisements displayed night after night is the following: "Boys! Subscribe for THE AMERICAN BOY, the best boys paper published." Then follows Captain Warnica's name and address.

The Stephen Girard Company, No. 1, Displayed the city of the control of th

Warnica's name and address.

The Stephen Girard Company No. 1, Division of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa., Charles H. Russell captain, has adopted the constitution with a few slight modifications. This company is collecting a library. It holds its meetings on the second and fourth Saturday evenings of each month. It has three departments: Stamp and Coin Collecting. Amateur Photography, and Correspondence. This company would like to correspond with companies interested in collecting stamps and in amateur photography.

Companies Formed Since Issue of May Number.

Israel Putnam Company, No. 1, Division of Connecticute Meriden, Conn., Captain Clarence D. Vibberts.

John C. Fremont Company, No. 3, Division of California, Oakland, Cal., Captain Arthur P. Thomas.

Oliver Hazard Perry Company, No. 1. Division of Mississippi, Brooklyn, Miss. Captain Aubrey C. Griffin.

Governor Saunders Company, No. 5. Division of Nebraska, Omaha, Neb., Captain George A. Percival.

vision of Pennsylvania, Allentown, Pa., Captain Norman H. German.

David Wilmot Company, No. 7. Division of Pennsylvania, Macedonia, Pa., Captain Arthur E. Lewis.

General Sam Houston Company, No. 2. Division of Texas, Comanche, Tex., Cap-tain Rufus Adams.

Badger Company, No. 3, Division of Wisconsin, Eau Claire, Wis., Captain Alfred Ellison.

Mayor Fay Company, No. 7, Division of dichigan, Oak Hill, Mich., Captain Alva Michigan, (L. Balsam.

EVERY BOY

SHOULD TRY TO FORM A COMPANY OF

THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY

A NON-SECRET SOCIETY FOR BOYS

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Publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY





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FREE A LITTLE BOOK and A BIG CATALOG: A. B. HTEELE, \$318 Boock Ave., Balto., Md.



THE HAYES COMPANY NO. 4, DIVISION OF OHIO, LINDSAY, OHIO, ENGAGED IN ITS APRIL FIELD DAY CONTEST, STAND-ING LONG JUMP.

Announcements.

Companies should report their meetings to THE AMERICAN BOY as soon as possible after they are held.

There is a great deal of company news on hand that cannot be printed this month and will have to stand over until next.

Someone has asked whether there can be more than one company in a town. Yes, any number of companies; the more the merrier.

The next AMERICAN BOY Field Day will be June 8. All the boys of every com-pany will make a record that day on the Standing Hop, Step and Jump.

Some companies of the Order of the American Boy are very active in adding new members; others seem to be satisfied with a small club. The larger the club the more interest and the greater the variety of work and amusements that can be had.

of work and amusements that can be had.

Companies of The Order of the American Boy may engage in any kind of work or sport that is honorable. They can be literary societies, athietic clubs, correspondence clubs, collectors' societies, debating clubs, etc. Each company should determine for itself what line of work or sport it will follow

Any Company of The Order of the American Boy can have the free use of one of THE AMERICAN BOY'S free libraries, consisting of five cloth-bound books of the highest order—none of the dime novel character—by sending to the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY 50 cents to defray the cost of packing and shipping. Every library is worth from four to seven dollars, the books averaging about \$1.25 each.

THE AMERICAN BOY Senior and Junior

the books averaging about \$1.25 each.

THE AMERICAN BOY Senior and Junior Baseball Leagues will begin their season June 15. Companies not enroiled at that date cannot belong to the League. Any boys' baseball club can belong to the League where five or more of its members are subscribers to THE AMERICAN BOY. Already a number of clubs have enrolled, and the list will be given in the July number. Splendid prizes will be given by the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY at the end of the season.

the end of the season.

Several subscribers to THE AMERICAN BOY made jumps April 13 and sent in their scores, but as they were not members of The Order of the American Boy their scores did not count. One boy at Atlantic, Ia. Bert Laird, jumped ten feet, but as he is not a member of a regularly organized company of The Order of the American Boy his score did not count in the contest. This was the best jump of which there was any report. The championship, however, went to another.

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TRY ADVERTISING HERE.



Boys in Games and Sport

The Boy Trapper.

LEWIS ALLEN

THE AMERICAN BOY, with its large circulation, now reaches thousands of boys who have excellent opportunities for securing the pelts of wild animals and there-

When the balt is moved in the slightest degree it releases the sapling and the victim is secured, and suspended in the alr where wandering foxes cannot devour it. Figure 7 is the brick trap, made from five bricks. It is very simple and also very successful. Place four bricks on edge so that they will form a space not quite as large as the flat side of a brick. In the middle of the space drive a flat-topped peg, about an inch high. Cut a forked stick and flatten the end. Make another stick rounded upon each end and place these as in B, resting the fourth brick upon this arrangement as in A. Scatter grain, nuts or other bait in this place and you will doubtless secure either birds or squirrels alive. When opening the trap, first place the mouth of a sack over it, or your game will escape.

Muskrats, minks and other small animals living in or about the water, may be secured by setting a steel trap upon a rock or ledge projecting into the water. Drive a stake in the water and secure for bait a fish. Fasten this in such a manner that it cannot be reached unless the animal first climbs upon the rock where your trap is. Cover it with leaves, wet moss or thin reeds, and if there are any such animals about you will doubtless be successful. (Fig. 8.)

The last trap described in this article is who have excellent opportunities for securing the pelts of wild animals and there by adding to their incomes.

There is scarcely any commodity that remains as staple in price, or in such constant demand, as furs. The boy who has on hand a number of dressed pelts has only to procure the current number of any furrier's trade journal to learn just what he can get for them in cash. The good prices generally paid has always been an inducement to many to exert themselves in this direction, and the results are generally more than satisfactory.

There are many bright readers of THE AMERICAN BOY who could commence to trap with little or no expense other than the short amount of time needed to look after their traps.

Dressing or tunning the pelts should be no drawback, as many old trappers and other good authorities will tell you that all that is necessary to prepare the skins for sale is to remove every particle of meat and fatty substance from them. stretch them properly, and rub in a litle salt once or twice.

Successful. Place four drives of a brick. In the middle of the space drive a flat-topped peg, about an inch high. Cut a forked stick and flatten the end. Make another stick rounded upon each end and place these as in B, resting the fourth brick upon this arrangement as in A. Scatter grain. nuts or other bait in this place and you will doubtless secure either birds or squirrels alive. When opening the trap, first place the mouth of a sack over it, or your game will escape.

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The last trap described in this article is



the water people, to capture which the Indian must learn to swim and handle a canoe. Number 10, the last, is the lordly buffalo, monarch of the plains and hunted only by the full-fledged warrior.

The bow shown in the diagram is made from the lower brace of an ordinary Japanese fan.. The arrow is a lead pencil. The animals should be drawn on a sheet of manila paper, three feet by two and one-half. The manila paper is suspended between two chairs by running strings through its corners. The players will stand some six or eight feet from the paper when they shoot. Three arrows are allowed for each turn. If a warrior fails with all three arrows to bring down the animal at which he aims, the animal gets away and he must lose a turn while he is tracking down to obtain another chance to shoot. If the game is brought down with the first or second arrow, the warrior may try for the animal next on the list. He who first proves himself a tried warrior by reaching and killing the buffalo wins the game and the right to wear a head-dress made of feathers or paper lighters. The bow shown in the diagram is made



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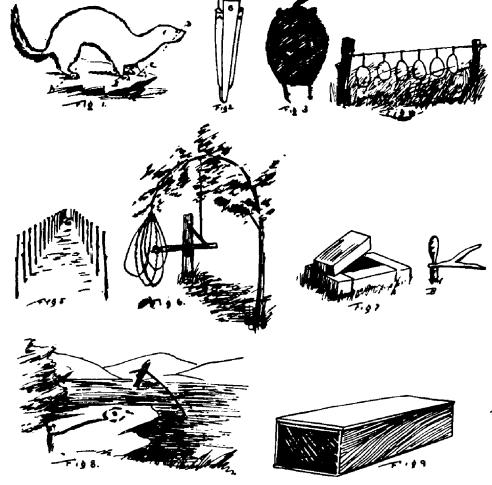
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BICYCLES AT FACTORY COST.

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In Fig. 1, the dotted lines show where the cuts should be made in dressing or skinsing animals. Starting from the head, the skin should be turned off as you would remove a tight glove; that is, wrong side out. If the inclisions are made as in the cut there will be no difficulty in this, if care is used. The skins may be stretched, with the fur side in always, upon an adjustable stretcher like that in Fig. 2, which is made in three pieces (a, b and c). By sliding the stretcher like that in Fig. 2, which is made in three pieces (a, b and c). By sliding the renter-piece (b) up or down, the stretcher may be made large or small, to fit the skin. The primitive "hoop stretcher" may also be used with success. Take a stout ash or hemicok stick about the size of one's thumb, bend it into a bow, and slip it into the skin as in Fig. 3.

Fig. 4 consists of half a dozen slip nooses strung upon a wire or stout cord between two supports. Rabbits often become entangled in these, but they are more frequently used to snare quall, partridges and other game birds. Scatter plenty of grain about this trap and, if it is set in a locality where such birds are to be found, you will doubtless be rewarded for your trouble many times over.

Fig. 5 shows an excellent method for set-

a season, for which he will be paid as much as the trapper who makes that work a life business.

The Game of Bow and Arrow.

Any moderately clever boy can draw a rough outline on paper of the animals indicated in the diagram. Number 1 is the slow and easily captured porcupine. Number 2 is the fleet rabbit, more difficult than the porcupine to track and kill. Number 3 is the red deer, fleeter even than the rabbit. Number 4 is the wily opossum. Number 5 the most crafty of all beasts, the fox. Numpossible for any creature to secure the bait upon the end of the stick without putting his head through one or more of them.



William Bills and the Snake.

William Bills, of Farmer, N. Y., has just had a remarkable experience with a black snake. Bills had gone to Cold Spring, a resort nearby, and after reaching the place espled a large black snake basking in the sun. Bills made up his mind to capture it, but was a little surprised when the snake demurred, and almost turned the tables by capturing Bills. While the fight was in progress the snake wound itself around Bill's leg and began squeezing. Bills managed to get his foot on the snake near the head and pressed so hard that the snake ceased squeezing, and then Bills got a club and finished it. The snake measured seventy three inches in length and six inches in girth.

A Canine Fire Extinguisher.

The Fire Brigade Superintendent at St. Helens has a remarkable little Irish terrier who is virtually, if not actually and nominally, a member of the brigade. When the alarm bell is set ringing in the night time he at once bounds upstairs to his master's sleeping apartment and howls, his excitement subsiding only when the engine is turning out. In flames the dog positively revels, and nothing gives him greater delight than a burning newspaper, which he stamps on and snaps at till every spark is extinguished. The result of this weakness is that he is now a canine oddity, for he has no whiskers, and his nose is something of a cinder. To crown all, the other day he was caught worrying a live coal which by some means he had abstracted from the fire grate. The Fire Brigade Superintendent at St.

The Little Blue Wasp and the Cricket.

As I was resting the other day, I heard a peculiar buzzing noise, and looking downward, I saw upon the ground the little wasp and the cricket. I watched them and after waiting a little while I saw that the wasp was preparing to kill the cricket. When the wasp was ready for operations it pounced upon the cricket and stung it to death. Then seizing it by the feelers, the wasp began flying from clod to clod homeward, where it devoured the cricket at leisure.—Yours truly, Percival L. Bradford, Placentia, Orange county, Calif.



AN AMERICAN BOY AND GIRL AND THEIR PETS. Photo by E. D. Brabrook, Chicago, Ill.

E. D. Brabrook, of Chicago, has two Beigian hares, and he has named the buck "American Boy." after his favorite paper. The accompanying picture shows the boy and his sister with their pets. The boy made the hutch for them, and is now engaged in making a camera. He is nine years old.

Some Things Animals Teach Us.

The woodpecker has a powerful little trip

The jaws of the tortoise and turtle are natural scissors.

The framework of a ship resembles the skeleton of a herring.

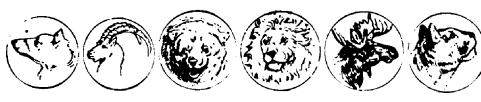
The squirrel carries a chisel in his mouth, and the bee the carpenter's plane.

The gnat fashions its eggs in the shape of a lifeboat. You cannot sink them without tearing them to pieces.

A porcupine's bill is strengthened by ribs.

in the same way that the iron masts of modern ships are strengthened.

The diving bell imitates the water spider. It constructs a small cell under the water, clasps a bubble of air between its legs, dives down into its submarine chamber with the bubble, displacing the water gradually, until its abode contains a large, airy room surrounded by water.



...THE QUADRUPED...

CHARLES BRADFORD.

DOMESTIC CAT.—St. John tells of a Highland shepherd whose cat brought him some edible bird nearly every day in the year.

TIGER.—A tiger with a glass eye is a feature of a menageric at Stuttgart.

PIG.—The domesticated pig is very intelligent, far more so than the cow or horse and not much less so than the cat and dog. I once observed a large mother pig help half a dozen of her children through a small hole in a fence, by various means. She dug away the earth to make the space larger; she pulled the little ones by the ears; she straddled their heads with her front legs and backed away as a locomotive would with a car, and she executed many other practical schemes, until, after a half hour's work, the litter were all free and bounding off with the joyful sow to a neighboring wood.

WOLF.—The wolf will destroy and de-vour any one of the pack that may be-come helpless.

MONKEY.-The monkey has been known to fall upon and drown one of its kind who is ill, possibly as an act of mercy.

ANIMAL BENEVOLENCE. — Baboons, elephants and buffaloes will risk their lives to save individuals of their kind. Even the tiger and lion are not safe from attacks by these benevolent species.

Hollow pillars are found to be stronger than solid ones. Nature teaches this, for a wheat straw, if solid, could not support its head of grain.

COUGAR EATS WILDCAT.-W. F. Hill, in camp along the lower White River, in Colorado, reports that he observed a mountain lion (cougar) devour part of a wildcat which the lion had slain.

AFRICAN LION.—The African lion is easier to kill than the grizzly bear, the jaguar, the puma or the leopard.

HIPPOPOTAMI.—The hippopotamus always sinks when killed in the water.

RABBIT.—English farmers who know it is against the law to use ferrets to drive out rabbits, insert in the burrow a rubber hose with a tin horn on the end that is put in the burrow. Then they blow the horn, and bunny comes out in quick order.

FIRST CATTLE IMPORTATION .- Columbus brought a bull and several cows to this country in 1493.

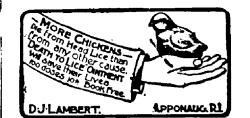
BISON.—There are six hundred bison in the United States. Charles and Joseph Allard, of Missoula county, Montana, have two hundred and tifty five healthy and fairly young animals; Austin Corbin has eighty two; Charles Goodnight of Petty, Texas, fifty; J. G. McNair, St. Elmo. Oregon county. Missourl, ten; D. F. Carlin, Leslie, South Dakota, thirty: Colonel William F. Cody, twenty four; Sir Donald A. Smith, of Winnipeg, fifteen, and William C. Whitney, thirteen.

Even the tiger and lion are not safe from attacks by these benevolent species.

HORSE.—"Some drivers try to teach a horse that "whoa" means everything. If you were a horse, there would be a good many more runaways."—C. S., in New York Evening Telegram.

CAPTIVE WILD GAME.—Thirteen bison ("buffalo"), twenty black-tail deer, and twenty antelope, captured in Wyoming, have been added to the zoological tract of William C. Whitney, at Lenoxdale, Mass.

POLAR BEAR.—The first polar bear born in this country and the first ever bred in captivity, came into the world in December. 1836, at the winter headquarters of Balley's Circus, at Bridgeport, Connecticut. There were two specimens, each weighing forty seven pounds.



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The President McKinley delights in a good horse, and is no mean judge of what a horse should be, as the above picture of his favorite riding horse, the especial pride of the White House stables, will testify. It is a familiar sight to residents in Washington to see the President defly handling the lines over a pair of handsome chestnutthe White House stables, will testify. It is a familiar sight to residents in Washington to see the President defly handling the lines over a pair of handsome chestnutthe White House stables, will testify. It is a familiar sight to residents in Washington to see the President defly handling the lines over a pair of handsome chestnutthe White House stables, will testify. It is a familiar sight to residents in Washington to see the President defly handling the lines over a pair of handsome chestnutthe White House stables, will testify. It is a familiar sight to residents in Washington to see the President defly handling the lines over a pair of handsome chestnutthe White House stables, will testify. But I washington to see the President defly handling the lines over a pair of handsome chestnutthe White House stables, will testify. It is a familiar sight to residents in Washington to see the President defly handling the lines over a pair of handsome chestnutthe White House stables, will testify. It is a familiar sight to resident a line of the lines over a pair of handsome chestnutthe White House stables, will testify. It is a familiar sight to resident a line of the lines over a pair of handsome chestnutthe White House stables, will testify the lines over a pair of handsome chestnutthe White House stables, will testify the lines over a pair of handsome chestnutthe White House stables, will testify the lines over a pair of handsome chestnutthe White House stables, will be the lines over a pair of handsome chestnutthe White House stables, will be the lines over a pair of handsome chestnutthe White House stables, will be the l

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The first Columbian half dollar sold for \$1,000.

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The New york \$100 no you have the you have the worth \$100 no you have the value. The premium on some of the foreign coins amounts sometimes to \$3,500 for a single coin. There is also a premium on some of the foreign coins amounts sometimes to \$3,500 for a single coin. There is also a premium on some of the foreign coins amounts sometimes to \$3,500 for a single coin. There is also a premium on some of the foreign coins amounts sometimes to \$3,500 for a single coin. There is also a premium on some of the foreign coins amounts sometimes to \$3,500 for a single coin. There is also a premium on some of the foreign coins and currency, colonial, continents and another age 80 the your server the young at you do coins and stamps. The lower age 81 the you have a single coin. The reliable and the young side of the young at your server and to find in one section are often easily found in others. A Boston bakes sold 116 coppers for \$6,915, 92 silver coins of \$4,713, and 4 gold coins for \$1,700, and others have done nearly as well. Mr. P. W. AYER sold recently a lot of stamps, collected since 1892, to Stanley Gibbons for \$250,000.

The Commenced and the propers for \$6,915, 92 silver coins of \$4,713, and 4 gold coins for \$1,700, and others have done nearly as well. Mr. P. W. AYER sold recently a lot of stamps, collect

Stamp Questions Answered.

B., West Somerville.-Your stamp is a German local.

R. E., Chicago.—Your stamp is a ten silber groschen Prussia, issued in 1866. It is printed on gold beater's skin and cat-alogues seventy five cents.

John H., Spokane.—Write Wm. Brown, St. Thomas square, Sallsbury, Eng., for a copy of the "Advertiser." This paper contains the advertisements of collectors and dealers in all parts of the world.

Roy C. Weston.-Of the sketches you submit, No. 1 is the two-cent brown of 1869 and is worth five to ten cents; No. 2 was issued in 1887, and No. 3 in 1883; No. 4 is a revenue issued in 1863; the last three are not worth anything.

Wilmington. O.-The revenues are errors occasioned by the sheet being misplaced in the press when sur-charged. Estimates of their value are jurely guess-work, but one should say fifty cents would be a fair price for the one-cent. The two-cent "R. I." are more common.

mon.

P. G. R., Colorado Springs, submits an envelope mailed from La Paz, Bolivia, in 1820, without stamps on it, and asks how it could come through without postage being paid. Between some foreign countries, the prepayment of postage is optional with the sender, and if not paid by him, double postage is collected at the destination. The envelope in question bears a postmark: "Due ten cents," the regular rate being five cents. The stamp you submit is worth about twenty five cents a thousand. a thousand.

P. McG., Rome.—The difference between Triangles 1, 2 and 3 is as follows: In Triangles 1, the horizontal lines forming the background run across the triangle and are of the same thickness in the triangle as without. In Triangle 2, these lines cross the triangle as in No. 1, but are thinner within it than without. In Triangle 3, these lines do not cross the triangle, which has a distinct white border around it. Embossing and grill are synonymous and consist of a number of indentations in the back of a stamp, to prevent the removing of a cancelation. They are usually in rectangular form.

The Pan American Series.

Promptly on the first day of May, the most beautiful set of postage stamps ever issued by the United States Government was placed on sale at the principal postoffices throughout the country. This series is issued in commemoration of the Pan American Exposition now being held at Buffalo, and will continue on sale until October 31st next. They will not displace the current set of stamps, but will only be sold when specially called for, and for this reason will probably not be as common as the Columbian and Omaha stamps. The Buffalo series consists of the following values and colors, the center being printed in black:

One cent—Green—Detroit & Cleveland steamer.

Two cent—Red—Empire State Express.

One cent—Green—Detroit & Cleveland steamer.
Two cent—Red—Empire State Express.
Four cent—Light brown—Automobile.
Five cent—Ultramarine—Bridge at Niagara Falls.
Eight cent—Deep lilac—Locks at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.
Ten cent—Yellow brown—Ocean steamer.
In 1869, the government issued a set of stamps of which the four higher values were printed in two colors and which were very handsome; in our judgment, the issue of 1901 exceeds the issue of 1869 both in workmanship and artistic beauty. We should advise you to save all of these stamps you can get, for while the one and two cent ones will be common, there will always be a steady demand for higher values.

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\$10 CASH Paid per 1000 for used stamps. Send 10c offer a special PRIZE OF THREE DOL-LARS to the first boy sending us one of these stamps with an inverted center, any denomination; to any other boy sending us one we will send a stamp catalogued at one dollar as a reward. If possible the stamps should be left on the original envelope. If you have never collected stamps before, start with the Pan American stamps before, start with the Pan American stamps hefore, start with the Pan American stamps will be found with inverted centres (that is, will be found with inverted centres (that is, is, will be found with inverted centres (that is, is, will be found with inverted centres (that is, is, will be found with inverted centres (that is, is, will be found with inverted centres (that is, is, will be found with inverted centres (that is, is, will be found with inverted centres (that is, is, will be found with inverted centres (that is, is, will be found with inverted centres (that is, is, is the pan American stamps biound with inverted centres (that is, will be found with inverted centres (that is, is, will be found with inverted centres (that is, is, will be found with inverted centres (that is, will

The Numismatic Sphinx.

Wyman McClintock, St. Ignace, Mich.—1858 nickel cent, face value. See answer to Jno. G. Wild.

Howard Porter, Atlanta, Ga.—A five dollar gold piece of 1800 sells for seven dollars and fifty cents. A 1795 half dollar, one dollar and fifty cents.

Oscar W. Hayes, Milford, Ill.—An 1843 quarter, if fine, is worth half a dollar. The Mexican silver coin is a one fourth real, and this design was used between 1841 and 1861. They usually bring fifteen cents. Mo is the mint mark of the city of Mexico.

Rexford Titus, Binghamton, N. Y.—An American half dollar of 1809 is worth seventy five cents, and an einreich thaler 1778 of Frederick II. (1740-86), of Germany, is worth two dollars. The "model penny" and the ordinary half penny and pennies of Victoria are all common.

Merle Rounds, Timson, Tex.—1849 dime, twenty five cents; 1806 half cent, twenty five cents. Your other copper rubbings are from common Canadian, English and French coins. The one you are more particularly anxious about is a French double tournois of Henry IV. (1590-1610), 1608, and is worth thirty cents. and is worth thirty cents.

Helen Hays, Seneca, Kas.-Your rubbing Helen Hays, Seneca, Kas.—Your rubbing is from an English half penny token John Wilkinson, an iron founder, 1787. There are many varieties of these Wilkinson half penny tokens. The reverses usually bear some foundry view. All are quite common. It is interesting to note that the celebrated chemist, Joseph Priestly, marginal devictions of the Lebitage. ried a daughter of this John Wilkinson.

ried a daughter of this John Wilkinson.

John G. Wild, Hanover, Mass.—Thinks, because the 1856 nickel cent is worth four dollars and fifty cents, his nickel cent of 1857 should be worth almost as much, because it is almost as old. It is not the age of a coin that makes it rare, but it is the small or limited issue. Coins of ancient Rome, fifteen hundred years old, may be bought for fifteen cents, while the 1856 nickel cent and the 1894 S. dime are worth dollars. The Roman coins and our 1857, 1858, etc., nickel cents were issued by the hundreds of thousands, and of the others but a few hundred or few dozen were issued.

H. H. P.—In reference to your communi-

H. H. P.—In reference to your communication, the coin editor would state that the Continental bill of 1778 for forty dollars. the Continental bill of 1778 for forty dollars, in fine condition, is worth fifty cents. The Confederate one hundred dollar bill of 1862, train of cars, is easily obtained for twenty five cents, and often as low as tentents. The other pieces are indefinite. Georgia never issued a forty pound note; five pounds is as high as ever issued by this state. There were, however, forty dollar issues, but all the Colonial money of Georgia is rare and brings good prices, when in good condition. There were several issues of five dollars, with leaves crossed, most all comparatively common. The Mexican dollar, or peso, of 1833, unless fine, is only worth bullion value.

Clayton Adams, Binghamton, N. Y.—

fine, is only worth bullion value.

Clayton Adams, Binghamton, N. Y.—
Sends us a sheet of rubbings representing some very interesting coins. An evening might be very pleasantly spent in studying the original pieces. We shall only locate them and give the value at the dealers: (1) Wurtemburg, medalice florin (around the edge "ein gulden") of William I., October 5, 1841, seventy five cents, intrinsic value thirty cents. (2) France, Louis XV. (1715-1774), 1753, one ecue, two dollars and fifty cents. (3) Peru, Lima, 1866, one soi, in good condition, one dollar and twenty five cents. (4) A poor rubbing of what appears to be a drachm of Alexander (the Great) III. of Macedon, 336 B. C. This coin exhibits the head of the kind in lion skin on obverse, and Hercules seated, holding an eagle on the reverse. (5) Brazil, John (1799-1818), 1816, nine hundred and coin exhibits the head of the kind in llon skin on obverse, and Hercules seated, holding an eagle on the reverse. (5) Brazil, John (1799-1818), 1816, nine hundred and sixty reis, two dollars. (6) England, George III., 1819, half crown, one dollar. (7) China. Canton dragon half dollar, one dollar. (8) A copper of the Byzantine empire, too poor to definitely locate. (9) United States dollar of 1798, thirteen stars, six facing, five dollars. (10) Bolivia, eight sueldos, 1834, one dollar and fifty cents. (11) England, florin of Victoria, seventy five cents. (12, 13) Coins struck for the Greek colonies of Rome, rubblings too indistinct to locate. (14) A mortuary medal of Prince Albert (the consort of Queen Victoria), 1849-61. (15) Angola, 1770, one macuta, one dollar. (16) Haiti, President Boyer (1818-43), anno 25 (1843), fifty centimes, fifty cents. (17) New Jersey cent, 1788, fifty cents. (18) Portugal, Maria I. (1786-1816), 1785, twenty reis, for the Azores Islands; thirty five cents. (19) Turkey, Abdul-Aziz (1861-78), 1277 A. H.—1861 A. D.—forty paras; twenty five cents. (20) A brass medalet of Victoria, of no account. toria, of no account.

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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, also a second prize each month, of one dollar, for the next best photograph, 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 photograph 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.



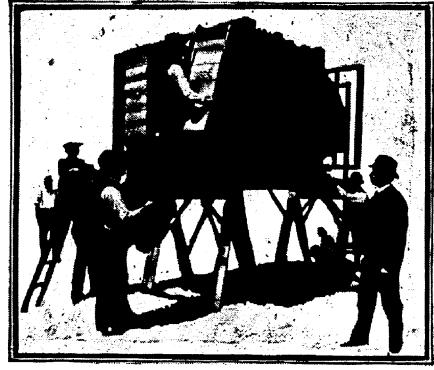
HARVESTING THE HAY CROP. First Prize Photo, he Herbert Post, Westbury Station Long Island N. Y.

Bird Photography.

Western Camera Notes is printing an interesting series of articles on "Bird Photography." In the March number of the magazine it tells about photographing the young in their nests, and remarks that with some knowledge as to "habitats." and nesting dates, the camerist can, if an ordinary observer, readily mark the parent birds either gathering or carrying food to their young, and especially from daylight until mid-afternoon. He continues:

"When once the nest is found it is necessary, as a rule, to work quietly. This is particularly true when the young birds have passed the first half of the nest period of their little lives, for it is a curious fact that young birds which, for the first few days after their eyes are opened, have no fear whetever of men, will speedily develop.

ear whatever of man, will speedily develop a marked fearfulness. As a rule, then, after the "pin-feathers" on young birds have begun to sprout, the camerist should work with great caution when taking near views. * * * It is always a wise rule, in this speed of work to make the first expected. after their eyes are opence work with great caution when taking near views. * * * It is always a wise rule, in this sort of work, to make the first exposure at some little distance—four or five feet—from the nest, provided the nest surroundings will admit. Any branches of wccd-stems that intervene between the camera and the desired focal point must be cut away or tied aside with most patient care, the speedily learns that many young birds become rapidly accustomed to that great unfamiliar creature lurching about or near the nest, so that if one refrains from touching the nest or young and confine him. touching the nest or young and confine him-self strictly to business, he may, by a little delicate and quiet wooing, work finally as close to the nest as his lenses will permit."



Biggest of All Cameras.

This is a photograph of a camera which has a special train to carry it. It is used to take views along the Chicago & Alton railicad, and makes the largest photograph plate in the world—eight feet long and four and one-half feet wide. The camera was constructed in Chicago under the supervision of Mr. George R. Lawrence, official photographer of the Chicago & Alton railinous company, by the direction of the passenger department of the company. It was lirst built to take photographs of special trains built for exhibition at the Paris Exposition. The instrument is carried from place to place on a flat car attached to a locomotive and requires a force of men to adjust it and place it on its supports when it "goes into action." The camera resembles an ordinary plate camera in shape and the bellows attachment, but everything about it is constructed on a mammoth scale. The plate holders weighs about half a ton. It took over two months to build it.

An estimate of its size can be gained when it is stated that over forty gallons of cement were used in the construction of the bellows alone. This was made of heavy rubber, the plates fastened over pleces of whitewood to strengthen it. The rubber is lined inside and out with black cloth to exclude the light. The bellows and lens travel on a mandout with black cloth to exclude the light. The bellows and lens travel on a dut with black cloth to exclude the light. The bellows is fully extended. The instrument is finished in cherry, and over six months were required to plan it and calculate on the sizes of the lens, etc. It is equipped with lenses which allow views to be taken at short and long distance, and ordinary or colored plates can be used as desired. To provide proper plates in the construction of the plate holders weighs about half a ton. It took over it wo months to ever wo months were used in the construction of the bellows and out with black cloth to exclude the light. The bellows and lens travel on a conservation of the plates fastened over

The Coming Paper.

The coming Paper.

The coming paper for photographers is platinum. Perhaps it may be more correct to say the paper that has come; yet while it is here, and being used more extensively every season, it has not achieved any such general use as its excellence and adaptability to produce the finest effects deserves. The trouble heretofore has been the cost of platinum paper. Its manufacture was practically monopolized by one firm, and there was such a difference between its cost and that of other papers that even professional photographers hesitated to discard other kinds. Now another firm has entered the field, and a healthy competition has begun that enables the amateur to buy this kind of paper at only a little above the cost of collodion matt papers—in fact, at about the same price as Velox and Argo. The effects that can be produced on Willis & Clemens's "Platinotype" far exceeds that of the old style paper, but the "Perfecter" and "Aristi" of the Camera Chemical Company is equal to that of platinum, to say the least, and at a reasonable price. And now a California manufacturer has placed on the market a paper he calls "Platinograph," for which he claims platinum effects. If amateur photographers wish to advance in the art, they must discard glossy papers. And it is a good thing for all of us that there is competition in photographic papers. A monopoly of anything is a bad thing for the public. A monopos, the public.

Something Worth Trying.

There is now on the market, for the ben-There is now on the market, for the benefit of amateur photographers, a combined developing and fixing powder called "Pyrocatechin." After the plate has been exposed in the camera, all that it is necessary to do is to place it in the developing tray, in the dark room, of course, pour on the developer, and by the time the plate is fully developed, it will also be permanently fixed. The manufacturers say the action of the fixing salt is retarded until development is fully completed, and, strangest of all, "will correctly develop a series of negatives or a roll of films of uneven exposures." Here is something that amateurs who have difficulty in determining when a plate is fully developed, should try. Careplate is fully developed, should try. Carefully follow the directions accompanying the powders, and give THE AMERICAN BOY the benefit of your experience.

Coloring Photographs.

Tinted photographs is becoming quite a fad. This is something that any bright boy can do, and do well, with a little patience, and the beautiful effects that can be produced is surprising. There is now in the market sets of colors made especially for this work, with the result that many a pleasing landscape, which is rather uninteresting as a photograph, becomes brilliant when properly illuminated. This is particularly the case with autumn scenes when the eye is fascinated by the reds and golds that appear everywhere, but which alas, when photographed, flattens out and is a disappointment.

Answers to Correspondents.

Willie Carrington—A camera that shows the picture on the ground glass right side must have a reflector.

Charles Warren—The very best printing aper on the market is platinum; and it a also the most expensive. Follow directions.

John Graham-You can get violent contrasts by using very strong developer. Plenty of water in the developer will make the negative soft.



PEEDING THE SQUIRREL. Second Prize Photo, by Norman Baker, Davenport, Ia.

Any school boy or girl can make good pictures with one of Eastman Kodak Co.'s CAMERAS

The Brownie

Book, a dainty, tiny pamphiet Aftern of the prine winning

pictures from the Brownie Camera Cinb

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mail.



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IN PRIZES

Send five cents in stamps for late numbers giving full particulars. Hargain List of Photo Supplies and Photo Encyclopedia sent free to all answering this adv. West-era Camera Notes, 62 Ist Avo. N., Hisneapolia, Mins.

FACE ON A BUTTON PACT 180 - 2 SAME

\$28.85 WORTH OF SPALDING'S LEAGUE LUCKY BOY CLEVELAND

On July 1 next the baseball outfit shown in the accompanying pictures will become the property of the person who, during June, becomes a subscriber for one year to THE AMERICAN BOY, or sends us a renewal of his present subscription, or sends us some other person's subscription, and comes the nearest to telling where, within the United States (islands not considered), the thermometer registers the highest temperature at any time during the month of Junes in other words, boys are asked to tell where will be the warmest spot in the United States in June. In order that boys may have some guide to help them in making their estimates, we will inform them that the warmest spots, as recorded by the Government Weather Bureau for the month of June in several past years, were as follows: June, 1897, Phoenix. Arizona: June, 1898, Phoenix, Arizona: June, 1900, Yuma, Arizona.

EDUCATIONAL SCHEME,

The guessing contests published from month to month in THE AMERICAN BOY are educational in their effect. The February contest drew the attention of readers to the weather records of the different parts of the country. The March contest drew attention to immigration statistics, and thousands of boys heard about and asked about the subject of immigration for the first time. The April contest drew attention to the enormous business of the great Chicago Postoffice. The contest for last month drew attention to the business of our own postoffice at Detroit. These contests are not contests of mere guessing, for the thoughful, studious, inquiring boy will win. It is like offering a prize to the boy in school who spells down every other boy on words given happened. The boy who thinks reads and inquires offering a prize to the boy in school who spells down every other boy on words given haphazard. The boy who thinks, reads and inquires most will come the nearest to estimating the warmest spot in June. It is a contest of skill in estimating, and not a mere guessing in the dark.

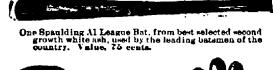
DESCRIPTION OF BASEBALL OUTFIT.



One Spalding "Official" League Ball. Value #1.25,



Spalding's Scoring Tablet. simple, convenient and accurate device for the record of runs and outs, made of celluloid to fit the vest rocket, used by Leagus umpires. Value, 85 cents.





One Spalding's First Basemen's Mitt, made of tanned calfskin, laced back, thoroughly made throughout. Value, \$5.60.



One Spalding's Infielders' Glove, made of selected velvet tanned buckskin, lined with finest felt. Value, \$2.50.



One Spalding's Catchers' Mitt, one of finest calfakin, Inced back, as used by League players. Value. \$6.00.



One Spaiding's Inflated Body Protector, made of best rubber, inflated with air, light and pliable, same as used by League catchers. Value, \$7.50.



One Spalding's Sun Protecting Mask of finest steel wire, extra heavy, black enamelled, with sunshade protecting the cost without obstructing the view. Value, \$5.00.



The base ball goods shown in the pictures are the very best, made by A. G. Spalding & Brothers, Chicago and New York, who have made National League baseball goods for many years. They are the best and most expensive articles offered by this well known firm. Every boy has heard of Spalding's balls and bats. The boy who wins this outfit will possess as good an outfit as is used by a National League Club.

THE CATALOGUE PRICE OF THIS OUTFIT IS \$28.85.

We have not been content to offer our readers a cheap outfit, but have gone to one of the best sporting goods houses in the country for the best and most complete.

WHO ARE ENTITLED TO GUESS.

1.—Any one sending us his own annual subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY.

2.—Any one renewing his subscription, whether it has already expired or is to expire in the future.

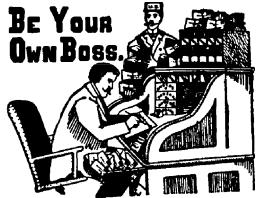
3.—Any one sending us the subscription of another person, in which case both the person sending the subscription and the person subscribing are entitled to guesses.

When more than one dollar is sent, a guess is allowed for every dollar. Regular premiums, selected from our premium list, on the sending in of new subscriptions, are also given as heretofore. If there are any ties the contest will be decided by the drawing of slips from a hat, some prominent city official of Detroit not identified with this paper, acting as referee. The name of the successful contestant will be published as soon as the Government record is made up-probably in the August number.

Any boy by hustling can get a good many guesses. He can renew his own subscription and get quite a number of new subscribers and for every one of the latter he will be entitled to a premium as well as a guess. When you send in your money send in your guess,

Don't forget to send in your guess when you send in your subscription, or your renewal, or some other person's subscription; and remember that you get a guess for every dollar you send.

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THE OMNIGRAPH will teach you telest possible time at a total cost of four dollars. Ke. Sounder and Transmitter combined. You have an expert operator with you all the time, as the Transmitter sends perfect Morse messages. Oircular for the askingthe of the company. Dept. 6, 89 Cortlandt Street, New York City.

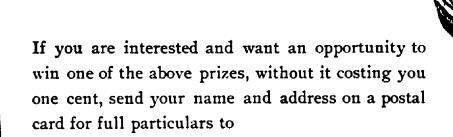
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First Prize, Fourth Prize, \$15,000 = 10,000 Fifth Prize, = Second Prize, Third Prize, 5,000 Sixth Prize,

Fifty=eight \$50 Prizes



THE BROWN BOOK,

oo and ioi Broad Street, Boston, Mass.

Do not believe that a boy is altogether bad because you have seen him make one

In the matter of character one may destroy in a minute what it has taken him long years to build.

Never before was the demand so great or the cry so universal for good, honest, upright, manly young men.

Judge Tuthill, of Chicago, is said to have declared that there are no born criminals. "If I believed that," says he, "I should lose my faith in God. Society makes criminals; environment and education make criminals, but they are not born so."

\$2,000

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500

The character formed in youth is generally the character of a lifetime.

The boy who is constantly crying out that there is no chance for him is destined for the rubbish heap of oblivion.

Go at what you are about as if there was nothing else in the world for the time being.—Charles Kingsley.

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 \$2 pages. Its subscription price is \$1 00 a year, payable in advance. Foreign subscriptions, \$1.25.

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during the year.

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MAJESTIC BLDG. DETROIT, MICH. WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE

EDITOR. GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

An Ohio Boy Wins the First Printing Press Prize.

In our March number we offered to the March subscriber, or to a subscriber renewing in March or getting a new subscriber of using March, and coming the nearest to estimating the number of immigrants arriving at the Ellis Island Immigrant Station in New York during March, a printing press outit consisting of a new thirty dollar Pilot Press, with an assortment of time, two rollers, a chase, metal quoins and key for locking the form in the chase, "furniture," and a type case, the whole being of the value of fifty dollars.

The contest awakened great interest, and thousands of estimates were made. We received under date of May 2, from the office of the Commissioner General of Immigration at Washington, the following letter:

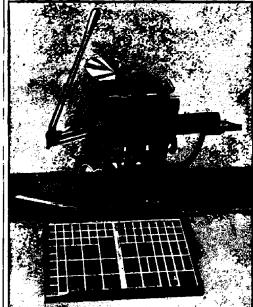
"William C. Sprague, Esq.,
"President. Sprague Publishing Co.,
"Detroit. Mich.
"Sir:—In response to your letter of the 3th ultimo, I have to inform you that the number of immigrants landing from steerage at the Ellis Island Station. New York, during the month of March, 1911. was as follows: Males, 27.4-6; females, 7,005. Total, 34,461. Respectfully,
"F. H. LARNED.
"Acting Commissioner General."

SEND NO MONEY

Out this advertisement out and send to us and we will send you this.

NEAR SENIET EDGE MERE SEWING MACHINE by freight (0.0 D., subject to examination. You can examine it atyour nearest freight depot, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, equal to the highest grade nowing machines aftertied by other senses at \$30.00 to \$40.00, the greatest hargain years were hearf ealer atheme at \$20.00 and as good a mechine as yet could buy from your fealer atheme at \$20.00 to \$40.00, the greatest hargain years were hearf the properties of the

fifteen of being the exact number reported by the Government. Albert A. Fels, there-fore, receives the press and outfit offered in the March number.



THE PRINTING OUTFIT. (From a photograph, greatly reduced.)

Other close estimates were received, among them being the following:: Baldwin Bryant, Philadelphia, Pa., 34,413; S. A. Pence, Jr., Kearney, Mo., 34,732; Norman German, Allentown, Pa., 34,640; William Haseltine, Haverhill, Mass., 34,568; Gurden Whittier, Hancock, Vt., 34,495; Arthur McGill, Montezuma, Ia., 34,416; Lawrence C. Hornbrook, Columbus, O., 34,769; Kay Dupre, Troupe, Tex., 34,264; Ward L. Kayser, Canton, Ill., 34,976; Charles Showers, Iowa City, Ia., 34,208; G. Emil Heid, Freeburg, Ill., 34,617; Harold C. Holly, Myrtle, Pa., 34,623; Leroy A. Metcaife, Plainville, Mass., 34,376.

There was a great variation in the esti-

Pa., 34,623; Leroy A. Metcalfe, Plainville, Mass., 34,776.

There was a great variation in the estimates, some estimating that less than one thousand would arrive during March, while others estimated as high as 300,000. There was no excuse for these extreme estimates, inasmuch as we published in our March number, in connection with the offer, a statement that in the whole year ending June 30 last. 341,712 immigrants had landed, and in the whole year preceding 242,573. It was plainly stated that these figures were figures for a year, and not for a month. To arrive at the average for a month one need only to divide by twelve. Dividing the total number arriving last year by twelve, we have an average of about 28,500. The majority of the estimates were in the neighborhood of this figure. The successful boy, however, figured that there would be an increase in immigration this year, so put his figure at a little over 34,000, and he was right.

We made a duplicate of this offer in our April number, the result of which will be announced next month. See also our offer for this month of a baseball outfit, appearing on page 254.

"Acting Commissioner General."

By reference to the estimates sent in, we find that Albert A. Fels, of Swanton, O., on March 5, sent us a subscription, stating that he estimated the number of immigrants landing from steerage at Ellis Island during March would be 34 476. This was the closest estimate made, and came within

OUR \$11.95 EDBEMERE SEWING MACHINE between



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BEFORE OCTOBER 1, 1901.

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First Prize, \$50.00 Second Prize, 40.00 Third Prize, 30.00 Fourth Prize, 25.00 Two Prizes of \$20.00 each Two Prizes of \$15.00 each Two Prizes of \$10.00 each

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Highest Grade W. G. BAKER (Dept.128), SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

By selling Baker's Teas, etc. No money required. Any Gentleman or Lady, Roy or Girl can do the work, Just take ordersamong friends and you will earn a 1900 High-Grade Bleycle, or choose for smaller sales a Gold Watch and Chain, Peeka-Boo Camera, Newing Machine, Crown Combination Game Brard of twenty games, Decorated Dinner, Tea or Tollet Net, Clock, Bookcase, Morris Chair, Couch, Lamp, etc. All express prepaid. Write to-day for Cata.

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Every Boy Wants a Gun O REPAID

An Air Gun "that looks like Dad's Sporting or Target Riffe.

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ANY BOY Can Easily Earn this Rifle

Or a good Watch or Camera in a few hours time by selling 24 packs of our Laundry Bluette at 10 cts. each. WE TRUST YOU.

Send only name and address now. We will send Bluette. When sold send us \$2.40 and we will send premium same day money is received. The Rifle gives wonderful Satisfaction. Sent anywhere in U. S. prepaid for \$1.25. Reeves fifg. Co. Dept. E. Grand Rapids, Mich.



Shots

you do of our funcaciting nevely articles to dispose of at 10 combined, Ladier Brooches, Wais Button Sen, Hair Barretins, Jewely Novels, etc.) A fine asportment. When sold, send us the money (\$4.50) and receive this HiGH-GRADE AUTO-HARP for your trouble. Each instrument is fleely finished, and complete with hook of instructions, music, etc. A first-class Autoharp in every way. Order 45 articles at once, and address. AMERICAN NOVELTY WORKS, Autoharp Dept. 1, Bridgewater, Conn.

BOYS, DON'T MISS THIS OFFER

You can earn good money or premiums celling our goods. Would you not like to earn a scroll saw, watch, fine pocket knife, camera, or gun? We also pay good cash commissions, and our line of goods are easy to sell, se they are used in every home. Your success means our success, and we are willing to help you. Particulars free. To every person accepting our offer, we give an extra premium.



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This Air Rifle is truly
1000 Rhots with One Leading, awonder—outlon't be
better if you paid 86. Not a toy, but a real rifle. Has nickel
plated barrel, ispanned magazine breech (1000 B. B.shot) and
butt plates. Harmless. Bure. Makes a boy manly. Every boy has
friends and can sasily sell our High-Grade Toilet, Laundry or
Medicated Boaps (everybody needs soap) after school, afternoon and
set this Rifle as a present. Bend no money. We trust you for the moap. Gould pays
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MERICAN

MONTHLY Vol 2. Na.9

Detroit, Michigan, July, 1901

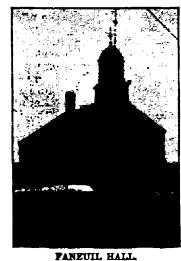
PRICE, \$100 A YEAR 10 Cents a Copy

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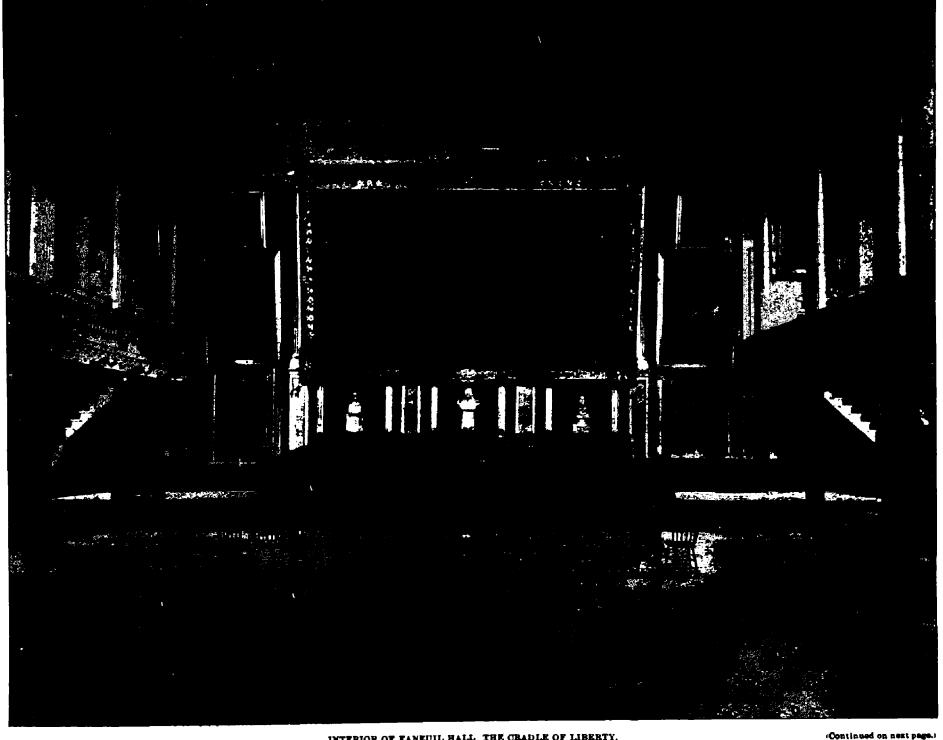
T was because of their persecution as French Huguenots that the

first members of the Faneuil family came to America on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. Some members of the family tarried in New York state, while others found their way to Boston, where they and all other exiles who were persecuted "for righteousness' sake" were sure of a warm welcome. The Faneuils were not so poverty stricken as were most of the exiles, and they soon became people of prominence in their new home. Among the exiled Faneuils was one named Benjamin, who married a French lady named Anne Bureau, and who made his home in New York city, where he died and was buried in Trinity churchyard, where one may read on the horizontal slab over his grave: "Here lies buried the body of Mr. Benjamin Faneuil, of the city of Rochelle, France, who died the 31st of March, 1719, aged 60 years and 8 months."



This one of the pioneer Faneuils in America had a large family, the oldest of which was Peter, who was born in New York in the year 1700. Peter went to Boston with his brother Benjamin after the death of their father, and the two brothers soon became men of prominence in

their new home. Four of their sisters soon came to them from their New York home, so that Boston was pretty well peopled by Faneuils. The children had in Boston a wealthy uncle named Andrew Faneuil, who had no children and who decided to make his nephew Benjamin his sole heir on condition that Benjamin never married. Benjamin was foolish enough to agree to this condition at first, but it was not long before Cupid made him break his compact by causing him to fall in love with a Miss Mary Cutler, whom he married. For this he was cast off by his uncle, who then made Peter his heir on condition that Peter remain a bachelor. Peter became so calloused that the darts of Cupid had no power over him, and when his wealthy Uncle Andrew died in the year 1738, he inherited nearly all of his fortune, while Benjamin was cut off with but five shillings.



Peter had been very industrious and thrifty, and | market house and hall were entirely completed, and | quarrels between the "Britishers" and the "Towners," had already accumulated quite a fortune of his own before the death of his uncle so that, when he had added his uncle's fortune to his own, he was one of the wealthiest men in the town. He now began to live in grand style, and was quite lordly in his man-Then as now deference was paid to the rich, and it is said that Peter enjoyed the poor homage his wealth brought him, although it is not recorded to his discredit that he was arrogant or that he was ever unjust to those in his employ. He was generous to the poor, and his friends found a kindly and hearty welcome in his fine home. But he did "put on style," as we would say in this day. He rode about in a coach that was something like a chariot, and he dressed elegantly, but he was not selfish and he hearkened to the cry of the poor. His sister Mary Ann became his housekeeper, for he did not marry after he had secured his uncle's fortune by remaining

In the year 1740 Peter Faneuil conceived the idea of building at his own expense a fine large market house and presenting it to Boston, "provided the town would pass a vote for that purpose and lay the same under the proper regulations, as shall be thought necessary, and constantly support it for the said use.' There was much opposition to the building of the market by many who thought that it would work injury to those who made a living by peddling from door to door, or by selling on the street corners; and even when it was agreed that the new market house should not interfere with street peddling there was still so much opposition to the proposed market house that out of over seven hundred votes cast those in favor of the market had a majority of but seven votes.

This did not discharge Peter Faneuil, for he felt confident that many of those who were opposed to the building of a market would in time come to see that it would be of great value to the town. Then it was that Peter Faneuil decided to make the market house include also a fine large hall for the use of the city, as the hall in the old Town House was not now large enough to meet the requirements of the city. John Smibert, a popular artist of that day, was the architect of the new hall. On September 10, 1742, the

Peter Faneuil handed over the keys to the selectmen of the town of Boston. It was at the suggestion of Thomas Hutchinson, who afterwards became the royal governor, that the hall above the market was named Faneuil Hall. The first meeting held in the hall was on the sixteenth day of September in the year 1742. On the third of the next March Peter Faneuil died suddenly in his home, and he was buried with much ceremony and, later, a memorial service was held in the hall bearing his name. Since that long ago day many, many distinguished men who have gone the way of the earth have had memorial services held for them in the famous old hall that was

to play such an important part in our country's history.

Peter Faneuil made it a condition that the hall should be forever set apart for the use of the people without charge, and this generous rule holds to this day. No money is ever received for the use of the hall, and all kinds of public meetings are held in it.

On the thirteenth of January, in the year 1761, a great fire swept over the part of the city in which Fancuil Hall was, and the building, that had now become the pride of the town, was destroyed, nothing but the four brick walls being left standing. The hall was rebuilt and re-dedicated in March, 1763, on which occasion James Otis gave the address. It was not long after this that meetings began to be held in the hall that gave it the proud title of the "Cradle of Liberty." The first little var clouds that were the forerunners of the great Revolution were seen on the horizon. These ominous clouds grew larger and larger, and Faneuil Hall began to resound to the voices of bold and fearless men resisting oppression. When the Stamp Act was passed the resentment of the people found expression in Fancuil Hall.

Imagine, if you can, the indignation of the people when seven war ships came into the Boston Harbor one day in the fall of 1768 and Faneuil Hall was demanded for the use of the king's soldiers as barracks! The request was promptly refused by the selectmen of the town, but those in higher authority granted the request, and for several weeks the hall was used for the purpose for which it had been demanded.

On the fifth of March occurred the famous "Boston Massacre," which was a culmination of many petty

as the people of Boston were called. The riot was begun by a boy twitting one of the British sentinels. It ended in a general quarrel, in which five persons were killed. The utmost excitement prevailed. A mass meeting was held in the hall and adjourned to the Old South Church, where there was a larger audience room. The funeral of Crispus Attucks, one of the victims of the riot, was held in Faneuil Hall Other meetings in which the fire of protest and indignation ran mountain high were held in the hall During the siege of Boston the hall was used for various purposes by the British. They held entertainments and gave plays in it, and were not in the least mindful of injury done the hall during their diversions. Had they known that it was to be recovered by the Loyalists they might have destroyed it altogether.

The first meeting held in the hall after the evacuation by the British was in the shape of a great dinner given by John Hancock to Count D'Estaing, the French admiral, and several hundred of his men. George Washington, Lafayette, John Adams and many other men of note were banqueted in the hall at different times. In 1805 Faneuil Hall was rebuilt and greatly enlarged at a cost of about sixty thousand dollars. Since that its walls have resounded to the stirring eloquence of Daniel Webster, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, Edward Everett, and many other famous men who speak no more in this world.

When Wendell Phillips died his body lay in state in Fancuil Hall on the platform on which he made his maiden protest against the sin of slavery. Many Presidents of the United States have spoken in Fancuil Hall, and no other building in America has been more closely associated with the important political and social events in our history.

In 1898 it became necessary to again reconstruct the building, and this was done at an expense of about one hundred thousand dollars, without, however, altering the outward appearance of the building It has been made as nearly fireproof as in any way. possible. The interior is just as it was before the alterations were made. The same fine old paintings of noted people are on the walls and there are many things to remind one of days of long, long ago.



THE HOUSE BOATS.

THE HENLEY REGATTA

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN

When the calendar in England is turned a page to mark the beginning of July every boy on the little Island of Britain who may, rushes for the river. Little regattas are held all up and down the narrow, ditchlike stream that Mr. Izaak Walton, in the old days, was wont to term the "Noble River Thames." All these little regattas are in imitation of the greatest water event of the year, held up the stream at Henley, where, each July, the last three days of the first week, crews from the different colleges of Oxford and Cambridge row against each other and such foreign oarsmen as wish to enter.

One who has been present at the Henley regatta can never forget the sight, as he turns into the High street of the quaint old town of Henley, and approaches the bank of the stream. There before himif, indeed, he be an early arrival—are hundreds upon hundreds of boats, filled with gaily dressed ladies, and men and boys in white or striped flannel.

The river presents a picture gaudy with color. Along the left bank, as you face down stream, are the house boats, purely English contrivances, but very little known here in America. An English house boat is a flat scow with a cottage built upon it. And for the regatta week these tiny houses are covered, from the water's edge to roof, with flowers. The blossoms may not in all instances be Nature's—indeed they may have been manufactured of paper in the shops at the east end of London-but the effect is the same. They are lighted at night by strange little lamps, similar in appearance to our incandescent electric lights, but different, in that each tiny globe holds a candle.

The first day at Henley is "getting ready day," as it is called. Every train from London unloads its human fraight at the little ready.



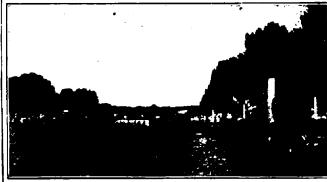
LUNCHEON TIME.

little stations near at hand between London and the water-point. Every inn is full; tents are put up; the house boat throng arrives, and the river becomes alive. There is no general rowing, for such means of aquatic locomotion could not be used in the river, crowded as it is with small boats. All the long low craft are propelled by punts, a process made possible by the shallowness of the stream at this point. The punter operates with a long pole partly shod at the lower end with a band of thin steel. The punter, with his pole in hand, stands—or he may sit—at the back of the flat-bottomed punt, and dropping the pole into the water, pushes the craft along wherever he will. The performance appears easy, but it is often a risky undertaking for an amateur.

There are a few little, short, fat boats, built after the general plan of rowboats, only shorter, that bob about on the surface of the water like the butter plates of wood that grocers use; and there are still fewer canoes. But the one boat of Henley during "Henley week" may be truthfully said to be the punt, which is built to accommodate four or six.

All "Henieys" are the same; so if you have been there once of recent years you may consider that you have been an annual visitor. Midway down the length of the course taken by the contesting rowers, logs are chained to form a boom and thereby an inner river. It is up this inner stream that the long, arrow-like shells of the collegians are rowed by the eight men. and urged on faster and faster by the little heered coxwains who manage the rudder at the back, and, leaning forward, shout and yell, and—save the mark! -often swear like young well-bred pirates, at the struggling crew.

I remember one race that was really won by the little coxwain, a mite of a chap, who used his lungs to such good effect that his boat, at last, though it had been a length behind all down the course, shot ahead and won the race. And those big college rowers understood that the race had been won for them by their little coxwain, for when they grounded their shell and stepped up on the lower bank, they formed a circle around the tiny chap and lifting him upon their shoulders marched back up to the starting point with him, yelling his praises at the top of their lungs.



THE START.

fell back before the eight men holding the little fellow away up in the air, and many were the roses and other blossoms with which he was showered.

It was one of the most impressive sights I have ever looked upon-those eight big men and thirty thousand people cheering a tiny chap—and undersized at that—who could not by any possible chance have been more than eleven years old. And the little fellow took it all as coolly as you please. He knew he had won that race for his crew and he bowed to the waving handkerchiefs, quite as some great national hero bows to the men and women lining the streets through which he passes.

Down the river, past the last house boat, and very near the upper end of the course, where the starting point is marked by two white stakes, are the various rowing club houses of England, each with its band. They are set back from the bank, and the lawn stretching down to the water's edge is filled with chairs for the use of members and guests of the club. The pictures these lawns present of an afternoon during the regatta are most astonishingly full of color. The men are dressed in cool, white flannel, with gaily ribboned straw hats, while the gowns of the ladies are gay with color. Both banks of the river along the length of the course are dotted with band stands, and during the races, and between, scores of bands play and lend to the affair the air of a great out-of-door fete, a garden party, to which all, who can afford it, are invited for, let me tell you, it costs to see "Henley" after the approved fashion of English society. There are man: Englishmen of aquatic proclivities who moor a house boat near the course as early as May and live in it until regatta week, when, for the three days, they may receive, if they care to rent their house boat, some such a sum as five hundred, or even a thousand pounds There was one little house boat rented last year to a diamond millionaire from South Africa for three thousand dollars in our good American money. His lease allowed him the use of the boat for three days. This seems absurd to the average American who has never been present at a Henley regatta, but to one who has man freight at the little station of Henley or the other | The great throng lining the river on the green bank | been there, who has observed the enthusiasm of the crowd and how the affair is really a national sporting gives way to luncheon. I remember one night, as the | a few hours at Henley let me advise him to be there fete. it does not seem so absurd. And too, you must know that the little town of Henley makes enough these three days to keep itself alive all the rest of the A glass of "lemon squash," as lemonade is called in England, costs you four pence in Henley in May or June, or at any time before or after the regatta, but go up to the taproom of the Royal George during "week" and ask for a glass of "squash." You will then pay for it the sum of two and six, that is to say sixty

As I have said, many of the ladies and gentlemen who come to the regatta, live in the inns that are scattered from the race-point down the river for a distance of six miles. They are driven up to the course each morning in the inn tally-ho or brake, or they punt themselves up in their own boats. Of course these people do not drift back down to their inns for luncheon They bring innumerable baskets with them, great hampers and boxes and crates, and at one o'clock they picnic on the banks of the river. One day it was estimated that fifteen thousand persons were picnicking on the left bank at noon. And they are no commonplace picnics of cold meat and that. The great stores of London have received, beforehand, hundreds of orders to have luncheon for any number, from two to thirty, at Henley on the noon train, and as the train pulls in at the little station there is found awaiting it an army of butlers who seize the parcels of especially and freshly prepared food and bear it away. All sport

punt in which I sat drifted down the river in the moonlight, I was attracted to tiny bobbing things on the surface of the water. I asked my host what they were. 'Corks," he said. And sure enough they were. There must have been a million of them. It was the second day of the regatta and the great crowd at Henley was



finding itself and settling down to enjoyment. They were not all champagne corks, though—to tell the truth many of them were—soda corks, cider corks, milk corks, and corks of every other kind of bottle, I think, on earth.

If one visiting in England in July has only time for

the last night of the regatta. Then the river all along the course is illuminated, as are all the boats, including the small craft, which are strung with lanterns arranged upon a canopy contrivance. The night scene is beautiful, infinitely more so than at Venice; and the constant shower of fireworks in the heavens only tends to accentuate the beauty.

On the last night of Henley last year there were over fifty thousand persons on the river; on the whole length of the course you could cross the stream anywhere, from boat to boat, without wetting your feet. In and out, among and between the punts, were propelled the boats of the minstrels, who, masked, played guitars, mandolins and in some instances tiny little pianos, and sang for the benefit of the crowd-afterwards, of course, passing the "collection bag" at the end of a long fishpole, so that those on the outermost rim of the throng could be reached for money.

In the midst of the spectacle, with the river alive with motion and colored lights, and vocal with the shouts of laughter and songs, a band away up the course struck up "God Save the Queen." Another fell in, and another, and so on, until every one of the hundred bands was playing the national air of England; and at the first strain every man and woman on that river stood up; a hush fell over the crowd; hats were removed, nor replaced until the tune was finished. Then a great shout went up, a telegram was sent the Queen, and the Henley Regatta was over.

* A ZEBRA HUNT *

ELI R. SUTION

HERE is a part of South Africa called "the Upper Karroo," on account of the bush which overgrows the whole region. It was on this upper Karroo that a party consisting of 80n

Governor Pingree. of Michigan, his Joe, Walter Sutton, my brother, Alex. Mellish, a young colonial official, Mr. Michau, a Boer farmer, upon whose lands we went hunting, and myself, rode out to get a shot at some zebras.

It was just five o'clock one morning in April last, that we were aroused from a sleep, which had not been free from dreams of mountains, rocks and wild animals, by a Kaffir who brought in coffee, and told us that the "Baas," meaning the Boer farmer, was already having the horses saddled. The best horses in the country had either been commandeered by the British, or taken by raiding Boers, so we were obliged to content ourselves with the mustangs which the farmer found, and some

inferior animals which the cammandeering officers had rejected as unfit for service. The way these rejected nags got about caused me to think that their owners had learned the trick, which many of the farmers practice, of driving a small nail into the hoofs of their horses, making them so lame that the inspectors are glad to let the farmers keep them. I know that the horse the Boer farmer rode was as smart and frisky as any I ever saw.

We had been fortunate enough to induce the commandant at Cradock to loan us a couple of horses, and enough military rifles to equip our company; so we set out at sunrise well armed and well mounted, with a good flanking force of Kaffirs, whom we took along to beat the bush if necessary and drive out the game.

As we galloped down the valley, green with blossoming veldt, springbok were grazing about within easy range of our rifles, but on this day we were reserving our fire for more royal game. At the end of the valley, a "kop," or circular mountain rises almost perpendicularly to a height of about three hundred with a colt; the one we killed was her mate. She is so feet. Its summit is encircled with an immense ledge of overhanging rocks. On the top is a vast plateau, which widens out into a broad, uneven plain. These lofty regions are inhabited by the zebras. We had to climb the mountain in some way to get at them, for these animals seldom descend into the valleys. We not only had to climb the mountains ourselves, but we must take our horses with us, because it is idle to hunt zebras without horses. I supposed, of course, that there would be a road, or a trail, leading up the mountain; it never occurred to me that man or beast could climb over the bowlders and the brush wheeled his horse and dashed up the foothills. I presume it took us an hour to zigzag our way to the Over the body of the too loyal mare zebra we held

top. Although our ponies performed miracles in the way of climbing, we were obliged to dismount when about a third of the way up, and lead them the rest of the journey. No one but a Boer would have attempted to take a body of "tenderfeet" up to the plateau above the encircling crown of crags, but he found, by instinct it seems, for he had never gone by this route before, a narrow passage, worn by cascades, through the beetling cliffs, and without injury to man or beast, we gained the summit just in time to see a drove of zebras and a whole flock of wild ostriches scurrying towards the horizon.

I said no one was injured. I do not mean that no one was bruised by falling over rocks; nor do I take into consideration what happened to my derby hat. The fact that it was caved in on all sides seemed to amuse the rest of the party; they had insisted that I was the first man who ever went zebra hunting in a derby hat. Michau, the Boer, was the first to gain the summit. Governor Pingree was so far down the mountain side that we could not see him. Joe's horse had lain down to rest, and he could not get him up until most of the party were on top. With the exception of the Governor, I think, I brought up the rear.

There are always noises on the sides of steep mountains. The tread of a springbok or of a bush buck will sometimes loosen a bowlder and send it crashing into the valley below. Baboons are garrulous animals when they are disturbed, and they barked and whistled at us from behind rocks, making so much noise that I do not understand why the ever vigilant zebras had been surprised by us. I know that just as I reached the top, Michau brought down what seemed to me the handsomest zebra stallion in the drove. It must have been the leader of the zebras, for they seemed thrown into a perfect panic and scattered in every direction, some of them mixing with the wild ostriches which bore off towards our right in better order. Zebras, as I afterwards learned, will follow a leader in single file, no matter how many of them there are, whenever they scent danger; but when hat leader is killed they are thrown into confusion, not knowing what to do. Whether our Boer picked out the leader of the drove, or aimed at the beautiful stallion by accident, I do not know.

At the time, what most concerned me was to get on my horse and keep up with the rest of the party. wish I could picture that zebra, as it lay quivering on the grass, bleeding its life away. It was too weak to rise, but no madman in a lunatic asylum ever had such wild anguish in his eyes; they seemed actually to be melting in fear.

As my horse bounded over the stones, I noticed that a female zebra, followed by a young colt, lingered on the horizon. With head thrown back, and tail erect, she would proudly prance back and forth, with the little colt close behind her, while the rest of the drove were assembling in a little kloof about three miles upset about it that you can get a crack at her!" Away we went, and sure enough, the widowed zebra mother paid the penalty of her devotion. Either Joe or Walter killed her, for both fired about a dozen shots. I did considerable shooting myself, but I never took good aim. How the colt managed to escape all our bullets was almost miraculous, for it would not desert its wounded mother until we had approached within at least fifty yards. The Boer had done no shooting. since landing the stallion in the morning, which accounts perhaps for the fact that the baby zebra made its escape. When it finally concluded to abandon its which lined the mountain sides, until our Boer mother, it glided over the rocky surface of the plateau with all the grace and rapidity of a springbok.

a council of war, or rather received orders from the Boer, who was a natural leader of men. "You must have another shot, boys, to redeem yourselves for missing the colt. Yonder are the zebras on the kloof. If we go in that direction they will bear to the right. Having no recognized leader they will scatter into small droves, but I think they will assemble again in the little valley near the place where Walter Sutton is boring a well for the government. I know zebras pretty well, and I think I know what they have decided over yonder. Now. Walter, take these boys over to the place where your drill is, and post them under the hill. The governor and I will ride in the other direction, and as the wind is right, I think you will have good shooting." Walter, Joe, Mellish and myselt galloped along in the direction indicated for about an hour, when we came to a little valley containing a few large shade trees. Among the trees is the tent Walter sleeps in while engaged boring for water. Dismounting, we tied our horses' heads down to one of their forelegs with our halters, and turned them loose to graze on the veldt. Then we secreted ourselves among the rocks at the brow of the hill and waited for



Our ponies performed miracles of climbing

the zebras. We heard a noise and saw what looked ing along to within twenty steps of where I was. For a flock of wild ostriches. They must have detected too frightened to that hated human smell, for they suddenly lifted their I could see its wings and tilted off to the left. We might have shot response to the some of them, but we feared that in doing so we would little wild heart. alarm the zebras, which we thought would be following close behind. All at once we saw, through the trees, down the valley, what looked like the manes of As rapidly and as secretly as we could we scrambled down the ravine, and got within gunshot of the—horses! They were horses "lame horses," belonging to farmers, so we hied ourselves back to our post near the water drill. I was ahead this time, because I had fallen behind when we were chasing the horses. Just as I came to the top of the kloof I heard a gentle stir among the stones, and wow! the zebras were upon me. They were headed right over the place where I sat; and they could not have been thirty steps away, when their new leader scented human taint, and dashed over the edge of the ravine to my left. Every one of the drove had a broadside exposed to my rifle for fully a minute. I could count the stripes upon their sides as they glided by one after the other, and I think I did more counting than trying to shoot them. Walter and Joe were fully two hundred yards back of me, and were blazing away, right over my head at the zebras, some of the shots whizzing uncomfortably close to my ears. One zebra stumbled, having been wounded by one of the boys. It scrambled to its feet and dashed after the others. Then I landed my first shot, for I aimed at the flashing eye of the wounded zebra, and afterwards found my bullet had passed clean through its neck. I started to run to where it lay, when all at once the little zebra colt, which now, fatherless and motherless, was left to keep up with the drove as best it could, came leap-



HAL'S FOURTH OF JULY "HUMMER"

AMANDA L. GROCKER *************************

The Wagners were a patriotic family. The father, now gray and bent with years, still wore the honors of a brave lieutenant of the Civil War; and the eldest know the reason. Hal happened to know; and as he son, Carl, now in Porto Rico, had gained distinction as a brave boy in blue.

But the members of the Wagner family were not a unit as to just how the "Glorious Fourth" should be celebrated. Mother Wagner rejected the wicked Chinese invention two years before, when Hal set fire to his new suit of clothes, burned his face, and nearly put his eyes out with gunpowder.

Lying on his back under the old apple tree, Hal winked slowly at the patches of blue sky showing throught the branches, and cudgelled his brain as to how he was to get firecrackers for the coming celebration. The boys of his crowd were going to have "swads o' crackers," while he had not as yet enough for even a decent fizz.

In three days more the old anvil at Beecham's would wake up the town at three in the morning. Later on the flags would wave, the drums would beat, the people would march to the grove, and there would be a speech by Colonel Weir and music by the band;

then would come the firecrackers in the evening. bothering her head over such in-



Two dozen eggs heard his father say. green. would buy quite a respectable "swad," and nobody need ever

themselves.

lonesome little brother," the letter said. among the Wagners."

old enough to be trusted with firecrackers? Carl stairs for the hidden treasure.

wants the boy to have a hummer next week, and I don't know of a thing that can make a day hum as they can."

Hal, who was just on his way past the window heard his father laugh. "He wouldn't laugh if he knew his son was planning to steal eggs, would he?" The boy shrugged his shoulders at the thought.

A few hours later Howard Somers, sister Margaret's beau, met Hal at the gate. Margaret's smiles had been rather chilly of late, and Howard wanted to was talkative that morning, Howard got the information he wanted. When they separated Howard tossed a shining silver piece toward Hal, saying, "There's a half a dollar to help celebrate." Gleefully Hal gobbled up the windfall. "Now I won't have to-

"Won't have to what?" asked Howard, noting Hal's confused manner.

"O, ask for an extra allowance," exclaimed the boy, turning a handspring and making a grimace worthy

"I'm awfully ashamed." Hal said to himself as he gathered the eggs that night. "I'll never tell anybody about it, for old Speckle tempted me and nobody could ever understand.'

Jack Hoffer leaned on the counter for a moment's meditation before he shut up shop. He could not help thinking of those Wagners. Now, there was the licutenant himself, heretofore rather sparing in his purchases of Fourth of July gimcracks, who had simply outdone himself. Then mother Wagner had purchased a fair lot, and after that Hal had come in at a Old Speckle went by him singing merrily and not time when he ought to have been in bed and asked for a half dollar's worth of the "wickedest busters in the

Before Hal Wagner crawled into bed that night he managed to get his package upstairs and into his room. "I'll poke 'em under the bed," he said. "It isn't stealing; it's only being proper careful." Then he knelt and thanked Heaven for financial help, and a moment later had dropped off to a sleep full of dreams of flags, processions, and overflow meetings! where crackers flashed, popped, fizzed and burst,

"Merciful goodness, who was that coming into the room? Mother! Had she found him out? Did she mean to find those crackers?

Hal stuffed the corner of the pillow in his mouth to keep from screaming. The apparition put something on the chair by the bed and went out again. His t and out and smuggle eager fingers reached for it. Yes, he liked flags, espeto the meeting on the cially the stars and stripes. "As dear as life," he had

The anvil at Beecham's broke the stillness of the July morning, and Hal sprang out of bed. His first be the wiser, not even the boys thought was for the hidden treasures. Hastily dressing, he rushed downstairs, arousing the household as Mother Wagner was reading Carl's he went. He felt that he had the American eagle by last letter which father Wagner had his wings this blooming Fourth, and father Wagner just brought from the postoffice. "Poor, remarked, half awake, "There's another soldier

"Make his Fourth a hummer, for my, All day long Hal was full of patriotism, marching sake, mother."

In the long, dusty procession, cheering when the Mother Wagner looked at the "lone-crowd did, whether he knew why or not. After tea, some little brother" and wiped her eyes. just when the drum began to beat on the green call-"Father," she said, "I wonder if Hal is ing the overflow meeting together, Hal slipped up-

"Hal," called his father from the foot of the stairs, "come here a minute; I want to make a proposition to you."

"Shades of a picket guard, what is it now?" Rebellion surged up into Hal's throat in great lumps. He wouldn't agree to a solitary thing under the flag, that would keep him from the green. Nevertheless, he went down to hear what the hateful thing was.

> the lawn." "He's found the busters," thought Hal, and this was his way of saying, "Now, my boy, I'll fire them off while you look on, to pay you for your smartness.'

"Son," said his father, kindly, "we haven't had much of a Fourth

for quite a while, so I thought we would have something nice out on

> "We have fixed un a little jollification, mother and I," went on the father, "and I want you to invite the boys to come and help us celebrate. I'll promise you a lot firecrackers, and besides" and then he smiled to see Hal's eyes growing-"I have a side-show of my own worth see-

ing. Now if it's all right dust around, bring in your friends and we'll have a hummer."

"We haven't had much of Fourth for quite awhile."

Of course Hal "dusted," and in a short time some twenty boys, including the Juvenile Martial Band, filed onto Wagner's side lawn. Everything was ready for them. Chinese lanterns in red, white and blue hung here and there among the trees merrily swinging their lights athwart the scene. Seats had been whisked in from somewhere and a place of honor arranged for the band boys. By flank movements and two or three feints Hal had made a detour and returned with the "wickedest busters" as an addition to the hummer. Surely this was to be an overflow! And only four adults to keep it down!

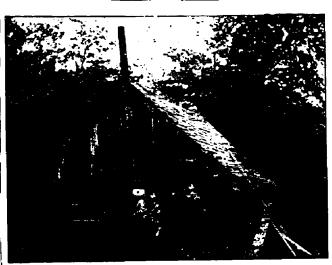
Enthusiasm rose and rose. Father Wagner was like a boy in knee pants. Mother Wagner sat quietly by thinking of Carl, while Somers was jollity itself. Surely Howard ground his axe successfully, for Margaret was smiling away the barriers without doubt. The band played the National airs as it never played them before. Then, at father Wagner's request, they gave "Marching Through Georgia," and father Wagner made a little speech. He told the boys how he had been in that very march, and how he had seen the sweet potatoes climb out of the ground in good shape.

Then the celebration began in real boy style, and every one of the crowd overflowed in good shape.

After the firecrackers had cracked and the busters had busted amid deafening huzzas, a group of boys found that they had burned their clothes and fingers, singed their hair, and yelled themselves hoarse.

"Honors don't amount to much without scars," said father Wagner, significantly. Then he set the pin-wheels going, shot off the Roman candles, and sent up the rockets.

The pink stars rained down and the eagles flapped their red and green wings until this overflow meeting was without precedent. Father Wagner declared that there was not as much enjoyment to the square foot anywhere in the United States on that Fourth as on Wagner's side lawn.



A BOYS' CAMP IN THE BACK WOODS OF MAINE.



There were just four boys in the town of Hard Luck, if one could call some twenty five or thirty log and slab cabins and half a dozen tents a town. These shabby looking cabins and weather-stained tents were hidden away in a rocky and narrow gulch in the great Rocky Mountain range. Hard Luck was the not inappropriate name some one had given to the little mining camp because those who had come to it in expectation of discovering phenomenally rich veins of gold and silver in the granite mountain walls had been greatly disappointed. The man who had staked out the first claim and built the first cabin had discovered a promising vein of silver in a claim he had called the First Find, and a rumor had gone forth that a new and rich silver belt had been discovered. An incipient "boom" followed, and several hundred prospectors were soon at work up and down the narrow length of the gulch and the little town of Hard Luck had sprung up. But no discovery equal to that of the First Find resulted from all the digging and blasting and drilling that the eager prospectors did, and some one had changed the name of the camp from Camp Hopeful to Hard Luck.

Not even the First Find had realized the expectations of its owner, for it went through a process vulgarly called "petering out" before the end of three months, and the other claims that had been located and developed to some extent were of little value. Thus it was that there were hard times in Camp Hard Luck, and the men who had been drawn thither in the hope of "striking it rich" were grievously disappointed, and they said very uncomplimentary things about the camp.

Some of them were confident that there were rich veins of silver hidden away in the gray mountain walls if they could only be discovered, and they went on trying to discover them.

Very few of the men had brought their families to Hard Luck with them. They told the truth when they said that a place like Hard Luck was no place for women and little children. Mr. Joseph Dilly had brought his boy Ted to the mountains with him because the boy had shown some slight tendency toward lung trouble in his eastern home, and the doctor had said that a summer of "roughing it" in the mountains would do him good. The two Lee boys, Joe and Dick, boys of fifteen and seventeen, had lost their mother early in the spring in Denver, and their father knew of no one with whom he was willing to leave them and he was too poor to send them to some good boarding school, as he would have liked to have done.

He decided to take them to the mountains with him for the summer, in the hope that he would at least strike it rich enough to send the boys to some good school in the fall. The fourth boy in Hard Luck was Larry Lawson, a merry lad of sixteen, whose father and mother had come to Hard Luck to take charge of a little hotel of four rooms that bore the high-sounding name of the Astor House. The decline of the boom was bad for the hotel business and the proprietors of the Astor House found themselves without any patrons. Mr. Lawson determined to remain in the mountains prospecting during the summer, and if his luck did not change he would leave Hard Luck for some more promising field in the early fall.

It was one day during the last week in June that Larry Lawson said to Ted Dilly, while they were walking toward the Lee cabin to get Joe and Dick to climb to the summit of old Baldy mountain, "just for the fun of the thing.'

"Say, Ted, has it dawned upon you that next Friday is the glorious old Fourth of July?"

'No, it hasn't. Holidays don't count for anything

in a place like Hard Luck.'

"Well, let's make the good old Fourth count for something. You want to be 'patterotic,' don't you, boy?'

"How is a fellow to be 'patterotic,' as you call it, when there isn't a flag or firecracker within fifty miles of this place, I'd like to know?"

we can make a noise well. any quantity of powder in the camp, and us four boys all have good lungs. As you say, there isn't a flag or a firecracker in the place, and not even a lemon for the lemonade that is the lawful beverage of the multitude on the Fourth. But my great-great-greatgreat-gran'daddy on my mother's side was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and I'm not going to let the Fourth come and go without doing something to mark the day. Let's talk the matter can always think up something."

to beat you thinking up things with fun in them,' said Ted.

This was true. Larry had a very fertile imagina-

contribute to his own enjoyment and the enjoyment of others. He had a real boy's fondness for fun and a good time generally, and his dreary surroundings did not depress him in the least. He and his three comrades had really had "no end of fun" in the mountains thus far that summer.

"But we want to do something out of the common," said Larry, when he and Ted had been joined by Dick and Joe and they were toiling up the rocky slope of Baldy Mountain over a narrow and winding trail. One cannot very well talk and climb steep mountains at the same time, and when they had gone a quarter of a mile Larry said:

'Let's sit down here on this shelf of rock in the sunshine and talk over our plans for the Fourth. I have thought of something while we have been climbing the trail.'

'What is it?"

"Well, let's get hold of all the powder we can and shoot off the biggest blast ever shot off in this gulch. Let's make the earth tremble. Let's make this old canon rip and roar. Let's make those that don't know anything about it think that it is the crack o' doom. Let's celebrate!"

'Where would you do all this blowing up?'

"Oh, we can go away up into the gulch some place. We can find some good place where there are a lot of fissures in the rocks that we can chock full of powder. Perhaps we can find some place where a prospector has drilled holes for a blast he has not set off for some reason. There are plenty of places. All we want is a place where we can make a booming racket in honor of Old Glory!"

They found such a place before they went back home that day. It was part way around the moun-firing off their charge. Mr. Dilly and Mr. Lawson tain in a narrow part of the guich. They had all of examined the work of the boys carefully and decided the "fun" they could have climbing old Baldy and that there was no usuger, as the flace of perfect safety were coming down the trail when Larry, who was on ahead, stopped and called out:

"Here's a good place for our Fourth of July blast! Just come and see all the fissures ? in and around this big old bowlder. Yes, and some one has been drilling around here to set off a blast. We can bring some drills up here and make the holes deeper and we can blow this old bowlder higher than a kite. My! how the stones will fly and how the old gulch will roar with the

to show our real 'patter-The other boys came up and they agreed that the spot Larry had found was a

good one for their Fourth of July blast. "We can get all of the blasting powder that we want. I'll be responsible for five pounds, any-how," said Larry.

The other boys said that they would each get a like amount and the rest of their talk while on their homeward way was of the fun they would have "making a racket" on the Fourth. Ted thought that it might be a good idea to save a part of their powder and send off some smaller blasts

and thus prolong the noise. But Larry protested. "No," he said, "I think that it would be more fun to just send off one old snorter of a blast and see how big a hole we can make in the ground.

The other boys finally concluded that this might be best, and this plan was finally decided upon.

Powder was about the most plentiful staple in Hard Luck, and the boys had no difficulty in securing all that they wanted. It was a little more difficult to secure a fuse long enough for their purpose.

"You see, we will have to skedaddle quite a distance to a place where none of the flying rocks can give us a whack after we have lighted our fuse," said Larry, who was a kind of a self-appointed master of ceremonies.

Finally an old miner who had been given the sobriquet of The Judge, because of his solemn look and shiny bit of rock he had caught sight of. He held it his quiet manner, gave the boys a long piece of fuse, up to the light, saying as he did so: saying as he did so:

"I kind o' like the idee of a little o' somethin' bein' done to mark old Independence day, so you youngover with Joe and Dick and see what we can do. Dick sters go ahead and make all the racket you can. I'll in always think up something.
"He'll have to get up before breakfast if he wants to your racket. If you don't object, I'll come up an'
best you thinking up things with fun in them," see and hear your big charge go off."

"We'll be glad to have you," replied Ted.

tion when it came to "thinking up things" that would would go up into the gulch and see what the boys were "up to." Offers of powder for the big blast were made until the boys had fully thirty pounds.

"Let's use every grain of it for the one big old

shot," said Larry.

The boys visited the big bowlder several times before the Fourth. They carried drills with them and deepened the holes they had found and made several new ones. Very early on the morning of the Fourth they set off for the gulch, having announced in the camp the day before that the explosion would take place at ten o'clock sharp. It was a cloudless day, with the sun shining brightly and the boys were in high spirits as they left the forlorn little camp behind them. They reached the place that was to be the scene of the explosion in about an hour and at once began to fill the holes and crevices with the powder. They laid their length of fuse very carefully and decided just where they would run to a place of safety behind a great bowlder farther up the guich. Larry got on a big rock and rehearsed a patriotic little speech he planned to give "just before the thing went off," and he regretted that they could not have had a flag to wave.

"If I could have got hold of the good old Declaration of Independence I would have learned every word of it to recite before we make the earth tremble around here," he said with the fire of boyish patriot-

ism flaming high in his breast.

The boys were surprised to have as many as twenty five of the men from Hard Luck appear before the time of the explosion. The fathers of Joe and Larry had thought it advisable to come up and see that the boys were in no danger of injuring themselves in that there was no danger, as the fuse was long enough some time before the explosion would take place after the fuse was lighted.

As Larry had originated the idea of celebrating the day in this way, he was accorded the privilege of lighting the fuse and this he did at exactly ten o'clock. The spectators had all found places of safety and they were peering out from behind ledges of rock and great bowlders, watching Larry as he knelt and lighted the fuse. The instant he saw the fuse burning he jumped to his feet and "skedaddled" to the great bowlder behind which the other boys were waiting in a fever of excitement for the great explosion to take place.

"I'll bet you it will be a snorter!" exclaimed Larry as he scrambled in almost breathless haste behind the

protecting bowlder.

racket of it all!

It will be one

grand old salute

What if the blast should loosen this old bowlder and send it reeling over on to us?" asked Ted.

'Stuff!" retorted Larry impolitely. "No danger of that. And if it did we would never know what had hurt us. But now, look out, boys!"

They waited with tense nerves for the explosion to take place.

"I'm afraid the fuse has gone out," said Larry, when fully three minutes had gone by and there was no

"Well, you'd better not go down there to see if it has," retorted Joe. "But it hasn't gone out. It burns slowly, as every fuse should burn. I wouldn't go down there to investigate if it didn't go off for two hours. My! won't that stick of dynamite that The Judge brought up and laid in one of the crevices help things along a lot? I'll bet you that-

The sentence was never finished. Suddenly there was a deafening sound and the air was full of vibrations. The mighty bowlder behind which the boys stood really shook. There was a fearful and prolonged roar up and down the canon. Great pieces of rock shot far up into the air and bits of gravel fell around the men and boys.

"Hooray! Hooray for George Washington, old Abe Lincoln and all the rest of 'em! Hooray for the day we licked the redcoats! Hooray for the good old Fourth!" shricked Larry, jumping out from behind the bowlder and tossing his cap high in the air. "Wasn't that a ripper, boys?"

"Some of the pieces of rock went two hundred feet into the air!" exclaimed Ted. "Listen! the old canon is still roaring! I tell you that was a dandy old shot!"

The boys and the men now came forth from their places of safety and went down to where the great bowlder had been. They found it rent in twain, while one half of it had rolled nearly a hundred feet down the mountain side and lay in the gulch below The ground was torn up to a depth of three or four feet beneath where the bowlder had rested.

Larry jumped down into this hole to pick up a

"Isn't that a beauty of a specimen? See how it shines! I must put that away with my collection of specimens."

Larry's father had come up to the edge of the hole make you a present of five pounds of powder to add in which Larry stood. He caught sight of the bit of rock in Larry's hand and he said:

"Let me see that, Larry."

Larry tossed the bit of rock over to his father. Mr. Other men in the camp concluded that they, too, Lawson looked at it for a moment; then he jumped rather hurriedly down into the hole besides Larry saying as he did so:

"Let me see if there is any more of this here.

A little search revealed three or four pieces as bright and sparkling as Larry had found, and Mr. Lawson suddenly cried out: "Hurrah for the boys! Their big blast has

brought to light a mighty fine vein of silver ore, or I am mightily mistaken!

The Judge took one of the shining bits of rock and looked at it closely for a moment. Then he took out his knife and scraped one of the shining particles.

"No, you're not mistaken, Dan Lawson; that is the Simon Pure stuff, as sure as you are a living man. And this hole in the ground isn't on any claim that is staked out, because it has always been thought that there was no min'ral on this side of the mountain. We want to see to it that the right and fair thing is done by the boys, and I propose that we go right to work and stake off a claim around this hole for these youngsters. All in favor of that say 'aye!'"

There was a ringing chorus of ayes, and a regulation mining claim was staked off with the hole in which the mineral had been found about in the center of it.

"Now for a suitable name for it," said The Judge. "What do you want to call your find, boys?"

"I say, boys, let's call it the 'Little Independence,' seeing that we discovered it on Independence day," said Larry.
"All right," said the other boys.

"A firstrate name," said The Judge. "And I hope it will make all of you independently rich. There's ore in there as sure as you're born!"

The Judge was right. The Little Independence developed into one of the best mines in that locality, and other good mines were discovered on that side of the mountain, so that Hard Luck began to be a misnomer for the little camp on the other side of the mountain. Prosperity came to the little camp and to the youthful owners of the Little Independence. Within two weeks they were offered ten thousand dollars for a half interest in the claim. In the early fall the four boys left Hard Luck rather regretfully to enter school in Denver. Their fathers remained in the camp to look after the Little Independence, which grew in value as it was developed. Long before the winter was over it became certain that the four boys were



Great pieces of rock shot far up into the air.

owners of a mine that would give each of them a thorough education and start them out in life "mighty well fixed," as The Judge expressed it.

"You see that it pays to be 'patterotic,'" said Larry to the other owners of the Little Independence, and they were sure that he told the truth.

NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.

FROM NEW YORK MAIL AND EXPRESS

How many buttons are missing today? Nobody knows but mother. How many playthings are strewn in her

Nobody knows but mother, How many thimbles and spools has she missed?

How many burns on each fat little fist, How many bumps to be cuddled and kissed?

Nobody knows but mother.

How many hats has she hunted to-day?
Nobody knows but mother.

Carclessly hiding themselves in the hay.

Nobody knows but mother,

How many handkerchiefs willfully strayed,
How many ribbons for each little maid. How, for her care, can a mother be paid? Nobody knows but mother,

How many muddy shoes all in a row? Nobody knows but mother, How many stockings to darn, do you know? Nobody knows but mother, How many little torn aprons to mend? How many hours of toll must she spend? What is the time when her day's work will end?

Nobody knows but mother.

How many lunches for Tommy and Sam? Nobody knows but mother.
Cookles and apples and blackberry jam, Nobody knows but mother.

Nourishing dainties for every tooth"—

Toddling Dottie or dignified Ruth, "sweet

How much love sweetens the labor, forsooth?

Nobody knows but mother.

How many cares does a mother heart

know?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many joys from her mother love flow? Nobody knows but mother,

How many prayers by each little white bed, How many tears for her bables has she

How many kisses for each curly head? Nobody knows but mother.

THE CINCINNATI HOUSE OF REFUGE

The Cincinnati House of Refuge is one of the many, but not too many, great institutions throughout the country devoted to the saving of boys and the making of men. Over ten thousand boys have been cared for, educated and trained here since its founding in 1850. There is no room in THE AMERICAN BOY for an adequate description of the work of this great institution. A long article could be written on each of its departments. Much could be said with reference to the military training given there; and pictures could be given showing the boys' battalion on parade that would stir the hearts of young and old. Much might be said in praise of the work of the printing department of the institution, where the boys publish their monthly journal, "Our Companion," which gives all the

news of the institution and weks to spread its good influence abroad; and we might tell about the bakery. where boys are instructed in making bread, pies and cakes, and about the shoemaking and tailoring de-

partments. One of the works of the institution is finding homes for children. Twelve hundred and sixty one destitute children have found their way through the House of Refuge into good homes. Regarding the Sloyd department, where manual training is taught, we must content ourselves with simply calling attention to the illustration accompanying

this short account, which is from a photograph of this department. The first les-

face you see in the picture has been work- House of Refuge. ing for the past seven months in the Then we could tell you of the menagerie

wooden pin; and the last, or fifty-third line for speedy promotion. "Do right" is lesson, is the making of the roll-top desk, as shown in the picture. The boy whose of boys being released from the Cincinnati



warm place in the heart of this institution, for superinten dent James Allison in a letter to the ed itor, of date April 12 says: "We are for THE AMERICAN BOY first, last and all the time.'

wrong for us to say that THE AMERI-

CAN BOY has a

kept by the boys, of their splendid band of music, of their libraries and school rooms, of the many good men and women who are giving their time and their money to the grand work of saving boys here.

Enough has been said, however, to interest our readers in the Cincinnati son in the course is the making of a small carning seven dollars a week, and is in House of Refuge; and it may not be

THE AMERICAN BOY IS A PAPER FOR BOYS WHO DO THINGS



Remembering the Dead Sailor Boys

Every May for many years we have paid tribute to the heroic dead of the army by covering their graves with flowers. It remained for a California woman to

MRS. A. S. C. FORBES. (Photo by Schumacher.)

suggest that the heroes of the navy should be remembered in a pecu-liarly appropriate way. To Mrs. Armitage S. C. Forbes, of Los Angeles, Cal., the country is indebted for the idea of decorating the watery graves of departed seamen by strewing upon the bosom of the ocean fragrant blossoms. No sooner had Mrs. Forbes made the suggestion than she set about carrying it

out. We are enabled to give some very interesting pictures showing the observance of what has now come to be a custom at Los Angeles.

Among those who expressed approval of Mrs. Forbes' suggestion was Captain Jack Crawford, well known by reputation to the readers of THE AMERI-CAN BOY. Captain Jack, as usual, falls into verse:

"Scatter the fairest flowers of spring Upon the waves, while children sing A requiem with the murmuring sea, For men who died to make men free."

A Story Concerning Cornelius Vanderbilt

It has been said that the late Cornelius Vanderbilt was the best of the Vanderbilts. The following story is told of his boyhood:

One day he told his mother he was coming to New York to look for a place. He came, and went first to the Shoe and Leather Bank. He asked the porter if he could see the president. The porter pointed him out. The young lad watched the head of the big bank as he went to his private office, and following respectfully, told him he was looking for something.

His only recommendation was a note from his teacher. The bank president read the letter, and asked the boy if he was related to Commodore Vanderbilt.
"He is my grandfather," said the boy.

"Why didn't you get him to introduce you?"

"Because I didn't want to ask him for anything,"

was the reply. Perhaps it was his independence, perhaps his nest. comely and, withal, earnest appearance, that weighed in his favor, but he was employed. He started at the lowest rung of the ladder, as a messenger. And here

it was that he began to show the qualities that made the man he afterward became. He was punctual, prompt, clean-cut, discreet, and as hard a little worker

as they had in the bank. One day the president of the bank happened to be in the office of old Commodore Vanderbilt and mentioned to the Commodore that he had a Vanderbilt in the bank. The old man was astonished, and soon sent for the young man. He asked him why he had not applied to his grandfather if he wanted a job. The young man looked straight into the eyes of the old

man and replied: "I made up my mind that I would never ask you for

anything.

There was something about that answer that pleased the Commodore, and it is said that this influenced him to add the codicil to his will providing that an extra \$1,000,000 go to the grandson of whose independent, self-reliant spirit he had had so complete a proof.

It was while he was employed at the bank that his grandfather was first attracted to this one of his grandchildren, who had succeeded fairly well in escaping his notice. One day, when he was still employed in the bank, his grandfather stepped in to see him, and pro-

posed a trip to Europe. This astonished the young

man, whose life had hitherto been confined strictly to business.

'I am going myself," said the Commodore, "and I'll

take you along if you want to go."
"And give up my salary?" said the young man. "Well, I don't suppose it will go on while you are

gone," replied the Commodore, grimly,
"Then I guess I'd better stay," said the boy.

Benjamin Franklin borrowed books he could not buy and sat up all night to read them, that he might return them to the bookstore in the morning.



THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.



(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. On arriving at Denver the trapper leaves them and Sinclair and the boys buy their outfit and start on the trail for Pike's Peak along the foot of the mountains. The first evening in camp Sinclair tells the boys a story, and Ned's pony makes a dash for home, but is captured by Sinclair. The day following Frank is lost among the mountains. He kills a stag, and spends a night alone in a canyon. He is captured by Indians, taken to their camp, escapes death by its being discovered that his captors are friendly to Uncle Bob, the Indian painter. He makes friends with the Indians, who adopt him as one of their tribe. He goes on a buffalo hunt with them, and is saved from being run down by a buffalo bull by a shot from the rifle of Uncle Bob, who suddenly appears on the scene. Uncle Bob relates how he, Ned and Jack searched for Frank and finally found him. They leave the Indian camp, and after a day's travel come upon bear tracks and they have an adventure with a bear and her cubs. Jack's pony is bitten by a rattle-snake and dies. The little party meets a drove of wild horses and Jack captures a pretty one after an exciting chase and Frank is in

CHAPTER XX.

The next evening the little party pitched camp for the night in a deep canon. With great alacrity the boys set about making preparations for the night, being tired from the hard travel of the day and anxious to get rest, particularly as Mr. Sinclair had informed them that the following day would be the Fourth of July and that he had a surprise awaiting them in the way of an Independence Day celebration. The boys had lost all track of time; they knew only that day followed night and night followed day; so when Mr. Sinclair said, "Boys, to-morrow is the Fourth of July," they fairly jumped with joy, for the very mention of it brought visions of good times and recalled to their minds home and its associations which now seemed so far away.

"What shall we do to celebrate?" asked Ned, with

an inquiring glance at Mr. Sinclair.

Never mind, my boy; no American boy fails to celebrate the birth of American independence, and I know you boys well enough to know that if I should let the Fourth go by without giving you notice you would never forgive me. Now, I have done more than give you notice, for I have planned a celebration, and you must wait and see."

'Hurrah for Uncle Bob and George Washington!" cried Jack, and everybody, even Uncle Bob himself,

swung his hat and huzzaed.

The next morning—the morning of the Fourthdawned clear and beautiful and the company was early astir, Mr. Sinclair carrying about with him an air of mystery and the boys wondering what was coming and commenting upon the possibilities of a celebration without flags and firecrackers and bells; but they had great confidence in their leader and were certain that something would happen.

They had not gone more than a mile along the bed of the canon, which seemed to grow deeper and darker as they proceeded, before the command was given to

"Hobble your ponies, boys, and bring along your guns and ammunition, for we are going to celebrate," said Mr. Sinclair.

disappointment in every feature.

Sinclair. not? answered Mr. your grander place for a celebration than in this magnificent highway through the heart of the eternal mountains? We can just imagine these great bowlders and columns of rock that stretch themselves to the very a stage whisper. sky to be the Washingtons, the Jeffersons, and the Adamses of 1776-those men hewn, as it were, from

goes an eagle, mounting toward the flag. Grand symbol of American strength and freedom! Can you symbol of American strength and freedom! Can you want anything more fitting? Now, don't you feel and plains, with their populus and tin horns? Just count yourselves the luckiest boys in all this great country to-day."

Each of the three boys felt the spirit of the words, and, their hearts catching the patriotic glow, they shouted: "Three cheers for the grand old mountains! Now, three for the blue sky, and three more for the American eagle."

"Now, boys, for a climb; we'll leave the ponies and baggage here. Bring your guns and follow me," said



In a moment the little company was making its way up the side of the canon—a difficult and dangerous task. At times they could proceed only by dropping on all fours; then they joined hands and braced and held one another as they swung around narrow ledges or climbed along slippery paths. Once when near the summit they looked back over the path they "What! In this dark place?" asked Frank, with had come; accustomed as they had become to mountain climbing, nothing before had given them such a feeling of insecurity; they fairly became QIZZY patriotism to be daunted by a little shadow? What their eyes searched the uncertain depths below them. Their ponies seemed like rats, and the bottom of the canon like a narrow dark thread running in and out.

"To celebrate," he answered. "Come on!"

After another hard climb they reached what apthe solid rock of principle—who stood for liberty peared to be a little depression in the side of the against the thunders and lightnings of oppression's mountain and near its top. It proved to be the mouth forces just as these stern old walls of granite have of a little cavern. Entering it, they proceeded for a opposed the storms of centuries. Then there is that short distance to find that they had come suddenly patch of Colorado blue sky hanging above us that up against the solid rock, while above them appeared needs only the imagination of an American boy to a hole in the rock roof, through which a patch of transform it into an American flag. And see! Yonder blue sky showed itself. It was a strange freak of

nature. But they had not been its discoverers Against the side of the chimney-like opening a rude ladder had been placed by adventuresome hunters and there left. Uncle Bob appeared familiar with the place, and at once motioned to the boys to climb up. Frank went first, and after him Jack, Ned and Mr. Sinclair.

Slowly, and with many cautioning suggestions from Mr. Sinclair below, the little party made its way toward the patch of blue sky. The boys said nothing The novelty of the adventure and the dizzy height

awed and silenced them.

Frank reached the mouth of the hole and climbed out and the others quickly followed. Then all stood motionless on the tiptop of one of the giant mountains of Colorado, just as the sun, full orbed, was casting his shafts of white and gold against the eastern slopes of the great rocky barriers.
"By jove, this is grand!" cried Frank.

"But wait," said Uncle Bob; "one more step or two and then for the celebration." Then with a few rapid sorry for the boys in the cities and towns of the hills strides he led the way around a rock against which they had been standing, and there, right before the very eyes of the three boys, across a mighty cavern. stood in all his grandeur the giant of the Colorado mountains—peerless Pike's Peak.
"Comrades, salute Pike's Peak," exclaimed Mr. Sin-

clair, and following the spokesman's example the

boys lifted their hats.

It was fully a minute before the boys could get breath enough for an expression of their surprise and gratification. The mountain on which they stood was a high one; the boys thought as they climbed it that it could be no higher; but now before their eyes one lifted its head far, far above them-so far that even under the July sun its summit was covered with snow that glistened and sparkled in the morning sun. Great shadows lay across its face, showing the wrinkles in its sides, and about its base were the somber tints of forests and green slopes. Surrounded by mountains themselves great, this leviathan of the Colorado ranges outtopped and outshone them all.

'Did you ever imagine it was like that?" asked Ned of his companions, as they threw themselves down on the bare ground beside Mr. Sinclair to view the panorama before them at their leisure.

"It's a hundred times grander," said Frank.
"I am glad to hear you say so," remarked Mr. Sin-"Many-indeed the majority of persons-who come to Pike's Peak express disappointment.'

"I don't see how they can," broke in one of the boys. "I can only account for it in this way," said Mr. Sin-"They come west with exaggerated ideas. Pike's Peak is pointed out to them from the train or the trail, as they approach it, from a distance of many miles. They come up to it gradually and it grows imperceptibly. But you came upon it face to face, at close quarters, and unexpectedly; hence your surprise and delight.

'There is another thing about getting acquainted with this old mountain—the oftener you see him the grander and more majestic he looks. From my cabin window down yonder in Cheyenne Canon I can see him each morning as I rise from my bed, and I never begin the day without first bidding good morning to my big neighbor; and every time I look from my window on his gray old sides and his top lit up by the sun or bathed in clouds, I think-Bigger and more beautiful than ever!""

'That's because you are an artist, Uncle Bob!" re-

marked Frank.

"Not a bit of it! It's the experience of every dweller in these regions. This mountain never growold. Its beauties are to even us old settlers ever new and changing. That's the reason we love it. It is so human in its moods and yet at heart it is old Pike's Peak, rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun! I have seen it all aglow with sunlight; I have watched it when the thunders careened and bellowed from crag to crag, and lightnings wrote their flery story acrosits face; I have seen the clouds swallow it from sight and then I've seen it arched with rainbow colors such as only the clear atmosphere of these regions makepossible, and amid all it is the same imperturbable monarch of this mountain world. So is it typical. boys, of our great Republic. A mighty upheaval o. noble sentiment brought her into life, and now shrears her head among her companions as their leader The sunshine of peace and prosperity has played about her, and storms of war and conflicting forces have engulfed her, but through it all the Republi has endured triumphant."

"Why, Uncle Bob, you are as eloquent as a politician out for votes," said Ned, laughing.

"But my eloquence, if you choose to call it that answered Mr. Sinclair, "springs from somethin: deeper than does the kind that is usually let off on the stump, my boys. We have a great country and "Where are we going, Uncle Bob?" asked Frank in nobody is prepared to love it till he has seen it. One should breathe the free air of these mountains for 4 time to get the true American spirit."

"Say, I am just full of it myself," cried Frank.

springing to his feet. What can we do?"
"I'll tell you what," said Ned. Let's sing 'America"

We learned it in school, Uncle Bob, and I just feel like singing it now." "Agreed," said Mr. Sinclair. "Let's all stand, take

off our hats and sing. Here goes-Then four voices rang out upon the top of the mountain, two sweet, boyish voices carrying the air | big many bass bringing in the harmony:

> 'My country! 'tis of thee, bweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride! From every mountain side, Let freedom ring.

"My native country, thee, Land of the noble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.

"Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.

When the song was ended, Uncle Bob brushed a big ! tear out of the corner of an cyc and said, "Now, boys, ! for a volley. Ready. Fire!"

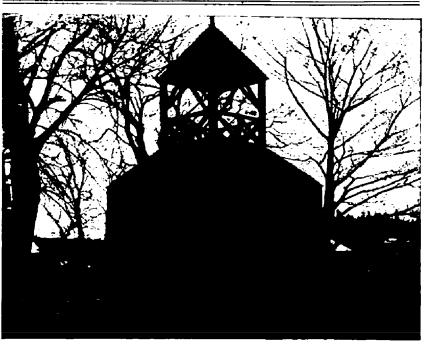
Four rifles cracked in unison, three lusty cheers and "tiger" rolled down the sides of the mountain, and the celebration was over.

When it was time to go the boys cast about them for mementos of the day and the occasion; nothing better presented itself, so they each took from the ground a few round pebbles and stowed them carefully away in the pockets of their hunting shirts.

As they turned to go down the mountain Frank of the grand old hymn, with one clear tenor and one said, "Uncle Bob, I believe I'll be a better man for this celebration; and, do you know what I'd like to do? Plant an American flag on the top of Pike's Peak." 'And you will before you are two days older," an-

(To be continued)

swered Mr. Sinclair.



THE OLD BELFRY. Here hung the hell which Paul Revere set a-ringing.

Free to "Shut-ins

Do you know of a boy who cannot work and play as do boys generally—that is, a boy who is sick or crippled and compelled to remain indoors from morning till night, day aller day-one who will probably be confined to his home for months or years to come? If so, send us his name and address, and we will give him an annual subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY free of charge.

This offer is not made for the sake of those who are temporarily sick, but for those unfortunate boys who have nothing to look forward to excepting a long stretch of weeks, months and years within the four walls of their homes.

TURNING POINTS IN A BOY'S LIFE

Ninth Article: Going into Society

when mere boys, him. to imitate their ners. At about the time a boy the part of his hair and show discrimination in social pretensions and aspirations. Boys - healthy

boys—from a very early age enjoy boy company and prove the definition of man as being a "social animal" to be a correct one.

The boy also early learns to eschew the society of girls, but his ostracism of, his little petticoated playmates is not for long; and soon the needle of his afposition and the girls are in favor again. This is a marked period in the life of the boy, easily recognizable. With it comes a special regard for his personal appearance and a disposition that tends strongly to long trousers, standing collars and a watch chain. Watch and you will see the boy who despised the girl essaying to tip his cap to her. He will finally usher himself forth spick and span, and in a mysterious way saunter forth on errands which his heart alone understands. He walks past a certain house at nightfall, turns at the next corner, retraces his steps, passes again, returns, and in a moment of surprising self-confidence rings the bell, and is "in The schoolroom now transvisions of something other than stern masters and tedious tasks. An incentive to good scholarship and good deportment suddenly transports the boy terrible harvest. into a world of aspirations. As he walks

"Going into so- | the street his form straightens, for at | never failing resciety" is hardly any corner he may meet the little queen appropriate of society—his society—for whom he has kind. They can be expression to use suddenly developed a marked respect, in relation to and because of whom he has suddenly lesson than that boys, and yet, af- adopted rules of conduct peculiarly his woman was designter all, American own, which the schools, the church and ed for the love of man, boys do begin, the home have perhaps never taught and that the birth of

Proud and happy period in the life of their breasts is the elders in society the boy! And yet a sorry one, full of oncoming of the most ways and man- painful blushes, bitter rivalries and heartburnings. Society in miniature! What man does not recall these days begins to study with a strange pulling at his heartstrings? What an atmosphere of innowouldn't wish that his heart might rethe choice of turn to the freshness of those days, un- under the sunny curls of childhood. neckties, you sullied by the evil that has crept in may look out for through later years and corrupted the fountain.

There are those who would deny the boy the society of girls, or permitting it, poke the finger of raillery at him, jest him, tease him, shame him, till in his wondering at his own heart and the misunderstanding of his elders, he assumes that he is doing an unmanly thing which either he must not do at all or must do in secret and shamefacedly. So the boy becomes bashful. He apologizes to himfections swings around to its normal self for his conduct. He carries his own the mother, reserving for her the coziest counsels. He ceases to confide in father and mother. He fears the world and hides from it.

'Out with such idiots of parents," I am tempted to cry out. What is the demon that finding its lodgment in men so blinds their eyes to that which is holiest will see the boy who despised the girl and best in them? The next greatest as a playmate diffidently and awkwardly thing to the love of God in this universe is the pure love of man and woman. Its as its queen, and my word for it none of be seen to change his clothes twice a bud is but the promise of its flower. Sooner may you crush the springing bud of the rose and expect it to blossom into perfection of odor and color than to expect the boy heart, taught by precept and example to despise its own impulses and crush them and hide them and be ashamed of them, to ripen into the loyal and true heart of the manly man.

We who have grown to see and know

Boys should be taught from the first king.

pect for womantaught no better this strange feeling in

potent influence in their lives looking to their happiness and their success. The boy should be taught the feeling of respect for women which should begin in its manifestations with his treatment of his mother, cent romance clings about them! Who and spread down or up, if you please, to the tinicst little tot that looks out from

'No boy of mine would ever slap a little girl," I said one evening, as an oc-currence of this kind was reported to The boy hung his head and the me. punishment was enough. He never did it again.

Let no father expect his boy to respect, protect, love, as God intended, if he himself in his home sets the example of indifference to his privilege and his duty in this respect. Let the boy see the father day after day paying the nice little compliments of polite society to corner, the easiest chair, the choicest bits at the table. Let him not be aghamed to kiss her as he leaves her in the morning and returns in the evening. and do this in the presence of others, it need be. Let him place her on the throne of the affections of the home, setting up. if you please, within its walls, however humble, a little court with the mother those boys will go out into society desnising the sex enthroning self and ing cynical and fruitless lives, selfish. who know womanhood only to abuse and kill it.

"Mother first," should be the word in every household, from father to son and from brother to brother. "Mother first" -first for love, first for privilege, first the indifferent, the colorless, the false, for ease, first for honor, first for everyshould go slow in planting the seeds of his playmates, and in the inscrutable disrespect for the heart life, at a time mystery of God's ways he will early when the soil and the seed is ripe for a choose a queen of another bousehold,



MARCUS R. MONSARRAT A little American Boy, born in Honolulu, Hawail. Eight years old and loyal to the flag.

Here is a fine formula for health and longevity:

Leave work before you are tired. Stop eating before you are stuffed.

Think less of the troubles of the world and naught of your own. Let nothing come between you and

your God. And last, but not least, in the words of the immortal Irishman, "If you can't be aiey, be as aisy as you can.'

Edison passed through one dramatic situation after another- always masterforms itself, for within its four walls are the impure there is in human hearts thing. Then, let the boy go out among ing it—until he has attained, at an early age, the scientific throne of the world. When recently asked the secret of his success, he said he had always been a and, too, he will know how to be its total abstainer, moderate in everything but work.

A Talk About Independence Day

M. G. SPRATLEY

Harold, Vance and Barry, with their delphia muffled bells tolled a funeral grandfather, while she spent the evening with some friends. The boys were studying, when suddenly Barry looked up at the clock and yawned.

"Grandpa, tell us something about the Fourth of July-how it began; you promised to do so some time."



the other boys, slamming shut their books.

Grandfather Dean seldom! refused a request from these three boys, so readily consented.

"Well, we'll begin with England's great victory over France and the Indians-the French surrendering, in 1762, all claims in North America east of the Mississippi River, excepting New Or-leans. The American colonies were then under the British government."

"Where was the United States then,

grandpa?" asked Barry.
"Nowhere, my son. There were thirteen colonies which became the United States later, on Independence Day. England had incurred a heavy war debt fighting the French and Indians and, to pay that, unwisely taxed the colonies. This aroused the Americans.'

"But, grandpa, if they were subjects of Great Britain, that was right," said

"Not a bit of it!" The Americans fought bravely for the mother country, lost about twenty five thousand men, and the burdens of the war were very heavy on them. They were deeply in debt and while they had given money freely to the crown, they were not willing to be taxed without their consent. Taxation without representation was regarded as a form of tyranny. In 1765 the Stamp Act was passed by the British parliament, although William Pitt. afterward Lord Chatham, Colonel Barre, Lord Camden and other able statesmen. opposed it with all the powers of their eloquence."

"What was the Stamp Act, grandpa?"

Vance inquired.

"A revenue stamp had to be put on clearances at custom houses, and bills of lading; they were even required on diplomas given to graduates of colleges. These stamps had to be paid for by those who used them, and the money was sent to England. Dr. Franklin, who was in England on a mission relative to the Stamp Act, wrote to a friend in America that the sun of liberty had set, and that they must light up the lamps of industry and economy. His friend replied that other lights would be lighted to resist unconstitutional measures.

"I guess he meant the fires of revolu-

tion," said Harold.

populace and destroyed, and others were not even permitted to land. Many of the stamp officers resigned, while others were glad to get off with their lives. A society was organized called the 'Sons of Liberty,' which was a power in arous-Mrs. Alden had left her three boys, ing public opinion. In Boston and Philapeal; and in New York a copy of the months.' Stamp Act with a death's head attached to it and a placard having this inscription: 'The Folly of England and the Ruin of America.' was paraded through the streets,"

"They were terribly in earnest," re-

marked Harold. "Yes, as all true patriots will be, when their sacred rights are imperiled. When the women, as well as men of America, refused to use imported goods, the Brit-governor's consent. The people were ish merchants were hurt and uttered a placed under military law, and the town loud protest. fluences, caused the repeal of the Stamp Act. Americans had many friends in England, and so great was the rejoicing over there, as well as here, that London the lead in resisting those arbitrary acts. was illuminated, the ships on the Liberty and independence were the Thames displayed their colors and a ray watchwords heard from pulpit, press of hope beamed on the colonies. This and public speeches. It was like wilddid not last long, however, as very soon duties were laid on tea, glass, paper and paints. Again the people were alarmed, and so bitter was the opposition to this taxation, that duties were removed excepting that on tea, which scarcely amounted to anything, but there was a principle involved, so Americans would drink no tea."

"Oh, I remember that in history!" exclaimed Vance, "and how they threw the and ammunition at Concord, about ninetea into Boston harbor."

"Yes, about sixty men, disguised as Mohawk Indians, armed with clubs and Massachusetts, heard of it, he secretly tomahawks, marched silently through sent eight hundred men to destroy them. the streets to the wharves, followed by

"That was it. Excitement ran so tion they boarded the ships, brought up 1 miles from Boston, to warn the people, high, when ships arrived with boxes of the chests of tea from the holds, and stamps, they were seized by the enraged emptied their contents into the water. British vessels were all around, but no one interrupted the strange aborigines in their work of destruction. No warwhoop, not a sound was heard and silently as they came, they marched back followed by the wondering crowd. It was said that the following night was the stillest Boston had known for many

"What did the British think of that?" asked Vance.

"Of course they were indignant, and vials of wrath were poured out on Boston. Several bills were introduced into parliament-one to shut up the port of Boston and remove the custom house to Salem; another to deprive the inhabitants of all civil rights, and even prohibiting town meetings held without the This, with other in garrisoned with British troops. Riots were frequent as, naturally, there were clashings between the soldiers and citizens. Massachusetts and Virginia took fire sweeping with resistless force over a western prairie. Revolution had come. Warlike meetings were held, "minutecollected.'

"What were 'minutemen,' grandpa?" Barry inquired.

"Men ready to fight at a minute's warning—and the warning came pretty soon. The Americans had stored guns teen miles from Boston, and when General Gage, who was then governor of Swift messengers, among them Paul

and a church bell sounded the alarm at the still hour of midnight. The pastor, Rev. Jonas Clark, with other patriots armed with their old flintlock guns, stood near the church waiting for the British. Day dawned before the sound of drum was heard announcing their approach. Very soon the redcoats were seen advancing, led on by Major Pitcairn, who. waving his sword, ordered the Americans to throw down their arms and disperse. The 'villains,' as he called them, stood motionless as statues. The British then fired into their ranks and there, on Lexington green, on the nineteenth day of April, 1775, the first blood for American independence was shed.

"Did they go on to Concord?" asked

Vance.

"Oh, yes; but they destroyed only a few stores, as the provincial soldiers were after them and they had to hurry back to Boston. In their retreat many were picked off by sharpshooters concealed in the woods and behind stone walls which guarded the fields on either side of the road. They would have been cut off at Lexington had they not met reinforcements of more than a thousand men. About two months later, the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, Charlestown laid in ashes, and the whole country thoroughly aroused Men left their offices, workshops and nelds and, with men' were organized and firearms were old shotguns, rifles, pitchforks or whatever they could get hurried to the dcfense of Boston.'

"Those were certainly stirring times,"

said Harold.

"Indeed they were," replied Mr. Dean, smiling at the animated faces of the boys. "In a few days an army of sixteen thousand men had come together, for all the colonies were in sympathy with Boston. About a year previous, at the Colonial Congress in Philadelphia, Patrick Henry had declared that there were "Yes, do," said an astonished crowd. Without opposi- Revere, were sent to Lexington, eleven no distinctions between Virginia. Pennsylvania, New York and New England; that British oppression had effaced the boundaries of the several colonies and that he was not a Virginian, but an American. A fellow-feeling bound them together in the cause of liberty. When Congress met in Philadelphia the following May, the army was organized and George Washington, who had won dis-tinction in the war with France and the Indians, was chosen to fill the responsible position of commander in chief. It was a perilous undertaking, but Washington was the man for the place. At that time the population of the colonies was not more than three millions, they had no disciplined army, no navy nor military stores, while Great Britain was stronger on land and sea than was any other nation on the globe. It was like a pigmy starting out to fight a giant, but Providence, boys, was with the pigmy that time. While Congress decided to organize an American army, many were still loyal to old England and wanted peace.

"I suppose they were the Tories," said

Harold.

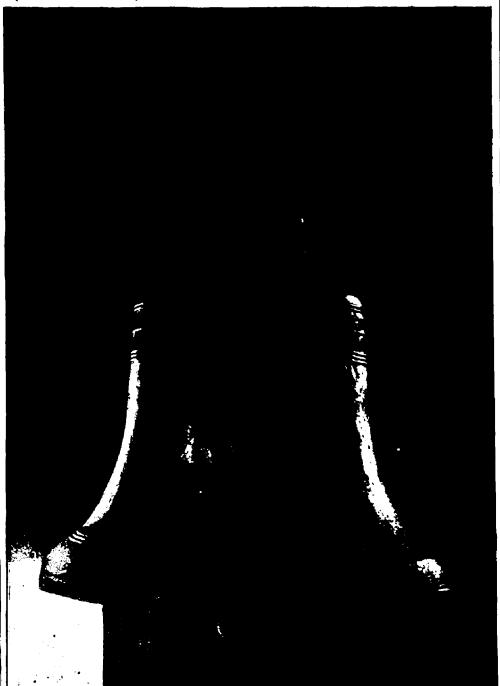
"Yes, and those who were for American independence were the Whigs. A petition to the king, and an address to the people of Great Britain, was voted for in Congress, but the blood on Lexington green could not be wiped outnothing could stop the flood-tide of revolution.'

"Who was king of England then grandpa?" asked Vance, "and how long did the war last?"

"George III., an unwise, self-willed man was king then. The war lasted seven years. It began with the battle of Lexington and virtually ended with the surrender of Lord Cornwallis to General Yorktown, on the 17tl Washington, at of October, 1781. Peace was not definitely settled, until the 3rd of September, 1783.

"But, grandpa, I want to hear about the Fourth of July," said Barry. "Why, my boy, I had to relate first

what caused Independence Day; and now that we have come to that, I shall have to take you to the memorable Continental Congress which met in Philadelphia in July, 1776. Richard Henry Lec. of Virginia, offered a resolution which was seconded by John Adams, of Massachusetts, that 'These United States are.) and of a right ought to be free and in-



OLD LIBERTY BELL



MEMORIAL ON LEXINGTON GREEN.

dependent.' This was the foundation of | said they did it as with halters around the Declaration of Independence, writ- their necks, not knowing what the reten by Thomas Jefferson, and revised by sult would be. There was a grandeur himself, Adams, Franklin, Livingston in their courage and self-abnegation and Sherman. They discussed it all day worthy of the memory of their posterity, with closed doors, and the burning elo- for whom they risked life, honor and quence, the wise and prudent proceed- worldly possessions. Had they failed, ings of those grand old patriots, won the admiration of the whole world and should never be forgotten by their descendants. Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, but John Adams was also a power in that important affair, and was called by Jefferson their Colossus-their great pillar of strength. It was a remarkable coincidence that these two friends, who so ably advocated that bold measure, died on the Fourth of July of the same year, 1826. When the vote was cast to ratify or reject the Declaration, six colonics were for, and six against it. John Morton, who represented Pennsylvania, had the odd vote and, as he favored its adoption, the question was settled-the die was cast. His vote formed the keystone to the arch of liberty-and that is why Pennsylvania is called 'The Keystone State.' "

"Hurrah, for old Pennsylvania and John Morton!" cried Vance, with enthusiasm. "That was the most telling vote of all."

"And I say, hurrah for the Declaration and all who signed it!" said Harold.

Mr. Dean. "The adoption was carried ence was passed on the second of July, out with prayers to the God of Nations. after another of these fifty five patriots day."

They had a pretty hard time, though, and a solemn stillness reigned as one which is celebrated as the nation's natal

they would doubtless have been hung as traitors to the mother country. In the State House steeple hung a bell that had been brought from England, on which was engraved the strangely prophetic, 'Proclaim liberty throughout words: all the land unto the inhabitants thereof.' Its mission was indeed fulfilled."

"That was old Liberty Bell!" exclaimed Vance.

"You are right; and it was understood that when the bell sounded it would proclaim the birth of a new nation—the United States. All day the grayhaired bellman waited. The vast multitude, outside listened with awful suspense, as it was indeed a momentous event that was to give freedom or slavery-life or death. At last the old bell sounded, proclaiming liberty throughout all the land to the inhabitants thereof! The anxious crowd in the streets went wild with enthusiasm. The news was sent to General Washington, who was then in New York. He had the regiments marched out to hear it read, and we can imagine how they made the welkin ring with "Yes, Pennsylvania's vote turned the hurrahs for the United States of scale for free government," continued America! The resolution of independ-1776, but its adoption was on the fourth.



INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

before independence was a settled fact," Aunt Em's Talk said Harold. "I remember how the American army suffered when it went into New Jersey, and at Valley Forge and other places."

Yes, indeed; their hardships were unnaralleled. At one time Washington had four thousand men unfit for service from sickness and want of clothing. Few har shoes, and tracks of blood were often left on the frozen ground. General Green said at the battle of Eutaw Springs, hundreds of his men were almost entirely destitute of clothing, and carried tufts of moss on their shoulders to keep from being galled by their muskets. A British officer once went into General Marion's camp to see about exchanging prisoners. He had heard so much about the daring 'Swamp Fox,' and his surprise was inexpressible when he beheld a small man clad in a threadbare homespun suit, instead of gay regimentals. He was invited to dinner, and his astonishment was greater still when only potatoes served on a large piece of bark, was placed between the General and himself, as they sat on the trunk of a fallen tree. He was, however, charmed and deeply impressed with Marion's conversation, and when he returned to his own command he wore a very serious look. When asked the cause, he replied that he had seen an American general and his officers, without pay, and almost without clothes, living on roots and drinking water—and all for Lib-and the later of the store and look again at the sweet, wholesome stories. Have you ever read any of the Deerfoot series, by Edward Ellis? Get "Deerfoot, the Shwanoo." It's fine: I can fairly hear the crunching and the rustie of dead leaves in the forest as that splendid Indian glides along.

I wonder whether any of you, my dear boys, ever tried to make up a story of your own? Let your imagination work. Will ishment was greater still when only

to Little Boys.

Dear Boys: If I were to ask each of ou, as I did a little boy this morning, 'What sort of books do you enjoy the est?' what would be your answer?

best?" What would be your answer?

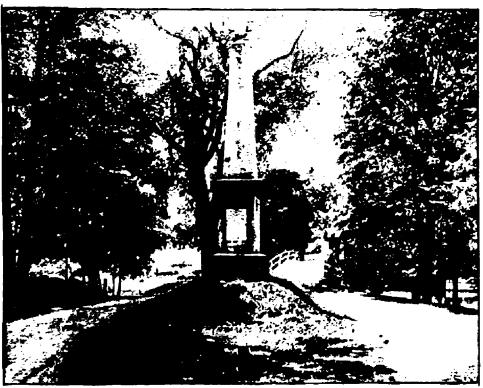
Just supposing that you and I were in a big bookstore, and had plenty of time to go through it, and what is very important, a full pocketbook. Which side of the room would we enjoy the best, I wonder? On one bookshelf we would see pretty bound books—entitled "Oliver Optic Series," or "The Ellis Books," or "Luck and Pluck Series." Series.

Across the room we might see a very attractive sign, "All on this table five cents each." I am very sure you would follow the attractive sign, and look carefully over

the attractive sign, and look carefully over what certainly at first glance seems to be a bargain counter of books.

But, stay, what do we see here? "The Poisoned Onion, or the Candy Woman's Revenge." "Tom Russell, or the Pioneer Thief." "Dick, the Cowboy, or a Leap in the Dark." The binding of these books would not be very pretty. The covers would not be very pretty. The covers would be thin paper but the gay pictures printed on the outside might attract you with their gaudy colors.

You might think that mamma would be pleased to nave you buy a book which is



BRIDGE, MONUMENT AND MINUTEMAN, CONCORD, MASS.

a condition," said Harold.

"It was for their sacred rights, my boy they were determined to die rather than submit to tyranny. We are now enjoying the fruits of those hardships

enjoying the fruits of those hardships and, I fear do not value, as we should, our blood-bought legacy."

"It strikes me that way, sir," answered Harold, "and I shall feel like celebrating the Fourth of July more than ever."

"Oh, grandpa," cried Barry, in an excited voice, "please buy us a real little cannon and some fireworks, so that when it comes we can have a jolly old time!"

"All right, my son. You understand now all that your grandsires did to establish this great nation so be true to

now all that your grandsires did to establish this great nation, so be true to their memory. Remember that American boys should love their country, honor its natal day and stand by its

Wishes to Be a Boy Again.

"From what I have seen of your paper I consider it the best and most complete periodical of its kind published in America. It almost makes one wish to be a boy again.—Worthington Knight, City Editor, Chicago Chronicle."

erty! He believed they had no chance against such men; and it is related that he was so struck with Marion's sentiments, he threw up his commission and retired from the service."

"I don't see how they fought in such against such ments, he come to you, wave them into a story. Make it as real as you can. Have it so interesting that the street rest such as the services."

wake it as real as you can. Have it so interesting that we cannot rest satisfied until we know the end.

Be sure and leave out anything that might hurt us (like those dreadful paper-covered five cent books would certainly do).

Just show me what you can write, will you?

for early devotions overneard these boys to say:
"Gee, that fellow (meaning the sexton) is easy mutton. Now, all we's got to do is to swipe the change from the poor-box and then do a quick-step."

Before they had succeeded in so doing, a policeman was secured, and these would-be-famous-bandits were taken by somehody else's quick-step. On one boy was found a self-cocking revolver and a box of 38-calibre cartridges.

bre cartridges.

What sort of books do you suppose these poor, misguided, wayward boys had been reading?

cating:
Let me hear from you soon.
Cordially yours,
"AUNT EM."

ISAIAH THOMAS,

THE BOY WHO HELPED START THE REVOLUTION

FRANK ROE BATCHELDER

We have but few authentic records of the part tuken by individual boys in making the American colonies tree and independent

the American colones (rec and independent states, although we believe that all the boys of that time were as true-hearted lovers of liberty as are those of to-day. There was, however, one boy of the "times that tried men's souls" who has left us a most interesting record of the part he took in helping to start the American Revolu-tion.

This boy's name was Isalah Thomas. He was born in Boston, January 19, 1749, and was destined to become an ardent patriot and one of the greatest printers of his time—a friend of Benjamin Franklin, and second only to him among American masters of to him among American masters of



ISAIAH THOMAS.

When he was only six years old, in 1755, Isaiah Thomas was placed by his widowed mother, a poor woman, under the care of Zacharlah Fowle, a printer, in Boston, and he began at once to learn how to set type. The little printer was so small that a special bench had to be made for him to stand on so that he could reach the type in the case. In those days it was the fashion to print ballads and hawk them about the streets. Mr. Fowle engaged in this business, and a copy of one of these ballads—the first type Isalah Thomas ever set—is still in existence.

At the age of seven, Isalah was regularly

existence.

At the age of seven, Isalah was regularly apprenticed to Mr. Fowle to learn the printer's trade and serve until he was twenty one. Mr. Fowle was an honest man, but neither a very good printer nor a wise master. For a time, however, he had a partner who knew much more of printing that Mr. Fowle, and from this man, who dealt kindly with the young apprentice, and from other printing offices, which he visited, Isalah gained a thorough knowledge of the art, so that in a few years he was a better printer than the man for whom he worked. He was exceedingly industrious, and, among other things to which he turned his hand, he made more than a hundred woodcuts which were used in flustrating the ballads and other publications issued by Mr. Fowle. At that time there was but one other person in Boston—a negro—who could do this work. Isalah was his own teacher, and his cuts were rude affairs, but they were as good as any then made in the colony.

Mr. Fowle did not treat his young appren-

Mr. Fowle did not treat his young apprentice over well, and Isaiah finally made up his mind to run away and go to London, where he hoped to learn more about printing and become a master of the art. So, in 1765, he made his way to Halifax, Nova Scotia, hoping from there to get passage to London by "working his way" on a sailing vessel. But no opportunity for doing this presented itself, and he entered the employ of a man named Anthony Henry, the publisher of the Halifax Gazette. Isaiah was only sixteen years old, but he was a skillful printer, and as Mr. Henry was an indolent man, he soon allowed his new workman to take entire charge of the paper, while he enjoyed himself fishing and hunting. Mr. Fowle did not treat his young appren-

hunting.

The boy was fully competent to edit and print the paper, but he very soon got both himself and his employer into trouble. Great Britain had passed the obnoxious Stamp Act and trouble was brewing in the American colonies. Isaiah had imbibed in Boston an ardent hatred for the oppressions of King George, and now that he had a newspaper at his disposal, he lost no time in airing his rebellious sentiments. Among other things he said in the Gazette: "The people of this Province are disgusted with the Stamp Act." This aroused a great commotion, for Nova Scotla was the most loval to Great Britain of all the colonies, and Mr. Henry, the owner of the Gazette, was called to account by the Governor of the Province. He was warned not to repeat the light of a candle stuck in a beer bottle, he taught the boys. Afterwards he opened larger quarters, giving sleeping accommodations, consisting of rough boards, to the home-

the offence, but he was very fond of the boy to whom he had entrusted the editing and printing of the paper, and was disinclined to do any work he could get someone else to do for him, so he still allowed Isalah to manage the paper.

At that time all newspapers were required to be printed on "stamped paper" brought from Great Britain. In estamp was printed in red link on a corner of the sheet and showed that the publisher had paid the tax levied by Parliament. Isalah cut the stamps from a number of reams of the paper—their whole supply for several months' use, and then printed in the Gazette an announcement that, "as all the stampt paper for this Gazette is used up, and no more to be had, the publisher will supply his customers as usually, at twelve shillings a year;" that is to say, there being no stamped paper, the Gazette would be issued without it. This was a flagrant violation of the Stamp Act.

But he did more than this. He had learned

Stamp Act.

But he did more than this. He had learned in Boston to make woodcuts, so he carved a rude imitation of a stamp, only, instead of the arms of Great Britain, he used a skull and crossbones. He printed this on the margin of the Gazette, in the place where the British stamp should have appeared. The Governor and his council were very angry when this appeared, but they were furlous when Isaiah made a new cut which rudely represented a devil with a pitchfork in his hand, and to it added the words; "Scorn and contempt of America pitching down to destruction there followed the regular stamp). D—ils clear the way for B——s and STAMPS."

"B——s" meant "Bernards," an allusion to Francis Bernard, the hated royalist Governor.

isalah filled the paper with news of indignation meetings and the burning of royal governors in effigy, which he copied from newspapers in the colonies where the Stamp Act was creating the greatest disaffection, and added sharp comments of his own

Stamp Act was creating the greatest disaffection, and added sharp comments of his own.

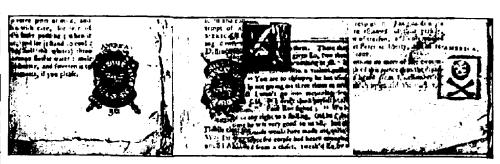
Of course, this could not go on. The royal officers threatened the boy printer and his employer with imprisonment, so Icalah was obliged to leave Halifax, after being there seven months, and went back to Boston. In those seven months, however, he had shown what kind of a boy he was—filled with patriotic spirit and a high order of courage. He was one of those who openly declared that the oppression of Great Britain must be resisted, by force, if necessary, and the articles he printed in the Gazette had much to do in stirring up the people to active resistance.

For a short time Isalah remained at Mr. Fowle's printing office in Boston. Then he went to North Carolina, working all the time as a printer, and never failing to encourage the people he met to resist the oppressions of the mother country.

In 1770, just after he reached the age of twenty one, he returned to Boston and went into partnership with his old master. Mr. Fowle. Isalah's experience with the Halifax Gazette had shown him how great a power for liberty a newspaper could be, so in July, 1770, he began with his partner the publication of the Massachusetts Spy, which was to become a great organ of liberty. After a time he bought out Mr. Fowle and continued the publication of the Spy in his own name.

The commotion he had aroused in Halifax was nothing as compared with the storm he created among the royalists in Boston by the stinging articles he printed in the Spy. Governor Hutchinson tried ineffectually to have him indicted for treason. He was threatened with the destruction of his printing office and the loss of his life, but still he kept on printing more and more





THE BRITISH STAMP ON NEWS-PAPER.

CUT OF A DEVIL USED BY ISAIAH THOMAS.

IMITATION OF BRITISH STAMP, MADE BY ISAIAH THOMAS.

violent articles, which had a great effect on public sentiment and fanned the flame of patriotism to a fierce heat. The Spy was read with the greatest eagerness all over the colonies and was looked upon as a beacon-light of liberty.

a beacon-light of liberty.

For more than four years Isalah Thomas continued to print his patriotic paper in Boston; but he knew that a crisis was at hand, so in the night of April 16, 1775, he stealthly removed his pr ss and types across the Charles River, under the very noses of the British soldiers in Boston, and started with his outlit for the town of Worcester, forty two miles inland, where he thought he would be safe from interruption in printing his paper.

Ifaving seen his press and types well on the road to Worcester, he returned to Boston, and on the night of April 18, 1775, was one of those who helped to "Ride and spread the alarm

"Ride and sprend the alarm Through every Middles x village and farm."

The British soldiers were starting on their march to Lexington and Concord. At last the time had come which the boy printer had foreshadowed when in Halifax, ten years before.

cars before. He was one of the Sons of Liberty, and many of their secret meetings had been

rie was one of the Sons of Liberty, and many of their secret meetings had been held in his printing office in Boston. As a minuteman, also, he now took a musket in hand and on April 19, 1775, helped to drive the British back to Boston.

But he was more needed in his printing office than in the ranks. On April 26 he started again for Worcester, and in that town he resumed the publication of the Spy on May 3, printing in that issue an account of the battle of Lexington, and at the same time exhorting all patriots to tally in the great struggle for liberty. From that day to this the Spy has been regularly published in Worcester.

Throughout the Revolutionary War, and especially at times when the American cause seemed almost hopeless, Isalah Thomas and his newspaper encouraged the

patriots to renewed efforts. He had sub-lime faith in a final victory and rendered inestimable services in helping to bring it

about. He endured many years of hardship, and struggled under difficulties that would have vanquished one less courageous; but he was resolved to succeed in whatever he undertook, and succees did crown his efforts in the end. He became the master printer that as a boy he had longed to be, and owned the largest printing office in America. He printed the first folio Bible ever published in this country, and the first music ever printed here from movable music type, as well as many other books, magazines and almanacs. almanacs.

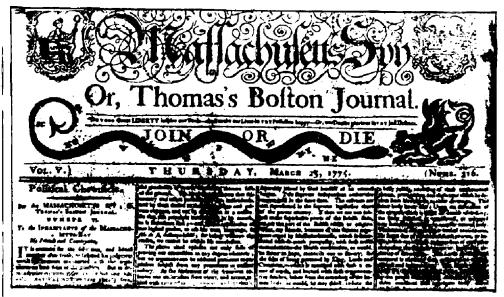
Benjamin Franklin admired him as a printer and a patriot and spent some time as Isalah Thomas's guest at his home in Worcester. When Franklin became the

Worcester. When Franklin became the first postmaster-general, he appointed Isaiah Thomas postmaster of Worcester. George Washington highly appreciated his great services to the cause of liberty, and when he visited Worcester in 1789, he said to a young nephew of Isaiah Thomas: "Young man, your uncle has set you a bright example of patriotism; and never forget that next to our God, we owe our highest duty to our country."

Isaiah Thomas died in 1831, at the age of eighty two. Though he had touched almost

Isalah Thomas died in Isil, at the age of eighty two. Though he had touched almost the extreme of hardship and linancial disaster, after the Revolution he became a wealthy man, for his day. He devoted his later years to the writing of a "History of Printing," a voluminous work of great accuracy, and to the accumulation of a library, which he bequeathed to the American Antiquarian Society, whose founder he was.

Certainly no boy of whom we know played a greater part in helping to start the American Revolution; and few men rendered more substantial services to the cause than the patriot printer, who, as a boy of sixteen, refused to use British stamped paper and defied the authority of King George.



HEADING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SPY.

The London Polytechnic.

The London Polytechnic is the largest school of its kind in the world, and it is



id, and it is the result of the work of one man. Hon. Quinten Hogg. This school has grown in thirty six years from a tine night. years from a tiny night school and shelter for thirty home-less boys to tech nical school in Europe or America.

less boys who were his pupils. To-day the London Polytechnic has an average at-tendance of 3,000 every evening, with 200 different classes organized for study. There different classes organized for study. There are 17,000 students now learning mechanical trades and practical pursuits in the London school. Their ages are from sixteen to twenty five. Connected with the Polytechnic there is a fine gymnasium and swimming pool, and boat and bleycle clubs. Such institutions are the best substitutes for the saloon and vices of all kinds.

Mr. Hogg is now in America studying the efforts being made in this country to improve the condition of the unemployed.

We can scarcely imagine the barrenness of the lives of boys in the slums. One boy.

of the lives of boys in the siums. One boy, who was being taken into the country for a day's outing, with a crowd of urchins from his street, by a benevolent gentleman, seeing a chicken, asked:
"Mister, wot's dat ting?"
"That is a chicken, it's the—"
"Wot yer givin' me? Dat ain't no chicken. It's got fedders on. I know a chicken. I guess. My ma she had a chicken oncet for dinner, in it didn't hev nut'in on but skin."

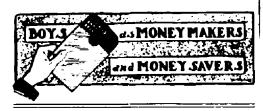
A learned professor in Naples University says that crystals have life, and that where two crystals from a different mother meet each other the two fight, and it is war to the death, but that no two crystals from the same mother ever fight, no matter when they meet.

WANTED-Boy who will not lie, cheat, or steal, clean and neat in appearance, to attend a soda fountain. Apply at the Drug Store.

WANTED-Fifty cash boys, neat, clean and lively. Boys who have no bad habits and are willing to

WANTED—Boys who will keep a good steady job when one is found for them, and keep away from bad company.

WANTED-A boy with a move on him to run errands. Apply at the corner grocery. Good wages to one that does not smoke or chew.



Spurring to Success.

"There's nothing like giving a boy a little encouragement once in a while," said a wealthy down town merchant the other day. "I know I owe a great deal to a remark a crabbed old farmer made to me when I was quite small.

"I was trying to split a cross-grained hickory log, and as our wood pile was close by the roadside, my efforts attracted the notice of a farmer, who stopped his team.

"I was greatly flattered by his attention, because he was the crossest and surliest man in town, and never took any notice of us boys, except to sit in his orchard with a shotgun in his hand when the apples were ripe. So I put in my best licks, and covered my hands with blisters, but the log refused to split. I hated to be beaten, but there was no help for it. The old man noticed my chagrin.

"Hump! I thought you'd hev to give it up! he said with a chuckle.

"I made no reply; but the way that axhead went into that log was a revelation to me. As I drove it into the knots they yielded. There was a cheerful crackle, the gap widened, and soon the halves lay before me and the farmer drove off discomfited.

"But I never forgot that scene. When I first went into business I made mistakes.

"But I never forgot that scene. When I first went into business I made mistakes, as every young man will do. But whenever I got caught in a doubtful enterprise I remembered that my friends were standing around waiting for the chance to say: "I thought you'd hev to give up!" "In spite of himself, that old farmer gave me the keynote of my success. "So you see that, if a boy has any grit in him, he is bound to profit by the right sort of encouragement; and in that connection, I may remark, a well placed sneer is often worth more than a barrel of taffy."—Puck.

Learn to Do Something.

Boys should learn to do something. A boy without knowledge of a business trade or profession is liable to become a loafer. Parents who neglect a boy's training and fail to prepare him for an active place in the world are laying up for themselves a heavy share of blame. When a boy grows to be a man and finds that he knows nothing and is able to do nothing well, there will come a sad reflection upon those who had charge of him in his early years. The modern Diogenes with his tantern is not only looking for an honest man, but for a proficient man.

A Boy's Fortune.



READY FOR BUSINESS.

THE DEADLY THRUST.

"Frogging."

Any boy has a profitable source of income ready to his hand if he knows of a good place to go "frogging." It will only cost a boy twenty cen s, the price of a "frog spear," to start in business. He will soon have his regular customers. Guy Perkins, the boy in the accompanying pictures, has made over five dollars a week, in the season, getting fifty cents a dozen for "frogs" legs." Of course, it takes patience and perseverance, like most work worth doing, and there is not much fun to be gotten out of it, but it pays.

When it was suggested to Guy that the brook where the pictures were taken was too dry at this season of the year, he remarked with all a "professional's" scorn for one who doesn't understand the business, "I've speared frogs where it was lots drier than that." So a very small brook may be a good "frogging" ground.



NEW MONEY MAKER

For Agenta. A household neces 70,000 sold in Minneapolis. Costs mity. 7c, sells for 25c. Agents making \$7.00 per day. Millions will be sold. You show what it will do and it sells itself. People borrow money to buy it. Beats everything as a money maker. Send Domestic Mfg. Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY Invest 1 cent by writing a poetal card and we will put you in a poetfor to earn \$1,000 a year. This is no fraud. Many now in our employ will youch for the truth of this statement. We are willing to guarantee any honest, energetic person, with out previous experience, front \$700 to \$1,000 a year sure money. Write to-day

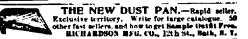
J. L. NICHOLS & CO., Naperville, Illa.

OI SAY
BOYS

AND GIRLS! Why not make money this vacation selling our fine line of specialties? Large profits and fine premiums. Send 3c (stamps) for particulars and a present precipity. A. B. 1207 W. 3d St., Dayton, O.

START MAIL ORDER RUSINESS. Success sure under our directions. Full particulars and prospectus for stamp. Your ad. in 130 weekly newspapers W. A. IRONS 4 CO., 184 Van Buren St., Chicago.

COURT PLASTER BOYS AND GIRLS are country. 160 per cent profit. Write for particulars. E. C. HOWMAN & SON, Boy S, Reading, Mass



DOYN, Make Money taking orders for Trouser Cuffs. Make whort pants long; long pants short. Cyclista, golferaund ballplayers want them. Work part or all time. Write for particulars. Highwater Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Money Naved is Mency Earned. Bend 15c, for Home Tin-ware Mender, Prepared ready to use. Any woman or child can mend their own tinware at home. Full instructions with each package. B. Graham, 124 N. 7th St., Phila., Pa.

Start ORDER Business AT BUSINE Earn \$8 ** SINTAI BUTING 100 BAMPLES OF

A PLAN TO SAVE MONEY.

Just a little box. Say four inches long, two inches wide, three inches deep. A locked door in front; a slot in the top; a handle to carry it by. Just a little box—but it can do great things.

It can make you economical, forehanded, thrifty. It can lessen the evils of sickness or loss of work. It may sometimes even prevent them. It can help you to get ahead in the world. It can help you to save money. It means education, a good start in life.

Only the few become rich by a stroke of luck. Most successful people have become so by practising economy and saving the surplus. The habit of saving, persistently practised, soon becomes settled thrift.

Saving is hard with most people—at first. It is hard to find a surplus when wages are small and wants many. Unless you can get it into the bank right away, the money burns holes in your pocket. You miss it, but you don't know where it went.

To make saving easy, use the box. It will take what you can spare a cent or a nickel, or a dime at a time—until there is enough to deposit in bank, or you have time to go to bank. It will serve you when the saving impulse is upon you, and protect your savings-even from yourself when you begin to weaken.

To get the good of the box you must give it a chance. Place it in plain sight—on the mantel shelf in the living room or on the bureau in your bed room. If you have a coin you don't really need to use, drop it in the slot. Repeat this operation at intervals—the oftener the better.

Most banks pay interest upon savings accounts. They welcome small savings accounts.

Money at interest works three shifts a day—Sundays and holidays, too. The more you add to it the better it works, and the more it carns for you.

Money in bank is more than money; it is character. The boy with a bank account is seldom out of work. His thrift is recognized. It makes him a good workman. If a boy is to be selected for promotion, the boy with a bank account is apt to be chosen. He is looked upon as a reliable boy. He makes a good citizen.

EVENING POST

Vacation Spending Money

> About 3000 Boys will be liberally supplied with spending money this summer through an offer made by

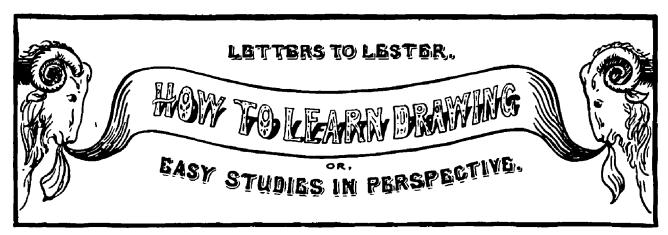
THE SATURDAY EUENING POST

We are going to double that number and any boy writing now may have his name added to the list.

To any boy who wants to represent the Post and will give a few leisure hours to the work we will send 10 copies of The Saturday Evening Post ENTIRELY WITHOUT CHARGE, to be sold at 5 cents each. This will give him 50 CENTS capital with which to start. After that the copies will be sent at the special wholesale price, with the privilege of sending back any unsold copies at the price paid for them.

IN ADDITION to the profits on the copies sold we will give \$200 in Cash Prizes to the 100 Boys who do the best work next month. On request we will send the first week's supply and full instructions, including a dainty little booklet in which 25 boys tell just how they made successes. Address

CIRCULATION BUREAU THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



Part Second-Copyright 1901 by Stansbury Norse, Potsdam, N. Y.

My Dear Lester:

A whole month is a long time to remember anything, so I hope that before you begin a new letter of mine you will get out the last one and read it over

In trying to learn anything it is important to know why things are so. If you attempt to do a thing in a certain way just because your teacher wants it done that way you gain very little. But if you know why you ought to do it that way then you have a standard of your own that you are trying to reach, and when the teacher tells you how to correct the work you know he is right, and the effort you make is of value to you. Now, I am going to tell you why certain things are as they are, and why we draw in a certain way, and I hope you will try to thoroughly master the reasons I give you.

Here is a picture of the eye (Fig. 9). It is not necessary for me to go into this matter very deeply be-

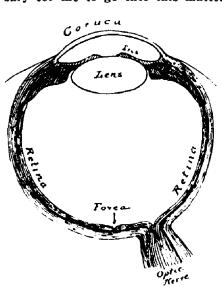


Fig. 9.

cause you can find out from any good physiology book all about it, but I want to call your attention to it for a moment. The rays of light which pass from an object through the lens (just as they do in your camera) are what make the picture of that object. In the camera the picture is on the In the plate. eye it is upon the retina. But you will see, in the drawing, an arrow pointing at

a spot called the fovea. This is the spot which sees

best, so to speak, of any part of the retina.

Let's try it. Get a letter and pin two pages of it up against the wall side by side. If you look directly at one page you cannot read the other though you can see it is there and that it has writing upon it.

distinctly if looking at the other, nor can you tell whether it has writing upon it. That is because only the fovea sees distinctly what is before it, but the retina "feels" it to be there.

This discussion brings us to the point I want to make—that we must have some central point for every drawing, and must group all our objects around that point so as to bring them where the retina would be conscious of them. And it shows us, too, that anything which is so far away from this central point that the retina will not even "feel" it does not belong in our picture.

The accompanying circular diagram (Fig. 10) shows you why this is so. The little dot at the center of the circle is our "station point," and here we stand and, turning around, look in six different direc-Keep turning the page around and look in the directions in which the arrows point. If you look at the big tree you see the landscapes on each side indistinctly, though you realize that they are there. Each picture, in turn, is in what is called "true perspective," but you cannot keep changing from one to the other and have the different perspectives agree—at least not on a flat surface like this page. So you see it is necessary to fix your vision in one direction and

then make each part of your picture agree with the point which you thus select as its center.

Now, this is a very important point; it is called our "center of vision," and upon its proper use de-pends the accuracy of all the drawings you are going to make. There is one thing you must always remember regarding it—that it is always located on the horizon line. If you will consult the next draw-

ing (Fig. 11)

you will see

this illustrat-

ed in the ar-

tist at work.

H. L. repre-

sents the hor-

horizon line-

izon line—his

which, you

will see, is exactly level

with his eyes,

and he is

sketch with relation to it

and to his

making



Fig. 11.

"center of vision." You will see that I have drawn a circle around his center of vision which takes in all he ought to have in his sketch. This circle, embracing all that we ought to put in a picture, is called "the field of vision." In the drawing you will see that this field leaves out some of the trees on each side, and also a portion of the pile of stones on the right. The artist has decided that these things are outside of his field of vision and leaves them out of his sketch.

What does he do to settle this question? He fixes his eyes upon a certain point in front of him and then he holds his head perfectly still while he turns his eyes about. Anything he cannot see without moving his head he decides is too far away to come properly inside of his field. To turn his head would be to have another center of vision, and only one will answer his purpose.

You can make this clearer to yourself by stepping to the window and looking out. Mark with a piece of soap a small spot opposite and level with your eyes. Draw a straight horizontal line through this spot which will be your center of vision, and this line will Put the pages farther apart and you cannot see one represent your horizon line. Now look at the place



in the distance exactly behind the spot. See how distinctly you see it, and how faint other things look growing fainter and fainter according to their distance away on either side. But these things which appear hazy (as long as you keep your head perfectly still) are within your field of vision and you are obliged to turn your eyes to see them clearly. If you only drew what you could see behind your center of vision the picture would be very small and meagre.

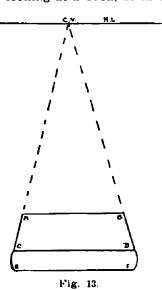
When we have come to understand all these points thoroughly we are ready to advance another step, and that step is the study of vanishing lines. To make this clearer I will say, that we must learn to realize the difference between a fact and the appearance of a fact. A fact, in drawing, is the thing as we know it to be, while the appearance is what it looks to be. For instance, in this drawing (Fig. 12) we have the out-



Fig. 12.

line of a box, or we may call it a cube. If it is a cube then all its sides are equal squares. These are the facts, but when we look at it we see the top looks very different from the front face. We know the top is a square, but it appears to be a trapezoid, that is, a four-sided figure which has only two of its sides parallel. Put a square box in front of you on the table and you see how this is true.

This should make it clear to you that the best method to follow, when you wish to draw anything. is to look it over carefully and decide for yourself what the facts are, and then how they change to the eye as you change the position of the object or your own position with relation to it. If, for instance, you were looking at this cube you could say to yourself. 'The fact (the top) is a square, but it appears to be a trapezoid." And the same plan should be followed when looking at a book, as in the diagram (Fig. 13).



In this case we would say: "The upper surface of this book is an oblong, with right angles at the corners. but it does not appear to be that at all. It appears to a trapezoid. be The lines A B, C D. and E F, are horizontal lines which do not change their position to the eye and are drawn horizontally. The lines C to A, and D to B. are horizontal lines. too, but they do not appear to be such. They appear to be oblique lines converging at C V.

A B, too, although just as long as C D, appears to be much shorter; and, though A B and C D are really on the same level, the first appears to be higher than the second.

Having analyzed our subject thus we are then prepared to draw it, and our drawing, made intelligently, will look like this. (Fig. 14.)

There are some foolish people who oppose this way of teaching pupils to think things out for themselves. They argue that it is not necessary, because students can learn to do the thing easily and acquire the principles afterward. But I am sure that you would much

rather know "the why and wherefore;" the and I know that the doing of the thing comes much easier to those who understand why



Fig. 14.

who do not, so I hope you will follow my plan care-

There is an expression used in the study of perspective which I want to explain before I go any further because it will be necessary to use it continually. You mark out upon a board, with a piece of chalk, a circle or a square and we call these "plane figures We see by this that a plane figure is one marked out upon a surface of some kind, and, as the word "planmeans what you would call "flat," then our plane figure must be on a flat, not a curved, surface.

After a while we learn to separate plane figures from plane surfaces, in our minds, and then we think of "planes" as something indefinite in extent in which these plane figures will lie. For instance, suppose our board was so large that we could not see its boundary lines. It would then represent a plane. and our plane figures would lie in that plane. If we stand the board up straight then the figures are in a vertical plane. When the board is in a hori-zontal position then they are in a horizontal plane. This drawing (Fig. 15) illustrates the subject per-definite extent—that is, it might extend up to the fectly. The bazaar poster is a plane figure upon the sky, down to the center of the earth and each way to

plane surface of the wall. The face of the wall is a the horizon line. So Lockwood's poster, again, is in a plane surface which lies in a vertical plane of in-

face of the wall.

But the billboard which has fallen upon the ground, as billboards often do, lies flat, level, horizontal, so we see that it lies in a horizontal plane.

Then, when we look at the board leaning against the wall, we see that it is neither vertical nor horizontal. What must it be then? When a line, figure or surface does not stand up straight, or lie down level, then we say it is oblique. This must, therefore, be an oblique plane figure, representing an oblique surface. And if we imagine this surface extending in every direction like an immense pane of glass, then we see how our oblique plane figure lies in an oblique plane.

Now, let us go back to the drawing of the book for a moment. If you put a book on the table in front of you and hold out your finger so you see the tip of it against the nearer edge of the book, and then against its farther edge, you will realize that the latter appears higher than the other. That is to say, the plane surface of the book, which is really horizontal, appears the appearance, again, opposed to

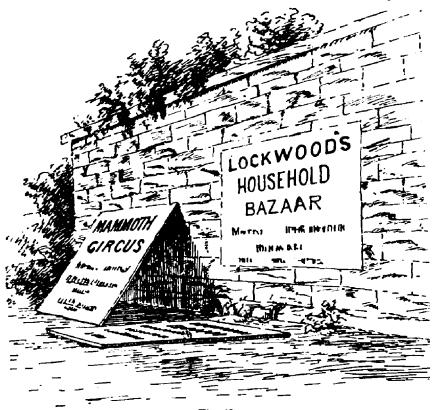
Then, in our drawing, take the lines which represent the edges of the book. Those which lie in the upper surface all lie in a horizontal plane, yet only two of them-A B and C D-appear horizontal. The others have a different direction.

Here we come back to the point from which we started—the study of vanishing lines. To fully and understandingly discuss these I had to make a digression so the terms we must use may be understood. Take the lines C A and D B, for instance. They lie in a horizontal plane, but if you will put out your hand and raise the farther edge of the cover a little you will see that the surface is no longer horizontal, and so your lines, C A and D B, are now in an oblique plane. The other lines, A B, C D, do not change at all, they still remain horizontal. The first two, the ones which change, are called vanishing lines.

There is a very important point to be considered in connection with vanishing lines—and that is their direction. I will begin my next letter at that

Meanwhile, my dear Lester, I want to see whether you, and your many comrades who read these letters in THE AMERICAN BOY, are interested enough to try to learn from them how to make good drawings, drawings correct as to perspective. If you, or any reader, will go out into the street or road and make a little pencil sketch of what you see, when you stand exactly in the middle of the highway and look along it, I will be glad to see the sketch and criticise it for you. Do not draw anything but the outlines of things and leave out anything very difficult. Put your drawing with your name and address upon it in an envelope, inclosing a stamp for an answer, and mail it oblique. Here you have the fact and to me at Potsdam, New York, and I will reply at once. Your friend.

STANSBURY NORSE.



The American Boy is a Paper for Boys Who DO Things

Letters of George Washington Jones



EAR AMERICAN BOY: I live in Q--- and always

have. My pa's name is Mathew and my ma's is Matilda. We live in my pa's house in the middle of the town. Pa's a big man in these parts, 'cause he's president o' th' school board. Ma's got fifty chickens an' five cats; pa's got two horses au' five cows, an' I've got a dog wot's good for huntin' coons.

There's about fifty other houses in the town be-

sides th' church an' school house an' store. Right next door on th' east is old man Beckwith's house. He's the maire an' head o' th' town council. Next, t' his house lives Henions wot keeps th' store. Next t' his'n is Deacon Blueberry's house an' then comes Si William's who's constable. Jus' to th' west of our house lives th' Browns, an' Jim an' Dick Brown 's my chums. Then there's Charlie Cromwell who lives a few doors down, an' I clean forgot th' new boy wot came from N' York an' don't do nothin' but read, an' wear high collars an' shiny shoes. 'Cross th' street lives Widder Crawford, an' Miss Newman th' school teacher an' Parson Walker board there. Next to Widder Crawford lives Dr. Burbank wots jus' come from some college in N' York (I think they call it th' P. & S.) an' wot bought out Dr. Pittsfield.

That's all I've got t' say 'cept that some big city dude is building a big house bout a mile from town part o' th' year.

Goodby. GEORGE WASHINGTON JONES.

P. S.—In my next letter I'll tell you about a cook hunt we had.

NO. 2.

Dear AMERICAN BOY:

The other night me an' Jim an' Dick an' Charlie went huntin' coons. Our pas didn't want t' let us go so we agreed to wait till midnight an' then meet at th' cross-roads about a quarter of a mile away.

Jim an' Charlie each had a gun wot they won for sellin' soap. Dick had his pa's shotgun an' I took fishin'.

pa's gun wot he used in th' civil war an' wot hangs up in th' best parlor. That night I made off go t' bed but instead I sat in my room readin' a story on how t' hunt coons. After awhile I heard pa comin' up t' see if I was in bed so I turned out th' lamp an' jumps inter bed jus' 's I was. Pa he comes in kinder foxy like an' looks around, but I'm a snorin' at a great rate so he closes th' door an' goes out. I waits till I hears him an' ma lock th' house an' go t' bed an' I jumps up an' gets th' gun an' shot. Then I opened th' winder an' slid down th' water pipe. Next thing I fetched th' dog an' started off. When I reached the cross-roads th' other fellers were there with er lantern. We started off for Deacon Blueberry's woods an' it wasn't more'n fifteen minutes before that dog o' mine, wot Charlie said looked like a pointer with his legs cut off at th' knees, got on a scent an' started off like sixty. Us fellers tried t' keep up for a while but it wasn't any use trying, so we used th' lantern t' foller the prints his feet made in th' mud. We must a kept that up for a couple o' hours before we came upon the dog sittin' under a tree a barkin' like thunder. Dick said he see th' coon an' he told us where t' aim.

Charlie fired first an' missed by about a foot so Dick said, for the rest of us couldn't see nothin'. Then Jim fired, but his hand shook so he didn't hit a thing 'cept a tree. My turn came next an' I took a hold o' that trigger an' gave it an' awful yank, but it wouldn't budge. Charlie, he said he'd pull while I held th' gun. But he couldn't do no better. Then Jim and Charlie both took hold an' pulled. They pulled so hard the gun kept goin' 'round in circles. "Now," says Charlie, "one, two, three, and away we go." An' we did go, too, for th' old gun kicked an' sent us all flyin'. Th' old thing went off jus' when it was pointed at th' dog an' it cut his tail clean off. He let out a series o' howls wot sounded like th' new soprano at th' church, an' sneaked for home, so Dick says, for I was just then flyin' through th' air. That old gun must be th' kind wot you commit suicide with for it pretty near killed me. I landed in th' brook about ten feet away an' my arm felt as though it was broke. Charlie, he landed on th' lantern an' put it out, an' Jim went head first inter Dick's stomach as though he was playin' foot-ball. Dick doubled up an' they both fell down. After awhile we picked ourselves up an' started for home.

When we reached the cross-roads we all separated an' went home alone. I shinned up th' water pipe an' when I crawled in th' winder I walked right inter pa wot was awaitin' for me with a horse strap.

Goodby. GEORGE WASHINGTON JONES.

P. S.—In my next letter I'll tell yer how we went

The American Boy at Home

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T. Perrin Orchard, of Ogden, Utah, is an enthusiastic reader of THE AMERICAN BOY. He says he enjoys most the page on photography. As an evidence that he has been trying to do something himself in this line he sends a picture of his room, or rather, as he terms it. "A favorite corner of my den." He has named the picture "The American Boy at Home." He says the work of taking the photograph and doveloning it is he can with taking the photograph and developing it is his own, taking the photograph and developing it is his own, with the exception of touching the button. Speaking of his den, he says: "If there is any one thing a boy loves, next to eating, it is a den of his own. It doesn't always go that the boy with the most money has the joiliest den. Mine contains all the things I have had during the twelve years of my life. Mother lets me keep the room just as I want it. I have only one rule with reference to my den, and that is 'only good company gets in here.' Mother is the only girl that gets in, but she's just like one of us, and always reads THE AMERICAN BOY with me. Will you please call for pictures of boys' dens? It would be nice to exchange ideas, and maybe there are some boys that have no dens and don't know what they are missing. I hope I have not taken too much of your valuable time."

A letter of this sort does the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY a great deal of good, and he now follows out the suggestion made and asks the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY to send us pictures of their rooms. We shall be glad to display them in an early number of our paper, and we know our readers will look forward to seeing them with interest.

Written especially for the "American Boy."

The American Boy

MARCH AND TWO-STEP.

By HARRY H. ZICKEL,

Composer of the popular successes, "Black America," "Girl of '99," etc.







Martin Jacob Fry, 1632 Briar place, Chiago, III.: I will exchange stamps or stamp papers for amateur papers.

Fern and leaf impressions in rock and orystals, to exchange.—Wilbur Brundage. 97 N. Pine street, Hazelton, Pa.

Fred J. Poyneer, Williamsburg, Ia.: I will exchange white Fantall pigeons for Indian relics or utensils of any kind.

Howard M. Sloat. Stamford, Conn.: will exchange carrier pigeons for black homers, Belgian hares or common pigeons.

Joseph T. Kraus, 12 Miller St., Auburn, N. Y.: I have four thousand finely mixed stamps to exchange for curios or best offer.

win exchange moths and cocoons, seven-teen year locust shells, and bugs, for silver tumble bugs and stag beetles, large and perfect.—Walter E. Bain, North Chatham, N. Y.

Charles Poitras, 1145 First Ave., New York City, N. Y.: I will exchange a hand printing press, used a few times, for a respective all rile. peating air rifle.

Edwin Roddy, South Amboy, N. J.: I will exchange volumes 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 of the ARGOSY for a printing outfit or a large magic lantern.

Owen Gilliand, 520 South Jackson Ave., Clinton, Ill.: I have all kinds of reading matter to exchange for stamps or printing outlits or parts thereof.

William Halper, 128 E. One Hundred and Twenty Third St., New York City, N. Y.: I have some rare stamps which I would like to exchange for coins.

Edward G. Michael, 112 No. Plum St., mond, Va.: I will exchange a shell from Chesapeake Bay and a piece of mica rock for the best offer in curios.

G. H. Purvis, Renfrew, Ontario.-I will exchange 125 foreign stamps for a camera. Must have feeder. Will also exchange a camera for a printing press.

Henry C. Saulnier, Media, Pa.: I have four full-grown, pink-eyed, white buck rabbits which I would like to exchange for four full-grown does, any color or breed.

Butterflies — Admiral, mother-of-pearl, nymphs, and cleada shell, for foreign butterflies or large bugs, named and mounted. -Howard C. Bain, North Chatham, N. Y.

J. Laird Cross, Box 406, Bangor, Mich.: I will exchange stamps and reading matter for Vol. 1 of THE AMERICAN BOY, excepting Nos. 8 and 11. I also want Golden Days before Vol. 17, and bound books.

Orval M. Hixon, Box 394, Richmond, Mo.: I will exchange Vol. II., No. I. and No. III. of Camera Craft for unmounted four by five prints. Please write description of same on back of each with a lead pencil.

Clarence A. Reece, Watt Ave., Ben Avon, Pa.: I will exchange twenty five fine stamps, worth seventy cents, and a copy of the Pittsburg Bulletin for the first five numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY, in good condition.

Rafael Mora, Jr., 101 Hillside Ave., Newark, N. J.: I have a small two by two camera and postage stamps which I will give for small type in good order (lead). Will also exchange stamps with other boys, or will give stamps for Indian relics.

Clyde L. Wilson, Sciplo. Ind.: I will exchange six indian arrowheads, two pieces of Fools gold, eight seashells, all different, one Indian tomahawk, worth three dollars and sixty cents, for a good Remington 22 target or single barrel breech-loading shotgun, twelve gauge, in good order.

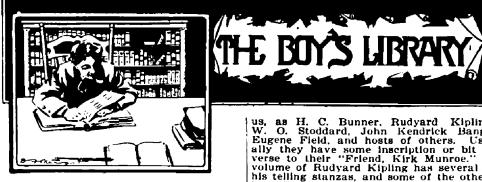
Paul Alexander, Letart, O.: I will exchange five arrowheads, one hundred and twenty five stamps, one shell from the Atlantic Ocean, two relies, one very fine cent dated 1855, one dollar in Confederate money, and either of the following books: "Tom Jones" and "How to Box," for best offer.

Bennis Puterbaugh, Baxter Springs, Kans.: I will exchange foreign and United States stamps, one catching mitt, several boys' books and papers, for stamps not in my collection, or football, or striking bag, or boys' books or Indian relics, or copies of the first six numbers of THE AMERICAN ROY CAN BOY.

Edward Clark, 29 East Second St., Jacksonville, Fla.: I will exchange leaves from Florida, such as bay, orange, magnolia, palmetto, persimmon, prickly ash (thorns on the trunk of this tree), and various other kinds of leaves common to Florida, for stamps and United States coins. I would also like to trade stamps with any boy.

Harry Roberts, Letart Falls, O.: I will exchange one Indian arrow for ten foreign stamps if two cents is sent for return postage. I will also give one alligator tooth, one Indian celt, one Indian hammer stone, five dollars in C. S. A., two very old postal cards, one very old paper, and fifty cents in cash for best offer on a printing press and outfit. and outfit.

Charles D. Snead, 123 Harrison St., Lynchburg, Va.: I will exchange a Baltimorian printing press with chase four and one half by six and one half, self inker, and one font of type (script) worth three dollars and about five dollars worth of other kinds, for a camera which takes a picture four by five inches, in good condition. Send sample pictures.



A Writer of Boys' Stories.

FRANK H. SWEET.

I wonder if there is a boy or girl between twelve and eighteen who does not know Kirk Munroe—through his books, I mean; and in this connection I say "girls" designedly, for my experience is that girls like wholesome, stirring boys' stories about as well as the boys themselves.



By Courtesy of Harper & Brothers

KIRK MUNROE.

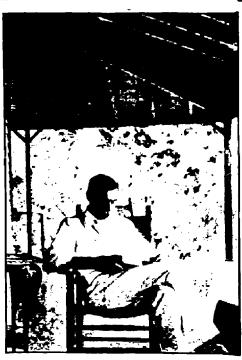
Kirk Munroe, or rather "Mr. Kirk," for

Kirk Munroe, or rather "Mr. Kirk." for that is what the men, women and children call him down here in this quaint, isolated little Florida village of Cocoanut Grove—is as breezy and entertaining as his books, and as much of a boy as the most exuberant of his readers.

"Mr. Munroe?" the villagers will repeat, looking at you blankly in answer to your question; then a broad smile of good nature will spread over their faces. "Oh, Mr. Kirk, you mean? Yes, we know him, of course. Yonder he is, running down to his boat;" or, "There he is talking to a boy who has caught a red bird, bargaining for a release of the captive;" or. "That's him

who has caught a red bird, bargaining for a release of the captive;" or, "That's him with all those boys on the pier—pianning some kind of lark, most likely."

And so it comes to you from all sides. Whatever is identified with the welfare of the village, and especially with the welfare of the village young people, Mr. Kirk "has a linger in," as they express it. Just now he is the head and sinews of a village library which started with a hundred books, mostly from his own private store, and now contains one thousand volumes of up-to-date literature housed in an extremely pretty little building, recently completed, and the first of its kind to be erected in the state of Florida. There is a peculiar fascination in looking over these books, for many of them are presentation copies, and upon their fly-leaves we find names which are household words among



us, as H. C. Bunner, Rudyard Kipling, W. O. Stoddard, John Kendrick Bangs, Eugene Field, and hosts of others. Usually they have some inscription or bit of verse to their "Friend, Kirk Munroe." A volume of Rudyard Kipling has several of his telling stanzas, and some of the others have lines which are charmingly identified with the names scrawled below them. Kirk Munroe's house is small, but it is surrounded by broad, cool-looking verandas, and there is an orange tree which snuggles some of its branches in under the front veranda roof, and there are lemon trees on one side and a confusion of fruit trees and flowers which peep at one from somewhere behind. But, for the most part, the ground in front is open lawn, stretch-

trees on one side and a confusion of fruit trees and flowers which peep at one from somewhere behind. But, for the most part, the ground in front is open lawn, stretching to the water and affording an unobstructed view across the beautiful Hiscayne Bay, to a long line of inclosing reefs or keys in the distance. Down from the house is a well-worn path leading directly to a pier and boathouse; and here, except when away on one of its many pleasure or fishing excursions among the keys, may be seen Mr. Munroe's fine yacht and its good-natured, ebony-faced keeper. The surroundings are picturesquely wild and tropical. Palm trees abound; and in the woods or "hammocks" are wild oranges and lemons, and limes and figs. Clumps of giant bamboos are seen along the path which leads through the hammock to the house, and all about is a growth which is unfamiliar and curious.

If we go into the house we find Mrs. Munroe, who is a daughter of Amelia Barr, the novelist, very cordial and entertaining, and if we evince an interest in her husband's work she will show us English reprints of his books which she smillingly declares are her own especial property; and she will speak of certain hours in the morning when he is not to be disturbed, and of his new book which is soon to be issued by the Scribners, and of the proofs of a story he is revising preparatory to its coming out in serial form. Before we know it, half an hour has slipped by, and we go away with as much interest in the author's personality as we have hitherto felt in his work. Besides being an author, Mr. Munroe is the most successful orange grower of Dade county and has, for three years in succession, captured the first prize for oranges at his county fair. He also takes prizes for roses.

He is a member of many societies, including the Author's Club of New York

oranges at his county fair. He also takes prizes for roses.

He is a member of many societies, including the Author's Club of New York city, but is perhaps most proud of being associated with Theodore Roosevelt as honorary vice-president of the Florida Audubon Society.

\$00000000000000000000000 Reviews of Boys' Books

THE BENNETT TWINS: Grace Mar-THE BENNETT TWINS: Grace Marguerite Hurd. This is a rose-colored picture of art student life in New York. The twins, brother and sister, painter and musician, get leave to try their luck for a year. They learn a little, fail a little, starve a little, succeed a little, and then go home triumphant for a summer's holiday, having established their right to go on. 313 pps. \$1.50. The Macmillan Co.

SIR TOADY LION: S. R. Crockett. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. As the title page has it, the book contains the surprising adventures of Sir Toady Lion, with those of General Napoleon Smith—an improving history for old boys, young boys, good boys, had boys, big boys, little boys, cow boys and tom-boys. It is full of pretty illustrations and easy reading for the young. 314 pps. \$1.50. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THE CHILDHOOD OF JI-SHIB, THE OJIBWA: Albert Ernest Jenks. Bound in cloth, printed on good paper with wide margins, and illustrated with sixty four pen sketches, this story of Indians is well worth its price. The lives of the simple-minded and nature-loving natives of America are full of interest. The author displays deep insight into Indian character, describing the red child in his own wigwam. Many white children will read the story of the passing race with supreme interest. 130 pps. \$1.00. The American Thresherman. Thresherman.

Thresherman.

AN ELEMENTARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES: A. C. Thomas, Professor of History in Haverford College, Pa., author of "A History of the United States." It is the aim of this work to set forth the main facts of American history in such a way as to attract and interest pupils of the earlier grammar grades. Most of the book is given up to biographical sketches with the idea that history is best approached through biography, lives being chosen for these sketches that would best illustrate the most important phases of our nation's growth. At the end of each chapter is an outline to summarize what has been said, and a few questions are added in the line of suggestions. The book is well illustrated with twenty two maps, made as simple as possible for the sake of clearness. 338 pps. 60 cents. D. C. Heath & Co.

HOW TO MAKE COMMON THINGS; John A. Bower. This is a book written 1 or boys under the auspices of the Society 1 or Promoting Christian Knowledge. We can do no better than quote some of the things the book shows how to make: A hat-radia box; a pair of stillts; shelves for books forms of joint; swing, summer-house, steps; ladder; door; fence; pen-tray; paper-knife; book-slide; trays; picture-frame, book-bindings; yacht model; wire-wordfire-screen; simple apparatus for expenients; electrical appliances. In these das all young people want to make somethics. fire-screen; simple apparatus for experi-ments; electrical appliances. In these da s all young people want to make something. This book shows you how. 240 pps. \$1... E. & J. B. Young & Co.

SCOUTING FOR WASHINGTON: John P. True. This story is, as its name indicates, a story of a boy who followed the fortunes of Washington. Its contents my be judged by some of the chapter headings. In the Tent of the General: Squirrels and Redcoats; King George's Crop of Pigweed; Wanted at Headquarters; What General Washington wanted of Stuart Schuyler: The Chase of the Cowboy Troop; How Stuart Became Lieutenant Colonel Tarleton's Horseboy, etc. The story is a strring military and historical story for young people, and will help very much in the study of the history of the American Reviolution. The book describes many novelincidents and exciting adventures. Six illustrations by Clyde O. DeLand. 311 pps. \$1.50. Little, Brown & Co. SCOUTING FOR WASHINGTON: John

NATURE'S MIRACLES: Volume I. World-building and Life, including a study of Earth. Air and Water. Elisha Grav. This is Volume I. of Familiar Talks on Science by the great scientist, Elisha Grav. who spent over forty years in the laboratory. The author really sits down with the boys in this book and doesn't hold them at arm's length, as authors do in books for men and women. He uses the language of common life, his object being to reach thousands of readers who have no scientific education. The author was a farmer's boy, a blacksmith's apprentice, a shipjoiner and carpenter, supported himself while taking a college course, became interested in electricity, and finally an inventor famous throughout the world. He was at one time president of the Congress of Electricians, and has had decorations and degrees conferred upon him without number. 243 pps. 60 cents. Fords, Howard & Huibert. NATURE'S MIRACLES:

THE YOUNG CITIZEN: C. F. Dole. The author realizes that the presenting of a book on Citizenship to boys and girls such as will not prove too much of a task for them to read is not an easy thing to do He realizes that in order that he may retain the attention of the reader on subjects which are in themselves somewhat dry, he must awaken interest and keep it awake by the method of his treatment. Fully realizing this fact, the author has succeeded admirably in attaining his purpose, that of instructing as well as interesting children on subjects concerning the citizen and the state. Several chapter headings will indicate something of the value of the book: What the Children Can Do for Their City; The Policemen, and What They Are For; The Courts and the Judges; Voting, or Choosing Our Leaders; The People's Money; A Model Town; The Army and the Navy, etc. There are nearly eighty illustrations on the 194 pages that comprise the book. 90 cents. D. C. Heath & Co. THE YOUNG CITIZEN: C. F. Dole. The

WOOD-WORKING FOR BEGINNERS: C. G. Wheeler, Illustrated. The aim of this book is to suggest to amateurs of all ages many things which they can properly make of wood, showing boys pleasant and useful ways of working off some of their surplus energy. It shows how to use tools. The treatment is neither general nor superficial, but elementary, aiming to be thorough and specific as far as it goes. Care has been taken to include only what can be done by an intelligent boy of from ten to eighteen. Although the book is addressed particularly to boys, it applies also to men who are beginners, or wind need to be talked to as if they were be son the subject of Carpentry. Part I. treats of tools, wood, laying out work, fitting the shop; Part II, gives directions and illustrations for making such things as toleasgans, sled, gymnasium apparatus, because dog houses etc.: Part III, treats of cases dog houses etc.: Part IIII treats of the cases of the trations for making such things as tobeligans, sled, gymnasium apparatus, hoodcases, dog houses, etc.; Part III. treats of simple house building, camping house, hoat houses, etc.; Part IV. treats of helt building, and Part V; gives descriptions of common tools and their uses; also such subjects as bending wood, boring, dor frames, rounding sticks, etc. 549 pps. \$1.1.6.

THE VEST POCKET PARLIAMENTARY POINTER

This little Book answers at a glance the intricate questions of Parliamentary Law, without diagrams or retrience marks to confuse or mislead. It is so small it is be concealed in one hand, and referred to during a meeting without attracting attention. It contains about 22 pages, and measures 25 x 4 inches. It uses a system of abbreviations, condensing parliamentary rules in the smallest space.

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BOYS If you want GOOD BOOKS at the LOWEST PRICES, wond stapp for my "BOOK BARGAIN SHEET W. A. KESLER, Daggett, Mich.

July in American History

JULY 1 AND 2, 1898: BATTLES OF EL public and sent a petition to various governments. Spanish troops occupied these places to prevent the American forces reaching Santiago. In the engagements the Spaniards were everywhere driven back to Santiago with considerable loss, of certain place. While engaged in the manufacture of the large of the lar and the siege of that city was commenced.

JULY 2, 1881: PRESIDENT GARFIELD ASSASSINATED. James Abram Gartield ASSASSINATED. James Abram Gartield was born in Cuyahoga County, Ohio, No-vember 19 1831. Orphaned in childhood, his early youth was spent in hard manual labor vember 19 1831. Orphaned in childhood, his early youth was spent in hard manual labor with but little time to obtain an education. He had, however, indomitable courage and perseverance, and, notwithstanding the seemingly insuperable obstacles in his way, was able to enter Williams College, Massachusetts, in 1850. That same year he recorded his first vote and spoke in favor of the Republican candidates. In 1859 he became a member of the Ohio State Senate. He also entered the military service and during the initial years of the Civil War proved his soldierly qualities in Eastern Kentucky. But it was as a statesman that Garfield showed his great ability. As representative of the Western Reserve district he entered Congress in December, 1863. Every topic before that hody was handled with masterly skill. In 1859, while a member of the National Congress, he was nominated and elected to the Presidency of the United States. Commencing his duties on March 4, 1881, his administration only lasted four months when he was stricken down by an assassin's hand. After a lingering illness, he died at Elberon on the New Jersey shore on September 19, 1881. The whole civilized world mourned his death.

JULY 3, 1844: FIRST COMMERCIAL TREATY BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA SIGNED.

JULY 3, 1863: BATTLE OF GETTYS-BURG. The fighting began on the morning of July 1st and continued until the evening of the 3d. Of the battles of the Civil War, it may be said that Gettysburg was the most important as well as farreaching in its results. The losses on both sides were exceedingly heavy; that on the Federal side, including killed, wounded and missing, being 23,186, while Lee's loss has

JULY 9, 1819: ELIAS HOWE BORN. Spencer, Massachusetts, was his birthplace. While engaged in the manufacture of cotton mili machinery at Lowell, he invented the sewing machine, which he patented in 1846. His troubles in connection with his invention were very great, as he had not only to fight against poverty, but against the gross violations of his patent which everywhere sprang up. His indomitable courage, however, never forsook him, and it is pleasant to record that he finally obtained complete victory over his detractors and fully established his legal rights. His career thereafter was so prosperous that in 1867, when his patents expired, he had a fortune of \$2,000,000. He was a most generous contributor to the Union during the Civil War, and himself served as a private in a Connecticut regiment. His death occurred on October 3, 1867.

JULY 9, 1850: PRESIDENT ZACHARY TAYLOR DIED. He was born in Orange County, Virginia, September 24, 1784, and the following year his family removed to a plantation near Louisville, Kentucky. Here the future President was engaged in farming until he received a lieutenant's commission in the United States army in 1888. During the War of 1812 he was actively engaged in the west and reached the grade of Major. He resigned his commission in 1815 to pursue the peaceful art of farming, but his country required him and he was recalled to the army. His subsequent military career included the Black Hawk war, the second Seminole war and the war with Mexico.

Mexico.
During the Mexican war he was again and again promoted until he attained the rank of Major General. It was during this war that he received the name of "Old Rough and Ready." from his plain appearance and simple manners. The Whig national convention of 1848 nominated him as President of the United States, and he was elected and inaugurated on March 4, 1849. Kindliness of manner and pleasant, agreeable and homely nature were prominent characteristics of this soldier president.

WANTED-A boy who does not

know more than the foreman.

part in many of the battles of the Mexican War. Received a captaincy in 1853, but resigned the following year and settled in St. Louis. The opening of the Civil War found Captain Grant among the lirst to offer his services. He became Colonel of an Illinois volunteer regiment, but by his ability was soon promoted to the rank of Brigadier General. His splendid work in occupying Paducah, breaking up the Confederate camp at Belmont, and capturing Forts Henry and Donelson, earned him the rank of Major General. In the west and southwest he showed ability and general-ship of the highest order. In addition to receiving the rank of Lieutenant General, Congress awarded him a gold medal. As General-in-Chief of the United States armies he issued his first order on March 17, 1864. He made his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac until the capitulation at Appomatox Court House on that memorable April 9, 1865. In 1866 he was made General of the United States army. General Grant was elected President of the United States in 1868, and re-elected in 1872, retiring from office March 4, 1877. His tour round the world, which he undertook, was one continuous ovation, being everywhere received with the highest honors.

JULY 24, 1847: SALT LAKE CITY FOUNDED BY MORMONS.

FOUNDED BY MORMONS.

JULY 24, 1862: EX-PRESIDENT MARTIN VAN BUREN DIED. Born at Kinderhook, New York, December 5, 1782. Educated at the village schools. Studied law and was admitted to practice in 1863. His political career began when he was eighteen, being a member of a nominating convention. Between 1868 and 1818 he held various political offices including the attorney generalship of New York State. The Albany regency was organized and Mr. Van Buren was its leader. He was chosen United States Senator in 1821 and again in 1827. He was Governor of the State of New York in 1828 and the following year was Secretary of State in Jackson's cablnet. His nomination as minister to England in 1831 was rejected by the Senate, but in May, 1832, he was nominated and elected Vice President of the United States. In 1836 he was elected President of the United States and was inaugurated March 4, 1837. He was a staunch upholder of anti-slavery principles, and took a decided stand for the Union at the beginning of the Civil War.

JULY 25, 1863: SAMUEL HOUSTON DIED, Lexington, Virginia, was his birth-place. While he was very young the Cherokee Indians adopted him into their tribe. In the Creek war he distinguished himself under General Jackson. Resign-

WANTED—Boys who have the courage to tell the truth, no matter whom it hurts.

WANTED-Boys to work every-

Soldier's National Cemetery now occupies the site of the battle, and a National monument was erected to the gallant men who fell in 1888.

JULY 3, 18%: NAVAL BATTLE OFF SANTIAGO, CUBA. The Spanish squadron under Admiral Cervera made a bold dash to pass the cordon of American war vessels surrounding Santiago, but the effort proved futile, and resulted in the almost total destruction of the Spanish ships, as well as the capture of Admiral Cervera and 1,600 officers and men. The American casualties were very few.

JULY 4, 1776: DECLARATION OF IN-DEPENDENCE ADOPTED. The thirteen colonies were unanimous in their vote. The document declared, inter alla, "that the colonies were unanimous in their vote. The document declared, inter alia, "that the united colonies are, and of right ought to be free and independent states; that they are absolved from all alleglance to the British crown; and that all connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved." The concluding statement was: "With a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

*JULY 4, 1826: EX-PRESIDENTS ADAMS AND JEFFERSON DIED.

JULY 4, 1891: EX-PRESIDENT JAMES MONROE DIED.

JULY 4, 1848: LAYING OF CORNER-STONE OF WASHINGTON MONUMENT. The structure is considered one of the loftiest pieces of masonry in the world, towering 555 feet above its foundation. It was completed in 1884 at a total cost of \$1,200,000.

JULY 8, 1898: PHILIPPINE REPROSESS.

JULY 8, 1898: PHILIPPINE REPROSESS.

JULY 8, 1898: PHILIPPINE REPROSES.

JULY 13, 182: DISCOVERY OF THE Warded him with the highest honors.

JILY 13, 182: DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI. The river itself was first discovered by the followers of Fernando De Soto in 1541. This great leader and explorer died on its banks and was buried in its waters.

JULY 17, 1898: SURRENDER OF SAN-TIAGO TO AMERICAN TROOPS.

JILY 21, 1861: BATTLE OF RULL, RUN. In this hattle the Federals in their retreat left behind them over 3,000 men in killed. wounded and captured, together with twenty seven cannon, thousands of small arms, ammunition and hospital supplies. The Confederate loss was over 2,000 men.

JULY 8, 1898: PHILIPPINE REPROSESS.

JULY 8, 1898: PHILIPPINE REPUBLIC PROCLAIMED. Taking advantage of Spain's quarrel with the United States. Emilio Aguinaldo, the most prominent of the Filipino insurgents, proclaimed a re-

JULY II, INM: DUEL BETWEEN AARON EURR AND ALEXANDER HAMILTON. The quarrel originated through some disparaging statements made at a political meeting by Hamilton as to Burr's sultability as a candidate for Governor of New York. In the subsequent election Burr was defeated and he chose to ascribe his defeat to Hamilton's influence. Unwise expressions of Hamilton, although uttered in private, were conveyed to Burr, which increased his anger. Several letters passed between the principals and Hamilton made every honorable apology. Nothing, how between the principals and Hamilton made every honorable apology. Nothing, however, would satisfy Burr but a duel, and Hamilton could not refuse. They fought at Weehawken, New Jersey, the weapons being pistols. Hamilton would not discharge his pistol, but Burr fired and his antagonist fell mortally wounded and died the same day. So great was the public excitement and indignation at Burr's dastardly act that he was forced to become a fugitive from justice.

a fugitive from justice.

JULY 12, 1892: CYRUS W. FIELD DIED.
Born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, November, 13, 1819. Was a prosperous and
enterprising merchant. His great claim to
fame is the fact that he made ocean telegraphy practicable. The discouragements he
met with in his undertaking were enormous, but he had a glorious triumph when
on July 27, 1896, permanent telegraphic communication between Europe and America
was assured. Honors flowed fast upon Mr.
Field. Medals and decorations from his
own admiring countrymen, as well as from
the nations of Europe, were bestowed upon
him. The Prime Minister of England declared that if Mr. Field had been a British
subject, the government would have rewarded him with the highest honors.

JULY 13, 1832: DISCOVERY OF THE

JULY 21, 1861: BATTLE OF BULL RUN. In this battle the Federals in their retreat left behind them over 3,000 men in killed, wounded and captured, together with twenty seven cannon, thousands of small arms, ammunition and hospital supplies. The Confederate loss was over 2,000 men. The result of this battle was to greatly swell the ranks of the Confederates, while for a time the Federal army was much disheartened.

JULY 23, 1885; U. S. GRANT DIED. Born at Point Pleasant, Ohio. Entered West Point and graduated in 1843. Took

ing army life he became a lawyer, and, ening army life he became a lawyer, and, entering politics, was member of Congress from 1823 to 1827. In the latter year he was elected Governor of Tennessee. On his emigrating to Texas he speedily became conspicuous in its public affairs and in the victorious fight for independence he was one of its chief supporters, and became the first President of Texas. When Texas was annexed to the United States he was chosen its first Senator and subsequently Governor. Sternly opposed to the Confederacy, he resigned his office rather than take the oath of allegiance to that body.

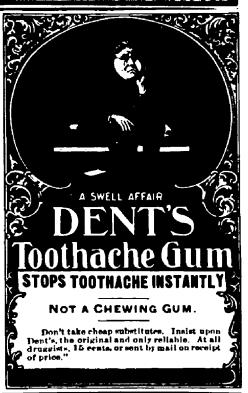
JULY 26, 1838: SPAIN SUED FOR

JULY 26. 1898: SPAIN SUED FOR FEACE. The French ambassador to the United States was Spain's intermediary in the preliminary negotiations for a settlement of matters between that country and America. A board of commissioners afterwards met in Paris and signed a treaty of peace between the two countries.

peace between the two countries.

JULY 31, 1875: EX-PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON DIED. Was born at Raleigh, North Carolina, December 29, 1888. In early life he became a tailor, caring for his mother and teaching himself to read. At Greenville, Tennessee, he married, and his wife taught him to write. Entering politics he held many offices, Among them being Alderman, Mayor, member of the Legislature, Presidential Elector, State Senator and member of Congress. He became Governor of Tennessee in 1853 and held that position until appointed United States Senator in 1857. After being Military Governor of Tennessee for two years, he was elected in 1861 Vice President of the United States. In 1865 he succeeded Abraham Lincoln as President. His quarrels with Congress were almost continuous. Being impeached with almost continuous. Being impeached with the commission of "liigh crimes and mis-demeanors," he was tried but acquitted in 1868. He resigned his high office in 1869. The University of North Carolina honored him with the degree of LL, D. in 1866.





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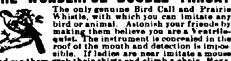
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A Newsboy's Turnout.

John Hess is a newsboy in Omaha, Nebraska, who owns a donkey and wagon, with which he does delivering. He saved the money with which he bought the donk-y from his profits in selling papers on the street. He made the wagon without assistance and collected discarded pieces of harness from his friends until he had a complete set for his own use. He makes a neat sum of money every week in addition to his profits from the sale of papers, by hauling ice, cinders or any other work his customers may have for him. His parents are not wealthy, but have a comfortable living. John is very energetic and ambitious and will no doubt have a business of his own some day. Many persons laugh at him as he passes along the steet, but he does not seem to care for that in the least. He will, perhaps, ride along the same street in a fine carriage of his own if he continues his life as he has comm-need it.

What Have You Cost?

The editor of THE AMERICAN BOY would like to receive letters from boy readers of this paper telling him what, in the opinions of the writers, they have cost their parents from the day they were born, and what they will probably cost their parents by the time they are 18 years of age. Figure up what you eat and wear, your school expenses, your doctor bills, the value of the work that is put in by your father, mother, brothers and sisters in taking care of you, etc.

You will probably be with your parents until you are 18, at least. The elitor just wants to know what your idea is about what it costs to make a man out of a boy. He has a little boy of his own, and he wants to know The editor of THE AMERICAN BOY

man out of a boy. He has a little boy of his own, and he wants to know what he has to look forward to in the way of expenses.

Make an Early Start.

Charles M. Schwab, President of the United States Steel Corporation, talked one evening in May to three hundred school boys, students of the St. George's Evening Trades School in Baltimore. Mr. Schwab said in part:

"From my long experience I am led to believe that many boys make the mistake of depending upon influence to obtain for them positions of profit. This is a serious drawback to any boy, for even if he have the talents necessary to advancement, other boys, his competitors, will say that his success or partial success was due, not to merit, but to influence. Go yourself to seek work in life and depend upon your own exertions and merits. Merit must count and merit must win. The boy who depends upon influence is handicapped sadly from the start.

"No matter what business you enter, the

"No matter what business you enter, the

"No matter what business you enter, the essential feature to success is that you perform your tasks better than anybody else. This alone will command attention. Everybody is expected to do his duty, but the boy or man who does a little more is certain of promotion.

"Success is not money-making alone. And I want to state that of the truly great men I know in industrial and manufacturing lines, not one is a college-bred man, but they are men who received an industrial or mechanical education and who worked up by perseverance and application.

"Let me advise you all to make an early start in life. The boy with the manual training and the common school education who can start in life at sixteen or seventeen can leave the boy who goes to college till he is twenty or more so far behind in the race that he can never catch up. This, however, does not apply to the professional life. The other day I was at a gathering of forty successful business men-men in life. The other day I was at a gathering of forty successful business men—men in industrial and manufacturing business—and the question gross as to how many men of the authorities of Distances. industrial and manufacturing ousiness—and the question arose as to how many were college-bred men. Of the forty only two had been graduated from colleges and the rest of the forty had received only common school educations; had started in life as poor boys. So I say, as parting advice, start early."

WANTED-Boys who would scorn to tell a lie, who neither smoke nor chew, can find ready employment.

A Young Reverend.



Talmage Witt, of Jennerstown, Pa., is preparing to attend a Lutheran theological seminary at Pittsburg. The country folk about Jennerstown speak of him as Reverend Witt. Four years ago Talmage, then nine years old, was asked to take charge of his Sunday school class in the teacher's absence. The boy displayed such a remarkable knowledge of the Bible and such control over the pupils that when someone was wanted to read the scriptures at a prayer meeting in the neighborhood the boy was called upon to do so. The little Lutheran congregation was too poor to have a regular pastor; and some of the older people, noting the boy's ability, asked that he be allowed to read regularly to them on Sundays. It was but a short step from this to preaching, and for two years he has delivered sermons—crude in their way, but interesting. He makes a strange picture as he stands in the church puljit, before the gathering of farmers and villagers, Bible in hand.

A member of the Evangelical board at Pittsburg happened to be at Jennerstown

the expense of the authorities at Pittsburg.

Be Courteous, Boys.

"I treat him as well as he treats me," said Hal.

Maid Hal.

His mother had just reproached him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy friend who had gone home.

"I often go in there, and he doesn't notice me," said Hal again.

"Do you enjoy that?"

"Oh, I don't mind! I don't stay long."

"I should call myself a very selfish person if friends came to see me and I should pay no attention to them."

"Well, that's different; you're grown up."
"Then you really think that politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys?"
Hal, thus pressed, said he didn't exactly mean that, but his father, who had listened, now spoke:
"A boy or man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him has no character of his own. He will never be kind, generous, or christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature."

will change his nature."

And very earnestly the father added:
"Remember this, my boy, you lower your
own self every time you are guilty of an
unworthy action because some one else Is. Be true to your best self, and no boy can drag you down."—Christian Work.

Important Questions for Boys Who Want to Seek a Fortune in the City.

Every country boy, whose ambition is to "go to the city." should ask himself the following questions:

First. I am going to the city in the hope of making my fortune. Is there any duty at home on which I shall turn my back when I go—any duty weightler and more urgent than that of making my fortune? Second. For every dolar to be earned there are at least ten competitors in the city for one here in the country. What qualities have I that will insure me success over the other nine?

Third. The Jack of all trades, or "handy man, who can turn his hand to anything." is not wanted in the city. He is speedily trampled out of sight. Success is to be won only by the men best trained in their own trades or professions. What trade or profession have I? What proof have I given of special ability in any trade I have in mind, or that may seem attractive to me?

Fourth. Have I energy, skill, pleasing

me?
Fourth. Have I energy, skill, pleasing manners, tact to win a place where the crowd and the competition are so great? Or is my only qualification for town work discontent with home and village life and unitness for work in the country?
Fifth. At home I have the good will and friendship given to my family and to me by people who have known me since I was born. This is a valuable capital, out of which happiness can be made to come. What is there in the city to atone for the lack of it to a poor, friendless boy? Isn't there some occupation in the village or the country town that I can secure, or can not tarming, with energy and industry, be made to give me an adequate livelihood?

to give me an adequate livelihood?

These questions, if gravely considered, may lead a boy or girl of common sense to a wise choice at one of the great turning points of life.—The Man With the Hoe.

Boy Orators Win Prizes.



master in elocution or a very captions critic could have found flaws in the declarations of the young orators, it was no easy task for the judges to select the young gentlemen whose efforts entitled them to the honors of the even-Walter A. Mulvihill, for his dramatic rendering of the sollloquy entitled "The Soul of the Violin."
His reward was ten dollars' worth of books. The second or the sollloque of the sollloque of the violin."

of books. The second prize of five dollars' worth d more ortune? of books went to for books went to litchard Dwight Hillis, Jr., son of the pastor of Plymouth church woung Hillis was the smallest orator of them all. His subject was "A t the Old Schoolhouse." He rendered this differendered this difficult burlesque on juvenile speakjuvenile



pivenile speakers inimitably, and almost con-Richard Dwight Hillis, Je. vulsed his audicince with laughter. Immediately following the announcement of the winners they were greeted with the Polytechnic cry and the stentorian demand, "Who's all right?", and equally vociferous reply. "Mulvihil!" Semi-honors were noisily and enthusiastically bestowed upon Master Hillis, until the little fellow, in his confusion, took refuge in the sheltering arms of his illustrious father.

WANTED-Boys who are not constantly thinking about putting mischief into the heads of other boys weaker than themselves.



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Wants to Be Something.

A little Italian bootblack pushed his head through the door into the office of superintendent Harris, of the public schools. Mr. Harris called upon the Rescue Mission, and Superintendent Madison, after hearing the facts and seeing the boy, offered to give him a home. Then the members of the Board of Education took up a collection and learn how to grow up to be a school and learn how to grow up to be a good American like Teddy Rooseveit. I'm fired o' bein' called a ginny, an' I thought much be you could gimme a show."

Thus boy was Ernesto Cerecello, twelve years old. Three years ago his father brought him to America, leaving the mother somewhere in Italy, the boy doesn't tendent Madison's family at the mission,



ERNESTO CERECELLO AS A BOOTBLACK AND AS A SCHOOL BOY.

know just where. After three or four months his father, failing to get employing ment, returned to Italy, leaving him with his uncle in Poughkeepsie. After a while the uncle went to South America and the boy was left to shift for himself. He went out on the streets with his blacking box, and for a year he earned barely enough to pay his board with a poor woman whose sympathy he had aroused. When the boy saw the picture of Teddy Roosevelt in the papers and heard about him it set him thinking. He said to himself. "Mebbe there's a chance fer a kid like me."

The chief of police closed his desk, put on the papers and heard about him it set him thinking. He said to himself. "Mebbe there's a chance fer a kid like me."

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The chief of police closed his desk, put on the papers and heard about him it set him the public history. He said to a pentien on the t'nited States than a happier boy in the t'nited S

Some Record Breakers.

five hundred letters in three minutes and fifty seven seconds.

C. Golding ran fifty miles in eleven hours, thirty six minutes and twenty one seconds, carrying on his head a two gallon stone bottle, neck downward, never touching the same during the entire journey.

J. M. Mackinolty, Tasmania, Australia, chopped through a standing block of wood four feet eight inches thick, in one minute and forty one seconds.

J. Finney, Manchester, England, at one dive, without the use of his hands, picked up with his mouth eighty four halfpennies. George W. Clarke dived from the Halstead Street bridge in Chicago, a distance of one hundred and sixty five feet.

Fred A. Connor, Oil City, Pa., made two thousand consecutive jumps with a rope, without a miss or stop, in eleven minutes

cross joints.

WANTED-Willing workers who do not growl or grumble, always ready to lend a helping hand and up for business. Steady employ-

The Berkshire industrial Farm.

A builder in Paterson, N. J., put up a large frame structure in four and one half hours.

"Jocko," a London dog, killed one thousand rats in less than one hundred minutes.

Daniel J. Cleary. Medina, N. Y., stamped five hundred letters in three minutes and fifty seven seconds.

C. Golding ran fifty miles in eleven hours, thirty six minutes and twenty one seconds, carrying on his head a two gallon stone bottle, neck downward, never touching the same during the entire journey.

Tasmania. Australia, "Tasmania. Australia, "About an hour's ride from Albany, in the Berkshire Hills, is a farm where boys are taught the science of farming, and one of the strange rules connected with the institution is that a boy must be bad before he can be admitted to it. "A bad boy." says the superintendent, "is one who is lazy, without ambition, inclined to way-wardness, and more or less beyond the control of his parents or guardian."

The purpose of the farm is to make good men of such boys. It is a big farm of one thousand acres. The institution is known as the Berkshire Industrial Farm, and it is supported, in a large measure, by benevo-

bottle, neck downward, never touching the same during the entire journey.

J. M. Mackholty, Tasmania, Australia, chopped through a standing block of wood four feet eight inches thick, in one minute and forty one seconds.

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Fred A. Connor, Oil City, Pa., made two thousand consecutive jumps with a rope, without a miss or ston, in eleven minutes and thirty nine seconds.

S. D. Lee, of Brooklyn, N. Y., hopped one hundred yards in thirteen and two fifths seconds.

William Lowney, Philadelphia, opened one hundred oysters in four minutes and three and one fourth seconds.

G. W. Conkling telegraphed three hundred and forty five words in five minutes.

Homer W. Crawford swung a pair of Indian clubs, weighing ten pounds each, continuously for seven hours, averaging syenty swings per minute.

Peter Haley turned one hundred horseshoes in one hour, forty seven minutes and forty seven and one half seconds.

Frank Stnewahs laid one hundred and sixty two bricks in two minutes and thirty seconds, using a trowel and putting in cross joints.

A deer at bay cries profusely.

Tears will roll down the nose of a bear.

kinds of animals.

A deer at bay cries profusely.

Tears will roll down the nose of a bear.

The big_tender eyes of the giraffe fill with

The big, tender eyes of the girane nil with tears as he looks at the hunter who has wounded him.

Dogs weep, both in eyes and voice.

Monkeys cry. and so do seals.

Elephants are not too big to weep.

Punctuality is the soul of business as brevity is of wit.—Pushing to the Front. | never tion

Boys in the Home, Church and School

Childhood shows the man As morning shows the day

Poverty is the sixth sense.-German Proverb.

In the blackest soil grow the fairest flowers, and the loftiest and strongest trees spring heavenward among the rocks.—J. G. Holland.

One of the best things about school and college life is that the bell which strikes the hour for rising, for recitations, or for lectures, teaches habits of promptness.-Pushing to the Front.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt, but with clenched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous Gen. Bauer.

Johnny goes to the -- school. One day his teacher asked for a sentence illustrating the paradox. After much mental and physical wriggling he handed in the following: "Billy, the foxy leokin' kid, came out of his mother's pantry lookin' sheepish."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Manchester lawyer noticed the other evening that his youthful son, who was studying arithmetic was very restless. Getting impatient, the father broke out:

"What on earth ails you? Why can't you sit still? Wriggling about every,

"It's all your fault," murmured the

"Why is it?"

" 'Cos I asked you last night how much a billion was, and you said it was a thundering lot. Teacher asked me the same question to-day, and I gave the same reply. That's why I can't keep

We ask for the names and photographs of boy prize winners in school contests, and of all boys who, at the end of the school term just passed, took highest grades in their classes.

A True Gentleman.

"I beg your pardon," and, with a smile and a touch of his hat, Harry Edmond banded to an old man against whom he had accidentally stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you."
"Not a bit," said the old man. "Boys will be boys."

will be boys."

"I am glad to hear it." and lifting his hat again, Harry turned to join his playmates.

"What do you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked Charlie Gray. "He is old Giles, the huckster."

"That makes no difference." said Harry.

"The question is not whether he is a gen-

"That makes no difference, said Harry.
"The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one; and no
true gentleman will be less polite to a
man because he wears a shabby coat or
hawks vegetables through the streets."

CHICAGO, MAY 19, 1991: I CONGRAT-ULATE YOU UPON THE UPLIFTING WORK YOU ARE DOING FOR THE BOYS OF AMERICA-HENRY B. RONEY, MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

The Small Boy on "War."

"War is a Cruel Thing. It makes the wimmen Widders an the Small Boys Orphants. But Maw says some of the Men what gits Killed Ain't worth killin'. Widders gits a pension sometimes when their Husbands is Killed. Pa has been in the war twice, but Maw says looks like he never will get Killed!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Start Right.

There is nothing like starting right, and the time for men to start right is when they are young. A wrong start may be, and often is, corrected, but the risk is too great to be taken by the young men of our times, when the rush for places in the front ranks is so great that those who are compelled to "begin over again" are almost certain to be left behind in the race. The young man of wavering views is doomed to be side-tracked in this positive age. The young man who holds views of his own, expresses them courageously, and sticks to them loyally will lose no friends in the long run even among those from whom he differs.

Never play at a game of chance.



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ecust-Dale Academy, Virginia.—Thorough Classical, athematical and Husiness courses, military discipline, repares for universities, West Point and Annapolis, anliness is what we aim at! Session begins Sent. R. Ol. W. W. BRIGGS, C. E., Pris., Lecust-Dale, Va-

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The Youngest Court Bailiff.

What would you think of a boy of twelve years opening and adjourning court? Well, there is one who has done that very thing. He is William C. McDonald, a Colfax (Wash.) boy. All last winter he served as court balliff in the Superior Court of Whitman county. Wash. He was, undoubtedly, the youngest court balliff in the United States. The boy writes us, in answer to our inquiry about himself: "Like many boys, I am fond of pets. Father gave me a beautiful colt named 'Clipper,' and I have nine



WILLIAM C. MCDONALD.

Belgian hares. I enjoy riding 'Clipper' and caring for my hares as much or more than opening and adjourning court and listening to lawyers dispute. I feel that my pets are always true and never attempt to deceive. From what I have seen in court, I don't think I can say as much for some lawyers. I expect to go prospecting in Idaho for a gold ledge this summer; and if I find what I am going to look for, I will be the youngest gold mine owner in the country, and THE AMERICAN BOY will hear from me."

Clarence: The Boy You Saved.

Last June we invited readers of THE AMERICAN BOY to contribute the sum of sixty dollars for the purpose of rescuing a boy from the slums and putting him into a good home, the publishers agreeing to contribute from their own treasury a like sum for the purpose of saving another boy. Readers of THE AMERICAN BOY to the number of several hundred contributed their pennies and nickels sufficient in amount to warrant our taking a boy from the slums of Baltimore and putting him in the safe keeping of the National Junior Republic, at Annapolis, Md. We gave a picture of the boy, Clarence by name, in the July number of this paper;







TO-DAY.

and now, nearly a year later, we are able to give another picture of him, so that those who contributed to the improvement in the lad may see some evidence of it and feel the satisfaction to be derived from the do-ing of a good act. The Superintendent of the National Junior Republic writes us as follows:

Clarence has been with us nearly a year now. His selection proved a happy one. He has developed into a happy, self-reliant, energetic, truthful boy. There could have been no case in which so little money could been no case in which so little money could have done more good; for his previous home life was a terrible ordeal for any child. He has done well with his studies. He has charge of milking the cows, and proves himself very reliable in this responsible job. He will make a good man, I am sure."

A Young Vice President of a Railroad. | •••••••

Five years ago Cornelius Simmons, of Atlanta. Ga., then a lad of eight, begun going to school against his will, but his father, the president of the Atlanta Rapid Transit Company, compromised with him by saying: "If you will keep up your lessons I will let you spend your play time in the

Company, compromised with our lessons I ing: "If you will keep up your lessons I will let you spend your play time in the repair shop."

Cornelius, partly satisfied, strapped his books, threw them over his shoulder and started for school. Saturdays and holidays, and hours after school were spent among the big machines. Cornelius wanted to know how the cars were started and stopped, and how the motors were put to-



OORNELIUS J. SIMMONS, JR.

gether. He took up the study of electricity. The mechanics in the shop taught him the use of various tools. He learned how to be a motorman, and how to repair a car whose mechanism had gone wrong. Finally he could figure out the cost of operating

cars.

About a year ago the office of vice president of the road, of which his father was president, became vacant. A director, who was familiar with the boy's progress, suggested, laughingly, that Cornelius be elected to the position, and he was chosen, his father giving consent on condition that the boy be allowed to complete his course of study. So this thirteen year old boy is actually vice president of one of the most important street railway companies of the south, having general supervision of the repair work and car movements.

CHARLES H. BETTS. WITH THE DEERING HARVESTER COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL., WRITES THE EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN BOY, UNDER DATE OF MAY 27, 1901, AS FOLLOWS: "ENCLOSED PLEASE FIND A LETTER PROM MY AMERICAN BOY, GIVING YOU THREE NEW SUBSCRIBERS TO YOUR VALUABLE PAPER. I WISH TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON THE SICCESS YOU ARE MAKING, AND ONLY WISH EVERY BOY IN OUR LAND WAS ON YOUR LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS. YOUR PAPER, IN MY OPINION, IS AN I'P TO DATE, BRIGHT, INTERESTING SHEET, AND EVERY BOY WHO READS IT REGULARLY CANNOT FAIL. TO HAVE HIGHER IDEALS AND ASPIRATIONS. TRULY YOUR MISSION IS A GRAND ONE, FOR ON THE AMERICAN BOY OF TO-DAY THE FITURE PROSPERITY OF OUR COUNTRY DEPENDS."

The Lights of New York 250,000,000 Candle Power.

Manhattan Island is the most brilliantly illuminated tract of land of its size in the

New York turns on every night about 250,-New York turns on every night about 250,-000,000 candle power of lights. The figures themselves, though dazzling, fail to give any idea of their value. The light of but 700,000 candle power which was once displayed at the top of the Eliffel Tower was visible for 110 miles. According to these figures, if all the lights of New York were combined in a single flame it should be visible—but for the curvature of the earth and impurities in the air—for about 600 miles. miles.

The streets of Manhattan Island alone are lighted by 18,511 gas lamps of sixteen candle power each, 739 naphtha lights and 2,850 electric lights of 1,200 candle power each

2,800 electric lights of 1,200 candle power each.
There are something over 900,000 incandescent electric lamps in New York. Their combined light is about 15,000,000 candle power. Add 8,000 arc lamps.

To operate these lamps 200 dynamos are required, each with a capacity of forty lamps ranging from 1,000 to 1,600 candle power each. The arc lamps have a combined candle power of about 10,000,000.

New York has not only the best lighted streets, but the most brilliantly lighted shops, offices and homes. The most brilliantly lighted interior is of the Metropolitan opera house, with 10,000 incandescent lamps. The Hotel Waldorf has 4,500 incandescent lamps alone. The Hotel Majestic has 500 such lamps. The Manhattan Trust Company has 3,500 lamps. The American Tract Society building has 3,000 lamps.—
New York World.

Boys in the Office, Store, Factory, and on the Farm

One cannot expect a successful career if he tries to avoid everything that is likely to cost him any effort.

It is not possible for one man to follow in the footsteps of another. Each must work out his own destiny.

Prize a boy's friendship and confidence less for the good you see in him than for the evil you can take out of him:

Hang on the walls of a boy's room good pictures. The influence of a good picture is incalculable. A boy's environment will tell on his future.

WANTED--Truthful, honest, upright boys who would like good positions in the city or country.

'Georgie," said his mother, "I will not whip you this time if after this you promise to be a good little boy like Willie Jones." "Mamma," said Georgie earnestly, "whip me, please."

MAKE YOUR EMPLOYER'S INTER-EST YOUR INTEREST. AIM TO DO YOUR TASKS IN THE BEST MANNER POSSIBLE. BE SURE THAT YOU UN-DERSTAND YOUR EMPLOYER'S WISHES, AND THEN DO YOUR BEST TO COMPLY WITH THEM.

Every young man should have a watch which is a good timekeeper; one that is nearly right encourages bad habits, and is an expensive investment at any price. Wear threadbare clothes, if you must, but never carry an inaccurate watch. Pushing to the Front.

Promptness is the mother of confidence, and gives credit. It is the best possible proof that our own affairs are well ordered and well conducted, and gives others confidence in our ability. The man who keeps his time (i. e., is punctual), as a rule, will keep his word. -Pushing to the Front.

Boss: "I don't know whether to discharge that new office boy or raise his salary.

Manager: "What has he been doing?" Boss: "He rushed into my private office this morning and told me there was a man downstairs who would like to see

Manager: "Who was it?" "A blind man."—Tit-Bits. Boss:

WANTED-A bright, clean-faced honest boy with good manners for messenger service. One who will not fool away his time peeking through a knot-hole in the fence at the ball park, and who does not smoke cigarettes.

Mr. Vreeland's Advice Taken.

Recently Mr. H. H. Vreeland was making a speech to young men and spoke very emphatically on the question of personal emphatically on the question of personal manner and outward appearance. "If you are looking for a job and have one in sight," said he, "and have but twenty four dollars in the world, spend twenty dollars for a new suit of clothes, three dollars and fifty cents for a pair of shoes, tifty cents for a hair cut and shave. Then walk where that job is and ask for it like a man." The boys applauded.

job is and ask for it like a man." The boys applauded.

The next day a spruce looking young man walked into Mr. Vreeland's office. "Please give this card to the president," he said. Mr. Vreeland looked at the card when it reached him. On the same were these words: "I have paid twenty dollars for this suit of clothes, three dollars and fifty cents for a pair of shoes, fifty cents for a hair cut. I have walked from Harlem. I would like to have a job as conductor on your railroad."

He got his job.



A Profitable Vacation

If you expect to go to work in the Fall you can-not use your vacation more profitably than in not use your vacation more profitably than in preparing for a position that will pay good wages from the start and enable you to gain valuable experience at the same time. We have helped thousands of young men to secure positions. Many of our students have gone from school into drafting rooms at good salaries where they have continued their studies and advanced to even better politions. We can do as much for you; our catalogues tell how.

WE TEACH BY MAIL Mechanical, Stram. Electrical, Civil and Mining Engineering; Shup and Foundry Practice: Mechanical Drawing: Architecture: Architectural Brawing: Plumbing, Heating and Ventilation: Sheet Metal Work; Telephony: Telegraphy; Chemiatry: Ornamental Design: Lettering: Bookkeeping; Stenography: Teaching: English Branches; Lucomotive Running for engineers and firemen only; Electrotherspeutica for physicians and nurses only. When writing state subject in which interested.

International Correspondence Schools

Established 1891. Capital \$1,500,000. Box 1278, SCRANTON, PA.

Our students succeed because they use I. C. S. TEXT BOOKS. Schouls Open All Summer.



"New" PUNCHING BAG

FOR BOYS NOISELESS. WEIGHS 7 LBS. COMPLETE. Requires Wall space Only 6 Inches Square



Can be put up on door or window casing. Frame is beautifully nick eled. An ornament to This Bag is a

Wonderful Muscle Developer. Endorsed by Athletes.

\$5.95 Punching Bas Gloves of fine-imported leather per pair 85e. Write for Im-

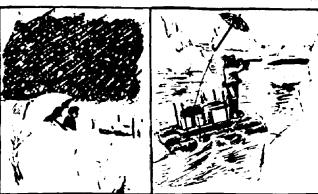
H. D. CRIPPEN, 52 BROADWAY NEW YORK, N. Y.

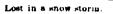
THE BEST PLACE FOR.. EFFECTIVE ADVERTISING

THE AMERICAN BOY

JOHNNY'S TRIP TO THE NORTH POLE.

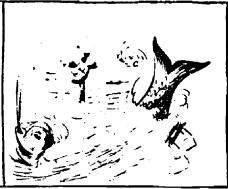
A Continued Story. Begun in the May Number.







Lands and proceeds to build a fire.



But it proves to be a whale



A Window Bookcase.

A window bookcase and writing desk is a novel and useful piece of furniture for almost any room, and while it may seem an odd idea for the embellish-ment of a window, its adaptability can readily be appreciated from a glance at the illustration, which was drawn from a case actually made and in use.

This is a piece of furniture that any carpenter can make from clear pine or white wood at a nominal cost and it may be painted or stained and varnished as a matter of choice.

An inexpensive one can be constructed from boxes and boards with matched edges, a few feet of cornice moulding. some hardware and with the tools to be found in most any home.

Two boxes of equal size are selected for the base, and to the open sides coors are attached by means of hinges. These boxes are placed on end so as to upport the desk ledge and bookcases.

Three boards are driven together and placed across the upper ends of them and made fast with screws.

The bookcases can be two long shoe boxes of even size, and arranged with shelves somewhat as shown in the drawing.

Across the top a shelf is placed and made fast, this will bind the cases together and prevent them from moving while at the same time the bottom of each box can be made fast to the desk top.

Simple curtains of some light material are fastened at the top and halfway down at the front of the cases by means of light rods and rings, so that when desired they may be drawn across to hide the shelving and hooks.

Drawers can be made in the lower cases to accommodate writing materials, and the closets below them will be quite large enough to harbor magazines, pamphlets, etc.

Half way from the desk ledge to the top of the window a shelf can be ar-

ranged to hold two or three glass bowls from which growing vines can climb on the curtains or on fine wires strung across from case to case.

The shelving in the cases should be placed the proper distances apart to accommodate books of various sizes, the smaller volumes at the top and the larger ones at the bottom, as shown.

To Represent Cadillac's Son.

The French citizens of Detroit have selected Antonio Bedard, twelve years old, son of Captain Joseph A. Bedard, of Detroit, to represent Cadillac's son during



the Bicentennial celebration of the found-ing of Detroit, which will take place in the last week of this month. Cadillac's son is supposed to have been about the age of twelve when the noted Frenchman landed at what is now Detroit. Antonio, who is to impersonate the little

French lad of two hundred years ago, is a bright boy, born in Detroit, educated at St. Joachim's school, and an excellent pianist. Having attended a French school, he speaks the Parisian as fluently as the Canadian French, which the family use in their home. The boy is eager to act the role of the son of the discoverer, and with a boy's quick imagination has already conjured an ideal of the part. He is reading everything bearing on the life of young Cadillac that he can find, and there will be no more enthuslastic Frenchman in the entire pageant than he.

Antonio's father was born at Charleburg, near Quebec, in 1851. When Pope Fius IX, issued a call for one volunteer from each Catholic parish for the Papal army to act as a special guard against the encroachment of the Garibaldians, Bedard, then nineteen years old, was chosen from among the young men of his parish. He reached Rome in October, 1869, and was assigned to the Fourth Zouave Battalion, and served in many important engagements. After the surrender of Rome, Bedard returned to Montreal, and from there removed to Detroit. This was twenty two years ago. He has been appointed First Lieutenant of the Cadillac Guard for the celebration, and will command the company of French soldiers in the landing of Cadillac to take place July 24.



Target Practice during vacation time will take you out in the open air, sharpen your eyes and steady the nerves. You will enjoy a fascinating sport and acquire an art that may be of value in years to come.



SAFE, ACCURATE, RELIABLE.

22 Caliber, 7 Shot, Rim Fire. 52 Caliber, 5 Shot, Center Fire.

Additional charge for 4 and 5 inch barrels and blue finish. If not to be had of your dealer, write us enclosing amount, and we will supply you by return mail, sending prepaid.

CATALOGUE FREE.

Harrington & Richardson Arms Co.,

Dept. H. Worcester, Mass.

Gannon's Detachable TOY BLOGKS

The Railroad Set

Patented Feb. 26, 1901. Instructive and amusing; will make freight, stock, coal or flat care, baggage or express trucks, deject or merry-go-round, and numerous other things. PRICE, \$1.00. Manufactured by E. A. CANNON TOY CO., GREEN BAY.

A RARE CHANCE

In order to advertise our goods we are going to give away \$10,000 worth of premiums. We want some person in each town to show our goods to their friends. Hend us your name and address and we will send you our large premium list and justiculars. It will only take you a few minutes to do our work. The premiums will not cost you a cent. Address.

PEARCE & CO., Dept. A, VANDERGRIFT, PA.



The Omnigraph will teach you telegraphy absolutely correct in the shortest possibletime, at a total cost of 6.4. Transmitter, key and Hounder combined. The transmitter sends you perfect Morse messages. An expert operator with you all the time. Hend for circular. The Omnigraph Mtg. Co., Dept. G., 32 Cortlandt St., New York, N. Y.

FREE

"RAPID" AIR RIFLE 100 shots for Ic. Your choice of this or a good Watch or Camera if you sell 2 doz. packs Laundry Bluette at 10c each. When sold send us \$2.50 and get premium. Send only name and address now. Reeves Mig. Co. Dept. E. Lock Box 174, Grand Rapids, Mich.



EVERY AMERICAN BOY who desires to make hours need only write us and we will send full particuhours need only write us and we will send full particulars. Send address and stamp to THE ERIE TRADING CO., Hollister Street, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

MONEY TO BURN \$458.00 in Confederate Money 15c. Nend for a pack and show the boys what a WAII you carry. FRIENDAHIP, Dept. H. Chill, N. Y.

HOOKABITE TROUGER HOOK thom. Sample Pair, 10 cents. Agents wantel, B. A. BADER, 901 N. Welfe St., Baltimere, Md.

BOYS WARE TOYS How to make Photo-Cam-

Family Records, Marriage Certificates, Memorials, etc. Samples 12c each, 9 for \$1. J. Lee, Omaha Bidg., Chicago,









Rescued by his dog.

Strikes the gulf stream. Ice melts. He hails an Esquimau.



CAPTAIN'S BADGE. Twice Actual Size.

Companies Organized Since the Issue

of the June Number.

Lewis and Clark Company, No. 1, Division of Montana, Helena. Mont., Captain Bertram A. Lombard.

The Agincourt Company, No. 2, Division of Canada, Agincourt, Ont., Captain

Marcus Whitman Company, No. 1, Division of Idaho, Boise, Idaho, Captain Fisk

James B. McPherson Company,

Van Dusen.

Under the Auspices of "THE AMERICAN BOY."

Object:—Tre Cultivation of Manliness in Muscle, Mind and Morals.

The object more definitely stated: To promote mutual and helpful friendships among boys; to give wider circulation to high class boy literature; to cultivate in boys physical, mental and moral courage, and develop them along social, intellectual and moral lines; to cultivate purity of language and actions; to discourage idleness, and encourage honest sport and honest work; to cherish and emulate the examples of great and good men; to inculcate lessons of patriotism and love of country; to prepare boys for good citizenship; to cultivate reverence for the founders of our country, and to stimulate boys to all worthy endeavor.

The new Company at Allentown, Pa., of which we made mention in the June number, is the Eagle Athletic Company, No. 6, and the Capitalin is Warren B. Davis, instead of Norman H. German, as stated Boys desiring to Organize Companies may obtain a Pamphiet from us containing the Directions published in the January and in that number. February Nos. of this Paper. It is sent free.

Fred Stewart, Captain of the Prairie Creek Company, No. 1, Division of Arkansas, Rogers, Ark., says that they have adopted the proposed constitution and bylaws. This Company has a debate at every meeting. The Captain writes us that they are going to give an entertainment soon for the benefit of the Company.

Rufus Adams, Captain of the General Sam Houston Company, No. 2. Division of Texas, Comanche, Tex., says that his Company is working to get six companies in Texas so that they can take advantage of THE AMERICAN BOY'S Free Circulating Libraries. This Company will celebrate General Sam Houston's birthday every year. U. S. Grant Company, No. 6, Division of Hinois, Chandlerville, 1li., Captain Elmer R. Abbott.

Buckeye State Company, No. 5, Division of Ohio, Athens, Ohio, Captain J. Pratt

Libraries.

There seems to be a misunderstanding of the matter of THE AMERICAN BOY Free Circulating Libraries. Some months ago we announced that when there were six companies in any State we would be ready to furnish to any one of these six companies a circulating library, under certain conditions. We afterwards withdrew the condition that there should be six companies in a State, and offered to send one of the libraries to any company who manifested a desire to have one, provided it send us lifty cents to cover expense of boxing, etc., and would pay freight charges on the box when received. Each circulating library contains five excellent books—not paper-bound, cheap books, but books that will average one dollar to one dollar and lifty cents each. These books are loaned by us to a company for two months, at the end of which time we order them sent elsewhere, the companies sending them back or forwarding them to another company without expense to itself in so doing. We make no money out of the circulating library scheme, the fifty cents which it is necessary for the company to pay us being eaten up by the expense of handling the libraries here. Every company in the country should make it a part of its business to ge these circulating libraries. As a company is entitled to a library for two months, it will be ena part of its business to ge these circulating libraries. As a company is entitled to a library for two months, it will be enabled to get six libraries a year, or thirty of the best boys' books in the land, at practically see expense.

tically no expense.
Is your Company ready for one?

The July "American Boy" Field Day Contest.

The Field Day contest for July will be for championships in the Running Hop. Step and Jump and in Swimming One Hundred Yards. We offer Senior and Junior championship medals to the two members of The Order of the American Boy who make the best Running Hop, Step and Jump without weights, and Senior and Junior championship medals to the two members of The Order of the American Boy who make the best time in Swimming

American Boy Field Days

Third Saturday of Each Month UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

The Order of The American Boy JULY FIELD DAY IS JULY 20th CONTESTS:

Running Hop, Step and Jump, and Swimming

James B. McPherson Company, No. 7, Division of Illinois, Ravenswood, Ill., Captain Arthur Barker. Atlantic Company, No. 1, Division of Iowa, Atlantic, Iowa, Captain Bert Laird. Hebron Athletic Company, No. 1, Division of West Virginia, Hebron, W. Va., Captain Latimer P. Jones. The Little Egypt Company, No. 8, Division of Illinois, Mt. Vernon, Ill., Captain Fletcher Poole. Kentucky Prince Company, No. 1, Division of Kentucky, Louisville, Ky., Captain R. R. Ross. John A. Bingham Company, No. 6, Division of Ohio, Deersville, Ohio, Captain Gustle McMillen.

Company News. George Seaman, of the Buffaloes Com-any, No. 8, has gone to the Adirondack Mountains for a few weeks.

Sidney J. Dunn, Captain of the Buffaloes Company, No. 8, Buffalo, N. Y., sends us a birdseye view of the Pan-American.

George H. Stone, Captain of the General N. P. Banks Company, No. 3. Division of Massachusetts, Waltham, Mass., has re-signed, and Albert Minster has been ap-portant in his stead pointed in his stead.

The Andrew Carnegle Company, No. 3, Division of Pennsylvania, Allegheny, Pa., held an entertainment at the S.xth Ward School Hall, May 24. The proceeds go to fixing up their club room.

Sidney J. Dunn, Captain of the Buffaloes Company, No. 8, Order of the American Boy, Buffalo, N. Y., wrote us a very nice description of the grand parade which took place at Buffalo on May 20.

The boys of the Winfield Scott Schley Company, No. 2, Division of Maryland New Windsor, Md., use in their correspondence a printed letterhead containing the name of the Company and the list of officers.

The Hayes Company, No. 4, Division of Ohio, Lindsey, Ohio, held an interesting meeting May 4, followed by an entertainment and debate. This Company also held an ice cream social and drill on Decoration

Alfred Ellison, Captain of the Badger Company, No. 3, Eau Claire, Wis., writes us that this Company holds its meetings weekly. They have secured a hall which is twenty by forty feet, and intend to fit up a gymnasium in it.

Sidney J. Dunn, Captain of the Buffaloes Company, No. 8, Buffalo, N. Y., who lives at 96 Grant street, says if there are any members of the Order at the Pan-American will be pleased to have them call on

The Winfield Scott Schley Company, No. 2, Division of Maryland. New Windsor. Md., has a nice room on the second floor of a large building. The floor is carpeted, and the walls are decorated with pictures and flags. This Company has a large flag which was presented to it. It meets on Monday evenings, and always has a literary program. The dues are three cents a week. It also has a library of about twenty five volumes.

Burt T. Anderson, Captain of the Conger Company, No. 2, Division of Illinois, Galesburg, Ill., says this Company holds its meetings every Tuesday evening at the club room. There is a tax of five cents a month on each member, and out of this money all expenses are paid. All the members have contributed toward a library, and they now have about forty of the best books. The Captain writes us that Minister E. H. Conger, after whom the Company was named, recently spent a week in their town. On Thursday, June 6, the Company held a pienic at Knoxville, about five miles from Galesburg; they stayed all day and had a fine time.

One Hundred Yards. The conditions of the Field Day contests have been published heretofore, but it is well to repeat them. On the third Saturday in July, that is. On the third Sat



J. CARROLL KNODE HEBRON, NEB.

American Boy Standing and Running Jump Senior Champion, Order of The American Poy, Winner in the April and May Field Day Contests,



MINOR WASSON. HEBRON, NEB.

American Boy Standing and Running Jump Junior Champion, Order of the American Boy. Winner in the April and May Field Day Contests.

THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY

A NATIONAL NON-SECRET SOCIETY FOR AMERICAN BOYS.

There seems to be a misunderstanding of the matter of THE AMERICAN BOY Free Circulating Libraries.

A National Non-Secret Society For American Boys.

There seems to be a misunderstanding of the starting line to the point where the hindermost heel strikes the earth. In case Circulating Libraries. Some months are it is jumper falls back the measure to be made from the matter of THE AMERICAN BOY Free Circulating Libraries. Some months are it is jumper falls back the measure is taken to be a misundermost heel strikes the earth. In case the jumper falls back the measure is taken to be a misundermost heel strikes the earth in the correct to the point where the point the jumper falls back the measure is taken from the point where his hindermost hand strikes the earth; and in the case of the Swimming contest the referee shall, see that the one hundred yards is correctly measured and that each swimmer starts on the line and swims to the end of the course, keeping and noting accurate time. After the contest is over the referee should send to the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY the score of the winner who is over fifteen years of age, and the score of the winner. who is under fifteen years of age, in each case noting the ages of the winners. Every member of a Company should enter the contest if possible, no matter how poor his abilities. One purpose of the contests is to develop boys physically. If there are but a few members of a Company who are able to enter into the contests let them do so.

Reports should be sent to us promptly, and the Captain of each Company should see that the referee, in making his report fulfills the requirements as we have laid them down. They are simple, and no one should go astray in meeting them.

Date for Field Day Contests Changed.

Heretofore the Field Day contests of The Order of the American Boy have taken place on the second Saturday of each month. This has proved to be an unsatisfactory time, as it does not give the boys time enough for training after the announcement of the contest in the pages of THE AMERICAN BOY. Hereafter the contest will take place on the third Saturday of the month.

Standing Hop, Step and Jump Championships,

The June AMERICAN BOY Field Day Contests resulted in the Standing Hop Step and Jump Senior Championship going to Ray Venettisch, of Pueblo, Colo, and the Junior Championship to Howard W. McClure, of Litchfield, Minn. The scores sent in to date are as follows:

BOYS OVER FIFTEEN.

| Ray Venettisch, Pueblo, Colo | 25 | 114 |
|----------------------------------|----|------|
| Villiam G. Hoge, Allentown, Pa., | 20 | 5 |
| Ralph Hart, Galesburg, Ill | 1× | 10 |
| oe Chamers, Buffalo, N. Y | 22 | 7 |
| 'arlos Lacy, Cuba, N. Y | 20 | 1114 |
| Arthur E. Lewis, Macedonia, Pa., | 24 | 61/2 |
| . M. McClure, Litchfield Minn | 23 | 31/2 |
| loyd Galbraith, Cannonsburg. Pa. | 22 | _ |
| | | |

BOYS UNDER FIFTEEN.

| | Ft. | |
|----------------------------------|-----|--|
| 1. D. Andrews, Meadville, Pa | 17 | |
| Frank Hoover, Waynesburg, Pa., | 21 | |
| Marren B. Davis, Allentown, Pa. | 19 | |
| Ioward Anderson, Galesburg, Ill. | 18 | |
| Albert Flannigan, Heron Lake, | | |
| Minn | 18 | |
| rwin Mudge, Buffalo, N. Y | 19 | |
| loward W. McClure, Litchfield, | | |
| Minn | 22 | |
| Thomas Jones, Cannons burg, Pa. | 19 | |

The Running Jump Championsh ps.

The May AMERICAN BOY Field Day Contests resulted in J. Carroll Knode, of Hebron. Neb., winning the Running Long Jump Senior Championship, and Minor Wasson, of the same place, winning the Running Long Jump Junior Championship. These are the same boys who won in the Standing Jump contests in April. The fellowing are the scores reported to us up to the time of going to press:

BOYS OVER FIFTEEN.

| | r L. | 111. |
|----------------------------------|------|-------------|
| J. Carroll Knode, Hebron, Neb | 16 | 7 |
| Rowland Golden, Lacota, Mich | 12 | |
| Anton Gregis, Eau Claire, Wis | 11 | 6 |
| Charles M. Nielsen, Salt Lake | | |
| City, Utah | 12 | 4 |
| Fred Ayres, Tipton, Ind | 13 | 3 |
| Arthur E. Lewis, Macedonia, Pa | 14 | 4
3
5 |
| BOYS UNDER FIFTEES | ₹. | |
| | Ft. | In. |
| Minor Wasson, Hebron, Neb | 11 | 101 |
| Royal Decker, Lacota, Mich | 11 | 10 |
| L. H. Warnica, Toronto, Ont | 11 | 3 |
| Howard N. Lammers, Heron Lake, | | |
| Minn | 11 | 9 |
| Stanley S. Wood, Salt Lake City, | | |
| I'tah | 1.9 | Ε. |

Notice and Warning

The referces, in sending in their reports of the May and June jumping contests, failed, in some cases, to give the ages of the contestants, so that their records cannot be taken into account in the determining of the prize winners. The referee should remember that we choose a prize winner from the contestants under lifteen years of age, and a prize winner from the contestants over tifteen years of age. When a boy's record is sent in without his age being given we cannot enter him in either class, and the record counts for nothing. If your jump is not recorded in the published score, it is because the report is irregular.

Round Shoulders on Boys.

Archie M. McNeil, New York City, refers to our paragraph entitled "Round Shoulders on Boys" that appeared on page one hundred and twenty one of the February number, and says: "I have studied physical culture, and am led to say that instead of trying to keep the shoulders back let the boy throw back his head and breathe from his chest; that is, expand his chest every time he breathes. I have found this to give good straight shoulders and increase chest expansion."

chest expansion."
"Another good exercise," he says, "is to hold the arms out straight or level with the shoulders, in front. Hold light dumb bells in each hand, and swing them back as far as possible. Keep this up until tired, which will, at the beginning, be very soon."

The Juvenile Volunteer Fire Company.

There is in Chicago a unique organization known as the Juvenil? Volunteer FireCompany, the youngest member of which is eight years old, while the oldest is James Kirkley, thirteen years old, who is chief of the company. Young Kirkley is the grandson of Fire Department Chief Swenie. The chief has placed at the disposal of the juvenile company a large vacant room in Engine House No. 5. The company owns



FIRE CHIEF JAMES KIRKLEY.

its apparatus, hose, patrol, and chief's cart. The patrol is painted a bright red, with gold trimmings, having come to the company through two of its members. Charles and Milton Shepard, to whom it was given by their father, Edward Shepard, who is superintendent of the Fire Insurance Patrol. Each boy has a uniform and a full outfit. Every day after school the members report at the engine house and are drilled. On Saturdays they clean their quarters and their wagons. Captain Foley of Department 5, has given the boys considerable attention, and, by way of practice, a still alarm is often given for the boys' benefit, when a run down the street is taken, to the amusement of the passersby, who line the sidewalks to watch and applaud their efforts.

The company comprises the following members: James Kirkley, chief; W. J. Fitzsimmons, captain; Albert Sauter, lieutenant; Charles Shepard, Milton Shepard, Henry Rosenbark, Otto Bitters, Isadore Jacobson and Henry Peachey. We are indebted to the Chicago American for photographs. its apparatus, hose, patrol, and chief's cart.

From an American Mother.

Gaylord, Mich., April 27, 1901.

To the Editor of THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich.

Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sir.—In renewing my son's subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY, I take this opportunity to express my thanks to one who is doing so much to benefit the boys and youths of our country, in publishing such a wholesome, sympathetic, and entertaining lot of literature as your paper contains. Had such a paper been published and circulated freely twenty five years ago. I dare say that a great many worthless specimens of manhood of the present day would have been noble, ambitious men today, instead of what they are. If cheap, trashy literature can make bad boys, certainly the reading of THE AMERICAN BOY is sure to inspire the boy who reads it to try to be all that is noble and good. You may never realize the vast harvest that will spring from your inspiriting words, but may your reward be great, is the sincere wish of A MOTHER OF AMERICAN BOYS.

Every Boy Should Endeavor to Organize a Company of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY

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"Watervilet, Mich., May 17, 1901.
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"Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.
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Company A, Epworth Guards, Allegheny, Pa.

Every boy shown in the picture is a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY. The captain writes us that he took several copies of the paper along with him to the camp where the picture was taken as healthful reading for the "natives." Captain Archie J. Holman says that if any of our boys desire to go camping this summer and wish to ask him any questions along this line, he will be glad to answer them. The cost of the outing of two weeks to Company A, Epworth Guards, was five dollars a boy, which included car fare and all expenses. The camp's name was Camp Epworth, Arnold, Pa.

O REPORT

A NAME WANTED



This little invention for young people is without a name; can you give it an appropriate one? The children work the lever up and down and around they go. Child Spears old can operate it. The manufacturers will ship one FREE for best name received before July 4. Enclose stamp with name

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BOYS IN GAMES AND SPORT

How We Started Our Athletic Association.

Guy Crump, age fifteen, 101 West Seventy seventh street, New York City, writes THE AMERICAN BOY, telling how an athletic association was started in his school. He says: One morning a few weeks ago at the close of the session, Mr. K—arose and said that all boys interested in athletics were invited to stay after school that afternoon, as he intended to organize an athletic association. When school closed there was a large company of boys gathered in the assembly hall. Then Mr. K—arose and made a speech, in which he stated that while there was not much room in New York for athletics, still if a boy wanted to exercise very much he could find a place. He said there had been some objection made to athletics in schools on the ground that it interfered with a boy's lessons, but he said that he would never allow it to be so managed. He ended by telling the probable cost of the field, etc.

The boys applauded heartily, and then

field, etc.

The boys applauded heartily, and then Mr. D—, the head teacher, took the floor. He had charge of the baseball department of the school, and the moment he took his place we cheered him lustily. Mr. D— recounted a number of incidents in his baseball career, and closed by favoring the forming of the association.

After the speeches the boys formed in line and signed their names to the list. They were so enthusiastic about it that there was an actual crush at the table where the signing was being done.

The association is now well under way. A kind citizen has taken the responsibility of patron, as the Board of Education forbids dues being collected from school children. In the course of time we expect to make good the money loaned by this gentleman.

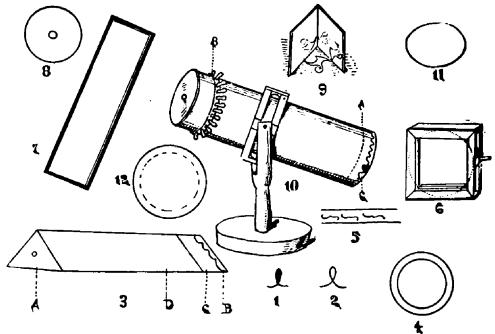
Any school can start a club of this kind

Any school can start a club of this kind by getting one of the teachers interested. There are many noble minded citizens who would be glad to loan money.

Some day I will tell you more about our appointment.

Experiments With a Homemade Kaleidoscope.

Any boy who has not experimented with three strips of glass made into a triangle will find a new field of indoor sport opened to him in this article. Figure three, the simplest form of kaleidoscope I know, is made from three strips of ordinary window glass. The strips are mounted on black paper as shown in figure seven, and bound together in the form of a triangle by pasting strong paper about them. A is a triangle of cardboard fitted into the end of the kaleidoscope. A small hole is cut in the center of this piece. Over the end B, tissue paper is pasted. C is clear glass. D is the paper which surrounds the triangle. A few bits of colored glass rattling



about at the end B. will give a myriad of beautiful color designs when viewed from the end A. If one of the glasses from a pair of spectacles, see figure eleven, be litted within the triangle, where C and D meet it will prevent the bits of glass from falling down into the kaleidoscope. Figure eleven shows a clever little device often used by designers to give them ideas. It consists of two small pieces of looking glass fastened together in the form of a right angle. If any small object be placed within the angle formed by the mirrors it will be represented as a regular design, often a very pretty one.

Figure ten shows a rather more complicated kaleidoscope. It is made from an ordinary tin can. Ginger snaps are often sold in cans of this variety. Fasten within the can, in the form of a triangle, three strips of glass which have been previously mounted on black paper. This can be done very neatly with sealing wax. Cut from soft pine a disc of wood with a diameter which is one-half inch larger than that of the can. In this disc cut a hole just large enough to admit the can; see figure four. Fasten this disc at about the center of the can with either glue or the ever useful sealing wax. For a few cents a glazier will cut for you a circle of glass just large enough to fit in the can. Fasten this where the dotted lines are marked at A. Figure six is a framework, built about the circle of wood. This will hold the can firmly in position and yet allow it to turn either to the right or left. Figure twelve is a ring of cardboard covered with tissue paper, the dotted line indicates the inner edge of the cardboard. This may be used at A, figure ten, if the glass cannot be obtained. B is a series of small handles made by wrapring wire with thread. Put the sharp ends of the wire through a plece of tape at regular intervals. Figure five shows the underside of the tape. Figure two shows the underside of the tape. Figure two shows

one, the wire after it has been wrapped with thread: Broken glass, bright candy or small bottle filled with colored water must be placed in the space between the glass A and the tissue paper C. If the whole affair is gilded it will make a very pretty parlor ornament.

A True Fishing Story.

TOLD BY CHARLES T. TOPPING, FLORENCE, KANSAS. AGE. TWELVE. One



last spring when I was hoeing my peanuts and popcorn near-ly half a mile from home, a storm came up. I thought it was just a came it was just a rain storm. and I went home to get the cows which were across the creek. Iknew if I didn't get them at once that the creek would not get them. They were three, the could not get them they were three, they were three, they were three, they were the terms.

CHARLES T. TOPPING. could not get them. They were three-quarters of a mile from the house, so I hurrled and got my pony and galloped after them. Soon it began to rain and blow harder, but I got the cows in just a few minutes before a full fledged tornado struck us, and I looked every minute to see the buildings come down. Then it began to rain and hail. After that the sun shone very bright. I went out-of-doors and heard the creek roaring and saw water everywhere on the ground. The next morning my father went down to see if his water gaps were gone, and on the way stepped on something that splashed, and looking down, saw a fine fish. Later he found more. I was in the barn when I heard my father calling me, and going out I asked him what he wanted. He asked me for a string. I got one, and then father and I strung the fish, some of which weighed as much as ten pounds each. We found one cel about a foot long. Father told me to ride around the fence to see if it was all right. At one point I found a great round hole in which the water had settled like a lake Right in the middle of this I saw a large fish lying in a hollow place which he had made in the mud by floopping. I tied my pony, and, being barefooted, went after it. It was a buffalo, that is, a scaly fish, which a great many people do not like because it is tough. I pulled him up by the gills and landed him on dry ground. Then I saw a lot of catfish on a small island and succeeded in pulling them out of the mud and pilling them out of the mud and pilling them out of the mads and went after more fish; a neighbor's boy went with me. We found at one place about two hundred catfish, big and little. These we plied into the wagon and went after more fish; a neighbor's boy went with me. We found at one place about two hundred catfish, big and little. These we plied into the wagon and the ned or of the catfish weighed from eight to eleven pounds each. We then put some hay and lee in the bottom of the wagon and piled in the fish, put a blanket over them and drove to t A flandkerchief Tussle.

Look at the diagram and see if you can discover a way for the boys to get apart. Two small boys of my acquaintance rode home in a street car tied together in this fashion, slept all night over it and did not guess the riddle until after breakfast next morning. The antics which they cut up furnished entertainment not only for themselves, but for a whole room full of people. To make it really exciting, a number of couples should be set going at once and a prize offered to the pair who get apart first. Such a wriggling and twisting into all sorts of absurd positions as this will

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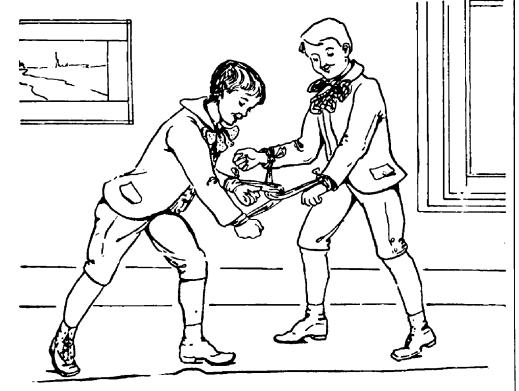
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A Handkerchief Tussle.

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Fun and Profit With Homing Pigeons.

GEO. E WALSH.

he boy who lives in the city or country aid has never had a loft of homing pincons, has missed one of the rarest pleasures and sports of the day. There is hardly ures and sports of the day. There is hardly a boy who does not like pets of some kind, but usually he prefers one that can be put to some use. Thus he prefers a pony to a raobit because the former can be used as well as petted: a dog to a cat because the dog can be trained to point, retrieve or do other intelligent tricks, and even a donkey is preferred to some other quiet but useless pet animal.

is preferred to some other quiet out useless pet animal.

in selecting birds for pets, boys usually show the same good sense. Merely ornamental birds do not appeal to them. Those that can sing, whistle, mock other birds, talk, or do tricks are always preferred.

place for the birds on pleasant days. They like to go in and out of the holes while mating, and they can often be fed up there. Running from this box up through the wire netting should be a tower-like box for the entrance trap. Above the wire construct a simple door, with a trap spring, so that when a returning pigeon steps on the platform the door will open to admit the bird and close automatically as soon as inside. Such a trapdoor is necessary because some pigeons will return from long flights in the middle of the night, and they will learn to enter in this way.

Pigeons raised in this loft will always consider it their home, and they will always return to it. They must, when young, be taken a short distance from their home and released. They will then return immediately to it. They must be introduced to the trapdoor so that they will understand its use. Place the pigeon on the

grand where they can fly about every clear day.

In the center of this wire inclosure constituct the loft itself. This should be made of dry goods boxes, obtained for a small sum at any store. Purchase first as large a me as possible, and lay it on the roof for the foundation. Knock out one side and swing it on hinges so that it can be liked up and down. Saw out of this a square hole eight by ten, and put a pane of glass in it. This lower part of the loft is the indoor feeding place for the pigeons, and on stormy days the birds can go in and feed, while light will be supplied through the glass. If the door is fastened leaving a few inches open the birds can go in and out at will. out at will

out at will.

Out a hole about six inches in diameter in the roof or top of this big box, and when the second box, a little smaller, is placed or top the pigeons will have free access to the second story of the loft. This should be the breeding place of the pigeons. Cut do not be four sides, and put glass in all except one, which should open on the script or sunny side. Divide the place off by partitions, leaving a window in each do ision. A small doorway should lead from one nesting place to another. One side of this second story should open on thisges, so you can get at the nests to clean them out once a week.

Charles of this box put a third one much smaller. This should have several entrances, and should not be consected with the second story by an interior opening. This is intended for a promenade will show just how many inmates of the great advantage. It is one of the used to great advantage. It is one that the used to great advantage. It is one that the obtion, with a few cents at a druggit's. Get one that the botto

platform, and let it enter in this way several times before making it find its home. Then begin the training by releasing the young homer in the back yard. The bird will mount upward, and will enter by the trap door. Each successive flight should be made longer than the first, and in a few weeks the birds will be able to find their home if released miles away. The homing instinct varies in breeds, but almost any good bird can find its home when taken thirty or fifty miles away. The pleasure of this sport comes in when several boys of neighboring towns and cities keep lofts and make regular exchanges. Messages can then be sent back and forth marked with the time of releasing the birds. On some trapdoors there are clocklike arrangements so that the time of a bird's return is automatically recorded. In this way the exact time required to make a flight is obtained. Such registering apparatus can easily be obtained and rigged up by a boy with any ingenuity.



An Affectionate Dog.

GILBERT GOSULICE, AGE ELEVEN.

"Uncle Ben, will you tell me a story, please?" said Freddie, one rainy day, to his uncle. "I feel so lonesome because it's raining, and I can't go out and play." What kind of a story do you want, witch, fairy, or-

'No, uncle, I'd like a true dog story. Uncle, do you know any real dog story?" asked Freddie.

"Oh, is that the kind you like. Well, I know one about my dog and-

"Oh, is he your dog you're going to tell me about?" said Freddie.

"You should have said, 'was he?' because he is dead now. Well, now to my

"One morning I was walking in Tucketon, Va. (it was nothing but a country place then) with my collie, Tiro. After a while he began to growl and then to bark a provoked bark.

"By that I knew that some wild animal was in sight when suddenly a fullgrown leopard leaped out of a neighbor-

'Straight at him did brave Tiro leap, and seized the leopard by the neck with such force that he threw him to the

'Then seizing my rifle, I shot the brute on the leg, although it was not my intended aim; it disabled him greatly.

The leopard desperately bit staunch old Tiro by the neck.

"Quickly reloading my rifle, I shot the

leopard through the head. After rolling madly a few times he stretched out slowly, and in a few mo-

ments the leopard was dead! "As for my affectionate dog, after many piteous yells, slowly sank, and with one last glance towards me, sank

dead." "Is this really true, uncle?" "Yes, my boy," said Uncle Ben, gravely.

Frog-Lore.

A writer in Modern Culture has some interesting things to say about frogs. He says: The frog's tongue is attached to the bottom of the mouth near its front, and when he springs open-mouthed at his prey, the tongue files out like a thin, bent spring, and gathers up the bug, ant or fly on its fine, upcurving, viscid point; then the mouth closes so quickly that, though watching closely, we have not distinctly seen the nimble tongue turn back to its place. The frog never drinks; he absorbs water through his skin. Most kinds of frogs have within their bodies a sac, which stores up pure water for a time of need. After a frog has been in a dry atmosphere a few hours he will, on being replaced in the water, double his weight in an hour. Before a rain storm the atmosphere becomes humid, that is, laden with moisture; this is perceived by the frogs, which then venture out of the water and whistle and croak their pleasure. The dampness of the air at nightfall also occasions much gratification to the frog community. Frogs may be caught with a long-handled dip net. Some catchers use a sort of rake, while others catch them in the hand. Boys sometimes use the same tackle for frogs that they use for fish, baiting with a live worm or winged insect; a bit of red rag is good for bait. Some use a small rifle or a five-tined spear. The hind legs of a frog are the parts generally eaten, though the whole bodies of the smaller frogs, freed from entrails and skin, are sometimes fried with eggs and bread crumbs.

There are two general classes of frogs known commonly as the tree frogs and A writer in Modern Culture has some in-

though the whole bodies of the smaller frogs, freed from entrails and skin, are sometimes fried with eggs and bread crumbs.

There are two general classes of frogs known commonly as the tree frogs and the water frogs. The former are of two kinds, the green and the brown. The marsh frog is mostly pale brown on the back and yellowish-white beneath, the lower part of the thighs being a bright orange yellow. It has a strong odor. Neither the tree frog nor the marsh frog is good for eating.

An Extemporized Aquarium.

A globe with goldfish makes a very attractive ornament for a room, but globes and goldfish are not always available, and so the extemporized aquarium may be used to great advantage. It is one of the great bottles that can be purchased for a few cents at a druggist's. Get one that holds about two gallons and put some clean sand in the bottom, with a few mossy stones, and anchor in the sand a few plants from some nearby brook. From the same brook can be secured snalls, tadpoles, salamanders and the tiny black-nosed dace. Here is an aquarium at almost no cost that is capa...e of affording a great deal of entertainment, and not a little instruction.

When the plants are growing nicely, giving off oxygen and feeding upon the carbonic acid gas in the water, the latter need not be changed oftener than once a week, unless too much animal life is introduced into the water. A little experience will show just how many inmates of the aquarium the plants will "balance." The upper parts are greenish-yellow

golden reflections and black spots. The sides of the abdomen and hind legs are reddish or orange; the under surfaces are a dull yellowish-green and spotted. The green frog needs to be two years old before it is marketable, while the builfrog should be three years old.

Frogs in winter burrow under wet leaves and into mud. About the time the farmers find the ground warm enough to receive seed, the frogs wake up and gather in the pools, greeting one another with a lively whistle and croak. Before the young plants in the fields are up very far, one may see transparent, jelly-like masses of the size of an orange, and thickly scattered through them several hundreds of frogs' eggs, looking like blackened birdshot; within a fortnight those eggs evolve into polliwogs. into polliwogs.

shot; within a fortnight those eggs evolve into polliwogs.

Frogs can breathe only with the mouth shut, their communication with the atmosphere being through the nostrils. The wind-reservoir for vocal purposes in the builfrog is the wide, yellow throat., Most other frogs have only a sac near each corner of the mouth for this purpose.

Aristophanes gives as the sound made by the Grecian frogs "brek-ek-ek-ek koax koax." The American leopard goes "chock. chock, chock." This sound can often be heard a mile away. The marsh frog gives a long grating croak, not very loud. The green frog often utters a solitary "kr-ruk." The piping frogs of the springtime whistle their peep, weep, in frequent chorus. The builfrog's voice takes a variety of sounds. "Er-rum, r-rum." is a cry that almost every one has caught. though sometimes it seems rather "More rum, r-rum," "jug o' rum, r-rum." In New York and the Middle States the schoolboys have it that these frogs say "Blood an' ouns." "Blood an' hounds." or "Blood an' ouns." while unstable farmhands, laboring homewards late of a warm evening from the grocery at "the Corners." have sometimes heard, along the marshy pools, the deriding cry, "Ga drunk, ga' drunk"; when several other voices near together would become more specifically derisive or threatening, and bellow out. "Jug an' all, jug an' all, dr-roonk! bloonk, kebloonk, oonk."

Spider and Sixpence.

FROM THE SYDNEY BULLETIN.

A correspondent sends us a remarkable instance of adaptation of instinct in a trap door spider. Says the writer: "A friend of mine noticed near his camp a trap door spider run in front of him and pop into its hole, pulling the 'lid' down as it disappeared. The lid seemed so neat and perfect a circle that the man stooped to examine it, and found, to his astonishment, that it was a sixpence! There was nothing but silk thread covering the top of the coin, but underneath mud and silk thread were ccated on and shaped convex (as usual). The coin had probably been swept out of the tent with rubhish." Commenting on this, a contributor to "Nature" says: "As is well known, the doors of trap door spiders' burrows are typically made of flattened pellets of earth stuck together with silk or other adhesive material. The unique behavior of the spider in question showed no little discrimination on her part touching the suitability as to size, shape and weight of the object selected to fulfil the purpose for which the sixpence was used."



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WARS and 60, 4c; Arg. Rep., 7 va., 6c; Bolivia. 4 va., 6c.

Agta, 60 and 60k. WHITE, Box 187, Lewiston, Mo., of stamps sent us by collectors.



Some years ago the writer received a letter from our consul at Freetown, Sierra Leone, in which he stated that the people of this country seemed to think a consul was appointed simply to gather postage stamps; he said that every mail brought numbers of requests for stamps with which it was impossible to comply. Occasionally a good lot will be secured in this way, but as a rule, the stamps received could be purchased in this country for less than the postage and time expended. These stamps can be secured from abroad by exchanging with other collectors in foreign the postage and time expended. These stamps can be secured from abroad by exchanging with other collectors in foreign countries. Some European stamp papers consist almost entirely of these exchange advertisements, from collectors in all parts of the world. In the majority of cases, however, you have no knowledge of the standing of your correspondent, who often retains the stamps you send him and makes no reply. Thousands of dollars worth of stamps have been lost through this method, though, on the other hand, very advantageous exchanges are often made. In the opinion of the writer, profitable exchanges can be made with collectors abroad, if care is used in picking your correspondents. Dealers buy the bulk of their foreign stamps abroad at wholesale, there being many dealers in Europe, and other parts of the world, whose business is almost entirely of this class.

The so-called Paris exposition stamps are not stamps, but simply labels having on them pictures of the different foreign buildings. They have no intrinsic value, but are generally sold at a cent apiece.

Answers to Correspondents.

 ${\bf A.\ N.\ P.,\ Hartwell-Your\ stamps}$ are not worth anything.

G. L. R., White Cloud-Your two Mauritius stamps are worth one cent each.

C. H. S., Lincoln—The stamp you send was issued by Bolivia in 1897. It is worth was issued by Bolivia in 1897. one cent.

W. W. P., Grand Portage—Your stamp is a two cent Jackson of 1862, and is worth four to five cents.

T. O., New Bedford—We do not know of any postage stamp such as you describe. What inscriptions are upon it?

W. P., Ralla—A one cent Columbian envelope stamp is worth two cents; the rest of your stamps are not worth anything. Ed M.—United States "official seals" will be found on page 13 of Scott's 1901 catalogue. The Canadian and Japanese official seals are not catalogued.

W. B. K., Chency—The five cent Canada registered is worth two cents; six cent Columbian, five cents; five cent Garfield, two cents; the others are worth nothing.

R. P., College Springs—Your collection is too small to be worth anything—one hundred and fifty different foreign stamps from all parts of the world can be bought for ton conts. for ten cents.

R. J., Hastings—Your stamp is a Philippine revenue. While interesting, it probably has no value. Thousands of these revenue stamps are being brought home by our returning soldiers.

by our returning soldiers.

V. B., Prairieville—Your two cent Jackson is worth about twenty cents, and the one cent unused, about the same; the latter would be worth more if it was not damaged. The others are valueless.

Henry H., Seventy eighth street, N. Y.—The English stamps you mention are very common and will never have particular value. English stamps of 1841 can be bought now for lifty cents a hundred.

Ralph W. P., Portland, Me.—Think your stamp is from Bhore, one of the native Indian states, but do not believe it is a postage stamp, as no such stamp is catalogued. It is probably a revenue.

A. S., Sheboygan—Your Pomeroy local is a reprint. The two dollar bill you send is a specimen of the, old "wild cat" currency. Thousands of these old notes are still in existence, and they have but little value.

Dan B. Washington, Prairie—The five cent playing card is worth about twenty five cents. Old photographs are an excellent place to find stamps, the two cent orange proprietary, and the three and four cent playing cards, all of which are rare, being occasionally found on them.



The Jackson Cents or Hard Times Tokens.

There is a class of coins, or more properly speaking, medals, that, judging from the many inquiries addressed to the coin editor, is giving our boys quite a bit of trouble and annoyance in their efforts to understand them. Their fathers can tell them of the immense flood of "war tokens" and "store cards" that came in with our Civil War period, but their grandfathers have evidently forgotten the many political tokens of the thirtles, which largely usurped the place of the big copper cents and passed by suffrance at the time as lawful coin. There has probably been no time in the history of our country when political feeling ran higher, when vituperation and invective entered into politics more than during the time when Jackson and Van Buren. Democrat-Republicans, Whigs and Locofocos, fought bitterly for political supremacy. These "tokens" served a double purpose—a vent for exuberant political feelings and to supply small change during the hard times of the period. This has given them the name of "Jackson cents" or "Hard Times" tokens. Numismatists divide the issues of the time into two classes: political medals and store cards. The latter were issued for advertising purposes, are usually dated and, like the politicals, are mainly in copper the size of the old copper cent. They begin with 1832, during I'resident Jackson's administration (1823-36) and entered into President Van Buren's term, who, as the tokens state, followed in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor. Lyman H. Lew, of New York, who has delved deeper in this branch of numismatics than any other, catalogues seventy one varieties of the political medals and linety store conde There is a class of coins, or more properly matics than any other, catalogues seventy one varieties of the political medals and ninety store cards, all within the period 1832-1844. Limited space prevents us from going into detail regarding any particular specimen. We can only call attention to their general character.

The Numismatic Sphinx.

Boys must not become impatient if their questions regarding stamps and coins are not answered promptly, as we are receiving a great many letters of this kind every day, and cannot possibly publish the answers as fast as they are received. Watch future issues of the paper for answers.

Eldin O. Walsh, Vermontville, Mich.—See answer to Maynard Williams.

Harry McKeever, Winsburg, O.-. 1826 cent is worth twenty five cents.

G., Sloux Rapids—Your stamp is known as the Canada map stamp, and is very com-

Cieveland Thomson, Waco, Tex.—A Denmark skilling of 1716 is common and sells for fifteen cents.

Maynard Williams, Exeter, N. H.—An 1824 half dollar, if in good condition, sells for seventy five cents.

Sumner Lowrey, Ft. Smith, Ark.—A good 1839 dime sells for twenty five cents and an 1851 cent, ten cents.

Alfred J. Robinson, Harlem, N. Dak.The C. C. (Carson City) dime of 1875 has no
premium. The same may be said of all
Canadian silver.

John K. Barnes, Wellsboro, Pa.—An 1838 half dollar is worth seventy five cents; 1853 dimes, quarter with rays and 1839 dime, face value.

Charles T. Abbott, Stockport, O.—The half dollar of 1858 commands no premium. The motto, "In God we trust," first appeared on our half dollars in 1866.

T. Sleszynski, New York.—The 1853 half and quarter dollars with arrow points and rays are worth just face value. The ones without the rays and arrow points are rare,

J. L. S. Mexia—The four cent brown proprietary is worth about ten cents. The other two stamps you mention are of no value, the Heligoland being probably a reprint.

still in existence, and they have but little value.

J. S. R., North Clarendon—There is no premium on the old three cent red stamps of 1851, 1856 and 1861, except some of the type varieties and the grills. Old envelopes without stamps and marked "Paid 3," etc., are not worth anything.

W. P. Roswell, N. M.—Your description is rather indefinite, but we think your stamp must be of the issue of 1883 of Austria.

This has two eagles with the figure of value in the center and the inscription: "Kais. Konigl, Oesterr, Post."

Dan B. Washington, Prairie—The five cent playing card is worth about twenty five cents. Old photographs are an excellent place to find stamps, the two cent orange proprietary, and the three and four cent playing cards, all of which are rare, being occasionally found on them.

Leslie Wilde, Walker, Iowa.—Russian, two kopeck of Alexander I., 1801-25, second coinage; Austria, one kreutzer. 1801; France, 1871; Spain, two reals, Charles II. (1759-88), 1773; Spain, two reals, Charles III. (1759-88), 1773; Spain, t

cent playing cards, all of which are rare, being occasionally found on them.

When boys send in stamps asking for a description of them, they should send postage for their return, if they wish to have them returned; otherwise they will not be responsible for the safety of stamps sent us by collectors.

AMERICAN NUMISMATIST ASSOCIATION.

Special offers to American Boy reader and sew subscribers.

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In the Numismatist one year, and foreign coins the value of one dollar, on receipt of \$2\$ entitled in the converse of Holland. The V. O. C. in monogram on these coins are the initials of the company (Vereenigde Oost-Indische Compangile).

Japan, ten sen; Germany, fifty pfennige.

These and the other rubbings represent coins that are common, but interesting in a collection.

Walter W. H.—A watermark is a design made in the paper, and in stamps is usually there as a guard against counterfeiting. These watermarks consist of various designs, such as crowns, anchors, stars, etc. They can generally be seen by holding the stamp to the light, but if not, by laying the stamp on a piece of ferrotype plate, and placing a little benzine on it, the water mark will be brought out very clearly arthur Dedi Chicago III.—Your rubber 1981.

Arthur Dedi, Chicago, III.—Your rubbings are taken from coins as follows: N. 1. cent, 1803; No. 2, Morocco one half dirlim. 1259 A. H. (A. D. 1881-2); No. 3, Ireland one half penny; No. 4, dimes, 1829 and 1835; No. 5, Egypt, 1277 A. H. (A. D. 1861), 40 paras: No. 6, Dutch India, 1826, one quarter stiver for Java; No. 7, Malta (not Ireland), 178. X Grani; Nos. 8 and 9, cent, 1846 and 1848; No. 10, 1863, war token.

KOREA The stamps of this far away country have always been scarce. Sen'l us 20 cents and we will send you the 1895 issue complete. 4 kinds.

SOUDAN Handsome stamps printed in two colors. Picture of native soldier mounted on a camel, 4 varieties of these interesting stamps will be sent you for 15c.

AUSTRALIA We are still selling 50 different Australian stamps, many scarce, for 42 cents. Buy these stamps now as they are soon to go out of issue and be replaced by a general issue for all the Australian colonies.

FRENCH COLONIES We will sell you to different stamps from the colonies of Guadeloupe, Martinique and Reunion, for 15 cents. They will catalogue over 40 cents.

PARAGUAY are quite scarce. yet 20e will buy 10 different kinds in fine condition. A set worth buying.

JAPAN 1896. War stamps. complete. The 4 stamps for 10 cents.

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BARGAINS-IN-FINE-STAMPS

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THE AMERICAN BOY



EDITED BY JUDSON GRENELL

g a destination destination of the design of the design of the second of THE AMERICAN BOY offers twelve prizes of Two Dollars each for the best Amateur Photograph received during prizes of Two Dollars each for the best Amateur Photograph received during the twelve months in the year, one prize for each month, also a second prize each month, of one dollar, for the next best photograph, 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.



A MOUNTAIN MILL First Prize Photo, by T. P. Honner, Jr., Bryson City, N. C

Beware of Dirt.

The amateur who thinks it makes no difference even if he does use the same tray for both developing and fixing, is making a great mistake. The loss of two or hree negatives by there being a trace of hypo in the tray used for developing will do more actual damage, in the way of oss of material, than the cost of two or three trays, let alone the loss of pictures that in all probability can never be repoduced. To the developer hypo is dirt, and dirt is a great enemy to the photograpier. There is other dirt, and all is but the mixing of trays, or the using of rays for various purposes when each one should be kept for its particular use, is should be kept for its particular use, is

one should be kept for its particular use, is the worst.

Do to not the lens may cause fog by reflection; on the plate it causes pinholes, on the prints it prevents the toning solution doi: gits proper work; on the mount it prevents the print laying smooth; and prevents and benches where there is any possibility of dust accumulating. In a room used daily it should be done every morning.—Photography in Colors.

While dirt is so bad, yet it can easily be onquered. Wash your trays, your lay is, your graduate; dust your plates and because the print laying smooth; and benches where there is any possibility of dust accumulating. In a room ing.—Photography in Colors.

Photography in Colors.

Do we expect to reproduce the natural

Pictures Worth Taking.

Pictures Worth Taking.

Amateur photographers living along the St. Clair river, had a wonderfully unusual opportunity this spring to get rare pictures. For the first time in many years the heavy ice of Lake Huron floated down, urged by the prevailing north winds, faster than the river could take care of it. In consequence it was jammed in so tight that it stopped both the water and navigation. Above, where the ice filled the river from top to bottom and from side to side, the water was very high; below, it was very low, this lack of water to float the big freighters extending all the way past Detroit to Lake Erie.

So the strange sight of seeing the river full of ice, while the gazers had on their summer clothes, and even parasols were in demand, was worth all the plates and time the amateur could spare. And it is reported that a number of "camera flends" were sharp enough to take advantage of the situation and send their pictures to the papers, getting a good round sum for

the papers, getting a good round sum for

them.
The amateur photographer who is quick The amateur photographer who is quick; to take advantage of such situations is the one who gets his fun for nothing. That is, he is in a position to sell enough of his pictures to pay for the material he uses for his own pleasure. And such happenings are likely to occur to all. It may not be an ice blockade, but what about a cyclone? or a flood? or, mayhap, a great fire? The wise amateur keeps his camera always loaded and in good order for just such scenes.

Cleaning and Using Old Negatives.

When old negatives accumulate, it will sometimes pay to carefully go over them, and after putting away those that may prove of value in after years, proceed to clean off the emulsions of the other ones in

clean off the emulsions of the other ones in the following manner:

Prepare a bath of water, one gallon; bichromate of potash, three quarters of a pound; and sulphuric acid, one ounce. Let the plates remain in this over night, with a little piece of wood between each, so that the bath can get in its work. This will loosen the emulsion, and it will almost run off of itself. Keep your hands out of it, as it is strong enough to "bite," and will take the skin off as well as the stuff on the glass.

After the plates have been washed and After the plates have been washed and dried, they can be dipped in albumen and prints squeegeed on them. Then put another glass over the print and bind both together on the edges with strips of some appropriately colored paper.

Remedying Over-Printing.

Cyanide of potassium as a reducer for developing paper is recommended by a writer in a photographic journal. "I tried it the other day," he says, "and it worked beautifully. It was used after they were fixed and a strong solution seems to work on the high-lights more energetically than on the shadows. Why wouldn't this be a good way of making a weak print more contrasty? I can't say what the effect would be on its permanency, but it seems if hypo and other chemicals can be removed, cyanide should. Its action just cats up the metallic silver. Don't carry it as far as you wish the finished print, as it works on while washing somewhat." Cyanide of potassium as a reducer for

Drying Plates Quick.

Sometimes the amateur wants to get a print off his plate as soon as it is developed and washed. He is not willing to wait until it dries naturally, but wants to see the result of his work in a minute. Too much haste in this matter has spoiled

Too much haste in this matter has spoiled many a plate, particularly when it has been placed too near a hot fire.

The best way to do is to put the plate in wood alcohol immediately after it is washed, letting it remain about five minutes. Then set it in front of an electric fan, and in ten minutes it will be dry. But if neither alcohol nor fan is handy, then dry the plate as well as possible with a blotter, and then gently wave it in front of a fire. In this way it can be dried in less than half an hour—often in fifteen minutes.

An Excellent Cleanser.

When old developers and some other chemicals have been for quite a time in a bottle, the bottle becomes foul, and water seems to have little effect on it. The best way to clean such glasses is to fill them over night with a solution of citric acid, and all the discolorations will disappear by morning. Then rinse well in warm water. warm water

Dusting the Dark Room.

or onquered. Wash your trays, your har is, your graduate; dust your plates and ket your hands clean.

Ornate Cards are Not Artistic.

The more ornate the card, the more it diviles the attention with the picture. The Professional and Amateur Photographic puts it in this way: "Scrolls, fancy tutus and all manner of ornamental (?) double printing are monkey business that detract from the value of the real work."

Photography in Cotors.

Do we expect to reproduce the natural colors. The problem is not yet solved, yet we see announcements and discussions almost every week concerning the discovery at last of "Photographs in the Colors of Nature." This leads the non-expert or layman to believe that the colors of nature are recorded in one operation and the direct image so received is visible to the gunshot of it; no nearer than in the early days of the daguerreotype.—George G Rockwood.

Some Excellent Pictures.

"An Old Swimming Place," by Roy McCann, Rose Hill, lowa, is well taken, and nicely printed, but it would have had a more artistic look had it been printed on something else than a glossy paper. Chas, H. Moore's "Lily Pond," Lake Como, and "Minnehaha Falls in April," St. Paul, Minn. are complete pictures. Also worthy of mention are Arthur R. Wenzel's "Curtis Creek Bridge," Quincy, Ill; Frank J. Sobotka's "Great Falls of the Potomac," Washington. D. C., with its odd border; and W. S. Haskell's "Boys in the Water," Fruitvale, Cal., though this latter would have been improved had the boys been splashing round and having a good time.

Ouestions Answered.

Charles G. Lockwood—The green tone comes from overtoning. You cannot be too careful in following directions.

John C. Lockhardt—Dust your plates be-fore putting them in the holder, and the chances are that you will have no trouble with "pinholes."

Llewellyan Hemingway—With a second exposure your plate was probably over-exposed, and it is thin because you did not leave it in the developer long enough.

Alex G. Atworth—Instead of reading "under-timed or under-exposed," it should have read "under-timed or under-developed." These slips will occur, Sometimes the text itself brings the correction.

Jo Wall—You made your exposure right against the sun, and that white spot on the lower left hand corner of the print is caused by the sun shining into the camera. The next picture you take, have the sun at your back, or on one side.

Archie McMahon—It is hardly worth while to spend much time over an under-exposed plate if you can get a shot at the same scene over again. If this is not possible, then buy some one of the intensifiers to be found on the market,

Joseph Greene—You will get more satisfaction out of platinum paper than of any
other kind, and though the first cost is a
will little more than papers that have to be
the the toned, in the long run many photographers
insist that it is the cheapest. Warm tones
and
and

Will T. Wells—The camera and lens are all right. You tried to do the impossible. Buy a tripod and use it for time pictures, or at least put the camera on something that will not move. Pictures taken from a fast train of nearby objects will have that same blurred appearance.

Frank Buddington—It is impossible to name "the best camera on the market." A camera may be "best" for outdoor views, and another the "best" for interior work. Look at several kinds, and then take the one that suits your temperament and in-clination "best."

clination "best.

Clarence Corp—Photographs that were inished in 1888 and have not yet faded, are liable to keep their tone indefinitely. But this wouldn't justify you placing them in strong sunlight. Try a small quantity of formaldyhide in your paste. That is oderliess, and is a great preservative.

D. J. Noland—The editor is not sufficiently acquainted with your tastes and capabilities to advise you what camera to buy. All the standard makes have good points. The lens is of more importance than any other one thing, yet a good lens alone, without the accessories for making it effective, would not satisfy you.

Harry Yates—Metol is very powerful, and its best use is by being mixed with some less energetic chemical. If your plate "turned black." It was either because it was over-exposed, or the developer was too strong. Sollo paper is apt to remain red when the toning bath is too acid. Write to Anthony & Co., Fifth avenue, New York City, in regard to the Harvard camera.

Worthy of Commendation.

"Nesting time." taken by Elisworth Harrold, of Leetonia, O., and sent to TilE AMERICAN BOY, is a very fine picture, but it could have been improved by toning out more of the red. A great Indian mound, entitled "Graves of original American boys," taken by Evelyn Barlow, Quincy, Ill., has some artistic touches, "Little Niagara," by D. A. Morrison, Eau Claire, Wis., is a gem. Will F. Fachner's, "Starting for a cruise," Appleton, Wis., is just right. "Recreating," by Ernest Titsworth, of Floresville, Texas, is printed a little too dark for reproduction.



A JOLLY PARTY. Second Prize Photo, by Clare W. Ounningham, Lines-ville, Pa.



"THE BROWNIES' THEATRE."

Miniature stage made and photographed b George Hicks and Earl Hopkins. Sioux City, Iowa, each aged fifteen. The stage is two feet deep the opening being fourteen by sixteen inches. The scenes are painted in water colors on bristol board. It was photographed standing on a table, under a Welsbach gas lamp. Exposure, thirty minutes.

Photographic Notes.

In mixing chemicals—even in using hypo-a hydrometer is strongly recommended.

Velox paper printed by daylight seems to give more detail than when exposed to artificial light.

Amateur photographers will find an interest in making some of their autumn landscapes a "sepia" tone.

Fresh hypo acts as a hardener to the film, and it is well to change it often, therefore, during the summer.

Small prints on thick platinum paper do not need to be mounted; or, if mounted, only the two upper corners need be attached.

When running water is used in washing prints the prints should be shifted by hand occasionally, to insure all the hypo being washed out. When amateurs using small cameras take

a particularly lovely scene, it will pay to have it enlarged to a five by seven or even an eight by ten.

Do not hesitate to cut out those parts of a print that are uninteresting; it may be foreground, or sky, or perhaps the side of a building that obtrudes.

Such an improvement has been made in "blue print" paper the past few years that many prefer their photographs printed on it to the glossy prints on the paper in common use.



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WRESTLING FOR BOYS

The following is the substance of an article by George Bothmer, the champion wrestler, on the subject of "Wrestling for

wrestler, on the subject of "Wrestling for Boys:"

A great many people are averse to boys taking up wrestling because they regard it as a too violent exercise for any but grown men. Now, this is an entirely mistaken notion. Of course, when you start out you must be very careful not to overexert yourself any more than you will begin to pitch at your extreme speed the first day you play baseball next spring. If you were so foolish, you would expect to strain yourself, and so it is in regard to wrestling. Go slow at first and gradually accustom your muscles to the new and unwonted exercise, and before you realize it you will be in trim to undergo a hard bout.

There are two or three important points to which I wish to call your attention before we "get down to cases." Don't exercise too soon after meals. At least two hours should elapse before taking exercise on the mat. Another thing—don't try to do too much at first. Many of my pupils become interested in their work and think I don't let them do half enough, but if allowed to keep it up they would soon become "stale," as athletes term it. Ten or fifteen minutes of exercise on the mat should be the limit for the beginner, and you can increase the length of time you wrestle as you get hardened. But above all things remember what I have already said and go slow.

If you have never done any gymnasium

go slow.
If you have never done any gymnasium work previously, or at any rate for some time, you would better practice with the pulleys and the chest weights and other such exercisers before going in for work on the mot

such exercisers before going in for work on the mat.

If possible, get to work under a good instructor who can teach you the various holds, how to apply them to the best advantage and how to avoid and break those attempted by your opponent. When wrestling with your companions, choose those of about your own weight and strength, as a heavier man is likely at any time to do you an injury until you have attained a certain amount of ability and experience.

There are different styles of wrestling in vogue, but the most ancient and the one most practiced in America is the catch-ascatch-can. Certain fundamental rules are essential in all styles, and of these you must be master before you can hope to become expert.

weight. This will serve the double purpose of preventing him changing his position and will help to wear him out by allowing him no rest.

When you have determined on a certain line of action, go through the motions quickly and with vim, whether on the offensive or defensive. Slowness is a fatal fault in a wrestler. Keep your opponent if possible in ignorance of your intention until it has been effected.

When you have the misfortune to be the under man and are on your hands and knees, keep on moving constantly, thus not only preventing your opponent from securing a hold with care, but also, if possible, enabling you in the change of position to secure a hold on him.

Feinting is an art in which the successful wrestler must be an adept. While you are apparently securing one hold on your adversary, against which he is defending himself, suddenly change your attack and go at him in an unexpected and consequently unprotected manner, remembering always that he also is trying to deceive and catch you at a disadvantage.

Be very careful when over a man who is on the carpet not to dangle your arms or allow them to hang loosely over him. If you do, he will have an opportunity to selze one of them and draw it under him as he rolls down on his side. He can then easily pull you under him into a position from which it is simple to secure a fall. Always keep your elbows close to your sides. Failure to do this will give your adversary an opening for the most dangerous holds. Keep your eyes constantly on the move, watching every motion of your man. When you can't see him, the sense of touch must be relied on to keep you informed as to his actions.

move, watching every motion of your man. When you can't see him, the sense of touch must be relied on to keep you informed as to his actions.

Your muscles and poses must never be rigid if you wish to be quick, and keep every part of your frame supple and ready to respond to your instant demand. There is no pastime in the world which requires such instantanelty of action between thought and deed, nor is there another in which the slightest mistake or inattention is likely to be so costly.

It is, of course, impossible in a short space to explain the many holds, besides which a few minutes of actual wrestling will teach you more than a whole page of written instructions. Be sure to learn at the outset the right way in which to make and break each hold. As in everything else, a right start is a great advantage.

Remember that it is far better to practice on the mat for a few minutes each day than to do an hour's work once or twice a week.

FIFTY GOOD GAMES

As Played in Brooklyn Public Schools

From Report by Jessie H. Bancroft, Director of Physical Training

NO. 40. RELAY RACE-SINGLE.

The children stand in two or more lines at one end of the ground. The first one of each line, carrying a flag or handkerchief, races to the opposite end of the ground, touches the fence or wall with the flag, and runs back, handing the flag to number two and passing to the rear of the line. Number two starts immediately, and upon returning hands the flag to number three, ctc., until all have run. The line whose last man returns first wins the line whose last man returns first wins the

Those at the head of the line whose turn

Those at the head of the line whose turn it is to run next must stand with the toe on the line, but not beyond it. They cannot advance to meet the returging racer. If the flag is dropped, the one dropping it must return and pick it up before continuing the race. Anyone not touching the terminal wall, must go back and touch it before finishing the race. It is well for each line to have a captain to see that rules are observed, and there should be an umpire to decide which line wins.

wins.

NO. 41. RELAY RACE-DOUBLE.

NO. 41. RELAY RACE—DOUBLE.

The general idea of this game is the same as in the foregoing. The lines face each other from opposite ends of the ground. There should be at least four lines. Instead of touching the goal or terminal wall, each racer hands the flag to the leader of the line facing him, and passes to the rear of that line. The leader who thus gets the flag runs to the line facing him, from which number one came, and passes to the rear of that line. Each player thus runs only in one direction, instead of in two, as in the single relay race. This variation of the game is adapted to a very limited yard area and large classes.

NO. 42. STRADDLE CLUB.

Players stand in two or more lines, one behind another, with the feet apart in straddle position. At a signal the leaders of the lines each slide an Indian club between the feet, from the front toward the rear of the lines; the last one in each line, when he receives the club, runs with it to the front, takes position at the head of the line, and starts it in his turn. The line wins whose leader returns first to the front. If the club stops on its way to the rear.

be master before you can hope to become expert.

The successful wrestler must be a master of strategy, for it is often by taking advantage of the mistakes of one's opponent that a fall is won. Remember that the proper time to throw a man is when he is exerting his strength in the direction in which you wish to topple him. His resistance will be least then. Here is where strategy comes in. But at the same time care must be exercised not to be caught napping oneself.

It is very important to keep your adversary unaware of your intentions. Try to deceive him as to your real point of attack until the latest moment and thus hold him at a disadvantage. When you have your of preventing him changing his position and will help to wear him out by allowing him no rest.

When you have determined on a certain NO. 43. BELL CHASE.

The players stand in two lines, facing each other, at a considerable distance A dumb-bell is placed on the ground in the center of the open space between the lines. The end players opposite each other start upon a signal, to get the bell; the one reaching it first must pick it up and return to his place before his opponent can tag him. If he does this, the opponent becomes his prisoner, and must stand behind him. If he is tagged before reaching his place, he becomes the opponent's prisoner, and must becomes the opponent's prisoner, and must stand behind him.

(Others games to follow.)

Two Boys Receive Medals from Uncle Sam.

We present pictures of Wedworth and Ralph Penoyar, Jr., two brave Bay City, Mich., lads who saved the life of a little girl from drowning at the imminent risk of losing their own, and who are to receive medals from the United States government for distinguished bravery.



BAY CITY, MICH.

Wedworth is the second from the left and Raiph is on the extreme right. The boys describe their adventure as fol-

rigid if you wish to be duck, and ready to respond to your frame supple and ready to respond to your instant demand. There is no pastime in the world which requires such instantaneity of action between thought and deed, nor is there another in which the slightest mistake or inattention is likely to be so costly.

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The Amateur Journalist 🖫 ...and Printer... ĬŖŖĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸ

The Annual Convention of the United Amateur Press Association.

The next annual convention of the United Amateur Press Association will be held in St. Paul on the 8th, 9th and 10th of July, with headquarters at the Windsor Hotel. The officers of the Association feel confident that this will be the largest and most successful convention "The United" has ever held. Aside from the large number of westerners who will be in attendance, a party of fifteen or twenty will go from the east, starting from Buffalo, special arrangements having been made with the transportation companies for the round trip at a very low rate.



FLOYD R. SWITZER,

President of the United Amateur Press Association.

It is expected that the members will reach St. Paul some time Sunday, so as to become acquainted before the first session of the convention, which will be held at 10 o'clock Monday morning. The afternoon will be devoted to an excursion to Fort Snelling, or some nearby resort, and the evening will be spent at a theater or in some form of entertainment. The election of officers will take place on Tuesday. The final session will be held on Wednesday, to be followed by the annual banquet. The Twin City Amateur Press Club, which numbers twenty five to thirty enthusiastic amateur journalists, has general charge of the arrangements.

Amateurs desiring to attend can get full information by addressing Floyd R. Switzer, 7 Steuben street. Utica, N. Y. the President of the Association, or Frank J. Kearns, 190 Fourteenth street, St. Paul, Minn.

Am Enterpressing Elements.

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Applicant The Switzer of the Switzer of the Association of Frank J. Kearns, 190 Fourteenth street, St. Paul, Minn.

An Enterprising Firm of Boy Printers.

Gould & Hall, Printers, 208 Madison street,

Gould & Hall. Printers. 208 Madison street, Brooklyn, N. Y., appears at the top of a letter recently received by us. Irwin Gould and Alvin Hall, the members of the firm, are two enterprising Brooklyn boys, and they have worked up a business that brings them considerable money. Their example might be followed to advantage by other boys, and would by no means be limited to the amount of money to be gained thereby. The firm's plant consists of a Caxternette press, the chase of which measures two and one half by four inches, and about fifteen fonts of type. The samples of work they have sent us are excellent and would do credit to much older and more experienced printers. With so small a press, of course, they cannot do a very great variety of work, so they make a specialty of business and visiting cards; but they have worked up some regular customers, who give them orders for small billheads, programs, etc. They have shown a great deal of ingenuity and enterprise in working up their business, much of which has been obtained through agents. They show samples of their work mounted on dark green bristol board. Storekeepers in the neighborhood who display these in their show windows receive twenty per cent commission on the work they thus obtain for the boys. Their boy friends also act as agents.

The Wolverine Amateur Press Association.

This association was organized in March last, and desires to enroll every Michigan amateur journalist on its list of members. James H. Smith, 1312 Woodside avenue, Bay City. Mich., is president; Donald R. Heath, 157 Washington street. Monroe, vice president; Ralph K. Noble. corner Second and Macomb streets. Monroe, secretary; Elbert M. Moffatt, 1401 Forrest avenue, 8t. Joseph, treasurer; James S. Hitchcock, 109 S. Grand street., Marshall, manuscript manager; and Roy Marshall, 114 cock, 109 S. Grand street.. Marshall, manuscript manager; and Roy Marshall, 114 Jones street, Dowagiac, official editor. As Michigan contains some of the brightest and brainlest amateur journalists in the country, if we may judge by their work, this association should meet with great success. Membership blanks can be obtained from any of the officers named. A convention will probably be held in July.

FOR YOUNG MEN

The Law Student's Helper, published by The Sprague Publishing Company, the controlling owners of the Sprague Correspondence School of Law, is be oad question The Best Young Men's Paper in America.

Sprague Correspondence School of Law, is be one question The Beat Yesus Men's Paper in America.

As its name implies, it treats largely of the law, but in such a way as to make it of the greatest value and great set interest to men and women who are not studying law as well as to those who are. It averages forty pages, the month. It's editor is WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, Pres. of Sprague Correspondence School of Law; asst. editor is GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, Vice-Prin. of that as 1000. It treats of all current events in the law and political world from the standpoint of the lawyer. Its denar, ments, "Questions Amswered and Difficulties Met for Students of Law," and "The Self Examine," which gives questions from bar examinations, with their answers, have proved very valuable, while the miscellaneous matter is always unique and highly interest, ing. The rule of this paper is, once a subscriber newsys a subscriber. Its subscription list has grown to be the largest that can be claimed by any legal or semi-legal journal. We speak of this to show how it stands smong those who know what good journalism is. It appeals to the young men who are in the busy walks of life, in that it treats of current events in a simple concise manner, and one does not have to read through pages of trish to get at the substance of what he wants to know. It is to day necessary to intelligent of itzenship that one give attention to passing events and be able to view them from an intelligent standpoint. This paper supplies what no other paper gives, an opportunity for a brief, condensed philosophic review of the world of law.

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HE publishers of *The American Boy* announce a new departure, for the purpose of holding its subscribers and interesting new subscribers, and for the purpose of doing boys a genuine favor.

Heretofore, we have announced a guessing contest in each number of The American Boy. We now have something better.

We propose, between the first and fifth of August, to send to fifty boys one dollar each. We shall choose the fifty boys from among those who, during the month of July, send us one dollar to renew their own subscriptions, or send us one dollar for a new subscription, either for themselves or for others.

We can, of course, display no favoritism in the choice of the fifty boys, as we shall not be personally acquainted, perhaps, with one out of five hundred of them. We do not know at this writing just how we shall select them, but probably it will be done haphazard. We shall endeavor to get boys from various sections of the country and from city, town and country.

The one dollar that we shall give to each of the fifty boys will be something in the nature of a loan, although, as will be seen, we do not in all cases require the dollar to be paid back to us.

We ask that each one sending us one dollar during July, and who wants to be selected as one of the fifty, shall 208 E. Fourth St., agree with us that he will keep an accurate account of what he does with the money. We expect him to invest it in some way so as to make money out of it. We also ask him to agree that on the first day of October he will account to us for it, that is, tell us what he did with it. If he made money out of it so that on the first day of October he has more than the dollar, we shall expect him to return us the one dollar and keep what he made. If, however, he has spent the money or lost it in some business venture, we shall not expect him to return it to us. If he has spent part of it and has less than one dollar left, we shall ask him to return to us what he has, In other words, boys will be entitled to keep all over and above one dollar that they make out of the dollar, and if on October first they have not a whole dollar left, they are to send to us that part of the dollar which they may have. In no case will any boy be compelled to pay us back one dollar where he has not made more than one dollar out of it

In sending in your renewal or your subscription during the month of July, please, therefore, write on the back of the subscription blank, or incorporate in your letter some place, the statement enclosed in the border.

Perhaps some suggestions can be made as to how a boy may invest a dollar to advantage. Buy two or three chickens and sell the eggs; buy a hoe, and agree to keep your own and your neighbors' lawns free from weeds at a certain price per weeks buy twenty copies of The American Boy with the dollar and go out and sell them at ten cents each, or buy copies of your local paper or any paper or magazine at a wholesale price, and sell them at a retail price, using your capital over and over again every week or month. Buy seeds or plants and grow them for sale; buy pencils at wholesale, sharpen them nicely and sell them at retail, or invest in any little articles that you can buy at wholesale price and sell them again. These and many other things will suggest themselves to a live American boy.

F you select me as one of the fifty who are to receive a dollar from you, I agree to invest the dollar in some money-making scheme, on the conditions published on page 287 of your July number. I will report to you on the first of October what I did with the money.

We have little patience with a boy who says that he cannot make money. There are few boys so situated but that they can turn a penny to good use in the way of increasing it

When the fifty boys have reported on the way they have used their money, we shall publish, in an early issue of The American Boy next fall, an account of what the fifty boys have done, from which thousands of other boys may learn lessons of thrift.

Remember

Once more let us say that we will send each of fifty boys one dollar, the boys to be chosen by us from among those who send us one dollar during July, either to renew their own subscriptions or for a new subscription. We shall select boys only from

among those who will, in sending us the one dollar, agree to invest the dollar, keep an account of their receipts and expenditures, and report to us on October 1, sending us back the dollar if they have added to it, sending us what they have left if they have only a part of the dollar left, and sending us nothing if the dollar is all gone.

Yours for wide-awake American boys, and to wake up those who are asleep

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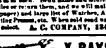
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during the year.

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> WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE EDITOR.

GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS. ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Answers to Puzzles in May "American Boy."

113. Who think too little and who talk too much.

114. T-one, H-and. E-yes, A-blest, M-oat. E-on. R-ald, I-deal, C-ash, A-corn, N-lee, B-all, O-ration, Y-ear.
THE AMERICAN BOY.

CARAC MATTRAS BARTENDER CARNAGE CADGE SEE \mathbf{R}

116.

TEARER EFFETE REECHO ETCHER RETORT

- 117. HORACE, OSCAR, ADAM,
- 118. ILL. OHIO. WISCONSIN.
- 119. DETROIT. BUFFALO.
- 120. AUTOMOBILE.

Award of Prizes to Solvers.

First complete list—DeWitt Gillies, 1027 Twentieth avenue, S. E., Minneapolis,

Second complete list-No name or address given.

Third complete list—Edward Haven, 17 Broadway, New York City. Fourth complete list—Frank Alcott, Boston. Mass.

NEW PUZZLES.

121.

Dlamond.

1. A letter. 2. A humorist. 3. Annoys. 4. Australian hurrowing anima's. 5. A foreigner. 6. Harness. 7. Anything that gives acute pain. 8. To hang loosely. 9. A letter.

| 122. | | | | |
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| N | M | I, | 1 | V |
| P | 0 | A | N | T |
| I | R | C | D | 0 |
| R | L | G | I | × |

Read these squares up or down, to the right or left, or diagonally so that one square touches the next and decipher the names of eight of our Presidents.

123.

Curtailments.

- Curtail to repair and leave people. Curtail a boy's name and leave move.

 Curtail a call and leave a bad place edit not eatisfactory.
- 5. Curtail tough and leave firm.

Decapitations.

Behead a weapon and leave a name of anything.

2. Behead a sudden burst of light and

leave to whip.

3. Behead a country of Europe and leave 3. Behe suffering.

Behead a ruler and leave an inhabitant.

5. Behead a boy's name and leave grade.

6. Behead a bird and leave one who

loves.

125.

Conundrum.

I never was what men are Yet I was what men are. LOUIS G. RODRIGUES, Georgetown, Damarara, B. G.

Cross-Word

My FIRST is in bowl, but not in tub, My SECOND is in bear but not in cub, My THIRD is in horse, but not in cow, My FOURTH is in then, but not in now, My FIFTH is in putting, but not in put, My SIXTH is in rooting, but not in root, My SEVENTH is in mustang, but not in

EIGHTH is in teacher, but not in

My NINTH is in scolds, but not in kicks, My TENTH is in stones, but not in

My whole was a great general.

127.

Anagram.

SPINE AN OX without any disguises Is what McKinley strongly advises.

Albert A. Fels, the Boy Who Won the Printing Outfit.

We present herewith a picture of Albert A. Fels, of Swanton, Ohio, the fourteen-year-old boy who, by coming the nearest to estimating the number of immigrants landing from steerage at the Ellis Island Immigrant Station. New York, in the month of March, won the fifty dollar printing outfit. In a letter to us of June 6, he says: "You want to know how I made the guess. I took the immigration from the year previous, as given by you, and divided it by twelve, and also took the number for the preceding year, as given by you, and



divided it by twelve. This gave me the average per month for each year, and showed me the average gain per month. I found that the average gain per month of last year over the year before was 8.281. I figured that the immigration in March could not be so great as it would be in other months, so I only added 6.000 instead of 8.261."

Young Fels was born in Swanton. Ohio, October 11, 1887, so is less than fourteen years old.

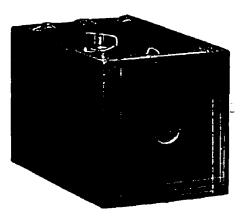
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[JULY, 1901

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Detroit, Michigan, August, 1901

PRICE, \$1.00 A YEAR 10 Cents a Copy

The Barefoot Boy

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Blessings on thee, little man, Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan! With thy turned-up pantaloons, And thy merry whistled tunes; With thy red lip, redder still Kissed by strawberries on the hill; With the sunshine in thy face. Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace; From my heart I give thee joy,— I was once a barefoot boy! Prince thou art—the grown-up man Only is republican. Let the million-dollar ride! Barefoot trudging at his side, Thou hast more than he can buy In the reach of ear and eye,— Outward sunshine, inward joy: Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O, for boyhood's painless play, Sleep that wakes in laughing day, Health that mocks the doctor's rules, Knowledge never learned of schools, Of the wild bee's morning chase, Of the wildflower's time and place, Flight of fowl and habitude Of the tenants of the wood; How the tortoise bears his shell, How the woodchuck digs his cell, And the ground-mole sinks his well; How the robin feeds her young, How the oriole's nest is hung: Where the whitest lilies blow, Where the freshest berries grow, Where the groundnut trails its vine, Where the wood-grape's clusters shine; Of the black wasp's cunning ways, Mason of his walls of clay And the architectural plans, Of gray hornet artisans! For, eschewing books and tasks, Nature answers all he asks; Hand in hand with her he walks, Face to face with her he talks, Part and parcel of her joy,-Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O, for boyhood's time of June, Crowding years in one brief moon, When all things I heard or saw, Me, their master, waited for.



I was rich in flowers and trees, Humming-birds and honey-bees; For my sport the squirrel played, Plied the snouted mole his spade; For my taste the blackberry cone Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches, too,
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, and sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man, Live and laugh, as boyhood can! Though the flinty slopes be hard, Stubble-speared the new-mown sward Every morn shall lead thee through Fresh baptisms of the dew; Every evening from thy feet Shall the cool wind kiss the heat: All too soon these feet must hide In the prison cells of pride, Lose the freedom of the sod, Made to tread the mills of toil. Up and down in ceaseless moil: Happy if their track be found Never on forbidden ground; Happy if they sink not in Quick and treacherous sands of sin. Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy, Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

A Holiday Adventure

L. M. MONTGOMERY



girls, while Fred hunted up Curtis. Uncle Will turned up just as we were leaving and scanned the sky critically. Pretty stiff breeze, don't you think, Fred?

We

Not too stiff. It's fair for going over and it'll be calm enough by coming home time, likely."
"Well, don't stay too late, and look out for the reef,"

said Uncle, as we started.

There were eight of us in all-Aunt Ray and my three cousins, Muriel, Bert and Curtis, Miss Seymour, the Westmount school teacher, who boarded at Uncle a second later we all joined in. We laughed until Will's, Edna Woodward, a girl who was visiting every hoary old beech and pine on Glenn's re-echoed. Muriel: Fred Grant and myself.

We soon reached the shore and were rowed out our spirits went up with a bound. in a dory to Fred's boat, "The Belle,"

which was anchored off the point. She was a big two-master, and, although a fishing boat, was as daintily neat and clean as she could be. Fred saw to that, for she was the pride of his heart.
"Mind the reef, Fred," shouted his

father, a tanned old salt who was popularly supposed to have forgotten more about the bay than his mates ever knew, "and don't stay if you find it blowing up any stronger. "Tain't safe to fool with a wind from that quarter."

Fred shouted, "all right," and we settled down to enjoy our sail. The wind was fair and steady and "The Belle" flew before it with a speed and grace that were simply exhilarating.

We had a clear course with the exception of Glenn's Island reef. The bay was studded with islands, the largest of which was Glenn's. They were all uninhabited save for a few weeks now and then when fishermen camped on them.

Glenn's lay about halfway between Westmount and Clifton and a long rocky reef ran out from its southeast corner. To get around this reef required considerable knowledge and skill, but Fred possessed both and we were soon past it.

The picnic was in full swing when we reached Clifton and the members of our party soon became separated. I fell in with some town boys I knew, and the time passed so swiftly that it was four o'clock before I again caught sight of Fred, who was prowling around with an anxious look on his face.

"I've been looking for you," he exclaimed. "We must hunt our crowd up and get right off. and get right off. The wind is rising to a gale. We don't feel it here in the shelter, but if we don't get away soon we'll have more of a picnic than we bargained for before we get home.

After some time we found Aunt Ray and Miss Seymour, and later on Curtis and Bert turned up, but Muriel and Edna were nowhere to be seen. Finally someone told us they had gone with some friends for a drive.

There was nothing to do but wait until they got back. With all this delay it was now five o'clock and Fred had altogether given and Albiert by the state of the s altogether given up talking, which I thought was a bad sign.

When the girls came back he hustled us off uncerewas too green a hand to be a good judge, I did not like the look of it.

"Think we can do it, Fred?" I asked.

"We'll try," he answered, determinedly. "The folks over home will be wild if we don't turn up tonight. Don't scare the girls. There's no fear of our getting upset. It's the reef that worries me. If we can't get around it we'll have to come back, that's all."

At first we got on well enough, thanks to Fred's skill. The rest of our party did not appear at all alarmed. They were accustomed to the bay in every mood and had perfect confidence in Fred. Bert was guying Curtis about some girl with green ribbons in cream; Aunt Ray and the girls were tormenting poor Miss Seymour about some old widower who had been making up to her at the picnic; they all seemed to be getting a great deal of fun out of their jokes and it kept them from thinking of danger or noticing Fred's silence.

We managed to get around the reef, but our troubles had only begun then. Everybody wakened up to the seriousness of the situation when a big wave broke clean over the boat and drenched us well.

"Fred, what are you doing with us?" shouted Curtis. We were in a sort of whirlpool and it seemed to me take the big as if "The Belle" must capsize with every plunge. I boat and all looked around and thought we must be the worst scared crowd anybody could imagine. Everyone was as white as a sheet and Fred was the only cool on of the lot. "We can't go on," he shouted. "We'll be drowned

if we do. There are two tides setting around the island and we're caught between them. There's nothing to do but put back and land on Glenn's till the wind goes down. Lend a hand, boys."

Curtis and I sprang to his assistance and we soon had "The Belle" put about. A few minutes later we Bert and I hurried to the house to tell Aunt Ray and the reached comparatively calm water in the lee of the headland and anchored. There was no obliging longshoreman with his dory to land us now. We boys had to wade out in the water and carry the dripping girls ashore.

There we were, cold and wet, and with the cheerful prospect of staying on Glenn's all night. We looked at each other glumly. This was a nice wind-up to our

The reaction from terror and anxiety had come and

"I'm sure I don't know what there is to laugh moniously. The bay was very rough and, although I, about," gasped Edna at last, as she wiped her eyes. "but you all look so funny and forlorn.

We're like a lot of drowned rats," said Bert. "Curtis, if that green-ribboned divinity of yours were to see you now she wouldn't own you."

"Don't you wish Ethel Brander were here?" put in Muriel. "She's everlastingly talking about 'new experiences.' If this wouldn't satisfy her I don't know what would."

We all made some flimsy joke in turn and even began to think that being half-drowned and stranded on Glenn's for the night was quite romantic; but Aunt Ray and Fred kept us down to practical things.

What's to be done first?" asked the former, "Haveher hair whom the latter had been treating to ice a grand rummage for matches," responded Fred. "If we can get a fire and dry ourselves we'll not be so badly off.'

We had our "rummage" and then looked at each other. Not a match in the crowd! Fred whistled. Well, come on! It's too windy to stay here. If I'm not mistaken there are two old fishing shanties up above somewhere. They'll be shelter at any rate. Accordingly we scrambled up the steep, wet bank, getting considerably daubed with mud in the process. picked our way for some distance through brush and undergrowth and at last found the two shanties built in a sheltered spot under the pines. They were wretchedly small and shaky but, as we all cheerfully agreed, better than nothing. Aunt Ray and the girls took the larger one and we boys crowded into the

A sort of rude shelf ran around three sides of the room, so leaving the door open for ventilation-for the wretched little place was only a few feet square and had no windows-we stretched ourselves out on the shelf, hoping to get a wink or two of sleep for it was now dark and we were thoroughly tired out. Vain hope! In a few minutes the silence was broken by a grunt from Curtis, followed by a vigorous slap. Bert fellowed suit. The mosquitoes of Genn's had found us

"Great Scott!" grouned Fred, sitting up and laying about him in a lively fashion. 'This is the last straw. Curtis, shut the door-do."

Curtis did so, but matters were not improved thereby: The mosquitoes were in and meant to stay. We slapped and squirmed, and Curtis growled that he had cut his finger on a nail in the door and began groping in his pocketbook for a piece of court plaster. Suddenly be gave a shout: "I've got a match-here in my pocketbook, dry as a bone. One solitary match! Who'll take , the responsibility of lighting it? I won't, that's certain."

"Fred's the man," I said, and in a second we were all outside, picking up bits of brush in the gloom and searching for birch bark. When we were ready Fred knelt down and struck that precious match, cuddling the feeble blaze in his hands while we watched anxiously. Presently a tiny tongue of blue flame darted around the bark,

quivered and flickered for a moment. then shot up in a burst of light. We gave a shout that made the woods ring and brought the girls out to see what

was the matter.

In a few minutes we had a jolly fire and were basking contentedly around it. Overhead we could hear the wind thrashing among the tree tops and far out the boom of waves on the reef, but we were safely sheltered. It was quite a picturesque scene-the ruddy firelight streaming up to the dark crests of the pines, the army of shadows that skulked in and out among the trees. and the circle of laughing faces around

the blaze. We told stories and sang songs for an hour or two, until we were thoroughly warm and dry. Then we crawled back to the shanties and as the smoke of our fire had banished the mosquitoes we soon fell asleep.

I was awakened by someone shaking my shoulder and opened my eyes to see Fred grinning down at me, while through the open door I saw clear blue sky and fresh morning sunshine slanting athwart the trees.

"Get up, Lazybones." said Fred. "It's five o'clock and time we were off. The wind has gone down and it is a glorious morning."

The others were soon aroused and in a short time we were again on heard "The Belle." It was still very rough. but we had a fine sail home and reached Westmount in safety about seven o'clock, a very hungry crowd indeed.

If "all's well that ends well" our adventure must have been well too, for nobody was any the worse for it, and it is something to be laughed and talked over every time we meet.

As Edna says, "Well I'm glad I had

the experience, but I wouldn't want to have such another."



It seemed * * as though "The Belle" must capsize at every plunge

An Engineer's Story

F. O. JONES

¹0-00-00-00-00-00-00-00-00-00-00-00-0

"No I never had many exciting experitime, for the past thirty one years, has been spent in a cab.

neer's answer to my query.

of the story, I will simply state that an important Empire State. We were wreck.

After sending two messages,

interval of waiting. Sauntering on past the smoker, baggage and mail cars, I found the engineer, a well-built and well-preserved

man of about fifty, taking advantage of the delay to carefully inspect and oil his engine.

The exchange of a few words soon put us on friendly terms. To my delight, I learned that his was both the fastest and the most powerful passenger engine on the road. If western connections were late or other divisions lost time, No. 927 was expected to straighten out matters. In the two years since she came from the shops she had never failed to perform her part, and railroad men knew the "unavoidable" had happened if she did not roll into the division terminal on time.

An interesting chat of a few minutes naturally led up to the question which brought forth the answer at the beginning of this

story.
"No," continued the engineer, after closely inspecting an oil cup to make certain that it was properly working. "it's about the same, year in and year out. There isn't much room for accidents where one is always careful. It's the habit of taking chances which leads to so many railroad horrors.

"Of course, occasionally a stray animal gets on the track or foolish people race with the train for a crossing, but these are minor things, and do not greatly disturb the nerves of the average engineer. I do not recall but one 'nerve-destroyer' in my own experience, and that was several years ago. Guess I'm not likely to forget it, however, for every time I approach the spot, the same awful feeling begins to creep over me.

I intimated that I would very much like to hear the story.

Well, as we are likely to stay here some time, I don't mind telling you about it. I see Joe, my fireman, is busy pitching quoits, so come up and have a scat in the cab; it will be more comfortable than standing around.

It happened in the latter part of April, '94. Perhaps you can recall the damp weather of that spring. Hardly twenty four hours passed without some rain falling. The

ground was pretty thoroughly soaked, and people began to think another '88 season was at hand.
"My run then was wholly after dark, beginning at

seven fifteen o'clock and ending at nine thirty hve. for water. Everything had been working finely, and On that particular day the train had been very slowly, we had gained ten minutes on our schedule. I conbut just as surely, losing time, largely caused by the added weight of two extra coaches containing delegates returning from some convention.

five minutes late. That I would be expected to make around a high hill, passing from one valley into anup this lost time was a foregone conclusion. Officials other. The grade was in our favor, so that it was are not apt to worry themselves about such trifles a comparatively easy matter to get the train under a slippery track and air

damp enough to smother the fire.

walting for me. It wasn't the first time, and I knew rested an instant on the clouds, like some monstrous there was something special on his mind. Years ago. we were boys together, so there was none of that constraint which often exists between employer and

employee.
"'Bill,' he said, 'there's a party of railroad capitalists on board to-night, and I want to give them an nothing nearer than C—, fourteen miles away; be-eye-opener. The best we can do, you will pull out sides, it was too narrow and too brilliant to be proeye-opener. The best we can do, you will pull out twenty three minutes late; shall I have an extra made, duced in such a manner.

my train and all the credit. 'Guess No. 927 won't some curious reason, I felt concerned us. need any help, though it's going to be a mighty hard i

'All right, old man,' I said. 'Just keep a clear line and I will 'tend to the rest.'

"This was a hint for him to watch the dispatcher's office a little, for I knew there were three heavy freights out on the line ahead of us, and they are apt ences, though most of my to be slow and delay other trains on such nights.

"When I arrived at my engine, I found it already coupled on and Joe busy in the cab.

n cab," "Well, Joe, you will have to keep her red-hot to-This was a veteran engi-night,' I said. 'There's a special party on board, while the superintendent is on particular nettles. We've got To be as brief as possible to squeeze the schedule to the tune of twenty three though she meditated jumping the track. with the uninteresting part, minutes if 927 goes to the shops to pay for it.

"After testing the air brakes and using more than my customary care to make sure that everything was business engagement had all right, I settled back on the seat with one hand made me a passenger on resting on the throttle lever. Gazing down through one of the "flyers" which the interminable lights of the yard, I could see that traverse the length of the the main line was clear, ready for our coming.

"The signal to 'go ahead' had scarcely been given being delayed at a small ere I had the train under motion, and we were soon country station by a freight rushing through the night like a meteor.

"Though the rains were frequent, there had been no reports of seriously high water along the line, and I began looking around for I did not apprehend any danger from that source, bered that, less than half a mile around the hill, a something to while away the The clouds hung low and the darkness was intense, single-span iron structure one hundred and forty feet

"There was no bridge visible. Instead, I could distinguish nothing save a yellowish expanse which I knew was water."

but every foot of the track was familiar to me, and felt no hesitancy about crowding on steam.

"About fifty miles out we were compelled to stop gratulated myself that we were in a fair way to run cut the engine loose so she won't be a drag, and then into Bon time.

From the watering station the track runs straight When the train reached my division, it was twenty for nearly four miles; then the road swings sharply

beadway again. "We had gone hardly more than a mile when sud-At the station, the superintendent himself was dealy a ray of light shot up from behind the hill and ghostly finger. Then it disappeared, only to reappear again at irregular intervals. This struck me as being rather strange. I knew it could not be produced by opening the door of a fire-box, for the operator at the watering station had just told me that there was

"'No,' I replied, for I didn't fancy losing a part of watched the play of that finger of light, which, for "Telling Joe to keep a sharp lookout for signals, I

"Now, when I was a young man, I had an idea had no difficulty in learning most of the particulars.

run. Besides, an extra would be dangerous in this that I might want to be chief dispatcher some day, weather.'

"I know you will do your best, Bill, and don't but the work was too confining for me, so I went on need any urging, but don't fail this time of all others.'

the road. I might have forgotten all about it long ago, but I formed the habit of occasionally strolling into telegraph offices to try my luck at reading.

'After a moment's pause, the flashes were resumed. This time I easily recognized the Morse alphabet. You may imagine with what intense interest I slowly

read the message.

"Three short flashes, s; one long flash, t; two separated short flashes, o; five short flashes, p. Stop.

"What could it mean? I hardly breathed, though No. 927 gave tremendous lurches from side to side as

One long flash, t; one short flash, two short flashes, r; short flash, long flash, a; two short flashes, i; leng flash, short flash, n. Train.

"One long flash, three short flashes, b; one short flash, two short flashes, r; two short flashes, i; one long flash, two short flashes, d; two long flashes, one short flash, g; short flash, e. Bridge.
"Two long flashes, one short flash, g; two sep-

arated short flashes, o; long flash, short flash, n; short flash, e. Gone!

"What, the bridge gone? The possible import of the message quickly dawned upon me when I remem-

> long carried the tracks over a small stream. Yet it was twenty feet above the bed of the stream, and surely safe from any flood. Then, too, the message was so strange, so uncanny, that I hesitated the smallest fraction of a second before, with the instinct born of caution, I shut off steam and threw on the brakes to bring the train under control.

> We could not have been making less than seventy miles an hour, and were still going like a thunderbolt when we swept around the hill. Then I beheld a scene which burned itself upon my memory and aroused every nerve in my body. The ray of light had left the clouds and rested where the bridge ought to be, but there was no bridge visible. Instead. I could distinguish nothing save a yellowish expanse which I knew was waterwater up to the very base of the rails-water where no one would have dreamed it pos-

"With hardly more than a single movement I turned the air brake lever around to the emergency notch and sanded the track. Then there remained nothing for me to do except to watch that death-spot in the tracks. I could see large trees and even buildings borne along on the flood with as much ease as chips, and its awful roar already smote on my ears.

'It is no easy matter to stop a heavy, vestibuled train, even under favorable conditions. We seemed to be pushed along by an unseen power behind, though a blaze of sparks from each side of the track testified to the terrible grinding of iron which was

going on.

"If you have never been borne along toward some danger with no power to help yourself, you cannot possibly imagine my feelings. I had no fears for my own safety-I could easily jump and escape—but the thought of the two hundred helpless passengers made me break out into a sweat of agony. A muttered prayer, a shriek or two, and then all would be over-drowned like

"So far, Joe had manfully stuck to his post without a word, but now he came over on my side.

"'For the love of life, Bill, can't you stop her?'

"Turning for an instant, I caught an expression of horror on his face which I hope never to see again. 'Impossible,' I answered. 'And may God help the passengers, for they are beyond human aid. But there is no call that you should stay any longer, Joe. Quick, save yourself.

'Brave as he was. Joe didn't need a second invitation, but as he disappeared over the tender he hesitated long enough to shout back:

'Jump, Bill, jump!'

"The speed of the train was fast lessening, but it appeared impossible to avert the impending disaster. Reasoning that I might be of service in the work of rescue, and having done all that could be done in the cab, I swung myself off.

"Of course, I expected to see No. 927 at least disappear from sight, but no, she balked with her nose actually poked out over that seething torrent. Hastily climbing back into the cab, I backed the train a short distance for safety, and then did a very unmanlike thing-broke down and cried like a baby. But I guess there were other moist eyes when they saw how narrowly we had escaped.

"The next afternoon, I visited the scene with the superintendent and some of the other officials.

"It seems that earlier in the evening a cloud-burst hand engine and dynamo somewhere. With the aid had occurred somewhere up the valley, and the or- of some books and at the expense of a great deal of dinarily harmless stream quickly became a young experimenting, he had managed to construct a sort of Niagara. Wooden bridges, out-houses, barns and every kind of wreckage were piled against the railroad bridge, while immense trees and logs acted as battering rams to drive the mass together. In ten minutes, astonishment of everybody else. the jam was simply indescribable.

"There could be only one result. The company's bridge had to go, and go it did, leaving behind an unbridged, foaming torrent which would have easily engulfed our whole train.

"Across the stream on a knoll stood the house of a farmer by the name of Jenkins. Among his sons was a young man of eighteen with a decidedly mechanical turn of mind. All of his spare time and money went into mechanical study and experiments, much to the old farmer's disgust. A short time previous to that fateful evening, he had secured a second-

a search-light. This was provided with a sliding shutter, which enabled him to throw flashes of light on distant points, greatly to his own amusement and the

"While watching the havoc wrought by the flood with the aid of his search-light, he discovered that the bridge was gone. Already our train was due. It was folly to think of crossing the stream, for every bridge within miles had been swept away, and no telegraph office could be reached in time to warn us. He was just on the verge of despair when an idea that was hardly less than an inspiration flashed through his mind. Why not signal with the searchlight? Providentially, among the useful things which he had picked up during spare moments was the Morse aiphabet.

"Once conceived, he lost no time in putting the idea into execution. Not knowing that I understood telegraphy, his hope was that the operator at the watering station might notice and catch the message in time to prevent our leaving. It was a forlorn chance with no alternative. When it had apparently failed, he threw, as a last resort, the light so that it illuminated the scene of destruction. The final result you already know.

"Did the company give him a handsome reward? No; they did what was better. After finding out that he was honest and of good habits, they gave him an opportunity to show the stuff that he was made of. He is in the dispatcher's office now, and I'm no prophet if he doesn't top off as general superintendent or president one of these days. It was his industry and quick wit alone which saved the world from being shocked by the most awful railroad accident ever known."

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR

FANNY FORBES

"Judge, that's a curious watch charm you wear. I've often noticed it. May I ask as to its history, if it has one?"

"Yes, it has a history," the judge answered, "and a most peculiar one. See the date?" he asked, holding up the silver dime, which formed the charm in question, "'1860,' just forty years ago. The year it was coined it came into my possession through what I've always termed my first case, and I've kept it all this time as a trophy of youthful prowess."



"Will you give me your gun?"

"Well, let's have its history, if you are not too tired fter the trying day in court."

"No, I am not tired," he replied slowly, "but I swered.

hated to pronounce that sentence: ten years hard labor is pretty stiff, even for wanting another man's money, isn't it?"

"Well, it's the way of the transgressor," I replied,

carelessly. "How about the charm?"

"When I was fifteen years old," began Judge Barry, "living on my father's farm, I was fonder of hunting than I am now. On the farm next to ours was a boy about my own age, and we were inseparable. He was a fine fellow in many ways, but had a hot temper, and with it a dogged both front legs of the rabbit and, sure enough, there determination to succeed in anything he undertook. was one forefoot gone. It was the ghost rabbit and All our spare time was given to hunting, and to making and setting traps for game, which in that locality I looked, he quietly reached for his gun, which lay

was plentiful. There was one point on which we differed; he was great on shooting, while I preferred to trap my quarry. There was to me a fascination in the uncertainty with which I would approach my traps and snares in the early winter morning, and when from a distance I could see the trigger down-well, every boy knows how it feels. Tom and I had hunted one particular rabbit with more fervor than I would now hunt a gold mine. This rabbit was a veteran, and in doubling, turning and eluding, he was a pastmaster; then he had a knack of shedding cold lead that was something uncanny; in consequence we named him the ghost rabbit. It finally came to be a test of skill between Tom and I as to who should get that rabbit. I had shot at him, and Tom had shot at him; each vowing the shot had gone through without turning a hair. Tom came nearest to victory when he cut one forefoot off, but this did not seem to interfere with either the speed or ingenuity of the ghost

"'I'll get him,' said Tom one day after a hard, though unsuccessful chase; 'I'll get him, if he is a real flesh and blood rabbit.'

"'Don't look much like it now,' I replied, 'for all you're a crack shot.' Tom's superior skill as a marksman was a sore point with me.

"'What will you give me if I get him?" he asked, his quick temper taking fire at the taunt. 'Will you give me your gun?'

"'No, I'll not give my gun, but I'll give you a tencent piece if, before the week is out, I do not get him.

"'How? Not with that gun; why you couldn't hit an elephant with that,' he said, contemptuously.

"'That's all right, but I'll get him just the same,' I replied.

"'You'll never trap him, if that's what you mean; he's too smart.'

"'I'll (rap him,' I answered.

"'You can't do it! I'm so sure that I will make you this proposition: If you bring me that ghost rabbit, mind, with one forefoot gone, I'll give you a tencent piece and I'll give you'-and he paused to give the offer due emphasis-'I'll give you my gun be-

"'My, you must be sure, to offer that precious gun of yours,' I said.

"'I am,' he answered shortly, and something in his face struck me as being very near an angry scowl.

"'Well, you needn't get angry about it; we haven't either of us got him yet,' I said, turning away.

"That day I set all my surest traps in the most likely places, selecting my best bait, and waited with no little anxiety for the next morning. It came, and so did two or three more mornings, but they brought no success. Tom had no better luck, though he hunted eagerly all day long. The eventful week drew to a close; only one more day remained. I carefully looked over my traps, baited them anew, and set them carefully, while Tom started out bright and early with his gun.

"'You might as well give up, Ned,' he called out, passing our yard; 'if it had snowed you might hope to catch him, but not now. Bring over your money early, I want to use it.'

"'I will, when I come over to get your gun,' I an-

"'That night I did not sleep much. Next morning, with the first gray streak of dawn, I was up and on my way to my traps. I had visited all but one which was in a thicket about half a mile from the house. The light had grown brighter, and as I neared the spot I could see distinctly; the trigger was down, and there kneeling in front of the trap was Tom, just in the act of taking out a rabbit. I stopped aghast; he is going to bring it to me, I thought. As I watched him from the corner of the thicket he carefully lifted no mistake; but what was he going to do with it? As

beside the trap, and started swiftly in the direction of his home. Was he, my friend, going to steal the prize from me? With a bound I was after him. 'Tom,' I cried, 'what are you doing? Were you going to steal my rabbit?' He turned quickly, his face set and resolute, his eyes dogged. 'Your rabbit?' he asked; 'how do you know it's yours? Haven't I traps, too?' 'I saw you take it from my trap not two minutes ago, and if you don't give it to me I'll take your gun, for it is now mine,' I cried, seizing his gun by the barrel and pulling it with a jerk from under his arm.

"'Look out, it's loaded,' he cried, dropping his

"'Give me that rabbit,' I demanded, laying hold of it, while it gave a shrill cry of terror.

"Here, take it, and take the gun, too, they're yours; you caught it fair. And here is the money,

"'What were you going to do with it?' I asked, taking the rabbit, but turning away from the gun and money. 'I was going to shoot it and bring it to you,' he answered, sullenly. 'I didn't want your money, but I couldn't bear to have you beat me. I would have told you after awhile. Here, take the gun; it's yours.'

"'I don't want your gun or anything belonging to you,' I replied, 'but I do want that ten-cent piece. I want to keep it to remember you as a thief, Tom Ramsay.' "

"Tom Ramsay!" I cried, "why, that was the name



as he slowly detached the coin

from his watch chain, and tossed it into the water, "and

he had the same expression on his face

to-day as I sentenced him that he had

the morning he handed me that coin."

How Two Grouse Saved Their Home

ROBERT B. BUCKHAM



AST fall, while spending a month in one of New England's village communities,

I formed the acquaintance of a good-natured fellow, familiarly known among the villagers by the name of "Hank," who at that time was going about on crutches. He was a typical back-

woodsman, long and. lank, with an insatiable fondness for tobacco, and for roaming the woods with his muzzle-loading fowling

der, in search of "game," as he said—quite a talkative individual, withal, and, as I am convinced, strictly honest.

It was from him that I secured the facts which form the thread of the following no good, for as a incident, and, although I cannot personally vouch for its spection it was strict truth, yet my informant's finally accepted apparent veracity in other mat-

ters which came to my observation lead me to believe last putting that he told the truth.

He related his story one evening as we sat before the roaring wood stove at the village grocery store, plot which between long whiffs from a huge briar pipe filled with they had so a generous supply of tobacco, such as the resources long been of the establishment afforded, and from his account planning. I gathered the following facts:

In a sheltered glen in the depths of a pine wood back of the village, there lived a pair of grouse. Food here was sufficient at all times of the year blackberries and blueberries in the summer, and wintergreen berries in the winter; so that Mr. and Mrs. Grouse lived in comfort and even luxury in their woodland home.

But one annoyance they had, one which preyed considerably upon their happiness of mind; every autumn a great, lank individual. armed with a fowling piece, whom the reader will doubtless recognize as "Hank," came prowling through the woods, driving them from their comfortable retreat, and firing after them with his gun, with such a noise as to cause them to tremble with fear for hours afterward.

One morning as the reddening of the maple leaves warned the pair that autumn was again at hand, the dreaded time of the gunner's return, Mr. Grouse remarked to his wife that they must now begin to plan new tactics by which to escape the shot of the terrible gun.

"So far," said he, "our schemes have trap, and incl-worked very well. There, for instance, is the old | dentally to try one more shot at the grouse in the hemlock; how many times have we flushed behind it and saved ourselves by flying away under the protection of its thick branches! Then, too, there is the tall spruce at the head of the glen; I presume we have escaped discovery at least a score of times by hiding in its lofty top. That was a lucky thought of yours. too, dear wife, that we should skurry away on noisy wing at the first sight of the gunner, and hide in the thick bramble patch, where he is not able to follow and discover our whereabouts. But it seems to me that his visits are becoming more and more frequent, every year, and that we must either extend our list of tricks to escape him, if we would preserve our lives for another season, or else move away from here at once, and this is altogether too pleasant a home to be abandoned."

responded Mrs. Grouse, feather on my body creep, just to think of that dreadful man with the gun! How I do wish we could dis-

pose of him in some way!"

'I declare! I never thought of that before," said Mr. Grouse in high glee, strutting about and flashing his many colored ruff in the sun. "A bold plan, never attempted by any grouse that ever lived as yet, I imagine; but why should we not try it? Why should we not do away with him, instead of his doing away with us?"

From that day forth the two grouse were constantly on the watch for some means of ridding the glen of the hunter, puzzling their wits day and night in the hope of some day hitting upon a plan for ac-

prowling up the gully, gun in hand.

One dull, chilly day, late in November, as he came of beating about for the birds, as usual, he went down into a little ravine by the brook, and after thrashing about there for some time, finally departed. Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Grouse, out of sheer curiosity, had crept noiselessly up and were watching him from behind the friendly shelter of a fallen log; but not once did he notice their sparkling eyes, or as much as suspect their presence.

No sooner had he disappeared in the bushes than the two grouse advanced to see what he had been doing. Now, it so happened that on one of his excursions in search of the grouse, "Hank" had noticed a muskrat's trail in the ravine by the brook. This challenge was more than his hunter's instincts could withstand, and inasmuch as his luck with the grouse had been "poor" that fall, he determined to have a bout with the muskrat.

He had no trap of his own, but inquiry among his neighbors at last brought to light a very old and very rusty one. It was a bear trap, not a muskrat trap. to be sure, with two powerful springs and huge teeth well as physical suffering. He only remembered that on its jaws, but "Hank" regarded it as better than in some way he got hold of the fastenings of the chain nothing; and this it was,

which after a great deal of

pulling and hauling and poking with a leavy stick, he had managed to set in the ravine. grouse The spected it carefully for a long time, going around and around it, but not venturing too near. They evidently came to the conclusion that it was intended for result of their inas a means of at into operation the long been made another lunge.

glen. Now, Mr. and Mrs. Grouse had arranged all their plans for his undoing with great care, and had been awaiting his coming for some time, ready to put them into execution.

On the follow-

ing day "Hank"

came wandering

along through

the woods on his

way to visit the

Suddenly out from under a thickly matted clump of hemlocks flew Mrs. Grouse, with as loud a noise of wings as she could possibly produce, thereby setting the dead leaves swirling about in quite a little cloud behind her. The unsuspecting hunter, carelessly sauntering along with his gun over his shoulder, was taken completely by surprise, and although his piece belched forth its terrible roar, as usual, yet his aim was poor and the shot went raking through the treetops far in the rear of the flying grouse.

It was now Mr. Grouse's turn to play his part. The single barrel shotgun was empty, and, consequently, knew it; at once into the path directly before the hunter, tossing and tumbling as though he had been severely wounded by the charge from the gun. "Hank" was completely deceived, and with a shout of joy dropped his gun and rushed forward to seize his prize.

The grouse struggled just beyond his reach, and a little farther down the path, trailing one wing as though broken, and limping badly. "Hank" made another lunge, but just missed his mark again, and thus the two went down the path, the bird hobbling and fluttering along with difficulty, yet managing to keep just out of the reach of his pursuer.

complishing their wish, for again and again he came enough to flutter over the concealed trap without coming in contact with it. In another instant there was a click and a snap followed by a foud cry of pain creeping through the solemn, silent woods, instead and anger, and wily old Mr. Grouse took wing and flew away to join his bright-eyed wife and tell her

that their plan had worked to perfection.

Meantime, "Hank," caught fast in the trap, struggled and wrenched to get himself free, but all in vain. The two powerful springs were altogether too strong for him, encumbered as he was, and at every turn the ugly teeth sank deeper and deeper into his flesh, causing him intense pain.

Gradually the light faded and darkness came on, and still he lay and moaned, and shouted for help in vain. Slowly the long hours of the night passed away; it grew intensely cold, and some snow fell. Again and again he could hear the stealthy tread of some unseen denizen of the woods as it crept up to inspect him, and doubtless gloat over the feast which was expected to follow, as soon as he was too weak to defend himself.

How long the captive remained in the trap he could not definitely state. His mind was more or less a blank on that point, so intense was his mental as

> of the trap, and by a powerful pull finally succeeded in drawing the staple. A little way at a time he then dragged himself out of the woods to the road, the trap tearing his flesh vindictively with every move that he made, and was at last discovered by a neighbor, who carried

> For two months he lay in bed, suffering terribly from his wounds, blood poisoning having set in; and, indeed, the doctor informed him that he was exceptionally fortunate to have escaped lockjaw, from the cuts of the rusty

> "Ever since, I've been a-goin' on crutches," he concluded, "and if it hurts so much as all that to be trapped, I believe I'll confine my huntin' to rare flowers and such like, and let the harmless beasts go."

> Thus Mr and Mrs. Grouse saved their home, and are doubtless living in peace and contentment still, in their secluded haunt.

ANY MORE FOR SLUMBERLAND.

There's a boat that sails at half-past six From the busy port of Play. And it reaches the haven of Slumberland Before the close of day.

The boatswain whistles so low and sweet (Like a mother's lullaby)
That the travellers smile and close their To dream of angels nigh.

Sometimes the travellers tarry too long
In the busy port of Play,
And the anxious boatman coaxes and calls. And grieves at their delay.

The name of the boat is the Rock-a-bye, And it's guided by mother's hand, For she is the patient boatman, dear, Who takes you to Slumberland.

Now what is the fare a traveller pays On a Rock-a-bye boat like this? Why, the poorest child can afford the price, For it's only a good-night kiss!

Henry Clay was one of the seven children of a poor widow. He secured his education without a teacher. He delivered his first speech in a barn, with a cow and a horse for an audience.



A MISSOURI BOYS' CAMP

Down into the glen they went, then down the ravine coths. Mo. Van is locking toward us in the picture. He says the "kid" toward the brook, the crafty bird rising just high the right.

HOW HARRY PR HE WAS NOT WILL S. GIDLEY HOW HARRY PROVED HE WAS NOT A THIEF

WILL S. GIDLEY

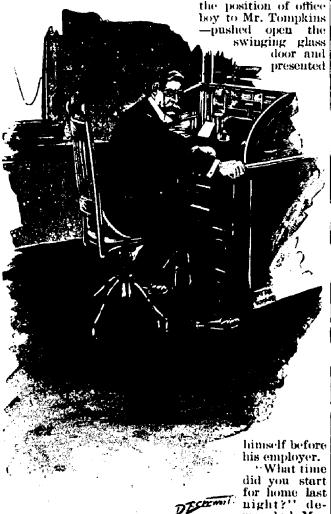
Thaddeus Tompkins, counselor-at-law, occupying rooms 99 and 100, Skyscraper building, New York City,

He sat down in his spring-back chair, slammed back the cover of his roll-top desk, and shouted forth the | andone word:

was in a state of mind the reverse of calm and agree-

"Harry!"

"Yes, sir," responded a frank, boyish voice from the adjoining room, and a second later the owner of the voice-Harry Wilson, a lad of fifteen, who held



sharply. "At the usual time-six o'clock," was the unruffled reply.

DECEMIT

manded Mr.

Tompkins,

looking up

"Did you remain in the office all the time after I left until six?'

"Are you positive you didn't go out at all?"

* * And shouted forth the one word, "Harry."

"Yes, sir; I was busy all the time copying the letters you left and getting them ready for the mail.

"Did you have any callers after I went home?" "Yes; I believe there were three."

"Who were they?"

"A messenger boy came in with a letter for you, which I signed for and left in the usual place on top of your desk; then Mr. Edwards came in and said he would like to see you in his office at 10 to-day; I made a memorandum of it, and put it under the paper weight with the letter; and the last caller was a stranger who had a model of a new invention that he wanted to show you and see what you thought about getting a patent on it."

"Did he say who he was or make any appointment to call again?'

'No, he took the model out of his satchel and said at first he would leave it and call in to-day and see you after you had looked it over; then he changed his mind and said he was in a hurry to have it attended to and would hunt up some other lawyer."

And this man was a perfect stranger to you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you leave the office while he was here?" "No, sir."

"You're sure, now?"

"Yes, sir."

"And no one else called?"

"No, sir: those three were all."

"Well, young man, I'll tell you why I have been not a night prowler after all. asking all those questions. It was raining when I So he dropped his nightly book until I reached the ferry, and then I remembered ployer's property. leaving it in my overcoat. Instead of coming back as | More than a month had passed, and Harry was be-

I ought to have done I borrowed some change and [ginning to think that his detective abilities had been went on home; and now I find I shall have to borrow some more and buy an overcoat; and this isn't the first thing that has disappeared from that closet, either. You remember my gold-handled umbrella walked off in the same way about a month ago. Begins to look as if there was a thief somewhere in the building, doesn't it?"

Harry turned pale.

mered.

"Just as sure of it as I am that I am sitting here. And now I'd like to know how you account for it?"

"Perhaps some one has a key that fits the door,

"And comes in at night after we are both gone, eh? Not at all likely; and besides, if you remember, the umbrella disappeared while I was out at lunch one noon and you were here alone." Harry colored up. "Yes, I remember that," said

he, "but I don't know how it could have happened. There were several callers in that noon, but I didn't notice any of them near the closet. I will keep a sharper lookout after this."

"You'd better if you want to keep your job. There is something very mysterious, not to say suspicious, about the disappearance of that umbrella and overcoat, and if anything of the kind happens again I shall have to let you go. I hate to do it, on your mother's account, but—well, don't let it occur again if you value your situation; that's all!"

And having delivered himself of this piece of advice, Thaddeus Tompkins, counselor-at-law, turned to his desk and began his day's work, leaving his youthful assistant in a decidedly unenviable frame of mind.

Harry Wilson was the only son of a widow in poor circumstances. She had formerly held a position as forewoman in a small cloak factory, but a year before our story opens she had been compelled to give up the place on account of failing health. Then, though only fourteen years of age. Harry had left school and stepped bravely into the breach as the wage earner of the family.

He was a bright young fellow, and his employer paid him more than most boys of his age received, still there was very little of his weekly salary left after paying the rent of the two rooms they occupied in an East side tenement and the other expenses of himself and mother.

The greatest calamity that could happen to him, he imagined, would be the loss of his job. He dreaded to even think of such a thing. And to lose it through suspicions of his honesty would make it ten times worse. How could he ever carry such news home to his mother? One thing was certain: if he lost his sit-uation it would be through no fault of his. He had no idea what had become of Mr. Tompkins' umbrella and overcoat, but he made up his mind that nothing more would disappear from that closet-while he was present, at least-without his knowing something about it.

Hereafter it would be part of his business, when his employer was absent, to keep an eye on the door of that closet. In other words, Harry proposed to play the part of detective, and capture the thief if he showed up again; or at least prevent him from steal- well take ing anything more and getting him into any further trouble.

That night when Harry was eating his supper he

suddenly asked:

"Mother, do you mind if I stay at the office nights for a week or ten days? I have something to attend to there evenings for awhile, and it will keep me so late I think I'd better do my sleeping there. There's a good leather couch that I can sleep on like a top, but of course I will be up and home in time for breakfast every morning.'

"I don't object to your sleeping there if it is really necessary for you to work so late. Harry," answered his mother. "But I shouldn't think Mr. Tompkins would require you to work like that."

"Oh, Mr. Tompkins doesn't require it, mother. I am doing it on my own account," exclaimed Harry. 'It's something special; but I'd rather not tell what it is unless you insist on it."

"I will not insist; only don't be getting into mischief, Harry.

No fear of that. I can't afford to get into any mischief as long as I've got the dearest and best little mother in the world to take care of," said Harry, playfully.

As soon as he had eaten his supper Harry went ack to the office, and for a number of nights thereafter he slept on the couch near the door, and "kept sides you haven't seen Mr. Tompkins yet about that one eye and both ears open for sneak thieves," as he expressed it afterward. But somewhat to Harry's disappointment none of these gentry called, and he was finally forced to the conclusion that he was on the wrong scent; that the rogue who had undermined his peace of mind and threatened his job was ing and tried another tack.

So he dropped his nightly vigils and resumed his started for home yesterday, so I wore my old storm-1 regular routine of duties, but the warning words, Let me out and keep mum and I'll give you five dollars coat, leaving my best overcoat hanging up in the 1"don't let it occur again, if you value your situation." cash down. What do you say to that?" closet here, with my purse containing about fifteen kept running in his mind, and he never ceased to keep dollars in one of the pockets. I didn't miss the pocket- a sharp lookout for possible appropriators of his em-

expended to little profit, when his vigilance was finally rewarded by having the fish walk right into his net, so to speak.

It happened one day during the noon hour. Mr. Tompkins had just stepped down to the restaurant in the basement, for his lunch, when a stranger opened the door and walked in. He carried a satchel, and Harry's heart jumped into his throat, as he recog-"Are you sure the—the coat is gone?" he stam- nized him as the same man who had called with the model the day Mr. Tompkins' overcoat had vanished and a pocketbook containing fifteen dollars along with it!

He was wearing an overcoat which to Harry's quick eyes looked suspiciously like the one his employer had lost, though it was somewhat shorter than that, and the velvet collar was of a different shade from that of Mr. Tompkins'.

Harry kept at work copying documents at the letter-press in the corner of the room, and although his back was partly turned to the caller, every sense was on the alert and he was keenly alive to all that was going on.

"Mr. Tompkins in?" inquired the stranger, glibly. "No; he has just stepped out to lunch," replied Harry.

"Sorry; get a work here I thought he might like to look over," said the caller, opening his satchel and taking out a small book.

It struck Harry that the size of the satchel was entirely disproportionate to the size of the book, but he kept at work and said nothing.

"Perhaps I'd better wait for him a few minutes," went on the caller, helping himself to a chair and sitting down at the farther end of Mr. Tompkins' desk, next to the clothes closet. The desk was now between Harry and the door of the closet, and although the desk completely hid the movements of the stranger and the lower part of the closet door, the upper part was still plainly visible.

Harry kept rattling away at the letter-press, apparently too busy to notice anything, but in reality he was watching that door with the vigilance of a cat lying in wait for a mouse.

Presently he saw the top of the door begin to move and swing slowly outward until it stood half way open. Harry's heart thumped like a trip hammer as he dropped his work and noiselessly glided across' the room. He reached the corner of the desk without being heard, and then with a quick spring he slammed the closet door shut and bolted it, with the enterprising caller snug and safe on the inside. "What the dickens do



things easy, Mister. I've just rung the electric bell for the janitor, and if he comes and finds that door kicked down he'll be apt to make trouble for you. work you wanted him to look over."

While he was talking, Harry had kept his foot pressed tightly against the door to offset the force of the blows on the other side, and seeing that his struggles were useless the imprisoned man ceased his kick-

Say, young fellow," said he, coaxingly, "I see I'm in a box and I'm willing to pay well to get out of it.

"Not for five hundred!" responded Harry, promptly, "I've got something at stake in this matter as well as you.

"I thought you had some sporting blood, but I see

you haven't," growled the voice on the other side of |

now I'd advise you to keep quiet for a minute; I hear ! plunder and I captured him." someone at the door.'

turning from his lunch.

"In the closet—with a man inside of it!"

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I said. The overcoat is there, and the "Thanks for the compliment," said Harry; "and thief inside of it. He came back after some more

When a policeman was found and the man in the The newcomer proved to be Harry's employer re-closet brought out and placed under arrest, it was found that Harry's surmise was correct. The over-"Well, Mr. Tompkins, I've found your lost over-coat the visitor had on was the very garment stolen has before him the pleasing prospect of steady and lucracoat!" was Harry's greeting, as he entered the room. from Mr. Tompkins' office six weeks before. It had tive employment for many years to come. He has grown "Where is it?" inquired Mr. Tompkins, looking been fitted with a new collar and altered somewhat to greatly in his employer's estimation since the day he suit the present wearer; but unfortunately for the captured the sneak thief, and is still growing; and the

owner's name, which was plainly stamped on the inside of each pocket.

The prisoner, when arraigned, was recognized as a clever sneak thief who was "wanted" by the authorities for other jobs; and he is now doing more useful work than he ever did before, with every prospect of steady employment for some years to come. Harry also thief, he had overlooked and omitted to remove the best of it is, his salary seems to grow as fast as he does.

The Sequel to a Put=out

ALLAN ROSENERANS kammanammana kammana k

A game of ball could not possibly arrive at a more exciting crisis than this one between the "Dewey nine and the "Schley" nine. It was the final half of the ninth inning, with the "Schleys" at the bat. The score was nine to eight. Two players were out. Perry Price was dancing around third base, and Harry Hughes was hovering near second. Amid a pandemonium of shouting, George Grant came to the plate. He rubbed his palms vigorously on



He rubbed his palms vigorously . . . and firmly grasped the willow.

afresh. The catcher crouched close behind the bat. Twice flew the whizzing sphere while George struck make good his boast. The moments passed, and he in vain; but his third effort caught the ball fairly, and did not come up.

slow, good-natured boy who never did anything scarcely at a faster than snail's pace. Now, however, the good angel that presided over the Dewey destinies seemed to have infused speed into his whole being. The ball came to the home plate with incredible speed, and while Perry's hand was reaching for the beyond, goal in a mighty head-first slide, the catcher touched. The boys quickly placed him face downward across goal in a mighty head-first slide, the catcher touched him out.

To lose the game so nearly won was too much for Perry's self-control and he raged against the umpire. Clark Carr, applying to the latter the stock epithet of 'robber." Now, Clark was eminently quick, fair, and firm, and so far in this game, and in fact in all games before, his decisions had given excellent satisfaction.

The umpire remained calm amid the tempest. merely saying, during a brief lull, that Perry would i be sorry for his anger and his words. Soon the nines gathered their outfits and left the field in regret at the unpleasant ending of an otherwise fine game.

A week passed and Perry remained sulky and distant towards Clark. The second Saturday following. a swimming excursion had been arranged and, at evening, a dozen boys, among them the two named, went to a deep pool where a crib of logs had been built to protect the bank from the teeth of the flood when the spring freshets ran. Quickly disrobing, one after another, the boys ran out on the strong plank that projected from the top log of the crib, and, leaping out, went head-foremost into the stream, vanishing from sight to reappear on the far side of the pool; then swimming about a while they returned for another dive and swim.

Clark had been first off, and Perry came last. As the latter stood on the plank end he cried:

"Boys, I'll dive deeper and come up farther away than any of you. Watch me do it."

Then he leaped high and disappeared beneath the

surface.

The boys, seated on the crib, watched to see Perry

Suddenly Clark Carr sprang to his feet with a gasp: ming under water, opened his eyes,

his fears became reality.

The boys had known of the old log, buried by the sediment of some great flood, but now projecting into the water near the bottom of the pool. Perry had gone deep and

Out yonder in right deployed Fritz Fossler, the fat, pushed his head beneath it. Stunned and held fast. he was drowning. But the brave rescuer grasped the imperiled boy, pulled him out, and rising with his burden to the surface called for help. The others quickly swam about the two, and among them, Perry was borne to the crib and then to the green sward

> a large log, and vigorously rolled him until the water came out of his lungs. Then as he was laid on the green grass he opened his eyes and looked wonderingly around.

Fritz Fossler was the first to speak:

You got fast under the old log, Perry, and Clark dived and pulled you out.'

Perry looked at Clark with wondering eyes, then held out his hand.

"You told me that I would be sorry for abusing you. Clark," he said, "and I am. Will you forgive me?"

The offered hand was quickly taken.

"Don't mention it, Perry, I never laid it up against

Thus came to pass the pleasant sequel of a put-out on an umpire's close derision.



LOVE AMID THE BULRUSHES. Photo by Eddie Fox, 20 Isabelia Street, Toronto, Canada.

to the right field it winged its flight. Like a flash, almost, the batter sped to first, while, "Boys," he cried, "he is fast under the old log;" Perry came tearing down the home stretch like a instantly the rescuer leaped from the plank and disflyer on the rail. But a wonderful thing occurred, appeared where Perry had vanished. As Clark, swim-



"Don't mention it, Perry; I never laid it up against you, anyhow."

"The American Boy Will Start Fifty Boys in Business

On September 1 next the publishers of The American Boy will distribute among fifty boys 1,250 copies of The American Boy-twenty-five copies to each of fifty boys. The publishers will select the tifty boys from among the boys who, in the month of August, send us one dollar each for his own subscription to The American Boy or to renew his subscription, or for the subscription of some other person. We shall select the names of boys living in various localities, and will only select such as will agree, on the first of October following, to report to us what they did with the papers.

The papers will be sent absolutely free. The boys will use them in any way they may select to make the most money out of them, provided that they are not to sell them for less than ten cents each. If they wish to do so they may give the papers away, but if they sell them they must sell them for at least ten cents each. All that they get out of the sale of the papers they may keep. The boy who succeeds in selling the twenty-five papers at ten cents each will have two dollars and fifty cents. We will not ask him to send us any of the money; he may keep it and do what he pleases with it. We will hope, however, that he will use it as the foundation for further business enterprise. If he sells only part of the papers he need not return any of the remainder to us. Each boy who is selected must agree to report to us on October 1 what he did with the papers. We expect that these reports will prove interesting reading, as no doubt many of the fifty boys will sell their papers and will tell us how they did it and what they did with the money.

Remember, then, that from the boys who send us one dollar for themselves or for somebody elseeither for a new subscription or the renewal of an old one during the month of August, we will select fifty boys, to each of whom we will give twenty-five copies of The American Boy, absolutely free, which they may sell or dispose of as they please, provided that they do not sell them for less than ten cents each, and that the boys promise us that on October 1 they will advise us what they did with the papers.

In sending in the one dollar the boy should write us as follows: If you select me as one of the fifty who are each to receive twenty-five copies of The American Boy from you September 1, Lagree to tell you on October 1 what I did with the papers, the understanding being that I am not to pay for the papers, nor am I to sell them at less than ten cents each.

Yours for wide-awake American Boys, and to wake up those who are asleep The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

WHY TIM MISSED THE CIRCUS

W. HULL WESTERN, 1

Tim Peddy was in a rebellious mood, and closed the kitchen door behind him with a bang as he made his way to the woodshed; he wanted to be alone to think the situation over.

It certainly was a very unsatisfactory world for little boys, so far as he could see. Think of it! Almost every boy in Hub Hollow was going to the circus but himself. Their folks were not afraid their boys would get run over by the chariot racers, or eaten alive by the wild tigers and bears, or trampled upon by the giant elephant, just because they were not along!

Suppose the great man-eating lion (Tim had seen him with his own eyes in the street parade) should whistling light-heartedly he started into the dense chew the bars off his cage and get out? "Great underbrush. Caesar!" The possibility of so much excitement sent the blood through Tim's veins at fever heat. Couldn't he run, same as other boys? I just guess!

The reflection, however, brought little comfort to Tim as he seated himself upon the chopping block



ingly out upon the road past ran Peddy homestead.

Presently a little figure came swinging down the highway, whistling merrily. Tim knew it was Bob Harms without even looking, and hurried to meet him. "Where'r

goin'?" he asked, though Bob's face told the whole story.

"To th' circus, 'course!" came the reply, as Bob left off whistling and buried his

hands deeper into his trousers' pockets.

Tim's eyes blinked unsteadily. "Can't y'r go?" Bob questioned.

Tim draw his sleeve across his face.

Tim shook his head. "Mother won't let me," he

replied, swallowing the lump that seemed to leap in | limb.

"Won't let y'r?" repeated Bob incredulously.

Tim nodded affirmatively.

"Did y'r ask her?" inquired Bob.

Again Tim nodded, but weakly, as though ashamed to admit the fact.

"Jimmy, y'r a smart one, you are!" Bob's manner said quite plainly that he didn't think it necessary to consult his mother about going to the circus or anywhere else; then something suspiciously like tears started from the corners of Tim's eyes.
"Come on!" urged Bob. "Y'r don't need no money."

Tim drew his sleeve across his face and stole a furtive glance up at the window where his mother usually sat at her mending. The familiar figure was there, and Tim fancied he could even see the big hole in his new pair of stockings growing smaller and smaller with every movement of the quick fingers as they moved tirelessly back and forth. He didn't want to be disobedient, but he did want to go to the circus protested noisily. very badly.

its appearance on the country road at the entrance to town he had seen in lively imagination the big white then good little boys don't want to catch squirrels tents reared in the twinkle of an eye, and had kicked the sawdust in great clouds as he raced with his companions around the mammoth ring; bravely he had poked the sleeping lions to hear them roar, and had laughed aloud in his sleep as he stood in fancy before the monkey cage and watched their comical

Numberless, too, were the hairbreadth escapes that came in these same dreams by day and night as the 'gang" crawled singly and by twos and threes as circumstances best permitted beneath the huge canvas, in deadly fear of the wrath and rod of the attendants on guard. Now that the circus had really come to town it seemed hard, indeed, to have to miss it. For an instant Tim wavered.

"You're afraid!" exclaimed Bob with a sneer.

"Am I?" retorted Tim, his eyes snapping fearlessly.

"Y'r don't dare!" continued Bob boldly, feeling certain that Tim could not withstand such a challenge. And so it happened, for Tim at length promised to meet him where the road turned sharply toward town,

as soon as he could steal away unobserved. After Bob Harms had gone Tim made his way care-

lessly around to the back of the house. More than once he glanced back at the window of the sewing

room to see if mother was watching; for the thought that he was doing wrong bothered him more than he cared to own, even to himself. Bob's taunting words, however, still rang in his ears and spurred him on to do what he knew from past experience he would eventually be sorry for.

Once back of the barn, however, and safely out of sight all thoughts of turning back were abandoned. Drawing down his cap more tightly Tim cut across the cornfield that lay between the Peddy place and a thick woods which turned until it met the road close to where he had planned his rendezvous with

Many a time he had been through this same woods with Tom, the hired man, after nuts, but his mother had always cautioned him against attempting to make his way through it alone, for it was a very large woods and one might easily get lost in it.

"It does look awfully dark in there!" Tim exclaimed, pausing an instant for breath as he dashed out of the cornfield and saw the thick woods before him. "Pshaw!" he continued, "who's afraid!" And

Bravely Tim beat his way, stopping only at long intervals to give the "hulloo" which would tell Bob Harms that he was coming, or listen to the sharp "Caw! Caw!" of a flock of crows as they flew high overhead toward the fast ripening cornfield he had and gazed long- just left behind. Suddenly he spied a big grey squirrel running up a tall hickory tree that stood directly that in his path. Now, if there was anything in all the the wide, wide world that Tim had envied Bob Harms, above his three-bladed jackknife and sail-boat with a real lead keel, it was his pet squirrel. How often he had resolved to catch the first one he saw and build a cage for it like the one Bob had made, with a big wheel at one end and all nicely painted.

Tim drew his breath in short, quick jerks and crept stealthily up to the tree. In an instant he had forgotten his rendezvous with Bob and all the fine

sights to be seen at the circus.
"Hullo!" he cried, gazing up at the squirrel who was for the moment at least safely out of his reach.
"Hullo, yourself!" replied the bunch of grey cheer-

Tim's eyes bulged! Never in his life had he heard

of a squirrel that could talk.
"Oh!" he gasped, softly, and all a-tremble with ex-

"What can I do for you?" asked the big grey squirrel genially as he curled his fine tail up over his back and looked down at Tim calmly.

"I-I-I want to catch you!" replied Tim frankly, for he could think of nothing but his desire to possess the fine fellow.

The big grey squirrel laughed so heartily at Tim's reply that he nearly lost his balance on the hickory

"Well, well!" he cried, after a pause; "I wonder what Mrs. Squirrel and the children will say to that!" squirrels came trooping out from the family nest at louder and pushed on the faster. the base of the limb where it joined the trunk of the tree.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the mother squirrel in vexed tones, "why don't you shake the house down and be done with it?" Then she looked hard at Mr. Squirrel. The baby squirrels had not yet learned to talk, but it was plain by the way they opened their big brown eyes that they, too, had been alarmed for the safety of their home.

Tim stood looking up at the tree, dumb with amazement and surprise.

"Here is a little man who wants to catch me," explained Mr. Squirrel, in mock alarm.
"Indeed!" cried Mrs. Squirrel, evidently much

amused at the idea, while the three baby squirrels

"He looks like a good little boy," went on the big Long before the gaily colored bandwagon had made squirrel, cocking his head on one side in a humorous fashion that he might get a better look at Tim; "but

and take them away from their family.

Tim hung his head. He had not thought of it in that way before.

"True," ex-Squirrel, looking bad boys who want to do such things—boys who play truant who disobey their mothers."

rim * * crept stealthily up to the tree. "I didn't mean to hurt y'r," blurted out Tim, "an' 'sides, I was goin' to make y'r a big cage, like Bob Harms



it at one end, so as you could spin round in it, like fun. whenever y'er wanted to."

The baby squirrels looked much relieved at Tim's protestations of good intent, and Mr. Squirrel seemed quite interested.

"That is all very well, my boy," said he, frisking his bushy tail in a friendly way, "but a cage, even with a big wheel in it, wouldn't be as nice as this fine woods.

besides, who would care for my little ones?" Here Mr. Squirref gazed tenderly at Mrs. Squirrel and her little ones stretched along the limb behind him. Tim hadn't

thought of that either. How selfish he had been in his wish to catch the big squirrel and keep him caged up at home for his own amusement! How Mrs. Squirrel and the baby squirrels would have wor-

ried and mourned if papa Squirrel had not come back to them! Besides, who would there be to get food

for the many hungry mouths?
"Well, Mr. Squirrel," exclaimed Tim, "I wouldn't catch y'r now for anything, even if you'd let me—but I'll tell you what I would like to do."

"What is that?" chorused the squirrels.
"Well," continued Tim earnestly, "I'd like to fetch you some of the fine nuts that me and Bob Harms gathered here last winter-if you'll take them?"

"Thank you, my little man," said Mr. Squirrel; 'we will be glad to get them. I know they are fine nuts because I gathered quite a store of them my-self."

"I knew he was a good boy," said Mrs. Squirrel in a low tone, but loud enough for Tim to hear, and the three baby squirrels, who seemed to understand perfectly what Tim said, frisked their tails and jumped about, greatly pleased, no doubt, at the feast in pros-

Tim laughed heartily, and, after bidding "good-bye" to them all many times, started reluctantly on his way toward home, for it was now too late to think of meeting Bob Harms as planned. On he trudged, his head full of his strange adventure with the squirrels. while the sun sank lower and lower in the west. Tim soon noticed the fast deepening shadows, but consoled himself with the thought that it could only be a little way farther to the edge of the woods, and once out of the thick underbrush he wouldn't mind so very Just as he spoke Mrs. Squirrel and three tiny baby much if it did get real dark. So he only whistled the

Suddenly Tim's heart seemed to give a great leap into his throat and stick there, for almost within reach of his arms was the identical tall hickory tree where he had bid "Good-bye" to the squirrels. As frequently happens to those who try to find their way out of a thick woods, he had been walking in a circle, and had brought up at the same spot from which he had started.

Tim was now thoroughly frightened. What if he had to stay in the woods all through the dark night that was fast coming on. How earnestly he wished that he had not listened to Bob Harms and stolen away from home. To be sure he hadn't gone to the circus, but Mother Peddy would surely think he had, and would imagine that all the dreadful things likely to happen little boys unattended had really befallen him.

In the midst of his perplexity Tim chanced to glance up. There was the big grey squirrel looking down at him questioningly.

"Hullo!" cried Mr. Squirrel, as soon as he had caught Tim's eye, "I thought you had started for home?

"I'm lost!" gasped Tim hopelessly.

"Lost?" exclaimed the squirrel incredulously.
"Sure," replied Tim, much abashed, but trying to

smile cheerfully.

"Well, I declare!" broke in Mrs. Squirrel, who had heard the murmur of voices and had come out of the claimed Mrs. family nest to investigate as to the cause.

Tim explained matters as clearly as he could, and anxiously at the then the two squirrels drew their heads together and three tiny squir-chattered away seriously for several seconds. They rels, "it is only talked very low and Tim could not hear what they said, but somehow he knew they were discussing his plight and how best to help him.

Presently Mr. Squirrel looked down at Tim search-"Are you sure you don't want to catch me?" ingly.

from school and he shouted.
who disobey "Sure!" answered Tim truthfully, and he crossed his heart solemnly.

"And you say you live in the large red house on the

other side of the cornfield yonder?"
"That's right!" explained Tim.
"Good!" commented the big squirrel. Then, with has for his squirrel, with a big wheel in a whisk of his tail he turned and ran nimbly up the

tall hickory tree until he reached its very top. must have fallen asleep in the warm sunshine, as There Tim could just make him out as he looked first he sat on the chopping block and dreamed it all. in one direction and then in another. Presently he came down again and smiled pleasantly, evidently well satisfied with the result of his observations.

"If you will follow me, my little friend, I'll show you the way out of the woods, but mind, you must not try to catch me."

Tim promised gladly, and bidding "Good-bye" again to Mrs. Squirrel (the baby squirrels were by this time all fast asleep in their little beds) started off through the gloom with his strange guide.

Wouldn't Bob open his eyes when he told him about it all!

Diligently the big grey squirrel led the way, now running along the ground, now leaping lightly from tree to tree, and Tim had all he could do to keep him within sight. Finally there came a break in the surrounding darkness, and it was plain that they were almost out of the woods. Tim's heart beat fast as he quickened his pace, and when at last the welcome cornfield back of the Peddy place came suddenly into view he could not contain himself any longer.

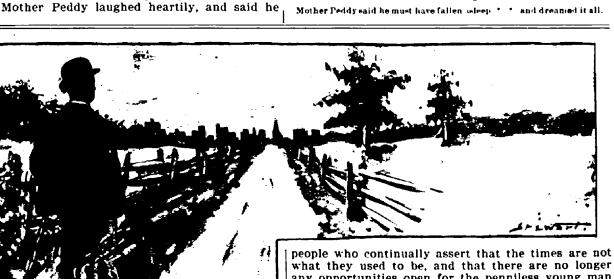
With a loud "Hurrah!" Tim dashed out into the open. Then he looked about for Mr. Squirrel, but there was no trace of him to be seen in any direction.

'He might have waited until I thanked him," exclaimed Tim regretfully as he started off through the cornfield toward home. "Never mind," he reflected, 'I'll thank him more'n once when I bring him the "My! wasn't those baby squirrels fine!"

When Tim told of his strange experience in the woods, Mother Peddy laughed heartily, and said he,

he sat on the chopping block and dreamed it all.





WHEN THE COUNTRY BOY GOES TO THE CITY

By Russell Sage, the Wall Street Millionaire, for the American Boy.

Every year thousands of country boys leave their homes and flock to the great cities of our country. Most of them go with the avowed intention of making their fame and fortune, and the majority of them fully expect to become millionaires before many years have passed over their heads. Some start out right and keep in the straight way, and these are almost sure to attain some measure of success. Many start their work with wrong ideas and wrong ideals, and these are almost sure to fail. They would better have remained in the country, where the temptations are not so open and where the contest for place and position is not so keen.

It is in one way a good thing that so many country boys seek the large cities. If it were not for the his summer vacation, and all day of the time when re-enforcements of country strength and training his work will be over. He should be willing, if it is which our cities are continually receiving, they would necessary, to work overtime in order to finish the soon cease to be great. It is a proven fact that after four or five generations of city life a family is practically degenerate, and it is evident everywhere that the country boys fill most of the prominent positions in every city. That is because they have learned to work while on the farm, or in the little town, and because they have not been raised to a life of luxurious indolence. Many things are in favor of the country boy when he starts out to make his fortune, and if he keeps himself straight he should make some kind of a success.

I often hear people say that there are few chances nowadays for boys to become rich or to make a name for themselves in some profession. There are a lot of best deserving of promotion when the time comes.

any opportunities open for the penniless young man to push himself upward. Such statements are palpably absurd. There are certainly not such chances to-day in the building of railroads and in some lines of trade as there were formerly, but for every business which is worked out, a new one springs up in its place. The United States are now so far developed that there is no longer the chance for great engineering schemes which formerly existed, but there are our new possessions in the East and West Indies, where there will be as much to do as there ever was in our great West. The boy who wants to be a pioneer now has to go farther from home than his father did, but he stands just as good a chance of succeeding. And then there are the great new fields of electricity and telegraphy which are being more and more developed every year. There is no telling what the future will bring forth in the realm of electrical machinery. I believe that we have seen only the beginning of what is to come, and the young fellow who fits himself to become an electrical engineer is making no mistake.

Even in the well-established wholesale houses in our cities there are still chances for young men to rise. We read every day of men being made partners in business firms who started in as office boys, and we don't hear of half the cases which actually occur. Down in Wall street messenger boys become members of brokerage firms, and in retail stores the former cash boy is now managing partner of the concern.

All these things occur as often to-day as ever, and the boy beginning life in the city needn't be discouraged by the men who say differently. But if he wants to attain such success for himself he will have to do as every self-made man has done, settle down to work hard and late. He mustn't think all spring of work with which he's entrusted, and, above all, he should do everything in the best way possible. Competition is very keen, even in small positions, and the boy who works the best will be first promoted. If I were starting out to-day to make a place for myself I would strive above all else to consider my employer's interests before my own, and be constantly on the lookout to make myself more useful. Boys sometimes have an idea that their efforts are not appreciated and that it is useless for an office boy to exert himself to please. No idea was ever more mistaken. I have a pretty good idea of the work done by every man and boy in my employ, and I know who is

If a boy is living alone in a city he should seek, first of all, to connect himself with some church, and to be always as much as possible in the company of good people. Some employers are prejudiced against boys who are alone in large cities, but I wouldn't hesitate to hire one whom I know is a good church member and who has the right kind of companions. Some young men in business think they have a right to do as they please when outside the office in which they work, that they can gamble, play the races and spend their nights in dissipation. Of course, they can do these things if they like, but they shouldn't be surprised if their employer refuses to trust his affairs to their management, for no gambler is trustworthy.

In starting out, a boy shouldn't expect to make too rapid progress. He must remember that there are others ahead of him, and that he must prove his ability before he's promoted to a higher place. If he is persevering and patient, and works energetically for his employer's interest, he is sure to be rewarded in



RUSSELL SAGE.

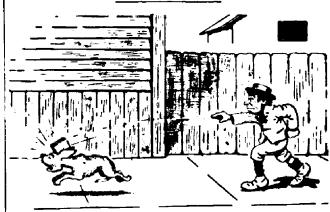
time, and he will probably feel that his reward is worth working for. Employers are not so unjust as some persons try to make out. They are usually cor-

rect in their judgments, and it isn't often they pro-

mote the wrong man.

Every boy should realize in starting out that he can never accumulate money unless he acquires the habit of saving. Even if he can save only a few cents at the beginning it will be better than saving nothing at all; and he will find as the months go on that it becomes easier for him to lay by a part of his earnings. It is surprising how fast an account in a savings bank can be made to grow, and the boy who begins one and keeps it up stands a good chance of spending a prosperous old age. Some people who live up to every cent of their income are always bewailing the fact that they haven't become rich. They pick out some man who is known to have earned a fortune, and speak of him as being "lucky." There is no such thing as luck in business, and the boy who depends upon it to carry him through is very likely not to get through at all. The men who have made a success of their lives are men who started out right when they were boys. They studied while at school, and when they began work they didn't expect to be paid wages for loafing half the time. They weren't always on the lookout for an "easy snap," and they forged ahead without waiting always for the opportunities which never come, and bewailing the supposed fact that times are no longer what they used to be.

There is always a place in town and city for the boy who is willing to work. He is needed everywhere, and he need never be without a position. But he who comes to the city with the idea that he can get on without perseverance and pluck had better have remained at home, for he will soon be snowed under by those who know better. The American boy of today has greater opportunities than any other boy in all the world, and he has only himself to blame if he doesn't take advantage of them.



DOG DAZE.



(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 telis 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. On arriving at Denver the trapper leaves them and Sinclair and the boys buy their outfit and start on the trail for Pike's Peak along the foot of the mountains. The first evening in camp Sinclair tells the boys a story, and Ned's pony makes a dash for home, but is captured by Sinclair. The day following Frank is lost among the mountains. He kills a stag, and spends a night alone in a canon. He is captured by Indians, taken to their camp, escapes death by its being discovered that his captors are friendly to Uncle Bob, the Indian painter. He makes friends with the Indians, who adopt him as one of their tribe. He goes on a buffalo hunt with them, and is saved from being run down by a buffalo bull by a shot from the rifle of Uncle Bob, who suddenly appears on the scene. Uncle Bob relates how he, Ned and Jack searched for Frank and finally found him. They leave the Indian camp, and after a day's travel come upon bear tracks and they have an adventure with a bear and her cubs. Jack's pony is bitten by a rattlesnake and fles. The little party meets a drove of wild horses and Jack captures a pretty one after an exciting chase and Frank is in i

CHAPTER XXI.

The prospect of climbing Pike's Peak and planting thereon an American flag kept the boys in a fever of excitement for the twenty four hours following their unique celebration of the Fourth of July. Mr. Sinclair fanned their interest by relating to them stories of early attempts to climb the giant peak, many of which were unsuccessful and all of which were attended with great danger. They were particularly interested in the relation of the story of how Mr. Sinclair had made his first successful attempt to climb; the mountain and had come near losing his life in a great snow storm that overtook him before he had reached the top.

"But it's different now, boys," said he; "the danger is not nearly so great. The paths are pretty well marked out, and I have been over them times enough, so that, while I can promise you a hard climb, I don't

expect you to suffer in life or limb."

On the evening of July Fourth the boys found themselves in Mr. Sinclair's cabin, near the base of Pike's Peak, the happiest trio of boys in the world. There they found letters from home awaiting them, those postmarked of late date indicating some uneasiness on the part of the folks at home at not hearing from them promptly; so each boy at once set about relieving anxious minds by writing letters, to go by the next pony express. And such letters they were! Each boy tried to tell all that he had done, but with very poor success, for long before the stories were finished their hands, hardened by work and unaccustomed to the pen, grew very tired, and each boy ended his letter with something like, "Well, you'll have to wait till we get home, as I can't begin to tell you every-thing we've done. We are having the time of our lives."

Mr. Sinclair's cabin was a rude but comfortable affair. Its site was a picturesque one, for it stood perched on a steep slope just across the valley from the foothills of Pike's Peak. This little valley, or rather basin, was enclosed on its three sides by precipitous rocks, and into it converged three canons, down one of which, Cheyenne Canon, flowed a clear, sparkling, mountain stream. Not a quarter of a mile away, and just opposite the cabin, arose the first slopes of the great Peak, with a glistening summit that stood guard over all.

You could not imagine a more appropriate spot for the home of an artist. Here Mr. Sinclair had lived for ten or more years, being, indeed, one of the first white men to settle permanently in the region. Hunters, miners, fortune seekers and desperadoes of every description had come and cast eyes full of momentary interest on the wonders of this mountain amphitheater and then had gone away; but once the artist set foot within it he was bound captive hand and foot. Here he pitched his camp, or rather built his cabin, and from it he made frequent excursions into the wil-

derness of mountains and plains on either side; here he met and entertained the Indians with whom he soon made friends, and gave refuge to many a poor emigrant, or sick and stranded hunter or adventurer on the Cheyenne trail.

The cabin was a veritable museum. Scarcely a square foot of wall space was without its mementoes of the hunt. An immense pair of antlers crowned the door, while on the wall opposite, a great buffalo head looked down, and skins of mountain lions, bears, wolves and foxes lay in profusion on the floors or hung upon the walls. The gay plumage of birds, Indian ornaments, clothing and utensils, with rugs made by the Mexican Indians of the south, lent color to the scene; and among them all, in great profusion but with strange harmony of arrangement, were products of the artist's brush—pictures of mountain and animal life, and Indian studies in all stages of completion. Fishing poles and an assortment of weapons of all descriptions hung overhead—the whole making a



"Come on now, young un!"

strange confusion of barbaric and civilized comforts perhaps no where else to be met with.

An old Indian squaw kept house for Mr. Sinclair and jealously looked out for his safety and his comfort, stealing in and out about her tasks in her moccasined feet seemingly oblivious of the presence of strangers. Mr. Sinclair called her Minne, and on their arrival she was brought in and introduced to the boys and told that she was to look after them and see that they wanted for nothing that the cabin afforded. She managed to grunt out a consent, but the boys thought they had never seen so expressionless a face.

The following day they spent in roaming about in the neighboring canons, taking an occasional shot, but the greater part of the time observing the advice of Mr. Sinclair to take it easy and rest preparatory to the arduous work that was to follow

At nightfall they were lying at full length on the ground before the door of the cabin. Their talk reverted to the big trapper, Jim Galloway, whom they had met on the train on the way from Chicago to Denver; and just as Mr. Sinclair was saying "I half expected to find him here on our return" a prolonged 'hello" came up from the valley, and the man sprang to his feet and quickly cast his eye over the trail as it wound to the east along the bank of the mountain stream below. His eye finally rested on an object at a distance moving toward them, and an answering 'hello" went echoing down among the rocks. " Galloway!" shouted Mr. Sinclair, "See yonder?" Galloway!" shouted Mr. Sinclair, "I don't see him," said Ned.

"Nor I," echoed the others.

There, just beyond the bend in the stream. Now he's crossing. Here, Minne, bring my glass," he called in Indian tongue to the old squaw.

Quickly the squaw emerged from the cabin bearing field glass, which Uncle Bob soon adjusted to the boys' vision. After a look they shouted with joy and clapped one another on the back, almost turning somersaults of delight at the prospect of having the big trapper as a companion on their mountain climb.

Soon, by a zigzag course among the rocks, Galloway, astride of his horse, was with them. Mr. Sinclair gave him a welcome in true western style, set before him a hot supper, lighted for him a good pipe, and told him the story of their experiences since the day they parted in Denver, then invited him to join them in their adventure of the morrow.

CHAPTER XXII.

Early the following morning Mr. Sinclair and the trapper began their preparations for the climb, the boys looking eagerly on, their impatience growing with every moment. As the morning was warm, it was with considerable wonder that they saw the two men strapping on the backs of the horses heavy coats and blankets. "Never you mind, young fellers; you'll be mighty glad you've got 'em afore we're through with this lark," said Galloway, a remark that tended to give the boys a chill in advance.

A short time after sunrise the party mounted and began finding its way, single file, down the mountain side into the valley, each member astride his pony, and carrying a gun and ammunition, a stout staff, blanket, and a heavy coat. The two men carried extra baggage in the way of a small tent, cooking utensils, some faggots, a supply of dried buffalo meat, bread and coffee, and what to the boys seemed a surprising amount of rope.

Once in the valley, they quickened their pace for a few hundred feet along the creek till it branched. Following one of its branches that came tumbling down a wide ravine, the boys realized that they had at last set foot on the big mountain which before the next morning they were to conquer. It was easy at first; the trail was plain, the music of the brook re-freshing, and the shade of the trees under which the way ran delightful. At noon they rested, and made a corral for the horses in which they left them to feed on the grasses which were now becoming a little scant. Orders were given to unstrap the baggage, for here the animals were to be left, as the climb from this point must be on foot. The men loaded upon their own backs the greater share of the burden, despite the protests of the boys, who each declared that in the bracing air that now filled their lungs they felt strong enough to carry even their horses if need be. But their elders knew what they were about, and gave to each boy only what was absolutely necessary for the climb.

"Forward, march!" cried Mr. Sinclair when all was ready. "Now, go single file, follow your leader, and don't lose sight of him for an instant. I will go first, then Ned, Frank and Jack in that order, and Galloway will cover the rear. Don't stumble or slip. A rolling stone has been the death of many a brave mountain

An hour's climbing brought a decided change in the appearance of things about them as well as in the feelings of the boys. They had ceased to become eager for more freight. Frank was seen frequently to shift his gun from one position to another, and Ned had grown less and less talkative till now he had lapsed into absolute silence. It was growing more and more difficult to breathe in the rarefled atmosphere into which they were coming, and a frequent rest became necessary.

"That last hundred feet was a corker," declared

But that's no more than a starter, young un." said ! Galloway with a grimace. Something in Galloway's looks made the boys think they were engaged in a serious business.

in another half hour a long halt was necessary while Galloway returned over the trail for some distance to fetch some cold water to bathe one of Ned's atkles which he had sprained. Night was now rapidly coming on and they had just reached the timber limit. Their final resting place for the day was under the last few straggling, stunted trees beyond which With this the agile hunter began the climb of the no vegetation appeared, excepting here and there a steep slope, using hands and feet to keep from slipthe gathering dusk appeared great masses of bowlders and frowning peaks and buttresses barren and forbidding in aspect.

Shall we go any farther to-night, Uncle Bob?" asked Frank, with a voice in which there was more

than a trace of fear.

Certainly, my boy; night's the time for mountain climbing. It will be moonlight and a glorious night. To-morrow morning we'll see the sunrise from the top of Pike's Peak.

There was no answer to this from any of the boys, but each took a new grip on his courage, as they heard again the command, "Forward, march!

Ned found when he regained his feet that his sprained ankle would not bear his weight.

I can't go any farther, Uncle Bob," he declared, pitifully. "I'll stay here while you go on; you can | un, are you there? Hold on! I'm coming." pick me up on the return. I'm awful sorry, but I just can't walk."

"Yes you can; I'll help you." said the big trapper. You'll git over it. Just use that leg as much as you can, and when you can't, lean your weight on me," and Galloway put his strong arm under the boy's and fairly lifted him over the ground. "If we git into a tight pinch you can git on my back. I carried a sick Injun nearly all day once and you ain't half a load."

Ned protested, but obeyed because he couldn't help

it, and thus they proceeded.

The moon was just rising over the horizon when, rounding a spur in the mountain side, they heard just ahead of them a deep, ominous growl which brought them to a standstill.

'A mountain lion!" whispered Mr. Sinclair. "He's going to dispute our passage. He's probably just in our path and he's heard or smelled an enemy coming. and Jack climb on that ledge of rock up there, and Galloway and I will mide just behind that angle of rock and meet his Royal Highness when he comes, and if he don't come we'll go after him."

It was all done in a moment. Not one of the little party dared draw a breath as they waited in the darkness for the approach of the beast. He was surely coming, for they could hear his low guttural growl coming nearer and nearer. Another roar resounded among the rocks-this time a mighty one that seemed to come from not ten feet away, and ...en another one from farther up the mountain.

Two, by jove! We've got to fight our way," said Mr. Sinclair in a whisper, and just then a dark moving mass came around the angle of rock and two flerce eyes shone out in the darkness.

A splendid mark for two expert hunters and not

twenty feet away.

'Bang" went two guns at once, and the boys saw the dark mass tumble headlong down the mountain side. 'Now, look out for the other," shouted the trapper;

"he's probably following. I'll go on ahead and meet him halfway.

"Let me go, too," shouted Jack, as he jumped from his hiding place, and before a word could be said to stop him he was off up the trail after the trapper.

The two went on in silence for a while, each with eyes and ears alert and gun cocked.

Suddenly Galloway paused and said. "That feller is just behind them rocks. We'll climb up there and git right over him."

With this the agile hunter began the climb of the

little tuft of hardy mountain lichen. Above them in ping and thus starting an avalanche of rocks. "Careful, young un; look out for yourself.'

"All right, sir; I'm right behind you," answered Jack, promptly. Then his foot slipped, the little twig to which he was holding gave way, and the boy was rolling down the side of the mountain, his gun and staff flying ahead and a veritable shower of stones following.

The trapper at the first sound sprang to his feet. But what could he do? He shouted: "Young un, hold Dig in your feet-stop! stop!" but he might on! as well have called to the winds. Then all was still.

The trapper called again: "Young un!" "Young

un!" No response. Then taking his lasso from his belt, he tied one

end to a bowlder and cautiously let himself down the steep side of the rock, crying at every step, "Young

When he had reached the length of his line he stopped, peered down and listened. He thought he heard a voice calling-faintly, but surely a voice, and a boy's voice! From what point it came he could not determine. Again he shouted: "Hold on; I'm coming." Then digging a foothold in the hard earth with ing." his hunting knife. he stood upright and vigorously shook and twisted his lasso until it loosened itself from the rock above and came tumbling down after him. Tying one end to his belt, he tied to the other a small stone and threw it down in the direction of the voice, crying, "Catch hold, young un!

The rope paid out till it was taut, and the trapper

listened and waited.

'Take hold!" he shouted, but no answering pull from the rope indicated that the boy could reach it. Then with his knife he cut another step as far down as he could reach and planted himself in it. Again he Quick. Frank, hide behind this bowlder. Ned, you shouted and waited, but there came no response. He lowered himself to a new foothold, and so on, step after step, until, nearly despairing, he felt suddenly an answering pull on the rope and knew that he had reached the boy. "Come on now, young un!" he shouted, at the same time bracing his feet firmly and catching the rope with both his strong hands.

The rope was stout, and the trapper was good to hold a ton. The vibrations of the rope indicated that the boy was on the way, slowly but surely. "You're safe, young un; come on. Hold tight!"

The man did not need to urge, for Jack, though wounded, and bleeding and weak, was pulling himself hand over hand, slowly but surely, knowing that it was his one chance of safety.

At last he lay at the side of Galloway, breathless and faint. Tying one end of the lasso about the boy's body and the other close up around his own, the trapper began the rest of the perilous climb to the trail above. With knife in hand he laboriously cut step after step, dragging the boy's now unconscious body after him.

At last the man's strength gave way. To go farther with his burden was impossible, and to stand there a matter of great peril. If he could only fire his gun and bring assistance! But the boy's gun lay in a hundred pieces at the bottom of the rocky steep, and the trapper's was in the path above where he had left it before starting on his dangerous mission.

The trapper then halloed, but got no response. To make matters worse, it was growing cold. Something like snow or fine sleet fell upon his bare forehead. He stooped over and rubbed the boy's hands and face, and fearfully felt of his pulse and halloed again. The boy's form moved slightly, and his voice came feebly.

'Mother! I am glad to be home. Yes, we've got him. See his two fiery eyes! Hold me closer, I am falling. Uncle Bob, did we put the flag on Pike's Peak?

Hardened old Jim Galloway wiped the moisture from his eyes and stroked the boy's head. "Young un, it's all right! We're all here, young un. We're holdin' on to you and you're safe. We'll put the old flag up there sure, and you'll be the one to do it.'

Again the trapper called the long "Hello, hello" of the mountains. Away in the distance came an answering shout. The man then gathered the boy close in his arms to keep him warm and talked to him as a mother talks to a sick child.

Soon Mr. Sinclair's voice was heard from above. Throw us a rope. Bob," cried the trapper; "we're down here holdin' on for dear life."

At once the whiz of a lasso was heard, and its noose fell almost over Galloway and his burden.

Quickly the trapper adjusted the noose about his body. Holding the boy with one arm and with the other clinging to the earth he called, "Pull, Bob," and at last laid his living burden at the feet of Mr. Sinclair.

"Bob. I've been in a hundred ticklish places in these mountains, but I never felt skeered till this last half hour when I heerd that boy go rollin' down, and when I saw him growin' numb in my arms and talkin' about his mother and that flag. Fer a minit I was a coward, an' I ain't agoin' ter do any more braggin' about my never turnin' the white feather.'

"Jim, dear fellow, It wasn't cowardice. You never were braver in your life, and if I could do it without danger of our all tumbling down the mountain together I'd give you a hug that would remind you of the day that grizzly got you up on the "north branch." You are a big. noble-hearted fellow, and I love you for this night's work.

"No. Bob; don't say that. I told you once I'd pay you back fer savin' my life that day 'mong the Injuns. I'd a saved this boy to-night for his own sake and his mother's, but I want to tell you that the biggest pay I git out of it is to lay him alive at your feet an' think I've done suthin' thet pleases you.

"Have it as you will, Jim; the score is more than even. Now, to get this boy back to where Ned and Frank are and get him into shape to travel. He's all right, but for some bruises. We'll rest a little while and try to make some coffee and get up circulation. We must move on, though, for there's no place here for an all-night camp, and from the feel if it we're likely to be caught in a snow storm, and that'll be worse than mountain lions.'

With this he picked up Jack and bore him as if he were a mere infant back to the rendezvous among the rocks.

(To be continued.)

Letters of George Washington Jones

No. 3.

EAR AMERICAN BOY:

In my last letter I told you un he let out a war whoop. how I would tell yer 'bout our fishin' party un now

I'm agoin' to. Bout a couple o' weeks after our coon hunt Charme un said how he'd seen some big fish in Rattlesnake mill pond wot be-

When we tole th' other fellers they said they'd go, but we didn't have no boat. "Why not make a raft." says Dick, wots jes been readin' Robinson Crusoe. We all liked that un said we'd meet on Wednesday afternoon. We took Wednesday 'cause we was agoin' t have a xamination in history on that day.

Saturday night we went t' the house wot that city dule called th' Hon. L. B. Colby, un wot ad th' al-Di abet after his name, built un got a lot o' boards un things wot we carried t' th' woods near th' mill pond. Next day we met in th' woods 'stead o' goin' t' church. un made th' raft, un hid it in the leaves. Pa asked th preacher if I was to church un when he found out I warn't, he give me un awful licken.

Wednesday mornin' pa's horsewhip bein' handy I out o' season he's madder un a wet hen un gives me a

took it un a couple o' pins un started out. Th' other fellers was awaitin' with some poles un string un pins. When th' fellers seen me comin' they started t' get th' raft, but they'd forgot where we left it un it took em 'bout un hour t' find it. Jus' 'fore we got started Charlie swung his line un caught Dick's ear

We dropped our lines over un waited for a bite. lot o' little fellers bit, but we had t' trow 'em back. Dick said there was better fishin' round a bend o' th' pond so we went ahead un hadn't been there more'n five minutes when I had a bite. There was quite a lie Cromwell came up t' little current where we was un th' old thing kept goin' with it. It pulled so hard that two o' th' fellers had all they could do t' stop th' raft from goin', too. Charlie un me pulled on that horsewhip like everylongs to a man named thing. All of a suddin th' thing come up. 'Stead of a Casby wot lives over at fish it was part of a mattress un we would a' laughed Rattlesnake tavern. Rat- only th' raft tipped so all th' lunch floated away. tlesnake tavern is bout a That is, all 'cept a pie wot Charlie's sister, wots couple of miles away un a learnin' t' cook, made. That sunk like lead.
man named Marleyownsit. We tried t' catch th' lunch for a while un had

ular game o' tag, but we gave it up un went hungry.

Long 'bout three o'clock we heard a noise un seen Si Willums, th' constable, comin' after us in a scow. We hustled un "got under way" as Jim, wot says he's goin' t' be a pirate, says. There's a lot o' stones un things 'n th' pond un we kept dodgin' round 'em 'gainst a stone un knocks Dick 'n th' water. We hus-tles away un jumps on shore un Si stops t' get Dick' wots hollorin': "The bloodsuckers have got me!"
"The bloodsuckers have got me!" "Wow!" (There's (There's bloodsuckers 'n th' mill pond.)

When pa finds he's got t' pay th' fine for fishin' cloth t' put on a couple o' crosspieces on th' thing.

fierce lickin' un don't let me have nothin' t' eat for a week but bread un water. But ma give me doughnuts un things when he warn't here. Jim un Dick ain't as lucky as they was last week. I hey can't sit down.

Things in town are 'bout th' same. That city dude is comin' t' town in three or four days.

I got t' stop now un feed th' chickens.

Goodby. GEORGE WASHINGTON JONES, Quodunk.

P. S.—In my next letter I'll tell yer how we got even with Si Willums.

No. 4.

Dear AMERICAN BOY:

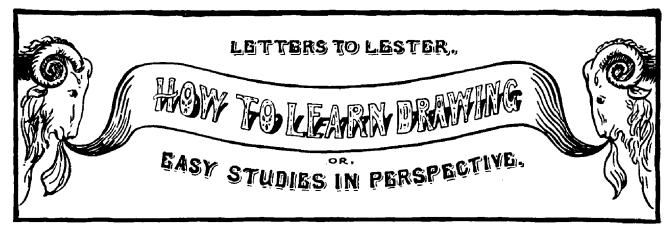
In my last letter I tol' ver how I would tel ver 'bout our gettin' even with Si Williams un now I'm a goin'to. 'Bout er week after we went fishin' I met th' fellers un we agreed how we'd get even with Si for catchin' us. He's er great one fer readin' dime nov-

els bout detectives un cowboys un so forth. Un it makes him mighty skeery.

Charlie voted fer dumpin' Si 'n th' pond, but we was afraid what he'd do when he got out. Jim wot's goin' t' be a pirate, says why not tie him t' er tree 'n th' woods un make b'leve ter shoot him. Dick wants t' get er long pole with a head on th' end un put with Si shoutin' all th' time. We kept that up for it up t' Si's winder some night un make him think it's 'bout 'n hour till all o' a suddin' th' old raft goes bang a ghost. We likes Dick's plan best un fixes Friday fer th' night.

Thursday afternoon we meets 'n Charlie's barn un makes th' thing. Dick had a couple o' clothes poles wot we tied together. Then Charlie took a piece o' white cloth un filled it with straw. I swiped a table-

(Continued on page 319.)



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My Dear Lester:

A month is a long time to remember a thing we have not yet learned thoroughly and if you have not studied the former lessons very carefully I would advise you to get out your AMERICAN BOYS and look them over before beginning this one.

We were talking about lines in different planes, and how the appearance of a line or plane often differs from the fact. We find this occurs continually in drawing objects, and I cannot say too much to impress it upon your mind. Suppose you see a man, whom you know to be six feet tall, a long distance away, so far away that he looks to be a mere speck. You know what the fact is, and yet, see how the appearance differs from the fact!

Now, retreating, or vanishing lines are simply lines which differ in appearance from the facts in the case. If you will stand at one end of a hall or long room, and hold out your finger (the arm at full length) and



"sight" it against the bottom of the wall close to you, and then follow the line with the point of the finger, you will see how you have to raise your finger to keep it coincident with the line. Sight once more the end of the finger against the upper edge of the wall close to you, and follow the line to its farthest end, and you will see that your finger drops down, down, down all the way. Keep the arm stretched its full length while doing this and the lesson will be thoroughly impressed upon you. Do not sit still and try to imagine the operation, but try the experiment and then you will remember it much better.

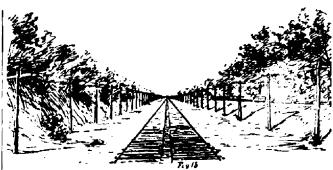
These lines above and below the eye have what we call their "direction." We speak of the retreating lines above us as having a downward direction, and the retreating lines below us as having an upward direction. But if you will test the lines which run across the hall at the bank you will see that you simply move your finger from side to side, and that it is about the same distance from the eye all the time. This proves to you that these lines remain horizontal to the eye and that you should draw them so.

The drawing of the three men (Fig. 16) will illustrate these points still further. Suppose that you are standing behind the man with the pole and that the other two men are each twenty feet on either side of him. Now, we will imagine them to be walking



away from you on paths that are exactly parallel and twenty feet apart, the man in the middle carrying the pole so that the top of it is always exactly ten feet above the ground. Let us think what would happen. As they receded from you the distances between them would appear to grow less, their height would diminthe pole would apparently become shorter. (Fig. 17.) The farther they got away the smaller everything would become. What was below the eye would rise to the horizon and what was above the eye would come down to the horizon, until a little speck would be all you could see of the procession. Yet, if you could go to them you would find them as tall as they ever were, the pole still ten feet high, and the distances between the men exactly twenty feet.

Let us change the picture to that of the railroad and the telegraph poles (Fig. 18), and you have the same principle worked out again. Here we see that the distances between the parallel lines of poles and of the rails, appear to diminish exactly as they did between the men, for the poles and rails, to use a metaphor, are "traveling" away from you along parallel paths. The wires, which start from points far governs us in the same way, as the real one.



above your head, do the same thing, appearing to come down to the level of the horizon line.

All this diminishing of spaces and sizes, this approaching of the lines and objects toward each other, we call "vanishing," and the lines are said to converge and to vanish at the same vanishing point, which in this case is the center of vision.

But a little study of the next drawing (Fig. 19) will convince you that lines do not always vanish at the center of vision. Here we have two sets of lines beginning at the corner of the street and running to the right and left. As they are horizontal lines they must vanish on the horizon line, and each set must have its own vanishing point.

These drawings illustrate another point. Where all the lines, as in Figs. 16, 17 and 18 vanish at one point we say we are drawing in parallel perspective. Where we have two or more vanishing points, as in Fig. 19, we call it angular perspective.

The first thing, then, when you wish to draw any-

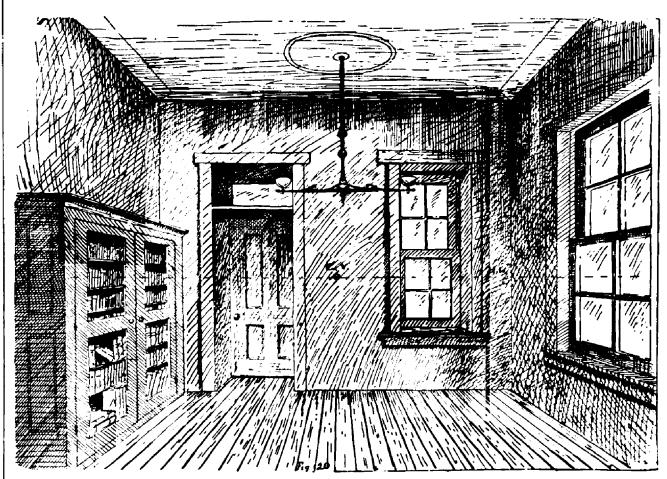
You will remember how I proved to you, when we went up to the top of the lighthouse, that the horizon line appeared to go up as we ascended, and how it



always seemed level with our eyes. If, then, we have an artificial line, an imaginary line, to take the place of the real one, it, too, must be level with the eye. We may go to the end of the room and draw a line from side to side upon the wall, or we may simply imagine it to be there, but either way we must consider it level with our eyes. If we were about to draw the room shown in this picture (Fig. 20) it would make a difference whether we drew it standing up or sitting in a chair, for, as we have already seen, the horizon line rises and falls as we rise or fall. If I stood up to draw it, the center of vision (c. v.) would come above the level of the middle of the door, but if I sat on a low stool (Fig. 21) it would be much lower, because my horizon would be lower. If I climbed upon a table and stood up my horizon would come near the ceiling and Fig. 22 shows how the room would look to me and where my center of vision would be placed. Remember that C. V. is the place where all the parallel retreating lines vanish. when drawing in parallel perspective, and unless we get the horizon line right we cannot locate C. V. properly because it is always on the horizon line.

A very neat little experiment will prove to you. once more, how the horizon and center of vision change with every change in position of the eyes. Sit about twenty feet away from a wall and get some one to mark a point exactly the same distance from the floor that it is from the floor up to your eye. Then have him stand half way between you and the wall and hold out his finger so that it hides the mark, which is your center of vision. Now, rise from your seat and you see at once that the mark on the wall has to be moved up, and the finger of your friend has to move up also, to accommodate things to each other as they were before.

Coming back to the drawing of the room, I want you to take a ruler and test the lines. Put the edge



thing, is to decide which way you will draw it, in parallel or angular perspective; or, if you have to make a picture of a group of objects, whether you will draw them all one way or the other or both ways. Equally true is the rule that when you wish to sketch from nature you have to decide what objects must be drawn in parallel and what in angular perspective, as you cannot then arrange things to suit yourself but must draw them as you see them.

Our horizon line, as I have been talking about it so far, has always been out of doors-the real horizon line. But we can substitute an artificial line for the real one. This is, of course, an imaginary line, but it is governed by the same rules, or rather it

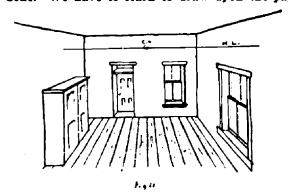
of the ruler to each horizontal vanishing line and you will see that it vanishes at C. V. Try the other lines and you will see that they are not vanishing lines, but are horizontal or vertical lines. I thin. you can readily perceive from this why it is necesary to know all these rules in drawing when you attempt to do correct work, for, supposing you made a drawing of a room without such knowledge, any good draughtsman would be able to pick it to pieces and make you feel ashamed of your work. There is such a thing as doing "approximate" work—that is. work which is said to be approximately correct. But if you will look this long word up in the dictionary you will find that it means getting near to a thing but never quite reaching it. That is the way some

people learn to draw, but they never quite "get there" because too indifferent or too lazy to study properly.

We must remember all the time that there are two ways of drawing things we see. We have drawn this room in parallel perspective, let us now consider how we would draw another room in angular perspective.

But first, let us see exactly what is meant by "angular," as distinguished from "parallel." If you go to the window and look out through the glass you can trace upon the latter, with the end of your finger, every line you see in the things outside. If your finger made marks upon the glass you would then have a picture upon the plane of the glass and it (the glass) would become your "picture plane."

Then, again, if you could hold up a sheet of paper and see through it you would have no trouble getting your picture, because the paper would be your picture plane and the lines you traced upon it would represent the objects you saw. But these things cannot be done. We have to learn to draw upon the paper,

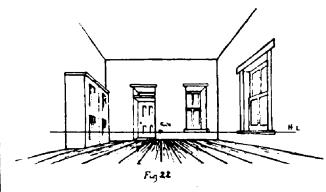


while it is down on the table, just as if we held the paper up and saw through it.

Our drawing must be made quickly and must represent what we see correctly, and the only way this can be done is to refer everything to the picture plane; that is, our drawing must be as correct as a tracing

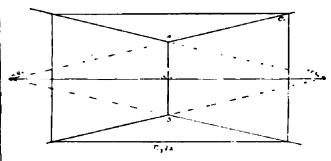
When we draw the horizon line and fix our center of vision and vanishing points for a drawing we are simply preparing our picture plane. In drawing Fig. 18 the lines appear to run off to a great distance, but they really do nothing of the kind. They are drawn on the picture plane to C. V. and that gives them this appearance. Fig. 19 is in angular perspective and the vanishing points being fixed first, the lines run off on the picture plane to the right and left to

we do everything, but now we are only getting a few i easy lessons in perspective and I cannot tell you all the rules, as space will not allow. I think I have



demonstrated how our paper is our picture plane, and how the drawing in which we draw the lines according to rule, is really the same as a tracing upon the pane of glass.

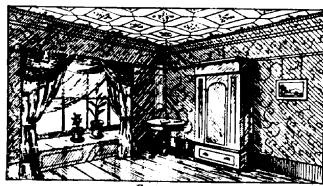
We will now go back to the room which we wish to draw in angular perspective. Take a blank sheet of paper and draw your horizon line. Fix C. V. Measure from C. V. each way and fix V. P. (vanishing point) No. 1 and V. P. N. 2 at equal distances from C. V. Here you ask me, "H'w, far away?" The answer is, "As far away as you are from the corner of the room." "But," you relly, "I am ten feet from the corner of the r. m." r, perhaps, "twenty feet, and I cannot get these vanishing points any such distance away on my paper." That is true, but we can draw our room "on a small scale," or, in other words we can make our drawing by planning that each inch, or half inch, or quarter inch shall represent a foot as it really is. Suppose we agree upon a scale of one quarter of an inch to each foot, then,



those points. These "vanishing points" are only if you are twenty feet from the corner of the room points where lines which are parallel will appear to meet. Perhaps I may show you some day, if we ever study scientific perspective, how and why which would be five inches.

Remember that we are drawing in angular perspective, so you must sit facing the corner and not the side of the room. With the paper before you, properly prepared, you ought not to have much trouble making the drawing. Figure 28 shows us how to draw the lines. All those retreating lines on the right side of the room will vanish at V. P. No. 1 and those on the left at V. P. No. 2. Draw your first vertical line, A. B., at C. V., and make its length proportional to your distance away from the corner. That is, if you are twenty feet away, and the room is ten feet high, the line A. B., should be a little less than half as long as the distance from C. V. to V. P. 1 on your drawing, which is two and a half inches. It should be less, because if you had a pole ten feet high at your chair and moved it away to the corner it would grow shorter in appearance, and the corner of the room grows shorter in the same way, So we will make it two and a quarter inches high on the drawing, and mark the ends A and B.

You know that the line which represents the upper



edge of the wall on the right (A. C.) vanishes at V. P. 1, and you know that it begins somewhere near you and goes to the point marked A, so all you have to do is to lay your ruler on V. P. 1 and A, and draw the line backwards from A towards C. Follow the same plan with the other lines and the drawing can be completed in a few minutes so far as the main lines are concerned. The details can be filled in upon the same plan, and the finished drawing of a room, shown by Figure 24, illustrates this method fully worked out. It would be an excellent exercise for you to make a careful tracing of this drawing and transfer it to a large sheet of paper, after which you could find the horizon line, C. V. and V. P's, by drawing the long lines to the places where they meet and then testing the shorter ones. Every good drawing could be so tested.

STANSBURY NORSE.

Battleships Slide on Soap and Tallow.

"It costs from \$4,000 to \$8,000," said the manager of one of our biggest shipbuilding yards the other day, "to launch a battle-

manager of one of our cases and taller ship.

"The building of ways for the ship to slide down is the main item, and then comes the greasing. Every inch of timber over which the vessel slides must be covered with a lubricant. Soap and tallow form the main ingredients. We use a layer of beef tallow and a layer of soft soap. From one to one and a half tons of the stuff is required to move the average battleship.

"The tallow is spread on first to the depth of about three fingers and the worknien use big flat trowels to make the surface as smooth as possible. Then they pour over the soft soap, which is just thick enough to run, or about the consistency of tar.

enough to run, or about the consistency of tar.

"The double coating answers admirably, and the ship glides into the water quickly and easily. If it sticks, it is likely to spring some of the vessel's plates, and accidents of that kind are so costly that nothing is spared to avert them."

Some Stories About Money.

Charles J. Allen, a farmer living near Ogden, Ia., one day while doing some work removed his coat and vest and placed them on a fence. They fell from their resting place to the ground, and a goat happening along nosed six five dollar bills out of the vest pocket. When Mr. Allen replaced his vest he found the money had disappeared. Someone suggested that the goat had eaten them, so the goat was killed. Sure enough, the bills were found in a little lump in the stomach. The lump was forwarded to the Treasury Department at Washington, and when the experts took it in hand they found it resembled anything but money. The browned mass was soaked until the minute particles separated. Then skillful fingers took the pieces and made out of them, in the course of several hours, six five dollar bills, and these were sent to the proper official of the department for redemption. A Michigan tax collector stored eight hundred dollars in a tin can and placed the can under his house. The family goat was seen the next morning coming from under the house chewing the remnants of a twenty dollar bill. Of course the goat was killed and the pleces of money collected from the stomach. These being sent to Washington, within ten days were replaced by new, crisp bills.

rithin ten days were replaced by new, crisp

The regulations of the department require that at least three fifths of a bill shall be recovered before the Government will pay for a mutilated bill.

A farmer in St. Clair County, Mo., dropped his purse into a pig pen, with the result that his pigs had to be killed and a part of the contents of their stomach sent to

that his pigs had to be killed and a part of the contents of their stomach sent to Washington.

Burned money is the hardest for the experits to work on. By the way, the experits to work on. By the way, the experits are all women. Recently a clear box full of charred money was received at the department in such condition that the experts almost despaired of doing anything with it, as there was hardly a piece left big enough to cover more than the head of a pin. Three women, by the aid of the magnifying glasses, soon brought out four iffty doilar bills and recommended that they be redeemed.

Recently an elderly German woman came to the department with the charred remnants of what she said was the savings of forty years. She thought there was at least five hundred doilars in the original roll. On the evening before, as she knelt at her prayers, a lamp toppied over and set fire to her dress skirt, in which the money was concelled. See brought the money to the department, and in a room near where the experts were at work she rocked to and fro and cried and sighed until, after three hours, three hundred doilars in the original roll.

Fun at the Carpenter's.

The carpenter had put down his tools and gone for his luncheon.

"It is a little board myself," said the Auger.

"I'm a little board myself," said the Auger.

"I'm a little board myself," said the

and gone for his luncheon.

"Life for me is a perfect bore," said the Auger.

"I'm a little board myself," said the Small Plank.

"There's no art in this country," observed the Screwdriver. "Everything's screwed in my eyes,"

"You don't stick at anything long enough to know what you're driving at," interjected the Glue.

"That's just it!" said the Screw. "He never goes beneath the surface the way that Jack Plane and I do."

"Tut!" cried the Saw. "I go through things just as much as you do. Life's stuffed with sawdust."

"Regular grind," said the Grindstone.

"I agree with you," observed the Bench.

"It doesn't make any difference how well I do my work. I'm always sat on."

"Let's strike," said the Hammer.

"That's it!" cried the Auger. "You hit the nall on the head that time."

"I'll hit it again." retorted the Hammer, and he kept his word but he hit the wrong nall. That is why the carpenter now wears his thumb in a bandage. It was his thumb nall the hammer struck.—Chicago Bulletin.

Why He Failed.

Boys and the Bible.

Why He Failed.

A young man who had failed by only three publics in an examination for admission in an examination for admission the man examination for admission the man examination for admission the man as "creating" of his Keyresentative in Congress for assistance, and together they went to see the Secretary of the Navy in the hope of securing what is known as a "rerating" of his Keyrestry long. "This is your third time." And before the young man had a chance to answer the Secretary continued: "How do you expect to get along in the world when you smoke so many charetters Your do you expect to get along in the world when you smoke so many charetters Your of your growth and let me see your diagras. There, see how yellow they are; 'jointing to the sides of the first and second lingers. There, see how yellow they are; 'jointing to the sides of the first and second lingers. There, see how yellow they are; 'jointing to the sides of the first and second lingers. There, see how yellow they are; 'jointing to the sides of the first and second lingers. Before the young man found his tongue to offer an explanation, the Becretary asked will you need in a while," was the sheepish will yo once in a while," was the sheepish offering to do everything that he could consistently, added: "I am sick of trying to make anything of these boys that are loaded with cigarcite smoke and thought to the strength of the streng

AUGUST IN AMERICAN HISTORY



AUGUST 5. 1883:
DEATH OF GENERAL
PHILLPHENRY SHERIDAN This distinguished American soldier was born at Somerset, Perry County, Ohio,
on March 6, 1821. In 1853
he graduated from West
Point and was actively
employed in Texas and
Oregon, arranging and
settling differences
with the Indians, May,
1861, brought him promoiton to Captain, and
in December of the
same year he was appointed chief commissary of the army of
the southwest,
As Colonel of a Michigan
regiment of cavalry he defeated the famous
guerilla chief. Forrest, on June 6, 1802, and
followed up his success, repulsing and defeating merille. However, the promoted to the rank
of Brigadher-General, he commanded advision of the Army of the Ohio, and ledanother division at the bloody battle of
Perryville. In recognition of his ability
and gallantry at Stone's River, he was
granted the rank of Major General of volunteers. At the battles of Chickamauga
and Missionaries' Ridge, he rendered may,
rifficent service. Transferred to the Army
of the Potomac as chief of cavalry, his
raids on the Confederate lines of communication were of the utmost importance.
In the Shenandon's Valley he defeated the
Confederates in the battles of Winchester,
where his famous "Ride" took place,
Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. In the
concluding battles and sleges of the war,
notably against Petersburg and Richmond,
he assisted largely in
their success. In 1809
he was made Likeu.

notably against Peter he assisted largely in their success. In 1869 he was made Licutenant General, and became General of the United States Army on June 1, 1888.

Army on June 1, 1888.

AUGUST 8, 18.9:
FIRST RAILWAY
LOCOMOTIVE OPERATED IN AMERICA. Horatio Allen
was sent to England
in 1828 by the Delaware and Hudson
Canal Co., to procure
locomotives and railway supplies, and the
first locomotive railway was run from
Honesdale to the
company's mines. In
the following year
Peter Cooper built
the first American
locomotive. The total
mileage of passenger railways in America in 1830 was 23. as
compared with 232,060 miles in 1897.

AUGUST 8, 1864: FARRAGU

AUGUST 8, 1864: FARRAGUT DE-STROYED CONFEDERATE FLOTILLA AT MOBILE. The Federal government by this victory effectually closed Mobile against the English blockade runners and captured 104 guns and 1,464 men.

captured 104 guns and 1,464 men.

AUGUST 10, 1890: JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY DIED. Journalist and poet. Born in Ireland June 28, 1844. While a soldier in the British Army, he was sentenced to death on the charge of high treason. The death penalty was commuted to twenty years' penal servitude, and he was sent to 1868 he made his escape and came to New York. Was editor of the Boston "Pilot" in 1874. Among other works he wrote "Songs From the Southern Seas," "Songs. Legends and Ballads," "The Statues in the Block," etc.

AUGUST 11, 1807: ROBERT FULTON'S
STEAMBOAT SAILED FROM NEW YORK
TO ALBANY. The
name of the steam-

boat was the Cler-mont. ISAAC HULL.

AUGUST 12, 1891: JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL DIED. American poet, es-sayist, scholar and diplomatist. Born at Cambridge, Massat Cambridge, Mass-achusetts, Febru-ary 22, 1819. Grad-uated from Har-vard College in 1838. On the death of Longfellow Lowell succeeded him as professor of modern lan-guages and belles-letters at Har-vard (1855). He

vard (1855). He occupied the editorial chairs of the "Atlantic Monthly." 1857-62. and of the "North American Review," 1863-72. His diplomatic career comprised that of United States Minister to Spain 1877-69 and view," 1863-72. His diplomatic career comprised that of l'nited States Minister to Spain, 1877-80, and to Great Britain, 1881-85. In England and in his own country he delivered many addresses and lec-

In have med the snems, and there are ours.

Two Ships, two Bries one Schooner & one Sloop.

Jours, with great respect and esteem ON Props.

the city of Chicago, but at that time consisted only of the Fort, the dwelling of Mr. Kinzie, and his family, and the huts of a few settlers. The slain consisted of all the masculine civilians, excepting Mr. Kinzie, and his sons, twelve children, three officers and twenty six private soldiers.

ALCUCET 15 1894.

had

AUGUST 15. 1824: LAST VISIT OF LAFAYETTE TO AMERICA. The government had

the President's house, the treasury buildings, the arsenal and government barracks. The Americans also applied the torch to the ships, naval stores and other national property at

property at the navy yard to prevent them falling into the hands

of the enemy

FACSIMILE OF PERRY'S DISPATCH.

IN YUKON DISTRICT, ALASKA

CHARLESTON. From early spring of 1863 until the crose of the war in 1865, repeated attempts were the war in 1865, repeated attempts were made to capture Charleston by the Federals, but such attacks were always repulsed. On February 17, 1865, however, the Confederates evacuated the city after setting fire to every building, warehouse or shed that might be of service to the Federals.

AUGUST 22, 1851:

erals.

AUGUST 22, 1851:
YACHT "AMERICA" WON THE
"QUEEN'S CUP" FROM ENGLAND.
Since that date many attempts have been
made by Englishmen to wrest the trophy
from America, but without avail. At the
present writing, Sir Thomas J. Lipton, an
English sportsman, is preparing to make
another effort to capture the cup with his
yacht Shamrock II., and great interest is
being manifested as to the outcome.

siph. His capture of Port Hudson and Mobile caused his promotion to Vice Admiral. He was made Admiral of the United States Navy in July. 1836. He afterwards visited Europe. Asia and Africa, and was everywhere received with the highest honor.

AUGUST 15, 1812: TORT DEARBORN MASSACRE. This fort occupied the site of what is now the site of wha

AUGUST 25. 1814: WASHINGTON BURNED BY THE BRITISH. The value of the property de-stroyed in Washing-ton at this time is estimated at over



No matter what you take up, do it a little better than any one about you does it, so that the attention of your superiors will be attracted to you.



THE INTERIOR OF A PINEAPPLE BED.

Although requiring a warm climate, yet the pine apple must be protected from the direct rays of the sun. Hence immense sheds at great cost are needed. Photocraph taken by William C. Conrad, Massillon, O., on Dr. inman's plantation, White Haven, Fla.



A CADDIE.

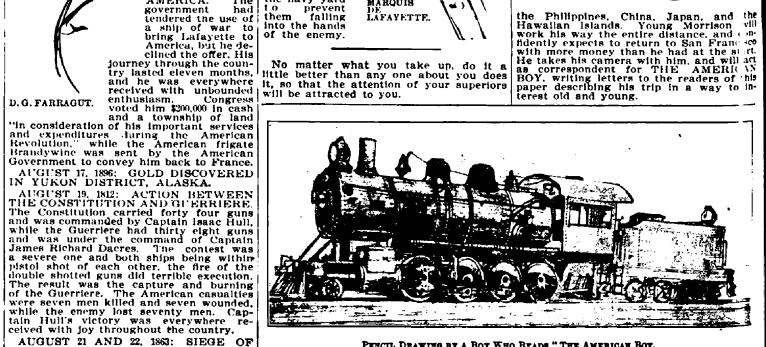
Photo by Scheller Emmert, Huntington, Pa-

"The American Boy's" Correspondent on a Trip Around the World.

Harry Steele Morrison, whose name has become familiar to the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY, first through his series of articles that appeared in Volume I., entitled "The Boy Traveler," and afterwards through his letters written from the Paris Exposition, set sail last month for a 1rip around the world on the army transport "McClellan." He will visit Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, Singapore, Ceylon,



the Philippines, China, Japan, and the Hawaiian Islands. Young Morrison will work his way the entire distance, and confidently expects to return to San Francisco with more money than he had at the sict. He takes his camera with him, and will act as correspondent for THE AMERIC NO BOY. Writing letters to the readers of his paper describing his trip in a way to interest old and young.



Pencil Drawing by a Bot Who Reads "The American Bot.



Making Money by Lawn Mowing.

George Hill, Los Angeles, Cal., age eleven, tells how he makes money. One year ago he began taking care of lawns, working during the summer vacation. He continued his work after the school term began in the fall, doing his work before and after school hours. From July



16, 1900, to May 18, 1901, he made twenty one dollars and ten cents, a part of which he used in the purchase of a bicycle. This summer he bought a lawn mower. He has summer he bought a lawn mower. He has a little book in which he keeps an account of all he earns, and he now has twenty eight customers on his book.

How One Boy Makes Money.

A recent newspaper item is authority for the statement that Donald G. Keeler, an eighteen year old St. Louis boy, cleared over two hundred and fifty dollars last summer by taking contracts for keeping weeds from growing on lands. The boy got a regular list of customers and did his work well. Business grew on his hands so fast that now he is employing men to do the actual work of weeding, while he devotes his own time to securing contracts and superintending. He charges for his services by the front foot, the price varying from four cents a foot on small jobs to two cents a foot on large ones.

For a boy of eighteen to be carrying on business with men, hiring laborers and making contracts, means the mastery of business details. Young Keeler does not intend to follow this business through life, but is making it a stepping stone to somerecent newspaper item is author-

but is making it a stepping stone to some-thing better. Whatever he decides to do, he has received a training in this work that will prove of great value to him. In every town and city where there are grass and weeds to be cut, enterprising boys ought to be able to find employment.

The Advice of the Richest Man in the World.

Recently, John D. Rockefeller addressed the students of the University of Chicago, to which institution he has given more than nine million doilars. He spoke in

to which institution he has given more than nine million doilars. He spoke in part as follows:

"Students of the University of Chicago, what can i say to you that will enable you to make the best use of your opportunities? You look out upon the world with bright prospects and from a standpoint far more advantageous than that of many who preceded you.

"Whatever your station may be hereafter, do not fail to turn gratefully to your families and friends, who have stood by you in your time of struggle for an education. Many of them toiled incersantly through long weary years that you might be possessed of advantages which they were unable to secure for themselves. I entreat you not to forget them.

"In the end the question will be, not whether you have achieved great distinction and made yourselves known to all the world, but whether you have fitted into the niches God has assigned you, and have done your work day by day in the best possible way. We shall continue in the future, as in the past, to need great men and women, to fill the most important positions in the commercial and professional world, but we shall also need just as much the men and women who can and will fill the humblest positions uncomplainingly and acceptably.

"The vital thing is to find out, as soon

guard the approach of any toe to your

guard the approach of any toe to your well-being.

"You will do well not to underestimate the strength of such a foe. How many a young man whom I knew in my school days went down because of his fondness for intoxicating drinks! No man has ever had occasion to regret that he was not addicted to the use of liquor.

"So much has been said of late on the subject of success that I forbear making particular suggestions. The chances for success are better to-day than ever before. Success is attained by industry, perseverance and pluck, coupled with any amount of hard work, and you need not expect to achieve it in any other way."

Careful saving and careful spending invariably promote success.

Young Money Makers.

Two brothers at Cohoes, N. Y., have been working since last December with a view to laying up one hundred dollars by September. They say they are going to be millionaires some day, and when they are they are going to send THE AMERICAN BOY to every boy who wants to be something. They are seiling papers. Every minute they can spare they devote to this work, selling from seventy five to eighty five papers a week. They drive their neighbors' cows to and from pasture. These boys do not "run the streets" except on business errands. They now have sixty, five dollars. One of them, Donald Bogar, is ten years old, and his brother Roland is eight.

How He Earned His Dollar for "The American 3oy."

Bennie E. Hildreth, aged fourteen, living at Ticonderoga, N. Y., tells how he earned his dollar for THE AMERICAN ROY. He bought old rubbers, brass and rags and sold them to a dealer, and out of the money he sent one dollar for THE AMERICAN BOY, and he says, "It is my most precious possession."

Why He Missed the Circus.

Adin R. Miller, Canton. Ohio. wanted very much to go to the circus. When he was getting ready to go his father said, "I will give you fifty cents if you will stay at home," and his mother said, "And I will add fifty cents to it." Adin stayed at home and sent the one dollar for THE AMERICAN BOY, so that he may have a circus all the year round.

Another Money Maker.

Russell Mundhenk, Arcanum, Ohlo.-I make money by painting small jobs and raising chickens. Last year I made sixty dollars lacking five cents, and the man that I sold them to gave me that, making the sixty dollars.

The average young man of today is inclined to habits of extravagance and wastefulness.

Look Out for This Boy.

Pear: Thomas, eleven years old, son of Superintendent E. B. Thomas of the Lindsey (O.) school, has an eye to business, and has shown what an indus lous boy can do to make money during the summer vacation. Linesey is about two miles from



the humblest positions uncomplainingly and acceptably.

"The vital thing is to find out, as soon as possible, the place in life wherein you can best serve the world. Whatever position this is, it is the highest position in the sight of good men and in the economy of God. I tremble to think of the failures that may come to some of you, who are possessed of the brightest intellects and capable of the greatest accomplishments.

"I shall expect to see many who are here present among the slow, methodical, plodding ones, who are not at all distinguished for brilliancy, go forward till at last they are found occupying positions of the greatest honor and responsibility.

"Some of the foes which threaten your success may not be apparent to you until it is too late. If you are to succeed in life is a young hustler, and is a studious."

it will be because you master yourselves, pupil in school. Pearl is an enthusiastic and if you continue masters, and not subscriber of THE AMERICAN BOY, and la a member of the Rutherford B. Hayes to you here to-day that you must jealously company Order of the American Boy, and guard the approach of any toe to your at the recent election of officers was honored by being chosen secretary.

J. H. Hale, a farmer's boy in Connecticut, left in the world to make his own way, began in 1880 the growing of peaches on the red hills of the old farm, borrowing money to make a start. In a comparatively short time he became the owner of the finest fruit farm in New England. Then he bought a tract of 1.260 acres in central Georgia, where he now has 250,000 peach trees and gives employment to 800 persons. When he began operations on the home farm the boy peddled the fruit in a push cart.

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in business. Send name and address and we send you PAPERS TO SELL. Unseld copies returnable, A. JOURNAL COMPANY, Beaver Springs, Ps.

FOR ROYS-Send 25c silver for outfit and plan with which any loy can make 36 to 28 weekly, with chauch at \$25 in prizes. Home Nevelty Ca., Saginaw, Mich. BOYS AND GIBLS—You want to make money during vacation. Send 15e for Universal Tinware Monder.

vacation. Send 15c for Universal Thware Monder. Mend tinware in your own home. No soldering outfit needed. E. GRAHAM, 184 N. 7th St., Phila, Pa. BOYS With that \$1.00 you receive from The American Rey, you can make big money selling the indispensable Meading Tissue. Send 10 ets for sample package. B. CHAHAM, 184 N. 7th St., Phila, Pa.

Earn \$8 WASHING VICTOR CONDESS N. V.



nickel Watch or gold filed Bing for sell-ing 40 pkts of our beautifully lithograph-ed gummed Fruit for Labelsat 5c. a pk. Entirely new. Easy seller. Send your ful address, at once, we prepay charges and trust you; when sold send us the \$2 and

paid. Ideal Fruit Label Co., Box 847, Cincinnati, O.



For Agents. A household ascessity. 20,000 sold in Minnespolis. Costs sity. Agents making \$7.00 sold. You of the state of th 10 cents TO-DAY for sample outfit.

Domestic Mig. Co., Minnespells, Miss.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY Invest 1 con card and we will put you in a position to earn \$1,000 a year. This is no fraud. Many now in our employ will wouch for the truth of this statement. We are willing to guarantee any honest, energetic person, with out previous experience, from \$700 to \$1,000 a year sure money, Writeto-day J. L. NICHOLS & CO., Naperville, Ills.

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In order to advertise our goods we are going to give away \$10,000 worth of premiums. We want some person in each town to show our goods to their friends. Send us your name and address and we will send you our large premium list and particulars. It will only take you a few minutes to do our work. The premiums will not cost you a cent. Address PEARCE & CO., Dept. A, VANDERGRIFT, PA.



Learn Card and Velet Lettring. A new FOR FOR High Card and Yeler Lettring. A new FOR FOR High Card and Yeler Lettring. A new FOR FOR High Class over the sand deem to uncrease the sand the to uncrease the sand t

O I SAY BOYS Make large profits this vacation premiums, including yearly enbergitions to good Magazines and Boys papers. Particulars free. Nelsy Pecket Telegraph sent for 8 cents. MAPELLO SPECIALTY CO., A. B. Daytes, Ohio.

DURING VACATION BOYS and CIRLS
make money in your
cwn homes. One to
two Dollars per day easily made. Let us tell you how to
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THE NEW DUST PAN.—Rapid seiter.
Exclusive territory. Write for targe catalogue. 30
other fast seiters, and how to get Sample Outlife Free.
EXCHARDSON BEG. CO., 12th St., Bath, S. T.

EVENING

\$250.00 GIVEN TO **OUR BOYS** In August

The Saturday **Evening Post**

Of Philadelphia

Will send to any boy answering this advertisement Ten Copies of next week's issue of the magazine, Entirely Without Charge, to be sold at 5 cents each. The 50 cts. thus secured will provide capital with which to start business. After that the weekly supply will be sent at the special wholesale price, with the privilege of returning any unsold copies in exchange for fresh ones.

> In Addition to the profit earned, \$250.00 in cash will be equally divided among all those boys who in August increase their average weekly sale from Ten to Fifteen Copies

If you want a share and will try the work, write to us and you will receive the first week's supply of the magazine with full instructions and a dainty little booklet containing photographs of some of our successful boys and letters from them telling just how they did it.

CIRCULATION BUREAU

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA



Alfred Ellison, 211 Wisconsin St., Eau Claire, Wis.: I will exchange a twelve-dollar violin and case for a three by five printing press and outfit.

J. Earl Davidson, Box 363, Anderson, Ind.:
I will exchange arrowheads for lion heads
cut from Lion coffee or signatures cut from
any other coffee. Write first.
Lee Manhood, San Antonio, Cal.: I will
exchange a thirteen-inch snare drum for a
Stevens Sure-Shot rifle or a Vive four and
one quarter inch square camera.

Mount K. Wild Rear 105, Union City, Ind.:

Mount K. Wild, Box 105, Union City, Ind.: I will exchange duplicate stamps and a printing press in good condition, for an old camera which does not use plates.

camera which does not use places.

Charles B. Tobey, 1747 Capouse Avenue.
Scranton, Pa.: I will exchange sulphur as
it comes from the coal mines, for stamps,
coins, Indian relics, minerals, curios, etc.

Harman Jankins. Huntington, W. Va.:

Herman Jenkins, Huntington, W. Va.: I will exchange an approval book containing sixty stamps catalogued at one dollar and fifty cents, for a good font of lead type.

Stoddard King, Northwood, No. Dak.: I have one dozen comic slip magic lantern slides, width one and five sixteenths inches, which I will exchange for some good boys'

Gaylord B. Stow, 560 North Street, Appleton, Wis.: I will exchange shells, coral, and sponge from the Atlantic Ocean near Florida, for second hand typewriter or other stellar.

Henry C. Brose, 185 Grove Street, Plainfield, N. J.: I will exchange relics of Spanish-American war for first eight numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY, or a camera or Indian relics.

Erwin Holmes, 53 Model Ave.. Trenton, N. J.: I will exchange "The Wilderness Hunter," a piece of copper ore and an Indian arrowhead for a second-hand nickelplated air rifle.

Joe C. Kilburn, Mt. Hersey, Ark.: I have a five-dollar bil! of Confederate money that I will exchange for a good Columbian half dollar, old copper cents, or hard time or war tokens, or other coins.

The entire career of Charles Darwin was influenced by a book of travels which he read in early

William Hillman, Jr., 132 South St., Mount Vernon, N. Y.: I will exchange a telegraph instrument in good condition for an old sword or other antique curiosity. Also electric bell for any Indian relics.

electric bell for any Indian relics.

Edwin S. Mix. 3 Ranier St., Rochester, N. Y.: I will exchange a jig saw and patterns, a telephone outfit, a pair of skates, an ashen hide-strung bow, and numerous other things for type or printing fixtures.

J. J. McKallip, New Kensington, Pa.: I will exchange a copy of either Liverpool Echo. Liverpool Courier, or Cork Daily Heralds, for a copy of either February or April (1900) numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY in good condition.

R. G. Austen, 34 Wayerly Road, Kew

R. G. Austen, 34 Waverly Road, Kew Beach, Toronto, Ont.: I will exchange birds' eggs and Canadian stamps with any other boy. No duty. Will also exchange stamps for eggs. If any boy wants to buy eggs send postal note or money order.

Berdine Walker, Cresco. Ia.: I have a good time-keeping watch, nickel-plated, that I would like to trade with some of the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY for No. 6, Vol. I., No. 4, Vol. I., and No. 1, Vol. 1. Also a good mandolin for best offer.

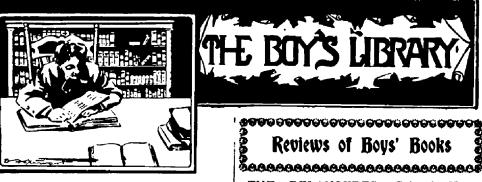
Aubrey C. Griffin, Brooklyn, Miss.: I will exchange a stem-winding and setting watch and splits of wood and leaves from trees of Mississippi for a good self-inking press and outfit; and I will also exchange ten copies of The Youth's Companion for the first eight copies of THE AMERICAN BOY.

Herbert C. Jeffries, Louise, Tex.: I have a medical battery (nearly new) that I will exchange for a small press that will print a form about one by one and one-half inches, a font of type, roller, ink, type case, chase. This is a bargain. Better write at once and get the battery. Will also exchange stamps for extra font of type.

write at once and get the battery. Will also exchange stamps for extra font of type.

George V. Burton, Vancouver, Wash.: I will exchange a fine stamp album that holds five hundred and eight stamps and has four hundred and seventy one pictures of stamps, for seventy five used stamps from for the Victoria Cross. any of the following countries: Orange Free State. Hawalian Islands, Mexico, Cuba, China, Spain, Peru. Costa Rica. Chili, New Zealand, United States ten and fifteen cent stamps, and United States Confidence of the confidence of

Benjamin Franklin testified that a little tattered volume of "Esmay to Do Good," by Cotton Mather, read when he was a hoy, influenced the whole course of his conduct, and that if he had been a useful citizen "the public owes all the advantages of it to that little book."



Provide a boy with a good library, and so cultivate his taste for pure literature that he will never care for evil books that exalt crime and idealize criminals.

For Name and Fame; or, Through Afghan Passes; by G. A. Henty.

Afghan Passes; by G. A. Henty.

To say which of Henty's books is the most interesting, would be a difficult matter, but one of his best stories is, unquestionably, "For Name and Fame"—a book which from its initial to its final chapter possesses an absorbing interest for the reader, be that reader boy or man; and in this power to win and hold the interest of young and old lies the indisputable proof that lienty is a first-class "story teller"

"Once upon a time," in old England, a certain gentleman, Captain Ripon by name, causes the arrest and imprisonment of a gypsy fellow who has stolen twelve spangled dorkings, the special pride and delight of the captain's pretty young wife. The gypsy, too, has a wife who loves her vagabond husband with all the strength of her untamed nature. Tearfully, she pleads with Captain Ripon not to appear against her husband, but her entreaties are refused, and with a baleful flash in her big, black eyes that quickly dries her tears, the gypsy woman swears to be revenged upon the captain, even if it takes a life-time to accomplish her purpose.

to be revenged upon the captain, even if it takes a life-time to accomplish her purpose.

Time goes on, and one day, the beautiful baby-son, the idol of the Ripon household, disappears, and all efforts to find him are unavailing. At last, by a certain sign the heart-broken mother and father know that the gypsy woman, whom they have long since forgotten, has kept her vow by stealing their only child. With a sickening sense of misery the parents realize that this woman will naturally vent her long-cherished spite upon their delicately nurtured darling.

The bleak wind of a January night wails dismally around the poor-house of the little Cambridgeshire town of Ely, and occasionally, a snowflake flutters carthward. Mrs. Dickson, the wife of the poor-house porter, awakening suddenly, thinks she hears a child crying, outside. Arousing her husband, good Mrs. Dickson sends him out into the wintry storm to see if she hears aright, and in a few moments the porter returns, carrying in his arms, a sturdy boy, seemingly about two years of age. The next morning a gypsy woman is found frozen to death, a few yards away from the poor-house, and, naturally, it is supposed that the poor little castaway found the night before, is the gypsy's child Good Mrs. Dickson, who becomes a mother to the new foundling—to whom the poor-house guardians give the name of William Gale—stoutly maintains that the beautiful, English-looking child of the poor gypsy. I'rder Mother Dickson's care William Gale—stoutly maintains that the beautiful, English-looking child of the poor gypsy. I'rder Mother Dickson's care William Gale—stoutly maintains that the beautiful, English-looking child of the poor gypsy. I'rder Mother Dickson's care William Gale—stoutly maintains that the beautiful, English-looking child of the poor gypsy. I'rder Mother Dickson's care William Gale grows up a good boy, and by nature he is brave, honest and a gentleman. At the age of fifteen, he leaves his poor, but happy home, at Ely, and goes out into the big world as a 'prentice lad

inson Crusoe life on a desolate island, and subsequent stay among a tribe of friendly Malays; and his rescue (by means of a quick-witted and daring piece of stategy) of an English brig, the Sea Belle, bound for Calcutta—these are the most important adventures of William Gale, the gallant young hero of "For Name and Fame." for two years after he leaves his Cambridgeshire home.

As a reward for the service rendered the

for the Victoria Cross.

By one of those strange chances which happen both in and out of fiction, Captain Gale, by an act of great heroism, saves the life of his unknown father, Colonel Ripon, now an officer in the India-British army. A warm friendship naturally springs up between the two officers, and in the course of time Colonel Ripon discovers that William Gale is his long lost son.

In this review I have given you, boys, an outline of the story, "For Name and Fame," one of the most interesting in-

nutline of the story, "For Name and Fame." one of the most interesting, instructive and well-written books I have ever read, and one that in tone, is as healthful and fresh as the breezes of its hero's native land. ALEXANDER JENKINS.

Many boys and men who appear before criminal courts ascribe their downfall to impure reading.

THE DELAHOYDES: Colonel Henry Inman. "The Delahoydes" is a story of boy life on the old Santa Fe trail. The characters in it are all drawn from life. The localities are geographically true and the incidents real. For boys who like the study of camp life and life in the mountains and among the Indians, the book is full of thrilling interest. 283 pps. \$1.00, Crane & Co.

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cents. Fleming H. Revell Co.

WITH WASHINGTON IN BRADDOCK'S CAMPAIGN: Edward Rogans. This book tells the experiences of a Virginia boy, liarry Farquhar. He was an aide to Washington, sharing with him the dangers of those early expeditions in the forests of Virginia and Pennsylvania. The background of the book is history. The author describes vividity the adventures of Washington and his companions in that stirring period of American history. He tells about the treachery and the devotion of the Indian, midnight attacks on the settlements, battles, raids and forays. 233 pps. \$1.25. George W. Jacobs & Co.

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\$1.25. George W. Jacobs & Co.

CHARLEMAGNE, The Hero of Two Nations, by H. W. Carless Davis. The book is one of the "Heroes of the Nations" series, edited by Evelyn Abbott, M. A. In this book the author has endeavored to give some idea of the personality and influence of the first Western Emperor. She has dealt with institutions and social and literary developments only as they threw light on the career of this giant of medieval history. The narrative is based on a study of the chronicles of the literature of the period, a period that is interesting not only to the student of history but also to the general reader. Maps and engravings from old pictures form a very interesting part of the book. 331 pps. \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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ruly illustrated. 296 pps. Lee & Shepard.

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Arthur Did Not Buy a Shotgun.

AUNT LUCY.

My boy friend, Arthur, age twelve, was very anxious to learn to shoot, that he might kill quail enough to buy a shotgun with which to kill more quail and get money to put in the bank, and then to buy a sawmill.

with which to kill more quall and get money to put in the bank, and then to buy a saw-mill.

As Arthur's father was a poor man with six little ones to provide for, the money with which to buy ammunition, small though it was in amount, was a matter of some concern; therefore Arthur and I made a contract, wherein I agreed to furnish traps with which he was to trap gophers, for which he was to receive three cents each. In this way Arthur earned sixty three cents, with which he bought loaded shells. Then we made another agreement. Arthur was to have the use of my gun, provided he gave me one quail in every twelve. The boy was naturally of steady nerve and quick eye, and in a short time became a very fair marksman. During the season he was fortunate enough to bag thirty eight quall, one hare, and three cottontail. He gave one of the cottontail to his mother, and traded one to me for a quail. For his three dozen quail he received nine dollars, and for his hare fifty cents. At a family council, in which I was included, it was decided that the shotgun was not an absolute necessity, but a new suit of clothes was. Arthur cheerfully accepted the condition and bought himself a new suit of shells, he had twenty cents left, which he laid by for a nest egg.

That's how Arthur didn't buy a gun.

An Interesting Experiment.

hatives of these countries. It gives him interesting stories based upon fact, and pictures of the resolute men who risked their lives in the cause of science and civilization. It is profusely illustrated and handsomely printed on the best book paper. 41 pps. \$2.00. Doubleday, Page & Co.
FIGHTING THE DONS: Gordon Stables, C. M., M. D. This is a story of the Spanish-American war dedicated by the author to brave boy readers. British and American. The book is beautifully illustrated and handsomely bound. The author tells about the adventures of several young fellows who as sailors took part in the Spanish-American war. He tells about the destruction of the Maine, the battle of Manila Bay, and the smash-up of Cervera's fleet. It is a spirited and distinctly American story that would stir to read of the sea. When we have a story of the sea, mingled with a description of historic events on sea and land such as the events of the late unpleasantness with Spain, we have a book that every boy must be eager for. 329 pps. \$1.25. George W.

Good in Composition.

Kimpton Ellis, a thirteen year old Colum-Kimpton Ellis, a thirteen year old Columbus, Ohio boy, received first honorable mention among the boys of the Grammar Grade of the Columbus schools in a composition contest conducted by the Ohio State Journal. Young Ellis wrote on the subject "Kanaka Boys," the native boys of the Hawaiian Islands. He says of these boys that they can swim before they can toddle straight, and that "steamer days" are events of great consequence to them. "Long before a vessel from 'Frisco,' China or



KIMPTON ELLIS. COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Australia is moored at the dock, these urchins' black heads dot the surface of the blue water waiting expectantly for passengers to throw coins into the deep; then like sinkers these chaps drop. They do not dive as we do, but draw up their knees and sink, their object being to get beneath the coin and selze it in their hands as it is going down. Often money is not captured until it has reached the bottom of the ocean. On rising from a drop the captured coin is held high above the head to view, then clapped into a grinning mouth for a safety deposit. I remember a nickel was several times thrown to a chubby baby near the coast, too small to venture, farther, but numbered as a diver. Each time his wee head went under only a few inches. Larger boys took the coins, until finally the tears rolled down the little fellow's cheeks and mingled with the ocean brine. Then a boy shouted: 'He no can swim much. He just learn. Me fix him.' At this he handed the child a coin from his mouth and the baby boy's lately sorrowful eyes lit up brightly. He had shut the coin up in his mouth and was contented. These coin divers vary in age from twelve to four years, the greatest number being about five years old."



NAT MARKESON,

Harvard University recently won a victory over Yale in the annual debate between the two colleges. This was the eighth vic-tory for Harvard in the eleven years dur-ing which the debate has been conducted. The victory for Harvard was won by R. C. Bruce, a colored boy, and son of Blanch K. Bruce, of Louisiana, ex-United States senator and ex-register of the United States treasury.

Roscoe Wike, of Canton. Ohio, age thirteen, writes us expressing his approval of THE AMERICAN BOY. Roscoe has a large hound and a pair of rabbits. He takes pleasure in a flower bed, and a vegetable garden in which he raises plants for sale.

Boys in the Home, Church and School

Manual Training.

It very frequently happens that a boy who is slower in acquiring a knowledge of his lessons and is more backward than his school fellows, try as he may to excel them, becomes discouraged, dull and moody. Let this boy have the opportunity to go to a workroom for an hour and try his hand at making a box or planing a rough piece of board, and he will perhaps find that he can do either or both better than the brightest boy in his school. By this means you have given him an impulse of self respect that may be of untold benefit to him when he returns to his studies. He will certainly be a brighter and a better boy for finding out something that he can do well. Manual training is one of the few good things that are good for everyone. It is good for the rich as well as for the poor boy, to teach him to increase his faculty for handling tools, and in the case of the latter it is of inestimable advantage, as tools are the things he will probably have to handle for a living. It is good for the studious boy, as it draws him away for a time from his books, but more especially is it good, as we have pointed out above, for the well-intentioned but dull boy, as it shows him that there is at least something he can do well.

Huxley's Definition of a Liberal Education.

"That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order; ready like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature, and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire. but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himseii."

flany College Graduates Lacking in Good Manners.

President Eliot, of Harvard, in an address to Miss Hazard on the occasion of ber inauguration as President of he hoped that women's colleges might unheeded. The boy does not believe that be able to inculcate manners with more an attendance at Sunday School paves the success than the old colleges had done, way to fame. Squire Martin in the old This remark created some comment; and Dr. Edward Everett Hale, writing in the Boston Christian Register, takes up the cudgel for President Eliot, say- uncertainty as to the spirit in which Billy ing: "May it not be fairly asked if some of our children do not grow up with an impudent self-conceit, nursed verse: and bred by our declamations about If I eat all my crusts like a good little public education? Fools, speaking to them on anniversaries, tell them that they are the most important beings in the world. They know that the State Who Won First Prize in Drawing, Grammar Grade Department, Columbus Ohio: Public Nchools, in Contest Conducted by the Ohio State Journal.

They know that the State But there were dark moments when taxes itself for their training as it does even the trustful heart of female infancy not for armies and navies, and the danger is that these little gentlemen and ladies shall come to think that they belong at the head of the board, and that the unfortunates who teach them, who feed them, who clothe them, are quite unworthy of any respect beyond what a one important thing in teaching a dog tricks is never to allow him to come to the end of a trick without orders from you; less they can make men out of boys. First of all, boys and girls should know who they are, what they are to live for. They are to know that they are in a world where each lives for all and all for each. If they

can grow to this knowledge under the touch of their teachers, good manners are secured. A girl may direct a letter upside down, but the letter will say the right thing. She may use the wrong fork at the dinner table, but she will be sure to thank God for the dinner.'

Dr. Hale gives some glaring instances of ingratitude and ill-manners on the part of college-bred young men and young women. One of his friends paid THE PUPIL, AND NOT THE CLASS, the whole expenses of several young women selected as being specially fit for the "higher education." A dozen of them graduated at different colleges. Of that number, but one wrote him to thank him for his generosity and to in-

vite him to her commencement.

A man once said to Dr. Hale, "I think you will like to help young men in their education. But take care never to accept from them any written obligations. Here are two or three thick files of such obligations which I have taken, and which the writers have forgotten. It always makes me cynical to look at

The treasurer of a large educational fund, who had for many years sent from twelve to twenty checks annually to students who received the benefits of the fund, told Dr. Hale that in ten years' time he had never once had a receipt in acknowledgment of his payment. In the annual audit of his accounts he always had to present the checks which these young men had been obliged to endorse.

Mr. Memminger, a member of Jefferson Davis' Cabinet in 1848, uttered a remarkable protest against public education. He said, "It cuts the tap-root of gratitude. If the children receive these priceless gifts from the State, it will wean them from the love of their fathers and mothers." He prophesied that it would be destructive to the tenderness of home.

Dr. Hale does not endorse the sentiment of Mr. Memminger, but he says that the disagreeable incidents which we have quoted illustrate the remark.

The Boy's Rocky Road to Fame.

The way of the boy is hard, and his hopes of distinction wither in the blast. Tis but a short month since Governor Roosevelt denounced him as "not worth his salt," if he wouldn't fight; and now Mr. John Wanamaker comes along and tells him authoritatively that if he has broken the Sabbath day he will never become famous. It only remains for Admiral Dewey to say that unless he learns his multiplication table he cannot be a sailor, and for Mr. Rockefeller to announce that he need not aspire to the Presidency if he has ever been rude to his aunt, says Agnes Repplier in Life.

The salvation of the boy lies in the fact that he habitually disregards the remarks of grown-up people. Their easy Obiter Wellesley College, made the remark that Dicta statements are harmless because reading book tells Billy Freeman that turkey gobblers never run after children who obey their parents; but we are left in accepts this fable. A touching tradition of our own childhood was embodied in the

girl.

It will make my nose straight and make my hair curl.

But there were dark moments when was heavy with doubt. Perhaps a direct appeal to vanity was not the best method of promoting good behavior. It may be that a moral law should have some broader encouragement than a hope of fame.—Exchange.

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HARRY CROW.

Who Won Second Prize in Composition, Grammar Grade Pepartment, Columbus (Ohio) Public Schools, in Contest Conducted by the Ohio State Journal.



KENNETH COTTINGHAM.

Who Won First Prize in Drawing, Primary Grade, Columbus (Ohior Public Schools, in Contest Conducted by the Ohio State Journal.



LEIGH CARLTON, ST. JOSEPH, MICH.

Who won second place in the recent Michigan State Oratorical Contest.

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- intellect. 5. That they affect the employee physically, so that he cannot give the best service to the employer.

Boys in the Office, Store, Factory, and on the Farm

From Chore Boy to Millionaire.

The Chicago Chronicle publishes a four-column biographical sketch of James Oliver, the great plow maker, and from it we take the liberty of quoting freely.

James Oliver was once a farmer's "chore boy," working for fifty cents a week. He is today worth \$15,000,000. and proprietor of the Oliver Plow Works, the largest plant of its kind in the world. Mr. Oliver is a Scotchman. His father was a shepherd, and had no faculty for accumulating money. The boy had practically no schooling. Mr. Oliver gives his mother and a Sunday school the credit for the education he received when a boy. At the age of eleven he came to this country with one or two other members of the family. On a farm near Geneva, N. Y., he was given work as chore boy by a farmer, his pay to be board and lodging and fifty cents a week. At the end of eleven weeks he had saved five dollars, every cent of which he had to send to his brother, who was in need. At the age of thirteen we find him in Le Grange county, Ind., and a little later at Mishawaka, in the same State, working on his father's farm. Shortly afterwards his father died, and he again found employment as chore boy at six dollars a month. For four years he worked at anything he could find, picking up what little book knowledge he could. At the age of seventeen he was working in a grist mill at Mishawaka, and at about this time invested all he had (\$75) in a house and lot, agreeing to pay for it \$775. He says of this investment: When I look back upon it I feel that to it I owe, in a good measure, what success I have met with during my life, for to liquidate the debt I was forced to work hard and economize continually." At the age of twenty-one he married and went to live in a little slab house for which he paid \$18, adding \$11 for improvements. His wife gathered together a number of rags, borrowed a loom and wove a rag carpet, which he thought was the prettiest thing he had ever seen. He lived three months in this little slab house—the happiest months of his life, he says. He then learned the molder's trade and accumulated a little money. At the age of twenty-eight we find him operating a little foundry of his own at South Bend, Ind., where he made plows. After a great deal of ill luck and close study of the plow business-for he was trying all the time to perfect an implement that could be made cheaper and work better than any plow then madehe finally hit upon a chilling process, and the Oliver Chilled Plow, now known the first time. He tells how he invented the plow as follows:

"I had all along thought that an improvement might be made by chilling one-quarter of the moldboard of the plow, and so one day I got up a pattern, more apt to care for it and the rest of fitted it to my moldboard and chilled a few. I noticed that many of the mold-pair of skates, a gun, and maybe a watch, boards would crack. Then I tried chilling the entire surface, but found that the he wants to use a hammer, saw or ax let iron would dry on the damp surface. I discovered that by using hot water for warm- in their places when he gets through ing the 'chills' used in chilling the moldboards, the moisture in the flasks would dry; but in running the iron over the haps you say he has none; but does the surface of the moldboard the air would city boy have all the sunshine or exercollect into the melted iron and chill, act- cise that he needs? The city boy does ing very much like air under ice. To not come in contact with nature as much prevent this, I made creases in the chill as does the country boy. Compare the with the point of an ordinary ground file, farm boy of to-day with one of fifty and found that it successfully carried the years ago. Then he didn't get much air from under the melted iron. By mak-|schooling, generally went barefoot, and ing the grooves in the chill a little deeper, I had accomplished what I sought. The surface of the moldboard was soft and perfect, and by my annealing process the metal was deprived of its brittleness. I was delighted, and with all haste went to Washington and took out patents."

The success of this plow was instantaneous; and from the little foundry in which he was his own superintendent, office boy, bookkeeper, salesman and buyer, there has grown up a plant at

Over 50,000 of his plows have been sold in Scotland, the country from which he came as a penniless boy, sixty five years ago.

The Farm-Boy's Home Life.

There is always the old complaint about the boy leaving the farm, and it is usually leaving the farm, not the farmhouse. Perhaps a little of the trouble lies here—with the home life.

In many houses the boy does not even have a room that he can call his own, but must share it—and sometimes even his bed-with another, in some cases the other Being a hired boy or man, who may or may not be a desirable room-mate.

And in such houses there is usually a 'spare room' or two, furnished comfortably and kept for the use of guests who may come once or twice a year. Would it not be much better for the boy to have one of these rooms for his daily use, than to keep it closed, awaiting a sometime guest?

There is little more labor involved, for the boy will feel some pride in his possession and he will soon learn to keep it neat. Let it be plainly but comfortably furnished, and help the boy to add to it such decorations as he may desire.

This is only one of the ways that the mother and sisters of the farmer boy can help make his life pleasant and attractive to him. Let them get rid of the idea that anything is good enough for a boy, and learn that the boy as well as the girl likes and appreciates, not only bodily comfort, but beautiful surroundings; though his way of showing this appreciation may differ materially from that of his sister.—Farm Journal.

In Defense of the Farm Boy.

The following are extracts from a prize essay written by Charley Hayne, of Johnson, Neb., a thirteen year old boy, for a farmers' institute. The subject of the essay is "The Boy on the Farm." We quote only a few paragraphs from the remarkably good composition:

"Though he should do his share of the work, the boy on the farm ought to be given some time of his own. He ought to have plenty of good books and games. If allowed to finish at a common country school he will have a fair education. The boy should have a room and a place for his things. He ought to have a pig or a calf. He might do as a boy in Kansas did. The farmer gave the boy a small potato and told him he could have land to raise the increase thereof until the hoy became of age. At the end of the fourth year the boy had four hundred bushels of potatoes and the man wanted to be released from his bargain. Another man in Kansas gave one of his children two old hens, and said he would feed the increase for four years. Two years have passed, and the boy has two hundred chickens and sixty four dollars world over, went into the market for the in the bank. The man says he is afraid that in two more years the boy will own the place and charge him rent for living

"Give the boy a share of the garden truck. If he has a colt or a calf he is them better. You could let him have a without missing the cost very much. If him use them, but teach him to put them with them.

"What advantage has a farm boy? Pereven when snow was on the ground he had to put on a pair of old shoes that his brother wore the winter before.

"A boy should be thankful that he doesn't have to shuck corn barehanded and always take a down row; or bind wheat by hand. Who invented the machines for labor saving that are on the up to date farm; did the city boy invent these? The common country boy knows enough to 'make his head save his heels.

"What more can a farm boy want? He South Bend, Ind., covering sixty two acres, has good reading matter, good schools, twenty seven of which are under roof. good exercise, and a good living."

The American Boy's VACATION

If you expect to go to work in the Fall you cannot use your vacation more profitably than in preparing for a position that will pay good wages from the start and enable you to gain valuable experience at the same time. We have helped thousands of young men to secure positions. Many of our students have gone from school into drafting rooms at good salaries where they have continued their studies and advanced to even better positions. We can do as much for you; our catalogues tell how.

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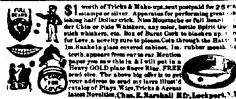
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BOYS IN GAMES AND SPORT

BUCCANEERING.

The Jelly Game of Hand Ringing is Rapidly Becoming Popular.

Hand ringing is on the highroad to becoming a popular sport among American boys. Its excitement and variety, its call for quick judgment and a ready hand endear it to every lover of good sport.

The diagram shows the arrangement of a field, for buccaneering. Two stakes from three to four feet in length are set firmly in the ground. They should be separated by perhaps lifty feet. Around each stake mark a circle ten feet in diameter. This can be done with either lime or a sharp stick.

The game is played with a ring made, as

The game is played with a ring made, as shown in the diagram, of rattan, or any flexible vine bound together with twine and covered with canvas or some other strong cloth. The rings are from eight to ten inches in diameter.

To begin play, "choose up sides," and let the two captains take a position in the center of the field. When the ring is not "in play," each man must keep between the ring and the stake he is defending. Bearing this rule in mind the captains may dispose of their men in any fashion they choose.

The captain who has previously gained

dispose of their men in any fashion they choose.

The captain who has previously gained possesion of the ring by a toss may put it "in play," either by throwing it forward toward the enemies' stake or by passing it back to one of his own side for a run. If he throws it forward no one on his side may touch the ring until an opponent has touched it; but if he passes it back either side may gain possesion. To block a run it is merely necessary to touch a player who holds the ring. The moment a player in possession is touched by an opponent he must throw the ring in one direction or another. Always remember that to throw the ring forward means that your side must let it alone until at least one of your opponents has been "in possession."

If at any time during the game the man holding the ring calls time, play is stopped. Each side takes positions between the ring and their stake and then the man holding the ring starts the play as at the beginning of a game. No count can be made by the first throw after time has been called. If two men seem to pick up or catch the ring exactly the same moment and a dispute arises as to whom the ring goes to the side making the last throw and play is resumed from the point where the ring stopped.

If the ring goes out of bounds the side not responsible for the accident are accounted in possession and play is resumed as at the beginning of a game.

No player can on any account step within the circle which surrounds his or his opponents' stake. The violation of any rule counts one to the opposing side. To throw the ring within the circle of your opponents' counts two, to ring their stake counts ten The captain who has previously gained

NO. 44. STEP.

NO. 44. STEP.

The ground is marked off by two parallel lines, a wide distance apart. One player, who is "it," stands on one of these lines, with his back to the other players, who start at the other line. The one who is "it" counts ten rapidly, during which time the other players approach his line. As he says "Ten!" they stand still in whatever attitude they may be at the moment; he turns his head quickly and calls the name of any player or players whom he sees moving. Any thus caught moving have to go back to the starting line and begin over, while the counter repeats the count of while the counter repeats the count of ten and the players again move forward. The object of the game is to cross the counter's line without being seen in motion by him. The last one over changes places with the counter with the counter.

NO. 45. LADDER

A "ladder." or jumping frame, made of very thin strips of wood, about two inches wide, is laid on the ground. The players run over it, stepping in the open spaces without touching the wood; later they hop through it on both feet; on one foot, and then the other, etc., etc.

NO. 46. JAPANESE TAG.

This is like ordinary tag, except that a player who is tagged must place his left hand on the spot touched, whether it be his back, elbow or ankle, and in that position must chase the other players. He is relieved of his position only when he succeeds in tagging someone else. Several players may be "it" at one time.

JUMPING ROPE.

NO. 47. FOX AND GEESE (LARGE ROPE).

ROPE).

(a) Rope turned toward jumper
(b) Rope turned away from jumper.

1. Run under (a).

2. Run under (b).

3. Run in (a), jump once, run out.

4. Run in (b), jump once, run out.

5. Etc., continue to five jumps.

Repeat in pairs, threes, etc., as long as time allows. The players form in line and take turns. The first one to miss "takes an end," and the one relieved from turning goes to the end of the line. When jumping in pairs, the one relieved takes the place of the one who misses.

NO. 18. FANCY JUMPS (SINGLE ROPE)

1. Run in (alternate a and b), and jump three times with one of the following arm positions: 1. hands on hips; 2, on shoulders; 3, on_head; 4, circle arms over head.

A guard such as the one shown in the diagram can be made from light canvas or leather and will protect the hand in much the same way as does a base ball glove.

FIFTY GOOD GAMES

As Played in Brooklyn Public Schools

From Report by Jessie H. Bancroft, Director of Physical Training

A guard such as the one shown in the diagram on one foot; 3, en alternate feet; 4, rocking step.

3. Run in (a), turn half around in two jumps and run out on the same side; 2, turn all of the way around in two jumps and run out on the opposite side; 3, run in (b), jump three times as follows: 1, on both feet: 2, on one foot; 3, en alternate feet; 4, rocking step.

3. Run in (a), turn half around in two jumps and run out on the opposite side; 3, run in (b), jump three times as follows: 1, on both feet: 2, on one foot; 3, en alternate feet; 4, rocking step.

3. Run in (a), turn half around in two jumps and run out on the opposite side; 3, run in (b), jump three times; 4, call somebody in on the second jump, jump once together, and jump to five, call someone in on the first jump. This player should call someone in on the first jump, etc. There will be five in at one time. Run out on opposite sides.

NO. 49. LARGE DOUBLE ROPE-FRENCH ROPE.

Repeat Fox and Geese.
 Repeat Fancy Jumps.

NO. 50. LARGE SINGLE AND SMALL INDIVIDUAL ROPES.

(Ropes turn the same way.)

Stand in, jump five times, run out forward

Run under (a). Run in, jump five times, run out. Stand in, jump five times, run out backward.

5. Run in with individual rope, turning backward; jump three times and run out.

An English boys' periodical recently took a vote on the recreation its readers preferred. The result gave this order: Footlerred. The result gave this order; root-ball, cricket, cycling, swimming, gymnas-tics, reading, rowing, stamp collecting. There were twenty two recreations named; croquet came last and golf twentieth. We imagine that if such a vote were taken in the United States baseball would stand at the head.

at the head.

As a scientific experiment, not long ago, a Swiss doctor took two young athletes of equal prowess, and dieted one on vegetables and the other on every day food, giving him plenty of meat. After two months of this training, he made them wrestle. Neither could throw the other. He then placed each at a crank, and made them turn a handle. After seven hours of continuous work, the meat-fed athlete fainted. His fellow continued working for another four hours, when his hands became so blistered he had to desist. Otherwise he was none the worse, and after drinking a cup of cocoa he declared he felt as strong as ever.

There are 24,000 boys in the boys' departments of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the country.

How many bad boys does it take to make good one? One—if you treat him well.

FISHING TACKLE AND SPORTING SOODS.

Bend for Catalogue to
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tions: 1. hands on hips; 2, on shoulders; head; 4, circle arms over head.
Run in (alternate a and b), and jump; H. A. BABER, 901 N. Wolfe St., Baltimerc, Md.



Results count, not me:e claims. Not exactly two say, but what the

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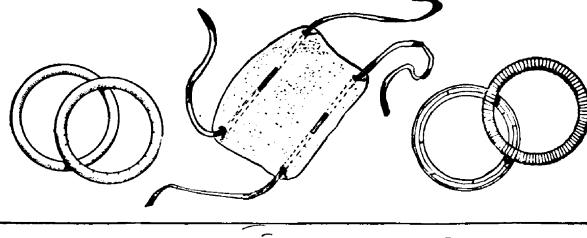
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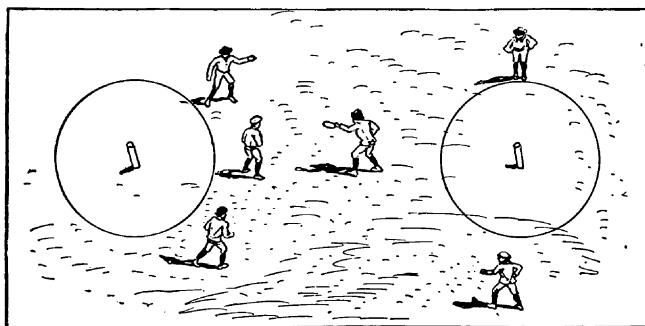


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[AUGUST, 1901

THE STORY OF JOHNNY'S TRIP

(Begun in the May Number.)









CAPTAIN'S BADGE.

(Twice Actual Size.

Leaving the reindeer behind, they climb a high mountain of fan till they turned a corner.

THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN Boy

A National Non-Secret Society for AMERICAN BOYS.

Under the Auspices of "THE AMERICAN BOY."

Mind and Morals.

The object more definitely stated: To promote mutual and helpful friendships among boys; to give wider circulation to high class boy literature; to cultivate in boys physical, mental and moral courage, and develop them along social, intellectual and moral lines; to cultivate purity of language and actions; to discourage idleness, and encourage honest sport and honest work; to cherish and emulate the examples of great and good men; to inculcate lessons of patriotism and love of country; to prepare boys for good citizenship; to cultivate reverence for the founders of our country, and to

The Lewis and Clark Company. No. 1, Division of Montana, Helena, Mont.. has adopted the proposed Constitution and Bylaws, with a few minor changes. This Company has decided to make athletics its main object, and will meet at the Captain's home on the second Saturday and last Friday of each month. each month.

salt Lake Company. No. 1, Salt Lake City, Utah, sends in fifty cents for one of the Free Circulating Libraries. This Company held its election of officers late in June, which resulted in a re-election of all the officers. One week after the election they held a banquet, and, to use the words of the Captain, "had the best time you can imagine."

The Hayes Company, No. 4, Division of Ohio, Lindsey, Ohio, held its election of officers June 7, with the following result: Howard L. Stierwalt was elected Captain, P. L. Thomas, Secretary, and W. Lamale, Treasurer. The Company dues are five cents

The Ensign John R. Monaghan Company, No. 2, Division of Washington, Trent, Wash., has adopted the Constitution and By-laws, with a few minor changes. This Company will take up literary work for the present.

At the lawn fete to be held by the Winfield Scott Schley Company, No. 2, Division of Maryland, New Windsor, Md., of which we make mention in another column, the orchestra will play THE AMERICAN BUY March and Two-Step, which appears in the July number of this paper. The Captain has written us for extra copies of the paper for use by the orchestra on that occasion, after which he says he will send them out as sample copies. as sample copies.

after which he says he will send them out as sample copies.

The Centennial Company, No. 1, Division of Colorado, Denver, Colo., has a nice cozy room in the rear of a shoe store, which is owned by the father of two of the members. The boys have papered the room and decorated it with red, white and blue bunting. They have a nice carpet on the floor, a large lamp, stove, etc. One of the walls is decorated with a large American flag, surrounded by the pictures of seven famous Indian chiefs. There are also a number of other pictures on the walls, among them "Paul Jones in a Sea Fight," "Birth of the American Flag," "Boys in Blue Remembering the Maine." "Columbla," and pictures of landscapes. This Company has a militation programme to test the bravery and courage of the candidates. They meet every Tuesday evening. The meetings on the first and third Tuesdays in each month are devoted to business, and those on the second and fourth Tuesdays to recreation, at which latter meetings the boys have a good time generally, playing games, etc. They have a library of fifty books and magazines, and Indian clubs and boxing gloves.

The Timothy Murphy Company No. 1

magazines, and Indian clubs and boxing gloves.

The Timothy Murphy Company, No. 1, Division of New York. Cobleskill. N. Y., held an excellent meeting July 11 at the home of one of the members. The meeting was opened with the salute to the flag, followed by the roll call, all members but one being present. Then came the election of officers which resulted as follows: Willard Hard was elected Captain, Newton Mann. Vice Captain; Adelbert Hard, Secretary: Frank Sawyer, Treasurer, and Donald Davis, Librarian. The boys have decided to put THE AMERICAN BOY for 1901 in book form. After the business part of the meeting the Company had an interesting programme, as follows: Debate—"Resolved, that women should vote," decision in favor of the affirmative. Then followed a dialogue by two of the members, Adelbert Hard and Donald Davis, and then a young lady visitor played THE AMERICAN 180Y March and Two-step, after which the boys sang "America." Next came a good paper on "Murphy as a Friend"—the hero after whom this Company is named, after which the meeting was adjourned. The boys expect to hold a picnic soon.

Journed. The boys expect to hold a picnic soon.

The Richard Yates, Sr., Company, No. 3, O. A. B. (Order American Boy), held their first open meeting June 21 with their Secretary, Barclay Wyckoff, at his home on West North street. The Company is of recent organization, being at present composed of five members: Captain, Roy Crampton; Secretary, Barclay Wyckoff, Librarian. Earl Richardson; privates, Harold Graves and Edward Mayer. The purpose of the Company is development in moral, literary and athletic lines.

A number of friends availed themselves of the kind invitation to be present and enjoyed a program given entirely by members of the Company. A social time was enjoyed, light refreshments served and the boys and their friends separated feeling that an excellent beginning had been made and hoping that the occasion might soon be repeated. The program was as follows: introductory sketch—Roy Crampton. Reading—Edward Mayer.

Sketch of life of Richard Yates, Sr.—Earl Richardson.

Extemporaneous speech—Subject, Our Company; Its Future—Barclay Wyckoff. Essay Harold Graves.

Sketch of life of Richard Yates, Sr.—Earl Richardson.
Extemporaneous speech—Subject, Our Company; its Future—Barclay Wyckoff.
Essay Harold Graves.
Debate—Subject, Resolved: That system of combination commonly known as the trusts is not injurious to public welfare. Affirmative, Roy E. Crampton; negative, Barclay Wyckoff.
Affirmative, Roy E. Crampton; negative, Barclay Wyckoff.
The George Washington Company, No. 2, Division of Michigan, Lacota, Mich., is very much 'interested in debating, and most of the time at its meetings is devoted to this feature.
The Lone Star Company, No. 1, Division of Texas, Ennis, Tex., has adopted the following yell:
"Hug-a-ha! Hug-a-ha!
"A. B., A. B., Rah! rah! rah!
"Who are we? Who are we?
"We're the boys of the O. A. B."
The Captain of this Company writes that the boys would like to hear from other Companies regarding their yells.

Object:—The Cultivation of Manliness in Muscle,

stimulate boys to all worthy endeavor.

CENTENNIAL COMPANY, No. 1, DENVER, DIVISION OF COLORADO.

The two standing are, on the left Captain Guy M. Laird, on the right Treasurer Henry Greenswald. Those sitting are, from the left, Librarian Wm. Greenswald, Private Julius Bradford, Secretary Harold Vieira, Private Courtland Vaughn. The company is enjoying its "Installation Banquet." Note the charter hanging under the flag.

American Boy Field Days

Third Saturday of Each Month

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

The Order of The American Boy

AUGUST FIELD DAY IS AUGUST 17th

Ball Throwing

AMERICAN BOY

Circulating Libraries

For 50 cents we will send to the captain of any company one of these Libraries for the use of his company for two months.

EACH LIBRARY CONTAINS FIVE SPLENDID BOOKS FOR BOYS

NOT CHEAP STUFF

But the Very Best Boy Literature

Boys desiring to Organize Companies may obtain a Pamphlet from us containing the Directions published in the January and February Nos. of this Paper. It is sent free.

Company News.

William C. Sprague Company, No. 1, Leb-anon. Ore., has collected a library. New York stands in the lead in the num-ber of Companies formed. It already has eleven, with the prospect of more in the very near future.

The Toronto Company, No. 1, Toronto, Ont., recently held a public meeting and elected honorary members. This Company expects many of the boys' parents to become honorary members.

Victoria Company, No. 1, Division of Michigan, Watervillet, Mich., held its election of officers late in June. This Company now has a membership of nine, with a promise of more in the near future.

The Statsenberg Company, No. 1, Hebron, Neb., held its election of officers recently. Minor Wasson was elected Captain, and the retiring Captain, J. Carroll Knode, was elected Vice Captain. This Company has become greatly interested in the collecting of foreign stamps.

of foreign stamps.

The Little Egypt Company, No. 8, Division of Illinois, Mt. Vernon, Ill., held its second meeting July 1, at which meeting Ralph Marshall was elected secretary and Edwin Rockaway treasurer. This Company will hold its meetings every Monday night hereafter. The monthly dues are ten cents each. The Captain writes us that they have had their charter framed. He says it looks fine, and all the members of the Company are greatly pleased with it.

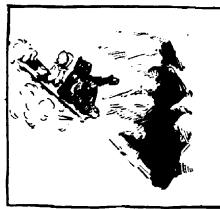
THERE is no other Air Rifle like the Rapid. It's in a class all by THERE is no other Air Rifle like the Rapid. It's in a class all by itself.

The retail price (\$1.25) is low considering what you get as compared with other guns. It is not a tin toy but a full grown, harmless rifle.

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RAPID RIFLE COMPANY, Ltd., CRAND RAPIDS, MICH. In the Old Clipper Plant.

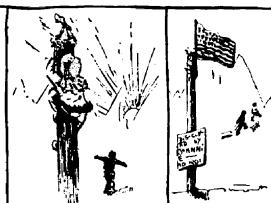
TO THE NORTH POLE ENDS HAPPILY.







And come out bang up against a pole. On searching his geography he found it was the north pole.



But the dog gets there first.

No use for any one now to try-Johany found it.

Companies Organized Since the Issue of the July Number.

Ensign John R. Monaghan Company, No. 2, Division of Washington, Trent, Wash., Captain J. Conrad Stegner.
George H. Marshall Company, No. 1, Division of New Jersey, Trenton, N. J., Captain Rudolph L. Marshall.
The John Brown Company, No. 4, Division of California, Saratoga, Cal., Captain Chas. Cugningham.

The John Brown Company, No. 4, Dayision of California, Saratoga, Cal., Captain Chas. Curningham.

The William L. Marcy Company, No. 11, Division No. 7, New York, Troy, N. Y., Captain John McKean, Jr.

The Athletic Company, No. 2, Division of Kentucky, Ashland, Ky., Captain James Conway.

Degrees are conferred.

Degrees are conferred on the following to be a considered of the conferred on the following to be a considered of the conferred on the following to be a considered of the conferred on the following to be a considered of the conferred on the following to consider the conferred on the following to consider the conferred on the following the conferred of the conferred on the following the conferred of the conferred on the following the conferred of the conf

Bedard, Detroit. Mich., one degree for unusual musical skill and one degree for good scholarship: J. Carroll Knode, Hebron, Neb., one degree for skill in athletics: Minor Wasson, Hebron, Neb., one degree for skill in athletics: Minor Winfield Scott Schley Company, No. 2, one degree for skill in athletics: Howard W. McClure, Litchfield, Minn., one degree for skill in athletics: James Kirkley, Chicago, one degree for unusual originality and enterprise: Wedworth and Ralph Penoyar, Jr., Bay City, Mich., one degree each for a conspicuous act of heroism.

Meeting of the Executive Council.

The Executive Council of The Order of The Executive Council of The Order of the American Boy, composed of fifteen ladies and gentlemen, together with the Executive Officers of the Order, will meet at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, July 27, and be in session at the Hotel Victory. Important plans respecting the Order will be formulated, and these will be announced in our September number.



Houston (Texas) Boys.

Our picture shows a group of Houston (Tex.) boys just returning from their annual Y. M. C. A. camping expedition at Clear Lake, one mile from Seabrook. Tex., where the boys had a fine time. The picture is sent by James Crate, one of the two companies—Company A and Company boys, who is an admirer of THE AMERICAN BOY, as will be understood from a group is James Crate, who sent the picture.



telescope at the moon and stars, the telescope belonging to Secretary Willie Watson's father. The boys are soon going to have an opportunity to look at some autographs that are coming from England which cost their owner two hundred dollars. The boys have elected five honorary members. They are going into camp soon, and promise some interesting news regarding their camp life.

The picture comes from Arthur F. Vey, who is librarian of the Company and Vice Captain of their baseball club.

A Captain of One of the New Com-

Captain Rudolph L. Marshall, of the George H. Marshall Company, No. 2, Division of New Jersey, O. A. B.. Trenton, N. J., is one of the cleverest basket ball players in Trenton. In 1899-1990 he scored twenty six goals, playing defense on the Trenton High School Junior team, of which he was captain. He carried this team to



CAPTAIN RUDOLPH L. MARSHALL.

victory in eight games out of nine, so that victory in eight games out of nine, so that it won the juvenile championship for 1839-1330 in Trenton. Later he was elected captain of the Trenton High School Schior team, and with this team captured the Schior championship pennant of Mercer County. Captain Marshall is good at foot racing, pole vaulting, and in track and field games generally. He is seventeen years old, five feet five inches in height, and weighs 142% pounds. He is a member of the English class of 1903, Trenton High School.

A Successful Boys' Baseball Team.

This picture represents the baseball team at Laingsburg, Mich., whose members are largely patrons of THE AMERICAN BOY. The average age is sixteen and one-haif years. The club has been playing two years, and out of fifteen match games



played has lost but two. In the first line, beginning at the right, are Fred Ripple, catcher; Clarence Tirrell, captain and second baseman; Howard Benson, pitcher; Ezra Morgan shortstop; Ward Tirrell, third baseman; and in the second line, beginning at the right, are Ray Putman, substitute for the first baseman, who is not in the picture; Charles Knight, left field; Garnett Wattern, center field; Emerson Allbright, right field.

Officers of Benjamin Franklin Company.

Archibald D. Andrews, Captain of the Benjamin Franklin Company, No. 2, Meadville, Pa., is thirteen years of age. His average grade for the past year in the high school has been 96. He has been at the head of his class for three years. He has a daily paper route and delivers 34s papers a week.

William Fixel, Vice Captain of the Company is thirteen years old. His average for the past year in the high school has been 96. He has also been at the head of his class for three years, and has a large paper route.

A Boy Rescues a Little Girl.

Little Ella Sweeney, a five-year-old, fell into the Delaware River at the foot of Monmouth street, Gloucester City, N. J., July 3. A fourteen year old young-



THOMAS MIDDLETON.

ster. Thomas Middleton by name, happened to see her white dress floating on top of the water and hear her single cry for help. Instead of running for assistance the boy took a long run and jumped head first into the water, caught little

Ella under the arms and brought her safely ashore. He stood her on her head, punched her in the stomach and rolled her around, just as he had seen men do who had rescued persons from the river, and when Ella told him that she was able to walk he took her to her home, where he left her without saying anything about the rescue. People found it out, however, and the sturdy little fellow is a hero in his neighborhood.

An Energetic Boy.

This is a picture of Arthur Jackson, of Minneapolis, Minn., an enthusiastic reader of THE AMERICAN BOY. Arthur has made a number of electrical devices, one of them being a telegraph line nearly three miles long, over which he talks quite well with his friend, Bert Reed, at the other end of the line.



He repairs the neighbors' electric bells, and is considered quite a genius. Arthur expects to be a photographer when he grows up, having made some very fine pictures, some of which he promises to send us.



FRED G. STANLEY. KALAMAZOO, MICH., A fifteen year old pupil of the Kalamazoo High School and the hero of several life savings, and a recent visitor to the office of THE AMERICAN BOY.

A Boy's Thoughtful Deed Rewarded. Walter Sun-



home when he discoverwhen

nearly due, he hurried to the nearest tower, nearly due, he harried to the hearest twell, mearly a mile away, and told the switch-man of his discovery. The boy reached the tower just in time to save the Atlantic Express, which was crowded with passengers, from a fearful wreck. The engineer took Walter's name and reported the brave deed to the superintendent of the division, who rewarded him in gold.

Earl Gulick, the boy soprano whose picture adorned the front page of our April. 1900, number, is reported to have completely lost his singing voice. His engagements have all been canceled, as specialists advise his parents that he may never again be able to sing. La grippe is named as the cause.



A PECULIAR SPIDER.

He Catches Birds as Big as Larks in His Mammoth Web.

Far up in the mountains of Ceylon there is a spider that spins a web like bright yellowish silk, the central net of which is five feet in diameter, while the supporting lines, or guys, as they are called, measure sometimes ten or twelve feet, and, riding quickly in the early morning, you may dash right into it, the stout threads twining round your face like a lace veil, while, as the creature who has woven it takes up his position in the middle, he generally catches you right in the nose, and, though he seldom bites or stings, the contact of his large body and long legs is anything but pleasant. If you forget yourself and try to catch him, bite he will, and, though not venomous, his jaws are as powerful as a bird's beak, and you are not likely to forget the encounter.

The bodies of these spiders are very handsomely decorated, being bright gold or scarlet underneath, while the upper part is covered with the most delicate slate-colored fur. So strong are the webs that birds the size of larks are frequently caught therein, and even the small but powerful scaly lizard falls a victim. A writer says that he has often sat and watched the yellow monstermeasuring, when waiting for his prey, with his legs stretched out, fully six inches—striding across the middle of the net and noted the rapid manner in which he winds his stout threads round the unfortunate captive.

He usually throws the coils about the head until the wretched victim is first blinded and then choked. In many unfrequented dark nooks of the jungle you come across most perfect skeletons of small birds caught in these terrible snares.

Nesting Habits of the Birds.

Miss Grace B. Beach, who has made a study of nest building, says:

We may have a bowing acquaintance with the birds, we may recognize them on the wing, but we never truly know them until we see them in their own homes, until we watch their nesting habits. A close examination of a nest will tell us much about its builder.

The robin is a mason in a limited degree, as are also his cousins, the thrushes. He seems to have got an idea of a fireproof structure, for while the outside of the nest is of grass, leaves, etc., and the inside of finer grasses or rootlets, he builds a mud wall between. If the robin's nest is rather a rough atfair, he shows a decided aesthetic taste Walter Sunday, of East Newport.Pa., was recently walk in many other beautiful fruit tree will suit him. Up above the level of the eye, saddled on a horizontal limb, he delights to place it. place it.

Phoebe uses mud, but with it quantibroken ties of moss, and is fond of placing her

> The chipping sparrow's nest is quite distinctive with its invariable lining of horse hair, whence one of its names, the hair bird. A compact, dainty little structure it is, placed trustfully near the dwelling of its brother man, sometimes in currant bushes and sometimes in the vine which shades your porch.

The eggs are pale blue gems, with a dainty circlet of dark spots on the larger end.

The catbird's nest is like a veritable scrap basket, loosely woven of coarse twigs, bits of newspaper, scraps of rags, still this rough exterior is softly lined and made fit to receive the four to six pretty, dark green blue eggs to be laid therein. It is often placed in a lilac or syringa bush, and frequently has a regular barricade of catbriar, which gives a thorny welcome to any intruder.

That the oriole understands his business thoroughly is shown by the toughness of the fibres used to fasten the nest to the limb. The beautiful gray material used seems to be the bark of the milkweed stem, frayed out into the finest floss, but strong and durable notwithstanding. An oriole will use almost anything which comes handy, from a lock of hair to pieces of string or gayly colored yarn. They have even been known to ravel out pieces of cloth for their purposes. High up in an elm or maple, out near the tips of the branches, where the winds will rock the babies to sleep, builds the oriole. He is a common nest builder along the village street. Perhaps one ought to say she,

for the female does the actual weaving. The orchard oriole builds a similar nest, which is usually not so deep and pendulous.

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CARE OF ROD AND TACKLE.—If your tackle is dried, frail or out of repair in any way, by having lain on a damp shelf, or been in an overheated corner, the misfortune should be a good lesson, and if you are a careful angler you will profit by the accident. It will teach you that which every practical rodster well knows—that it is better to spend an hour or two at the end of the fishing season in putting away your rods and lines, flies and leaders properly, than to spend days over them at the beginning of the season. The tailor knows that a "stitch in time saves nine." and the angler of experience is well aware that an hour's easy rubbing and wrapping in season will save days of real labor and expense later on. Hurry out your rod and tackle box in the spring, but do not hurry them back again when the fishing is over. Spend a little time in cleaning, repairing and packing them away. This is the "stitch in time."

A GOOD GENERAL FLY.—The March CARE OF ROD AND TACKLE.-If your

them away. This is the "stitch in time."

A GOOD GENERAL FLY.—The March Brown has the merit of killing everywhere. Fish with two flies of this pattern on the one leader—one ribbed with gold twist and the other without. The fish take these for the two sexes of the fly. When the natural fly is out upon the water, and fish are voraciously taking it, angle with three flies on your foot-line, varying them slightly in size and color. A light cast on a dull day, early in the season, should prove everywhere successful, and, whenever the angler is in doubt during summer let him fiall a March Brown.

HAUNTS OF THE TROUT.—Clear, swift

rail. He knew that this meant a bad wreck for the next train. Re membering that the second section of the Atlantic Express was nearest tower, die the switchboy reached the Atlantic Express was nearest tower, die the switchboy reached the the Atlantic Express was nearest tower, die the Atlantic Express was nearest tower, and large the Atlantic trout delight in the riffles, baby trout in the tiny streams ("feeders") that the trout delight in the riffles, baby trout in the tiny streams ("feeders") that the trout delight in the riffles, baby trout are found under tree roots that overhange tr hallower places.

CARRYING THE ROD .- Your rod should CARRYING THE ROD.—Your rod should be jointed only when you are upon the actual fishing ground, and taken apart again when you are about to leave for camp. Carry the rod in front of you, tip first, when angling along thickly wooded places; do not pull it after you. Let the hook be fastened on one of the reel bars, then thrust the rod's tip through or over

the branches and high grasses ahead of you, when you move along, casting here and there.

and there.

TO BRING THE FISH HOME.—Clean them carefully. Remove that dark blood streak along the backbone. Wipe them dry. Pack them in ferns separately and free from ice. Do not send them by express; take them with you. You cannot check a box, so put them in a small trunk on the top of your coarse outfit—rubber boots, landing net, etc.

FLY FISHING.—You cannot use too light a rod or let the fly fall too lightly in stream tishing. Do not merely drag the fly through the water; work it gently so that it will look like a living insect—not a mere bunch of hair and feather. In clear, smooth water let the fly sink a little, then move it along quickly.

quickly.

TO EXTRACT HOOKS.-When a

TO EXTRACT HOOKS.—When a hook becomes caught in your clothing or fiesh, do not try to pull it back over the barb. Cut it free from the snell and push it on through and bring the point out as near as possible to where it went in.

LANDING THE FISH.—Head the fish away from obstructions—bowiders, tree roots, etc.—keep the line taut, and do not nervously hurry the "play." Take your time; be calm; more fish are lost in a desire to land them too quickly after they are hooked than in any other way.

DEFECTIVE RODS.—Rod makers often

DEFECTIVE RODS.—Rod makers often put a knot purposely on one side of the wood where it will do the least injury; so do not switch the rod sideways.

WHEN LOST.—Follow down a stream and you will most likely come to a road or dwelling.

FEEDING TIME.—Fish are said to bite better between the new moon and the first quarter, or, between the last quarter and the change.

CLUMSY LURES.-Most trout files are CLUMSY LURES.—Most trout files are too large and coarse, and they serve more to frighten the fish than lure them. Buy your files from men who are practical fishermen, who cast the files as well as make and seil them. The ordinary artificial fly is a clumsy thing, made by persons who do not know a trout from a tarpon. They are pretty and would make nice wall decorations, but no practical rodman would think of offering them to the trout, the smartest fish in the world.

ANCIENT ANGLERS.—The best of the Apostles—Peter, Andrew. James and John—were fishermen, and parts of the Old Testament teach fish catching with both line and seine.

YOUR SHADOW.—Never let it fall upon the water when angling; face the sun.

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Answers to Correspondents.

M. H., Detroit-Stamps with "Bayern" nd "K. Wurtt. Post" are from Bayaria and Wurtemburg.
G. W., Milfore—The stamp you describe

is the one cent Canada Jubilee. It is cat-alogued at two cents.

H. S., Shamakin—The stamp you illustrate is a twenty cent Belgium issued in 1866. It is worth one cent. 1866.

E. D. Van D., Delaware—The stamp you describe is probably the two cent of 1878 with head of Liberty. It is not worth anything.

W. A., Hackettstown—The stamp you send is one which was printed on checks in 1878—the same as at present. It has no value.

E. H. G., Pritsburg—"Perforation" is the small holes cut in sheets of stamps by means of which the stamps can be easily separated.

Gale B., Altoona—We do not know of any "St. Louis Expedition stamp." If you mean the two cent Omaha, it has no value at present.

I. E. B.—All of the stamps you describe common and worth very little. are common and worth very little. The envelope stamp is a Columbian, and the three cent locomotive was issued in 1869.

James H., Tonawanda.—The stamps you mention are of little value except the three cent green revenue; of the latter there are three values, viz, foreign exchange, proprietary and playing cards—the first two are worth three to five cents each, and the last from two to three dollars.

E. D. S., Mt. Sterling—The 1d lilac Great Britain is often found in slightly different shades. The letters in the corners of the one penny red indicate the position of the stamp in the sheet, each stamp having different letters, commencing in the top row, A. A., A. B., A. C., etc.

top row, A. A., A. B., A. C., etc.

Mrs. Z. E. C., Woodward—One, two and three cent stamps used twenty five years ago are still very common and can be bought for twenty five cents a thousand. Two cent Columbians can also be bought for this amount. There are several varieties of the two cent internal revenue stamps, such as are found on photographs, the difference being in the inscription at the bottom of the stamp. In the yellow series the certificate, express, playing cards and proprietary are worth saving, and in the blue series, the certificate, playing cards and proprietary; the others are not worth anything. Perhaps you can find some anything. Perhaps you can find some three or four cent playing cards on the backs of photographs. These are worth from \$1.50 to \$3.90, according to condition.

The Passing of Victoria.

On May 6, 1840, the first adhesive postage stamp in the world was issued by Great Britain. It was a one penny stamp, printed in black, and bore the head of the then young Queen Victoria. For sixty one years this same head has graced the stamps of Great Britain and many of the colonies. On those of the mother country through all these years no change has been made in the style of the head, the picture on the current series being that of the young were struck respectively.

all these years no change has been made in the style of the head, the picture on the current series being that of the young queen of 1838.

But this will soon be a thing of the past. The features of her late majesty will be replaced by those of King Edward VII. The question that is now agitating the minds of the officials is the position of the King's head. It will, as in the present issue, be placed within a circle, but a suggestion has been made from an influential quarter that the head should be reversed. It being the custom with coins, to make each succeeding ruler's profile look in the opposite direction to that of its predecessor; but there is no precedent to go by so far as stamps are concerned. It is urged that the reversal of the head would make his majesty look away from the address. This may appear to be a frivolous objection, but it is one to which the authorities are giving serious consideration.

Their ideas on the subject of a new issue will be embodied in a report which will be placed before the King, who will give the final decision.

It will be at least a year, however, before

final decision.

nnal decision.

It will be at least a year, however, before
the new stamps will be issued to the public.
There are eighteen different postage stamps
from one half penny to five pounds to be
changed, besides two series of embossed
envelopes, newspaper wrappers and postal
cards.

changed, besides two strates and postal envelopes, newspaper wrappers and postal cards.

The above, of course, applies only to Great Britain. Many of the stamps of the colonies will also be changed, though some of them have not confined the designs of the stamps to portraits of Her Majesty. This is a matter entirely in the hands of the colonial officials, but many of them will doubtless be guided by the action of the London department.

This will not be the first time Edward's nicture has graced a postage stamp. In 1860 as a boy in the suit of a Highlander, he appeared on the seventeen cent New Brunswick, and in 1868 the same picture was used on the one cent Newfoundland, which design continued in use with some modification and changes in colors until 1897. The ten cent Newfoundland of 1866 shows him as a young man, and the two cent Newfoundland of 1867 shows him as a young man, and the two cent Newfoundland of 1867 shows him as a young man, and the two cent Newfoundland of 1867 shows him as a young man, and the two cent Newfoundland of 1867 shows him as a young man, and the two cent Newfoundland of 1867 shows him as a young man, and the two cent Newfoundland of 1866 shows him as a young man, and the two cent Newfoundland of 1867 shows him as a young man, and the two cent Newfoundland of 1867 shows him as a young man, and the two cent Newfoundland of 1867 shows him as a young man, and the two cent Newfoundland of 1867 shows him as a young man, and the two cent Newfoundland of 1867 shows him as a young man, and the two cent Newfoundland of 1867 shows him as a young man, and the two cent Newfoundland of 1867 shows him as a young man, and the two cent Newfoundland of 1867 shows him as a young man, and the two cent Newfoundland of 1867 shows him as a young man, and the two cent Newfoundland of 1867 shows him as a young man, and the two cent Newfoundland of 1867 shows him as a young man, and the two cent Newfoundland of 1867 shows him as a young man, and the two cent Newfoundland of 1867 shows him as a young man, an



The Numismatic Sphinx.

Philip Camp Cody, I answer to Hugh Ellis. Lansdowne, Pa.-See

Ralph Balles, Portsmouth, answer to Herbert G. Brovnal. Will B. Grant, Goffstown, N. H.-A half cent of 1800 is worth rifty cents.

Wood Glover, Oakland, Ind.-An 1858 half dime, unless fine, hardly commands a pre-

Charles Miller, Friend, Neb.—A fine three cent piece of 1853 sells at fifteen cents. See answer to James Marsh.

Charles Clair, Detroit, Mich.—The cent of 1816 unless good is worth only face value; 2,820,982 were issued.

Kenneth Keener, Delaware, O.—Only the eagle cent of 1856 commands a premium. The 1857 and 1858 are common.

Arthur C. Collum, Saegerstown, Pa.—An 1852 dime and 1830 cent, if in good condition, are worth fifteen cents each.

C. L. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—An 1803 cent is worth twenty five cents, and an 1872 gold quarter not less than two dollars.

W. Howell Wynne, Temple, Tex.-1832 dime, twenty five cents; 1834 half dime and quarter, if fine, twenty five and fifty cents respectively.

Minn.—a Reuel Moran, Minneapolis, Minn.—A very common 3 pfennige of Prussia. The sets consist of four pieces, 1, 2, 3 and 4 pf. -All common.

Hugh Ellis, Lower Stewiacke, Nova Scotia.—A good 1853 gold quarter is worth two dollars. They were issued both round and octagonal.

Ora P. Willis, Albert City, la.—The half dollars of 1845 and 1856, if fine, are worth seventy five cents each. None of the two cent pieces except 1873 command a premium.

Herbert G. Broynal, Portsmouth, R The nickel cents with the exception of 1856 have no premium. A good fine two shilling, 1652, is worth from \$8.50 upwards at the dealers.

P. V. Fairchilds, Burlington, Okla.—Your rubbing is taken from an English two-pence of 1797 (not 1707, as you state, as the tail of the 9 has been worn off). See answer to Arnold Praeger.

1. E. D. asks the value of a gold dollar of 1852 and a dime of 1844. O mint. The dealers charge \$1.75 for the dollar, and there is no record of the O (New Orleans) mint issuing any dimes during 1844.

Harold E. Humphreys, New York.—The twenty cent pieces of 1875 and 1876, unless uncirculated, do not bring a premium. Those of 1877 and 1878 are the rare ones. They were issued only during these years.

Percy Lawrence, Cleveland, O.—Your drawings are from coins as follows: (1) Finland, 1 penni: (2) Switzerland, 2 centimes; (3) San Marino, 5 centesimo; (1) Holland, 1 cent. The San Marino coin sells for twenty five cents, the others, five to ten cents each.

were struck respectively.

Carl Kretschmer, Westcliffe, Cal.—Your rubbing is taken from a Hungarian 15 kreutzer silver piece of 1745, under Marie Theresa, 1740-80. The letters, K. B., are the mint mark initials of Kremnitz, where the coin was struck. The coin sells for fifty cents. fifty cents.

H. Earl Springer, California, Pa.—Your coin is what is properly called a colonial coin of England. It was struck for Virginia in 1773 and passed as half pence. It is an interesting piece to the American collector, and while tolerably common, sells for fifty cents.

Carl Christenson, Cherry Grove, Pa.— An 1849 gold dollar is not rare. Like all the other gold dollars, it commands a pre-mium and is worth \$2.00; 1849 was the date of first issue and the mints at Charlotte, Dahlonga, New Orleans and Philadelphia all issued them in 1849 to the number of 998 789

C. A. Straight. Findlay, O.—The rarest dollars issued at the United States mints during 1894 are those struck at Philadelphia, where 100,000 were issued. The popular impression that this date is scarce must therefore be an error. The other mints issued them during that year in large numbers.

G. L. Moore. Gibraltar, Pa., sends rubbings: (1) War token "Millions for contractors"—"Not one cent for the widows," 1863. This is satirical and is one of the hundreds of war tokens that passed by sufferance during the scarcity of small change at this period. (2) A common 2 real Spanish piece struck by Spain in her mint at Mexico in 1785, under Charles III. (1769-89). (1760-59).

(1760-89).

W. R. Flint, Eldon, Ia.—All the gold dollars now bring a premium; 1858 is worth one dollar and seventy five cents. The old Spanish silver dollars, unless in extra good condition, are hardly worth any premium. They are very common and have been so long used as pocket pieces that they usually show evidences of wear. A good two real piece of Charles III. of Spain is catalogued to sell at forty cents. Your other coins, face value only.

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8 Brazil
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EDITED BY JUDSON GRENELL

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THE AMERICAN BOY offers twelve prizes of Two Dollars each for the best Amateur Photograph received during Amateur Photograph received during the twelve months in the year, one prize for each month, also a second prize each month, of one dollar, for the next best photograph, 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 may be used, the prize 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.

A Vacation Pastime.

During the school vacation a boy does a

During the school vacation a boy does a great many things of which he would like to keep a record. Perhaps he does some things that are better forgotten, but of these we will not speak now. The Aztees had a way of recording the principal events of their empire in pictures, which the Spanlards reported as beautiful, but which unfortunately, they did not have the good sense to preserve.

Now, the boy with a camera might also preserve every important event of his vacation with a picture. If he goes away to spend the summer let him take a snap at the train on which he leaves—a depot scene, for instance. Then will come the place where he alights, and the house he goes to. And every day or two, as occasion offers, he can make a remembrance of a lishing excursion, or a picule, or a boating frolic, or a swimming scene, or a bicycle tour.

Think how nice it will be to have pic-

tour.
Think how nice it will be to have ple-Think how nice it will be to have pletures of new acquaintances, and of the circumstances under which they were first met. It will be better than a diary, for the disappointments are not apt to be recorded in photography, which is just the opposite with diary-keeping. And then some of the evenings that, during vacation, hang heavy on one's had can well be utilized in developing plates or films, and experimenting in the best way to mount them. mount them.

Photographing Living Rooms.

How cozy the sitting or dining room looks, How cozy the sitting or dning room looks, and how grand the parlor appears. Therefore it is natural that the amateur photographer desires to preserve a picture of his favorite corner, or of the family sliting in their usual places. But to take a satisfactory picture is a great deal harder than it looks.

In most cases the lighting of interiors is yeary bod, photographically considered. The

In most cases the lighting of interiors is very bad, photographically considered. The light should come from one side, if it can be so arranged, and it may often be necessary to draw down the blind of some window that will surely show halation if in the view. The greatest trouble, however, will be in under-exposure. Amateurs accustomed to take pictures out of doors, as a rule miscalculate the amount of exposure recessary for interiors. So the first thing to do, after arranging the lighting so that it will be even, is to set the camera in such a manner as to avoid windows, if possible, and then give it about four times as much time as your judgment—which is no judgment at all, hecause not founded on experience—calls for

In developing the greatest care should be taken. First get detail by starting with a superfluity of accelerator, and a shortness of pyro, or such other developing agent as is used. After all the details are

ness of pyro, or such other developing agent as is used. After all the details are out, then the developer can be made normal, to get strength. There is need of some shadows, but these should not be strong enough to hide the details.

Photography's Place in the Worlds' Progress.

George G. Rockwood, now of New York city, has been for over 50 years experimenting in photography, and he has done much to advance the art. In a four-column article in the New York Sun reviewing the past century's record of achievement in taking pictures, he winds up with the following paragraph:

My space is too limited to do more than mention a few of the many applications of photography to the arts. To sum up, it is used in portraiture, architecture, illustration, reproduction, criminology, astronomy, decogation, relief work, records, glass staining, pathology, and other ways in a larger degree in exact science and the useful arts than in its aesthetic application. It has created a new and mighty industry which will continually extend, as new fields and applications are constantly opening. It has lessened the cost of books marvelously and thus become a great educator. It has created what might properly be called a mighty kindergarten system of object lessons. By it our children have been made as familiar with scenes of interest in all parts of the world as old travelers. It brings to them and us noted people, objects of historic and artistic value and records of events. School children will identify a view of the Collseum of Rome as promptly as one taken of the Aquarium at the Battery. Thus it is a great educator, and I can close as I began by describing it as one of the great tricity of forces in the present era, electricity, steam and photography.

Lake And Sea Shore Views.

Amateurs accustomed to taking views of Amateurs accustomed to taking views of landscapes and in cities will be surprised at the difference in the lighting on the water. The absence of smoke, and the dazzling whiteness of the sunlight make it almost impossible to under-expose plates, unless the views are taken very early in the morning or late in the afternoon. Noon is no time to take pictures on the water. The sun is too high in the heavens, and the shadows are too short for effectivethe shadows are too short for effective-

The sun is too high in the heavens, and the shadows are too short for effectiveness.

With a great many water views the foreground is neglected. Just water alone will never do, except the waves are high, and the wind is catching the curl and scattering it in spray. Or, perhaps, the sun may be low on the horizon, partially hidden by a cloud. A good figure of some kind is generally needed. An old wreck is charming; so is a pretty group of children playing in the sand, the lapping waves almost reaching their feet. Equally pleasing is a boat. But whatever there is on land or water, there will still be something lacking if the sky has no clouds. Clouds add the finishing touches to all water views.

On windy days there are apt to be clouds, when, with a quick snap and a small stop not a single plate need be lost. Such pictures can be looked at for a long while without discovering all the beauties that lie hidden in their depths.



THE PASTURE BROOK. First Prize Photo, by Harry L. Morton, Burton, Ohio.

Photographic Notes.

The juice of a ripe tomato well rubbed to the hands will remove developing stains.

In taking out-of-door pictures, expose or the shadows, and let the high-lights take care of themselves.

There is talk of holding a convention of amateur photographers at the Pan-American Exposition this fall.

Th. Pentlarge gives amateurs good advice in The Camera and Dark Room by advising them to visit picture galleries and study the manner in which painters handle the masses in landscapes.

There are now so many photographic books on the market with formulas, that there would probably be no money in collecting them together for publication. Formulas alone would be a delusion and

summer, but it will answer the purpose on a pinch.



ENJOYING A HOT DAY.

Second Prize Photo, by Walter Hitysold, Easthampton, Mass.

These Are Worth Mentioning.

THE AMERICAN BOY has been favored

These Are Worth Mentioning.

These Are Worth Mentioning.

The American Roy has been favored the past month with a number of good photographs. Among them are several sets. One comes all the way from Mexico, and they were taken by Tomas Nelson Long, who lives in Silao, Guanajuato. They show Mexicans in various attitudes, and are very interesting, besides being well taken. Eddle Manion. M'thome, Idaho, sends four, two of them views of falls. The one of "The horseless carriage" brings a smile—a two wheeled vehicle, driven by a donkey. Bernard Kelley, Auburn, N. Y., was fortunate in all three of his views, probably the best one being that of a fire engine coming from a fire. The views by Herbert I'ost. Westbury Station, Long Island, N. Y., are very nice, only the ducks are too far away. Eugene Egerhardt, Newark, N. J., sends a picture of a failen willow tree. It makes a unique appearance and is worth preserving.

Quite a number of excellent pictures have been slightly overtoned. This makes them green. But the negatives are all right, and the defect can be easily remedied. "A June Picnic," by Paul Miller, Russell, Kan., should be a winner when properly printed. Both time and development are all right. There is plenty of detail, and yet the picture is not flat. Maurice Corey, of Jerseyville, Ill., sends a picture of two boys building a snow fort in March. It is also overtened. A railroad arch, by Fred Birchell, Glen Rock, Pa., is a pretty view, but slightly overtoned. So also are the others sent. Oscar Mummert, Alliance, Ohlo, sends a picture of "An Afternoon Stroll—Resting," If printed the least bit darker, it will be as nice as it can be made. "Pointing the Rabbit," by James Gardner, Augusta, Ga., is true to life, even to a colored "Aunity" looking out of the window and watching the dog and the rabbit. Indeed, the rabbit seems the only one unconcerned. In "A successful Hunting Party." taken by Odin Sanniers, Fergus Falls, Minn., where a little girl is holding up a dead bird that the boy has just shot—the dog manwhil

she is coyly objecting—but not objecting too hard.

But this list could be extended much further without saying all the good things about the photographs sent in. It would not be possible, however, to close without mentioning The Pasture Brook. 'by Harry S. Morton, Burton, Ohio; "A Relic of 1812." by Paul R. Morrison, Catskill, N. Y.; "A Southern Swamp Scene." by James Gardener, Augusta, Ga.; and "Enjoying a Hot Day in July," by Walter Hiltysold. Easthampton, Mass, All these latter are of superior merit, and some of them have drawn prizes.

There are now so many photographic books on the market with formulas, that there would probably be no money in collecting them together for publication. Formulas alone would be a delusion and a snare.

The Aristo self-toning paper that is toned with a pinch of salt, is made in Jamestown, N. Y. It is much more permanent than the combined bath as used on other paper, but it is glossy. This in some people's eyes is no defect.

Plateholders can be loaded in daylight without a dark room by taking the holders and the box of plates under a thick blanket, being sure that all the edges lie flat enough to exclude the light. It is hot work in summer, but it will answer the purpose on Among the others who have sent in photoproduced it.

Answers to Correspondents.

Wm. Watson.—Persevere and you will conquer. The camera you mention is not a difficult one to manage if you will only follow directions.

P. Kaub.—Your experience with the developer will be thankfully received. Will send you the name of the maker as soon as it can be found.

C. H. Deabler.—"Pyrocatechin" is being advertised in the photographic journals. Ask the dealer from whom you buy your photographic supplies to get some.

Charles Cunningham.—The white streaks across your negatives show that the camera "leaks" somewhere. The plates are light struck. Examine the bellows carefully for a crack.

Henry Robinson—Use the developer recommended for the Stanley plates, if that is the kind you are using; but you are not very definite on that point. The manufacturers know what kind of developer will best suit their plates. best suit their plates.

Herbert J. Harries.—When the tops of tall buildings lean toward the center of the negative, the fault is that the plate was not parallel with the building. A "swingback" remedies this.

Fred Birchall.—There should be no spots on your negatives after "fixing in acid fixing bath and washing thoroughly." But perhaps the developer didn't flow over the plate evenly in the first instance, or the plates were not left in the fixing bath long enough. Any one of half a dozen things might make some kind of a spot.

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Making Shingles in the Old Way.

Boys here have the opportunity of seeing shingles made in the old fashioned way. The scene is in the southern part of Missis sippi. The timber in that section of the country grows very tall and straight, and consequently is suited to making nice straight shingles. The wood is cut into fourteen or sixteen inch lengths, after



which it is split into thin slabs by a tool called the shriver, which is put together like a corn cutter. It is a heavy tool with a very sharp edge. The slabs, one at a time, are put in place on what is called a shaving horse, and then with the drawshave are made thin at one end, just like the shingles made in a shingle mill.

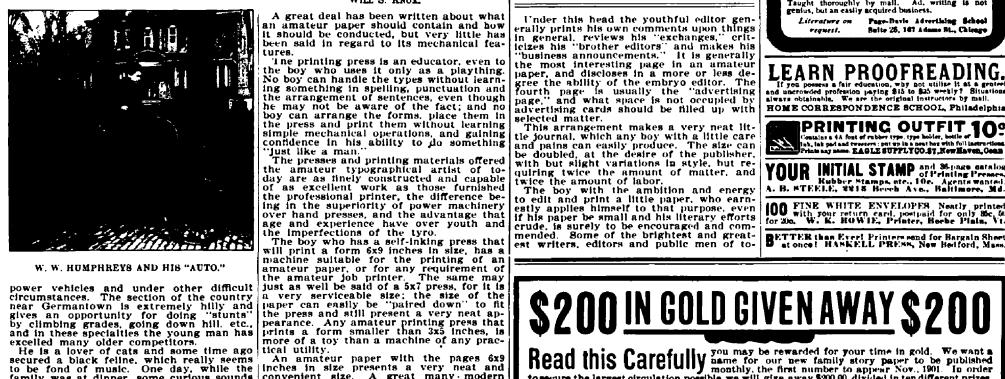
A Chance for Young Men in Kansas.

The opportunity for the young man of strong physique is in Kansas. The State has recently declared that 150,000 acres of school land in the western part of the State can be entered. The land is offered for sale in quarter sections—fifty dollars down, and the rest payable when the young farmer gathers his crop. The State guarantees that if he will put the one hundred and sixty acres in wheat he will raise one thousand five hundred bushels the first year. If he does not, the land companies will pay him one-half of that amount in cash. As the wheat would bring him about eight hundred dollars, he is sure of an income of four hundred dollars annually, and a farm besides.

It is said that thousands of young men in the east are taking advantage of this offer.

An Expert With the Automobile.

Even the boys of the country have become interested in automobiling and are endeavoring to establish records for speed and difficult feats. W. Westcott Humphreys is a young man of eleven years living in Germantown in the suburbs of Philadelphia, who has already acquired a wide reputation in that center of the sport for his ability to manage the lever and brake. Master Humphreys has a steam motor carriage which he successfully guides through the most crowded sections of Philadelphia, along the principal boulevards when they are thronged with animal and



Never lose your temper. Nobody wants it; all have enough of their own.

A Typical Young American Editor.

The Paterson (N. J.) Evening News boasts of a "city editor" but eighteen years old. The young editor, Harold Burdette Haines by name, was born in Altoona, Pa., in 1882. He was graduated with honors from the Altoona High School at the age of sixteen. While pursuing his post-graduate course in the same school he took up the work of reporter for a local paper, his work covering proceedings of the courts. Frequently when his fac.er thought he was in school, he was in the court house busy with his pencil. On his truancy being discovered he was sent back to school, but not for long. His capabilities in this line won him a permanent position on the staff of a newspaper. He wished to be present and



HAROLD BURDETTE HAINES.

report the famous Bosschiettor murder trial, but being under age he could not obtain permission to enter the court room until, on a special request to the presiding judge, he received a pass. He reported this trial unassisted, writing on an average of ten solid columns of brevier a day between the hours of 10 a. m. and 5 p. m., and his report of the case was unquestionably the best one published. In recognition of this work his salary was raised from eight to ten dollars a week, and a short time later he was promoted to the position of city editor. For the past seven or eight months he has been in entire control of this department, directing the efforts of four men under him. In addition to this labor he has acted as correspondent for a number of out of town papers, namely, the Boston Globe, the Philadelphia Times, the New York Commercial, the Cleveland Press, and the Hoboken Observer. His income is twenty five dollars a week. He is a close student, spending his leisure moments in his father's library among standard books.

How to Build an Amateur Paper.

WILL S. KNOX.

A great deal has been written about what an amateur paper should contain and how it should be conducted, but very little has been said in regard to its mechanical fea-

circumstances. The section of the country near Germantown is extremely hilly and gives an opportunity for doing "stunis" by climbing grades, going down hill, etc., and in these specialities the young man has excelled many older competitors.

He is a lover of cats and some time ago secured a black feline, which really seems to be fond of music. One day, while the family was at dinner, some curious sounds were heard proceeding from the parlor, where the piano was located. Investigation showed that the cat had jumped upon the top of the instrument and was pawing the strings. She seemed to enjoy it. West-cott is an adept with the banjo and has been endeavoring to teach his pet to "pick" it.

This size admits of making the columns the regular standard newspaper width—thirteen ems pica (a pica em is one sixth

of an inch), and permits the use of regular newspaper plate matter, cuts, electrotyped advertisements, etc. The type form for each page should be 4½x7½ inches in size, which will leave a margin of about three-tourths of an inch all around—top, bottom and sides. Should two pages be printed at one impression, there should be one and one half inches of margin between the two type forms. Between the two columns on the page, a pica brass rule should be used, the full length of the page; or, if it is desired to divide the columns with "white space" instead of a ruled line, a pica slug should be used. Your form being 7½ inches long, the rule or slug should therefore be 45 ems pica in length—one piece, if possible. Across each page at the top (except the first or title page) a cross rule should be run. It may be either a single or double line light face rule; if a double rule with a heavy and light line, it should be set with the heavier line uppermost. This rule will be four and one half inches (or 27 picas) in length, and gives the page a finished appearance. The name of the paper and the number of the page, either or both, can be carried in a line above this rule if desired, but should be separated therefrom by at least two or three leads.

Now for the first page. The name of the

double rule with a heavy and light line, it should be set with the heavier line uppermost. This rule will be four and one half inches (or 27 picas) in length, and gives the page a finished appearance. The name of the page a finished appearance. The name of the page and the number of the page. Either or both, can be carried in a line above this rule if desired, but should be separated therefrom by at least two or three leads.

Now for the first page. The name of the paper should extend across, or nearly across, the page, and can be set in any kind of type the printer may choose, a plain, neat letter, however, being preferable. Underneath this can appear the paper's "motto," if it has one. Then comes a light parallel rule clear across the page, cutting off the heading from the date line. The "date line," according to established custom, contains volume number, name of town where issued, date, and number of Issue; then another double cut-off rule across page. The following diagram is a very good example of an amateur newspaper heading:

THE DOVE:

| deditor of the local newspaper to allow him to conduct a department or column of school news, to be published say once a week in the regular paper. It was in this way that the writer, some sixteen years ago, got his first newspaper experience, and, although the writer, some sixteen years ago, got his first newspaper experience, and, although the writer, some sixteen years ago, got his first newspaper experience, and, although the writer, some sixteen years ago, got his irst newspaper experience, and, although the writer, some sixteen years ago, got his first newspaper experience, and, although the writer, some sixteen years ago, got his first newspaper experience, and, although the writer, some sixteen years ago, got his first newspaper experience, and, although the writer, some sixteen years ago, got his first newspaper to allow the the regular paper. It was in this way that the writer, some sixteen years ago, got his first newspaper experience, and, although the writ

BOYS' **PRESS** THE

BY BOYS FOR BOYS.

Vol. I. BLANKTOWN, OHIO, JULY, 1901.

The neatest arrangement for the first page is to start it with a short poem, following which should appear a story or essay long enough to fill the page or run over upon the page following. On the second page, continue what has overrun the first page, and fill up with short sketches or selections such as the editor fancies may please the tastes of his readers.

In a four page paper the "editorial" department would perhaps be more convenient upon the third page. There are a number of ways of arranging this page, but the following shows the style most commonly adhered to: The neatest arrangement for the first

the following show monly adhered to:

THE BOYS' PRESS.

A Monthly Amateur Publication for Boys by Boys.

JOHN E. FRANK . . Editor and Printer

Subscription Price 15 cents per year. Advertising Rates...... 2 cents per line.

Address all communications to JOHN E. FRANK, Blanktown, Ohio.

JULY, 1901.

Under this head the youthful editor I'nder this head the youthful editor generally prints his own comments upon things in general, reviews his "exchanges," criticizes his "brother editors" and makes his "business announcements." It is generally the most interesting page in an amateur paper, and discloses in a more or less degree the ability of the embryo editor. The fourth page is usually the "advertising page," and what space is not occupied by advertising cards should be filled up with selected matter.

This arrangement makes a very neat little journal, which any boy with a little care

The Amateur Journalist.

and Printer...

The amateur Journalist.

and Printer...

The type dadvertisements, etc. The type form for each page should be 4½x7½ inches in size, which will leave a margin of about three-tourths of an inch all around-top, bottom and sides. Should two pages be printed at one impression, there should be one and one half inches of margin between the two type forms. Between the two type forms. Between the two type forms. Between the two type forms.

One Way in Which Amateur Journalists May Gain Experience.

A boy who is interested in amateur journalism, but is not able to publish a paper of his own, may get some very vatuable experience by arranging with the editor of the local newspaper to allow him to conduct a department or column of school notes. To be inhibited say once a vect in

Walter E. Wright, Rural Free Delivery No. 2, Granville, O., is a bright boy about twelve years old who is an enthusiastic printer and expects to start an amateur paper in the fall. He already has a printing press, with a room fixed up for a printing shop. He has had his printing press about a year, having himself earned the money with which to buy it by selling milk, thus setting an example to other American boys who would like to start in the printing business, or any other business, but have not the money with which to make the start.

I was born an American: I live an American; I shall die an American.-Webster.

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Literature on

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HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Philadelphia

YOUR INITIAL STAMP of Printing Prement

100 FINE WHITE ENVELOPES Neatly printed with your return card, postpaid for only 85c, 50 for 20c, W. K. HOWIE, Printer, Boebe Plain, Vt.

Read this Carefully name for our new family story paper to be published name for our new family story paper to be published monthly, the first number to appear Nov., 1901. In order to secure the largest circulation possible we will give away \$200.00, divided in ten different prizes. To the person sending us \$25 cents for one year's subscription and what they consider to be the best name, will be entitled to a portion of \$200.00 divided as follows: to the person sending the name for the paper accepted by the judges (names sent if desired) \$100; 24 \$50; 28 \$25; 4th \$10; 5th \$5, and the next 10 one dollar each. You are not confined to one chance in this contest but may secure as many subscribers as you wish, which entitles you to send other names to be selected by the judges. In order to avoid a confliction of names all letters received will be numbered consecutively and placed on file. These letters will be taken up in their order. Do not delay in sending in your suggestion and subscription to

THE MAINE PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO., 21 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me.



THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION

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 any one who is interested in any form of natural science is invited.
Established in 1815. Incorporated in 1822.
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.

Well, well, well: I have just been spending nearly two hours in looking over my AMELICAN BOY Agassiz Association mill, sorting out the most interesting letters, and what do you think? I have filled a large basket with those which for one reason or other I cannot use in this paper, and after the basket was full: I three another basketful into the open fire, where they at least morning, and I have left on my desk by actual count, exactly one hundred and fifty six, which are too good to lose! This is splendid. All the letters, those thrown may, so well as those kept, have been answered personally, and every one of the interest and the personal observation or letting them go has been that they have come too late. When the line and fire the which have been thrown away.

The chief reason for letting them go has been that they have come too late. When the line and line the receive a large number of excellent answers. The best of these are printed and credit given to the rest.

After this no further answers to that particular question can be printed. They are 'out of date.' So boys and girls, take as to be among the lift.

Another cause of rejection lies in the fact that a few of the answers to that particular question can be printed. They are 'out of date.' So boys and girls, take as to be among the lift.

Another cause of rejection lies in the fact that a few of the answers to that particular question can be printed. They are 'out of date.' So boys and girls, take as to be among the lift.

Another cause of rejection lies in the fact that a few of the answers have not been original answers drawn from personal observation or knowledge, but only material copied from some cyclopedia or large the properties of the propert

other book. In some cases, as in answer to a question for a name, this is all right, but when we ask for a description of an animal or a plant, or for notes of the habits of some wild creature, the copied observations of some scientific man don't

In a few cases the writing has been so careless that it has been almost impossible to read. Life is short—write plainly, Again, a number of letters are much too long. "Short and to the point" is our motto. Finally, a very few letters have been manifestly inaccurate in statement. The imagination has been allowed to run away with the truth. Creatures have been fully described which never could have lived "in the heavens above or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth." So far as I know, we have not been "caught" except in one instance, and in that one case we cannot certainly say that our correspondent deceived us, but must leave the question to be settled between two persons, both strangers to us. The matter is this: In September, 1900, we published an interesting story of the finding of the nest of a Horned Owl, and now, comes the following letter, which speaks for itself, and leaves our former young correspondent in a very unpleasant situation unless he can explain. In a few cases the writing has been so

A Charge of Deception.

Fullerton, Cal.

Dear Sir:—Some time ago I chanced, while reading your valuable little paper, upon an article entitled "The Great Horned Owl." Now, as one who has taken uponatural science as a life work. I am deeply interested in such work, especially among the young. But this story is a fabrication from start to finish. He never saw the nest the mutions, therefore he did not find it, and could not have taken the young. Moreover, the nest was not in a dead tree, but in a small scrubby bush which clung to the face of a cliff about twenty feet from the ground.

I discovered the nest when it contained young, and informed the elder brother of your correspondent, and assisted him to get the young, which he raised and sold to a party in Fullerton. This owl is among the rarest of our raptorial birds, and while have been studying the avifauna of this region for nine years, I had not found a single nest of this species up to two years ago. The boy is young yet, and I trust this correction, given, as it is, in a spirit of kindness, may prevent him from further exaggerations.

Yours sincerely,

Cther names for this plant are "liver-wort" and "liver-leaf." The first one noted by me this year was on April 19.

A close second to the hepatica was the trailing arbutus, but I did not obtain any of the aprica. A close second to the hepatica was the trailing arbutus, but I did not obtain any of the story in June 7, 190.

The earliest flower that I could ind this last spring was the wild pansy, familiarly called Johnnie-Jump-up. I saw It about the 25th of March or the list of April.—

Arthur Engler.

H. H. Ballard—Dear Sir:—I cannot understand why, in the published accounts of the early blooming flowers, that the delicate little chickweed, stellaria media, sterile chickweed, stellaria media, sterile chickweed, stellaria media, sterile chickweed, stellaria media, other comparatively late bloomers.

The following record of my observations in what was part of Westchester County. N. Y., previous to 1899, and in this vicinity subsequen

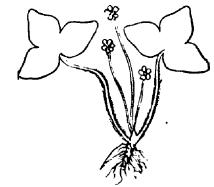
spirit of kindness, no., further exaggerations.
Yours sincerely,
H. H. DUNN.

How a Tree Frog Climbs on Glass.

West Bay City. Mich., June 1, 1901.

Mr. H. H. Ballard—In this month's AMERICAN BOY I notice Carl Vernon's I think note regarding the green tree frog. I think I can answer his question. Nature has provided this tree frog with a small cup in the center of the foot. When the mouth of this cup comes in contact with the surface of the glass it forms a vacuum. It is on much the same principle as that by which a fly crawls on the ceiling. Some which a fly crawls on the ceiling. Some animals have little pores in the foot which secrete a sticky fluid, which holds them to

Norwich, Conn., June 4, 1901.
This spring I noted that the round-lobed hepatica (hepatica triloba) was the first flower out. This hepatica belongs to the buttercup family; genus, hepatica; species, triloba.



ROUND-LOBED HEPATICA.

Of this plant, Mrs. Dana, in her "How to Know the Wildflowers," says: "Indeed, tnese fragile looking, enamel like flowers are sometimes found actually beneath the snow," etc. Although they bloom very early, yet I have found none quite so near a snowstorm as Mrs. Dana has, Other names for this plant are "liverwort" and "liver-leaf." The first one noted by me this year was on April 19. A close second to the hepatica was the trailing arbutus, but I did not obtain any of those in full bloom until about April 25.—Yours very truly, A. S. Brown, 53 Lafayette street, Norwich, Conn.

I found the chickweed, stellaria media, in bloom on March 10, 1895; February 6, 1896; February 20, 1897; January 9, 1898; February 12, 1899; March 6, 1900; January 27, 1901.



Clarence Brown, of York, Nebraska, says the first flower there was the Buffalo pea and that it came out about April.

Trees Struck by Lightning.

Many letters have been received in response to our request in the November number of THE AMERICAN BOY about trees struck by lightning. The following were some of the most interesting:

The tree in question was a cottonwood, about lifty feet in height, and stood among a grove of maple trees. It was struck about half way from top to base, being broken in two and its growth being killed. It was about live feet in circumference at the base.

Perchance, its being struck instead of the surrounding trees was about to the forth

surrrounding trees was due to the fact that it was the tallest tree in the grove.— R. Verden Bashore, Oakley, Kansas.

At my home in Shreveport, La., a tree was struck by lightning one night between eleven and twelve o'clock. It was a large oak mensuring about two and one half feet in diameter. The lightning struck the tree in three places and left it about five feet from the ground. The leaves began to wither in three or four days, and the tree died in about two weeks.—Charles W. Owens, Oakland street Shreveport La. Owens, Oakland street, Shreveport, La.

In a woods near our house a tall hem-lock was struck by lightning. The light-ning struck a branch near the top, and went into the tree staving it into pieces, none of which was larger than a cord wood stick.—Forest P. Blodgett, Bowdoinham, Me

We have a summer cottage near my grandfather's farm and there is a row of tall elm trees in front of the house. A year ago one of them was struck by lightning during a thunder shower. It caused a number of small limbs to fall, and made a seam in the tree by taking the bark off. The shock was very heavy in the house.—Nathan S. Weston, 7 Weston street, Augusta, Me.

of the early blooming flowers, that the delicate little chickweed, stellaria media, should be persistently ignored as the earliest bloomer, and the preference given to skunk cabbage, hepatica, bloodroot, and other comparatively late bloomers.

The following record of my observations in what was part of Westchester County, N. Y., previous to 1899, and in this vicinity subsequent to that year, may prove interesting and help to settle the mooted question, "which is the earliest blooming flower?"

I found the chickwood stellarts modio.

Lightning and Cyclone.

In regard to lightning striking twice in one place, I wish to inform the members of the A. A. that I have known of a large pine tree on my father's farm being struck by lightning three different times, and an

as chairs, pieces of cloth, bodies of dead chickens, cats, etc. I also saw an oven door of a cook stove that was blown about forty rods and imbedded half way through a cast Iron monument. I gathered some relics which I will exchange for shells or stamps.—O. D. Valentine, Oxford, Mich. Two trees struck by lightning noticed by Delton Minler, 1121 Church street. Port Huron, Mich. In the first case the tree that was struck was a poplar. The lightning struck the lowest limb and broke it off; then went down the side of the tree completely peeling the bark from it, and went into the ground at the foot of the tree, leaving only a small hole. The second instance an oak tree was struck. It was quite large and the lightning struck it about half way up and broke it off. This same tree was struck again not long after the first time.

Effect of Lightning on Various Trees.

of which eleven were either entires or not previously classified. In the previously classified and what I received the February Chemolem Very Interesting. We want about the Isome Struck at the top and split clear to the root. I once observed lightning split a large oak about twelve inches thick and throw it flat on the ground. The tree was a large dead red oak. It does not seem to split the live trees as badly as the dead once. I once saw lightning strike a large dead red oak. It does not seem to split the live trees as badly as the dead once. I once saw lightning strike a large wild cherry about thirty feet high and eighteen inches through at the butt. It broke off a dead limb about four feet long and threw it some feet from the ground. It split the tree from top to bottom, throwing chips and splinters four rods away. About two weeks later it struck the same tree again. This time it split off a plece about ten feet long and four inches wide and two inches thick. About a week after the tree was struck the second time. It began to die at the top and died gradually for two weeks. I also observed lightning strike a large cottonwood three feet thick at the bottom. It split off a large plece and threw it on the ground off a large plece and threw it to the ground time. It began to die at the top and died gradually for two weeks. I also observed lightning strike a large cottonwood three feet thick at the bottom. It split off a large plece and threw it on the ground the fill of a plece about ten feet long and four inches wide and two inches thick. About a week after the tree was struck the second time. It began to die at the top and died gradually for two weeks. I also observed lightning strike a large cottonwood three feet thick at the bottom. It split off a large plece and threw it to the ground the feet long and four inches wide and two inches thick. About a week after the tree was struck the second time. It began to die at the top and died gradually for two weeks. I also observed lightning strike a large cottonwood

While passing through a wood a few days ago I found a hickory sapling that had been cut off in a peculiar manner, and I think by a worm of some kind. The part left steading was about two feet high.





feet high.
Where it was
cut off it was
seven-eighths

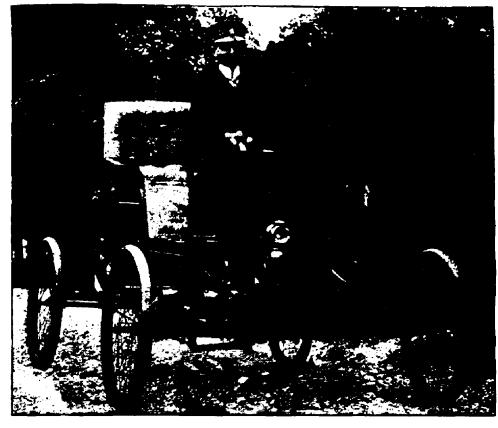
seven-eighths of an inch thick. The worm had gone through the bark and cut a circle one-eighth of an inch wide just inside the bark clear around; then started one-sixteenth of an inch higher and cut another ring inside the first one. Continuing in the same manner to the center, it cut the stick completely off except the bark, which was broken off, probably by the wind. The top was lying beside the stump, but somewhat decayed, having been cut last summer, I presume. The worm had started in on the fourth round. There was a ring of the dust in the first round. The center is about three-sixteenths of an inch higher than the outside. I enof an Inch higher than the outside. I en-close drawing, and would like to know if it is uncommon or not.—D. E. Host, Bowerston, Ohlo.

The Center of Arkansas.

Tom Cole, of Tom Cole, of Conway, Fault, ner county, Ark., sends a drawing of a tree which is on a high and rocky place called Mt. Pisgah. He says: "You can see the tree for miles, because it is a great deal miles, because it is a great deal higher than the others around it. This tree is the exact center of Arkansage."

How a Sparrow Teaches Its Young Ones to Fly.

While I was sitting at my bedroom window one day I saw a large sparrow on the roof of the house opposite. On the top of the shutter of the window at which I was sitting was a small baby sparrow which could not fly. The large sparrow flew to the shutter beside the young one and I could see that it had a worm in its mouth. The young one tried to get the worm but its parent flew to the roof across from the shutter. It was apparently trying to get the young one to follow it. The baby tried but was not equal to it and fell down to the fence. The older one then flew down beside it and then flew to the roof again. Again baby tried and this time went to an extension of the roof of the porch. The older bird again came beside the young one and flew back to the roof. This time, when baby tried, it was successful and was rewarded with the worm. How proud it was! It uttered a tiny squeak, ate the worm and went off for another lesson.—Horace B. Austin, 2319 N. Bourier street Philadelphia, Pa.



CARL E. L. LIPMAN AND HIS HOMEMADE "AUTO."

A Young "Auto." Maker.

Minta Rulon Roadhouse, Beloit, Wis., sends us an interesting item regarding Carl E. L. Lipman, Beloit, a wide-awake lad of sixteen years, who has made a unque automobile. The boy built the michine in three months, doing the work mostly alone. What he could not do he superintended. The picture of young Lipman and his "auto.," which we are enabled to give our readers, shows a very creditable vehicle. It has a long foot space in the body which makes it very comfortable to ride in It has a Hidro cablin motor, with three horse power, weighing only fifty-five pounds. The "auto." is of spider-like appearance, has no machinery near the body, no water is carried or needed for cooling the motor, and the fuel is carried under the floor of the carriage. A speed of thirty miles an hour can be made with it. It moves noiselessly, there being a muffer to prevent sound. It has an air-brake which will, if necessary, slide the wheel in twelve inches. Only one lever is needed to operate it. Carl claims that the rig, with all its attachments can be built to be sold much cheaper than can other automobiles, and that it is neater in appearance.

Carl, who is the son of one of the leading merchants of Beloit, is a quiet lad of unassuming disposition. He has no taste for mercantile pursuits, but spends his time when out of school in his little workshop. He is at work now on a larger machine, in which he intends to visit the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo.

workshop. He is a position at Buffalo.



COMPANY A. Y. M. C. A., BOYS' BRANCH, ANN ARBOR, MICH.



Good Swimmers.

The interesting picture given in connection with this paragraph shows one of the eleven year old sons of Arthur E. Kiefer, of Detroit, Mich. Both of the twin brothers, Herman and Carl, are expert swimmers. A short time ago they swam a distance of three-quarters of a mile in thirty minutes. The feat was performed in North Lake, one of Michigan's larger inland lakes, in Washtenaw county. The water was rough and the wind high, but the boys were so far from being exhausted that they were so far from being exhausted that they were at once ready to do the feat over again. The picture shows one of the boys taking a dive from his father's shoulders. The a dive from his father's shoulders. The credit for their expertness in swimming is due to the efforts of Mr. Robert Gleny, an old settler of North Lake, where the boys spend their summers.

During a rain storm two years ago Walter Lane sought shelter under a shelving rock at North Guilford, Conn., and while stirring the ground up to ascertain what depth had been made by the decayed leaves, he was surprised to find an arrowhead. Renewed efforts brought out thirty five of them. Returning next day with spade and sleve he dug out twelve hundred specimens. From evidence found, it was doubtless a spot where arrowheads were made and laid away against a time of need. More than two thousand specimens have been taken from that spot. from that spot.

He Will See the Pan-American.

The Milwaukee Sentinel offered a free trip to the Pan-American Exposition to the ten boys or girls who should bring in the largest number of subscriptions. The eight successful boys were the following: Ernst Schultz. Charles Goetz, H. Willheim, A. H. Foote, Edward Koppelkamm, Walter Imse, Harry Ransom and L. A. Austin, There were two girls among the ten. The boy who heads the list is Ernst Schultz, who secured nearly one thousand subscribers. The boy is the son of Ernst Schultz, the assessor of the twenty first ward, Milwaukee, and is thirteen years old. He is a little bundle of energy and enterprise. A short time ago he earned a The Milwaukee Sentinel offered a free



ERNST SCHULTZ.

Who Secured Nearly One Thousand Subscribers for The Milwaukee Sentinel.

fifty dollar bicycle offered as a prize by fifty dollar bicycle offered as a prize by a concern manufacturing certain articles offered for sale through agents. This did not end his career as a business boy. Having now a bicycle he could cover more teritory and the firm engaged him on a cash basis. He has been earning money ever since and now has a nice little sum out drawing interest. By the terms of the offer of The Sentinel, the prize winners are permitted to take to Buffalo a relative or friend and remain there one week at the friend and remain there one week at the expense of The Schlinel. Young Schultz will take his mother; he will defray the expenses of his eleven year old brother.

Terry McGovern's Advice to Boys Who Would Be Strong.

Terry M'Govern, a pugllist of some note, gives in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch some instructions to boys who would be strong.

He says:
My_first_instructions_to_the My first instructions to the boy who would be strong are to place his feet tightly together, take a long breath and, while innaling as much pure air in one breath as his lungs will hold, slowly move the elbows remained until that are an a line with the upward until they are on a line with the shoulders.

Next raise the arms clear above the head, bringing them down slowly until the arms touch the hips.

While going through this exercise the entire body is kept under a high nervous tension with every muscle rigid. This movement brings all the muscles in the chest into misc.

play.

Twice a day he must go through these exercises, once in the morning before breakfast and in the afternoon about an hour after dinner.

fast and in the afternoon about an hour after dinner.

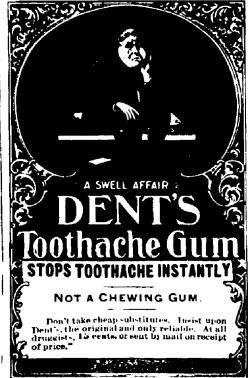
His muscles must be hardened and his chest expanded before he is made to do any real hard work. This will come later. He must drink no alcoholic liquors and mustn't use tolacco in any form. This almost goes without saying, of course.

My final instructions for the day to him are to take long walks after school and to swing his arms when walking as much as possible. This may not seem particularly graceful, but the swinging motion of the arms exercises the shoulder muscles, and its not grace, but strength and health we're after. When a boy gets these, he can be as graceful as he likes.

On the whole, growing boys who are in cossession of their health are built much alike. Boys who have been in the habit of taking plenty of outdoor exercise, will be more or less advanced in their muscular development and perhaps exercises a little more violent than I give here would be more suitable for them.

more suitable for them.

Always do a little





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With doors. Don't miss it.
Large meal cooked over one burner. Wonderful saving of fuel
and abor. Get it for your home
and summer cottage. Special
rate for ten days. Agents
wanted, salary and commission
with the temptic matte totag.





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TRUST on with Fasy Selling Goods to sell, when sold you send me the money and I A BICYCLE or any other PHEMII M you wish and will make you am offer for your services on a salary basis. I sand goods prepaid and take back what you do not sell. State what you wish for PICE WITM when JOHN BISBEE, 32 Page St. Stoughton, Mass.



KING HARVARD CO . Dept. P. Chicago.

Old and Young enjoy it. Sent to any address for 1 cents. Agents wanted. HODGE BROTHERS Nos. 57 and 59 West Union Street. - Pasadens

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THE AMERICAN BOY PAYS AGENTS WELL



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Refer by permission to Hon, Wm. O. Maybury, Mayor of Detroit, Rev. Robert Stuart MacArthur, D. D. Lis D., Pastor Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, Prof Thos. C. Trueblood, University of Michigan, Aon Arbor, Michigan.

Additional references furnished on request. Our 200-page book, "The tright and Treatment of Stammering," the largest and most instructive book of its kind eve, published, sent FREE to any address for a cit, in stamps to cover postage. Ask also for a FREE sample copy of "The Phono-Meter," a monthly paper exclusively for persons who stammer. Address, IFEC was Adalachia Street. Betweet Mich. E. S. A.

THE LEWIS PHONO-METRIC INSTITUTE, 129 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

A CELEBRATED BOYS' CHOIR

......



OHOIRMASTER H. H. FREEMAN.

The surpliced male choir of old St. John's Church, Lafayette square, Wasnington, D. C., was organized in 1881, succeeding an octette of men's voices, which was stationed

which was stationed in the gallery.
The active membership of the present choir numbers thirty live men and hove.

boys. Master Harry Helwig (age fifteen), the soprano solo boy, has a wonderful

has a wonderful voice. His register extends from "middle C" to two octaves above. He sings with the greatest ease and always with feeling

C" to two octaves above. He sings with the greatest ease and always with feeling and expression.

From October 1st to May 15th, four rehearsals are held weekly, two for the boys alone, and two full rehearsals with the adult members. Before each rehearsal the boys are subjected to careful vocal exercises, for the proper development of pure tone-quality known as the thin or head register. Each boy is supplied with a vocal exercise primer, and in addition to the vocal exercises, they all receive short lessons in the rudiments of music, notes, rests, staff, clefs, time and key signatures, marks and words referring to expression, etc.

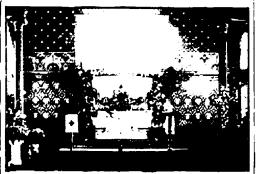
The choice of voices for St. John's choir is a matter which receives careful attention. The boys are chosen from the homes of respectable, honest, and God fearing people. Some parents are unnecessarily nervous about allowing their boys to sing in a choir. They say that the voice is too much abused by such confining work. But



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

experience shows that this is not the case. The boy's voice, though an immature organ of delicate structure, is capable of much work, providing only that its mechanism be rightly used and not forced. Singing, it should be remembered, promotes health. It does so indirectly by causing cheerfulness, a genial flow of spirits, and the soothing of the nerves, it does so directly by increasing the action of the lungs. So far as these organs are concerned, singing is a more energetic form of speech. As we sing we breathe deeply, bring more air into contact with the lungs, and thus vitalize and purify the blood, giving stimulus to the organs of digestion and nutrition. Dr. experience shows that this is not

Martin, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, has had many years' experience in training choir boys, and he says that he has never known a boy to injure his voice or lose it through singing. It is a question of method; if the voice be used properly it will stand any amount of work. Dr. Martin has seen boys predisposed to



CHANCEL OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

consumption improve in health after join-ing the choir. The medical man who de-clared that if there were more singing there would be less coughing, expressed ing the choir. The medical man who declared that if there were more singing there would be less coughing, expressed in a graphic way the healthful influence of vocal practice. Parents and guardians need never hesitate to allow their sons and charges to become choir boys under proper

choirmasters. They may be sure that nothing but good can come of the exer-

nothing but good can come of the exercise.

Among the many notable services which the choir of St. John's Church has rendered are the following:

Funeral of the Late Mrs. Tracy, wife of the Secretary of the Navy under the Cleveland administration, held in the East Room of the White House.

The wife of the late ex-President Harrison (a Presbyterian), was a great admirer of the choir and its music, and on the occasion of her funeral, which was held in the East Room of the White House, this choir rendered the musical portion of the service.

The funeral of Lord Herschell, formerly Lord Chancellor of Great Britain and Ireland. The funeral was held in St. John's Church and was attended by President McKinley and the prominent foreign diplomats in Washington.

The wedding of Miss Jane Fuller, daughter of Chief Instice Fuller, to Mr. Nethan.

The wedding of Miss Jane Fuller, daughter of Chief Justice Fuller, to Mr. Nathaniel L. Francis.

The wedding of Senator McMillan's son, Phillip, to General Anderson's daughter,

The wedding of Senator McMillan's son, Phillip, to General Anderson's daughter, Elizabeth.

The wedding of Miss Cecilia, daughter of Lieutenant-General Miles, to Captain Samuel Reber, U. S. A.

The wedding of Miss Lillian, daughter of Lord Pauncefote, British Ambassador, to Mr. Robert Bromley, of London.

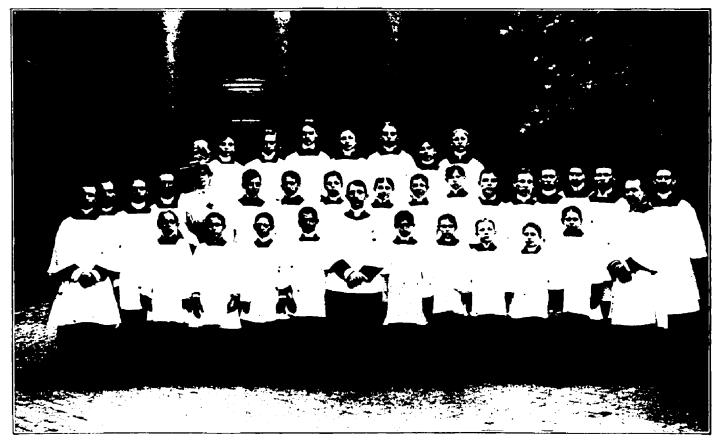
The official memorial service for her Majesty, Queen Victoria, in St. John's Church on February 2 of this year, held by direction of Lord Pauncefote, British Ambassador, and attended by President McKinley, the cabinet, Chief Justice Fuller and members of the United States Supreme Court, Lieutenant-General Miles and officers of the army, Admiral Dewey and officers of the navy, the diplomatic corps resident in Washington, and others in official life.

It must not be supposed that the choir boys never have any good times. Each July, Mr. Freeman, the choirmaster, takes all the boys on an outing of two weeks to Piney Point, Md., a summer resort on the



HARRY HELWIG, AGE 15. Soprano Solo Boy of St. John's Choir, Washington, D. O.

lower Potomac River, near Chesapeake Bay. The boys are quartered at the best hotel in the place, and boating, bathing, fishing, games, etc., are the pastimes which every one heartly enjoys.



THE BOY CHOIR OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE AMERICAN BOY "SHUT-IN" SOCIETY

In our July number we offered to give to any boy who cannot work or play as boy generally do—that is, a boy who is suck or cripiped and compelled to remain the suck or cripiped and compelled to remain any one who is likely to be confined to the first home for morths or years to come an annual subscription to THE AMERICAN and the reads to show the very kind reception, as indeed it should. The following names have thus far been sent in, and these boys will receive THE AMERICAN BOY morth and the subject to the first hould. The following names have thus far been sent in, and these boys will receive THE AMERICAN BOY the time the must go on the first will not be the first with a very kind reception, as indeed it should. The following names have thus far been sent in, and these boys will receive THE AMERICAN BOY free of charge, as promised:

Bert Huddle, Otto Weissinger, Nicholars Rarimore, Claude J. Lowe, Charles Hasakell, Charley Ross, Frank McNeely, Glenn Wylle, Warren Joslin, Daniel Jones, Charles Hasakell, Charley Ross, Frank McNeely, Glenn Claude J. Lowe, Charles Hasakell, Charley Ross, Frank McNeely, Glenn Wylle, Warren Joslin, Daniel Jones, Charles Hasakell, Charley Ross, Frank McNeely, Glenn Claude J. Lowe, Charles Hasakell, Charley Ross, Frank McNeely, Glenn Wylle, Warren Joslin, Daniel Jones, Charles Hasakell, Charley Ross, Frank McNeely, Glenn Claude J. Lowe, Charles Hasakell, Charley Ross, Frank McNeely, Glenn Wylle, Warren Joslin, Daniel Jones, Charles Hasakell, Charley Ross, Frank McNeely, Glenn Charley Ross, Frank McNeely, Glenn Wylle, Warren Joslin, Daniel Jones, Charles Hasakell, Charley Ross, Frank McNeely, Glenn Charley

hurt the girls. I myself read it and talk it over with the boy for whom I take it."
Another says, glving a name: "This boy has been sick for two years with tuberculosis and is gradually failing. He is not able to go to school nor go out much. He enjoys the paper, and I know it will be a great pleasure for him to receive it."
Another says: "I know of a poor boy who has been ill for a long time, with no hope of recovery."
Another writes: "Here is a fifteen year old boy who has not walked for five years, He spends his days in a go-cart. He can use his hands, but not his legs."
Another says: "I send you the name of a boy who has been confined to his bed for twelve years—a hopeless cripple. He broke his leg, and in setting it his spine was hurt."
Another says: "Send it to a young cripple

was hurt."

Another says: "Send it to a young cripple about ten years old, who has been a little sufferer and confined to his bed most of the time. When he is up he must go on crutches. Much of the time he must have a ten pound weight fastened to his foot to relieve the pain." Another writes for himself: "I have paralysis in my legs and cannot walk at all. I may never walk again."

ten year old can only move in a wheeled chair. Another has been confined to his home for six years, and expects to be all his life. About his only enjoyment is read-

chair. Another has been confined to his home for six years, and expects to be all his life. About his only enjoyment is reading. Another boy has hip disease and has not walked for a long time. Another boy of twelve has creeping paralysis. Another, a motherless boy of fifteen who lives with his grandmother, a poor widow, is of the number. This boy has had a really unfortunate career. He has broken his right leg three times and his left leg and right arm once. He cannot go without crutches. Another boy has a dislocated hip and has been in bed for ten months, most of the time strapped to a bare board; yet he ipatient. Another boy has paralysis in both legs.

We do not intend to continue this sad story by describing the ailments of all the little fellows who will belong to the "Shut-in" Society of THE AMERICAN BOY. Enough has been said, however, to awaken the interest of every one in these boys. Now, will our readers pleasiput on their thinking caps and help uto plan some further means of makin; these boys happy? Perhaps letters from the boys themselves, telling us how the occupy their time, might be suggestive Let all our readers remember that our offer to send to shut-in boys a free subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY is continuous until further notice. We are not fearful that the strain upon our sympathy ma hurt our pocketbook.

Mother-How did your father's new book get in this state?
Freddy-Father said it was so dry mother; so I put it into the bath and turned the water on the water on

A Boy Makes a Great Discovery.

A copy of the Lord's Prayer has been found written upon a clay tablet in uncial Greek letters. It dates possibly from the second century and is certainly no later than the fourth century. It was discovered at Megara by a boy and purchased from him for a trifle for the museum at Athens, where it is now carefully preserved as a unique Christian document. This is the first clay tablet ever found with a christian inscription upon it. There is no doubt as to the auchenticity of the tablet, for boys do not forge documents of this character, and it bears the stamp of genuineness upon its face.

A Clear Right of Way.

This is the day of tremendous possibilities and the boys of our glorious country with the future still before them should thank God every day that they are alive and so fortunately situated. The cleareyed, healthy, honest, ambitious, energetic, wide awake American youngster, who is not afraid of work and delights in mastering difficulties has a clear right of way before difficulties, has a clear right of way before him and, though he may be now without a dollar in his pocket or a second suit of clothes "shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

Take Care of the Minutes.

A famous American author, remarkable for his industry and methodical habits, used to enclose in all his letters a card whereon was primted:
"What does it matter if we do lose a few minutes in a whole day?"
"Answer—(Time-table: Working days in a year, 313; working hours in a day, 8). Five minutes lost each day is in a year 3 days 2 hours 5 minutes; 10 minutes is 6 days 4 hours 10 minutes; 20 minutes is 13 days and 20 minutes; 30 minutes is 19 days 4 hours 30 minutes; 60 minutes is 39 days 1 hour."

Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes.—Emerson.

The bass drum makes a lot of noise, Anu agitates the land. But don't forget That you may bet 'Tain't the bass drum leads the band.

Never before in the history of our country did the future hold so much in store for boys.

Fall River (Mass.), a city of seventy four thousand, owns a building costing one hundred thousand dollars, devoted to the work of the National Boys' Club. Twenty one hundred street boys are members of this organization, paying a membership fee of five cents a month.

A little boy, scarcely more than a baby, living at Roxbury. Mass., has succeeded in taming a fierce St. Bernard dog that has been a terror to the neighborhood for more than a year past. Grown people could do nothing with the animal. He was savage at all times and used to attack the children as they were passing his master's home.

Statistics show only one conversion from the age of twenty five until death, to eleven conversions between the ages of eleven and twenty five.

A Fourth of July Prize Winner.

I had promised my three small sons a visit to old Mount Vernon if they would prepare a composition on the subject of the Fourth of July, nicely written and well punctuated. Inis is the extraordinary document which they brought me:

"OUR INDEPENDENCE DAY."

"We raised Hale Columbia this morning —me and Georgie and Dolph; we General Lee do when ma goes to Washington. Antoinette—that's our new bonny—ketched Dolph stealin' Greene Gage plums and Putnam in his pocket. She Randolph out of the house Tryon to ketch him, and me next, and George Third. Sech a Chase! Over Gates house Tryon to ketch him, and me next, and George Third. Sech a Chase! Over Gates and everything! Sne lost her Tarleton cap and tared a nevere off of her dress, and then she called old Henry to help her; but Dolph leaned over the banister and throwed a Pitcher of water on his head, and he stopped Stark still. We'd Dunmore, only we were Rahl out of breath; but Dolph dodged past him some Howe, and we runned through the kitchen, and hided a Wayne the Smallwood shed, where they couldn't find us.

the Smallwood sned, where they couldn's find us.
"Dolph says them two'll be Marion some day, My! I'd hate to Marle Antoinette. Henry's sech a Jay!"

The persons mentioned in the foregoing unique essay are Captain Nathan Hale. General Charles Lee, George Washington. General Israel Putnam. Peyton Randolph. Governor Tryon, King George III., Samuel Chase. General Gates. Colonel Tarleton, Paul Revere. Patrick Henry, Molly Pitcher, General Stark, Governor Dunmore. Colonel Rahl, General Howe. General Wayne, Colonel Smallwood. General Francis Marion, Marle Antoinette, John Jay.

reach the words "Thank you."

Thank you."

It is a sad thing for a boy to become so smart that he has to wait for the teacher to catch up.

A Junior World's Exposition

The "Juniors" of the Dayton. Ohio, Young Men's Christian Association have inaugurated a genuine novelty in the way of Exposition propositions. The boys of all lands, and their older friends, are invited to contribute specimens of the natural products of their respective neighborhoods for exhibition at Dayton during two weeks in September.

The responses have been so generous that this Junior World's Exposition scheme has outgrown the original thought of the youthful promoters, and is becoming quite an extensive affair.

ful promoters, and is becoming quite an extensive affair.

In the beginning an Exposition company was formed, the shares selling solely to members of the Dayton, Junior Department, an organization of boys from twelve to seventeen years of age, some three hundred in number. Disposing of the entire capital stock at par, the company organized with a full corps of officers and committees in the most approved fashion. Among the committees for preliminary work are the following: Care of Exhibits—Frank Congdon, Ralph Niedergall, Carl Congdon; Signs and Posters—Julius Tafel, Charlie Wilson; Photographs—Robert Pape; Decoration—Everson Welliver, George Ohmart; Correspondence—Carl Starkey, Frank Hale. This last committee is receiving much assistance from one of the local commercial colleges, whose students are furnishing many typewritten letters for the Junior Department, is serving as directorgeneral.

L'pon completing the organization, letters

natural product. Marseilles will exhibit products of the historic Riviera. Two dozen countries and islands, together with many States of the Union, will be represented, according to the latest returns.

This first exposition of its kind—managed by boys in the interest of boys—it is hoped will add definitely to the attractiveness of geographical study by the boys of Onio, many of whom will be privileged to inspect the exhibits. Many other boys, reading of this Dayton effort, may see new interest in the study of places and products, and in distant lands will start small collections or exhibitions in their homes or schools. Practical and fascinating business lessons will be learned by the boys taking this new form of correspondence study under the tutelage of the Dayton managers. The tirst consideration of the original request and the weighty problems involved, the subsequent correspondence with headquarters in America, the planning necessary to give their respective States and countries creditable showing, the preparation of the exhibit, the study of packing and shipping methods, and the dealings with cust mis officials, will be of real value to the youngsters, who may some day participate in more ambitious international shows. Then, too, there is a hope that the successful conduct of the affair may direct attention to work for boys among those who have the world's betterment at heart.

A striking educational feature of the Exposition will be a huge map of the world. The spices of Ceylon, the tea of China, and the cotton of the South will be mounted on this unique map, together with the characteristic products of other States and nations. The bureau of publicity is offering a series of prizes for posters in water-colors, to

Junior Department, is serving as directorgeneral.

L'pon completing the organization, letters were immediately sent out to many lands, asking for grasses, leaves, shells, and similar specimens easily obtainable by a boy. Unthreshed grains, crude spices, nuts, and cotton bails, as gathered in forcs: and field, were solicited, together with minerals and other products of the under-world.

The earlier replies were so cordial, and gave promise of exhibits so far beyond the criginal expectation of the lads that they have been led to seek a more representative and elaborate collection. All answers received are favorable endorsements of the idea and assurances of hearty co-operation.

The boys of Brussels wrote: "Be assured that we shall do our utmost to let our small Pelgium shine in your gigantic America."

An ostrich egg mounted on an orange-wood stand has already been received from the famous California farm.

The boys of the Dayton lads. The beyonch the tea of China, and the cotton of the South will be mounted on this unique map, together with the characteristic products of other States and nations. "This alone will be worth the price of admission."

The bureau of publicity is offering a series of prizes for posters in water-colors, to be submitted by pupils in the grammar be submitted by pupils in the gr





will be prevalent this summer; the Shirt-Waist Boy is always with us. Mention this "ad," and we will send you postpaid, free, a sheet showing the latest styles of Shirt Waists and Blouses for Men and Boys. Address THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO., Limited, S West 18th Street, New York, N. Y.



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Are you sure that every boy of your acquaintance who ought to read this paper, sees it? If not, will you make yourself sure?

John Wanamaker, the "Merchant Prince" of Philadelphia, clerked in a bookstore for twenty five cents a day, walking four miles every day to and from his place of

It is strange how many boys stoppage in speech when they reach the words

***** -



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4

Going Through College on His Muscle.

We present a picture of Merie Adkins, of Troy, Wis., a young man who is paying his collegt expenses at Beloit, Wis., with money earned by pitching ball for his college baseball team. Young Adkins has a State reputation as a pitcher, his nine having proved invincible in nearly every



MERLE ADKINS.

game played within the last three years. The boy has received very tempting offers from club managers in New York, Chicago, Milwaukee and elsewhere, but will not join the professional teams while at college for fear of losing interest in his studies. His mother, who is a devout Christian woman, has always objected to baseball, but now she says, "If only his strong right arm will hold out I shall be thankful, for were it not for baseball my boy could never have taken a course at college." taken a course at college."

An Eight Year Old Poet.

Here are a few verses that are pretty good for a boy of eight years. He wrote them on his slate in school, and his teacher copied them off and thought them good



enough to print, and so do we. The last verse is a little "off"-but what of that? The whole shows genius.

The boy is a son of J. A. Rose, of Rose, N. Y.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Pretty little butterfly Playing all the day In the fields and meadows, Every where she'll stay

Sleeping in the flowers All through the dark night, Waking in the morning Playing in the light.

Sleeping in the winter Under the snow. When spring comes again She will show.

There is a butterfly
Spotted with white,
Resting on the clover
-When she is tired,
Laying thy eggs
Then little butterflies come forth.

Just three tenths of a second are required for a signal to pass through the Atlantic cable, 2,700 miles.

The Best Swimming Method.

"Until recently no living swimmer, either amateur or professional, using the double over arm or Trudgeon stroke had been able to equal the best time made by side stroke swimmers at distance swimming." says the Philadelphia Item. "Now, however, the story is different, for on May 13, at Sydney, New South Wales, in an open all sail sail, water hath over a course measurat Sydney, New South Wales, in an open air salt water bath, over a course measuring a little over forty five yards, necessitating thirty nine turns, George Reed, a nineteen year old young Australian, swimming with Trudgeon stroke, won the one mile championship of New South Wales in the New World's record time of 34 minutes, 464-5 seconds."

For the benefit of those who are interested in the sport of swimming or are ambitious to learn the best strokes, we give herewith two outline cuts showing pretty clearly the positions assumed in the two methods of propulsion now used by fast, swimmers, as well as a terse description of how to perform each in proper manner. The description is given by J. H. Sterrett in the newspaper named.

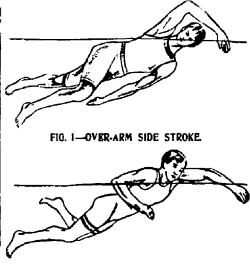


FIG. 2-DOUBLE OVER-ARM OR TRUDGEON STROKE.

Fig. 1.-Over arm side stroke-There are three positive and alternating actions in this stroke. While lying on the side, the limbs all extended, the first movement is the drawing down of the left arm, which is under water (providing, of course, that the swimmer is lying on the left side, and when swimmer is lying on the left side, and when on the right ride, these movements are to be reversed, or, in other words, the right arm, being under, is to be drawn down first); the second movement is the drawing down of the over arm and the raising and extending apart of the lower limbs, which are simultaneously executed; the third movement is the straightening out of the lower limbs and whipping them together, seissor-like, thereby getting three powerful and positive actions against the water, with only one negative movement—the drawing only one negative movement—the drawing up of the lower limbs—which is done slowly, to prevent stopping the impelus gained by

up of the lower limbs—which is done slowly, to prevent stopping the impelus gained by the other and more powerful movements. This is an easy, yet very scientific stroke, used for racing at both long and short distances and of service in all kinds and conditions of water, while being at the same time a very graceful stroke, the position assumed in the water, when correct form, regular and automatic breathing are required, being a natural and easy one to maintain, for any length of time.

Fig. 2. Double over arm or Trudgeon stroke.—This stroke is identically the same as the breast stroke with reference to the position of the body in the water, and the lewer limbs are similarly worked or kicked together, though many of the more scientific Trudgeon swimmers use a sort of a side stroke kick, rocking the body somewhat after the kick, while the arms are dipped in the water like oars, one alternating the other, but the kick being made as one arm reaches forward, and not on each arm reach, this giving a longer run to the stroke and not being as hard as a kick on each arm. Some Trudgeon swimmers carry the head and shoulders high up above the water and climb over the same, as it were, but this is usually done in short distance races and needs lots of strength, it being much less tiring, and more comfortable for longer distances to lay flat on the water, with the face somewhat buried, rolling the head about sufficiently on each stroke in order to clear the water water, with the face somewhat buried, rolling the head about sufficiently on each stroke in order to clear the water with the mouth for the purpose of breathing on each stroke, for nearly, if not all good swimmers breathe through the mouth by a quick inhalation, exhaling slowly under water until ready for another broath, which must not be missed between strokes, but taken regularly and with clocklike precision each time.

A Boy Hero.

It might have been a mistaken idea of boyish honor, that prompted him to do it, but who could not but admire the spirit of the little fellow who, while he lay dying in a New York hospital the other day, refused to tell the name of a companion who had pushed him from a freight car and brought him to his death. "Don't cry, mamma," he said after his crushed legs had been amputated, "It wouldn't be fair to tell. He didn't mean to hurt me." And with his hand clutching his mother's tightly, the boy who was true to his chum, even to death, passed away.

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How to Mount Birds.

The study of taxidermy is one of the most important branches of Natural History; it is the basis of knowledge by which most important branches of Natural History; it is the basis of knowledge by which the birds and fauna of any country should be known. Yet the average person is ignorant of common facts connected with the free dwellers, by whom they come in contact daily. Few boys and girls are able to describe the birds that pick up the crumbs from the doorstep or carol the approach of day. The clear and perfect notes of voice is unheard, even the arrangement and shape of feathers is not attractive; the position of the feet, color of the eye and the poise of the head is lost to the careless observer. Plants, insects, birds and animals are all closely related; the plant dependent on the insect for the fertilization of its flowers, and the bird and animal dependent on both for food and shelter. Any one who spends time in this branch of study will not only acquire information, but enjoy nature in its fullest sense.

Many American birds and animals, especially the game, are disappearing, and the species that exist now will after a time.

clarly the game, are disappearing, and the species that exist now will, after a time,

species that exist now will, after a time, be extinct.

Specimens to be properly mounted should be secured, if possible, when the feathers or skin is in its prime. Skins may be cured, dried, packed away for any length of time, till desired to be mounted; then they should be relaxed by placing in layers of slightly damp sawdust for two or three days, till all parts are softened. A beginner in the study of taxidermy should experiment first in mounting small birds, and after experience is gained advance to large birds, then to the animals; however, the process is substantially the same in either. All work should be done in a room not accessible to children, or where specimens may not be handled by intruders. The material required is arsenical soap, arsenic powder, annealed wire (different sizes), penknife with file, tube points (permanent colors), white varnish, cotton thread (fine); glass eyes—these should contain black centers and the iris left plain to be colored as desired; blocks of wood for stand, pincers. The bill and feet of birds should be slightly colored to retain the fresh appearance; in animals the mouth and nostril should be retouched.

animals the mouth and nostri should be retouched.

The method here given for mounting birds is used by a taxidermist of the Smithsonian Institute.

Place the bird on its back on a table and separate the feathers on the breast bone; then from the neck cut the skin as far back as possible, loosen to the wing bone, which should be cut from the body at the should der. Follow same with both sides; also the legs, which should be separated from the body at the thigh. Carefully cut the ligaments at the tall and turn the skin wrong side out and back over neck and head. Remove eyes, brain, tongue and all particles of fat or meat possible; then dust with the powder or soap, and fill up cavities with cotton.

Make a body and neck of paper, not too leose, and wrap with the power with cotton; then

with the powder or soap, and fill up cavities with cotton.

Make a body and neck of paper, not too leose, and wrap with thread.

Also wrap all hones with cotton; then turn the skin right side out. lay in the reck and body, fasten the edges of skin together in front with pins; also pin the wings to body. Sharpen the ends of two wires, one of which must be twice the length of bird from foot to top of head; the second wire should be half the length of first. Pass longwise through the foot near leg bone, through body, neck and top of head. The short wire should pass through feot, leg and stop at point near center of body. Right here we bespeak the patience of the student; this stage has been called the drunken stage. But the most difficult part is past and the finishing should be done with much deliberation.

Fasten the wires at the feet to a block or stand; cut the wire at the top of head after the proper length of neck has been taken; put eyes in the head and straighten lids with point of pin; adjust the feathers in the natural position; tie the bill together, and wrap the entire bird with thread loosely.

Set aside for a week or more and place in case; then remove thread, touch slightly with color or varnish, also change any slight defect.

Birds occupy less space by omitting stand and laying in boxes lined with cotton.

Some specimens which have large heads, for example, the hooded duck, must have the back of its head crushed with pincers to allow its skin to be turned back, in extraordinary large heads the skin may be laid open at the back of head.

Birds with heavy wings should have the hones wrapped with wire, passed over body under skin and connected.

To remove any stain on the feathers, rub between fingers with dry flour.

Wear gloves in handling arsenic,

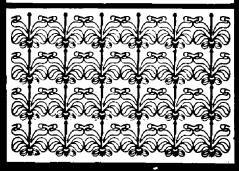
Wear gloves in handling arsenic.

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COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE, Orwell, Pa.

angles

Original contributions to this department are solicited. Answers must accompany them in all cases.

We shall print each month the names of all who successfully unravel the Tangles of the month previous and send us correct answers, and anticipate offering prizes from time to time for correct solutions and for the best original puzzles to be used in this department.

Answers to each month's Tangles must be received by the 15th of the month. New puzzles will be received at any time. Address all communications for this department to UNCLE TANGLER, care

AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich. 1. SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

One word from each of the following Bible erses will form a verse found in the Epistle verses w: of Jude:

Samuel, vii., 15. II. Samuel, vii., 15.
Matthew, v., 34.
Luke, x., 3.
Ezekiel, xii., 23.
Luke, ii., 14.
Matthew, xi., 14.
Romans, ix., 35.
Numbers, xv., 11.
Exodus, i., 7.
—Parson Queer.

2. HIDDEN BLANKS.

Fill the blanks with words hidden in each

sentence.

1. If I should try I could catch a ———.
2. How can a member of Congress have a 3. How much I like the inhabitants of

4. Hate will overrule ----

3. PECULIAR COOKERY.

Add one-third butter to one-third egg, ene-fifth apple, one-eighth kerosene, one-fifth fruit, one-sixth almond, one-fifth sugar, one-fourth salt, and get what you all like before going to school.

—Tangle Club.

4. TRANSPOSITIONS.

Transpose each sentence into the name of a deceased American statesman.
J. Co. K. coons linger. 2. We let Debs rain. 3. Cheer, O ye lager. 4. Halt. or examine land. 5. Abe's leg in jam. 6. Ann, comb all hair.

—Harold Mortimer.

5. TANGLED MAP.

Give correct name, boundary and capital of the State here pictured:

NEVADA * Santa Fe' TEXAS) 1DAH0 Baleigh * Cheyenne COLORADO Puget ALABAMA C **ARKANSAS** -Queen Zero.

6. CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

The initial letters are also the initials of the names that constitute the answers, the words used describing certain characteristics of the persons whose names are required, thus: African Liberator (answer, Abraham Lincoln).

Authors and poets.

athors and poets.

Recognized Wisdom Everywhere.
Our Well-known Humorist.
Left Many Admirers.
Realistically Keen.
Careful Delineator.
Jolly, Witty Reader.
He Was Loved.
Dearly Loved Mankind.
Enthusiastic. Winsome Woman.
Jingled Gladsome Songs.
—C. C. Bret

7. SCRIPTURAL TRANSPOSITION.

Transpose the first word in the Bible, the initial letter of the last word in the Old Testament and the initial letter of the last word in the New Testament, into a Bible character universally despised.

—The Empress.

8. RIDDLE.

I'm a friend to all mankind:
I protect from elements two;
My gowns in many shades you find,
Black or scarlet, white or blue.

I have several sturdy bones. But legs and arms, save one, I lack; What is it one so often loans, And seldom e'er gets back?

-Frances James.

10. INITIAL PROVERBS.

The letters are the initials of the words in the proverb; the number indicates the number of letters in each word:

1. A 1. F 6. 1 2. N 4. 1 2. A 1. F 6. I 6.

2. W 4. B 5. I 2. H 4. D 4.

3. W 5. T 6. A 1. W 4. T 6. A 1. W 3.

4. A 3. T 4. G 8, I 2, N 3. G 4.

—Jolly Juniors.

11. NIGHTMARE.

A lady fell asleep after puzzling over the Tangles, and dreamed that sne sent the following order to her grocer; what was her

Wot soxeb fo wartsbeersir Noe beltto fo slovie Rethe squtar fo saben Rufo resuccumb Eon trace fo sickelbarber Neevs nozed snanaba.

-G. Anislie.
And this was the order she sent her butcher:

utcher: Eno dunop fo balm spoch Net ratsbeweeds Ehret snoupd fo oilbed mah Lahf pudon fo gusesau

Neo esogo Tow kurtsey. -S. Grey.





Two Sizes...No. 2 for BB shot or darts, and No. 3 for OOO or F shot. Price \$1.25, prepaid. Send us your name for a handsome booklet, it is FREE.

ST. LOUIS AIR RIFLE COMPANY, cor. Broadway and Monroe Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Letters of George Washington Jones.

(Continued from Page 299.)

(Continued from Page 299.)

When Friday night come, Si was 'n th' middle o' th' "Sign o' th' Four," (we could see him from our barn,) un it was 'bout two o' clock 'fore he went t' bed. We waited till all was still ('cept ma's cats) un then got th' thing up. Jus' as we got ready Charne had an idea. He got one o' ma's cats un put it under th' sheet un then we histed th' ghost up. We rapted on th' winder two or three times t' waks Si up. After awhite we heard him gettin' up un then we saw th' light 'n his room. He opened th' winder un looked out, but we had hid, un after awhile he went back t' bed. In 'bout ten minutes we rapted again un walted.

Si gets up again un pokes his head out th' winder. All at once we bobs th' ghost right up in front o' him un at th' same time th' cat lets out a yowl. Si gave one look un let out th' biggest yell I ever heard.

Some Interesting Facts About "The Constitution."

"The Constitution." the great yacht that is to defend America's cup, is an eggshell boat. In comparison with an eggher shell is equally thin, but it is so constructed that it can withstand tons of pressure. The thickness of the Constitution's hull is little more than one-fifth of an inch. The Constitution is nevertheless the staunchest craft ever produced by an American shipbuilder. She is a marvel. The yacht is ten times stronger than a section of the New York elevated railroad structure. Ten trains could pass on a structure no heavier than is the Constitution's hull. If an egg is held accurately, end to end, a strong man may strive in vain to break it. The principle of the construction of the Constitution was the same. The hull is so fragile that one might pierce it with a walking stick by a wisely applied blow, yet so strong in its entirety that tons of waves may assault it and avail nothing. She carries 14,400 square feet of sail, which is 1.300 square feet more than the Columbia carries. She is constructed of steel, and every onnce of unnecessary weight is climinated. An ounce of pressure on her sails is felt in every part of the yacht, and every part bears its burden of the strain. She cannot be capsized. Attached to her keel there are one hundred tons of lead, representing three-fourths of the total weight of the yacht. The plates which cover her framework are of bronze to just above the water line, where composition steel plating extends to the decks. The thickness of the bronze plates is a little more than six-thirty seconds of an inch. She is the highest type of a yacht which has ever slid from the ways of a shippard.

SHOOTING FROGS. Photo by Paul Grau, Bowling Green, Mo.

12. CONCEALED PRESIDENTS.

WOMBATS BARRARIA SAG

122. Cleveland, Lincoln. Polk. Grant, McKinley, Pierce, Adams, Madison.

123. Men-d. Roll-o. Cur-t. Pus-h. Hard-y. Spa—r. Hell—o.

125. Adam.

126. Washington.

127. Annexation.

124. S-word. F-lash. S-pain. P-resident. F-rank. P-lover.

Successful Solvers of July Puzzles. First complete list-Kent B. Stiles, Ston-

ington, Conn.
Second complete list—Archie Mattison, So.
Shaftsbury, Vt.
Third complete list—Whitail King, Camden, N. J.
Fourth complete list—Michael Hojem, Sundown, Minn.

He run back inter bed. That cat was gettin'

12. CONCEALED PRESIDENTS.

One letter from each word spells the name of a president of the United States in each sentence.

1. Chicago has never published enterprisiting evening papers at all equaling publications Eastern villages print, except when thoroughly Republican.

2. Perhaps when day stars never wink Jupiter aione shall shine as gorgeous on.

3. Just laws combine reasonable results common to men wherever people dwell.

4. Fifty thousand prosperous American merchants presumptuously journey very far after European monarchs hesitate to begin.

Answers to Puzzles in July American

Boy.

121.

B

WAG

GORES

WOMBATS

BARRARIAN

He run back inter bed. That cat was gettin' mighty tired o' sitin' on th' crosstree un he give a leap un landed on th' winder sill. His head got mixed up with th' ghosts un in he goes carryin' it along. We heard a big rumpus up in Si's room un wanted t' set it so we went roun' t' th' door still carryin' th' ghost.

When we got there we seen Deacon Blueberry acomin along t' see where th' yells come from. "Let's scare him." says charlie. I'n so I sits on his shoulders un Jim sits on mine un we put th' sheet over us. We begin t' walk towards him wavin' our arms un it didn't take him a minute t' get out o' sight. Just as he gets out o' sight Charlie stubs his toe un we all falls down. Jim turns a somersault un lands on th' grass un I fall on top o' him. When we was a lyin' there along came pa a lookin' fer me un gives me a lickin'. Th' other fellers got one th' next mornin'. Si Williams was awful mad un said he'd get even, but he didn't. Pa sent me away t' my aunt's fer a couple o' weeks un I had er bully time.

That man from N' York come here th'

time.
That man from N' York come here th' other day un yer oter see th' fun. All th' town turned out un th' school closed. We follered him clear t' his house wot he calls Glenwood.

George Washington Jones.

P. 8.—In my next letter I'll tell yer 'bout er compesition I rote.

[The author of the Letters of George Washington Jones is a fifteen year old New York boy.—Editor.]

Do not make the mistake of thinking that in order to get a position you must ask some man of influence to get it for you. Go yourself for it.

This makes a good race: Give a boy fifty yards start of you. Let him hop while you run. Let the whole distance to be covered by you be one hundred yards, and by him fifty yards. You may think you can easily beat him; but try it.

REPRESENTA-TIVES WANTED

THE publishers of THE AMER-ICAN BOY desire a representative—a man or a woman. woman preferred — in every city and town in the country.

This representative will look after the getting of new subscriptions, the renewing of old subscriptions, the putting out of sample copies, the reporting of boys' doings, and in general acting for THE AMERICAN BOY in various capacities relating to the business and editorial ends of the paper.

A bright, active young woman can find pleasant employment this summer and can make some money at congenial tasks, particularly if she is interested in boys and has a little influence in the community.

The publishers will from time to time make suggestions to their representatives as to what is wanted, and as to how they can serve the paper and at the same time serve themselves.

The employment is honorable; the remuneration is dependent upon the service rendered.

Everybody welcomes THE AMER-ICAN BOY, and any one representing it represents a popular, progressive and public spirited enterprise.

ADDRESS

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO., DETROIT, MICH.

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 32 pages. Its subscription price is \$1.00 a year, payable in advance. Foreign subscriptions, \$1.25.

New Subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Payment for The American Boy when sent oy 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

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 pay-

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO, MAJESTIC BLDG. DETROIT, MICH.

> WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE EDITOR. GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS,

ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Johnnie defines a centurion as "A feller what rides a hundred miles on a bike."

A Sollloguy.

Gentlemen—Here is a soliloquy which occurred this morning about renewing subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY: "I believe I will discontinue; the thing is quite too much of the military order for my Quaker blood. There is altogether too much blood and thunder in the air nowadays, dubbed "patriotism." If they would only tell the American boys about The Hague conference, the permanent court of arbitration, and that sort of thing, with as much gusto as the exploits of heroes, they would, instead of making mountain lions of them, be setting them on the path of uprightness and of Christlikeness." So I wrote "discontinue," and went about my business.

Didn't feel quite easy. Said to myself: my business.
Didn't feel quite easy. Said to myself:

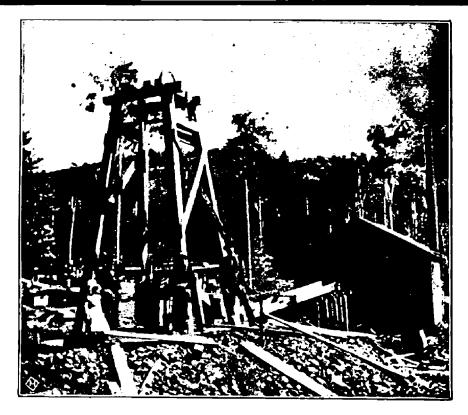
Didn't feel quite easy. Said to myself:
"I haven't read the paper so very thoroughly, anyway; don't know as that criticism is quite fair; ought not to expect everybody to see through my glasses, exactly; will look over written notice they sent a month ago. Found this: "Tell us what you like and what you don't like." I read again your article in the last number, entitled. "Your Country Wants You." Found it grand and wholesome; no "militarism" to hurt in that.

So here is the dollar for the paper another year, and here are the likes and dislikes. Yours faithfully, L. H. Osborne, Chestnut Hill, N. H.

Johnnie—I wish I could be Tommy Jones.
Mother—Why? You are stronger than he
is, you have a better home, more toys, and
more pocket money.
Johnnie—Yes, I know; but he can wiggle
his ears

BE NOT GIVEN TO MUCH TALKING. DO NOT DISCUSS YOUR OWN AFFAIRS OR YOUR FAMILY AFFAIRS WITH NEVER CRITICISE STRANGERS. YOUR EMPLOYERS OR YOUR ASSOCI-

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on the other claims showing values from \$10.00 to \$50.00 per ton in gold and copper and development work will soon be commenced on these properties. There is no indebtedness against the Company, machinery and property all paid for. To carry on the development work until we can ship ore and get returns, a limited number of shares of treasury stock will be sold. We can give the best of references both as to the value of our mines and to the ability and reliability of the management of the Company. If you have money to invest, do not wait until this stock goes to par, but order now and get the benefit of the next advance in price, Investigate at once. Stock 15 cents per share; par value \$1.00 per share, full paid and non-assessable. Send money with orders for stock to

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 $\mathbf{W}^{ extsf{ERE}}$ designed for the boys and thousands have been made happy by the possession of one of them. What better sport for a boy than spending his extra time in the woods studying Nature. Here he comes into contact with all kinds of small game, and where once indulged in, shooting is a sport that is very fascinating. Target shooting is a good practice, as it educates a boy to have control over his nerves. This rifle is an accurate one and is made to shoot either a 22-short or long cartridge. Has a 20-inch barrel and weighs 4 lbs.

Why don't you buy one and enter our RIFLE CONTEST announced in the June issue of this paper Thousands of boys are already supplied with targets. Send 10 cents in stamps stating calibre of your rifle, if a STEVENS, and we will mail you conditions and 12 official targets.

Nearly every dealer in Sporting Goods carries a full line of our FIREARMS, but if you cannot find them we will ship, express prepaid, upon receipt of price. Send for our complete catalog.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.

2810 Broadway,

CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.



The Boy Who Won The Second Printing Outfit Offered.

In our April number we offered to the subscriber who sent in one dollar for TriE AMERICAN BOY for himself or another during the month of April, and at the same during the month of April, and at the same time came the nearest to estimating the receipts of the Chicago Postoffice during that month, a fifty dollar printing outfit, including a Pilot press and all material necessary for setting up a little job office. The successful boy was Andrew Smith, of Chicago, whose estimate was \$711.749.37. The exact amount of the receipts as reported by the Postmaster at Chicago on May 1, was \$707.275.31.

In acknowledging receipt of the press and

was \$707,275.31.

In acknowledging receipt of the press and outfit, young Smith says: "Please accept my sincere thanks for the excellent printing outfit. I received to-day. The outfit is all and more than you claim for it and is first class in every respect. A friend and I intend starting a small printing office with the outfit and do practical work. I wish THE AMERICAN BOY the greatest success."

France has now eight million acres more of forest than she had in 1850.

No young man need worry about himne can nonestly say that no is doing his best.

Napoleon Bonaparte was so poor at one time that his sole diet was thin soup and he could afford to change his shirt only once a week.

When you speak to a person look him in the face. If it is hard for you to do this, practice until you succeed. It may mean much for you.

BE SCRUPULOUSLY HONEST IN ALL YOU DO, AND TRUTHFUL IN ALL YOU SAY. PRIZE A NOBLE CHARACTER ABOVE EVERYTHING ELSE, AND LET NO ONE EVER TEMPT YOU TO DO A MEAN ACT.

ANDREW SMITH.

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[Sprague Publishing Company, Publishers,]
Dotroit, Mich. (Majestio Building).

MONTHLY Vol.2. No.11 Detroit, Michigan, September, 1901

PRICE, \$1:00 A YEAR 10 Cents a Copy

The Mission of "The American Boy."

HE mission of this paper is not merely to entertain boys—it is to lead, inspire, develop them along all right lines.

It aims to educate boys—educate them in the true sense, not so much by pouring knowledge into them, as

by leading them out, stimulating their powers, arousing their aspirations. It aims to furnish to boys the stimulus to better and higher living in thousands of homes where such stimulus is lacking.

Our own conception of the paper's mission has broadened greatly since its first issue. Twenty two months' constant observation and study of boy life has produced in our minds an overwhelming conviction that the most important and at the same time most subtle problem of modern life is the boy problem, and that in its solution lies the solution of all great problems of society. We thoroughly believe that no great reform movements can accomplish lasting results that do not begin with the boys, and that until the great engines of social, moral and religious reform are directed on the boys, the same old problems will present themselves for solution generation after generation. firmly convinced that the way to improve the tree is to lop off the dead branches and dig up the ground about its roots-to cut away its unprofitable growths and enrich and water its beginnings. We are further convinced that modern reformers are wasting precious time and money in trying to purify the stream at its mouth, and that one tithe of the sentiment, the energy and the money wasted there, if applied to the fountain head would cleanse the waters.

In the boys' behalf we ask that the world shall keep in mind that while "boys will be boys" they will also in time be men.

This paper aims to stand for boys—to speak for boys—to work for boys.

It stands for the boy in the home. In thousands of homes, fathers and mothers, some by positively evil example, some by indifference, some by unconscious or conscious neglect, are driving their boys straight to destruction.

doors and merry click of glasses, were a score of churches, their doors barred and bolted, raising their steeples in ridiculous protest, weird figures dancing in the beams that fell through painted windows, and holding high revel in their glee at being the sole

It stands for the boys in the church. The religious life of the churches is generally distasteful to the growing, healthful boy. With all the tremendous wealth of the churches—a large part of which is idle capital—no adequate effort is made to meet his needs and his nature. We ask for rational and natural methods in church and Sunday school to appeal to and satisfy the boy.

It stands for the boys in the school. The schools are great funnels at which our boys may stand and feed till they are fat with knowledge, and from which they turn with untrained hands and powers and with-

out the ability to actually do one practical and useful thing thoroughly and well. What a commentary on our systems of education is the undisputed statement that out of every one hundred business men ninety seven

their families free from want. Is there not something wrong with the boy's preparation for life? We ask that the boy be trained for success, and not for failure, that methods that enervate the boy be supplanted by methods that shall give physical, mental and moral muscle and truly educate him for actual living.

It stands for the boys in the American town. The life of the boy in the American town and village is a life of negation. "Don't" is the word of counsel. No one says "do." He is told not to play cards, not to visit saloons, not to play pool or billiards, not to do this, and not to do that, but where in the whole scheme of advice is he told actually to "do"? There are associations of men and women for a variety of harmless purposes. There are whist clubs and twentieth century clubs and natural science clubs and missionary societies; there is a bird study club, a parliamentary law club, a municipal improvement league, but where is the town that will furnish us a society for the study of boy life and the improvement of its condition?

"Tell me, Mr. Sprague," earnestly asked a remarkably intelligent mother of two bright boys in an Ohio town of twelve thousand inhabitants, "what can I do for my boys here to keep them at home, to keep them occupied, to keep them pure and good? She had struck the boy problem in her own life, poor woman, and bright as she was the enormity of it staggered her. I looked about the town and over against the twenty saloons, open all day and half the night, with their glittering lights and open doors and merry click of glasses, were a score of churches,

(Continued on page 838.)

their doors barred and bolted, raising their steeples in ridiculous protest, weird figures dancing in the beams that fell through painted windows, and holding high revel in their glee at being the sole beneficiaries of Christian benevolence during six days of every seven. Over against the pool room was the door of a circulating library, patronized largely by women, where the vapid, ephemeral literature of the hour was eagerly sought and devoured. With over two thousand boys in the town between the ages of five and twenty, there was no public reading room, no gymnasium, no athletic club, no lyceum, no Y. M. C. A., no club or organization of or for boys, not an open door for their entertainment—not one single resort where a boy might find an hour of healthful amusement. This is a typical American town in one of the



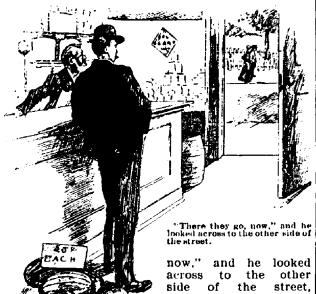
The Grocer's Gest

AGNES E. WILSON ^QD&&&&**&**

"What I want," said Mr. Philpotts, leaning over the counter of his own grocery in a confidential sort of way, "is a good, thoroughly dependable sort of a boy. He must be careful and obliging, accurate and quick at figures. Got any boys like that?"

It was the village schoolmaster to whom the grocer was talking.

"Two of them," came the reply. "There they go



"I don't need two." said Mr. Philpotts. "D'ye reckon I could get one of

gether.

where Jack Willis and

Charlie Crawford were

sauntering along to-

these fellows without the other?"

They aren't quite so inseparable as that," the schoolmaster said, laughing. "Either of them will suit you. Jack is the quickest at figures, but-You'll be safe in choosing either," he added, turning to go.

Mr. Philpotts scratched his head. "Now, how am I to know which one I want?" he said, in perplexity. "If he'd just recommended one of them, there wouldn't been any trouble. So Jack's the quickest at figures? That's one thing in favor of Jack; but let me see.'

Mr. Philpotts must have been in a brown study for as much as a minute. Then he went and weighed out fifty pounds of granulated sugar and twenty pounds of while he was doing it, and it was evident that he had hit upon a plan.

"And as sure as you live, sir," he said to himself,

rubbing his hands together, "if I mul they both do,

I'll hire 'em, sir; I'll hire 'em both."

Mr. Philpotts did not trouble himself about the possibility of not being able to get either boy. The privilege of clerking for Mr. Philpotts during the vacation was too eagerly coveted by the schoolboys

ford had been longing for the place. It was well known, however, that Mr. Philpotts usually made his own choice, and that there was little advantage in making application for the place.

But it was with a little thrill of excitement that Charlie replied to Mr. Philpotts' query that evening, as he went into the store on an errand for his mother.

"Are you in a hurry, Charlie?" the grocer had asked.

How Charlie wished that he were not!

Mother needs these things for supper," he replied, and I promised to hurry back. Was there something you wanted of me, Mr. Philpotts?"

He could not keep the eagerness out of his voice, and Mr. Philpotts understool.

"Only to ask you about something," he answered, indifferently. "Drop in, sometime when you are passing, if it isn't too much trouble, Charlie."
"I'll come in this evening," Charlie promised, and

was off like a flash.

"He wanted to stay," Mr. Philpotts mused. he was faithful to his mother's errand. That's one for Charlie. But Jack's quicker at figures, and that's one for Jack. Well. we'll see, we'll see." And Mr. Philpotts rubbed his hands and waited for Jack.

As luck would have it, it was not many minutes before Jack entered, also on an errand for his mother. "Are you in a hurry, Jack?" asked the grocer, weighing out the pound of tea which Jack had asked

"Not particularly," Jack answered.

"Doesn't your mother want this tea right away?" queried Mr. Philpotts sharply.

"Oh, I guess not, not for a little while, anyway.

Did you want something, Mr. Philpotts?" "I wanted a little talk with you," the grocer began. Jack's eyes sparkled. "To tell you the truth," Mr.

Philpotts went on, "I wanted to ask you about Charlie way a minute. I'll be glad to see him get it." Crawford."

"I notice you and he are pretty thick," the grocer continued, "and I have a notion that nobody knows so much about a boy as his boy friends. Now, I've been thinking about having him in the store with me this summer, and I thought I'd ask you if you could recommend him. I know I'm a queer old duffer, but I'd rather have your opinion than the schoolmaster's. You know Charlie better. Now, what can you say for your friend?"

It looked very much as if Jack could not say anything. How was he to know that Mr. Philpotts was leaves nothing. Faithful to his promise and faithful saying over to himself: "Faithful to his promise, and that's one for Charlie. But Jack's quicker at figures none is a pretty fair score. I guess I can wait a litbacon for an out-of-town customer. He chuckled that's one for Charlie. But Jack's quicker at figures and that's one for Jack. Maybe Jack's mother didn't tell him to hurry, so I won't call this delay one against Jack.'

Jack was silent so long that the grocer resumed his

questioning.

"Is Charlie neat and careful and courteous and

trustworthy?" asked he.
"Oh, yes!" Jack at last found his voice. "He's all that." Someway his words didn't sound one bit enthusias-

to render it likely that he could fail to secure the lad tic. He wanted that place so much for himself. he chose.

"And quick at figures?" the grocer pursued. "I'm very particular about that."

"He's fair," admitted Jack. "He isn't the best in the class.'

Never knew him to cheat in games, or do any mean little thing like that, did you?"

'No," Jack replied. You would have thought he spoke reluctantly. "Anything else you think I ought to know?"

queried the grocer.

"N-no," stammered Jack. "Charlie's a good fellow, but-

"But I see you don't want to tell me," Mr. Philpotts said, suddenly. "You are too loyal to your friend to finish that 'but.' I'm obliged to you, Jack, I'll make further inquiries."

Now Mr. Philpotts had not put the faintest trace of sarcasm into his sentence regarding Jack's loyalty. but some way Jack did not feel very happy, although he hoped that the "further inquiries" would turn Mr. Philpotts' attention to himself. He would have felt less happy had he known that the further inquiries were to be made of Charlie himself.

That evening Charlie called on the grocer. Perhaps he was disappointed when that individual began to inquire about Jack Willis, but if so, he had conquered his chagrin before it came his turn to speak.

"I'm sure Jack would just suit you, Mr. Philpotts," he said, and although his voice was quiet, it was enthusiastic still. "Everybody likes Jack, and he is so bright and quick. And he's a splendid scholar-the best in the class."

Mr. Philpotts went on with his searching questions, but Charlie became only still more spirited in his admiration of his friend. There was no faint praise in his words or voice. At last the grocer asked quite suddenly:

Wouldn't you like the place yourself. Charlie?" Charlie hesitated. Then he spoke the truth.

"Yes, Mr. Philpotts. But I wouldn't stand in Jack's

It has always been an unexplained mystery to Charlie why Mr. Philpotts answered as he did.

"The place is yours, Charlie. I was only testing you. I didn't have the faintest notion of hiring Jack. Charlie demurred a little.

'It will be you, or some other boy, not Jack," Mr. Philpotts said firmly. "I have my reasons."

Charlie never knew, nor did Jack, but Mr. Phil-

potts summed up his reasons this way:

'Quick at figures, that's one for Jack. Not true to his friend, that's one against him. One from one tle longer for him to do his figuring, if he's as loyal to my interests as he's shown himself to be to others

to-night.'

A Proper Penance

A small and not very strong looking woman and a girl of about seventeen years were moving about in the blackberry bushes on a stony hillside trying to fill the large tin pails each of them carried. It was an extremely hot day in August. The sun beat down flercely on the trecless hillside. Not a breath of wind stirred the leaves on the trees lower down the rocky The heat quivered in the dazzling sunlight. The girl took off her old straw hat and fanned her flushed face with it as she stood among the briers with scratched and bleeding hands.
"My! isn't it hot, mother?" she said.

The woman had sat down to rest for a few minutes on a heated rock. She fanned her own crimson

face with her slat sunbonnet as she said: 'Hot isn't any name for it, Lucy. It's by far the hottest day we have had this summer. I'm about tuckered out.

"Don't you try to pick any more berries, mother. You go down the hill and rest under the trees by the river, and I'll pick out this patch, and then we will go over to the other side of the hill. It will be shady there by the time I pick this patch out."

'Oh, I think I'd better stay and help you, Lucy. The berries are so small and so scattering this year that we will both have to pick pretty steady all day if we fill all the pails we have brought with us. I'd like to fill them if we can because berries are bringing a good price this year on account of their scarcity. If we can fill all of our pails we can get as much as four dollars for them at the big hotel over on the lake.'

"And four dollars will pay a week's board for Artie at the college, won't it, mother?"

"Yes, it will, dear. But I want you to take two dollars of the money we earn to-day and get you a dress pattern off that bolt of lawn we saw at the store in the village yesterday.'

"Oh, I think I'd better not, mother. My old blue, know that Artie said in his last letter that his expenses would be more this year than last. We'd better save the two dollars for him."

But your old gingham really isn't fit to wear to the Old Home Week reunion next week, and you ought to have some new ribbon on your hat."

"What reckless extravagance you are trying to lead me into," said Lucy with a little laugh. "You'll propose that I get me a pair of white kid shoes and a white silk and chiffon parasol next, won't you, mother?"

"You deserve them, Lucy, and a good deal more."

"That is just as good as having them. And when Artie is finally through school and earning all the money he is sure to earn, then I will have all of the clothes I need, and you shall have a black silk dress and a bonnet like Squire Horton's wife. There will be no more berry picking then."

"I shall be willing to give it up, and I shall not worry if I never have the black silk dress. I shall and at the same time do some studying." have all the reward I want when Artie has the diploma his father always wanted that he should have. You know that your father was always so anxious that Artie should have a good education. He said so many times before his death-that he hoped that at least one Ritten would be a college graduate and he was so glad when Artie showed such a taste for learning. I know that you have the same taste, Lucy, and it has always been a sorrow to me that you could not have better educational opportunities. I did hope that we could manage some way so that you could have a year at least at the Horton Academy. I am so sorry it could not be.'

"Don't you worry anything about that, mother. It was simply impossible for me to go there and for Artie | going.

to go to college at the same time. I have given up that ambition.

She did not say how hard it had been for her to give up that which had been the dearest hope of her life. She walked a few steps away that her mother and white gingham will do for this summer, and you might not note the suggestion of tears in her eyes, and she hoped that her mother had not noted the unsteadiness of her voice.

"Artie will owe you as big a debt of gratitude as any brother ever owed a sister," said Mrs. Ritten. "Not many girls would work as you have worked and make all the sacrifices you have made to help pay for a brother's education. You are a good daughter and a good sister, Lucy. What I'm sorry for is that you couldn't have had the good education I know you have longed for."

There is nothing I am so sorry for just at the present time as I am that Artie could not have come home during the summer vacation. Just think! is two years since we saw him and he must have changed a good deal in that time."

'I suppose that he has. I wish, too, that he could have come home, but then you know that the car fare for the round trip would have been twenty dollars, and he thought that if he stayed there in Woodvale he might get something to do to earn his board

"I know, mother; but I believe that I would have been willing to have gone out at housework to have carned his car fare just to have had the dear boy come home for a week. It does not seem to me that I can

wait another whole year to see him.' "We will have to be patient, dear, and our long waiting will make his home-coming all the more delightful when he finally gets here. And you know that I have set my heart on having you go to see him

"And I have set my heart on having you go, mother."

"It won't be possible for both of us to go, Lucy." "I know that, mother; and that is why I am not Lucy. How few berries there are on the bushes this dread that long walk home over the dusty roads! year. I think that we gathered fully three bushels on | "We'll rest often on the way, mother. How t this spot last year, and I do not believe there is a bushel here this year.'

"l am afraid not, mother."

They gathered the berries in silence for a few minutes, and then they went down the rocky hill to the edge of the timber, where they dropped wearily to the ground in the shade of a tree and began to eat the frugal lunch of bread and butter and cold meat they had brought with them, for they would have to spend the entire day picking berries if they went home with their pails filled.

Their conversation as they are was of the absent Artie, who was his mother's only son. He was a bright young fellow of nineteen who had been away at school for two years. His mother and sister were left alone in the old New England farmhouse when Artie went away. The old house that had belonged to generation after generation of the Rittens, and its few acres of stony and unproductive ground were all that Mrs. Ritten had when her husband died, with the exception of a pension of twelve dollars a month. Every dollar of this pension was sent to Artie. When the big shoe factory in the village two miles away was in operation Lucy worked in it, and nearly all of her earnings were sent to her brother. In the summertime Mrs. Ritten and Lucy gathered berries, and Mrs. Ritten even did washing for the summer boarders who came to the farm houses near her. She would have taken boarders herself, but the house was so old and out of repair and so scantily furnished that boarders would not come to it.

Artie knew of the heroic sacrifices his mother and sister were making to keep him in school, and he wrote them letters of appreciation that warmed their hearts and made them willing to labor still harder for him.

"If we could only see him oftener," said the loving and devoted Lucy, as she and her mother sat under the trees eating their lunch.

"He probably wants to see us just as much as we want to see him," said his mother.

"I thought all of the time when I was working overtime in the factory last winter and you were driving to the village to take me home at ten o'clock those cold nights, that Artie could take the extra, twenty five dollars I earned and come home for his summer vacation," said Lucy.

"No doubt it is best for him to stay where he is, much as we want to see him," said Mrs. Ritten.

They never knew that, brilliant as he was in many ways, that there were some weak and shallow spots in Artie's mental and moral make-up, and that some of these weaknesses had grown greater while he was They did not know how he lacked the moral power to put under foot some of the weaknesses that put his budding young manhood to shame. He did make some attempt to be true to his better nature, but he was easily influenced and he yielded weakly to temptations that a stronger will would have rejected with manly pride and scorn.

There were times when he had an overpowering sense of contempt for himself, and those times were when the letters from home came breathing a spirit of love and loyalty and contained the money orders that represented days and days of hard and patient toil on the part of his mother and sister. He had an uncomfortable half hour the first time he was led into the extravagance of taking some of those hard earnings and spending the money for some articles of dress he did not need but that would add to his appearance. Love of dress and of luxury were inherent in him. He did not know just how strong this love was until he went to the large town of Woodvale and had for his associates the sons of comparatively wealthy men who could give their boys luxurious surroundings while they were at school, and clothe them in any way that the taste of the boys might dictate. These boys had money with which to indulge in expenditures far beyond the reach of Artie, and he soon found himself chafing under the restrictions put upon him because of his poverty. He was a merry, fun-loving and fun-making boy, who was very popular among his associates, and he was to theirs in many ways. His conscience gave him that he imposed burdens upon his mother and sister that he need not have imposed had he been true to that which he knew to be right and manly.

He promised himself again and again that when his college days were done and he was making the fortune that he was sure awaited him in the world, he would repay Lucy and her mother over and over again for all that they had done for him. He wrote them long and loving letters to this effect, without, however, giving them any intimation that he was indulging in needless extravagance. These letters were read again and again by Lucy and her mother and gave them strength and courage to work all the harder for the son and brother who was so dear

It was four o'clock in the afternoon before the great pails were full of berries.

"It seems to me that it is hotter now than it has and her hand was pressed to her wildly-beating heart to show him that we forgive him!"

"We will settle that matter when the time comes, been any time to-day," said Mrs. Ritten. "How I

We'll rest often on the way, mother. How torn your poor hands are! And you look so worn out. I shall not let you come another day when it promises to be as hot as it is to-day, mother. And you shall not lift your hand to do a thing when we get home, but you shall lie down in the hammock on the porch and rest until bedtime. Let me carry the two large pails and you take the two small ones.

Slowly and wearily they wended their way homeward over the dusty road in the burning sun.

'We'll get us a nice cool drink and take a long rest when we come to Crystal Springs at the edge of Lover's Lane," said Lucy.

There was a beautiful spring of mineral water at the edge of a strip of thick, cool woodland before them. and the dark and shady road through the wood had been given the romantic name of Lover's Lane. When Lucy and her mother reached the spring they set their pails down by the roadside and took deep and refreshing draughts of the cool, clear water. Then they sat down on the grass to rest. They had sat there but a few minutes when they heard the she was conscious of a feeling that it was unmanly sound of wheels in the wood and merry voices in song and laughter.

"Like enough it is some of the people over at the hotel in Deering out for a drive," said Mrs. Ritten. and give no sign that they were his mother and sister. I'm so comfortable I don't believe that I'll get up even if they do stop at the spring.'

Lucy, in whom there was not a particle of false within her breast.

as she said in a voice that was but little more than a whisper

"Artie!"

Both Lucy and her mother saw the boy change color, and they noted the look of surprise and dismay in his face. They had quick perceptions and they knew what Artie meant when he laid his finger on his lips and frowned slightly. There was no escape from the humiliating fact-Artie did not want his fashionable friends to know that the woman and the girl in the soiled, torn and faded garments and with the stained and bruised hands were his mother and sister.

One of the young fellows on a rear seat called out to Lucy:

"How much are your berries, my pretty fair maid?"
"Oh, do buy some, Harry." said the girl by his said the girl by his "They look larger and better than any berries side. have seen this summer, and the only time to eat blackberries is when they are fresh from the bushes. Are your berries fresh, my good woman?

The patronizing tone in which the girl spoke to her mother and the impertinent way in which she had been addressed caused Lucy's dark eyes to flash, and and even contemptible for Artie to allow them to be spoken to in this way. She had a sickening conviction that it was contemptible in her brother to sit there She feared that her mother would faint, her face was so pallid, and it had such a drawn look, while her "There is no reason why we should get up," said heaving breast told of the mighty conflict going on

> "Are your berries for sale, girl?" asked one of the young women.

> "They are already sold," replied Lucy with quiet dignity.

> One of the young men climbed down and filled a number of silver drinking cups with water, and the young people tarried for five minutes or more at the spring. Artie kept his face averted, and his mother stared at him with tearful eyes. The coach started on its way, and just as the wheels began to move Artie looked back over his shoulder and his eyes met those of his mother No mother's eyes were ever filled with more unspeakable love or more searching sorrow. Her pullid face was tear-stained and it wore a look of mute appeal. Artie turned from it trembling in every limb. The ceach had gone less than a dozen yards when Artic suddenly leaned forward and caught the driver by the shoulder.

> "Stop! stop!" he cried, in a voice of command.

> When the tally-ho had come to a standstill Artic stood up and faced his companions.

"Boys!" he said as he choked back a sob. "Young ladies, every one of you shame and scorn me! I deserve your utmost contempt! Listen to me! That girl by the roadside is

sacrificing sister that ever an undeserving brother had, and she is my sister! That woman there is the dearest and best mother whose heart was ever made heavy by an undutiful and ungrateful son, and she is my mother! Those berries that they have toiled all day to gather were to be sold and the money sent to me! I ought to get down in the dirt before them and beg their pardon for being ashamed to own them before you! They ought to disown me forever! I am a cad, a snob, a cur-anything contemptible that you want to call me! I ask pardon of my mother and sister for the most unforgivable thing I ever did in my life, and I ask pardon of you all for making you in any way a party to what they have

suffered! Drive on and leave me here!" He jumped from the coach as he spoke and ran toward his mother with outstretched arms, crying

"Mother! O, mother! Lucy, my sister!"

He had them both in his arms in a moment and his sobs were louder than theirs.

The driver was about to give rein to the horses when the young man who had spoken to Lucy about the berries said:

"Wait a moment."

He climbed wheel and over tne Mrs. Ritten with his hat in his hand.

"I cannot go on until I have received your pardon and that of your 'aughter for the way I spoke to

The girl who had sat by his side was now climbing down from her seat, and her eyes were full of tears as she said to Lucy:

"I was simply thoughtless when I spoke to you as I did. I am sorry. She held out her hand frankly, and Lucy took it

smiling, with the tears in her eyes. A handsome young fellow on the coach stood up and waved his hat and cried out:

"Three cheers and a tiger for Artie Ritten! He has done just what he ought to have done in owning up that he was wrong, and we will give him three cheers



pride. "I know that our clothes are torn by the briers and so are our hands and arms, but they are the marks of honest labor. Let us sit quietly here and take our rest. Perhaps they will drive on without stopping at the spring."

A moment later a very handsome tally-ho coach drawn by four prancing horses came around a curve foolish enough to attempt to adapt his style of living in the road. On the coach were twelve or fifteen young ladies and young gentlemen dressed in the more than one qualm while he was doing this, but the most fashionable summer outing garments. Lucy more he yielded the harder it was for him to resist half repented of her decision to sit where she was the next temptation that assailed him. Thus it hap- when she saw that the occupants of the tally-ho were ung people of about her own time to withdraw when she made this discovery, and she sat a little to one side of the road fanning herself with her old hat. No one had ever told her so, but Lucy was a very pretty girl with beautiful dark you," he said humb. eyes and a complexion that all of her exposure to the sun and wind had not ruined.

Her brown hair lay in damp ringlets on her white brow, and her flushed cheeks but added to her beauty. There was a smile on her face as she watched the coach draw near. The next instant her eyes were riveted on a fashionably clad young man sitting by the side of an extremely pretty girl in a dainty white dress, with a great white parasol held over her head. Lucy was too dazed for utterance when she saw that the young man by the pretty girl's side was her brother Artie. Mrs. Ritten had also recognized him

all of the occupants of the coach descended and insisted on shaking hands with Artie and his mother and sister, but when the coach finally went on its way Artie stayed behind and went home with his mother and Lucy.

"It was this way," he said to his mother and sister as they sat on the little porch before his home that evening. "One of the boys, Harry Larkin, invited me to be his guest on the coaching trip, and our coming ments, thought that it was not fair that she

The three cheers were given with a will, and then around this way was a plan that came up this morn- But she shall have her year there even if it does delay ing. That was how I happened to meet you. I supon without coming home if I had not met you. And now this is the penance I am to pay. I am going to stay at home for a year and Lucy is to have a year in the academy while I put my shoulder to the wheel and keep her there. I have, in my right and best mowork so to help keep me in college four years while could not have even one year at the academy.

my graduation for a year. My mind is made up. To pose that I would have been bad enough to have gone the academy Lucy shall go and I will do the berry picking and the working in the factory and all of the other drudgery. It is a very proper penance for one who has been as guilty as I have been.'

The best test of Artie's contrition and sincerity was the fact that he could not be moved from his purpose. and I think that you will all agree with him that it was a proper penance.



(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 of the trail for Pike's Peak along the foot of the mountains. The first evening in camp Sinclair tells the boys a story, and Ned's pony makes a dash for home, but is captured by Sinclair. The day following Frank is lost among the mountains. He kills a stag, and spends a night alone in a canon. He is captured by Indians, taken to their camp, escapes death by its being discovered that his captors are friendly to Uncle Bob, the Indian painter. He makes friends with the Indians, who adopt him as one of their tribe. He goes on a buffalo hunt with them, and is saved from being run down by a buffalo bull by a shot from the rifle of Uncle Bob, who suddenly appears on the scene. Uncle Bob relates how he, Ned and Jack scarched for Frank and linally found him. They leave the Indian camp, and after a day's travel come upon bear tracks and they have an adventure with a bear and her cubs. Jack's pony is bitten by a rattle-snake and dies. The little party meets a drove of which horses and Jack captures a pretty one after an exciting chase and Frank is in imminent danger of being caught in the stampede. The boys celebrate the Fourth of July in a unique fashion, and Un

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was with no little difficulty that Mr. Sinclair and the trapper, carrying between them the half conscious boy, finally succeeded in making their way back to where Frank and Ned, in a state of great suspense were awaiting them. The boys had heard indistinctly the trapper's calls for help and their minds were full of all sorts of direful forebodings; so their joy was unbounded when they saw the forms of their three friends approaching through the darkness.

Tenderly the two men laid their burden upon the ground and set to work to discover the extent of his injuries. They were not long in finding that, aside from a few bruises and cuts from the sharp stones upon which he had fallen, Jack was all right, though weakened by the strain upon his nerves and the severe drain upon his strength. A parley was then had as to what was best to be done. Galloway suggested that but a short distance up the mountain there was an overhanging ledge of rock under which needed, so that when at last, shortly after midnight, they might find shelter, make a fire, warm themselves. Uncle Bob shouted, "One more climb, boys, and we're with some hot coffee and take a bite of something to on top," they were almost inclined to break away eat. The suggestion met with everyone's approval, from the two men and make a run for the summit. for there was evidence of an approaching storm, and | They would have done so had it not been for the to be caught in the open under such circumstances trapper, who said very gravely, "Boys, I never break was not to be thought of.

The trapper superintended the preparations for the move, and gave the word to advance. This time the members of the party proceeded in single file as before, but all were fastened at the belt to a rope that extended from the trapper who acted as leader, to Mr. two together led the way up the last steep climb. A Sinclair, who brought up the rear. Each, with the rest or two, a hurried scramble on hands and feet, a exception of Jack, who had lost his staff in the slide shout of triumph which could only be heard a few feet down the mountain, carried a long staff which at every step he thrust into the earth as a secure support. should his feet slip.

down within its shelter than the storm, which had been impending, broke upon them.

"Lucky we got here in time," said the trapper, "for not even a goat could keep his feet out thar in thet storm. It's the worst night I ever seen in the moun-

To the boys, it seemed as if all the demons of earth and sky had broken loose. The thunders seemed to come from under their very feet, and the lightnings, which played incessantly about them, seemed at times to wrap them as in sheets of flame.

"Talk about being in a storm, boys, you're in one Mr. Sinclair. "If we get out of this safely, and I guess we will, you will never need to be afraid of a thunderstorm again."

Galloway was now doing his utmost to get a fire started among the faggots that he had carried all the way from the foot of the mountain, and finally, after repeated failures to keep the flame a-going amid the eddying currents of wind, his efforts were rewarded with success, and the cavern was lit up with a glow of light. Then the storm was forgotten in the ruddy glow of the fire and the aroma of good coffee, and even Ned forgot his sprained ankle and joined in the expressions of contentment. The coffee had a good effect on Jack, too, and, except for a feeling of soreness, he declared that he was as good as new and anxious to resume the march.

hour a glorious moon shone out among the scattering clouds; in that rare atmosphere, it looked like a veritable ball of silver rolling through the heavens.

"Come, lads, let's be on the move," cried Mr. Sin-"No time for sentiment now; we've got to reach the top before sun-up and we've no time to lose. The rest of the way will not be nearly so difficult. You will have some trouble in breathing. We shall have to make frequent halts to give you a chance to catch your breath, for you can't stand longcontinued exertion up here."

The boys didn't need this advice, for at every few paces they found themselves almost gasping for breath.

"The air is so rare," said Uncle Bob, "that you've got to get a good deal of it to satisfy you. The lungs don't fill up so quick. It's good for a fellow, I tell you makes him throw out his chest. You mustn't overdo arose each in turn held his cap high above his head. , however, for up here your blood gets to going like

a race horse and your head gets dizzy.' With every step the boys more and more realized that they were climbing into the upper air. At first they had to be cautioned to go slowly and stop frequently, but now there was no need of it. First one and then another of the boys threw himself upon the ground and declared, between short gasps for breath. that he must wait a minute. Their elders were patient with them and gave them all the time they a promise. I told this young un here," pointing to Jack, "as he lay in my arms down the mountain there thet he would put the flag up yonder, and he's goin' to do it. Gimme yer arm, young un," and with this the big trapper placed his arm within Jack's and the away in the thin air, and Jack stood on the topmost point of the grand old mountain waving in his hand a small, tattered flag, the only one of which the cabin A brisk climb of twenty minutes brought the party of Uncle Bob boasted. Uncle Bob's staff did service

planted the staff and marked the final step in their conquest of Pike's Peak.

"Now, boys, for an hour or two of sleep," said Uncle Bob.

'But where shall we sleep?" asked Ned.

"I'll take you to the house of the old man of the mountain," replied the other.

There was enough mystery and excitement in these words to induce the boys to turn with alacrity and follow the two men, who led the way down a gentle slope on one side of the summit to an old house built of rough stone containing but one room, which Mr. Sinclair declared had been built by mountain climbers and had served as a resting place for many a weary head. It was a rude hut scarcely deserving the dignified title of "house," but it served as a shelter, to some extent, at least, from the cold night air. The boys followed their leaders' example, bundled themselves up as best they could in their blankets and soon were fast asleep.

They had been asleep a short two hours when the voice of the trapper awakened them. As they arose they already saw through the chinks in the wall the approaching dawn. The trapper was standing in the doorway, pointing a long bony finger toward the

"Mornin's comin', young uns; git up an' see the only mornin' you ever seen in yer life. The sun god ain't a-goin' to wait fer ye, and he's on the way. He's just hitchin' up over the rim o' the earth yonder, now for sure, for we're right among the clouds," said and if ye hurry ye'll be the first American boys west of the Mississippi to see him.

Sooner than it takes to tell it, Frank, Jack and Ned were on their feet and had shaken off their coverings of the night. Mr. Sinclair had already left the cabin and was nowhere to be seen. Just as the boys stepped out of the door they heard the crowing of a rooster that seemed to come from a thousand miles away. They turned to one another looks of astonishment. Again there came the familiar "cook-a-doodle-doo," followed by a shout of laughter from behind a big bowlder, and Uncle Bob's absence was explained. A few brisk steps brought them to the very summit of the peak, where they sat down and prepared to await the coming of the sun god.

What story teller will attempt to describe the majesty of daybreak on Pike's Peak? What artist The storm was of short duration, for in half an will attempt to picture it so that the reader may get even a faint glimpse of its wonder?

The boys sat for the first few minutes awed by the impressive silence and the ghostly spectres of jagged peaks and ponderous bowlders that lay beneath them. They marvelled at the continuous change of color and strained their eyes in looking as little by little the great round earth at their feet began to take on form. They held their breath as the colors changed to the ruddy glow that betokened the near approach of the chariot of the sun. They beheld with wonder the great ribbons and streaks of color that shot off from the point on the horizon where the doors were opening to the day. The supreme moment had come. Uncle Bob, with the enthusiasm of the artist burning in his veins, arose to his feet and lifting his hunting cap high in the air, shouted:

"Up, boys, and salute the morning," and as they

'Welcome, glorious day, to all this western land,' cried the artist, and the trapper and the three boys, the latter with their hearts in their mouths, echoed the word "Welcome," just as the rim of the flery mass peeped above the horizon, and shot its golden larts full in the face of Pike's Peak's hoary summit.

"The flag, boys," shouted Uncle Bob. They turned, and behind them Old Glory, in the stiff mountain breeze, showed every stripe and star bathed in a flood of light, while beyond it as a background. were the dark shadows cast by the mountain. A

grander picture never fell upon mortal eyes. "Oh, it's worth it all, Uncle Bob," cried Jack.

"And I'd climb this mountain a thousand times to see it," echoed Ned.

"And you never told us what we were going to ' said Frank, reproachfully.

"My boy, who has ever described a Pike's Peak sunrise?" answered the artist. "I have never tried to do it, and I never shall. I just had to wait and let it tell its own story."

The greater part of the morning was passed by the boys in wandering about the summit, throwing shout of triumph which could only be heard a few feet stones into the depths below, filling their pockets with souvenirs, chiseling their initials on the rocks, trying to make out the courses of rivers, and guessing at distances.

When the word came that they must prepare to to the overhanging ledge. No sooner had they freed as a flag pole, and while Jack held it high above his descend the mountain they found it hard to obey the themselves from the rope and thrown themselves head the boys gathered a pile of stones in which Jack summons. The thought that they should never peras a flag pole, and while Jack held it high above his descend the mountain they found it hard to obey the haps again stand upon this favored spot of earth made them loath to leave. The suggestion, however, that they had better make the descent during the day, and that Minne, Uncle Bob's Indian housekeeper, would have a bounteous meal for them on their return, tended to make the leave-taking easier. The descent of the mountain was accomplished quickly and safely, and they were soon seated about the table in Mr. Sinclair's cabin as hungry a lot of men and boys as ever attended a feast.

The next morning the boys slept late. On arising they learned that the ponies had been saddled and bridled, and were standing at the door ready for an expedition, the nature of which was soon explained. It was the day for the arrival at the trading post, a few miles distant, of the pony express that was bringing the mails from the east, and Mr. Sinclair, the trapper, and the three boys were to ride over to the post and be on hand when the mail arrived. The boys had heard much about the pony express, so they eagerly swallowed their breakfast, jumped upon their ponies and cantered away in high spirits.

When they arrived at the post they found a curious crowd already assembled, made up of trappers, miners and Indians who lolled about on the ground, some conversing in monosyllables, but the majority silently smoking and watching furtively the movements of their neighbors. Mr. Sinclair and Jim Galloway were evidently well and favorably known to these rough fellows, for they received a welcome unusually cor-

Near the trail that ran by the trading post a Mexican stood holding by the bridle a tough looking broncho on whose back was a heavy military saddle. The horse looked like anything other than what the boys expected to find for the use of the men who carried the mails through this rough and dangerous country. The horse's head nearly touched the earth, and his eyes were closed. Indeed, he looked thoroughly dejected, as if life had no further interest for him; but the boys came to thoroughly respect the animal before many minutes had passed.

Soon, one by one, the men arose from the ground. Occasionally one put his ear to the earth and, then, shading his eyes, looked down the trail. Uncle Bob took out his watch and said, "Boys, in three minutes the pony express is due. See how much behind hand it is."

No sooner had he uttered these words than a little cloud of dust appeared on the horizon, and every man in the group was watching it.

"It's th' pony express, young uns," said the trapper, 'and it's comin' like the wind, for Antelope Pete is ridin', and there's no better and braver rider on th' trail.

The boys' attention was now attracted by the broncho whose sleepy appearance they had noticed a

few moments before. The Mexican, who was holding him, was having a hard time of it, for the animal was plunging from side to side and exhibiting life and excitement enough for a dozen horses. The broncho had heard the approach of the pony express and knew that its time for action had come. Like a



war-horse sniffing the battle, his blood was up, and duty could not come too quick.

Now the pony express was in full view, the rider leaning far out over the horse's neck. The animal which he rode came at a long swinging gallop, flecks of foam flying from his mouth and his hoofs beating a tattoo upon the hard trail. The animal did not check

its speed till it was abreast of the waiting group of men and boys, and then suddenly throwing itself upon its haunches, came to a sudden stop. In a flash the rider threw himself to the earth, seized his saddlebags. threw a packet of mail to the agent, received a small packet in return, slapped the saddlebags across the back of the fresh broncho, and with scarcely a word leaped upon the back of the restless animal and was off. It was all so quickly done that the boys scarcely had time to say a word or ask a question. They stood watching the rapidly retreating figures of man and horse until they were lost on the western horizon. Then Frank turned and found Mr. Sinclair reading a letter.

'Is there anything for us boys, Uncle Bob?" he asked, when the latter had finished reading.

"Yes, this is for you-or rather for all of us. Your father thinks that you had better come home, and he has invited me to return with you, and I've half a notion to accept."

"Hurrah for Uncle Bob!" shouted the boys, forget-ful of their surroundings. "And we'll take Jim with us," cried Jack, who had worked up a strong affection for the big trapper since the adventure on the mountain side.

"I wish I could, young uns, but I can't. I've got other bizness. You go back home and go to school; thet's th' place fer young uns. I wish I'd a tho't so when I was a boy. I'll go back to the mountains an' hunt a while, an' some day, somewhere about here, I'll die an' some feller'll come along an' find me an' say, 'Thet's ole Jim Galloway; he was nuthin' but a Mebbe I'll get a tombstone and mebbe I trapper.' wont. Them mountains is a good 'nough monyment fer the likes o' me. You young uns go back an grow up to be somethin'. Take an ole trapper's advice, obey th' ole folks, an' try to grow up an' do some good in th' world; and just one thing more I want ter ask, an'—an'—an' thet is—don't forgit me. You young uns an' Bob here is th' only things that has come inter my life in these forty years that I don't want ter forgit; an' somehow I don't want ter hand in my chips an' feel thet there ain't nobody in th' world thet wants ter ricollect Jim Galloway.

The boys pressed around the big fellow and coaxed him not to talk like that, promised that they would write him, and that they would never forget him, and that some day they would see him again.

Mr. Sinclair's voice faltered as he took the big hand of his friend-a friend whose life he had once saved. and assured him that he had not lived in vain, and that when he returned from the east he wanted to see him in the cabin at the foot of Pike's Peak, where they would form a partnership that would last for years to come, and where, if God permitted, they would lie down in their last sleep together.

Rob's Gymnasium Ticket. LEE MCRAE.

"Mother, can't I buy a ticket to the gymnasium for this summer?" asked Rob Royse, twisting the door knob and looking at her anxiously.
"How much does it cost?"
"Four dollars; but that includes baths and—and just lots of things."
"Could your little brother go in on your ticket?"

"No, of course not, but—"
"No, of course not, but—"
"Then I am sure we can't afford it, Rob," she said firmly.
"But, mother. I need it so! I'm all stooped over and weak-armed, and thin as a rail," he pleaded.
Mrs. Royse sighed, for what Rob said was true, and her great anxiety was to see her two boys grow strong and straight; still, they could hardly afford the four dollars just now, and she could not give to one and not to the other. So she answered quietly:
"Alden needs it too, dear," adding, after iswered quietly: "Alden needs it too, dear," adding, after

"I wonder if we could not have a gymnasium of our own?"
"If we had a big barn like Skillman's we could, but we can't stand up in our coalshed!"
"What about the limit of the l

with the apparents, fully.

"I know one already," cried Alden, "It's to put a tin can—an opened one, you know—on the end of a pole, and see how many times you can throw it up and catch it on the pole again. It takes lots of practice"

"If we had a big barn like Skillman's we could, but we can't stand up in our coalshed!"

"What about the back yard—an outdoor gymnasium?"

"That big, old, bare lot!" he exclaimed. "Yes: it needs to be big and bare, and the high fence around it is just the thing. In edad apple tree will make a fine hold for our swinging ropes, and we can easily fix up the place for basket ball, horizontal bars and all those things."

"And we'll have swinging ladders," put in Rob, suddenly all enthusiasm. "and Dollard Wright has a pair of saw-horses he'll give us. Say, mother, wouldn't it be nice to have Dollard in our gym?"

Mrs. Royse looked dubious. "We don't want a crowd of boys here—it would soon give us trouble; but three would make it nicer than two, so if you promise to ask no one else, you may have him in it."

"And between us we have money enough to buy our Indian clubs right off. Mayn't I go over and tell him about it?"

Away he bounded, leaving his mother smilling over her work and planning eagerity how to transform the ugly back yard into a first class gymnasium.

"I'll make them a floor mat by sewing together those two old mattresses in the boys are developing their muscles and they are in the open air at the same time, and are happy at home where I can be

with them. Maybe I will get a little physical culture myself!" laughed the wise little woman, patting the finished sewing as if it had originated the idea.

That night the charter members of the Royse gymnasium held a caucus, as Rob called it, in the family sitting room, and the most enthusiastic member of all was Mr. Royse himself.

"The first thing we must do will be to rake and clean the yard till it looks like new," he said, with a boyish laugh. "Then I'll see that the ropes are up good and strong, while you boys fix the other what-you-may-call-ems. If a punching bag doesn't cost too much, we will have one in the corner."

This was greeted with cheers, Dollard exclaiming, "Oh. let me buy that! Father was going to give me a gym ticket and I'll just take the four dollars to get apparatus. Isn't it lucky that school is out next week?"

"And that to-morrow's Saturday!" added Alden.

"We can invent so many nice games with the apparatus," Dollard said, thoughtfully.

"I know one already," cried Alden, "It's

Ists. No representation without taxation, you know," this from Dollard, of course. The result was some angry neighbor boys, but as two more private gymnasiums were started by way of opposition, it really spread the good work.

When fall came, Mrs. Wright kindly offered the use of her big attic for the winter, and here, though somewhat hampered by low rafters, the boys continued their muscle training.

winter, and here, though somewhat hambered by low rafters, the boys continued their muscle training.

"Are you satisfied with your summer's gymnasium ticket, Rob?" asked Mrs. Royse with a bright smile as she helped him gather up his school books on the opening day.

"Well, I guess so!" he exclaimed heartily.
"And it didn't cost four dollars either, did it?"

"No. Do you notice how sturdy Alden has grown during the summer? He looks like a different boy."

"Sure enough! And Dollard and I have got biceps like a blacksmith's. Just feel that! I tell you, mother, it's funny that every boy doesn't get up a gym of his own. Don't you think so?"



"ABOARD THE CHATTAHOOCHEE,

Going from Savannah to New Crimans

Picture sent us by Grauley rane, Port Huron, Mich.





Notable Naval Cadets

ELIHU S. RILEY.

The honor man of the Naval Academy obtains his creditable position over an unusual array of hindrances. The naval cadets of the United States are a picked body of men. All, save ten of the three hundred and fifty, that, on land and sea, are under the curriculum of the Naval Academy, are chosen by congressmen who exercise their right of appointment, out of the two hundred thousand people who live in their Congressional Districts. Very frequently this choice is made by competitive examination, which is open to the whole district, so that the appointee comes with the brand of "excellent" upon him. Thus the cadet, destined to take the first honors at graduation, meets, when the class goes into the section-room for the first time, on October first of the year in which he enters the academy, the brains of every section of the Union in all its variety of talent.

Nor is the test of actual scholarship alone the criterion of merit. There are two things that determine standing in a class of naval cadets, that are not of the books. These are efficiency and conduct. The manner in which the cadet performs the practical duties of his academic course, counts for or against him in the efficiency column. If he is a captain in the battalion, it is the way in which he handles his company; if the captain of a crew, it is the degree of skill he shows in maneuvering his boat; if a private in the ranks, it is the way in which he executes the manual at arms; if the swabber of a gun, the care with which he wipes out the barrel; and, thus, in a thousand and one things the cadet must show his care, knowledge and profieiency.

The conduct test is more exacting and difficult to meet. Efficiency is technique materialized; conduct reaches to the untried and undisciplined mental and moral forces of a cadet, and to stand well in conduct, his mind must be so thoroughly equipped that he must know how a naval officer ought to act under any circumstances-expected or unexpected.

Some years ago a class of naval cadets was taken to Washington to witness an experiment in the Navy Yard. After the experiment was over and the cadets had enjoyed the collation that the wife of the Commandant of the Yard had provided for them, they sallied forth to see Washington without asking leave of the officer in charge. When they were reported for this breach of official courtesy, they pleaded that they did not think it was a violation of the regulations to go away without asking permission of the officer. The reply of the Naval Academy authorities was: "You reply of the Naval Academy authorities was:



ERNEST J. KING.

reported for "falling overboard in a lubberly manner," was not excused, although his companions had great difficulty in getting him back into the boat again.

The contest for position is one of marked interest and excites honorable ambition. The "best man," the end of the four years' course, last June, was Julius Augustus Furer, of Sheboygan, Wisconsin. Furer last year stood number three in his class of sixty seven members, but at the close of the present academic year, when the aggregate marks of the four years that constitute the full course at the Naval Academy were summed up, he was found to be the leader of the class in the order of scholastic merit. Cadet Furer shines in the academic constellation only as a scholastic star. He is neither a gymnast nor a social lion. He was appointed by Hon. S. S. Barney, of the Fifth Congressional District of Wisconsin, and received his preliminary education at the Sheboygan High School. He is the son of Rev. E. F. E. Furer. At the Naval Academy, Cadet Furer was one of the chief supports of the Academy Y. M. C. A., and it speaks well for the Association, that the three cadets who stood highest this year in the order named, Furer, Fogarty and Conway, were all active members of the Y. M. C. A., of the Naval Academy.

Naval Cadet William B. Fogarty, of Ohio, the second in order of merit at the Naval Academy, owes his appointment primarily to the fact that Candidate Bundy, the colored appointee from Cadet Fogarty's district, failed to pass his entrance examinations. This accident which has happened to some others beside Bundy, opened the door of the navy to Cadet Fogarty. He was born in Cincinnati in 1881, and is the son of James Fogarty. Cadet Fogarty was educated at the Walnut Hills High School, and is the appointee of Hon. William B. Shattuc. Cadet Fogarty stood first last year in four of the studies of the second class-a remarkable number in the sharp rivalry that exists amongst the "star" members of a class. Like the honor man, Cadet Fogarty does not excel in athletics—his bent being books, and his specialties, mechanics, mechanical drawing, international law, marine engines and mathematics. Cadet Fogarty is a strong supporter of the Y. M. C. A. This Association by the way, is an excellent force in the school, and does a good work in preventing the inhuman hazing of "the plebs," as the fourth classmen are called in the vernacular of the academy. Cadet Fogarty had a close rival for first place last year in Cadet Clarence A. Conway. In a possible mark of 228, Cadet Fogarty obtained 208.22 and Cadet Conway 206.22

Until recently it was customary for the academy authorities to bestow the honor of commanding the Cadet Battalion upon the ranking scholar. This rule has been changed of late, and the distinction of commanding the Cadet Battalion was recently conferred upon Naval Cadet Ernest J. King, of Ohio, who stood, at the time, number five in order of merit in the first class. He was a star member of the class and outranked Cadet Fogarty, the first man, in seamanship, mechanical processes and physics. Cadet King has the rank of Cadet Commander, the highest amongst the cadets, bestowed upon him, and is made, in academic parlance, a "four-striper," that is, he is allowed to wear four gold bands on the sleeve of his jacket as a mark of honor. All cadets, of whatever age, must keep to jackets until they graduate. Then with what haste they fly to quarters to don their first uniform coats, which they have ordered months before graduation, and have been laid up in waiting for the auspicious moment when they are given their parchments! Cadet King executed the duties of his office with that soldierly bearing and alertness of movement that distinguishes the Annapolis naval cadet. Cadet King was born at Lorain, Ohio, and was appointed from the Fourteenth District of Ohio by Hon. W. S. Kerr. The position Cadet King obtained shows that the superintendent of the academy held him in highest estimation, for it is a post on which much of the reputation of the academy with the public depends. The battalion of cadets is the mute witness to thousands of spectators of the perfection of the work of the academy. The Cadet Commander's skill and efficiency are reflected in the battalion. A competent and reliable cadet commander is essential to its proficiency. He must be an example of soldierly bearing, prompt performance of duty, exemplary conduct and loval adherence to the authority of the academy. Had he not these qualities Cadet King would have followed the footsteps of a cadet; commander who some years since was reduced to the ranks because he failed to report to the authorities several of his classmates who were intoxicated in his presence

Athletics have superior "rate" in the co-efficients of The institution itself holds four the naval cadets. world's records-the hitch and kick, and the fifty yards swimming, plunge start, being two of them; but it is football in which all athletic interests center, and this strenuous sport finds its climax in the annual match between the Army and Navy elevens. This game, now played on neutral grounds and for convenience of the meet, on Franklin Field, Philadelphia, is of national interest, because the two national military institutions are pitted against each other in friendly but earnest contest. Last year, on December 1st, the Navy made up for its defeat of the previous season, and the one man who contributed



WILLIAM B. FOGARTY.

most to this naval victory was Naval Cadet Orie W. Fowler, the captain of the eleven. Before the game, Mr. Cochran, of Princeton, who coached the Annapolis eleven, pronounced Fowler "the best of captains," a prophecy he admirably sustained, for though the first half ended, Army 5, Navy 0, Captain Fowler came on the grounds for the second half, undaunted, and led his men in such a skillful and masterly way that the game ended Navy 11, Army 5. Cadet Fowler played half-back and his work was full of vim and courage. Cadet Fowier is a "sprinter" of "first rate," and won, at the May meet of cadets this year, the one hundred twenty yard hurdle race. He graduated in June, being then twenty two years old. He is of slight build and has to make up in energy what he is minus in avoirdupois. He obtains his best mark in conduct, thus bringing out in bold relief his soldierly qualities 😅 caution and deliberation of movement, though on the gridiron he appears to have but one thought—and that one "to make his point." Fowler's special yell, when he has done exceptionally fine work, in the estimation of the cadet contingent watching the game, is:

'Ha! ha! we laugh; our spry young half—Fowler." Cadet Roger Williams, of New York, stands second in order of athletic interest in the academy, being the captain of the academy boat crew, and one of "the glorious eleven" that beat West Point last year. The academy crew ranks amongst the best eights in America, and gave this season a close call to Pennsylvania's eight. In a two mile straight away race, the time was: Pennsylvania, 10:33; the Navy, 10:34, and the victors were only thirteen and a half feet

ahead of the Navy at the finish.

Naval Cadet Sydney M. Henry, of New York, is also of this year's leading cadets. He stood, at graduation, number five in scholarship in his class. He saw



ROGER WILLIAMS.

service in the Spanish-American war, and gained an enviable reputation in the intercollegiate fencing match this spring in New York. After aiding in defeating two French teams that stopped in at the Naval Academy, and assisting in winning the intercollegiate championship of America for the naval cadet team, Cadet Henry secured the individual medal for the best work of any of the contestants in all of the American collegiate fencing teams.

The leading cadets are giants in the eyes of their fellows; and, although the "student" has his admirers, he must be content with a milder meed of adora-



SYDNEY M. HENRY.



ORIE W. FOWLER.

tion from the cadets. The man who plays football well, or excels in athletic sports of any character, is always the hero of the hour in the academy. "authorities," however, while giving enthusiastic encouragement to the captain of the eleven or the leader of the eight, deem that cadet best who, after all the additions and subtractions of the whole course are made, stands first in order of scholastic merit, and so, in the order of that standing, the cadets go on the roster of the Navy at graduation.

High standing, however, is not the result obtained from books alone, but from every act of a cadet's academic life. His conduct and his efficiency being co-efficients in the sum of results, a button off at the wrong moment, or a speck of dust at inspection, or a shoe in the wrong place in his quarters, counts 'off" in the grand total of a cadet's final mark that determines his standing on the rolls of the Navy.

This exactness of detail, in every word and act of the naval cadet's course of four years, runs through a day that begins with reveille at six a, m., and ends with taps at ten p. m. During these sixteen hours, the cadet has one hour and twenty five minutes that he may call his own. During all of the twenty four hours, at the demand of the Superintendent of the Naval Academy, the department of discipline must be able, at any moment, to tell where any one of the

two hundred and eighty cadets are, and not only must the department be able to put its hand on each cadet, but every one, when the report is presented to the superintendent must be in the place in which he is "as of right."

In the fifty five years of the academy's existence, no cadet has ever been excused from a recitation. "There can be but one reason," said a late superintendent of the Naval Academy, "why a cadet would ask to be excused—he is not prepared to recite." That, of course, could neither be pleaded, nor allowed to avail. By this and kindred measures, notable naval cadets are evolved and American naval officers



JULIUS A. FURER.

The Foochow Soldiers.

Harry Lacy, a Foochow, China, Amer-

Harry Lacy, a Foochow, China, American boy, sends us the following item regarding the Foochow soldiers, rightly thinking that it will interest American boys on this side of the great Pacific:

The Foochow soldiers would present a very queer spectacle to an American soldier. To see them drill is almost enough to make a very sober person laugh. The officer in charge always drawls out his command and in so doing it prepares the soldiers for what he is going to say.

They always "shoulder arms" on the left shoulder. In so doing they have to bring their guns from "order arms" to "present arms" and then to "left shoulder arms." When they "mark time" they bring their kness about up to their waists. In marching, they march the "goose step," only instead of swinging their arms up so that their hands are parallel with the shoulders they bring them up against their breasts. In forming lines of six or eight abreast, unless very well drilled, they get all confused and do not know where they belong.

where they belong.

The escort of the viceroy does not keep in step, they do not form straight lines and, an American, who had seen or read anything about American soldiers, would think that these men were nothing but stillings.

think that these men were nothing out civilians.

In summer time you may see these sol-diers wearing hats about two and one-half feet broad, from edge to edge, fan-ning themselves. Thus they present a very queer sight.

Imitative Tots at Play.

Wordsworth's lines of a child at play. "as if his whole vocation were endless imitation." were recently recalled by a conversation overheard in the children's ward at a provincial hospital.

A little girl, whose role was that of nurse, rang an imaginary telephone on the wall to talk to her companion at the farther end of the room, who played the part of doctor.

"Hello!" said the nurse, "Is that the doctor?"

"Hello!" said the nurse, is that the doctor?"

"Yes," answered her companion in a deep voice; "this is the doctor."

"This lady is very ill," he was informed. "Well, what seems to be the matter?"

"She has swallowed a whole bottle of ink," said the nurse.

The doctor, not flurried, inquired what had been done for the patient; but the nurse, too, was ready in emergencies.

She answered: "I gave her two pads of blotting paper!"—London Tit-Bits.

"THE MAD SEA"



THE SEA WAS VERY MAD INDEED; IT TOSSED ITS WHITE-CADS SO, - AND THEN 'TWAS FOAMING AT THE MOUTH THE SUPEST SIGN YOU KNOW. "I WONDER WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT?" SAID BRAVE HORATIO. "PERHADS", HIS SISTER DEAR REPLIED.

'IT'S STUBBED IT'S UNDERTOE.

WILLARD BONTE

A Young Patriot.

H. C. Wood

While our soldiers were passing through Kentucky the other morning, on their way South, a small, barefoot boy, with a tin bucket in his hand, and a look of complete absorption on his face, was standing near the train, when it stopped a few

minutes at a wayside station.

The soldiers were taking a long ride, and had had nothing to eat since the night before; and they were quite a hungry lot. One of them called to the boy: "Sonny, what have you in your bucket?"

"My dinner."

"My dinner."
"I'll give you a dime for it," said the hungry soldier.
The lad quickly handed the bucket to the

the lad quickly handed the bucket to the speaker, but, when payment was offered, he shook his head.

"No, sir, I wouldn't charge a soldler for anything to eat. You are welcome to it."
And when the train moved off, one lad trotted dinnerless to school, but with a patriotic heart beating loudly in his bosom.

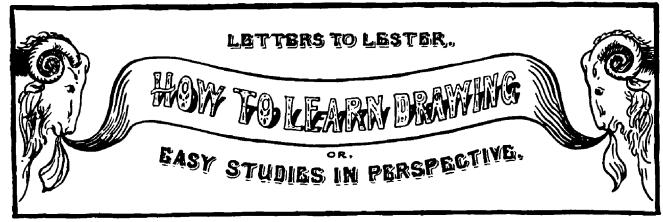
For the Boy Who is Scolded.

A Texas boy writes: "What is your best

A Texas boy writes: "What is your best advice to a boy who is told every time he says anything that he is teiling a lie, and whose mother is always mad at him and is always finding fault with what he does? I just want to know what you would do if you were in this position."

I would be first sure that I told the truth, and that I didn't deserve the fault-finding. Then I would try to show my mother and those about me by my patient, manly conduct when under fire that I had good stuff in me. A boy who is conscious that he is in the right need have nothing to fear. If he is so unfortunate as to have a scolding mother he can simply take it as one of the burdens of life which he must learn to bear. There is no one who has not his difficulties—no boy who has smooth sailing all the time. Just make a rule every day to do the best you can and learn to take the hard things of life with equanimity. Above all, don't lose your temper because others do. A good thing for a boy to learn is not to answer back. A scolding person will soon quit scolding if he comes to find that he is

The great World's Fair, to be held in St. Louis in 1903, is to be the centennial celebration of the acquisition of that great section of our country known in history as the Louisiana Purchase.



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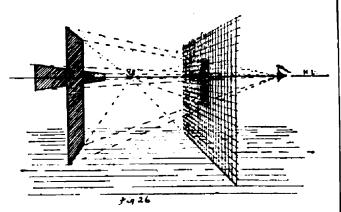
My Dear Lester:

My letter to you this month will consist mainly of pictures, because I believe that one remembers what he sees better than what he hears. That is why drawing is such an important study, and why it is being introduced into the public schools so universally. My first drawing will illustrate 'lines of sight."

Lines of sight are imaginary lines, supposed to be from the eye to any point. If you look up at the cor-

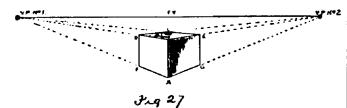
ner of the room, off to the lighthouse we have been visiting, or in any direction at any object, you can imagine a line from your eye to that object-like a string stretched tight. So you see that there could be any number of lines of sight. It is these lines of sight which really decide everything for us, so we have to think of them a great deal. If our line of sight goes straight to our center of vision, or to any point on the horizon line, it is a level line. If it is directed upward or downward it is an oblique line. So you see how you can tell just where your horizon line is. By looking along a level line, or what would be a level line if you could see it, and looking straight ahead of you, (not turning your head or eyes to either side), you can locate your center of vision at once.

In this diagram (Fig. 26) we have an illustration of the picture plane about which I have been talking.



The eye might be yours. As you look at each corner of the cross and see its outline you have a number of lines of sight. I have shown these by broken lines. Now see where these lines pass through the wire screen. At each point on the screen where these lines intersect it we fix a corner of the cross, and when we join these points by straight lines our picture is complete. Just so it is, or would be, with any object. If we could set up such an arrangement all the time between our eye and the object we wished to draw, we could be very sure of the drawing being correct. But that would be impossible, so we have to learn the rules of perspective. When we have done this and can draw by rule we get exactly the same results, and can then be equally sure of the accuracy of our work.

Fig. 27 is a drawing of a cube as it would appear on this same picture plane if we were looking at it in the

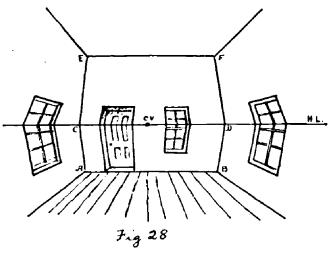


same way. But if you remember what I said about vanishing lines, which are parallel meeting at the same point, you will realize how I got the picture of the cube by the simple rules of perspective without a picture plane.

There is another way in which the picture plane helps us. It forces us to draw certain things as they

are in nature and not as we really see them, and thus it helps us out of many difficulties.

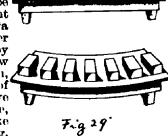
For instance, if you will stand in our long hall once more, or a large room, and hold out your pencil and measure the distance across the room on a level with your eye, and then compare that measurement with the edge of the same wall at the top and bottom, you will find the two last to be the shortest. That is because the last lines are farther from the eye and appear shorter. If, then, you were to make a drawing of the room on that basis you would get one like this diagram. (Fig. 28.) But when we place our picture plane before us we are obliged, when making the tracing, to follow the vertical lines straight up and down



the screen which gives us a picture that appears all right. Then, again, it is the same with horizontal If you will sit in front of a long table, first sticking pins in its edge every six or eight inches you will see just what I mean. Of course, the edge of the table is a straight horizontal line, and to represent it properly it must be drawn straight. Looking through the screen and tracing it you would be forced to draw it so, but if you take the picture plane away and look at first one pin and then the next one, going either to right or left, you will find that the pins get higher all the time, the second appearing a little higher than the first, the third higher than the second and so on. If the pins were then connected by the line which represents the edge of the table we would have a curve instead of a straight line.

Now, suppose each pin stood at the corner of a block of wood. To present these blocks to the eye, in a drawing, so they would appear as they really are, we

would have to draw them in parallel perspective, that is, according to the picthe right way, for we want to represent them as "a whole," true to one center of vision, and not block by block, in detail. If we drew them by the latter plan, having a new center of vision for each block we would get a curved table, all the blocks appearing like spokes in a wheel. (Fig.



The question of whether we ought to draw things in parallel or angular perspective is a very interesting one at all times and often requires careful thought and judgment. Suppose that a man owned some property on a street, living in the middle one of three houses, all of which he wanted me to draw, the drawing to



represent them in the most advantageous way so he could sell the property in some other city, or town. The three pictures I have given here show how the houses could be drawn. Fig. 30 shows them as they would look if I stood in front of the middle house and looked first to the left and then the right, drawing



what I really saw. Fig. 31 represents them as drawn in parallel perspective and Fig. 32 shows them in true angular perspective. Which do you like the best? To my mind the last seems to conform the closest to nature and to be the most artistic, but the owner might object because his property did not show up to the best advantage and would therefore prefer Fig. 31. Fig. 30 would be thrown out entirely because, though it represented what I really saw, it would not give a picture true to the real state of things. It would look like a street corner with a bent house for the middle

You have read something about oblique planes in one of my former letters, that is, planes which do

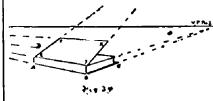


not "lie down flat" or "stand up straight"-planes that are neither horizontal nor vertical. Of course, if you were trying to draw such planes, you would want to know where to find the vanishing point for the oblique lines. Here are three or four drawings which will illustrate the point.

Suppose that you raise the cover of a book, putting something under it to hold it up, as in Fig. 33. Of course you could "make a stab at it," as my



son used to say to me, but you might make a bad job of it unless you knew just what to do. In Fig. 34 we have the principles all worked out. V. P. No. 1 is off the paper. Both that and V. P. No. 2 are on the horizon line—level with the eye. Before we raised the cover E. F., J. K. and B. C. were all parallel lines vanishing at V. P. 2. But the raising of the cover carries the V. P. for E. F. and J. K. higher up. As they are parallel to each other they must both have the same V. P. The question is—where is it? It is ex-

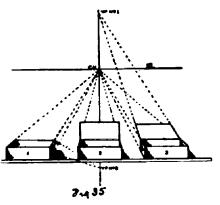


actly over V. P. 2. Thus we find that if we draw a vertical line up from V. P. 2 and extend the J. K. line to meet it we have found the vanishing point. Then draw

E. F. to the same point. Fig. 35 illustrates this further. The horizontal vanishing lines of all the boxes vanish at C. V., (the drawing being in parallel perspective), but none of the cover lines vanish there. That is because the cover of No. 1 is turned back until it rests upon the table, the cover of No. 2 stands up straight, and that of No. 3 is only turned part of the way back. If the

covers were level the cover lines would vanish at C. V., too, but you will see that V. P. No. 2 has moved down from C. V. and V. P. No. 1 has moved up.

Our last picture (Fig. 36) illustrates a great many points. Here, from some high roof, we are looking down upon a varied scene full of interest to one study-

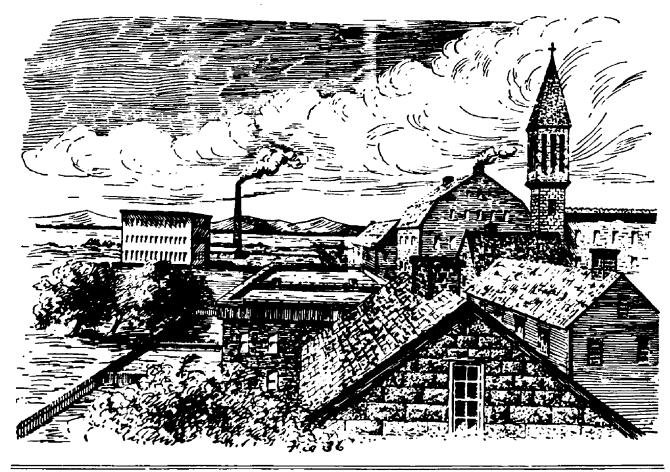


ing perspective. Before we begin to study it we must decide whether it is in parallel or angular perspective. We soon decide, as all the lines running from us vanish at C. V., (the little circle just above the farther shore of the lake in the center of the picture), that it is in parallel perspective. Remembering that in this case all lines parallel to the picture plane have no vanishing points we see why the edges of the roofs, which are oblique lines, do not converge though parallel. We see, too, that lines

above the eye run down to the horizon and those! below run up. The whole scheme proves to us, as it portance of this knowledge, and promising you some-presents a perfect view of such a scene, that without thing still more interesting. I remain, my dear Lesa knowledge of these rules we could not properly rep- | ter,

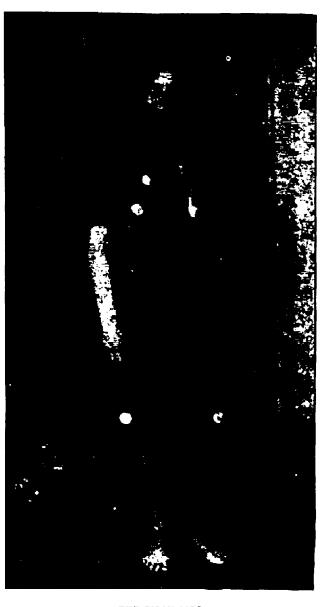
Hoping that you understand and realize the im-Yours to command.

STANSBURY NORSE.



HARRY STEELE MORRISON, "The Boy Traveler,"

Who is Captain-General of the Order of the American Boy, is on a trip around the globe, making his expense money as he goes. He will describe his trip in THE AMERICAN BOY. Next month will appear the first installment, written from Gibralter.



THE GIPSY GIRL Second Prize Photo by Howard S. Wheeler, P. C. Box 337, Rockland, Mass.

BOYS' BUILDING FOR A

At the St. Louis (1903) Exposition

The American Boy will make an effort with the Co-operation of its readers and the friends of boys everywhere to institute a novel feature at the Next World's Exposition.

HE publishers of The American Boy have filed a formal request with the management of the World's Exposition to be held in St. Louis in 1903, that among the Exposition buildings shall be one for boys, to be known as the "Boys' Building." More than that, they are using every means within their power to induce the Exposition management to favorably consider the request. The agitation will be kept up until a definite decision is made, and every boy who reads The American Boy, and every friend of boys is asked to aid in this undertaking.

No world's exposition has ever numbered among its attractions a Boys' Building. It will therefore be a novel feature. Boys are no unimportant element in the country's progress. Twenty years from now they will be the men in charge of affairs the world over. No one has properly estimated the importance of the boy and given adequate thought to the solution of the boy problem. No one who has not studied boys realizes the extent of their activities and the important figure they cut in our life as a nation.

Boys are coming into manhood at an earlier date than ever before in the world's history. Boys are found occupying important positions in every walk of life. They are inventing, they are constructing, they are traveling, they are teaching, they are influencing the world to a greater extent than anyone realizes. It is time that the boy be given his proper place in an exhibit of our country's progress. We suggest that the Boys' Building at St. Louis in 1903 shall stand for the boys of America as the Manufacturers' Building will stand for American invention and manufactures, as the Art Building will stand for the triumphs of American art, as the Agricultural Building will stand for the progress of American agriculture.

It will be no easy task for us to accomplish the result we are after. "Only a boy" will be the supreme objection raised. Now, we want the boys of America to show the Exposition management that they amount to something, and that what they go after they can get. We believe that by our own unaided efforts we could fill a Boys' Building at the St. Louis Exposition with an exhibit that would open the eyes of the world with surprise at the accomplishments of boys. What might not be accomplished could we enlist the co-operation of boys everywhere, and their friends, in making the Boys' Building a success!

WHAT IT MIGHT BE

No one has yet thought out in detail the project of a Boys' Building at the St. Louis Exposition. We have given it some consideration and can outline only what it might be. Boy architects throughout the country might be asked to submit plans, and a prize given for the best one offered. Boy painters and sculptors, of which there are many, might be asked to contribute to its adornment. It should contain an assembly room, in which boys' clubs, boys' organizations, state and national, and associations of adults for the benefit of boys, might hold meetings on stated dates. National conventions of boy photographers, journalists, collectors and amateur workers in every field might be scheduled for the Boys' Building in 1903. A congress of men and women who are interested in boy organizations and the improvement of boy life could assemble in the Boys' Building and there discuss the boy problem in its every feature. Then, too, sections of the building could be set apart for exhibits of boy work in the line of invention, manufactures, printing, stamp, coin and curio collecting, etc., etc.

CO-OPERATION ASKED

We want the readers of *The American Boy*, old and young, everywhere, to write us letters expressing their views regarding this project and making such suggestions regarding it as they may see fit. A little later we shall tell our readers how they may further the project more directly, and by bringing their combined influence to bear serve to accomplish the result desired. For the present we want suggestions—suggestions as to what the building should be, what it should contain. and how it may best serve its purpose to entertain, instruct and elevate boys.

We ask especially for the co-operation of men and women. We have no private ax to grind, and expect no special advantage from our taking the initiative in the movement. Our whole purpose is to serve boys and at the same time add something to the success of the next great American exposition.

Boys, do you stand with us? Friends of boys, can we count on your assistance? Write us freely and fully. Every number of The American Boy from now on will contain matter relative to this subject, until the Exposition management have definitely decided against us, if such is to be the outcome. We believe, however, thoroughly in our cause, and with this belief we do not anticipate failure.

BRAVERY THAT MADE HISTORY

FRANK H. SWEET

The United States, after a long series of depredations by the piratical powers of the Barbary coast, determined, in 1803, to punish them severely, beginning with Tripoli-the worst of the lot. For this purpose Commodore Edward Preble was sent to the Mediterranean with a squadron consisting of the frigate Constitution, the Philadelphia, a heavy frigate carrying forty four guns, and several smaller vessels. While Commodore Preble was making preparations to attack Tripoli, which was strongly protected by forts and ships, the Philadelphia cruised actively in the neighborhood of the town. While chasing a Tripoli-tan vessel on the 31st of October, 1803, the frigate ran upon a reef not marked in the charts, near the mouth of the harbor, and it was found impossible to get her

force, and after ordering the magazines to be drowned and the ship to be scuttled, Captain Bainbridge, her commander, was compelled to lower his flag. He and the whole ship's company were immediately taken to Tripoli and thrown into a dungeon.

But, unfortunately, the work of scuttling had been imperfectly done, and in a little while the Philadelphia, repaired and refitted, was lying at anchor before the Bey's castle, with the Tripolitan flag flying from her peak.

Not only was the loss of the frigate a severe blow, but the fact that she had been added to the enemy's force made the situation extremely awkward. But Commander Preble was fortunate in having among his captains five young men of extraordinary capacity and daring, all under twenty five years of age, and all later of marked service to the country.

Naturally, the common thought was to recapture or destroy the Philadelphia, but Commodore Preble was as prudent as he was brave, and sternly rejected the desperate schemes which were proposed to bring the frigate through so difficult and dangerous a passage as the mouth of the harbor at Tripoli, and would consider nothing except the destruction of the ship at the moorings. Finally a plan was adopted, and the execution of it entrusted to Stephen Decatur, a lieutenant commanding the schooner Enterprise. Decatur was at that time twenty four years old, tall, handsome, and known as an admirable seaman and a man absolutely without fear.

He had lately captured a Tripolitan ketch, the Mastico, which had been renamed the Intrepid. As it was intended to enter the harbor by stratagem, this ketch, which was of a build and size common in the Mediterranean, was to be used, instead of Decatur's own schooner, the Enterprise. The ketch, which was of about fifty tons and carried four guns, was to be disguised as a fruit vessel from Malta, and such of her officers and

men as would be visible, were to be dressed as Maltese sailors. Captain Stewart, afterward the celebrated commodore, was to sup-port the Intrepid with his little schooner

Syren. Though the expedition would be hazardous in the extreme, when Decatur mustered his crew and called for volunteers, every man and boy on the schooner stepped forward. From these he selected eighty two of the most active men. He had intended to take but one of his lieutenants, James Law-

rence—the Lawrence who lived to give the

feelings, changed his mind and took the other two, ing, adding that the ketch had lost her anchors in a ing act of the age." Thorn and Bainbridge, also. Besides these, he had a midshipman. Thomas Macdonough, afterward the famous commodore—and five midshipmen who joined | boat with a fast. him from the Constitution-Charles Morris, afterward Captain Hull's first lieutenant in his escape in another one was lowered from the ketch, commanded the Constitution from Admiral Broke's squadron, and later in his capture of the Guerriere-Izard, Laws. Davis and Rowe. The enterprise was one requiring desperate valor and the utmost coolness and intelligence, and better men could not have been found to

undertake it. About sunset, on February 16th, these men found themselves at the entrance of the harbor, with the grim pile of the Bey's castle frowning down at them. The chain of forts was in a semi-circle around the rocky basin, and so placed as to concentrate the fire of more than a hundred cannon on any point. Close in shore, under the protection of the heavy guns of the castle and the chain of forts, was the Philadelphia, fully armed and manned, with two small cruisers near her, and a number of galleys and gunboats.

ammunition and combustibles to destroy the frigate were on the Intrepid's deck, covered with tarpaulin. The men, armed and ready for the word, were concealed under the bulwarks. A few officers, in round jackets and caps, lay about the deck. Salvatore Catalano, the Sicilian pilot, was at the wheel, and beside him lounged Decatur, disguised as a Maltese sailor.

Presently the breeze fell, leaving the Syren becalmed in the offing, and unable to be of the slightest assistance; the ketch's motion on the blue water of the harbor also became almost imperceptible. But by this time she was close up to the black hull of the Philadelphia, and still moving onward slowly. The Tripolitan officers and men were lying about the frigate's deck, while the officer on duty, smoking a long pipe, hung over the side. The Tripolitan had noticed the Syren three miles away in the offing, and asked what vessel it was. Catalano replied that it was probably the Transfer, a transport which the Tripolitans had lately bought and were hourly expecting.

When the ketch got to within about two hundred

The Philadelphia's magazine blew up with a roar that rocked the castle and the shipe

watchword to the American navy, "Don't give up the ship"—but out of consideration for their ing, Catalano asked permission to lie by until morn- Nelson declared this to be "the most bold and darrecent gale. The request was unusual, and the officer hesitated, but presently said that he would send a

> As this boat was lowered from the Philadelphia. by James Lawrence. ing the fast from the Tripolitan boat, Lawrence rowed back to the ketch, and she was secured to the frigate by a hawser. The crew then roused upon the hawser and breasted along the frigate's side toward the port bow

This brought them directly under the frigate's broadside, and had their character been suspected the ketch could have been instantly blown from the water. But in the black shadow cast by the frigate the critical moments passed until they emerged into a broad patch of moonlight; then their anchors were seen upon the deck, with the cables coiled around them.

'Keep off!" shouted the Tripolitan officer; but it was too late, for the ketch was now grinding against ear her, and a number of galleys and gunboats.

But the crew of the Intrepid never thought of danlike magic upon her decks. The cry of "Americanos!"

Instantly the Americans were scrambling up the frigate's chain plates, through her ports, at every point on which a foot or hand could secure hold. Midshipman Laws would have been first in the ship but for the pistols in his boarding belt catching in the port, so Midshipman Charles Morris got ahead of him. Decatur was the next man after Morris to touch the deck. No orders were necessary here, for every officer and man knew his duty. The Tripolitans, through their hardy life of free-booting, had become celebrated for fierce and determined hand-to-hand fighting; but now they were struggling under the disadvantage of a surprise, and though their courage was reckless, they were confronted by men whom opposition only made stronger. Gradually they were driven below, and once between decks were cut down or forced to jump overboard. Within ten minutes the frigate had again changed hands.

But the Americans had not an instant to lose. So rapidly were the gunpowder and combustibles hoisted aboard and distributed through the ship, that fire was arising from the berth deck before the men in the off. Here she was attacked by a large Tripolitan yards of the frigate's bow, for which she was mak-hold had come up. Two eighteen pounders were

dragged amidships, and pointed downward to blow the ship's bottom out. In less than twenty minutes from boarding, Decatur mustered his men on the spar deck. None were missing, and only one slightly hurt. Then, like cats, they dropped into the ketch from the burning ship, carrying with them a wounded Tripolitan.

But now a new peril awaited them. The stern fast had become jammed, and the ketch could not get away from the frigate. although her jigger had caught fire from the blazing quarter galley of the Philadelphia. It was only by vigorous hacking with their swords that the officers at last cut loose;

then the men settled to their sweeps, while the sail caught the slight breeze that was to help them away. Meanwhile, the commotion had awakened attention on shore, and upon the cruisers and gun vessels. Boats were hurrying toward the ship. But before they reached her, the frigate suddenly burst into a roaring furnace of flame that ran up her rigging,

and enveloped her masts and yards. And in the fierce glow of the burning ship, the ketch was seen slipping out of the harbor under sweeps and sail. Instantly every available gun was turned on her, but the Americans, as Cooper says, "to give one last proof of their contempt of danger," stopped rowing, and rising to their feet, gave three thundering cheers, and then settled down to getting out of the way. Shot and shell from forts and ships and castle were whizzing around them, throwing up the spray on every hand, and the guns of the Philadelphia, which had been kept shotted, began to go off in all directions as the fire reached them. The Americans greeted all these dangers with indifference, and cheered with delight when the Philadelphia's magazine blew up with a roar that rocked the castle and the ships. Soon after, the hull, burned to the water's edge, drifted on the rocks. The crew of the Syren, at the harbor's mouth, saw it all, and the boats, which were manned and in the water to go to the Intrepid's relief, if necessary, now pulled back to the schooner.

When the news reached the United States, Congress passed a resolution of thanks, gave promotions, medals and swords to the officers and a liberal sum in prize money to the crew. Decatur was made a post captain, and his commission was dated from the 16th of February, 1804, the day of his splendid enterprise, so glorious for him, and so honor-

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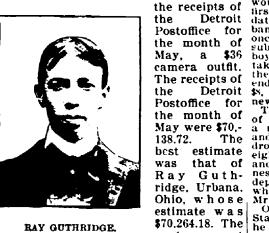


The Boy Who Won the \$36 Camera

In our May number we offered to the boy who sent us one dollar for a subscription for himself or for another, and who estimated nearest to the amount of

Detroit

Detroit



RAY GUTHRIDGE.

next nearest | estimate was that of Paul Wolf, Pleas-1 antville Station, N. Y., \$70,000. Other close estimates were those of Harold Williams, Kendallville, Ind., \$70,892; Clifton H. Bassett, Tonica, Ill., \$69,-875.50; Orville Rowand, Box Elder, Ia., \$70,451; W. B. McLagan, Detroit, Mich., \$70,654.63; Clarence Waaler, Manistee, Mich., \$69.852.98; Harold Sherman, Lake Geneva, Wis., \$70,391.78; L. E. Ladd. Middle Point, Ohio, \$70,900.01; W. A. Kesler, Daggett, Mich., \$70,521.64.

Ray Guthridge, who wins the elegant camera outfit, sent in his estimate on May 24, together with a dollar to pay for another boy's subscription.

In a letter to us of date July 7, young Guthridge says: "I have received the camera and outfit all O. K. and am very much pleased to get it. It is a fine one and comes up to my expectations in every particular. It was a great surprise, as I was not expecting to win it. I am seventeen years old and have one more year of school. I made the estimate on the receipts of the Detroit Postoffice by taking your statement as to the receipts for the month previous and adding two thousand dollars to that amount, as I guessed it would increase about that much. I send my picture, taken with my new camera. I made the picture myself. Everybody congratulates me on my fine camera. I want to

thank you again for it."

A letter from the Rochester optical A letter from the roomester operand camera company that furnished the camera outfit, of date July 17, congratulates the boy on his success. "We can assure him." they say, "and yourselves as well, that the camera in question is one of the best that we have ever manufactured."

The Story of Twenty Dollars.

Lawrence Henderson, Northwood, Ia. tells how he made twenty dollars and what he is going to do with it. "By driving cows to pasture, picking mustard, helping to load hay, mowing the lawn, and odd jobe, I have saved twenty dollars." he says. "My father has a park just outside of the city. I am going to buy with my twenty dollars a Hereford helfer, one that is with calf. I can have the hay that is cut in the orchard and all the oat straw and cornstalks for nothing, so that I will have plenty of feed. I will sell the sweet milk to the creamery, and they will give me back the skim milk I will sell the sweet milk to the creamery, and they will give me back the skim milk for nothing and I will give that to the calf. If I have good luck with the calf it will be worth twelve dollars in two months, but I will not sell it. In a few years I think I can get a start with a good breed of cattle. I can let my stock run in the pasture in the summer time, and I should not wonder if I could make considerable money in the cattle business with my twenty dollar start."

William Hartman, Albion, Mich., says that his father is going to let him have a garden next year and sell vegetables from it. He writes asking that we tell him how to start a good garden. It is a little early to take up this subject, but our young correspondent may look early next spring for some matter along this line.

There are about eighty newsboys in Minneapolis whose bank accounts aggregate \$2.6.7, and whose individual accounts range from \$281 down. Each account is drawing eight per cent interest, and there are at least three accounts above \$200.

These boys owe their start as bank depositors to F. H. Peavey, the millionaire grain merchant. It is said that Mr. Peavey carned his first dollar by selling newspapers; at any rate, he takes a very kindly interest in the present generation of newsboys.

carned his litst donar by sening newspapers; at any rate, he takes a very kindly interest in the present generation of newsboys.

Several years ago he announced that he would place \$1 to the credit of each of the first seventy five boys who after a given date would deposit \$1 each in a specified bank. This would double their account at once. The same offer was made on three subsequent dates in the year, and those boys who made the first deposit could take advantage of each of the others if they chose. In this way some of the boys ended the first year with an account of \$3, and to these accounts one of the local newspapers added another dollar.

This amount even, and the \$2 which some of the boys had, was sufficient to awaken a new interest in the most enterprising, and while some of them have, of course, dropped out of the list of depositors since, eighty have kept adding to their deposits and have a very fair nucleus for a business start. It is noted that the largest depositors of the present time are those who were the first to take advantage of Mr. Peavey's offer.

One of the boys has now entered the State University, and during the past year he has drawn out \$25 to purchase newspaper routes. These will bring him sufficient income to pay his way through the university. Besides this, he still has something more than \$25 on deposit.

The officers of the bank in which the boys keep their deposits take a special interest in this feature of their business. The high rate of interest which is paid the boys is by special arrangement of Mr. Peavey, as an additional inducement towards thrift.

towards thrift.

Earned His Way to the Pan-American.

In our August number we told our read-

In our August number we told our readers of a boy who, by obtaining a large number of subscriptions for The Milwaukee Sentinel, earned his way to the Pan-American Exposition. He was not the only boy who was so fortunate as to win the prize offered by The Sentinel, as there were ten of them. One of them was Harry Ransom, of Milwaukee, who succeeded in obtaining one thousand subscriptions in three weeks' time.

Harry was born at Fond du Lac, Wis, March 19, 1888. His father, Major A. E. Ransom, says of him: "From the time he was a small child Henry has been a great reader, devouring books in half the time taken by his elders. He is very fond of works on history and travel. He enters the eighth grade in school next fall. In 1899 he made a trip to Denver and became familiar with that beautiful city. His first work for a newspaper was in 1900, at Fond du Lac, where he had a newspaper route delivering and collecting." Harry's father, who was graduated from the University of



HARRY RANSOM.

NEWSBOYS WITH BANK ACCOUNTS.

Small Capitalists in Minneapolis Helped
by F. H. Peavey.

There are about eighty newsboys in Minneapolis whose bank accounts aggregate \$2.5.7. and whose individual accounts range from \$284 down. Each account is drawing the state of the

Saving for the St. Louis Exposition.

says he is sure that all boys who read THE AMERICAN BOY will want to attend the World's Fair in St. Louis in 1905. (They certainly will if the Exposition management determine to have a boys' building.) Edgar R. Bean, Fairfield, Ia., age twelve,

boys' building.)

Edgar says: "Now, I will tell you a plan that I am following, by which I expect to be able to attend that Fair. I save some money every week toward it. I save some money every week toward it. I am saving forty cents a week and have been for several months. I hope this will help a good many boys to St. Louis year after next."

Money Makers.

Harry M. Penny, Covington, Ky., in sending in his renewal subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY, writes: The dollar was earned by me on a milk wagon.

Carl Lemon, Corralitos, Cal.: The way I made the most money was catching gophers at five cents apiece. I made one dollar in about a week and was going to school too. school, too.

Harry H. Brown, Stark, Mich.: I am ten years old and have not had much experience in Euslness, but am anxious to become a business man. My father is in the rug business, and I help by ravelling carpet. I have in the bank twenty dollars and fifty cents which I have earned in this way. I also have a patch of potatoes which I am

raising for market.

James B. Rearwin, Fillmore, N. Y.: I will tell you how I invested one dollar one year ago now. I bought two hens and twenty chickens two weeks old for one dollar. The hens weaned their chickens and laid nine dozen eggs, which I sold at one cent each, making one dollar and eight cents, and I raised twelve of the chickens and two hens, which I sold for four dollars and fifty cents.

Wesley Elseman, Freeport, Ill., writes: I began to save my pennies when I was little. When I was ten years old I made money by selling fish; then I sold rags, copper, brass and other metals. Then I got a job in a bakery during vacation, getting one dollar and fifty cents a week. I am a delivery boy in a dry goods store now, and have a chance to work up to a clerk.

BRAIN BOYS

Can increase their pocket money by taking orders for the cent and increase their po

REPRESENTA-TIVES WANTED

HE publishers of THE AMER-ICAN BOY desire a representative—a man or a woman. woman preferred - in every city and town in the country.

This representative will look after the getting of new subscriptions, the renewing of old subscriptions, the putting out of sample copies, the reporting of boys' doings, and in general acting for THE AMERICAN BOY in various capacities relating to the business and editorial ends of the paper.

A bright, active young man or woman can find pleasant employment just now and can make some money at congenial tasks, particularly if they are interested in boys and have a little influence in the community.

The publishers will from time to time make suggestions to their representatives as to what is wanted, and as to how they can serve the paper and

The employment is honorable; the remuneration is dependent upon the service rendered.

Everybody welcomes THE AMER-ICAN BOY, and any one representing it represents a popular, progressive and public spirited enterprise.

ADDRESS

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Employment That Pays

isoffered to Women, Men, grown Girls and Boys in the vicinity of their homes by our Subscription Department. We give liberal compensation; the most greatering terms ever offered. Prompt reply secures desirable and permanent position as our special authorized representative, with exclusive rights. Previous experience desirable, but not necessary. FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, for years a leader among the best to cent illustrated magazines for the home, is stronger, brighter, better than ever. Articles, Stories by famous writers; illustrations by well known artists. Outfit free to persons accepted as agents. Write us a postal to-day and name two references. This is an opportunity too good to neglect.

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Large meal cooked over one burner. Wonderful saving of fuel
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TURNING POINTS IN A BOY'S LIFE

Tenth Article of a Series.

HIS FIRST TRIP AWAY FROM HOME

A boy's first trip away from home is | around him, because, forsooth, he is only no unimportant turning point in his life. By his first trip I, of course, mean the first one taken by him after he reaches the age of conscious observation. On such a trip impressions, suggestions, ideas crowd in upon his plastic mind that ofttimes change the whole course of his boy thought and his boy energy. In that one experience, brief though it may be, his range of thought and imagination widens infinitely. Watch him, and you will find that his work and his play are all influenced by his experiences on that journey. His conversation, before that bounded by the limits of his little daily round of experiences, suddenly widens. He has leaped out of a little circumscribed world bounded by the confines of his immediate neighborhood into a new world peopled with new beings and new things. Someone has said that in the first years of a boy's life he grows horizontally, and in the later years vertically, by which is meant that at first he grows by the widening of the circle of things he sees, touches, tastes and hears, and later grows by mental processes, using as the material of growth the things that have come within the range of his observation. At first it is a growth from withont. Each new impression upon his senses is an addition to the breadth of his mind— a something added to the material from which he is afterwards to build. Later he is found building upon these impressions, comparing, adding, multiplying, reasoning, and this is a growth from within. By so much. therefore, as the first years are full of outward impressions, by so much will the later years be full of inward growth. A boy kept at home, allowed little or no contact with the great moving panorama of the world of men and things never sees the country; we pity the boy

a boy and should stay at home, or because he is too much trouble to care for away from home, or because he ought to stay in school, or because he is very comfortable and happy where he is and does not know what he misses by not goingthat boy is unfortunate, to say the least.

When the writer was twelve, his parents took him from school and allowed him to live for a winter with them in a Washington city hotel. It would have been perfectly convenient to leave him at home with a very willing relative, and he would not then have missed the winter schooling. So some of the relatives in the family thought; but not so the parents. The boy went. For four or five months he never opened a school book, while his boy companions were doing their regular stunts in the schoolroom. He was getting behind in his studies. He was losing his place in his class; yet he was going to school in a larger sense. He was studying geography on a grander scale; thereafter a mountain was not in his mind a picture and definition, but an indefinable reality. An ocean was not a definition-a great body of water separating the continents; it was a profound and mighty thing, with its surges beating into his ears and its billows piling up before his eyes. The launching of a ship, the transporting of men and freight, the building of great machinery, the making of laws, the varied life of a great city, the complicated movements of the machinery of government were thenceforth realities to him. When he returned to school he was a student of books as before, but he needed no illustrations, no pictures, no descriptions. His mind was sufficient unto itself for all these things.

We pity the country boy who never sees the city; we pity the city boy who

🛂 of the plains who never sees the ocean, and the boy of the seacoast who never sees the plains.

The writer thoroughly believes in the education of the boy through his contact with men and things. Books are well enough, but life is better. He himself never misses an opportunity to give his boy a journey, even if to do so is to take him from school. On the journey the father and son are companions, mutually instructing each other, asking and answering questions. The result is that the boy has a breadth of observation, a tenacity of memory, a constructiveness of mind that the father fondly believes is peculiar to his boy. He lays it to no special talent or special aptitude in the lad, but to the fact that he has given him, from the time that he was an infant, the material on which his mind could work.

The writer has little patience with the idea so prevalent, that the boy is a thing to be repressed, to be held in, under the mistaken notion that there is time enough for the boy to see things. The formative time in a man's life is the most important time of all, and that is the time of his childhood. It is then that impressions sink deepest, then that habits are the most easily formed, then that the whole drift of life is determined. Give a boy breadth of observation when he is young; set his wits to going early; let his aspirations begin to take root before the evil days come, and you will not find it hard to keep that boy busy or direct his energies in later life. Repress a boy, blindfold his eyes in his early years, and when he grows to be a young man he will see things whether you will that he shall or not, and he will see them alone, or with some one who may not be as conscientious in his guidance as you might have been. The father or mother who neglects the boy in the years of from five to fifteen, not only loses control of him when the time comes when he is at liberty to see the world, but misses the grandest opportunity for instructing him and some of the most pleasant experiences that can possibly come to a parent.

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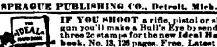
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The Boys' Library

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The Bullen Books.

If any American boy wants to learn all able little street-arab into a clean, straight and brave young man, and keep him strong and true right down among the rough crew of a ship's forecastle, he had better read Frank T. Bullen's record in "With Christ at Sea." The "Cruise of the Cachalot" has the high endorsement of Rudyard Kipling, who says of it: "It is immense. I've never read anything that equals it in its deep-sea wonder and mystery. It's a new world that you've opened the door to."

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Codwalter McBean: "No, sir. I take them home and sit on them at table."

Roy Kramer, Urbana, O., sends us a very good pen and lnk sketch of the monument over the grave of Simon Kenton, to

be seen at Urbana.

Henty vs. Munroe.

author for boys. I do not agree with them Harold Wheeler, Providence, R. I., says he was pleased to see an item in THE AMERICAN BOY regarding his favorite author, Kirk Munroe, "I have read," says he, "all but two of his interesting books, and there are thirty two of them. Many of them I have read three times. Many boys think Mr. Henty is the best history in story."

author for boys. I do not agree with them. Mr. Henty uses many strange words, and there is generally a fight in the middle of each book. Mr. Henty's books are about English boys, while Mr. Munroe's are about good, healthy American boys. Henty deals a good deal in English history, while Mr. Munroe tells American history in story."



MEMORIAL TABLET OF THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND

The battle of Long Island was one of a long series of engagements between the British and Colonials during the Revolutionary period. It was fought on August 27th, 1776, and as the British numbered 15,000 well armed, finely equipped and disciplined men, as against less than 8,000 ill-fed, poorly clad, raw and inefficient militia, the result was the retreat of the latter to New York, at that time General Washington's headquarters.

Photograph taken by George D. Porter, Strong, Me.

ΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦ

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HIGH GRADE BOYJ.



LEA SMITH, HAMMONTON, N. J. st record, 6th grade, Hammonton Central School,

A Poor Boy Outstrips the Sons of Wealth.

Wealth.

In an examination of candidates for Annapolis, Angelo Fesano stood the highest, though pitted against him were sons of wealthy parents who had provided privatitutors for their boys. Angelo is seventeen years old and the oldest of six children of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Fesano, who live on the top floor of number 119 Mott street, New York City. He was graduated from St. Patrick's school. New York, in June, 1900, and has just completed a year's study at La Salle Academy. Congressman Cremer recently decided to hold a public examination of all who wished to try for an appointment to the Naval Academy from his district. The result was as stated. After leaving La Salle Academy Angelo found employment in a plumbing establishment, where he earned a small salary which went to help swell the family purse, never too full. Angelo will now go before the Examining Board of the Academy and, if successful, will be admitted as a naval cadet.

They Stand at the Head.

Solon H. Rhodes, Irwindale, Cal., age thirteen, stands at the head of the boys in the seventh grade of the public schools of his william.

his village.

James Noe and Henry Humkey, Lebanon, Ky., each received 100 per cent in their school examinations last term and were each awarded five dollars in gold.

A Prize Winner.

Henry C. Brose, Plainfield, N. J., has won seventeen first prizes in sketching contests, among them

contests, among them a compass set, parallel rulers, a drawing board and numerous badges. His teachers sent one of his drawings to the Pan-American Exposition. The boy has made some good ministrue recing made some good miniature racing yachts. In a school contest for the best publication for boys he entered THE AMERICAN BOY and won first prize publication for boys
he entered THE
AMERICAN BOY
and won first prize,
which was a small
American flag that
belonged to one of
the officers who cut
the wires on San
Juan Hill. The judges
who made the award
on best boys paper
ident of board of education.

ident of board of education.

2000000000000000000000 MANY FATHERS WHIP BOYS TO SE MAKE THEM QUIT CRYING.

Boys in the Home, Church and School

The Cost of a Boy.

In our July number we asked for letters from boys telling us what, in their opinions, they had cost their parents from the day they were born, and what they would probably cost their parents by the time they were eighteen years of age. The answers have been many and interesting. Here are some of them:

J. C. Boyer, Cumberland City, Tenn. says that his father has informed him that he will have paid for himself by the time he is eighteen years old.

Paul Stewart, Nebraska City, Neb., says he has cost his father \$3,129.75. He thinks by the time he is eighteen the figure will be \$6,259.50. Paul must have done some pretty close figuring.

Ben Montgomery, Petersburg, Ill., says that he is twelve years old, and that he has cost about one thousand four hundred dollars so far and thinks that he will cost "dad" three thousand dollars before he is of age.

dollars so far and thinks that he will cost "dad" three thousand dollars before he is of age.

J. A. Himmelt, New Orleans, La., gives some statistics, the reliability of which we cannot vouch for. He says the average cost of bringing children to maturity is six hundred dollars. Up to five years of age it costs three hundred dollars. As for himself, he says that he has cost (and he is twelve years old), about nine hundred dollars.

Charles W Senseman, Mt. Holly Springs, Pa., figures out one hundred and thirty dollars for the first five years, and one hundred and fifty six dollars for the next four. Beginning with his ninth year he went to work on a farm for his board and clothes. From his ninth to his fourteenth year he cost his father fifty dollars, since which time he has paid all his own expenses, besides paying for a course in school.

Frank Buckshaw, Woodlawn, Ala., twelve years old, gives his mother as authority for the statement that during the first five years of his life he cost twenty five dollars, the next two one hundred and twenty dollars; and that during the next six, until he is eighteen, he will cost about eight hundred and forty five dollars, or a total of one thousand one hundred and ninety dollars.

John Bent, Mapleton, Vt., has the computation down fine, making a total for

ninety dollars.

John Bent, Mapleton, Vt., has the computation down fine, making a total for the eighteen years of \$4.6%. He has neckties figured in at one hundred dollars, and candies, ice cream, etc., at another hundred. Just think, boys, of two thousand dishes of ice cream at five cents each! Wouldn't that freeze you?

By the way, here is a picture of Johnnie, and you can tell he is a bright boy and wouldn't have much trouble with those two thousand dishes.



JOHN BENT AND HIS DOG.

P. B. Nonim, McKenzie, Tenn., says that after conference with his father and mother he figures out that from birth to eighteen years old he will have cost two thousand dollars. He adds a few words regarding himself that may not be unin-

teresting. "I am," says he, "running a soda fountain for my father." He says that when he began he drank up the profits.

Chester A. Werts, Weiser, Ida., fixes his cost for the full eighteen years as four thousand nine hundred and five dollars. Chester is nineteen years old. He began school at the age of seven, and at the age of fourteen entered the Weiser Academy. After he was sixteen he worked on a farm and took the architectural course at the International Correspondence

a farm and took the architectural course at the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton, Pa. He is the editor of a little four-page amateur paper entitled "The New West."

Fred D. Grant, Jr., Austin, Ill., says it costs about five hundred dollars to bring a boy from babyhood to ten years of age. He says that from ten to twelve a boy should be able to pay for his own books, amusements, and other small items; that from ten to eighteen a boy will cost about seven hundred dollars, and that from eighteen on he should care for himself, He says: "It costs a good deal to bring up a boy, but what is the cost when it is compared to the joy a parent must have if his boy is honest, truthful and maniy?"

The Mission of "The American Boy."

(Continued from front page.)

most beautiful and prosperous parts of our great country. God help the boys of American towns!

This paper stands for the boy who is neglected—the boy with good parents who miss their opportunities—the boy whose father is busy—the boy with an up-to-date mother—the boy whose nerves are a quiver for action and with nothing to do—the boy whose parents conceive of nothing more for him than that he shall grow, escape the smallpox and go to school.

We propose to enter upon a conscience-stirring campaign that shall awaken men and women to the enormity of their responsibility in reference to the boy problem, and thus contribute something to the improvement of one of the least considered problems of American enterprise—the

<u>Φ</u>ΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦΦ EASY THINGS CAN BE DONE BY O MOST ANYONE.

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DAN RICE AND THE BOYS.

Why He Let Two Hundred of Them Into His Circus Tent.

Dan Rice, the famous circus man, was

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, says the Cleveland Leader, when the nooks and corners were not filled with youngsters that had come in free.

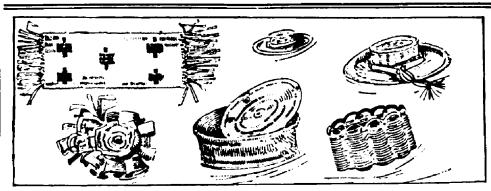
One story of this sort is told by Capt George J. Grammer, traffic manager of the Lake Shore railroad. At the time of the occurrence, Grammer, who lived in Zanesville, Ohio, was standing one afternoon with a crowd of other boys, looking longingly into the tent, but not having the price of admission.

It was Mr. Rice's custom to stand at the door until the first grand entry of the circus people, when he would leave on this occasion he saw the hungry look on the faces of the boys, and called them around him.

him.
"You want to go in, don't you, boys?"
"Bet yer life!" shouted back the young-

"Het yer hie: shouted back the youngsters.
"I'll tell you what. All the boys who
are back here in ten minutes with clean
faces and hands get in."
The words were hardly out of his mouth
before there was a dash for the Muskingum river, and in less than seven minutes
two hundred clean faces and hands came
back to the tent. The boys went inside
with a rush.

11. I. Baumgartner, an Elkhart (Ind.) boy, sends in a very pretty piece of music which he composed, entitled "March of the American Troops."



Teachers from twenty one States are receiving instruction in the Fine Arts Building in Chicago, that they may teach children in the schools the same lessons that were given to little Indian boys before public schools were thought of. In parts of the country children are to be taught in the schools to plait braids of straw and weave them into baskets, hats, rugs, etc. It is said that this simple handiwork will take precedence in the different branches MANY FATHERS WHIP BOYS TO 6 In the schools to plait braids of straw and give parents who have heretof to the time given by children weave them into baskets, hats, rugs, etc. 6 It is said that this simple handlwork will weaving and clay modeling a take precedence in the different branches the value of manual training.

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A Very Young Telegraph Operator.

A New Richmond (Wis.) reader of this paper sends us the photograph of Johnny Hagerty, an eight year old telegraph operator living in New Richmond. The boy



JOHN HAGERTY.

picked up his knowledge of telegraphy by watching the telegraph operator at the depot. Old operators say that he is a depot. Old ollittle wonder.

A Young Poet.

At Frederick, South Dakota, lives a little fellow who bears an honored name and for whom we believe there is a bright future. His name is Thomas John Butterworth. He is a son of Rev. Joseph Butterworth, who is connected with the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, and nephew of Hezekiah Butterworth, the well-known



THOMAS JOHN BUTTERWORTH.

writer for boys. Thomas is eleven years of age. He began writing little rhymes when only seven years old. Several of his verses have been published in local papers. His little brother Hezeklah also writes verse. Thomas sends us one of his latest poems; It is entitled "Our Old Homestead" and is worthy of reproduction. We print it without attempting to correct it in any particular:

OUR OLD HOMESTEAD.

The homestead I remember still,
The place that years have worn;
The little cottage on the hill,
The place where I was born.

Familiar scenes I seem to see; Myself in jacket torn, The garden wide, the willow tree, The place where I was born.

The horses I remember, too. The cow with crumpled horn, And in my mind I often view The place where I was born.

They still are there; the meadow green, The fields of waving corn. And by the roadside may be seen The place where I was born.

The bedroom where I slept at night, And rose again at morn;
The lamp that lit with hallowed light the place where I was born.

The kitchen small, the little stove;
The rusty dinner horn:
I'll ne'er forget where'er I rove
The place where I was born.

My mother baked a punkin pie On each Thanksgiving morn; Then we would fill with joyous cry The place where I was born.

We'd sit and read beside the light
The Bible old and torn,
And pray that God would keep at night
The place where I was born.

These are the scenes that come to me As I arise at morn, But last of all I seem to see The place where I was born.

The boy whose picture appears on the front page of this number of THE AMERICAN BOY is Paul Miller, Russell, Kas. He is a prize winner, having won the first prize in the one hundred yard race at the close of school, time 141-3 seconds.

Boys in the Office, Store, Factory, and on the Farm

On the Alert for Opportunities.

On the Alert for Opportunities.

In no other country in the world are the possibilities for successful careers so great as in the United States.

If you want more salary, all you have to do is to make yourself worth more: fill your place so full that it will run over, and you will soon be in a larger place. Do your work so efficiently that everybody about you will remark it, and be sure that your superior will soon find it out. The man whose ambition is just to do a fair day's work will never get very high up in life. It is the man who tries to see how much he can do, how well he can fill his place, that rises.

Every employer is on the lookout for marked merit, and even if he does not recognize your superior effort others will, and you will soon find your proper place.

"No Trouble to Show Goods."

The merchant who hangs this motto in

The merchant who hangs this motto in his establishment, or, better still, insists on his employees adopting it, makes use of an excellent advertising system. One customer well served usually brings others. "Have you any red sweaters?" asked a young man of a clerk in a large store. "No," was the reply. From his manner, the customer had evidently asked for a red sweater just for a "starter," not having absolutely decided on that color. But the clerk's emphatic "no" seemed to take from his mind all thought of asking for another color, so out he went, probably not to return.

another color, so out he went, probably not to return.

"Why didn't you show him some other colors?" asked the floor-walker.

"Why!" answered the clerk, in surprise, "he asked for a red one."

Perhaps It is some "trouble to show goods." but what else is the clerk there for, and what else are the goods for?

Instructed as to His Duties.

A young clerk in a wholesale house has been spending a large portion of his salary for the last few days buying presents for friends who are "on" to a joke that was perpetrated on him. His employer engaged a new boy and as soon as the boy came to the establishment he was instructed in his duties by our friend, who had been promoted to the position of assistant bookkeeper and given a small office by himself. About an hour after the boy started in, the "boss" came around and seeing him working, asked:

"Has the assistant bookkeeper told you what to do?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply; "he told me to wake him up when I saw you coming around."—Albany Journal.

Sowing Wild Oats.

Said a young man: "That will do well enough for a grown-up man, but a young fellow like me must sow his wild oats." This is Bob Burdette's answer: "No, young man, it does not hurt you a particle to sow your wild oats. Go ahead and sow as you like. But it's the gathering in of the crop that will make you how!. And you have to gather it, too. If you don't, it gathers you in, and one is a great deal worse than the other."

Master Details.

Master Details.

Business is made up of details, of little things; and whoever attempts to shirk them will fail. Of course, it is disagreeable to spend a large part of one's time on the dry, uninteresting items of the routine of business. They are tedious; but no great success was ever built up without close and careful attention to the little principles upon which success depends. There can be no system without details, but an effective system once formed, disagreeable, dry drudgery disappears, and doing business becomes a pleasure instead of a bore. However, while we urge the most careful attention to trifles, we would enter a word of warning against becoming a slave to them. We know men who are all detail; who spend nearly all their time in little things and never get time to do great things.

The Honest Man Wins.

The world at large soon recognizes the honest man in business, and it is quick to give him its approval. "Why do you deal with Mr. Jones?" asks one person of another. "Because he always deals squarely with me," is the reply. Such a reputation soon becomes widespread. Nobody wants to be cheated of the least farthing, and so everybody flocks to the place of business of him who gives value for value, and who trades according to the tenets enunciated in the Decalogue. An honest business man is not only the noblest work of God, but he is the crowning triumph of struggling humanity. The world at large

Too Much.

"You say you think your boy has too great an appetite?" said the physician to an anxious mother. "Do you realize how much a growing boy can eat?" "I should think I ought to if anybody

does," returned the boy's parent. "I'll just put the case to you, doctor.
"Where we were, up in the mountains, the waitress would come in and say to my boy, 'We have fried fish, steak, liver and bacon, baked and fried potatoes, rye biscuit, mutfins and dry toast.'
"And that boy Ned would say, 'I'll take it all, please—and some eggs.'"

The On-Timers Tribe.

The On-Timers Tribe.

We have received the fourth anniversary number of Punctuality, the neatly printed organ of the punctuality reform movement started in Colorado in 1897, known as "The On-Timers' Tribe." Revs. W. G. Templeton and Richard W. Lewis were the promoters of this unique society, whose object is to correct the bad habit of tardiness among young people and impress upon them the inestimable value of time and the importance of keeping engagements promptly. From numerous testimonials presented in Punctuality it is seen that a widespread interest has been taken in the movement throughout all the States and Canada. A simple riedge is taken to be on time and a silver O. T. pin is worn as a reminder of the piedge. So general has been the growth of the On-Timers' Tribe that pins and piedge cards to the number of twelve thousand four hundred and four have been sent out from the home office at Denver. Each card is numbered and registry books are kept containing the names of all those who have agreed to make punctuality one of their very commendable characteristics. Superintendents, teachers, pastors and many others having to do with the training of youth testify as to the merits of the On-Timers' Tribe methods. As a practical corrective of tardiness it can not be excelled. The general agent is William G. Chamberlin, Jr., Box 45, Denver.

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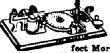
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BOYS IN GAMES AND SPORT

Two Black Beauties.

Bradley Morrah, Mt. Carmel, S. C., sends us the accompanying picture of Simmle and Cornelius Duniap, twin brothers, aged nine, weighing sixty two pounds



YOUNG BOXERS.

and sixty three pounds respectively. They are great boxers, and with a manager have visited several large cities and exhibited in public halls. They have had instruction from a professional trainer.

The Truly Brave are Not Contemptible.

There is a popular impression among There is a popular impression among young men that unless they resent every uncouth sally they will be regarded as cowards. No greater mistake can be made. The brave, manly boy is the one who cherishes no resentment and carries no malice in his heart. By seeking to wreak vengeance upon one who stoops to slurring figures of speech, you simply lower yourself to his contemptible level.—The Industrial School Magazine.

The Industrial School Magazine.

Caught Twice.

Caught Twice.

Caught Twice.

Caught Twice.

The next day let them spread to two and one-half feet and nail in your stern piece to the cleats. Afterwards put several long nails into the stern board from the sides. Now, being careful the board in the center does not fall out, tip your boat over with shing one day. After waiting some time for a bite he felt a pull on his line, and drawing it in found that a fish had bitten the hook off. Fastening another hook on the line he threw it into the water, and in a moment, to his surprise, caught the very fish that had stolen his hook, the broken hook being found embedded in its throat.

Ingnt.

The next day let them spread to two and one-half an inch at the top, should be nailed on to this deadwood and the stern board. This will hold it very firmly. When in place it should look like to the stern board in the center does not fall out, tip your boat over and plane the sides until a narrow board said across fits perfectly flat. At the same time plane the point marked X Fig. 1 to a gradual curve.

You are now ready to put on the bottom, which should be asid of the stern board in the center does not fall out, tip your boat over siture 5.

Around the gunwale run a strip of hardwood three-fourths by two inches. Set the rowlock sockets into the gunwale laid across fits perfectly flat. At the same time plane the point marked X Fig. 1 to a gradual curve.

You are now ready to put on the bottom, which should be also of three-quarter firmly. When in place it should look like top, and the stern board in the center does not fall out, tip your boat over firmly. When in place it should look like top, and the stern board in the center does not fall out, tip your boat over firmly. When in place it should look like top, and the stern board in the center does not fall out, tip your boat over firmly. When in place it should look like top and the stern board in the center does not fall out, tip your boat over firmly. The wood three-quarter firm

Making a Hole in a Single Stroke.

Nearly every beginner at golf asks if it is possible to make a hole in a single-stroke from the tee. The accomplishment of the feat is by no means rare.

Howard Roalf and His Yacht.

Howard Roalf, Keene, N. H., with some assistance from his father, has built a little yacht that he claims can beat any other boat of the same size anywhere. The yacht's name is "Alva." Howard is



HOWARD BOALF.

fourteen years old, sings in the Episcopal choir and sells daily papers. He is in the ninth grade in school and his ambition in life is to be a naval constructor; and here's that he may be!



boat, such as I shall describe, cost but a few dollars, and can be built by amy boy handy with a hammer, saw

A large cabin boat is, of course, the plaything of the wealthy, but no boy ought to be deprived of a glorious sport, when by working a few days he can earn all that is necessary for a boat such as I describe. Just ask your fathers, boys, and

describe. Just ask your fathers, boys, and see if you can't become captains.

The best place to build a boat is in the backyard. The more room you have when commencing to bend the sides, the better. But to start the boat:

Take a piece of oak one inch thick. eighteen inches long, and two inches wide. Bevel the sides until the width on the narrower side is one inch. This is the stem.

For sides get two clear pine or cedar boards, fourteen inches wide and thirteen feet long. The best thickness is three-quarter inch. Cut them with a saw as in figure 1.

For sides get two clear pine or cedar boards, fourteen inches wide and thirteen feet long. The best thickness is three feet long. The work will now resemble a large to to make a perfectly flat joint. Smear it with white lead, soft putty, or pitch, and over all nail a triangular cutwater, make a perfectly flat joint. Smear it with white lead, soft putty, or pitch, and over all nail a triangular cutwater, make a perfectly flat joint. Smear it with white lead, soft putty, or pitch, and over all nail a triangular cutwater. The work will now resemble a large to the board. The town should now look like figure 4. Now lay your V on the ground. Near the center place a wide board four feet sides of the board. The town should now look like figure 4. Take a good stout rope and pass it around both side pleces. The it with a square knot, put a stick between the pare. Have your common drives all of the sides where they are. Then untwist your rope and do the same thing over again, until the board in the board in the board. The board is the board in the series of the boar

and three-quarters of an inch thick. Of

and three-quarters of an inch thick. Of course they ought to be smooth.

Begin to plank at the bow, being sure to have your joints tight. Let your boards project slightly, say one inch, at the sides. When your boat is all planked in, saw off this projection and plane the ends down to a smooth curve.

For a keel, take a board four inches wide and about fourteen feet long. One inch is a good thickness. Point the end to correspond to the bow, and drive one or two nails to hold it in place. Then bend it to the curve of the bottom and nail.

You are now ready to place your boat

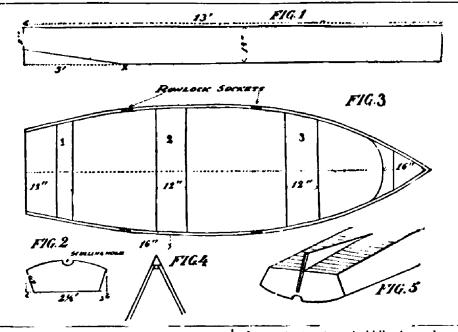
Inside put in four seats as shown in figure 3.

The center of the seat marked 2 should be four and one-half feet from the stern; No. 3, four and one-half feet from the

ngure 5.

Around the gunwale run a strip of hardwood three-fourths by two inches.

Set the rowlock sockets into the gunwale
sixteen inches aft the center of seats 3



A Successful Young Athlete.



RAISTON APPLEGATE.

or eight feet one and one half inches, and a long jump record of nine feet eleven inches. He is also a good runner.

Learn to treat a shabbily-dressed custo-



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show it. They are the triumphs of the New Century. Look for our name on barrel of every gun, none genuine without it.



ten strikes and finish with a high score, as on a regular lowling alley. Each set, in a strong wooden box, com-plete, 12 centa, by mail, postpaid. Signts wanted. Erust Manufacturing Co., 515 E. 86th St., N. Y.

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THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY



CAPTAIN'S BADGE. Twice Actual Bize.

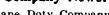
A NATIONAL NON-SECRET SOCIETY FOR AMERICAN BOYS.

Under the Auspices of "THE AMERICAN BOY."

Object:—The Cultivation of Manliness in Muscle, Mind and Morals.

The object more definitely stated: To promote mutual and helpful friendships among boys; to give wider circulation to high class boy literature; to cultivate in boys physical, mental and moral courage, and develop them along social, intellectual and moral lines; to cultivate purity of language and actions; to discourage idleness, and encourage honest sport and honest work; to cherish and emulate the examples of great and good men; to inculcate lessons of patriotism and love of country; to prepare boys for good citizenship; to cultivate reverence for the founders of our country, and to stimulate boys to all worthy endeavor.

about fifteen miles from Cuiloden. The Captain writes us that they fished with nets, set hooks and a trout line, and caught all the fish they could eat, and brought a string home with them. The Company had rather a tough experience one night. They had taken shelter for the night in a cotton seed house with some seed in it. About twelve o'clock it began to rain very hard; the roof leaked, and it wasn't long before they were almost floating. The Captain says they caught hold of each other and toughed it out. The next morning they built a large fire and dried their clothing, then two of the boys fell into the pond, but, fortunately, were rescued by a companion. The Captain closes by saying, "We all had a nice time, though, and enjoyed it." Boys desiring to Organize Companies may obtain a Pamphlet from us containing the Directions published in the January and February Nos. of this Paper. It is sent free. Company News.



James Duane Doty Company, No. 5, Division of Wisconsin, Neenah, Wis., holds its meetings every Thursday evening. Dues twenty five cents a month.

The Buckeye State Company, No. 5, Athens, Ohio, held a meeting June 19, at which time new officers were elected. This Company holds its meetings weekly. Dues are fifteen cents a month.

In our July number we gave the name of the Kentucky Prince Company as having been recently formed at Louisville, Ky. This was an error on our part; it should have read "Kentucky Prima."

have read "Kentucky Prima."

Toronto Company, No. 1, is very much interested in photography. The Secretary writes us that they have a chemical experiment about once a month, and at every meeting have about six hints in photography for the benefit of that department.

David Wilmot Company, No. 7, Division of Pennsylvania, Macedonia, Pa., has adopted the proposed Constitution, with a few minor changes. It holds its meetings every Wednesday evening at its club room. Monthly dues ten cents each. This Company is very much interested in athletics.

letics.

"Old Abe" Company, No. 2, Division of Wisconsin, Lake Geneva, Wis., held its election of officers July 5. Lawrence Olson was again elected Captain; Harold Logan, Secretary, and Ralph Barr, Treasurer. During the summer this Company has been meeting but once a month. After the first of September, however, the boys will meet every Friday evening at seven o'clock.

The Oglethorpe Company, No. 1, Division of Georgia, Cuiloden, Ga., held its election of officers recently. The Captain says they are fixing up their club room the best they can. Dues of five cents are paid at every meeting. This Company has adopted red, white and blue as its colors. The Captain suggests that these colors be adopted by all the Companies of the Order.

all the Companies of the Order.

William L. Marcy Company, No. 11, Division of New York, Troy, N. Y., sends us the following report: Fees, ten cents per week; fine of five cents for stealing, smoking, chewing, lying, card playing, late for meetings; fine of ten cents for absence from meetings, unless a good excuse is furnished; books overdue, two cents a day; for disorderly conduct, fine of from one to five cents; hours for meetings, 7:30 to 9:15. to 9:15.

Winfield Scott Schley Company, No. 2, Division of Maryland, New Windsor, Md., held its second election of officers July 15, with the following result: Edwin P. Kolb was re-elected Captain; Walter Abbott, Vice-Captain; Chester Bankerd, Secretary; Forrest Otto, Treasurer, and Frank Roberts, Librarian. This Company has ordered thirty new books for its library, to be paid for out of the proceeds of the lawn fete, of which we made mention in our August number. August number.

August number.

Benjamin Franklin Company, No. 2, Division of Pennsylvania. Meadville, Pa., has, at this writing, a membership of seventeen, with prospects for more. At their semi-annual election held recently the following officers were elected: Captain, Ralph Kightlinger; Vice-Captain, Arthur Stem; Sccretary, Archibald D. Andrews; Treasurer, William Flxel; Librarian. Stanley Brown; Sergeant-at-Arms, Carl Maxwell. The duty of the Sergeant-at-Arms is to take care of unruly members during the meetings, and this he does by inflicting one mark upon a member for any kind of

New Companies Organized.

Licutenant William B. Cushing Company, No. 4, Division of Wisconsin, Merton, Wis., Captain Lewis Mahoney. The Heman Ely Company, No. 7, Division of Ohlo, Elyria, Ohlo, Captain Arthur R.

James Duane Doty Company, No. 5, Division of Wisconsin, Neenah, Wis., Captain Howard R. Buxton.
Thomas A. Edison Company, No. 3, Division of Colorado, Littleton, Colo., Captain Harry L. Potts.

Degrees Conferred.

Degrees Conferred.

Degrees are conferred on the following boys: Barkley W. Wyckoff, Jacksonville, Ill., one degree for industry and devotion to duty; A. G. Spring, Trent. Wash., one degree for skill and experience in travel, one degree for purity of conversation and habits, and one degree for habits of thrift; William H. McVay, Trent, Wash., one degree for energy and determination amid difficulties, and one degree for purity of conversation and habits; F. E. Canfield, Trent, Wash., one degree for purity of conversation and habits; Carrol Sankey, Trent, Wash., one degree for skill in athletics; Willie Sperber, Trent, Wash., one degree for skill in athletics; Willie Sperber, Trent, Wash., one degree for good scholarship, one degree for energy and determination amid difficulties, and one degree for good work in behalf of THE AMERICAN ROY and the Order; Stanley Taylor, Jamestown, O., one degree for unusual musical skill.

Running Hop, Step and Jump Senior and Junior Championships.

The July AMERICAN BOY Field Day contests resulted in the Running Hop, Step and Jump Senior Championship going to Rudolph L. Marshall, Trenton. N. J., his record being thirty nine feet and one-fourth inches, and the Junior Championship to Oscar Everett, Trenton, N. J., with a record of thirty eight feet three and one-half inches

inches.

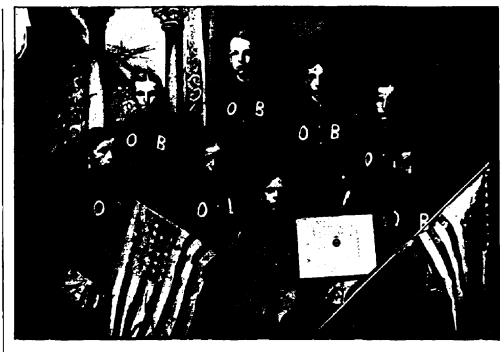
THE AMERICAN BOY Swimming Champlonship goes to Frank C. Coolbaugh.

Macedonia, Pa., time one minute and fifty four seconds.

SEPTEMBER FIELD DAY CONTEST.

Potato Racing.

has, at this writing, a membership of seventeen, with prospects for more. At their semi-annual election held recently the following officers were elected: Captain, Raiph Kightlinger; Vice-Captain, Arthur Stem; Secretary, Archibald D. Andrews; Treasurer, William Fixel; Librarian. Stanley Brown; Sergeant-at-Arms, Carl Maxwell. The duty of the Sergeant-at-Arms is to take care of unruly members during the meetings, and this he does by inflicting one mark upon a member for any kind of misconduct. When ten marks have accumulated this member pays a fine of tencents. The captain writes us that they find this method is very useful. This company is greatly interested in base ball. The Captain says that "Field Day" is one of their nolldays, and each event is closely contested. The boys are contemplating a camping trip in the near future. The Oglethorpe Company, No. 1, Culloden, Ga., went on a camping expedition a short time ago. They camped at Lamar's Mill,



BASEBALL TEAM OF BENJ. FRANKLIN COMPANY NO. 2, Pennsylvania Division, Order of the American Boy, Ralph B. Kightlinger, Captain.

them. The referee should send us the name and age and time of the boy over fifteen who makes the run in the shortest time, and the same particulars as to the boy under fifteen years of age who makes the best run. To that boy over fifteen who, in all the Companies of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY, makes the best time, as reported by the referee, we will give THE AMERICAN BOY SENIOR POTATO RACING CHAMPIONSHIP; and to the boy under fifteen, THE AMERICAN BOY JUNIOR POTATO RACING CHAMPIONSHIP.



Medal presented to J. Carroll Knode, Hebron, Nebraska-by the publishers of "The American Boy," for the best standing and running broad jumps made by a momber of the Order of the American Boy in the May Field Day contests of the Order. A like medal for junior championship went to Minor Wasson, of the same place.

Semi-Annual Report of Ft. Knox Company, No. 2, Order of the American Boy.

Vincennes, Ind., June 28, 1901.
Date of organization, Feb. 11, 1901.
Number of meetings held, nine.
Dates and meeting places:
Feb. 11—Held at home of Captain Otto

Feb. 27—Held at home of Treasurer George and Private Royal Berce. March 11—Held at home of Librarian

Charles Houghton.

March 25—Held at home of Captain O.

Bierhaus.

April 8—Held at home of Private Ray Nicholson.

Nicholson.

April 22—Held at home of Secretary
Henry Hall.

May 6—Held at home of Vice Captain
Chester Weems.

May 20—Held at home of Flag Bearer
Drisch McCord.

June 3—Held at home of Private Ray
Scott

cott.
Number of special meetings held, two.
Number of charter members, ten.
New members taken in, four.
Total number of members, fourteen.
Number of members resigned, one. Number of members resigned, one. Leaving thirteen members at adjourn-

Yours for M. M. M. M., HENRY HALL, Secretary,

AMERICAN BOY

AMERICAN BOY
CIRCULATING LIBRARY

Any Company of THE ORDER OF
THE AMERICAN BOY can get the
free use for two months of one of
the libraries of five sterling books
for boys by sending fifty cents to
the publishers of THE AMERICAN
ROY ₿ воў.

Minor F. Wasson, Captain of the Stotsenberg Company, No. 1, Hebron, Neb., writes us under date of August 10: "We received the library this morning and think the books are very nice."

A First Medalist.

A First Medalist.

The Christian Herald and Signs of Our Times, New York City, has awarded to William Rohrer, of Delta, Pa., a medal, in recognition of his brave and humane act in rescuing Oliver Weiser from death.

On January 4 last, at the close of school, a number of children repaired to Ramsey's Pond, near Delta, to skate. The pond was eight to ten feet deep. At some distance from the bank the ice gave way, and Oliver Weiser was submerged up to his chin. He struggled to climb upon the ice, but as it broke under his weight the hole widened. Young Rohrer, a lad of fourteen, threw himself flat upon his stomach and began to crawl toward the drowning boy, directing his comrades to catch him and each other in turn by the feet until a human chain was formed to



WILLIAM BOHRER

the bank. It was a desperately hard and dangerous task, but the boy was saved. During the progress of the rescue, Rohrer was in imminent peril. At times he was

During the progress of the rescue, Rohrer was in imminent peril. At times he was partially submerged, and it looked as if he too would be lost under the ice, but he never once lost his grip on Oliver.

What adds to the value of the noble and unselfish deed is the fact that the two boys had theretofore been opponents and antagonists. In the hour of danger young Rohrer forgot all personal differences. William is a manly little fellow, and when not at school is working to help support his mother and sisters.

"The American Boy Shut-in Society"

Every boy who is sick or crippled and compelled to remain indoors from morning till night, day after day-one who is likely to be confined to his home for months or years to come-may have a free subscription for one year to THE AMERICAN BOY. Such a boy is entitled, also, without any cost to himself, to be a member of THE AMERICAN BOY SHUT-IN SO-CIETY.

Names of New Members of "The American Boy Shut-in Society."

New members received since issue of August number:

New members received since issue of August number:

Bert Johnson, Oscar Fritz, Mark Peterson, Jean Gustin, Harley Sanborn, Wesley Meyers, I. B. McDonald, Jamie Trainer, Willie McCarviile, Charlie Davis, Arthur Niskern, Vaugnn Mock, Albert C. Rishel, Lloyd Merriman, John Raider, W. G. Stover, Maurice Fitzgerald, Reuben Johnson, Lide Chisholm, Harry Daniels, Jervis D. Harmon, Charles Batchelor, George Dieuter, Johnnie Gregory, Hugh Whitenack, Ed. De Lacy, George Hart, Clifford Wood, Harold Murch, Carl Hamlin, Earl H. Whitten, Clintie Sweetser, Morgan Poling, Gussie Lauton, Lloyd Carpenter, Henry Anderson, Robert E. Megown, Dick Isham, Leighton Smith, Walter Dow, Charles R. Hines, Anthony Van Raalte, Johnnie Welch, Karl B. Meeker, Paul Quigley, Johnny Jackson, L. J. Peck, Jimmie Casey, Hugh Simpson Thomas Lockhart, Joe Russel, Oney Thornton, Dave B. P. Scott, Walter Ford, Robert H. Spence, John Shavers, D. Olin Billings, Albert Schanze, Ira Anderson, Ernest Avery. Ira Anderson, Ernest Avery.

Feed for Thought.

Here are some things for the shut-in boys to think about:
What would be a good motto for this society?

Is there a botter name for it than THE AMERICAN BOY SHUT-IN SOCIETY? What can the members do for one another.

What can the members do for one another?
What would be a good design for an emblem or pin that the boys may wear?
If you were asked to name colors for the Society, what would you select?
What suggestions have you to make for the benefit of the Society and its members?

The total number now in THE AMERI-CAN BOY SHIT-IN SOCIETY is eighty five, and the Society is just sixty days oid.

The editor of "The Shut-in Friend," Flushing, N. Y., noticing that we are furnishing THE AMERICAN BOY free to all shut-in boys, writes us a letter offering to supply us with the names of shut-in boys from his list, and we have accepted the offer.



W. Gilbert Stover at His Desk.

This is a picture showing W. Gilbert Stover, an AMERICAN BOY "shut-in" who has not been able to walk for three years. He says that he passes his time in reading, writing stories and poetry, playing on a guitar, zither and harmonica. He has charge of the telephone, a desk 'phone, which stands on his desk, by which he helps his father in his business of growing about five years ago.

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Here is another oft-neglected opportunity. How many customers could be retained by a prompt willingness to be obliging?

"Whenever we received a call for an article foreign to our stock," said a clerk. "we immediately offered to get it, and, if it could be procured in the neighborhood, the customer was always willing to wait a few minutes for the accommodation; otherwise, we procured and delivered it. Thus our store won name and fame, and the neighboring stores felt the effect, though they knew not the cause.

"I intended asking you to get it," a new customer would often say, "for I've been to several places in vain, and have heard that you can get anything in your line which you haven't in stock."

This simple method, however, which is a benefit to the merchant as well as to his patrons, is one that is seldom strictly observed.

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A HIGH DIVE.

First Prize Photo, taken at Green Mountain Falls, Colo., by Dan. D. Ameden, 2026 N. Tejon Street, Colorado Springs, Colo.



Gustave Dore, 29 East Washington Street, Hornellsville, N. Y.: I will exchange stamps for Indian relics.

Roy B. Graves, Ellisburg, N. Y.: I will exchange a ladies' gold plated watch for a printing press. Write.

V. H. Scott, 1201 Marshall Street, Man-Itowoc, Wis.: I would like to trade a November, 1900, number of THE AMERICAN BOY for an October, 1900, number. Write

Fred W. Hill. Iowa Falls, Ia.: I will exchange magazines, stamps, or pay cash for copies of THE AMERICAN BOY, especially the first ones. Will also exchange stamps for Indian relics.

W. C. Grebe, 106 E. Sixth street, Yankton, S. D.: I will give fifteen cents each for the December, 1899, and January, 1900, numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY, and if in good condition twenty five cents each.

Barton Beverly, 1552 West Broad Street, Columbus, O.: I will exchange five ten cent magazines and stamps for the Sep-tember number of THE AMERICAN BOY. Will also exchange "Golden Days" for Will also exchange "Golden Days" for other numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY.

Burr Hollingsworth, Minneapolis, Kan.: I will exchange a magic lantern good as new that cost five dollars when new, and three dozen sildes, a 14-K gold ring that cost five dollars, and an Angora goat that cost fifteen dollars, with wool on him worth seven dollars, for a good printing press that will print a form not less than six by nine inches. Send type and furniture with it.

Evans Stewart. 29 Moss Street. Westerly, R. I.: I will send twenty different old United States stamps and fifteen foreign stamps on receipt of two old United States coins, or three foreign coins, or ten buttons, excepting those having mottoes or pictures of actors. Send two cent stamp for postage. I also have old United States stamps in large or small quantities which I will exchange for stamps or sell for cash.

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Answers to Correspondents.

G. D. R., Baden.—The stamp you send is worth about ten cents a hundred.

C. G. P., Honor.—The ten cent certificate and fifty cent Entry of Goods are worth one cent each.

Milton B. C., Chicago.—The three stamps you mention are of the current issue of Cuba and are worth about five cents.

Edward C. H., N. Y.-The two cent black Andrew Jackson is worth from three to five cents, and the three cent locomotive one to two cents.

Alfred G., Suisun, Cal.—Your inquiry is not very clear, we hardly think it likely the prices you mention are those asked for the stamps, as they are worth quite a little more than that.

Ira G., Sloux Rapids. There are several different one cent and five cent Chile stamps; the current one cent green and five cent blue are very common and only worth a cent each.

Eugene T., Prairie Depot.—The one cent newspaper of the 1885 issue is catalogued at twenty cents, and the twelve cent of the same issue \$1.25. They generally sell for about half of these prices.

G. L., montezuma.—There is no three cent Hong Kong surcharged twenty cents; the thirty cent violet surcharged twenty cents is catalogued at one dollar, and the twenty cents on thirty cents vermilion is catalogued eight cents.

S. C. S., Lansing.—Used Heligoland stamps are rare for the reason that this island has an area of but a few square miles and a population of from two to three thousand consequently. a population of from two to three thou-sand, consequently comparatively few stamps were used. The unused Hellgoland stamps generally seen in boys' collections are reprints and of absolutely no value. German stamps are now used on the island. Your idea of organizing a stamp club was excellent, and we hope the interest will continue. We will try to enlighten you on any more difficult questions which come up. up.

Samuel R., Galveston.—The stamp you describe is the ten centime Alsace, and is catalogued used at six cents for the upright net work and twenty five cents for the inverted net work. The latter variety is that in which the points of the lines in the ground work point towards the bottom of the stamp. These stamps have been extensively reprinted and are found in a great many collections; the reprints are all of the inverted net work variety and can also be told by the size of the word "Postes," which, in the originals, is 12% to 13 millimetres long and in the reprint is only 11 to 12½ millimetres long. Galveston.-The stamp you Samuel R. only 11 to 12½ millimetres long.

Stamp Catalogue is published by the Scott Stamp and Coin Co., 18 East Twenty Third treet, New York.

H. C. L., Duluth.—Pen cancellations on stamps as common as the two cent Canada Christmas do not increase their value. The five rin Japan 1900 and 1 anna Indian revenue are both very common. British stamps have been used by the British army in South Africa and China, and if these are on the letter, or show the postmark clearly, we think them worth much more than those used in England. The variety of one cent envelope you mention more than those used in England. The variety of one cent envelope you mention is caused by a surplus of ink on the plate and is of no value. The current two cent red U. S. is probably found in as many, if not more, distinct shades than any other U. S. stamps. Some of these in the future may be scarce. An interesting addition to your collection and one to be made at little or no cost would be a collection of shades of this stamp. The two India envelope stamps are worth about six cents.

F. H. B., Woonsocket.—The best way to secure a list of current postage stamps is to obtain a copy of the Standard Postage Stamp catalogue, which costs by mail fifty eight cents; this gives a list of all and the price of nearly every postage stamp ever issued, obsolete as well as current. We do not believe you would obtain very satisfactory results by sending money to postmasters abroad as they very frequently demand a premium for stamps desired; as a rule the ordinary collector can buy stamps here in the United States to better advantage than he can by sending abroad to un-F. H. B., Woonsocket.-The best way to A PACKET OF STAMPS to bors who will sell our stamps at 60% commission. Send reference.

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Notice to Correspondents.

Notice to Correspondents.

Before writing the coin editor letters of inquiry it would be well if our correspondents would look over these columns in the back issues to see if their questions have not been already answered. Again, remember that we have a great many letters of inquiry and that at least two months must elapse before replies can be expected to be published. There are some letters that we could not be expected to notice; for instance, one wants "to know the premium on a nickel cent that is so old and worn that the date is gone," and possibly he encioses the cent, which is not worth the postage one way; another wants to know the value of an 1804 dollar, 1815 cent or 1804 S dime that he has not got, and is never likely to see, and another will send in a long list of his coins, almost a catalogue of his collection, and ask us to quote prices on each one. While the coin editor has a great deal of time and patience, it is quite probable that such communications will receive no attention in these columns. Where a quick response is necessary, the coin editor will be pleased to give prompt attention if a self-addressed and stamped envelope is sent with the inquiry.

The Numismatic Sphinx.

R. C. Brode, Newcomerstown, O .- No premium on your coins.

Hjalmer Hedine, McPherson, Kas.-The

dime of 1850 has no premium.

C. Garvey, Buffalo. N. Y.—Your coin is a common one, Kreutzer of Austria.

L. A. Richards, Evant, Tex.—There is no premium on an 1857 half dollar.

Ben Elliott, North Platte, Neb.—There is no premium on the quarter dollar of 1856. Geo. W. Wagar, Titusville, Pa.—The two cent pieces of 1864 are only worth face value.

Ray Griggs, Madison, Wis.—A good 1834 half dollar sells at the dealers for seventy five cents.

Frank Carey, Canajoharie, N. Y.-Your 32 half dollar the dealers sell at seventy five cents.

Herbert K. Eilber, Crediton, Ont.—Your rubbing is from a common cent of the Netherlands.

Jos. B. Champlin, Hartford, Conn.—A good 1802 cent sells for fifty cents. Your others are very common.

Harry G. Kenmark, St. Anthony Park, Minn.—The dealers charge one dollar for a gold quarter of 1871.

Glen Morgan. Traverse City, Mich.—A half dollar of 1854 O (New Orleans mint) commands no premium.

Ashley W. Kendrick. Saratoga, N. Y.—You have some nice coins for a collection, but all are quite common

but all are quite common.

Elwell F. Jackson, Trenton, N. J.—Your 1807 half dollar, Liberty head with flowing hair, is worth eighty five cents.

Hamilton C. Ballagh, Staunton, Va.—A good Hawalian half dollar 1883 (only date of issue) sells for seventy five cents.

H. Conrad. Biairsville, Pa.—No. 1, Hungarian two Kreutzer; No. 2, Spain diez (10) centimos of Alfonzo XII. Both common.

Benjamin C. Harris, Jersey. Ga.—An 1817 cent in good condition sells for fifteen cents. If it is the fifteen star variety, fifty cents.

Wallace Black, 1809 Williams, Omaha, Neb.—A two cent piece of 1864 has no pre-mium. Only the 1873 date brings any premium.

Graham Liser, Montezuma, Iowa.—A half cent of 1832 if in good condition is worth lifteen cents. Your other coins only face

Ford Penn. New Market, Ind.—Your half dellars of 1854 and 1855 command no premium unless they are in at least uncirculated con-

Robert Chase, Millstadt, Ill.—A Jackson token or cent of the hard times period and quite common. See answer to Maurice Underwood.

Geo. V. Bedford, Emerson, Manitoba.— Your coins, while nice for a collection, bring no premiums to speak of. You have them all correctly located.

Arno Stein, Sheboygan, Wis.—A five-france plece of Louis Philippe (1830-1848)) of France. In good condition it is worth at the dealers one dollar and seventy five cents.

Philip C. Cody, Lansdowne, Pa.—All the early California gold halves and quarters bring a premium, usually selling from one to two dollars, depending upon date and condition.

Ralph W. Hallinger, Akron, O.—No. 1 is a half crown. 1831, of William IV. (1830-37). England, and worth a dollar; No. 2, English half penny, George I. (1714-27), 1720, worth half penny, C twenty cents.

L. W. Lugar, Derby, Iowa.—The dealers charge \$2.50 for a fine 1878 dollar with eight feathers in the eagle's tail. The 1853 silver coins with arrow head each side date are worth only face value.

Floyd H. Wenks, Portsmouth, O.—Your paper money is so badly worn that it is worth only face value. The banks redeem such at face value. The editor does not buy coins or paper money.

Howard F. Barber, Warsaw, Ind.—Your rubbing is taken from a common cinco (five) centimos of the Spanish Republic 1889-76, and represents a brief, but interesting, period in Spanish history.

Howard F. Barber, Warsaw, Ind.—Your pieces are all common. The only small cents that command a premium are the flying eagle of 1856 (issued only in proof) and 1877 Indian head. The dime of 1853, with arrow points, only face value.

Everett Anderson, New York.—You have your coins all correctly named. All are, your coins all correctly named. All are, however, comparatively common and worth less on account of their only fair condition. Any dealer would sell you the three pieces in good condition for half a dollar.

Maurice Underwood Common and was a selection of their or their and the selection for half a dollar.

Maurice Underwood, Corning, O.—Your rubbing is from a Jackson token of 1837. The phrase, "millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," is given to Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, our minister to France in 1796. See comments in this column July issue.

Howard Watt, Toronto, Ohio.—No. 1 is an Austrian thaler or dollar of Francis II. (1.92-1806), 1795. When in good condition worth \$1.50 at the dealers. No. 2, a five franc piece of Louis Philippe of France. See answer to Arno Stein. Your other coins quite common. quite common.

Arthur H. Parker, Ellsworth, Me.—The dollar of 1799 sells for about two dollars, and the 1877 trade dollar, if in uncirculated condition, is worth the same. The Columbian half dollar of 1893 sells for sixty cents. Your "Union Forever" is a common war token. No premium on the others you men-

Gus Miller, Oakland, Cal.—An 1855 half dollar is worth fifty cents. Your Delaware colonial bill for one shilling, dated Jan. 1, 1776, if fine condition, would sell for half a dollar. There were eight denominations of this series and date ranging from one to twenty shillings. All sell now at the same price. same price.

John B. Blain. Framingham, Mass.—Brazil xl reis of Maria I. and Peter III. (1777-86), 1784. This coin is counterstamped with the arms of Portugal, as was a common custom at this period. Sells at the dealers for half a dollar. A common habitant token of Canada. One cent of 1798, worth twenty five cents. Spain, two reals, Charles IV. (1789-1898), 1799, of no value.

Elmer E. Lacey, New Rochelle, N. Y.—Your rubbings are taken from coins as follows: Russia, Catherine II. (1762-96), 1793, five kopecks, worth thirty five cents; Russia, for Siberia, Catherine II., ten kopecks, 1767, worth at the dealers \$1.25; half a dollar 1819, seventy five cents; Chinese cash of Hslea Feng Dynasty (1850-62), of little value; 1839 cent sells for ten cents.



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VOL. XIII. The only illustrated monthly magazine devoted to coin and their collecting published on the American continent. Official journal of The American Numismatist Association.

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III. Sample copies on receipt of ten cents none free.

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Biggest Moose Head in the World.

An Indian hunter of the Hudson Bay country has killed a moose whose antiers have a spread of six feet two inches. They now adorn the country house of Mr. Olcott, a New Yorker, at Bernardsville. The moose is said to have stood in life some twenty two or twenty four hands high, weighing three thousand to thirty five hundred rounds. high, weighing three five hundred pounds.

Fritz and His Pets.

There are some very young boys who enjoy THE AMERICAN BOY. The fact is
that they share this enjoyment with their
fathers is shown by the following letter
to THE AMERICAN BOY from Fritz's
father, who is the pastor of the Methodist
Episcopal Church at Daytona, Fla.:

Fritz to a Florida boy. His father is a

Episcopal Church at Daytona, Fla.:

Fritz is a Florida boy. His father is a Methodist minister, so he gets to see many places, with their ever varied scenery and objects of interest. Fritz is a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY. But he never reads it. He is only five years old. He can read the meaning of the pletures quite well, though, and enjoys hearing his papa read the interesting items about boys and animals.

His pets are not ponies, nor cats, nor pigeons, nor goats, but he has a dog with which he spends many happy hours every day.

His pets are not ponies, nor cats, nor pigeons, nor goats, but he has a dog with which he spends many happy hours every day.

The pets to be told about are all "wild." Fritz's home is in Daytona, a beautiful little city in the woods, and the squirrels live here by the thousands Fritz finds acorns and corn and the squirrels come cautiously down from a tree to pick up the nuts flipped onto the ground for them. Sometimes they steal his nuts and grains of corn off the veranda; and one little fellow slipped up one day and touched his finger with its wiggling little nose. A favorite attitude of the squirrel when eating is to climb up on the side of a tree and hang by the hind feet, head down, holding a nut with its fore paws.

When bunny is not hungry, if you give him an acorn he will bury it for future use. But first he nibbles a little hole in the acorn. On examination it is found that he has taken out the plumule—the part that sprouts (or germinates) to make the young oak. This he does so the acorn will not grow. Further investigation of Mr. Bunny's treasures shows that he always burles the acorn with the hole downward. If the hole was up, then it would fill with water when it rained and the acorn would rot. Wise bunny!

Another of Fritz's nets was the Florida Jay (Aphelocoma floridana).

These he had when he lived one hundred miles south of his present home. They would come from the trees and scrub when called, light on his hand to eat bread and crackers, and if a piece of cracker was too hard, Mr. Jay would sometimes get up on Fritz's head and peck the cracker to pieces, holding it in his claws. Fritz was only two or three years old then and the jays would sometimes rob him of the bread and butter given him to eat, and then he would have a cry over his "lost treasure."

Once Fritz enjoyed the quiet companion-ship of two alligators. They were very droll pets for they never did much that

once Fritz enjoyed the quiet companionship of two alligators. They were very droll pets for they never did much that was interesting, except to refuse for weeks and weeks to eat anything. Sometimes they would grunt like a tiny pig or hiss like a goose and appeared to like attention from their master.

If the editor admits this to a place in his excellent paper may be Fritz will have something more to say in THE AMERICAN BOY some day.



OUT FOR AN AIRING. Photo by Julian H. Gist, 2214 Normal Street, Codar Falls, Iowa.

What We Owe the Cow.

milk to the value of nearly one thousand dollars. During the same period she has brought into the world ten calves, worth, at six months old, two hundred and seventy brought into the world ten calves, worth, at six months old, two hundred and seventy five dollars. A twelve hundred pound animal will give the butcher dressed beef worth seventy five dollars. Her hide tanned and made into shoes will bring nearly two hundred dollars. The hair will sell for something, that on the tail being the most valuable, it being used with horse-hair for stuffing sofa and chair cushions, and for wigs. From the short hair felt is made, used in making blankets, roofing felt, coverings for boilers and for steam pipes. The value of her hair, we will say, is one dollar and fifty cents. From the interior of the horns a pith is taken, which goes to the glue pot. The hard portions are used by comb manufacturers and button makers. A pair of horns will make four combs. We will count the horns at twenty five cents. Mouthpieces for pipes are made from the tips of horns. Count these at one dollar and twenty cents. The large bones of the animal are made into knife handles and toothbrushes, the smaller into buttons and a score of other small wares. The waste is used as a fertilizer or to make animal charcoal or ivory black and bone naphtha. The hoofs are used to make glue, gelatine and isinglass. The tailow and grease will make soap and crude glycerine. The sinews are made into catgut. From the parings and cuttings of the hide is made a product from which prussic acid is obtained, while from the marrow of the larger bones, a pomade is procured.

Someone has figured up that the grand total which we own the decided and total which we own the court is given but the

procured.

Someone has figured up that the grand total which we owe the cow is sixteen hundred dollars.



BENNETT O. CLARK

Tricksey and His Tricks.

Bennett C. Clark.

Bowling Green, Mo.: When I was a very little boy I saved up my money until I had

five dollars, with which I bought a calf. Now I own a Shetland pony worth about one hundred and fifty dol-lars, a Jersey cow and calf, and have be-tween twenty five and

thirty dollars in money.

D. W. Fisher, of Franklin, Mass., owns two-year-old cat that does almost everything short of talking. For nearly! the whole of the two years his owner has been training him. It was not long before Tricksey could rear himself on his hind legs and go through all the paces of a regular track pedestrian. Then he learned how to waltz, and does it quite gracefully. He has learned the manly art of self-defense, and his poses would not discredit a pugilist. His latest achieve-ment is riding a bicycle. Mr. Fisher would not part with him for a hundred dollar bill.

The trouble with most young men is that they do not learn anything thoroughly, and are apt to do the work committed to them in a careless manner. Forgetting that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, they become mere drones, and rely on chance to bring them success.



how the nome for wait dogs came to be founded.

Now the door bell is apt to ring at any moment, and standing out upon the sidewalk you may see some freckle-faced urchin with a decrepit canine under his arms. "And if you please, ma'am, is this the lady that takes care of the dogs? Cause if you is, here's one." This is how many of the waifs "ave been brought to the Kennedy home, which is a large and hospitable one. With each doggie's advent into the home, there is a long tale of woe, of sticks, tin cans, bones, and beatings galore. The fame of the home for the waif dogs has spread, and at times there are as many as forty to fifty dogs enjoying princely hospitality such as they never dreamed of in their dog lives.

In the ten years, which is about the number during which the average cow is of food, and then a box of straw for midavailable for dairy purposes, she produces day naps. Each has his bed, each his sep-

The name of the street is Music street.

If any in the open door comes a medicy of the open and the street is music street.

If any in the open door comes a medicy of the open and the open door comes a medicy of the open d

said a visitor recently. Said the chatelaine of the household. "and it doesn't work. There is too much red tape to begin with. and far less thanks. Besides, there are any number of homes for children, and I be-lieve there is no other refuge for dogs." "There's the pound," said the other

Ugh, it is enough to make one shudder,

Ogn. It is enough to make one shudder, this pound.

As Mrs. Kennedy says, no one with any feeling whatsoever would resist looking after a child that needed care, but only one in a hundred would give a second thought to a waif of a dog.

SEE OUR "REPRESENTATIVES WANTED" ADVERTISED ON ANOTHER PAGE.

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The Boy Provo.



ALL READY? LOOK PLEASANT! Photo by Earle A. Bannister, Thompsonville, Mich.

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, also a second prize each month, of one dollar, for the next best photograph, 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 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 AMERICAN BOY offers twelve dress of the contestant.

Answers to Correspondents.

Charles A. Otis—Address the Stanley Dry Plate Co., Newton, Mass.

Hal Martin—Tell your local dealer in photographic materials to write to a wholesale house for the article.

Peter Y. Smith—Hold your camera perfectly horizontal, and then your buildings will not look as if they were falling over.

Harold Earl—Solio paper will stand the toning bath spoken of in another article in this number of THE AMERICAN BOY.

Charles Heritage, Will tell you all about

Charley Heritage—Will tell you all about Pyrocatechin as soon as the editor can get some to experiment with. Until then THE AMERICAN BOY prefers not to advise



MARION S. TISDALE, SLATTON, MINN.,
Age 10, on his Indian Pony, "Bob," in a Fourth of July
street parade.

With a Comment or Two.

Herbert Post, Long Island, N. Y., sends "A Day on the Beach." Some city folks have come down for a day's outing, and he has taken advantage of the occasion to get a picture of them and their traps. It is nicely printed. "After the Storm," by Charles P. Tuttle, New Haven, Conn., shows an old elm tree partly blown down over a stream, its dead branches being thrown into a confused tangle. The reflection of the bank in the water is very effective.

tillowin that a confider tanger. The reflective.

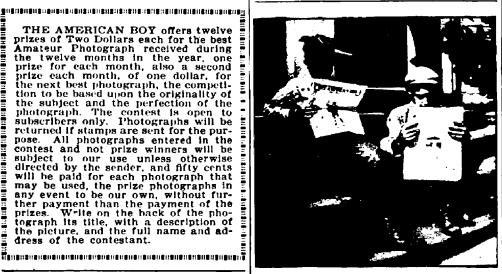
"The Noonday Meal," by Charles H. Otis, Ann Arbor, Mich., shows a tent, in front of which are three boys "chawing" their "rations." It could have been improved if printed a triffe darker. "David and Jonathan," by Edvan S. Hitch, Waycross, Ga., is a remarkably good piece of photography. It shows two white horses in the foreground, lovingly caressing each others' necks. There is an appropriate background of trees, and the clouds in the sky show finely. The toning is also just the right color—a purplish black. The other picture by the same person, "The Man With the Hoe," is good, but does not equal "David and Jonathan."

"Camping," by Benjamin Martin Washburn, Bethel, Vermont, is a group of merry boys and girls in the woods. There would have been more detail, probably, if the developer had not been quite so strong: but these wood pictures are usually hard to develop up evenly and acceptably. Doubtless every one of the group will want one of the prints. Herman Lick's "Beauty"—a boy holding a fine large cat—is very clearly taken. Herman lives in Denver. Col.

"A Mississippi Steamboat," by Ernest

Col.

"A Mississippi Steamboat," by Ernest Nichols, Rock Island, Ill., showe one of these great boats loaded with an excursion party. It is evidently a very fine negative, but the toning has been carried a



"READING THE AMERICAN BOY." Photo by Harry D. Best, Jr., 220 Alabama Street, Mem-phis, Tenn.

little too far, giving it a green tone in one place. Perhaps it was toned in a combined bath. If so, Ernest will have better results by doing this in two instead of one operation. "A Feathered Monarch," by Harold J. Woodman, Chicago, Ill., shows a great swan in the water. It is nicely focused and well timed, but if half of the foreground is cut off an improvement is immediately seen. Don't be afraid to use the knife freely in trimming. "Up the Stump," by Rollin L, Hopkins, Kalamazoo, Mich., Is as sharp as can be, and shows the grain of the wood finely of an old stump, in the middle of which is a great round hole, through which a friend has thrust his head. The picture shows what queer things nature will sometimes do in the way of getting around or over natural difficulties. The tone of this print is excellent.

AMERICAN BOY prefers not to advise about it.

Wm. Williams—Dark spots on your pictures may be caused by light apots on your negatives; uneven development. Be sure that the developer flows evenly over the plate the very first thing.

Grant Lippincott—The paper you mentimes blisters are caused by sudden changes in temperature; for instance, taking the print from a cold hypo bath and puting it in water many degrees warmer. A good way to prevent blistering is to put a hardener in the fixing bath, say an ounce or two of hardener to twenty ounces of fixing bath.

Mich., is as snarp as can be, and snow the grain of the wood finely of an old stump, in the middle of which is a great fround hole, through which a friend has thrust his head. The picture shows what queer things nature will sometimes do in the way of getting around or over natural difficulties. The tone of this print is excellent.

Some of the pictures above mentioned would be entitled to prizes almost any other month. But when there are so many good prints sent in, it is not possible to give all prizes. There has been a great improvement in the pictures forwarded to this office during the past year, and THE AMERICAN BOY is of the opinion that some of this improvement, at least, is due to the advice given and followed in this department. However, there is still too much glossy paper used for really artistic pictures; and in the landscapes there are not enough clouds. But the art of manipulating the dull finish paper and catching and properly developing the negatives for clouds will come in due time.

Prevent Curling Mounts.

We have received the following practical suggestion which we will give our readers the benefit of. "I have found the following remedy for mounted prints which have a tendency to curl out of shape and which has proved very satisfactory: Place the mounted print between the folds of a newspaper having two or three thicknesses. Then place on a hot stovepipe, having the back of the mount nearest the pipe and rub the hand gently over the paper which covers the face of the print. The mount will curl backward and can be made to curl the desired shape. This treatment in no way damages the print and the mounts will retain their shape. This treatment is intended for matt surface prints or where the amateur does not have a burnisher."—Photo Era.

Photographic Notes.

It is a mistake to think that rain water is pure water. The amateur photographer had better rely on distilled water when he

had better rely on distilled water when he mixes his chemicals.

Dissolve your old celluloid films in acetone and use the syrup to varnish your bottle labels. This will prevent them getting wet and falling off.

It takes a practiced eye to make several prints from the same negative and have them all of one tone. But the knack will come with experience.

If you want to bore a hole in a piece of

them all of one tone. But the knack will come with experience.

If you want to bore a hole in a piece of glass, use a steel tooth and keep it wet with camphor dissolved in turpentine. Flat glass can be easily sawed any desired shape with a watch-spring saw, with the aid of this solution.

The ray screen is of most value with isochromatic plates. This makes a combination that gives the color values of the objects photographed, and is especially valuable in getting flowers.

A good authority says that a solution of permanganate of potassium slightly acidified with sulphuric acid is one of the best of negative reducers. The brownish stain left in the negative can be removed by a solution of oxalic acid.

The very best way to dry a negative is to put it on your rack and leave it alone until perfectly dry. Efforts to hasten the work is apt to result in defects. An electric fan is least llable to do injury, as it stimulates nature in "raising the wind;" but even then it is llable to throw dust on the wet film, and this is hard to remove. the wet film, and this is hard to remove.

Opportunities for Young Men.

The old men in photography are rapidly passing away. The future of the art is in the hands of live, energetic young men. With them we are content to leave it. They are convinced of its worth and are determined to carry it to a point far, far above its past. More power to their physical and artistic ability.—Abraham Bogardus.

New Magazine Camera.

A twin lens camera is in the market with practically an inexhaustible number of plates. The plates are in a closed drawer which is attached to the camera, and when all are used the drawer can be removed and another attached. Thus the operator can change his drawer of plates in daylight, and he can have as many plates with him as he is able to carry drawers.

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Arabs and Photography.

Some Arabs are in deadly fear of the photographic lens. In the village of Marguerite a number of Arabs had revolutionized against the Europeans there, but without success. They were captured and taken to Blidale, where they were ordered to be photographed. They objected, and it required the help of soldlers to make them stand up against a stone wall. When they saw the photographer approaching with his camera they thought their last hour had come and threw themselves down before the officials, begging for mercy. However, they kept still and suffered to be photographed when they learned that no bloodshed was intended.

Pyrocatechin Developer.

A correspondent writes for the best formula for making the Pyrocatechin developer. It is as follows: SOLUTION A.

| Cryst. sodium sulphite | 5 grs | |
|------------------------|--------|--|
| SOLUTION B. | 47 are | |

Costly Cameras for Royalty.

An English firm has made two special cameras for the Sultan of Morocco, costing respectively ten thousand five hundred dollars and four thousand five hundred dollars. In the former which is a quarter plate, all the metal work—even the screws, is of gold. The total weight is 150 ounces. The other camera, which is half plate, has its metal parts of silver. The lenses and leather and wood parts are costly. All the most recent inventions are embodied in the two cameras.



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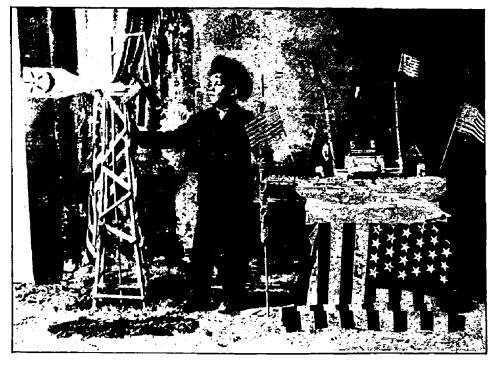


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An Artist With a Jackknife.

Walter Burgess, Hardman, Ore., nine years old, knows how to use a pocket-knife. In this picture are shown a windmil, a pump and tower, and a battleship which he has whittled out of wood. He is said to have made a threshing machine that will thresh three or four heads of wheat and clean them as perfectly as any threshing machine every invented, and an engine with perfect action. He must be a patriotic little fellow, for see the American flags!

INDIAN BOYS

and THEIR BAND

W. FRANK MCCLURE.

The accompanying picture illustrates a

The accompanying picture illustrates a type of genuine American boys. Their ancestors were the first inhabitants of America of which we have any definite information. They were the wild Indians who have formed the subject matter for so many thrilling stories as well as true history. The boys shown in the photograph were themselves not very long ago contented to live in wigwams and to run about with dirty faces with no thought higher than sometting to eat. What they are today, the United States government has made of them.

Inese boys live in Nevada and attend the government Indian school at Carson City. They are learning trades, and studying books. They have formed a band which is noted far and wide throughout their state for its excellence. But for their reddish faces and high cheek bones they might easily be mistaken for the American boys who now predominate in this great and grand republic. When one stops to think of the noises which represent the music of the Indians of America, this harmonious band of Nevada takes on a greater degree of interest. Its members have no use for the old kettle drum of their forefathers. Their musical instruments comprise a real bass drum, a snare drum, flutes, cornets and trombones. They play by note and when they go from home always have with them their music stands. They wear braided uniforms and nobby band caps.

always have with them their music stands. They wear braided uniforms and nobby band caps.

All this progress, which the Indian boys of our frontier are making, reflects great credit upon the work of the United States government on the reservations and in the training schools. This work was started under Gen. Grant's administration and has grown in importance rapidly. The fact that this year a larger appropriation than ever before was made for the betterment of the remainder of the race of American Indians, shows the satisfaction that Indian pupils are giving. It will be remembered that President McKinley on his recent trip to California was greeted in a

Arizona by Indian boys and girls, anxious to be recognized by the official head of a government which has done so much for their good. To the delight of President McKinley they rendered pleasing music. In a number of the Indian schools the pupils are editing and printing little school papers. They work in nicely equipped little offices and are said to quickly learn type setting. The presswork, too, is neatly done. At Carson City the paper is called the Indian Advance. In it is a kindergarten department and half page descriptive of social events. The boy who thinks that these little Indians enjoy nothing but hunting and fishing in the way of recreation is mistaken. From a copy of the paper I clip the following, which appeared under the head. "A social affair": "About thirty couples of young people enjoyed a pleasant party given Tuesday evening by some of the pupils of the school. The young ladies in their airy summer dresses and the gentlemen in more sombre gray with a sprinkling of Carlisle blue, made a most attractive picture, while the bright faces and happy voices gave good assurance of the perfect enjoyment which all claimed to have had. The disappearance of a loaded ice cream freezer and a large cake was the only thing which marred the success of the evening. Upon the late return of the freezer refreshments were served, after which a fine cake was walked for and won by Mr. William Brown and Miss Annie Allen. At a late hour the guests dispersed with many good-nights and good-byes. With reference to the band music at Carson City school, it may be said that the successful band conducted by the larger boys has created a desire on the part of the smaller ones to start a band of their own, and word from the institution is to the effect that the boys of ten and twelve years of age are to organize band No. 2 soon.

WANTED-Two hundred boys who know the multiplication table, can read and write correctly, quick at figures and willing to work. Boys who do not drink, smoke, chew or



CARSON INDIAN SCHOOL BAND. Composed of Pintes, Washoes and Shoshones.

...and Printer... ****************

Fifth Annual Convention of the United Amateur Press Association.

JAMES M. REILLY, JR.

The fifth annual convention of the United Amateur Press Association was held in the Nicoliet Hotel, Minneapolis, on July 10 and 11, President Floyd R. Switzer, of Utica, N. Y., occupying the chair. The reports of officers were read and placed on file.

The winners in the laureateship contests were announced as follows:
Poet—W. R. Murphy; honorable mention,
J. O. Baldwin.

B. Murphy: honorable men-

Poet—W. R. Murphy; honorable mention, J. O. Baldwin.

Story—W. R. Murphy; honorable mention, A. R. Stanton.

Editorial—J. C. Bresnahan; honorable mention, W. R. Murphy.

After the transaction of routine business the convention then adjourned for the day. In the evening a reception was given in honor of the delegates, by the St. Paul Amateur Press Club.

The principal business of the second day was the election of officers, which resulted as follows: President, Guy N. Phillips, Sloux City, Ia; Vice-President, Anderson G. Ulmer, Savannah, Ga.; Secretary, Morris J. Cohen, 221 North Aldrich avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.; Treasurer. A. M. Keefer, Mongo, Ind.; Official Editor, A. Edw. Cull, Jersey City, N. J.; Historian, James H. Smith, Bay City, Mich.; Laureate Recorder, Harry A. Thatcher, Sloux City, Ia.; Eastern Manuscript Manager, John W. Boud, Philadelphia, Pa.; Western Manuscript Manager, Erwin B. Ault, Equality, Wash.; Directors, Floyd R. Switzer, Utica, N. Y., Louis J. Cohen, Minneapolis, Minn. Charles A. Wendemuth, St. Louis, Mo.; 1912 Convention City, Philadelphia, Pa.

The banquet was held Tuesday evening, July 9. The menu was excellent and the



PRESIDENT-ELECT GUY N. PHILLIPS. SIOUX CITY, IA.

toasts were as follows: "The U. A. P. A."
F. R. Switzer; "The Fighting Editor." C. D. Raymer; "Jersey City and Its Amateurs," A. E. Cull; "The Fraternity." G. C. Cowing; "Recruiting." L. J. Cohen; "Reminiscences of the Jersey City Convention," G. N. Phillips; "Our Official Organ." J. A. Clerkin; "Amateur Journalism." C. A. Wendemuth; "Peace and Goodwill Throughout Amateurdom," M. J. Cohen; "Reminiscences of the New York Convention," J. M. Rellly, Jr.
The only person elected to honorary membership in the Association was Griffith Ogden Ellis, assistant editor of THE AMERICAN ROY.

Among those present who have not al-

AMERICAN MOT.

Among those present who have not already been mentioned were John Butterfield, Ernest Hippschen, Ray E. Chulker.
Samuel Cohen, Fred Wirth, W. Harold Gurnee, Halbot B. Cole, H. C. Mailin, Frank J. Kearns and Eugene Johnson.

Fine Printing With Poor Facilities.

Fine Printing With Poor Facilities.

The most handsomely printed amateur publication that comes to our desk is The Dilettante, published by Samuel Steinberg, of Alameda, Calif. It is a fine example of what skill and determination can accomplish, even with poor facilities. The inland Printer, the leading authority on printing in this country, says of it: "It is perfectly registered, color and impression even, composition and make-up of pages correct. In fact, there is nothing about the little magazine of which any printer, be he amateur or professional, need be ashamed." An examination of The Dilettante would lead anyone to believe that Mr. Steinberg had a large and expensive printing outfit. The facts are just the reverse of this. We are informed that the entire magazine is printed one page at a time on a five by seven inch hand-press. His plant consists of this press and twenty five pounds of tenipoint Casion type, five pounds italics and a few leads and rules, with a pane of glass for an imposing stone. He has no rack,

The Amateur Journalist has commanded the favorable comment has commanded the favorable comment of amateur and professional printers alike, thus showing what a man can do by making the best of the means at his disposal. Of course the average amateur printer cannot hope to bring out so handsome a paper at the beginning, it takes practice, but by careful study and careful attention to each piece of work that he turns out, any amateur who has the instincts of a printer in him can bring out a handsome publication; and it costs but little if any more to do this than to bring out a smudgy sheet, carelessly printed, such as some that come to our desk.

Which Best—Flattery or Criticism?

Which Best—Flattery or Criticism?

Harvey M. Whipple, of Detroit, Mich., Editor of "The Heronia Amateur," writes THE AMERICAN BOY as follows:
"I am very desirous of obtaining your opinion—as the head of the best paper for boys—on a subject of considerable interest to amateur journalists,—that of permitting young writers to form a wrong idea of literary work and the chances of success, by giving them too many professional puffs, publishing too much that they write and rewarding them with prizes, etc. Granting that it does encourage them, do they not fall to realize the tough times that mark almost every career? Will they not be disappointed later when their efforts are not made so much of? Is so much publicity good for them? For my own part I believe that were a department of criticism conducted side by side with the amateur writings that are published, the young writer would not only be encouraged, but would have pointed out for him ways in which he might improve, and the light of publicity would be just as bright, but not so dangerous, for one standing in it."

There is no question but that amateur writers would get much assistance from a well considered criticism of their produc-

but not so dangerous, for one standing in it."

There is no question but that amateur writers would get much assistance from a well considered criticism of their productions, but who is to be the critic? The post of a voluntary critic is not a desirable one. There are few persons who take criticism in a kindly way. The man who poses as a fault-finder is sure to become disliked, and he gets his labor for his pains. Were we all honestly desirous of criticism, the post of a true critic would be a happy one, for to the true devotee of any art there is real pleasure in helping others along. Then, too, there are so few critics who are reasonable and really just. One who starts out criticising usually ends up by scolding and ceases to be a valuable critic. There is a great deal more pleasure in life to be derived from encouraging than from discouraging. The man who lives in an atmosphere of criticism cannot be happy, and as THE AMERICAN BOY wants to be happy it prefers to let others do the criticise the critic, and this would add to his troubles.

However, we have often wondered why the Amateur Press Associations did not employ censors or official critics, whose business it should be, in the official organs of the Associations, to criticise the current publications of the Associations. Great care should be taken, of course, in the choice of an official critic, who should himself be thoroughly capaide and should be entirely independent. Such men can be found, and for a small remuneration their services can be had.

Blackie says: "The first lesson that a young man has to learn is not to find fault, but to perceive beauties."

Roy B. Graves, a young amateur journalist of Ellisburg, N. Y., is forming a club of amateur journalists, or boys who desire to be amateur journalists. He desires to get twenty five members, the membership fee being one dollar. The money thus received is to be used in buying a printing press, which will be owned by the club. The literary matter in the paper is to be furnished by the members of the club, and all money received from subscriptions and advertising, after paying expenses of publication, will be divided among the members. Boys of lifteen or over who have fair literary ability are eligible to membership. eligible to membership,

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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.

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 any one who is interested in any form of natural science is invited.

Established in 1875. Incorporated in 1862.

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.

is it Suction or "Sticktion?"

In the June number of THE AMERICAN BOY I offered a badge of membership in the "A. A." to every reader who would send an answer to the question: "How does a tree frog climb a pane of glass?" We have already published a report of answers received. Since that report, however, so many more replies have been received that we must briefly notice them. Only a word or two from each reply can be given. Badges have been duly forwarded to each of the young friends, who have sent the following answers:

1. "Air cells on the bottom of its feet."

- 1. "Air cells on the bottom of its feet."
 -H. B. Turner, Walhonding, O.
- 2. "Toes are large suckers."—Clyde Stewart, Augusta, Me.
- 3. "Round disks on toes."—Julian H. Gist, Cedar Falls, Iowa
- 4. "Disks like those on arms of cuttle-fish."—John E. Armitage, Milwaukee, Wis.
 5. "Sucker-like pads."—Harry Schmidt, Shamokin, Pa.
- 6. "Disks with power of suction."-Joseph E. Goodacre, Daleville, Pa.
- 7. "Sticky secretion on disk-like toes."
 -Frank Heard, Roxbury, Mass.
- 8. "Suction pads covered by glutinous secretion."—Clifton Corbett, Edwardsville.
- 9. "Cup-shaped cavity under toes, from which by pressure of foot air is expelled forming a vacuum. Small bottles can be made to stick to the tongue on the same principle. The tree frogs here are mottled exactly like the trees upon which they live."—Norman F. Arnts, Elizabethville,
- 10. "Disks containing a sticky substance."—Forrest II. Thompson, Gaithersburg, Md.
- 11. "Disks on toes force out the air."-E. E. Dodson, Georgetown, O.
- 12. "Disks form a vacuum."—John R. Northcutt, Marietta, Ga.

- 13. "Disks make air suction."—Paul C. Ravlin, La Porte City, Iowa.

 14. "Suction of air."—Howard G. Mc-Elheney, Black Creek, N. Y.

 15. "Suckers."—Elmer Broberg, New London, Minn.
- 16. "Atmospheric pressure."—Earle W. Walter, Monallen, Pa.
- 17. "Suction, as may be illustrated by wetting the disk from the top of a pop-bottle, and pressing it against window pane."—LeRoy D. Koehn, Chicago, ill.

 18. "Suckers on its feet."—F. D. Schemmer, Rock Valley, Iowa.
- 19. "Ends of digits furnished with cushions, which secrete a viscid fluid."—Ralph P. Haas, Nebraska, O.

- P. Haas, Nebraska, O.

 20. "Pressure of the air."—Ray Zimmerman, Boulder, Colorado.

 21. "Suction; it lifts its foot, as you would a postage stamp, from one edge."—Grover Cook, Comanche, Texas.

 22. "I have caught them like those described by Carl Vernon, and also others green and beautifully striped, green and yellow. I put them in glass jars and fed them on live flies, but to my surprise they would be black one morning and the next silvery gray, and in another day or two beautiful green again. They like very much to live on grape leaves. Air pressure holds them to the glass, same as it does a fly."—Edward Stein, Westphalia, Ind.
- "Knobs on its feet like small cups; by suction."—Howard Richardson. held irving Park, III.
- 24. "With these disks he sucks to the tree."—Bennie de Weerdt, Aplington, Iowa.
- 25. "Suction of small suckers on its toes."-Wallace Sutherland, Embro, Ont. "Disks act as suckers."-G. F. Dutt.

- 28. "The hyla lives along streams and in damp places, and tills the early spring evenings with strange music. They cling by little pads on their toes. They change their color often, sometimes being entirely brown, at other times bright green, and again a mixture of the two."—Lesley F. Blackburn, Fishertown, Pa.

There are many interesting things about these answers; the large number of dif-ferent states represented, the fact that the ferent states represented, the fact that the answers are all from boys; the division of opinion between those advocating adhesion by air pressure, and those believing in a sticky secretion; and the fact that several persons compared the feet of the hyla to the feet of the fly. Will any one suggest an experiment which may decide between the two theories advancd? Can the feet of the hyla be cleansed of all sticky substance? Can it then walk up the glass? Or, on the other hand, can the

animal live long enough in an air pressure so reduced as to be negligible, to demonstrate its ability to cling to the glass without atmospheric support? If it is held only by a gummy secretion, could not a dead tree frog be stuck to the inner surface of an exhausted receiver by its feet? The same questions are pertinent in the case of flies. Will some expert zoologist settle this for us?

The Earliest Flowers.

So far we have received replies from twenty one States and also from Ontario in answer to the question in the June number of THE AMERICAN BOY. "Which is the earliest flower?"

OHIO.—Johnny-jump-up or wild pansy; about March 25.—Arthur Engler, Fremont. Crocus and snowdrop; about 1st of March.—Gustle McMillen, Deersville. Easter flower or hyacinth; no date.—W. H. Crocks, Kenton.
Crocus; about March 25.—Herbert M. Gallagher, Springfield.
Snowdrop; February 20.—Ottis Mathias, Peebles.
Hepatica; no date.—Albert Klinefelter, Greenville.

Greenville. velvets:

SOUTH DAKOTA.-Prairie velve April 15.-Herbert Herrick, White Lake.

Frank Grosjean, Shreveport.
Crocus; last part of March.—Jay Ludlow,
La Porte City.

COLORADO.—Buttercup; no date.—H. R. Elliott, Cripple Creek.

!OWA.-Crocus; April 10.-Miss Imogene Miller, Algona.

TEXAS.—Blue violet; January 8.—Victor K. Brown, Rock Island.
Coltsfoot; no date.—Basden Maddox.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Snowdrop; March 16.—Chester A. Hoffman, Lititz. Teaberry blossom; no date.—J. Albert Blackburn, Fishertown.

Dandelion; no date.-John A. Fawcett. Canonsburg. Johnny-jump-up; April 5.—Elmer H., Wilds, Arnold.

MARYLAND.—Trailing arbutus: no date.
—John P. Mudd, Cheltenham; Dallas H.,
Hearne, Salisbury.

ILLINOIS.—Spring beauty; March William Alder, West Maywood; Rah Angle, Cedarville.

NEBRASKA.—Violet; April 14.—Gustav Fucho, Stanton. Buffalo pea; April 18.—Clarence Brown.

VIRGINIA.—Trailing arbutus; March 14.—Willie C. Davis, Jr., West Point.
WISCONSIN.—Wild crocus or frost flower; March 25.—Roy Wood, Boscobel.
Easter flowers; April 17.—Dolphis Babello Genes bollo, Genoa.

KANSAS.-March Hly; March 14.-Newell Robb, Neal.

NEW_JERSEY_-Skunk cabbage; March 23.-J. Parsons Greenleaf, Sparta.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.-Skunk cabbage; February 16.-Harold Cheever, Greenfield MICHIGAN.-Hepatica; April 15.-Cary

CALIFORNIA.-Poppy; February 1.-Fred Clayton, Lang.
Poppy; January.—Harlan McIntire, Vi-

MASSACHUSETTS.-Snowdrop; March 20.—Frank Heard, Roxbury.

Hepatica.—March 31.—Frank E. Parks, Stoneham.

OREGON.—Spring beauty; no date.—Al-in Finlay, Salem. Trillium; March 10.—J. M. Mason, Sell-

NIIWYORK.—Dandelion: April 14.— Warren Loomis, Tuscarora. Myrtle; April 1.—Herbert Post. Long Island.

Hepatica; no date.—William H. Eck-hardt, Eden. Snowdrop; no date.—Frank Aime, Perry.

Wood Violet: May 1.-George A. Moore ONTARIO.—Dandelion; April 14 or 15.— Harold Nicklin, Newton; E. C. A. Craw-ford, Moorefield; Daniel Y. Nicklin, Moore-field.



HEPATICA.

will keep their eyes open next spring and then send in reports we will be very grate-ful to them. Some of the letters about flowers are so interesting that we print a few of them:

ful to them. Some of the letters about flowers are so interesting that we print a few of them:

"I think the earliest flower in our neighborhood is the crocus, or "Little gosling." It is called "Little gosling" because it has fuzzy petals which look and feel like the down on a gosling. It has five purple petals. It blooms in the latter part of March or the first of April. Another one of its names is "Easter flower."—Jay Ludlow, La Porte City. La.

Herbert Post, Westbury Station, Long Island, N. Y., says that if you hold the leaf of the common myrtle to the light it appears as if filled with pinholes, and he would like to know why it is so. [To ali sending the correct answer a badge of the A. A. will be sent free of charge—Ed.]

Harold Cheever, Greenfield, N. H., wants to know what makes the skunk cabbage turn black when the ground begins to thaw. [A badge of the A. A. will be sent to all sending a correct answer.—Ed.]

Willie Davis. West Point, Va., says the trailing arbutus grows on the north side of the hill. Does he mean on a certain hill in West Point or on all hills there? We have found it growing on the south, east and west sides of hills in Pittsfield, Mass.—Ed.

In Tuscarora, in the west central part of

and west sides of hills in Pittsfield, Mass.—Ed.

In Tuscarora, in the west central part of New York state, the first flower that we notice is the dandelion, which is quite familiar all over the state and other states besides. It blossoms in the month of April and tnen continues all through the summer, but not so thick as at first.

The dandelion is of a very rich color, a handsome gowen yellow. As the flower grows old it turns into a very fine fuzzlike substance, on the ends of which are the little brown seed, and as the wind blows the little fuzz over the country, so does it sow the seed as nature intended.

The dandelion plant is used quite extensively among the farmers for "greens," as it is the first thing in the spring that they can get, and it makes a very nice dish indeed when it is properly cooked.—Warren Loomis, Tuscarora, N. Y.

Our first flower, the poppy, is seen about the list of February. On the hills around here about that time you can see large patches of poppies, sometimes a whole acre. On Washington's birthday we got a lot of poppies and decorated our schoolhouse. Their colors are either yellow or white. Most of them are yellow. When about a half a mile from a large patch of them, they look very beautifui.—Fred Clayton, Lang, California.

The snowdrop is the earliest flower of our neighborhood, and will even show her

The flower which first makes its appearance in our vicinity blossoms about April 16. The plant first appears and grows about three inches, when a straight stem runs up from the center about the same height. Upon the top of this appears the blossom, which is about as large as a twenty five cent piece. It is light purple in color. This blossom stays in bloom about a week, closing up every night. A short time after the blossom fades, the stem starts to grow again. After reaching the height of seven or eight inches, the seeds begin to grow in a round cluster on top. There are about 40 seeds in each cluster. We call them

"prairie velvets," but do not know whether it is the proper name or not.—Her rick, White Lake, South Dakota.

In northwestern New Jersey, the first flower that I found was the skunk cabbage (symplocarpus foetidus), March 23. The second flower was the liverwort (hepatica triloba), April 17. Last year I lived in New York, and I found 187 different flowers. So far this year I have found 34 flowers that I aid not find last year.—J. Parsons Greenleaf, Sparta, Sussex County, New Jersey.

We wish to congratulate Mr. Greenleaf.

We wish to congratulate Mr. Greenleaf on finding and identifying so many different flowers and urge him to keep up his botany.

The Locust.

The locust was found in the grass along the side of the road. It has greenish wings and black body. It has one pair of wings. Each leg has three joints. Large eyes. It has several enemies. It makes a peculiar



sound by crossing its wings at a great rate. In the fall of the year it sheds its skin which it leaves in the exact shape of its body.—Herbert Post, Long Island, N. Y.

The Spring Beetle.

I will tell you of an ug'v looking bug I came across during one of my summer "tramps" in the woods. It was about one and three-fourths inches long. On its under side was a kind of pincher which under side was a kind of pincher which seemed to form a part of the joint of its neck. When bits of wood were placed in this, they were instantly snapped off. When provoked, it emitted a hissing sound. The black spots on its head are only darker coloring. The eyes are near the antennae.—Geo. Thomas, Trent, Muskegon County. Mich.



Buprestis.

this is.



would like to know what kind of bug is is. When looked at through the microscope it is the color of gold. It is very quick, and can fly very fast. It has black specks on it, and has a white bronze color when looked at with the naked eye.—Joseph if. Sheasley, Sodom, Ohio.

This beetle is one of the buprestis or metallic wood-borers. Its specific name is dicerca divaricata. The larva bores in peach, cherry, beech and maple.

maple.

We are very glad to extend a cordial welcome to a new chapter, Chapter 73, C. W. Bassett, M. D., Sharon, Conn., Presi-

We most heartily invite all our readers to join the Agassiz Association. Address all communications to H. H. Ballard, President A. A., Pittsfield, Mass.

A Jar of Violets.

here about that time you can see large patches of popples, sometimes a whole acre. On Washington's birthday we got a lot of popples and decorated our school-house. Their colors are either yellow or white. Most of them are yellow. When about a half a mile from a large patch of them, they look very beautiful.—Fred Clayton, Lang, California.

The snowdrop is the earliest flower of our neighborhood, and will even show her head above the snow, as if to prove her rivalry in whiteness.

The snowdrop who in habit white and plain, "Comes on, the heraid of fair Flora's train."

They are beautiful, dwarflike flowers, pushing up through the snow in the spring; a habit where arose this name.

"Lone flower, hemmed in with snow, and white as they."—Frank Grosjean, 1025 Hicks street, Shreeport, La.

The flower which first makes its appearance in our vicinity blossoms about April 16. The plant first appears and grows about three inches, when a straight stem runs up from the center about the same height. Upon the top of this appears the blossom, which is about as large as a twenty five cent plece. It is light purple in color. This blossom stays in bloom about a week, clossbores and straight as week, clossbores and stoppers. A Jar of Violets.

Following is a composition by a little boy written in the schoolorom, the subject and all being suggested by a jar of violets and all being suggested by a jar of violets of the essay is a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY.

On my teacher's desk is a jar of violets. The wilder in the school of the essay is a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY.

On my teacher's desk is a jar of violets. The violets house is the leaf, which you see in the jar. They have dances and ifful melodies on their having a fire violets house is the leaf, which you see in the jar. They have dances and surficult melodies on their horns made out of hyacinth bells, and others plaved on violities, plane and the provided the provi

ALBERT CLOPTON MATTHEWS.

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SEPTEMBER IN AMERICAN HISTORY

SEPTEMBER 1, 1885: FIRST ELECTRIC RAILWAY LINE IN AMERICA OPENED. The line ran from Baltimore to Hampden, Md., a distance of only two miles. The valuation of the \$50 electric railways in America at the close of the year 1899 was estimated at \$1,700,000,000.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1864: ATLANTA CAPTURED BY GENERAL SHERMAN. It was at Atlanta that Sherman began his celebrated march through Georgia to the sea, which resulted so successfully. Savannah was taken by the Federals on the 22d of December following.

SEPTEMBER 3. 1783: DEFINITIVE TREATY OF PEACE BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES SIGNED. David Hartley was Great Britain's representative, and Dr. Franklin. John Adams and John Jay represented the United States. United States.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1774: FIRST CONTINENTAL CONGRESS MET AT PHILADELPHIA. The total number of delegates was fifty four. Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, was president of the Congress, and the secretary was Charles Thomson, of Pennsylvania. It adjourned on October 26, 1774. It was during one of the discussions of this Congress that Patrick Henry declared, "British oppression has effaced the boundaries of the several colonies; the distinction between Virginians, Pennsylvanians and New Englanders is no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American."

SEPTEMBER 4. 1886: CHIEF GERON-IMO SURRENDERED TO GENERAL MILES. The place of the surrender of this notorious Apache chief was Skeleton Can-yon, Arizona.

SEPTEMBER 7, 1892: JOHN GREEN-LEAF WHITTIER DIED. American poet and editor, was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, December 17, 1807, of Quaker parentage. Farming and shoemaking were his principal occupations until he reached manhood, diversified occasionally by penning verses which were printed in the Haverhill Gazette. In 1823 he began his editorial career with the American Manufacturer. At the age of 24 he published his "Legends of New England." From 1823 until 1863 he was ever with voice and pen in the forefront battling for the freedom of the slaves, and in this work he was secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, editor of the Pennsylvanian Freeman and corresponding editor of the National Era. He wrote a centennial hymn which was sung by a choir of one thousand voices at the opening of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia on May 10, 1876. The American public has always regarded Whittler with great affection on account of the spirit of true brotherhood, democracy and patriotism which breathed through all his writings.

SEPTEMBER 8. 1869: WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN DIED. A graduate of Bowdoin College. Was admitted to practice law in 1827, and was elected a member of the Maine Legislature, where he served two terms. In 1841 he was elected to Congress. In 1854 he was United States Senator and retained his seat in that body, except from July. 1864, to March, 1865, when he was Secretary of the Treasury, until his death. Mr. Fessenden was one of the founders of the Republican party, and during the Civil War gave valuable assistance to the country as chairman of the Senate finance committee.

try as chairman of the mittee.

**SEPTEMBER 8, 1900: GALVESTON, TEXAS, ALMOST DESTROYED BY WEST INDIAN HURRICANE. Scarcely a building was left standing in the city. Over 5,000 lives were lost, and property valued at \$40,000,000 was swept out of existence.

**SEPTEMBER 24, 1869: "BLACK FRIDAY" IN AMERICA. So-called because of the reckiess speculation in gold which culminated in a financial panic. Gold was quoted at 162%.

**GEPTEMBER 25 AND 27, 1862: SUSPENDED AND CORPUS AND CORPU

SEPTEMBER 9, 1850: CALIFORNIA ADMITTED TO STATEHOOD. In consequence of a clause inserted in the State constitution excluding slavery or the slavelabor system into the country, the petition of California for admission to statehood experienced bitter opposition from the Southern states. Finally the "Omnibus Bill," embodying a series of compromise measures, was passed and cleared the way for the admission to statehood of California, territorial government for New Mexico and the Fugitive Slave bill.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1813: PERRY DEFEATED THE BRITISH ON LAKE ERIE. The American loss was twenty seven men kined and ninety six wounded, while the casualties of the British were about two hundred killed and six hundred made prisoners. See facsimile of Perry's dispatch announcing this great victory in the August number of THE AMERICAN BOY.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1857: MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE. The scene of this horrible butchery in which the whole of thirty families were almost completely destroyed by Indians and their Mormon allies was near Cedar City, Utah.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1888: CH CLUSION ACT APPROVED. CHINESE EX-

SEPTEMBER 13, 1814: BRITISH ATTACK ON FORT M'HENRY. Aithough exposed to a tremendous shower of shells for several hours from the British vessels, the brave garrison under Major George Armistead were not only able to defend themselves, but inflict considerable damage upon the invaders. This successful defense saved Baltimore. It was during this attack that Francis Scott Key, detained on board the British ship Minden, wrote "The Star Spangled Banner."

"The Star Spangled Banner."

SEPTEMBER 14, 1851: JAMES FENI-MORE COOPER DIED. Possibly the most famillar to American boys of American writers. Was born at Burlington, N. J., September 15, 1789. Although he studied for some time at Yale he did not graduate. His first choice of a profession was the navy, in which he spent six years, at the end of which time he married and settled down to literature. His volumes of fiction number thirty two, which includes the well-known "Leather-Stocking Tales." His other works comprise a "History of the United States Navy" (2 volumes), "Lives of American Naval Officers." "Battle of Lake Erie." "Gleanings in Europe" and "Sketches of Switzerland."

SEPTEMBER 17, 1787: NATIONA CONSTITUTION ADOPTED IN CONVENTION OF STATES. The convention assembled in Philadelphia on May 14. George Washington was chosen president and William Jackson secretary. Debates went on until September 10, when all plans and amendments were referred to a committee for revision. The members of the committee were James Madison, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Johnson, Rufus King and Gouverneur Morris.

SEPTEMBER 15 AND 20 1863; BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA. The Federals during this battle lost 16.226 men, of whom 1.687 were killed, while the Confederate loss was reported at 20.500, of whom 2.673 were killed. While the Confederates claimed the victory, their triumph was not decisive. The commander of the Federal forces was General Rosecrans, while the Confederates were commanded by General Bragg.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1881: GENERAL ARTHUR TOOK THE OATH OF OFFICE AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1779; PAUL, JONES' VICTORY OVER THE BRITISH. While cruising along the coast of Scotland to intercept the Baltic fleet of merchant vessels, Captain Jones fell in with British cruisers. A desperate fight ensued between his vessel, the Bonhomme Richard and the English man-of-war Serapis, commanded by Captain Pearson. The engagement lasted three hours resulting in the Englishman hauling down his colors to the American The Bonhomme Richard was so much shattered by shot and shell that she immediately on being disentangled from the Serapis sank to the bottom of the North Sea.

SEPTEMBER 25 AND 27, 1-62; SUSPENSION OF WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS On account of the disloyalty and disaffection exhibited toward the government, President Lincoln declared that the privilege of Section 9. Article 1 of the National Constitution, should be suspended. The second clause of that section is: "The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended unless, when, in case of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it."

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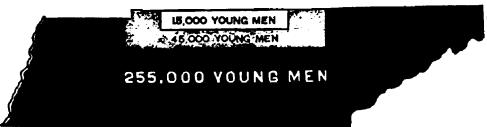
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> WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, EDITOR.

GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, ABSISTANT EDITOR.



My new nephews (and nieces, too,) have done finely in unraveling the August Tangles. If you are not able to solve all, send solutions to such as you have mastered. I want more of you to try and make puzzles, too, and send to me. If they are not printed the first time you try, don't be discouraged.

don't be discouraged.

"The Boys' Book of Explorations," by Tuder Jenks, will be given as a prize for the most carefully written set of answers to the September Tangles received by September 15. New puzzles will be received at any time.

The most neatly written complete list of answers to the August Tangles was received from Wallace R. Baylies, 94 Bedford street, New Bedford, Mass. Others who sent in correct answers and new Tangles are:

gles are:
Levant Hackley, Harry Broadbent, W. Raymond Evans, Carl Adams, Charles Goldfind, John Hug, Herbert Post, Chas. L. Halbert, Harry Glass, Roy Griffin, Harold Case, Karl Casey, Harold Alden, Chas. R. Jennings, Donald A. Kahn, E. G. Peterson, R. A. Kisby, Nathan L. Smith, Walter Frank Howe, W. A. Stewart, J. Whitall King, Jesse Blair, Arthur Graves, Seth T. Farley, F. P. G., John Hamilton, Michael Hojem, Harold B. Pratt, Alex. Pitman, H. Kirkwood, S. Luther Gilbert, Howard H. Martin, R. Verden Bashore, Henry Bushong, H. N. Kresge, Edward J. Dinsmore, Arthur Bergantz, Harold E. Riegger, Charles G. Valentine, Dewitt Gilles, Charles S. Holmes, J. L. Pagand, Frank R. Wright, H. Hoyt Gilbert, Clifton Bowman. Bowman.

Address all communications for this department, UNCLE TANGLER, Care AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich.

Answers to August Tangles.

1. Jude 2, "Mercy unto you, and peace, and love, be multiplied." 2. (1) Flsh. (2) Name, (3) Chill. (4) Love, 3. Breakfast, 1. (1) Roscoe Conkling, (2) Daniel Webster, (3) Horace Gree ey. (4) Alexander Hamilton, (5) James G. Blaine, (6) Abraham Lincoln, 5. The state of Ohio. Capital, Columbus, Bounded: Michigan and Lake Erie: Pennsylvania and West Virginia; West Virginia and Kentucky; Indiana. 6. (1) Ralph Waldo Emerson. (2) Oliver Wendell Holmes, (3) Louise M. Alcott, (4) Rudyard Kipling, (5) Charles Dickens, (6) James Whitcomb Riley. (7) Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. (8) Dwight L. Moody. (9) Ella Wheeler Wilcox, (10) John G. Saxe. 7. In. Clursel, A(men). CAIN. 8. An umbrella. 9. (1) Dolly Varden. (2) Oliver Twist. (3) Toots. (1) Hendstone, (5) Estella. (6) Barkis. (7) Orlick. (8) Yarmouth. (9) Squeers, (10) Hugh. (11) Agnes. (12) Littimer. (12) Lizzie. DOTHEBOYS HALL. 10. (1) A friend in need is a friend indeed. (2) Well begun is half done. (3) Where there's a will there's a way. (4) All that glitters is not gold. 11. Two boxes of strawberries. One bottle of olives. Three quarts of beans. Four cucumbers. One crate of blackberries. Seven dozen bananas. One pound of lamb chops. Ten sweetbreads. Three pounds of boiled ham. Half pound of sausage. One

13. SCRIPTURAL ARITHMETIC.

The sum of the answers to the following Bible questions is 2,000. Give correct fig-

ures for each:
To what age did Adam live?
What was Noah's age at the time of the

oou: To what age did Joseph live? How old was Abraham when Isaac was orn?

To what age did Moses live?
To what age did Ishmael live?
In what year "Before Christ" was Christ—Queen Zero.

14. TANGLED SYLLABLES.

POR-HOR-PID-RID-CUS-FLO-TAL-STU-RAL-HAL-ROR-TER-TOR.

From these thirteen three-letter syllables form fifteen six-letter words defined as fol-

form internations of the sense of the sense

15. ENIGMA.

My name is composed of letters twelve.

And you've all heard of me. 'ho went to sleep when George was king, And awoke in the reign of the free.

And awoke in the reign of the field.

My 1, 8, 6, 10, is where we all skate;
My 3, 5, 7, 9, is important in chess;
My 11, 2, 4, 12, we will do till we die:
And my whole I am sure you can guess.

—The Oracle.

16. WORD BUILDING.

Each word is formed by adding one letter to the preceding word, the order being changed when necessary:

The twelfth consonant; a river in Italy; a child's toy; a writer of verse; an inebriate; a carrier of heavy packages; a soldier; one who operates.

—Champ.

17. RHYMING BLANKS

Fill the blanks with words that rhyme, no word being used more than once: Fill the blanks with words that rhyme no word being used more than once:

Johnny Jones and his sister —,

And their little brother, —,

Tried to eat an oyster —;

'Twas pretty hot, so Johnny —

To make it cooler, that is —,

Johnny's face soon changed its —,

And inally became quite —;

Then to his help his sister —,

And on his back struck a blow or —,

I'ntil poor Johnny felt like —

And raised a row as brothers —,

And said that she her blows should —,

Hecause she hit too hard, he —,

The more he talked the madder he —,

And they could not his rage —;

He jumped around like a —,

And at his sister sticks he —,

And once he struck the chimney —,

And once he bit her on the —,

But when his rage had got quite —,

And remorse did his mind —.

He went and hid himself from —,

And in the church, in the family —,

Shed tears galore, more than a —,

Now, little boys, this tale's for —;

Give everyone what is their —,

But be a man and not a —,

Optin).

Ontin). 18. ILLUSTRATED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



Each word is composed of the same number of letters. The initials and finals together, read downwards, spell the name of a book found in every home.

—Midshipmite.

19. CHARADE.

23. ELIMINATED VOWELS. Supply the missing vowels and obtain a quotation from Wordsworth:

Nmplsfrmthyrniwd Mtchymrfmn, Fmrlvindfgd,

Thullthsgsen -B. A. T.

Find 50 modern geographical names of places, rivers, mountains, grand divisions, bays, lakes, states, countries, etc., that begin and end with A—like America. See how many over 50 you can discover and send to —Uncle Tangler.

24. ALPHABETICAL GEOGRAPHY.

Our September Offer.

We will start fifty boys in business on October 1 next by giving to each of them twenty five copies of THE AMERICAN BOY, which they may sell, provided they sell them at ten cents each. They may give away such copies as they cannot sell, and must not sell at a less price than that named. The money they receive from these copies will be their own. They need not account to us for it, or any part of it. Each of the fifty boys must agree to report to us on November 1 what he did with the We will start fifty boys in business on to us on November 1 what he did with the papers, telling us how much money he made out of them.

We shall select the fifty boys from among the boys who, during the month of September, send us a dollar to pay for their own subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY for a year, or a dollar to renew their own subscriptions, or a dollar for the subscrip-tion of some one else.

In sending the one dollar, the boy should write us as follows: If you select me as one of the fifty who are each to receive twenty five copies of THE AMERICAN
BOY from you on October 1, I agree to tell
you on November 1 what I did with the
papers, the understanding being that I am not to pay you anything for them, nor am I to sell them at less than ten cents each, and that I may give away such copies as I cannot sell. Address,

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Suggestions.

BOYS the best season in the year for hunting is the next two

own a good Rifle? None has ever proven as popular as our Favorite. It is an accurate rifle and fully guaranteed for Construction and *Durability*. Weighs 41₂ lbs. and shoots 22, 25 and 32 Rim Fire Cartridges.

No.17 Plain Open Sights, \$6.00 No.18 Target Sights, - 8.50 We have several other styles at lower

We have upon request decided to extend time on our Rifle Contest to October 31. Send

10 cents in stamps for conditions and Targets. Most dealers carry our goods, but if they cannot supply you we will ship prepaid

Bend for our Catalogue, full of information.

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CHICOPEE FALLS. .

months. Do you

MASS.

To show our readers how impossible it is for us to even begin to meet the ideas of all of our readers as to what the paper should contain, we name some things which in the last few weeks have been suggested to us as good features for the pages of THE AMERICAN BOY. Prizes for best essay and best story: a photographic criticism bureau; a prize for the successful solution of each puzzle; instruction as to gardening; a column on electricity; a department for boy musicians; an elocution department; an historical department, allowing boys to ask and answer questions on American history; a department for telegraphy; a more extended treatment of the subject of printing; a column of suggestions and instruction as to machinery; a column devoted to ornithology.

These suggestions have all reached us

thology.

These suggestions have all reached us within the last few days. They will average in number one a day.

Boys and the Russian Czar.

The Czar of Russia in approving the recommendations of the commission on the reorganization of instruction in the high schools, wrote on the margin of the report: "I hope earnest consideration will also be given to strengthening the religious and moral education of our youth."

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MONTHLY Vol. 2. No. 12

Detroit, Michigan, October, 1901

PRICE. \$100 A YEAR 10 Cents a Copy.

DON'T BE A BOTCH

J. W. BURGESS.

Be an artist.

Don't be a botch.

Not of necessity an artist with brush or pencil, but an artist with whatever instrument your calling necessitates the use of, whether a shoemaker's awl, or a locomotive; a graver's tool, or a long-handled shovel.

How can a man be an artist with a shovel? Listen:

We have in mind a man who can remove more earth, and with less friction, less wear and tear on his constitution and by-laws, and less disturbance in the neighborhood, than can any other man in town.

Many men have more muscle, and carry a greater avoirdupois and make more demonstration while at work than he, but when night comes he has done his full share of work, and in fact set the pace for the whole crew.

The secret is that he is an artist with the pick and shovel.

There are some jobs of excavation where it is impossible to throw the dirt over the right shoulder, so the only thing to do is to throw it over the left. A man who can shovel only one way, can't work on that job with any ease, or comfort, or to good advantage. An experienced foreman will spot such a man at once because he looks just as much out of place as does one pin wrong end up in a row of straight ones. If the foreman is that sort of man, and many of them are, the shoveler is told that if he can't shovel as the others do, he must quit the job. That shoveler realizes the fact, as never before, that he is no artist with the shovel, and until he finishes learning the trade, he cannot hold a job alongside of men who are.

If he is made of the right material he will go to a sand-pile, and practice until he can shovel either right-handed or left-handed, or up, or down, or sidewise, and when he can do that he can hold a job with any of them, because he is an artist.

Why is it that one bricklayer can look at a gap in the tier he is laying, pick up a brick, hit a few clips with the trowel, and then slap in the mortar, and lay in the piece of brick, knowing that it will fit, though he has not tried it? Because he is an artist, and has cultivated an artistic eye, which enables him to lay brick at four dollars a day, while other handsomer, bigger and stronger men are laying stone wall at twenty shillings a day. One man draws a white-hot rod of iron from the gleaming forge, lays it across the anvil, and with a few well directed blows warps that iron into the shape he wants it, before it has turned black, while another man, six feet away, draws from his forge a like rod of iron, and after pelting away at it until it is cold, beats it again and again before it is tortured into anything like the shape he has in mind. The former blacksmith is an artist—the latter one, a botch.

We have seen men who had worked for years on a shoe bench, go under instruction to one of those artists of the waxed-end, simply to acquire the knack of turning off the work in an easier and more expeditious manner-become artists, in fact.

October skies are dult and gray, Betok'ning winter weather. But what care we? With bag and stick We search the woods together.

Hurrah, Hurrah! Here's hick'ry trees All loaded down with treasure. Off with our shoes. Hip, up we go And shake and pick at leisure.

When winter's wind and snow and storm Assail our homes and beat them, We, seated by the glowing coals, Will crack these nuts and eat them.

-FRANC M. NICHOLS.

One young carpenter will take a jack-plane. and a pile of pine boards, and will bury himself up in shavings while his fellow workman is trying to sharpen and set the knife in his plane. The artist measures, marks, and saws off a board, and then in all confidence places it in its niche and nails it fast, knowing that it will fit, while his underdone neighbor measures two or three times, and saws as many more, and then has to take another board, because he is not the trained artist that his fellow is.

We once worked on the morning tour on an oil well, as tool dresser. Our driller was an artist. The driller on the afternoon tour was not. If everything held together, he could put more rope in the hole during a twelve-hour run than any man we ever saw. But if anything gave out he was done; my partner had to repair the break, fish out the tools, and set things in order again; and because of his ability to do these things the contractor depended on him, and paid him extra for his work.

Are you a young farmer? Learn to plow your furrows straight as a chalk mark, keep the thistles out of your fence corners, and plant shade trees by the roadside. Study up-to-date agricultural literature, and make your head save your muscle. It takes an artist to do that.

It makes no difference whether it is a boy driving a cow, a mechanic driving a nail, or an engineer driving a locomotive or a steamboat. He can do his driving as an artist or as a botch.

The great occasions that come to a man at times through life are worth to him exactly what his past life, effort and training enable him to make of them.

One man coolly holds the throttle and does the very and only thing that can save the train and passengers, while another, in precisely the same pinch, puts on the brakes and jumps, leaving the train to go to smash, and the passengers to their fate. The one has schooled himself to stand severe strains without wavering, and is an artist; the other has simply worked for pay day, and is a botch.

Where did Ben Hur get that wonderful strength of arm that enabled him to guide and control the flery steeds of the desert in the chariot race, and win the victory over his rival? He acquired it by rowing in the galleys as a slave, where he had been placed through the connivance of that same rival whose laurels he afterwards won, and whose back he broke in the chariot race. He might have pined away, grown weak and discouraged, and been thrown overboard, but he chose to make his forced labor a means of development, and thus did he become an artist and was richly rewarded in que time.

No matter what your calling in life; be it low or high, be it in the exercise of one taient or ten; see to it that you make the best use of your time and talent in the development of the capital on hand. Strive to do whatever you have to do in the very best manner possible, and thus become an artist in that line.

All painters, all sculptors are not masters, because only the favored few have the requisite ten talents. But they are all artists, and deserve commendation in proportion as they have striven to develop the best that is in them.

The world wants artists, not botches. Strive

Working My Way Around the World

HARRY STRELE MORRISON

PART I.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC ON AN ARMY TRANSPORT.

When most people start on a trip around the world they go with their pockets filled with money and the expectations of spending several thousand dollars before they complete the circle. I would possibly have been glad to start on my trip in this way if I could have done so, but not having several thousand dollars for spending purposes, I made up my mind to work my way from place to place, and to spend no money save that I was able to earn upon the way. I have made two trips to Europe and each time returned with more money than I had on leaving New York. I may not complete the circle of the globe with a pocket full of money, but I hope to carry back to New York at least as much as I had upon my departure from there on the tenth of July. A fellow can always earn money in some honest way if he is willing and persevering, and I expect to work my way through the Philippines and Japan and China as easily as I did through the countries of Europe.

In looking about for a ship upon which I could work my way East from New York I came upon the U.S. Army Transport "McClellan," which was to carry troops and supplies to the army in Manila. As soon as I heard of her itinerary I saw that it would be delightfully interesting to travel with her as far as she would take me on my trip, and I immediately enquired if there was any position I could fill on board. The officers told me that I might be gunner and earn fifty five dollars a month, but I was obliged to confess that I had never handled a cannon in my life, and though they might never have occasion to discharge the one on the transport, I wouldn't like to have the responsibility in case the occasion should arise. They then told me that the only other vacancy was in the list of seamen, and I said at once that I was willing to accept the place, however hard the work. "You'll have to live with the seamen," said Mr. Roberts, the chief officer, as he looked me over. "Oh, I won't mind that," said I, for I had made up my mind that I would have to stand a good deal of hardship in working my way from New York around the world, and I thought I might as well have the unpleasantness in the beginning as later on.

It so happened, however, that I didn't have to go as a seaman after all, for on the morning of sailing one of the masters-at-arms gave up his place, and I was successful in getting appointed to his position. The vessel left her dock promptly on time, and I sailed out past Sandy Hook and into the broad Atlantic without having the least idea of what my duties as master-at-arms were like. I knew that there were three of us on board and that our wages would be thirty five dollars a month, but that was all. But I wasn't to wait long for enlightenment. As soon as we were out at sea the chief officer sent for me and I had my duties explained. "You are the ship's policehe said, "during the time you are on watch. Each of you will be on duty eight hours a day, and for the present you will serve from twelve at night till four in the morning, and from twelve to four in the afternoon. You are responsible for the ship's property, and you must see that no misdemeanors are committed by the crew or the passengers. The soldiers must not be allowed to smoke between decks, and you must watch that the lights are burning when you are on watch at night.

I was furnished with a blue uniform and a cap on board, and I felt quite important during my first four hours on duty. That is, I felt important until I began to be seasick, and then I felt as if I didn't care if the soldiers smoked and burned up the ship. I had been careful about my food for a week before sailing and had hoped that I would escape the miseries of "mal de mer;" but as soon as I saw the waves, which began to roll about evening, I knew that my case was hopeless. The sailors said there was a "dead swell," and before the night was over I was convinced that "dead swells" are as much to be avoided at sea as on dry land. The waves, instead of breaking into foam, came along and lifted the good old ship right up into the air. Then,

Editor's Note: Harry Steele Morrison, the writer of "Working My Way Around the World," is not an inexperienced boy traveler. This is his third voyage across the Atlantic into foreign lands. His first voyage, which was a very remarkable one considering that he was an inexperienced boy without money, was described in the early numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY. In his first travels he succeeded in interviewing some of the crowned heads of Europe and won the title of "The Boy Traveler." Young Morrison has written a book describing the experiences of his first trip abroad, which has been published both in England and America. His second trip was that which he made last summer to the Paris Exposition, and readers of this paper have read letters from him describing some of his experiences. His present voyage is perhaps the most ambitious one that he has attempted, although he is now an experienced traveler. Readers of THE AMERICAN BOY will follow with interest the experiment he is making of traveling around the globe unaided by a full purse. periment ne is makin aided by a full purse.

she rose and settled, the passengers were in danger had gone to bed sick, and as I patroled the deck until four in the morning I had the place to myself. I suppose I was as well off in the open air as I would have night I could ever remember in my life.

But one can see fun in some things, even when overcome by seasickness. Every hour at night it was my



THE ROCK OF GIBRALTER

duty to report to the officer on the bridge, "All's well below, sir," and on that first night out I couldn't help seeing the irony of the remark. I felt like telling the officer that all wasn't "well below" with me, by any means.

After we had been at sea two or three days I began to learn my duties, and I soon found that there are times when a master-at-arms is a very busy man. We were overtaken one night by a most terrifying storm. The wind blew a perfect gale and the ship was soon being swept with waves from stem to stern. Most of the passengers were huddled in the saloon, and were afraid to go to bed for fear the ship might go down while they were asleep. The storm made an awful racket, with the wind and rain and the waves beating against the portholes, and I didn't wonder that people were frightened. Indeed, I was very much frightened myself, though I wouldn't have admitted as much to one of the sailors for the world. I went up and down the decks as best I could, because of the danger of being knocked down by a sudden rush i of water, and it kept me busy watching that the water ran off the deck as fast as it came on board. In spite of all watchfulness, however, the water accumulated in one of the scuppers, and the first thing anyone knew it was pouring through one of the doors and down the passageway toward the saloon. The fright among the ladies gathered there can be better imagined than described. They thought the sea was surely coming in to drown them all, and their actions would have been funny if there hadn't been so much band has been a delight to everyone on board, soldiers

with an easy, swinging motion, they allowed her to to do. The water must be got out at once, and no settle again into the trough of the sea, and every time more must be allowed to come in, else the staterooms would be covered with salt water and the furnishings of losing their suppers. By midnight most of them ruined. The crew understood that there was no real danger, and when the call "all hands on deck" came from the bridge, they were prompt in answering, and soon a brigade of bare legged sailors was scooping been in bed, but that was certainly the most miserable the water out by the bucketful. I was sent here, there and everywhere, and decided before morning that the sea policeman has his troubles as well as the "copper" on land. When I was finally allowed to go to bed I slept soundly in spite of the rolling and pitching, and I wished devoutly that there would be no more storms until we reached Gibraltar and had a chance to recuperate ourselves a little on dry land.

As master-at-arms I have had to take my meals in what is called the petty officers' mess-room, and during the first few days I thought that it was a "mess"-room, sure enough. Some of the sailors and some of the men from the engine room are ranked as petty officers, and they sometimes come to meals wearing only their trousers and undershirt, the latter all wet with perspiration. They seldom stop to wash, so their appearance was not at first conducive to a good appetite; but after recovering from my spell of seasickness I was able to eat amid any surroundings, for I became suddenly possessed of an appetite which refused to be satisfied. And the sailors are good fellows at heart, if they do eat with their knives and appear at table in negligee costume. Some of them have been exceedingly kind to me, and all of them seem to realize that a green master-at-arms has his trials and tribulations, and they conduct themselves accordingly. There are always some black sheep, however, in every flock, and some of the tough ones in the forecastle planned to have some "fun" with the green 'un. But when it came to the point of "initiation" they found that my friends in the crowd were too numerous, and since then I have lived in peace and quiet. Most of their joking is quite harmless, and the mess-room is a lively place at meal times. Old "Chips," the carpenter, is the butt of most of their fun, and as he can't speak English so as to be understood, his tormentors have it all their own way. He has his friends, however, and they allow the jokes to go just so far. It is fine to see the way one man will stick up for another, and I am coming to think that sailor friends are a good kind of friends to have.

Down forward on the lower deck are quartered the recruits who are going to join the soldiers in the Philippines. Most of them seem to be boys who have never been away from home before, but they are not homesick by any means. They are inspired with the patriotism which comes to one who serves his country's flag, and they are willing to put up with some hardships for the sake of the glory which they know is their due as American soldiers. Some of them come from colleges, and from homes where they have been used to every comfort, yet they eat their tough meat and beans and hardtack and drink their weak coffee uncomplainingly. They are going to fight for Uncle Sam, and each hopes to return home a hero.

Though their food and sleeping quarters on board are not all that might be desired, the soldier boys are enjoying the voyage as much as any of the more comfortable passengers. They pass their time in harmless games and in reading and talking, and they never seem at a loss for something to do. Some of them keep busy by doing work for the others. One fellow is busy all day long shaving his comrades at ten cents each, and another makes quite a little money by doing washing for those who get tired of wearing dirty clothes. Several of them are detailed to assist in the preparation of stores, and still others keep busy by helping the commissary with his store.

They have a band of music with them, and this







A STREET SCENE IN GIBRALTER.

and sailors and passengers. Every morning at eight o'clock the soldiers line up on deck and the band plays 'Hail Columbia" as the stars and stripes are raiseu over the ship. In the evening, when the flag is low-ered at sunset, they play the "Star Spangled Banner," and these two simple ceremonies are very impressive and vary the monotony of the days at sea.

After we had been steaming across the Atlantic for twelve days we came in sight of the great rock of Gibraltar, that fortress which was warred over for hundreds of years and which England has so fortified that it is invincible to every power on earth. I had looked forward with great anticipation to the morning when I would see this famous Gate of the Mediterranean, and I am glad that I wasn't disappointed. The great rock loomed up majestically on our port, and, scattered about its base was the picturesque town of Gibraltar, with its three or four great hotels and its dozons of ships anchored off shore. Over it all floated the flag of old England, a challenge to the nations of Europe, for Gibraltar is the only foothold on the continent which the British have been able to take and hold for any length of time. It is the key to the Mediterranean, and together with the fortress at Malta have caused that great sea to be called "the English lake" by the French, who can never become reconciled to their position of being hemmed in on their southern shore by British forts and warships.

Some of our sailors were given shore leave and for a few hours I reveled in the truly Oriental atmosphere of the little town. It is one of the busiest places imaginable, for it is the coaling station for ships going to and from the Far East. The harbor, such as it is, is filled with great steamers at anchor, and little boats hurrying back and forth between them and the shore. The streets of the town are crowded with foreigners of every nationality, and Gibraltar is doubtless one of the most cosmopolitan ports in all the world. One can buy most any sort of merchandise. and converse in almost any modern language. All | last summer in England and he was always very this variety of life and people serve to make the town a fascinating place in which to spend a few hours or a few days, and our shore leave was over all too soon, and we were obliged to return to the ship.



A GIBRALTER OMNIBUS.

I didn't return, however, until I had called upon going around the world he was very enthusiastic. "I General Sir George White, the fine English soldier who last year was made world-famous as the defender of Ladysmith, and who is now on duty as Governor of Gibraltar. I had seen him several times kind. Of course, he was surprised to see me turn up so unexpectedly. "You American boys certainly beat the world for traveling," he said, and when I explained to him the conditions under which I was

wish you every success," he said, "and I hope to see you appear again in some unexpected place."

When everyone was again on board the "McClellan" we set sail for Malta, Port Said and Cairo, and though I had enjoyed the voyage and our visit to Gibraltar, I knew that the most interesting part of my journey was yet to come, and I determined to do my duty so that I could have shore leave at every port.

(To be continued.)

& HOT COFFEE &

LUCY SEMMES ORRICE

Hot Coffee had been guarding a paper box ever since he entered the theatre, and when enthusiasm ran high, and the whistling in the peanut gallery mingled wildly with applause from below, he jerked the package from under his arm and opened it hastily.

"Here, Wiggles," to one of the dirty faced news-boys around him, "take dese flowers to Miss Haydn wit' Hot Coffee's comperments. Chase yerself," the boy looked up in astonishment.



IN THE PEANUT GALLERY.

Wiggles gasped: "My, dat's a warm bokay," and set off on his errand, while Hot Coffee met the derisive chorus of the gang with his usual independence.

"Aw, come off," he scolded: "don't yer know how ter treat er leddy, we of de gre't Ledger;" this with his fingers in his armholes and his chest swelled out. progress became slower and slower. When Hot Coffee spoke like that they knew he meant it; that the very pride of his life was to be a credit himself; but there was Miss Haydn's letter, and he livered later on. When the benefit was over the box to the Ledger; besides, any one of the crowd who could not give up; without a word he determined to office held all the money Hot Coffee needed. The

but none of the boys found out how much bravery it in school at his lessons, his half washed face flushed took to send those flowers, nor how anxiously Hot and worried. One morning when he awoke every-Coffee awaited the result of his venture,

Miss Haydn was on the stage again, and even glanced at the gallery, so Hot Coffee thought, before

Wiggles returned.
"She's gre't," said the messenger. "T'ought de bokay was b'utiful an' sen's her 't'anks an', an' I heered her ast de play reporter who was Hot Coffee; en he tole her you got de name by drinkin' so much o' de stuff. He giv' you a sen' off f'um away back; said you was head o' de gang, wo' de belt for boxin'," with a grin, "en always paid yer debts."

Hot Coffee interrupted the eager speaker to watch

his favorite on the stage.

When he came for his papers the next morning, and to relate a vivid incident which happened under this sharp eyes, the dramatic reporter gave him an important looking letter which had been sent in care dirt, for he knew at once who wrote it.
"Some girl on your string?" laughed the man as

the boy held the letter uneasily but with a great show

of indifference.

"S'pose you read it to me an' fine out?" proposed the carrier, trying to cover his embarrassment with a flare of good natured impudence.
"All right: here goes. Well!" exclaimed the man,

"it's from Miss Haydn; she's thanking you for some flowers, and says when you can write her a letter she can read, she'll give you twenty dollars! Now, I call that a first class offer.'

"You bet," agreed Hot Coffee, moving from one foot to the other. He was thinking rather blankly there was a lot of work in it, but the prize was worth the

"B'lieve I'll do it," he said slowly.
"Well! I reckon," agreed the reporter; "nobody ever offered me twenty dollars to learn; father used a switch on me if I didn't." Hot Coffee chuckled and hurried down to the gang to show his fine letter with its blue and gold monogram, and that very night he voted to selling papers.

his studies were well under way.

"Me en Miss Ketchum, de teacher. 's gettin' erlong all right," he said, "but de light's bad on my eyes," and being conscious that the last sentence sounded like shirking, he immediately changed the subject.

'What's de latest 'bout Miss Haydn? "She's making a hit in her new play and expects to wind up her engagement with a barrel full of

evasively, as he left in some haste. But from that disposed of many a ticket. He had also written Miss very evening, to Hot Coffee's bitter sorrow, his Haydn all about the little carrier's misfortune and his progress became slower and slower. The letters unwillingness to let her know. The answer brought blurred before his eyes and he grew impatient with twenty dollars for tickets and a lot of news to be de-

thing was dark and strange as if the sun were eclipsed; then Hot Coffee went to his friend, the "play reporter."

'Why, where have you been?" asked the man cheerily. The boy did not answer, but stood at the door twisting his cap in a most unusual manner. The man looked up again, "Why, what's up?" he questioned.
"Der's—der's—somepin' de matter wid my eyes,"

blurted out Hot Coffee, choking down the sob in his throat. "I can't see to make de letters no more."

"Oh, I hope it isn't as bad as that. Maybe you've gotten something in your eyes," said the reporter with quick and kindly sympathy. I'll take you round to the Eye and Ear Hospital right away and find out what's the matter."

"You have waited too long," said the doctor, lifting his shoulders and brows at the reporter in an of the Ledger. Hot Coffee changed color under his ominous way. "Now, even with a long and expensive dirt, for he knew at once who wrote it." treatment, I cannot promise success." As the distressed man and boy started down the hall the doctor drew the former back. "He will be stone blind in a week." nodding toward the boy, "but with careful treatment there might be a chance for him.

Hot Coffee did not hear it, but he felt the danger. His brave little soul gave way. Where was he to get money to keep things going for his mother and invalid sister, much less for treatment at a hospital? That night the boy watered his pillow with big tears -bitter, because they must be hidden from the family, of which he was the head, and from the gang, of which he was the leader. While lying there aching from his tears and troubles a thought came to his active brain—a benefit. "De very t'ing," he murmured. The more he thought of it the more interested he became. A boxing contest would surely take; local athletes and some specialists he knew, would help him out. He selected his hall and fell asleep, in the satisfaction that the mighty Ledger would certainly stand by its favorite newsboy.

"You had better let me write Miss Haydn about began his school life with as much energy as he de- it," said the dramatic reporter, as Hot Coffee, anxious

and eager, discussed the plans for his entertainment.
"Naw, he said doggedly, "if I can't write de letter I ain't goin' to ast for nuttin', but if de benefit turns out all right an'—an'," steadying his voice, "I gets my sight back, I'll write dat letter yet."

A kind hand tumbled his hair and a kind voice kept

up his spirits.
"Brave boy," said the man approvingly, "we'll puff you in the Ledger and get the public interested." and together they went on down to the elevator.

The night of Hot Coffee's benefit people poured into money. Have you written that letter yet?"

The night of Hot Coffee's benefit people poured into the hall. The dramatic editor, true to his word, had could report items important enough to be written fight his ailment to the end. Every evening found Ledger took charge of the family and the boy went up was worth listening to. So the gang was settled, him out with the Ledger, and every night found him to the hospital. One bright morning Hot Coffee walked into the "Boys, wouldn't you like to have me read a chapoffice of his paper with his eyes still bandaged and his ter in the Bible?"

face white. Wiggles served as a walking cane.
"Why, hello, boy! I certainly am glad to see you out," said the "play reporter," who had been watching the case all along.

"So'm I," returned Hot Coffee with all his old spirit; "'twon't be long 'fo' I get dis bandage off, den I'm goin' ter make things hum. Doc' says I can't start on dat letter yet, but I ain't forgot Miss Haydn, an' I wants you to tell her I'm mighty near



"Got his name from drinkin' so much o' de stuff."

"That's all right, I've been keeping her posted. She wrote that if you got well and wanted to be a newspaper man she'd give you every help she could.'

Hot Coffee stood quite still for a moment—"a newspaper man," he was thinking tremulously, "de greatest t'ing in de world," but he only said in a husky voice, "Youse two been mighty good to me an' I won't forget. I'll be a newspaper man," he finished briefly, and the bargain was made.

In a small way Hot Coffee has begun. The office men say he is a born manager and some day he'll own

the Ledger.

ITTLE PIETY

CHARLES E. WELLS

It was during the siege of Vicksburg that he joined our regiment. He was the smallest addition in the shape of a recruit that volunteered to help Grant capture the old town. At roll call he responded to the name of Walter Mason. When first assigned to our regiment, the Sixth Ohio, he attracted attention on account of his diminutive size and boyish face. It was a frank, honest face, and when he looked at you it was with a fearless eye.

was known by until a rebel bullet gave him the right to receive a new name. He was assigned to a bunk in a tent with a lot of reckless, hardy regulars, men who had lost all the finer sensibilities they might have once possessed, by constant contact with grim war, and who seemed to have forgotten the very existence of a Supreme Being. The evenings in camp were spent in cards, ribald jokes, stories and songs, until the order to "turn in" was sounded.

Young Mason took no part in the story telling or nging, but taking a small book from his pocket began to read by the dim light of the camp fire. After reading a short time he put the book away very carefully, went over to his bunk, and was soon kneeling over it in the attitude of prayer.

'Say, young feller, w'at y' doin' there?" called out

blunt Ned Brunt.

Brunt's question called the attention of the other soldiers to young Mason, and again Brunt yelled

'Say, there, come off; we don't want no piety here. Better go home to yer mother an' stick to yer Sun-We don't want no prayin' soldiers; we want fightin' ones.'

At this outburst the tent mates laughed and we all began to gibe the boy. He finally arose from his knees and coming over to where the crowd was sitting, asked:

The boy's manner had a wonderful effect on the rest of us at first, and no one replied. Finally Brunt said:

"Give us yer chapter."

And then, for the first time in over two years, we listened to words from the Holy Book, while around our camp fire. Some of the boys gave heed to the reading; others lounged in inattentive indifference.

When he finished, Brunt said:
"That's all right, 'Little Piety,' but don't bother us agin with yer Bible readin'."

This admonition had no effect on "Little Piety," for the next night he again brought out the little book, and said:

'Boys, shall I read another chapter?"

The jesting and gibing stopped. Two of the boys looked up from a game of cards and one of mem

"Oh, yes, go on, if it does ye any good."

After reading the nineteenth chapter of Matthew, he closed the book, and, without a word, dropped to his knees and began a prayer. A hush fell upon the crowd, even the two card players pausing in their game, until the boy finished his supplication, after which he said: "Good night, boys," and turned in.

The influence of that chapter and prayer was visible at once. No more coarse jokes were heard that night; no more ribald songs. The card players put away their greasy deck, by what seemed mutual consent, although neither said a word, and we all soon turned in.

It was noised about camp that we had a novelty over in our tent, and soon other soldiers dropped in out of curiosity, until finally it came to be a common thing to see the tent full of soldiers every night, when "Little Piety" was off guard duty.

The boys all looked upon him as poor timber for a soldier, and more than one said they hoped he would never be assigned to anything more danger-

ous than guard or camp duty.

A few weeks after "Little Piety's" arrival in camp, General Grant determined to make the second assault on the works of Vicksburg. This was made on the 22nd of May, 1863. Our regiment, under command of General McClernand, was ordered to the attack. "Little Piety" was to be given his first smell of gunpowder. An outpost of the enemy must be taken. The captain of our company called for vol-unteers. Among the first to respond was "Little Among the first to respond was "Little Piety.

"Don't go, my boy," said Ned Brunt, "you don't have to.'

"Boys, I have showed you how I can pray; now l will show you how I can fight." was the reply, as he took his place by the side of Brunt.

The order was given to charge. Up the little incline we rushed, in the face of a shower of bullets from the rebel pickets. The assault was furious; the defense stubborn, but numbers and determina-tion were successful. When we reached the position lately occupied by the enemy, one of the boys said:

"Let 'Little Piety' plant the flag."

The boy grabbed it from the color bearer, and mounting the parapet waved it toward our regiment. When just in the act of securing the flag, he suddenly dropped it, pitched forward and fell into the arms of Ned Brunt-dead. A chance shot from a rebel gun had ended the young life.

Tenderly we bore him back to camp. Our captain and members of the company stood with bowed heads as we placed the stretcher on the ground. Then he raised the handkerchief from the white, still face, and stooping down kissed the cold cheek. Great sobs were heard from men whose eyes had not known tears for many weary days, as the captain reverently covered the face once more, and "Amen" came from The first night in camp he was given the title he many lips, as he turned toward us and said:

"Boys, bless God, for giving us 'Little Piety.'"



RECIPROCITY. Photo by Robt. Cofer Barrett, Smithfield, Va.

PARENTS! LOOK TO YOUR BOYS.

William McKinley, the twenty fifth president of the United States of America, on Friday, the sixth of September, 1901, was mortally shot by an assassin while standing in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, greeting the people whom he loved and whom he served with fidelity. Every American boy was struck with awe and filled with grief in view of the awful calamity.

Leon Czolgosz, the murderer of our beloved President, was once a boy—a boy born, it is said, in Detroit, the home of THE AMERICAN BOY, a city famed for its beauty, its morality, and its intelligence. When the assassin was a boy he probably had no more the purpose in his heart to become a murderer, execrated and despised by the whole civilized world, than does any one of the millions of American boys who have gazed with tearful eyes on the sad panorama that has just moved past them into history.

What is the lesson to parents and guardians to be derived from this awful tragedy? Eternal watchful care over the habits, the education, the environments of their children.

I say, my boy is safe. You say, your boy is safe. Granted that they are, what of our neighbor's boy for whom, in a certain sense, we are responsible? What of the hundreds of thousands of boys born in homes where grinding poverty exists, where there is neither time, nor strength, nor money, nor ability, nor disposition to attend to either the physical, the intellectual or the moral wants of boys? What of the hundreds of thousands of boys born in homes whereignorance and vice prevail? What of the hundreds of thousands of American boys represented by the sixteen thousand who every night sleep in the alleys, the hallways, the garrets, and the cellars of one American city? What of the nearly four thousand American boys in that same city incarcerated in one year within the walls of common prisons amid hardened criminals?

Are we as parents doing all that we can to prevent a repetition of this terrible calamity to our country when we have done what we conceive to be our duty toward our own little ones? Is there not a world-wide duty incumbent on every man and woman to save the world's children? The anarchists of the future are the boys and girls of to-day. In them the seed of discon tent and sedition is finding virgin soil.

Thank God, childhood is radiant in the dawn of a better day, and there is hope for the future, for never in the world's history were men and women giving such serious and self-sacrificing effort to the boy and girl problem as now.

HOW CHARLIE WON A NEW NAME

In the latter part of the fifties there lived on the which I write this family consisted of the father and wolf. mother and an adopted son who was called Charlie.

The boy was about fifteen years old, but his active outdoor life had made him strong and hardy beyond his years. He was a stout, well-proportioned felwith well-formed limbs, broad shoulders and an intelligent face. His straight black hair, prominent nose and cheek bones, and keen black eyes showed soon. There's no help nearer.' that one of his parents had been a pure blooded Indian.

Charlie's parentage and the history of the first year of his life were alike unknown to him and to his foster parents. He had been left, when about a year old, on the threshold of Butler's cabin, wrapped only in a piece of an old blanket. Mrs. Butler, who had

no children of her own, had taken him in and nursed him tenderly. For some weeks she had daily expected a visit from someone who would claim the child, for she did not suppose that he had been entirely deserted; but as the months passed on without a word or a sign from the boy's savage friends, she decided to keep him. The childless couple soon grew to love the bright little waif and reared him as carefully as if he had been their own son, giving him the name of the boy whose place he supplied.

Charlie, contrary to the custom of halfbreeds, took kindly to civilized life and entered eagerly into all the pursuits of his foster parents. The old couple, thinking it better so, had told him what they knew of his parents, and as a child Charlie had often wondered what they were like. He convinced himself that his father was an Indian and so, as he grew older, he threw his whole soul into every sort of outdoor work and sport, in order to be a credit to his father's blood; but with all his pride in his savage ancestry he was a white man, except for one thing. Although he was known in the neighborhood as Charlie Butler he would never acknowledge the surname. He declared that he would some day win for himself a name of his own, as his fathers had done before him.

One bright January morning in the latter part of the fifties, Charlie and Mrs. Butler set out to get some supplies from the little village on the other side of the river. The snow lay deep everywhere; it would have been too deep for travel but for the fact that a recent thaw and freeze had crusted it so hard that it formed a smooth way over every obstruction. The river was frozen two feet deep, and lay so far beneath the surface of the snow that the travelers had a clear path to the little hamlet, which was some eight miles away.

Charlie thought nothing of walking such a distance; and Mrs. Butler, although nearly seventy years old, was still strong and vigorous. So they trudged merrily on, laughing and talking, invigorated by the sparkle of the sun on the snow and the sharp sting of the strong winter breeze.

Mr. Butler had gone off the day before to join a party of wolf hunters from the village. The unusually deep snows of that winter had driven the wolves from their accustomed haunts, and they had been seen in the neighborhood for some days. For the sake of the safety of their families and stock, and for the bounty on wolf scalps as well, the men

off for a hunt of several days. When therefore Mrs. Butler and Charlie reached the little store at the village, their first questions were for news from the

hunting party.
"Well," said the storekeeper, "nobody's seen anything of 'em since they left here. Some people say they've heard the hounds and a shot or two, but I

"Oh, they won't bother us in broad daylight," replied the boy. "Father took my gun on the hunt. You know it's better than his. I was going to bring his with me, but it's so heavy, and I knew I'd have

so much to carry that I gave up the idea." "Well," said the storekeeper, doubtfully, "I don't know 's they would bother you in the day time, but, anyway, I'd keep a good lookout, if I were you, and not let 'em surprise me.'

"I'll keep my eyes open," answered Charlie, con-them.

fidently.

ing briskly over the snow on their way home. They slipped, lost her balance, and sank upon the snow were not exactly afraid of meeting any of the wolves, with a groan. but, nevertheless, they had thought it wise to lose no time on the way.

THE AMERICAN BOY

As they walked on Charlie seemed to listen sharply once or twice, and his face began to grow grave. Finally he said, "Mother, stop a minute and listen."

Mrs. Butler stood still with a sudden paling of her wrinkled face. For a moment they strained their ears and stilled their breathing in vain; then from the east bank of the Illinois River, near Starved Rock, far distance, from the direction whence they had a family by the name of Butler. At the time of come, faint but clear, came the long drawn howl of a Mrs. Butler caught her breath with a sudden gasp. Charlie held up his finger for silence. Again they heard the sound, a little nearer; and this time it was answered by one or two more distant howls.

'Well," said Charlie, drawing a long breath, "maybe they aren't after us. But, anyway, they're coming yet. Hurry, hurry! this way in a hurry and we can't get home any too

They resumed their hurried journey; but now there for the cries of the wolves, and a few words of mutual encouragement. All the time the howling brute drew nearer and all the time his following seemed to grow.

"I must rest a minute and get my breath," exthey stopped and looked

back

Behind them, something over a mile away, and to the right, was a

thick wood through which they had recently passed. From that covert, looked, came six great gray creatures, one behind the other, all with their noses on the warm trail. Even at that distance Charlie thought that he could see their hanging tongues, their

fiery eyes and gaunt sides. He knew from their color that they were timber wolves, animals twice as large and flerce as the



Then catching up a stout bit of timber, he stood in the breach prepared to fight for life

of the district had banded together and had started common wolf of the prairies. Without a word, but with one accord, the fugitives hastened on. They had gone only a few rods when a louder, more exultant cry broke from the pursuing pack. Charlie looked behind as he ran.

"They've caught sight of us," he muttered, and quickened his speed.

The wolves, now that they were running by sight, don't think it likely. They do say that the wolves 've were gaining rapidly. They came on in great leaps been working farther down this way lately. You and bounds, fighting savagely for first place, and givought to have a gun along, Charlie."

They do say that the wolves 've were gaining rapidly. They came on in great leaps and bounds, fighting savagely for first place, and givought to have a gun along, Charlie."

They do say that the wolves 've were gaining rapidly. They came on in great leaps and bounds, fighting savagely for first place, and givought to have a gun along, Charlie." ing down the bundles which he had been carrying, Charlie took his mother by one arm and tried to help her along faster. One thing aided them; when the wolves came up with the provisions which had been thrown away they paused for a few moments to snuff around the bundles.

"Can't you go just a little faster, mother?" he cried between gasps. "If we can only reach that old coal mine up there I think we can get away from

"I'll try, Charlie." the old woman answered, mak-Two hours later Charlie and his mother were walk- ing a desperate effort to increase her speed; then she

"Go on, Charlie," she begged, with tears in her eyes; "go on and save yourself. I've sprained my ankle and I can't go another step. I'm an old woman anyhow and can't live much longer.'

But the brave boy, setting his teeth hard, picked her up in his arms and staggered on with his heavy burden. The wolves were in full cry again and the old mine seemed so far off.

'Do leave me behind, Charlie, and save yourself," pleaded the woman. "It'll be all over with me in a minute; and you're too young to die." Then as the pack became silent again she suddenly changed her tone. "Hurry, Charlie, hurry!" she cried, trembling with a new hope, "they've stopped to smell over the veil I dropped when I fell. We may get there in time

And Charlie did hurry. He pushed through the scrubby trees at the foot of the bluff, clambered up the slippery, wind-ridged snow on the hillside, and was no pleasant chatter, only a straining of the ears reached the shelter of the mine while the pack was yet some yards behind.

The mine had been cut straight into the side of a steep bluff; it was not very deep, having been worked only a short time. It had been used for a while by a stock breeder who, after losing two or three valclaimed the woman, and uable animals in the dangerous old hole, had had it boarded up. The cattle raiser had long ago left the country; the boarding, however, yet remained before the mouth of the hole, though it was now rickety.

Through a break in this rude wooden wall Charlie thrust his mother, and then, catching up a stout bit of timber, he stood in the breach, prepared to fight for life.

The wolves stopped short at the mouth of the mine,

fearing some sort of a trap; then, seeing from the boy's position that he was still at their mercy, they even as they sprang into the opening. The big gray leader, leap-looked came six ing to the front to claim the lion's share of the feast, received a blow upon the end of his nose that sent him rolling head over heels on the ground. His followers seeing him down, fell upon him feroclously, tore him limb from limb, and quarreled flercely over the spoils.

Then, with their appetites whetted, they turned upon Charlie. They all came together this time, and he was unable to use his rude weapon to advantage. He fought valiantly, holding his left arm so as to shield his face and throat. He felt their hot breath on his cheek, and their hungry teeth in his flesh. One snarling brute caught him by the left arm and another jumped for his throat; he kicked off the one and beat back the other. They came on again. One set his teeth into the boy's left arm, rendering the arm useless. Charlie struck at the gray head and broke his stick against the side of the mine, but he still made good use of the bit that remained in his hand; yet in spite of his blows they pulled him down to a half sitting position. Then help came. There was a shout of encouragement from outside the mine, a shot or two, a rush of dogs and men, and Charlie fell exhausted.

The mounted hunters had been hard after these very wolves, and had arrived in the nick of time.

Mrs. Butler speedily recovered from the effects of the adventure, and was soon able to look after Charlie; for the boy needed a good deal of nursing. He had been badly torn by the wolves, his left arm having been terribly wounded.

You had a close shave, Charlie Butler," said the old doctor who had come over from the village. But the lad answered, "Call me Charlie Wolf."

A GENTLEMAN.

I knew him for a gentleman By signs that never fail; His coat was rough and rather worn, His cheeks were thin and pale-A lad who had his way to make, With little time to play, I knew him for a gentleman By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street; Off came his little cap. My door was shut; he waited there Until I heard his rap. He took the bundle from my hand, And when I dropped my pen He sprang to pick it up for me, This gentleman of ten.

He does not push or crowd along; His voice is gently pitched; He does not fling his books about As if he were bewitched He stands aside to let you pass; He always shuts the door: He runs on errands willingly. To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself: He serves you if he can, For in whatever company, The manners make the man. At ten and forty 'tis the same; The manner tells the tale, And I discern the gentleman By signs that never fair.—Exchange.

The Transfiguration of "Love"

INGRAM A. PYLE <u>X</u>\$\$\$\$\$4\$

During the spring and summer of 1893 copper did not hold so prominent a place on the stock market as it does at the present day. Stocks, bonds and, in fact, all financial securities were in a strained condition. Hence the "Carbonado" mine, like all the other mines in Northern Michigan, with the possible exception of the Calumet and Hecla, was obliged to either close down entirely or employ just enough hands to prevent the property from going to ruin.

The "Carbonado," then known as "the baby" on

the stock exchange, limited her working force to six men-men who, though skilled in both mining and forestry, were uncouth in actions and manners. Nature had been generous to them in the matter of physical strength, but extremely covetous when it came to a question of the higher gifts attributed to mankind.

In the parlance of the district these men lived during that memorable year from "hand to mouth," and by the occasional sacrifice of their appetites. Accordingly, when a knock was heard at the door of their little rude cabin one morning in early April and a barefooted, ragged specimen of boyhood stood upon the threshold, begging admittance and crying for a morsel of food, they shook their heads in idle nonchal-

ance and were fain to disregard his anxious entreaties. "Away with you, lad; we're starving ourselves," cried big Hawkins, in whose being, toil and hunger had caused the animal nature to become predominant.

A downcast expression, almost ludicrous in its intensity, came over the boy's face.

He passed one glance at the inmates assembled around the table within, then he turned upon his heel and descended the rickety steps.

The sight was too much for Jim Reynolds who. according to his comrades, had the strength of an ox, but the heart of a woman.

"Here, lad! come and share your lot with me. It's humble and it's sparse, but you're welcome to your

The boy accepted the rough invitation with a smile

of expectancy. The six men and the boy finished their meal in painful silence. When they had finished, Hawkins, with desire for retaliation governing the expression on his countenance, asked, teasingly:

"What's yer name, love?"

"Reilly-Will Reilly," replied the boy, half in affright, caused by the man's first unwelcome words.

"Reilly, eh! Where do yo' live?"
"Any place," replied the boy.

Hawkins grunted.

"One of God's foundlings," interrupted Reynolds. "There are lots of them in the world, but we're shut up here in the wilderness an' don't come in contact

"Where's yer mother, love?" asked Hawkins, still

in a taunting tone of voice.

"My name ain't Love; it's Reilly." replied the boy.
"Yo' little fool!" Hawkins arose from his chair and stood before the boy. "As long as yo' stay under this roof, yer name's goin' to be 'Love.' Yer too Yer too small and childish to bear th' name o' Reilly, but to 'blige yo', we'll call yo' Willie Love."

And this marked the boy's advent into mining life. Among his associates he was called, half tauntingly, half earnestly, by the name of "Love." Then in time he received the name so often and so naturally that his little heart rebelled; but in vain—until an incident occurred which caused every man in the copper district to grant his most feeble request.

"Love's" face became a familiar sight at the little mining cabin. His countenance was not exactly pleasant to look upon-the expanded and somewhat elevated brow-the round, full eye, that had rather a benign than stern expression, and would have betokened robust health had not the lower portion of his face served to contradict the expression. His mouth was thin and compressed; his chin, lean and short; and his nose—his nose looked as if nature had intended at first to mould it according to the most approved of Grecian features but, suddenly changing her plan, left it snubbed at the end, a rude piece of unfinished workmanship. These features have alremained stamped indelibly in Jim Reynold's mind, as evidenced by his own words:

"He was one of the homeliest specimens of human nature I ever saw; his little stubbed-up nose haunts me to this day; but he had a soul as true as an

angel's and as brave as an Apache's.'

"Love" was so earnest in his desire to be of use that in a surprisingly short space of time he was familiar with every nook and corner of the "Carbonado." And when the time came to sink a new shaft, he surprised the owners of the mine by requesting that he be made a salaried employe, at half wages, a request which was, after much deliberation, finally granted. The name of "Love" caused many a smile as it was inscribed on the semi-monthly pay roll.

The time came shortly after, however, when realized that he was working among men with whom human endurance has no visible limit. He became feeble and unable to handle his shovel and pick. As

he saw the shaft gradually being sunk into the ground, it pained him to think that he was not in a way responsible for the great undertaking. But his physical condition was already too much enfeebled to risk any more unnecessary exposure; he became a fixture at the little hut in the capacity of cook, a profession which he had shown much dexterity in learning.

When night came he listened with open eyes and ears to stories of the day's work in the shaft. He made Reynolds draw rude diagrams, showing how the great derrick had been constructed, how a great steel basket had been improvised and operated as an elevator for conveying its human cargo from the mouth of the shaft to the bottom of the pit, a hundred feet below. When Reynolds was exhausted he would ask Hawkins to explain to him just how the barriers of rock had been removed. Hawkins in turn would tell him of the mighty things which could be accomplished by the aid of nitro-glycerine, and he smiled grimly as he told of what he had done with the terrible explosive.

"Never touch it, 'Love,' " he would say.



He stood at the doorway and listened.

And the boy would look up into his rough face and, with a pleading expression in his eyes, ask:

"Won't you stop callin' me 'Love,' Hawkins; can't you call me 'Bill,' like other boys?'

Hawkins' derisive laugh would echo throughout

the little cabin.

"Not a bit o' it; yer too much of a girl t' be called

So spring crept into summer, and summer slipped into fall. The new shaft at the "Carbonado" gradually became ready for the great mechanical appliances which were to be installed as soon as the finanmarket again showed a demand for copper

By the middle of October the rich copper vein had been reached. The necessary ledges had been constructed in the shaft and the blasting completed. "Love" was therefore surprised when the men did not return to the cabin at five o'clock one evening, as was their custom.

He stood in the doorway and listened, but all was still. Then suddenly, as from the very bowels of the earth, he heard his name indistinctly cried:

"Love!" 'Love!" While he' was making up his mind whether or not it was his own imagination, the cry ceased.

He entered the cabin for his hat. Then he returned and listened.

He heard a cry, but this time it called: "Help! Help!"

He made his way to the opening of the great shaft All was dark within.

"'Love!'" came the cry from below.

The boy recognized the voice.
"It is me, Reynolds—'Love!'" he cried.
"Be careful, boy, don't yo' knock anything down Hawkins' voice became too indistinct to be heard.

'What's the matter?" asked the boy, unconscious of the danger which threatened.

For what seemed a long time he received no reply. Then Reynolds' clear voice again reached him from below:

"We're penned up here-the six of us-on ledge number two. The elevator has gone on down to the bottom of the shaft and—and—"here his voice shook and became more indistinct-"she's loaded with two cans of nitro-glycerine. If anything falls below to disturb it, the shaft will be destroyed and we'll all be buried. Keep away from the edge!"

An expression of affright came over the boy's face. He had studied so thoroughly the diagrams which Reynolds had drawn for him that he understood the situation at once.

He got down on his hands and knees and removed every piece of copper ore that rested anywhere near the edge of the shaft.

"Can't you reach the rope and raise the basket?" he called.

'No; the safety lock is on!" came the answer.

The great iron basket had been so arranged that when it had deposited its human freight at the bottom the safety lock would take effect, thus holding the improvised elevator in place until the workmen were ready to make the ascent. But no provision for safety locks had been made at the intermediate ledges; hence, after its occupants had alighted at ledge number two there was nothing to prevent it from being carried on down to the bottom by the force of its own weight. The least jar caused by the pulling of the cable, or the smallest piece of stone, clay or ore falling and alighting on the cans, would cause the nitro-glycerine to explode with such force as to make the walls of the shaft collapse in an instant. The imprisoned men realized this fully.
"Help us! Help us, 'Love!'" cried Hawkins.
"What can I do?" asked the boy from above.
All were silent. No one knew.

Then Reynolds' cool reasoning came to their aid.

"Will you risk your life for ours, 'Love?

He asked the question pointedly; there was no sign of pleading in his tones.

The boy leaned over the edge and looked down into the deep, dark depths below him. It was a question of one life against six; but he was equal to the task.

Yes," he replied.

"There is but one thing you can do, then," continued Reynolds. "If we try to climb up the cable it will jar the cans. You alone can save us. What do you say?

Again the lad peered down into the deep, dark abyss-like aperture.

"I'll do it!"

"Then slide slowly and carefully down the cable." Before another word could be spoken by either, the boy clasped the iron cable in his hands, twisted his legs around it, as he had often done before in climbing the trees in the forest, and started on the perilous descent.

His light weight had no visible effect on the great cable. Slowly-oh, how slowly it seemed to those imprisoned below, he descended. As he passed ledge number two Reynolds alone had self-possession enough to speak.

Be careful when you reach the bottom, 'Love.' Unfasten the lock; get into the basket; hold the cans in your arms; call to me, and we will pull up-

Before he could say more the boy had passed that point where the darkness met the light, and he made no reply.

To the trembling men on the ledge, the seconds seemed like minutes, and the minutes seemed like hours.

Reynolds turned to Hawkins and, though the darkness hid each from the other's view, said:

"Do you remember, Hawk, about a half year ago a hungry lad came to our door and asked for food? That's him—below.

Hawkins said nothing.

The long wait and silence were terrible. Then suddenly and clearly, like a voice from the center of the earth, one word fell upon their listening ears: "Ready!"

The strain

That word proved to them that the boy had ful-lled his mission. With anxious hands the men filled his mission. grasped the iron cable and pulled the basket to the top. "Love" alighted; he carried a can under each arm; and his hands were burnt, lacerated and bleed-Then he lowered the treacherous "elevator" until it came to ledge number two; and, two at a time, he brought them up to the light of day.

When all were safe, Reynolds tenderly wrapped, in his bandana handkerchief, "Love's" aching hands, as the boy lay on the ground, exhausted from the terrible strain.

Hawkins, shamefacedly, came and stood over the boy. Then, getting down on his knees, and raising the almost prostrated form on his arm he looked into

his eyes and said:
"You ain't got a drop of girlish blood in yer veins. Yer a hero. God bless you, Billy Reilly!'

PEET-KA-LOP

FREDERICK E. SCOTPORD **\$**

If the wild things which make their homes in the great forests of the north could talk man-fashion, they would tell us that man and fire are two things of which they are afraid.

Early in the spring when the four-legged folk that live on the great plains are growing fat on the tender new grass, those that make their homes in the woods are filled with a dread of fire. Every vagrant breeze which passes is eagerly questioned by every cold, moist nose in the forest for news of man and This is because forest fires have an ugly habit of coming in the spring. Man may come at all times. If the news be of man, the animals merely move aside a little and hide-but if the sharp smell of a great fire is in the air, every living thing moves before it until deep and wide water has been put between them and danger.

He who has journeyed through the great wildernesses of northern Minnesota and Wisconsin, has been surprised at the vast stretches of country which have been swept by flames. As far as one can see, in every direction, for miles and miles, burned stubs of great pine and hemlock trees point upward like mighty fingers, while the ground is literally a tangle of fallen trunks and branches charred by the fire which has swept through and over them.

I used to know an Indian boy who lived on the Flambeau river in northern Wisconsin. In his language his name was Peet-Ka-Lop. This in plain English means "The Son of a Wolf." The few traders who ventured into that part of the country knew him only as "Pete the Wolf."

When I first became acquainted with him he was about twenty years old; a strong, sturdy lad who could paddle a canoe all day long without resting; who could go days at a time without eating. He could and did run down the wild stag of these forests on foot, but I will tell that story another time.

He had a queer scar upon his left shoulder, five livid white marks front and back. I asked him about the scar, but he always evaded my questions, and I knew better than to try to urge an Indian to tell anything he wished to conceal.

One day while Pete and I were fishing in the Flambeau for muskellonge I noticed that he was uneasy. Every few moments he would dip his hand into the water and dash a little of it over his nose and then sniff the air anxiously, as does the beast when he scents danger.

"What's the matter, Pete?" I inquired. "What do

you smell?

'Fire," was the laconic reply.

The day was as clear as day could be and a little wind from the north and west was filled with the odor of pine, and to my city-spoiled nose, told no other tale. A few moments later, Pete remarked, Big fire somewhere. Much smoke soon.

I didn't believe him, but he was right. That evening the air was filled with a thin blue haze and the odor of burning pine was plainly perceptible. We had pitched our camp on a little island in the middle of one of the numerous lakes which dot the region, so we were not afraid for our own safety.

After we had dined royally on baked muskellonge and camp biscuit with bacon and boiled potatoes, that night. Pete stood for a time looking at the rosy glow from a great fire in the forest, miles to the west, and then suddenly remarked: "You want know about dem scars? Listen. I will tell." I threw myself at full length upon a bed of fragrant balsam boughs, and this is the story he told, standing half in the flickering firelight and half in darkness. I will not try to repeat his broken English exactly as he spoke it, for Pete was not a great linguist and his conversation was a strange jargon of English, Indian and French-Canadian.

"When I was a very small papoose my He said: name was not Peet-Ka-Lop. That came afterward. I get that, same time I get this," pointing to the scar on his shoulder. "Before that I was Peet-Ka-Gar, son of pokpin, because my mother saw pokpin in lill birch tree by our wigwam on the day I was born.

'I learned early to run and shoot with the bow and arrow, to throw the go-ba-na-tong straight to the mark, and when I was only so high from the ground," paddle a man's canoe anywhere and so quietly that I could almost touch the feeding deer as he stood in the water at night.

"When twelve winters had gone I was a man and had my share in providing for the family.

"One day in the time of green things, I took my father's gun while he was away spearing fish, and with my canoe went a long way up this river to see if I could find a deer. When I got to the place where

a great red-headed woodpecker, and a raven which fallen trees almost within reach of my hand. A great

caw-kung-meow,' as ravens do when man is near. On and on I walked until the shadows began to grow long before I came across a new track of a deer. The trail I found at last was fresh and I followed it at a trot, going as quietly as I could. When it was almost dark I saw the deer—he was a big fellow—but not near enough to shoot him, so I cut off some branches from a little balsam tree and made a bed for myself where the trees were thick in a little hollow, and went to sleep."

'In the night I was awakened by the noise of animals moving about near-by. I raised my head and listened. I thought from the footsteps that deer were moving about, but it was too dark to see, so I lay still and listened.

Then I noticed the smell of fire in the air, but I didn't think of danger. The noise died away in the distance and I was about to drop asleep again when heard more footsteps. This time it was not a deer. knew from the shuffling noise that it was Tekona. the bear, who passed. He was in a hurry and coming as he did from up the wind, didn't smell me.

"In a few moments the whole woods seemed full of animals. As I lay listening I heard a humming,



"Twisting my hands in the coarse hair, * * * I staggered on."

roaring noise, and looking upward, saw a light on the top of a high tree. Then I was scared. I knew that the woods were afire and it was that which caused the wild things to move past me in the night without fear. As I leaped from my bed of boughs a great blazing branch came sailing along in the wind and alighted in the trees near me. In a moment there was a puff of flame, a cloud of smoke, a crackling and a roaring, and the trees behind me were ablaze. Then I ran, partly crossing the wind to get out of the path of the fire if I could. For the first few minutes i mark, and when I was only so high from the ground," easily outran the fire. I was filled with a crazy joy indicating about four feet with his hand, "I could at my speed and strength. The sparks were fewer naddle a man's cappe anywhere and so quietly that now and the great wall of flame was some distance behind. On and on I went, over and under logs, through bogs, up and down hill, until I had to run more slowly because it was hard for me to breathe. Then I noticed that the sparks were creeping nearer again. Would I never find water! I threw the gun away and went straight down the wind now. I could not waste steps.

"All about me through the woods I could hear wild the big burnin' now is I saw where many deer had things crashing through the brush. Almost beside come to the water to drink, so I pulled my canoe out me ran a doe, wild with fear, leaving two helpless of the water and hid it under some bushes and, with 'little fawns to perish in the flames. Another and anthe gun across my arm, walked quietly into the forest, other deer, then three or four together joined us as "Not a living thing did I see in the woods except we hurried. A pair of wildcats raced along over the

sat at the top of a tall dead pine, saying, 'Caw-caw- | panther bounded past me and actually cleared a deer at full jump, without a snarl. The fear of man and of one another was swallowed in the fear of fire. I followed the animals because I knew that they would pick out the easiest way to go.

'The whole sky was red behind me. The air was hot and dry. It was hard for me to run. My feet were bleeding and the animals passed me easily. Red lights danced before my eyes-but it was not the fire. I was getting very tired.

"Three great gray timber wolves rushed past me, followed closely by a big black bear. His beady little black eyes were sticking out of his head in terror. Deer were everywhere. All were flying from the common enemy. There could be no war between deer and wolves that night.'

"I must rest. It was growing light now, but not daylight. The fire was eating its way nearer and nearer. The whole woods were filled with a roar as of a big wind, and the flames swept upward until they licked the clouds. It was very hot. I threw myself down among the pine needles and sobbed for breath. In a little while I could breathe again and I ran on.

"I passed a great gaunt timber wolf pinned to the earth by a fallen branch. He was crying like a little child and I went back and lifted the branch. We hurried on together. One of his legs was broken and his back was hurt so that he could not run very fast.

"Then the fire came nearer and nearer. I was almost tired out. It didn't seem as if I could take another step. Great sparks and burning branches fell all around us. The heat was awful.

"A little way ahead by the bright light from the burning trees I saw water. Could I reach it? I was afraid not. The smoke was awful. Twisting my hands in the coarse hair at the back of the wolf's neck, I staggered on and on. Right ahead of me a blazing branch caught in a clump of balsams, which in a moment burst into flames. I thought I was caught.

"Half crawling, han dragged by the wolf, my eyes burning and useless from the smoke and heat, I moved toward the water. Never mind the fire now. As I staggered past the blazing balsams a burning branch fell across my shoulder. My hunting jacket caught fire. You can see the scar now if you will look. The water was almost within reach as I fell down.

"It was morning when I had my senses. The air was dead with smoke and heat. I was in shallow water at the edge of a little lake-Wolf Lake-you know it? My shoulder was dreadfully sore and lame. The water was not more than three or four inches deep here and it was very warm. I was lying with my head on what I thought was a log. I lay still. and slowly my senses came back to me. Then the log moved. I turned my head. It was a wolf. I was too weak to be frightened. I had all I could do to sit up and stare at him. Then I remembered. It was the wolf I had helped in the night.

"I put my hand to my shoulder. It came away covered with blood. These white scars are the place. When I fell, the wolf had seized me by the shoulder and dragged me into the water. That is why I am called 'Pete the Wolf.'

"What became of the wolf? It was three days before I found my way home again and the wolf stayed with me. I doctored his leg until it was well and he became so tame he would go with me everywhere. But I could never get him inside the village where my father lived. He stayed in the woods every night and when the daylight came I would go to him and hunt with him. After a while a hunter killed him. He was a good wolf."



"THE BLANKET TOSE."

Photo taken at the Colorado Springs High School Cadets' Camp, Green Mountain Falls, Colo., June 13, by Alva Henderson, 116 N. Oak st., Colorado Springs.

The Switch at Mud Run

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN

PART I.

Ominous whisperings had been heard in the streets all day. in front of the post office a little throng of men and boys had gathered early in the afternoon and now their voices rumbled like the roll of slight thunder that betokens the approach of a storm. One of the men was speaking. He was taller and broader than the others and his bristling brown beard gave him a certain look of animal ferocity. He brought his great, grimed fist down on the sill of the window with such force it made the panes rattle.

"No, sir!" he exclaimed, thickly, "we ain't goin' to stand it; is we, men?"

The rumble increased and a confused wagging of heads swaved his listeners.

"What right they got to throw us out o' employment?" the big fellow continued; "what right they got? Ain't all of us got wives and children t' home? What right they got; that's what I like to know; what right they got?

At the speaker's mention of wives and children a few heads in the crowd nodded. For the moment,



He * * * took up a position in the middle of the sidewalk.

all of them had forgotten that Big Petersen, as the orator was known among them, had neither wife nor child; nor yet a home, for the matter of that, and that, moreover, he was intoxicated then, and had little real idea of what he was saying.

He appeared to relish the phrases he had given voice. He repeated them over and over. "What right, I say," he grumbled on, "they got to take 'way. our jobs, and leave our wives and children t' starve?"

got no right!" a red faced man on the edge of the crowd shouted back. Three or four little boys snickered

Then someone whispered, raspingly, "Say, here comes old man Thompson, now.'

A hush fell upon the assemblage of malcontents.

Big Petersen's eyes blazed.

Where is he, where is he?" he cried; "lemme git at him, lemme git at him!" Those in front of him fell back before the advance of his giant body. He pushed weaker men to right and left and took up a position in the middle of the sidewalk, his feet wide apart, his massive shoulders hunched.

Ten paces away and coming toward him were two men, one short and slight, the other of medium height and broad shouldered. The first was John Thompson, president of the Jamestown Coal Mining Company. The man with him was the secretary of the company,

Alfred Lewis.

did not deter the two men, nor cause them to swerve Huron, at the corner, and disappeared. six inches to right or left. The crowd hung back. and his companion came upon him he flung out both his great arms and completely blocked the way.

'Look here!" he exclaimed. Mr. Thompson and his secretary exchanged glances. They comprehended the situation. The former stared at Petersen sullenly.

"What are you stopping us for; what do you want?" he asked.

Petersen leered. He was most obviously awed by the little man who dared stand there and ask so calmly what it was he wanted.

"I wanta know what right you got takin' 'way our an' babies starve; that's what I want." The big fellow let his arms fall to his sides.

"Just a minute, Lewis," the president said. Then, turning half way around and facing the men and boys who hugged the door of the post office, he watch the express come thundering into the station. added:

"You might as well learn a few things now as later, you men. This Petersen was discharged from our employ a few days ago on account of drunkenness and for attempting to incite our men to riot. Of course he couldn't do anything of the kind; they only laughed at him. We warned him three times before we let him go, and as for wives and babies, every one of you knows, as well as I do, that he hasn't either. For almost a week now he's been down town here; drunk, 'most of the time, and encouraging a lot of you to join with him in doing certain damage to our property. Oh, you needn't look so surprised. I know what he's been doing"-

Petersen, completely cowed, made to protest. The speaker continued:

"I know every one of you. For the greater part you're a worthless crowd of loafers. Not five of you have ever been in our employ. I know you, Lawson"-one of the men dropped his eyes-"and you, Farsen, and you, Green, and you, Hunter"-these last named, shrugged their shoulders and turned away—"and what's more all of you know why you were discharged. It was for drunkenness and not what I'll do; I'll make you the same proposition you'll attend to your work properly, I'll have you reinstated at the five per cent, increase of wages that the company has, only this afternoon, decided to give the men. Now Mr. Lewis is a witness to this proposition and he knows I never break my word, and I guess a good many of you know it, too, for that matter. You hear what I offer these men, Mr. Lewis?" President Thompson added, turning to his companion.

"Yes, sir," the secretary replied; "and, men, I advise you to take it."

"Now how many of you want to come back on those conditions? How many, I say?"

A reply was awaited. Big Petersen turned and talked in an undertone to several of the men. Apparently they regarded him in the light of a leader. Some of them seemed wavering; others frowned and nodded at the whispers of those beside them.

"How many, I say," the president repeated. "I'll give you just thirty seconds to make up your minds. He drew his watch from his waistcoat pocket and held it in the palm of his hand.

"Time's up," he announced shortly. He had re-

ceived no reply.

"Well," he said, taking Lewis' arm, "that's settled; and, moreover, that's the last time that proposition will ever be made to you. You've cooked your own bacon. And, by the way," he added, as an after-thought, "you might as well understand, first as last, that the company won't stand any nonsense from any of you. If you think you can destroy our property in the way of revenge you have made a court to suspend sentence, as I did last year in your case, Lawson. If you treat me square you'll find I'll treat you square. As for you, Petersen, you're big, but you aren't as big as the law. If anything happens you'll be held to blame for it. I know what you've been saying down here for the past few days, and up at the mines before that. I've got my eye on you and I intend to keep it there. Now I guess there's no misunderstanding of our position."

Taking the arm of his secretary again the little, but determined, president of the Jamestown Coal Mining Company went his way down Ann street. When his back was turned Petersen made a grimace at it, whereat the others laughed.

During the latter part of President Thompson's to listen. At the conclusion of the harangue he set offer upon the moment.

The sight of Big Petersen standing in their path off up Main street whistling, then turned down

Tom Hathway lived with his mother and little Many of the men held their breaths. Big Petersen's brother, Frank, a lad of eleven, in a tiny cottage on eyes flashed the green fire of hate. As the president Thayer street. Early in the spring "Bill" Hathway, as the lad's father was called by the other men employed on that division of the Jamestown, Westphalia and Eastern Railway, died, after a lingering illness. He left to his wife and two sons only the cottage and the little patch of land behind, which, for as long a time as Tom could remember, had served as a garden, and had provided the household with vegetables. Tom was just past sixteen when his father died. Bill Hathway had suffered a stroke of partial paralysis the autumn before that incapacitated him from ever again taking out his old engine "No. 32,"—the engine that had been his jobs," he grumbled doggedly, "and lettin" our wives pride since its assignment to him as "the man up ahead" of the Mountain Express, running from Ogden, through Westphalia to Jamestown. Each morning of the winter before his death he dragged his way to the yards of the road and lingered there to When the conductor would rush to the locomotive with orders for Huber, Hathway's successor, Hathway would experience a keen pang. He hated Huber, instinctively—he, the boss of old "32!"

"These belong to me," he called to the conductor one day, as the latter made his way to the locomotive with the orders for the engineer, "they're mine by rights.'

The conductor only smiled at him, and shouted his hope that the invalid would "get around in shape before long.'

Each night Hathway prayed silently that recovery might be his, and that he might have returned to him his big iron and brass pet with her clanging bell and deep solemn whistle. But that prayer was not answered. One night in the spring he went to sleep never again to wake. And the other railroad men said, when informed of his death, they guessed Bill Hathway died of a broken heart.

Tom was well along in the High School at the time, but wanted to leave at once and hunt for work, but his mother would listen to no such plan.

"I want you to keep right on in school, Tom," she said. "A boy isn't good for much if he hasn't been attending to your work properly. But I'll tell you to school, I can manage the house all right. I'll take a few boarders; it won't be hard, and there's that none of you saw fit to accept when it was first Frankie to help me. No, Tom, I want you to keep held out to you. If you'll give me your word that right on in school. You can help me in the afteryou'il quit drinking, and assure me that henceforth noons, and a great deal during vacation time. You remember, Tom, your father always used to say he wanted you to stick to your school so you'd amount to something."

"Father amounted to something, the boy argued. "And he didn't go to mother?" school."

Yes, I know, my boy," Mrs. Hathway answered, sadly, "but he never had your chances. And he always wanted you to amount to more, even than he did; and if you stick to your school you will. Why, Tom, you'll graduate next year! Think what a pity it would be to give it up now, when you're so far along! I'll see about the boarders right away."

Tom said nothing more about looking for work and his mother felt correspondingly relieved. She found no trouble in securing all the boarders she desired. Two days after the funeral a half-dozen railroad men called at the cottage and asked if there was anything they could do to help her.

"Nothing," she replied, unless you'd like to come here and board. I'm going to try to manage things that way, at least until Tom is through school."

The men asked her when they might come, and she told them she'd be ready by the next Saturday. And she was, and they came.

Before one week of the long summer vacation had slipped by Mrs. Hathway noticed that Tom was acting strangely. She said nothing. He helped her in a thousand ways around the house, but with a most apparent lack of interest. He had not spoken re-cently of looking for work, and she felt some pleasure in that, for she hoped well of Tom; better, indeed, than she did of little lame Frankie, who since mistake. The slightest attempt of that nature on his attack of scarlet fever had never been strong. your parts will end disastrously for you. You'll all and who was physically unable to be of much assistance to his mother in her household work.

> When Mrs. Hathway asked Tom where he was going when he took his hat from the peg behind the kitchen door shortly after dinner on the day President Thompson talked to Petersen and his followers in front of the post office, he replied, "Oh, nowhere

> in particular; just down town."
>
> His mother watched him from a front window until he passed out of sight, then, going to the back porch, called Frank, who was pulling weeds in the garden.

Tom left the house that afternoon with his mind made up. He had not told his mother of his decision, for, in a measure, he feared failure, whereas, if he should meet with success he would inform her in hopes of pleasing her with the surprise. He felt speech Tom Hathway turned the corner of the post that such a surprise would not hurt her away down office and ran full tilt into the crowd. He stopped deep in her heart, whatever opposition she might

When he turned into Huron street after listening to President Thompson's speech, he ran more than half the remaining distance home.

He burst in upon his mother, out of breath. She was at the table in the kitchen, paring apples for sauce. At sight of him, coming thus so suddenly upon her, with his face so red, she almost let the said, a little sadly, "I suppose you'll have to pack up pan slip from her lap.

"Why, Tom!" she exclaimed, with a frightened tone in her voice, "what's the matter?"

He flung his cap across the kitchen and throwing

his arms around his mother, kissed her. "Nothing much," he replied. "Only I've got something to tell you."

'Something to tell me; what in the world is it?"

"Now promise you won't be sorry, or scold when I tell you," he said, snuggling his head on her shoulder. "You won't, will you? Promise."

"Now tell me, Tom; what is it? What makes you act so?" Mrs. Hathway drow ben ber Mrs. Hathway drew her boy around in front of her and set the pan on the table.

He knelt before her. 'I've done it,'' he said.

"Done it!-done what?"

With her two hands Mrs. Hathway held her boy's face directly before her that she might look straight noon. He said if they tried to do any damage to the into his eyes. He did not quail before her gaze. "I've seen Mr. Furniss."

Her hands slipped down to his shoulders,

'Seen Mr. Furniss. What did you see Mr. Furniss for?"

"He's the division superintendent, you know," the boy explained, "and I've been thinking for the last week he might have something, and to-day I went down to see, and he did have something. If he didn't have anything I wasn't going to tell you. But I must now for he's given it to me.

Mrs. Hathway was visibly excited.
"What do you mean, Tom," she asked. "Given you

'A job.''

"Oh, Tom!"

The look his mother gave him made the boy's heart sink like lead within his breast. But it was only for an instant. His enthusiasm came to his rescue and he took courage.

'Now don't you scold, mother," he went on hurriedly. "I went right up to his office-my, he's got a fine office-and told him who I was, and that Bill Hathway was my father, and I didn't know but that he might have some job open that I could have."

"And what did ne say?" Mrs. Hathway could not conceal the little smile that shone through the mist in

"Oh, he asked me a lot of questions; how old I was; if I had been going to school; how far along I was; and then he asked after you."

"And what did you say about me?" Mrs. Hathway was smiling outright now. She had absorbed some of Toni's enthusiasm.

along, and then said again I just wanted a job to wire with the rails some few rods down the track help out. What I do around the house doesn't amount where the road forks; the main line twisting onward to anything, you know, mother; Frankie could do through the mountains, the branch sheering off to the what I do without hurting him. And ever since

school let out I've been just aching to get a job."
"And what else did he say, Tom?" Mrs. Hathway

put in encouragingly.

"Oh he said if I was as reliable as father used to be, I'd be all right. I told him I'd try to be; and then he went out into another office and talked with a man at a desk, and in a little while he came back and gave me the job."

"Yes, Tom, but what is the job?" Mrs. Hathway

asked, adopting his term for a position. He laughed. "Oh, I forgot to tell you, didn't I?

It's a switch job."

"Where?" "At Mud Run."

Mrs. Hathway sank back in her chair. "Away up there in the mountains, Tom; why how will you live?' He observed her dismay, and his heart fell again, but again he summoned courage.

"Why the man who's there now gets along all right He has a little stove and gets his meals, and Mr. Furniss said it would be just like camping out. It's only three miles, you know, and if I take some of my books it won't be lonesome. And just think, he'll his successor, and otherwise assist him in learning give me eight dollars a week. Why, mother that's the ins and outs of a switchman's duties. Green at almost as much as you get from three boarders. And once showed Tom the loft where he slept on a cot in a form of definite resolve. It was on Tuesday night. there in the mother, do you? I want to take the job; you don't care, do you?"

Her boy's wistfulness as he asked her permission to accept the position offered him softened his mother's heart. She leaned forward and kissed him, and patted him on the cheek.

"No, Tom, I don't care, if you want to go. I can manage, I guess; Frankie's a good deal stronger than he used to be, and he can help me. When do you begin work?"

'Mr. Furniss said I might as well go up to-morrow. Green-he's the fellow there now-will show me what the work is, and I can go on regular next Monday. There aren't any Sunday trains and I can come down each Saturday night. Mr. Furniss said there wasn't much to do, just attending to the switch and seeing that the signals are displayed."

He stopped speaking suddenly and thrusting his fact, every duty and obligation necessary for the man-hand deep into his pocket, withdrew a folded bit of blue paper. "See, mother," he said, holding the paper fell under his charge. blue paper. "See, mother," he said, holding the paper before her, "here's my pass to go up to-morrow morning on the express. It always stops at Mud Run.

She examined the pass. As she handed it back she a few of your things. You might take some up tomorrow, it won't make so many at one time.

"I guess I'll take my flobert rifle, wouldn't you. mother? Maybe I could shoot sometimes.'

'Yes, I'd take it, I guess, if I were you.' And she smiled after him as he ran out into the garden to tell his brother of the "job."

Presently the two boys came into the kitchen together, the smaller limping painfully at the side of

Frank hobbled to his mother, his eyes dancing. Oh. mother," he cried, "Tom says I can go up and see him for over night, some day, if you'll let me. You will, won't you, mother?"

She smiled down into the little face turned so pleadingly up to her's. "Why, yes," she answered. some time; if Tom wants you."
"Oh. mother," the older boy interposed, "I forgot to

tell you, I heard Mr. Thompson talking to a crowd of Petersen's gang in front of the post office this aftermine company's property he'd have them all in prison. Big Petersen was in the crowd looking just as ugly as ever."

'So he's out of jail again, is he?" said Mrs. Hath-"I don't believe he'll make any trouble."

No, I guess not.'

"Tom," Frank broke in, "you want me to go up and see you, don't you?"

"Why, of course I do."

"There, mother, he says he does. Tom, when can I come?

"Oh, some day, before long. And we'll have a great time, won't we?" "You bet," the little fellow agreed, radiant with

anticipation.

And across the stove Mrs. Hathway smiled upon the most apparent happiness of her boys.

PART II.

Mud Run nestles upon the breast of Mount Hecker, three miles above Jamestown. The road leading thereto winds and curves in and out among the mountains. For a brief space the traveler lingers at the brink of a deep, black chasm, at the bottom of which roars and shrieks a confused tumble of rocking water, again the mouth of a tunnel gapes wide, and one enters, to be swallowed by the darkness. At the other end the ragged cliffs rise sheer on either side to a height of hundreds of feet-the narrow passage for the railway having been cut through solid masses of rock.

Mud Run itself is marked among other spots thereabout by the little cabin wherein the switch is ma-'I told him how you were taking boarders to get inipulated by a lever, connected by an underground right for a distance of fifty yards, where it ends at

> seethes and flouts its dark spray against the overhanging ledges of granite above. The bottom of the river here is mud, and it is this that gives the turbulent water its color of brown, and the name to this particular sweep of the stream.

> it was customary to run coal cars until such a time as they should be hitched to a train and carried across the country. As a usual thing there were from two to ten cars standing on this siding at one time.

> Tom noted half this latter number on the bright July morning as he jumped from the back platform of the last coach of the Mountain Express, and crossing to the switch shanty, knocked at the half-open door.

A cheery voice bade him enter. Tom found Green to be a boy himself, only some three years older than he. The note from Mr. Furniss was presented and Tom was at once made welcome. Green was instructed in the letter to explain the duties of the position to unpack the younger boy had brought with him. Together they laid the books and soap and canned meats out on a joist and Green offered the remark that during the summer it was just like camping out, only a little lonesome once in a while. Tom told him he expected his little brother up once in a while and that he intended to go home each Sunday, and Green agreed that that would surely balance any monotony that the ever similar days of work might induce. Green was most careful in the instruction he gave his successor, and so apt was Tom in drinking in the information offered, that by the time the evening mail train pulled in at the Run that night and he boarded it, he knew as well as the older boy himself all the working of the levers in the shanty, the connections of the wires, the proper signals to display on different occasions or under different circumstances, and, in listened attentively.

Later that night Tom enthusiastically explained the working of the switch, and his duties as switchman, to his mother and the wide-eyed Frank, who listened to the recital throughout without an interruption. And it happened that both his mother and his brother absorbed his enthusiasm in considerable measure, and as the days passed before Monday arrived, both of them became less and less grieved that Tom should go away up in the mountains "on his job."

Monday dragged on tired legs, it seemed to the boy, so anxious was he to receive and feel upon his shoulders the full responsibility of his new position. Sunday night he packed in a box all the other articles he and his mother deemed necessary to his comfort, including more books, more parcels of coffee and chocolate, and his flobert rifle. And the next morning he trundled the box to the station in a wheelbarrow. Frank hobbled along at his side, having expressed his desire to accompany his brother to the train and "see him off safely.

They met three or four boy friends on the way, and to their questions Tom shouted back the destination of the box and of himself, much to their surprise and envy. In all this the little lame brother showed a pride and interest even greater than Tom showed himself.

On the back purch of the cottage Mrs. Hathway smiled as she remembered what Tom had said before seizing hold of the handles of the barrow.

Who knows, mother, mebbe I'll be too good a man for the switch and they'll give me a better job.

To hear her boy thus call himself a "man" saddened his mother, who, despite his help to her, had hardly ceased to regard him other than as the little red-haired, freckle-faced tot that she was wont to trundle on her knee. Yet at the same time no one realized more fully than she that this same redhaired boy with great freckles on the bridge of his nose, was somewhat more than a boy, new, and a good deal of a man, after all.

He promised her he would come back on the last freight train Saturday night, in the caboose, permission to do which he had received from Mr. Furniss, who took great interest in this young employee of the Ogden, Westphalia and Eastern. Furthermore, Mrs. Hathway assured Frank, after considerable pleading on his part, that he might go up to the Run on Friday morning and spend the night and the next day with Tom. This promise delighted the little chap beyond words, and in return he assured his mother that there would not be a single weed in the garden by Friday noon. And he at once set to work painting pictures in his mind of what he would do up there in the mountains.

"You'll tell me all about the job, Tom, won't you?" he asked. Tom promised grandly. And the last words he heard as the express pulled out of the station on that Monday morning were these, piped in a shrill voice that sounded far above the screech of whistles, the clang of bells and the rattle of couplings: "Remember-Friday-sure." From the rear door of the last coach Tom nodded back at the little figure on the end of the station platform. Frank watched the train until it rounded the first curve in the edge of the precipice overlooking Mud Run proper. its ascent of the mountains and disappeared. Then The "run" is the channel, away down between the he went back and seizing the handles of the light walls of rock, where the Westphalia River tosses and barrow the box had been wheeled in, set off up the street for home, whistling shrilly.

The ominous whisperings that had been heard on the streets of Jamestown the week before had subsided but the feeling that had prompted them was still rampant. Big Petersen and his followers, whom On the fork of the road, which is merely a siding, President Thompson had harangued in front of the post office, were uglier than ever, but their ugliness took now the form of sullen silence, rather than outspoken threats. The fact that the Ogden, Westphalia and Eastern Railway was owned by the Jamestown Mining Company, though managed by a separate board of directors, gave them food for thought. A deep sense of revengeful right smouldered in the hearts of the four men already mentioned whom the Norwegian giant swayed. Despite the warning given by President Thompson, that any attempt at destruc-tion of the company's property would end disastrously for them, they revolved in solemn conference, plans whereby the revenge they sought might be theirs.

At last their cogitations and scheming took the n a shed behind the building wherein the offices of the Mining Company were located they came to a decision. It was to the effect that they would combine to destroy the west-bound train from Ogden, called the "East Express," on the following Saturday

night. It was Big Petersen who advanced the plan.
"It'll be easy," he said. "They ain't got nobody

along the line that'll hinder us."

When means best adapted to the accomplishment of the flendish plot came to be discussed. Lawson expressed himself as averse to the outright killing of anyone, a strange feeling for one to have who was ready to do his part in the killing of possibly five score unsuspecting travelers.

"I don't want to do it," he explained, " 'cause it ain't a good way. I got a better one."
"What is it?" Petersen asked. The three other men

just put th' feller in charge there t' sleep. Then if anythin' happens he'll git all the blame. We won't have nothin' to do with it. See? He'll be the one t' suffer.'

Lawson's plan was enthusiastically adopted. Petersen complimented its inventor heartily.

And now we got t' decide where's the best place," Hunter remarked.

Thus in cold blood and without the slightest trace of passion did these five men plot among themselves a scheme of destruction, which if carried out would surely result in the deaths of dozens of innocent men. women and children, and all to gratify a mean revenge for wrongs which they had brought upon themselves.

'They's only one place that suits," Big Petersen said, after a few moments' thought.

Where?" the others asked.

"Mud Run!"

"Good!"

"Splendid!"

"Just the place!"

"Funny we hadn't thought of it afore."

Petersen was sitting on a barrel. His great body straightened with pride when he heard his suggestion so unanimously favored.

They won't be nobody there but the switchman,'

he explained, "an' likely he's only a kid."
"I know he is," Hunter put in. "He's only a kid. His name's Hathway. He's a new one, too. Just began work yesterday, so I hear."

'All the better," said Petersen.

The other men nodded. "Sure, that's all the bet-

ter," they agreed with one accord.

Petersen went on. "We'll go up Saturday night. They won't be any moon. I'll fix it up somehow so's t' git into th' switch house. I guess they won't be any trouble. Th' rest'll be easy. There's th' siding you know about it, Lawson."

"Yes, I know 'bout it," Lawson answered, "and the

East Express don't stop at th' Run."

"You bet it don't; but mebbe it'll stop in th' river, on th' rocks," Petersen grinned, and his gleaming teeth showed behind his bristling, brown beard, savagely. The others grinned with him.

"Well, I guess that's all, ain't it?" Farsen suggested.
"Yes, I guess that's all," Petersen answered, rising.
The others followed suit. "And we'll all meet at th first curve, up past Riley's, Saturday night, bout

"Better make it half past," suggested Hunter. After a little thought Petersen concluded "half !

past" would be berter.

"And we'll stick to each other, won't we, boys?"

he added. "You bet we will."

"Sure, Pete."

"Well, rather."

Petersen appeared pleased at this assurance of fidelity. "And I guess we'll show old man Thompson and all the others o' his gang that he can't fire us, and us sit right still without doin' anythin'. Won't we, boys?"

The boys agreed they would. Deliberations ended as they always had by someone saying, "Now, let's all go over t' Moreley's an' have a drink."

But, say," offered Hunter, as the quintette emerged from the shed, "how 'bout gittin' rid o' th' kid?"

Everyone seemed to have forgotten that very necessary detail.

Petersen looked at each of his crowd in turn, wisely. Then he chuckled. "You jus' leave that t' me," he said. Thus did these five men not only plan the muider of possibly hundreds, but the downfall, through no fault of his own, of the boy who at that very moment was running back up the track at Mud Run to his cabin, whirling a colored lantern around his head, after having arranged the lights at the switch so that they would read to the engineer of the East

Express "All clear." The nervousness that Tom felt throughout Monday, when the responsibilities of his position were first transferred from Green's shoulders to his own, was as sure of himself in the accomplishment of his duty as though he were an old man and had attended switches all his life. There were no trains in the middle of the day save now and then a way freight, and they carried no fear with them, for they always stopped at the Run. Each day after dinner, and after he had washed his dishes in the spring across the om would take his flobert rifle and climb the rocks to some high crag where he would sit, silent, looking down upon his little mountain home far below, and await the approach of a squirrel or a crow. By Thursday noon he had four squirrel skins tacked against the west side of the switch house where the hot afternoon sun would strike them and dry them out. Before going into the mountains Tom had feared that the long evenings might be lonesome, but as they passed he learned to find in them the pleasantest hours of the day. Often until nearly nine o'clock he would sit tipped back against the switch house door reading. Occasionally he found it cool at night but his overcoat and the blankets his mother had made him bring were ready at hand, should the wind

miner, trudging from Jamestown to some mountain low. He was so tired out when night came that he sweetheart's cabin farther up the road, would beg a could hardly keep his eyes open until the time for drink, or a match to light his pipe. Neither during the express. But he did, and himself waved the lanthe day nor during the night did the boy experience any feeling of lonesomeness. He realized that he might after he had been there longer, but thus far by. All night long he dreamed of engines, whistles, the novelty, the inherent interest of his position, bells and switches, but on Saturday morning was as held him enchanted to the beautiful spot. While reading "Kenilworth" of an evening, he would dream reading " that the Mud Run switch house was a splendid castle, in which a "ladye faire" was imprisoned, and imagine himself a knight come to rescue her. Alone, in this wild place, the boy's imagination had free wing, and many were its flights. Before he was aware of it himself, almost, he had begun to experience a delight in nature, and in the myriad manifestations of her beauty and power and strength that surrounded him. He came to love the flowers that peeped at him from the little patches of earth between the rocks, and after one or two attempts was able to recognize different birds by their calls. He attempted to imitate them and thus kept himself amused the whole day long. But with all his keen enjoyment of his new mountain home he was glad when the train that was to bring Frank pulled up at the Run toward noon on Friday and the little lame brother clambered down the steps, turning when he had landed on the



ground to receive from the hands of the conductor the jug of cider that Mrs. Hathway had sent by him to

Frank's delight at the thought of sleeping in the little switch house and roaming of his own free will about the wild place was boisterous. He asked about wore away with the hours, and by Tuesday night he everything from the manipulation of the switch lever to the means of communication with the switch down the track, and begged to be told the meanings of the many colored lanterns that stood in a row on the floor at the back of the house. Tom explained to him all that he wished to know, and even drew for him on a sheet of paper a diagram of the semaphore that signalled the approach of a train. The workings of this machine interested the little lame boy

more than anything else.
"And if you'll listen," said Tom, "you'll hear it signal the east-bound through freight. It passes at

Frank watched the hands of the little alarm clock on the shelf by the window and the hands dragged dismally slow, it seemed to him. But at last his patience was rewarded. The signal was sounded and three minutes later the heavy train boomed by, leaving only an impression of flight and a cloud of dust as marks of its passage.

Tom promised Frank that he might wave the white

lantern before the down-bound express that night and also help him to put up the signals on the crosspole change and sweep through the gorge untempered by a little way down the track. In the afternoon Frank the warmth of the day. Now and again a railroad played around the three coal cars on the siding and man, patrolling the track, would stop for a half hour's amused himself by dropping chunks of the coal over

"When you decide where the job's goin' to be did, |conversation with the young switchman, or a weary | the edge of the precipice to the seething torrent betern according to his big brother's directions, as the streaming headlight came down the track and flew ready for another day's pleasure as he had been the morning before.

After breakfast, for an hour, he climbed the rocks with Tom, and was given a shot at a squirrel, with the flobert rifle. The builet carried so wide that the squirrel didn't appear to notice its song as it cut the air. A twinkle of his tail was the only movement he made when the rifle cracked.

When the east-bound way freight stopped at noon Frank intently examined the engine and silently wished he were the man in the greasy blue overalls that walked around the great iron monster, with a long-necked oil can, which he poked into crevices that the inexperienced eye of the boy had not even seen. In the afternoon he amused himself on the coal cars again and at supper time was more tired than hungry. He could not stand running about like other boys and it did not take much to tire out the slim lame legs. After the dishes were washed in the spring across the track, he slid down behind the switch house to a plot where in the afternoon he had seen a great many yellow-faced daisies. When he returned his arms were filled with the flowers. He stood them up in one of Tom's pails and set the pail on the table. Tom meanwhile had taken his book and gone out in front of the house to read as long as the light lasted. Frank sat in the doorway and Tom read aloud to him. It was in "Kenilworth," away along toward the end. Tom read and read, and at last laid down the book. He looked at Frank and saw that he was fast asleep with his head resting against the jamb of the door.

Tom awakened him and suggested that he go up in the loft and lie down until time for the freight. when they would be off for home. The sleepy boy was not unwilling. He lay down in all his clothes, 'just for a nap" as he said to Tom, who clambered up the ladder after him and spread the blanket over him, for a cold wind was sweeping down the gorge. that might do serious damage to any boy after such a hot day as it had been, let alone a boy not very

strong in the first place.

The twilight had deepened. Tom lighted one of his lanterns and set it on the table before him. He read further in his book, every now and then glancing over his shoulder at the face of the little clock on the shelf by the window, the alarm of which he had kept set to strike five minutes before the time for the East Express to go whizzing by.

The last time he glanced at the clock the hands pointed to twenty minutes past nine. He had heard no sound from the loft where Frank lay for three quarters of an hour. In thirty minutes the express would pass Mud Run. And in another half hour the freight that was to take him and Frank home would pull up before the little switch house and stop.

Tom closed his book and replaced it on the shelf with the others. He lighted a second lantern, and held it on a level with his eyes to examine the flame. Satisfied that it was burning aright, he strode boldly out into the night and set off down the track. As he emerged from the house he did not see four men jump back behind the great, sheltering rock that towered to a height of fifty feet on the other side of the track back from the switch. He arranged his signal lights, displaying the white one which told the engineer of the express that all was right. Then turning he trudged back up the track swinging his own lantern around his head and whistling pipingly.

Ten yards from the switch house door he stopped, suddenly, and a cold fear came over him. The lantern shook in the hand that had fallen to his side; for there in the frame that the doorway made, and bathed in the glow of the lantern he had left on the table, stood Big Petersen.

(To be continued.)



THE HAPPY BOW.

First Prize Photo by Herbert M. Harwood, Des Moines, Ia.

THE THOMAS JEFFERSON MONUMENT

Will be One of the Interesting Historical Exhibits at the World's Fair, St. Louis, 1908.

The original monument, designed by Thomas Jefferson, and erected over his grave at Monticello, now stands upon the campus of the University of Missouri at Columbia. It is a simple obelisk of granite, eight feet in height and without the slightest attempt at adornment. The monument will form the center of the Missouri University exhibit at St. Louis in 1903. Two miles from the spot where Thomas Jefferson was born, near the junction of the Rivanna and James rivers, in Albemarle county, Virginia, on the lands which he inherited from his father, rises Monticello or the Little Mount, five hundred and five feet high, the home for more than sixty years, and the final resting place of the patriot and statesman. During the long summer days of the year 1763, on a rustic bench near its summit, beneath the branches of a majestic oak, could be seen two young men, in the early bloom of manhood, students of the law and devoted friends. The one was Thomas Jefferson and the other Dabney Carr. Senator Vest thus described the scene: "Lifting their eyes from the pages of Coke on Littleton, they rested upon a landscape of enchanting beauty; on the right the lowlands of Vir-ginia, stretched away in an unbroken plain to the ocean, with the Rivanna and James like threads of silver, whilst on their left the Blue Ridge, robed in azure hue, looked down upon the billowy hills that nestled at their feet. It was here that the two friends made solemn compact, mutually pledging their sacred honor, that beneath this oak should be their burial place, and here their ashes rest." Dabney Carr died first. He married Martha, sister of Thomas Jefferson, and eight years later, at the very com-mencement of what promised to be a most brilliant career, died leaving to the care of his distinguished brother-in-law, a widow and six children. Fifty three years later, after forty four years in public service, Thomas Jefferson died and was buried beside his boyhood friend under the great oak. Among his papers after death was found a rough sketch in ink of an obelisk, together with this inscription for a marble tablet:

HERE WAS BURIED

THOMAS JEFFERSON,

AUTHOR OF THE

DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

THE STATUTE OF VIRGINIA FOR Religious Freedom,

AND

FATHER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

The marble tablet which formerly was attached to and formed part of the granite obelisk, was badly broken when the university buildings were destroyed by fire on January 9th, 1892. It now, for safe keeping, rests under glass in the fireproof vault of the proctor of the university.

The epitaph is a significant one, Thomas Jefferson had been a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses and of the Continental Congress, Governor of Virginia, Minister to France, negotiator of the Louisiana Purchase, Secretary of State, Vice President and President of the United States, but none of these honors did he wish inscribed upon his tomb-The stern old Democrat preferred instead as passports to immortality, remembrance of his advocacy of the rights of man, religious liberty and

universal education.

Thomas Jefferson died a bankrupt. Beautiful Monticello passed into the hands of strangers, and the simple gravestone was neglected and mutilated. On The statesman's wisdom won this vast domain April 18th, 1882-in the birth month of Jefferson-Congress appropriated \$10,000 "for the erection of a suitable monument and to make other suitable improvements over the grave of Thomas Jefferson at | Monticello, Virginia." When this new monument was erected, the original shaft was presented by the Misses Randolph, the residuary legatees of Thomas Jefferson, through Dr. S. S. Laws. president, and Dr. His pen declared his country free, A. F. Fleet, professor of Greek in the University of Missouri, to that institution. It was shipped from Monticello by Dr. Fleet on the 4th of July, 1883, and unveiled on the 4th of June, 1885, upon the Missouri University campus with ceremonies in which Senator Vest, Thomas F. Bayard, then Secretary of State. Senator Stephen B. Elkins and other eminent Americans participated.

Aside from this tablet the only inscription upon the obelisk is the sunken figures showing the date of the birth and of the death of Jefferson. The shaft proper is five and one half feet high and rests upon a base three feet square. It had been chipped somewhat by relic hunters before its removal from Virginia. The tablet is two feet by eighteen inches in size and of highly polished marble. The monument stands in a beautiful grass plot on the east side of the quadrangle of the university campus. Not far from it is



the original monument from the tomb of David Barton, the first United States Senator from Missouri. replaced at Boonville by a handsomer shaft erected at state expense.

Dr. E. A. Allen, head of the department of English in the University of Missouri, himself a Virginian. wrote these verses at the time of the removal of the monument of Jefferson from Virginia to Missouri:

The granite of his native hill, Mother of monumental men. Virginia gave, whose page her Plutarch fills, With undiminished deeds of sword and pen.

More fitting far than molten bronze, Or polished marble carved by art. This monument of him who broke the bonds That bowed in fetters every human heart.

The column rises in all lands, When sinks the soldier to his rest; This cenotaph of rustic plainness stands To him who gave an empire to the West.

Not with the blood of thousands slain. With children's cry and mother's tears: With gain of honest toil through peaceful years.

The highest honor of his state, And of his country came unsought; When this new monument It was not this, O men, that made him great, Of this is nothing on the tablet wrought.

> Equal and free his fellow man. Freedom in church and state, the right to be, If nature wills, the first American.

Tis well the shaft himself devised Rests here in learning's classic shade; To be her patron was by him more prized Than all the honors that the nation paid.

O. may his spirit linger near, As by old Monticello's slope! Inspire Missouri's sons who gather here With all the scholar's love and patriot's hope!

And He who holds the nation's fate Within the hollow of His hand Preserve the Union ever strong and great, And guide the statesmen of our native land.

A LITTLE ARMY BOY.

MARGARET BUSBER SHIPP.

'Little Army baby, Father's many miles away, Mother's heart is aching for the sight of him to-day. Nestle closer, listen to the fullaby of rain-Go to sleep, our little lad, and dream he's home again!

'Now the baby eyes are shut, and tears to mine bring

ease.

Thinking of the endless rainfall in the isles beyond the seas.

Tropic heat and fever mist, and deadly, lurking foe,-As his father's brave and noble, may our Army boy be so!"

"Marching through the rain and night, the soldier lifts his prayer:

Through the weary separation, I commit her to Thy care.

Cheerful, patient, steadfast-each day a victory won. For the sake of bravest mother, bless our little Army son!'"

A BOY'S POCKETS.

NORVIN G. PERET.

Things in the world that you want to find Pockets of boys have of one a kind; Marbles and blocks and unnumbered strings. Tops and old cards and odd other things; Knives and flint rocks and gun shells and sticks-All of his pockets brimfull, he's fixed.

Frogs and green lizards and bugs and snakes, Everything loose the small boy uprakes: Crowded pants' pockets resembling a sack.
Odds and the ends that he takes he'll "pack;" Lines and their sinkers and corks and hooks, Fishing in rivers and sloughs and brooks.

Button and staples and nails and screws-Sack of "tobac" that he smokes and chews-Pistols and powder, and fiery rockets-All can be found in a boy's bulging pockets.

THE AMERICAN BOY.

A. R. PERHAM

The American boy true and trusty should be, How honest and helpful and happy is he! Energetic and earnest and eager to learn.

Animated, attentive, and active, in turn, Merry hearted and musical, oft by the way, Entertaining, enlivening, every day; Resisting the wrong and regarding the right, Industrious, impulsive, intelligent, bright; Choosing companions with caution and care, Always aspiring, ambitious and fair, Neglecting no duties and no needful rule;

Befitting behavior at home, church and school; Obliging, obedient, o'erflowing with joy, Yes, this is the model American Boy.

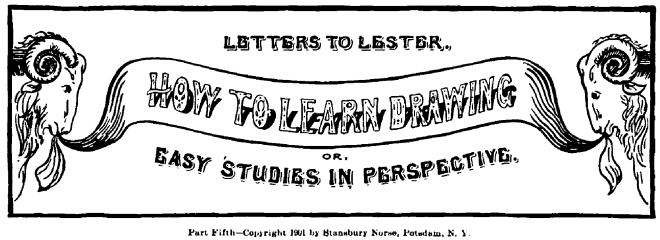
WASHINGTON'S REVERENCE FOR THE NAME OF GOD.

The following is a general order issued by General Washington, Commander of the Colonial Armies, August 3, 1776:

The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice hitherto little known in an American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our implety and folly. Added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it.



THE OLD FAMILY HORSE. Photo by Marvin Rowland, Troupe, Tex



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My Dear Lester:

principles of perspective—principles which underlie every good drawing-must be completed with this letter. I do not wish you to think, however, that I have told you all there is to know on the subject. On the contrary I have only mentioned a few of the most important points—points without a knowledge of which any drawing would be a failure. In this letter I will give you a few ideas regarding the completion of a drawing which we will suppose to be correctly outlined.

To begin, then, we want to know something about shadows, and shading. A great deal may be said about the perspective of shadows, but that need not bother you at all if you have learned these lessons about the perspective of the objects, for everything else can be determined by relations.

Now, that word "relations" or "relating" often bothers some people a good deal, but it ought not to, for when everything is said and done drawing is nothing more than a matter of relating one thing to another properly.

You will remember the example of the men walking off to a great distance, how we related those far away to those near by as to comparative size. This we can as easily do with shadows, having drawn our outline of the objects properly. We can also deter-mine what parts of the objects need shading and which parts we will not shade at all, by looking at them attentively.

Artists have a term they use which it is well to understand at once. They speak of the different "values" of the object or objects they are drawing. I can explain this better by reference to a pile of money made up of bills and specie. Here we have one pile consisting of parts which have different The dollar bills have one value, the two dollar bills twice as much, and so on, while the dimes and quarters, though they may be hardly noticed, are all there, each having its true value. So it is with shadow values.

If you will put together a lot of books and an inkstand, or any such objects, you will find that your first consideration must be your outline. Every true artist recognizes this fact—that an incorrect outline will spoil everything. Having sketched the outline correctly the next thing to consider will be the values, and the "cast shadows." The latter term explains itself for cast shadows can only be those made by one object throwing a shadow upon another, or upon a surface.

Our completed drawing, then, must be made up of The lessons I have been giving you in the general three things—correct outline, correct values and correct cast shadows. (Of course, I only use the word 'correct" to impress it upon your mind that incorrect work will not pass.) "Outline, values and shadows" reduces the proposition to a very few words, but they mean everything.

Like my last article, I will illustrate this one freely, so you can see just what I mean by values and cast; the object the more the shadow spreads. You can shadows, and also obtain knowledge of how to look at

and represent them.

In this picture, No. 1, we have a beautiful illustration of both perspective and values. If you should work out the problems presented by the various objects you would find the vanishing point for each line to be correct, though Mr. Edgar M. Ward, who drew the picture, probably gave them no thought at all, merely placing one thing in correct relation to another. Such accuracy is, however, gained only by perfect knowledge of the rules and practice under them, until one works automatically. But let us look at the values and shadows here shown. The light comes in at the opening and falls full upon the bench and tools, and easts the shadow of the former upon the legs of the man and the floor. It throws up the face and figure splendidly because of this, and because of the dark values the back of the head and body have against the light on the wall.

I have selected this illustration also because of its 'high lights." Notice how white and bright they are in places. These are of the greatest importance, these bright places, for they contrast strongly with the dark values and shadows and show everything properly. In other words, we have here the "perspective of color.'

To go back to our pile of money. Suppose we call the ten dollar bills "high." the five dollar bills "medium, or half, values." and the pennies "low values." Now look at the picture and call all the white places 'high," all the places halfway between white and black "medium values" and the black places ' values," and you will understand, I am sure, what we mean by "values" in a picture. Just as we have, in our pile of money, a great number of values between the ten dollar bills and the pennies, so we have in this picture a variety of values, and all of them, when correctly outlined, make the picture what it is.

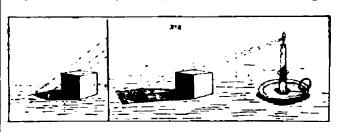
Notice, again, the difference in the values of the shirt sleeve and the rest of the man's clothing. This is right, because the shirt is white and its darkest shadow would not be so dark as those of the darker cloth of the vest and trousers.

Another point: Notice the fact that there is some light on the man's back. This light does not come directly from the window but is reflected from the walls about him. If the walls were covered with very dark stuff they would not reflect so much light, and the values referred to would be darker in tone. Thus we learn that shadows are often modified, or softened, by reflected light, and that we must always look to see whether or not this is the case, and just how much of a change is made

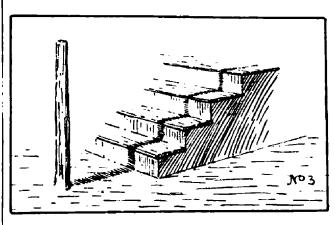
Sometimes, when making a drawing in a room lighted by a number of windows, we find we have another phase of the matter. The light coming from one side "kills" the shadows cast by that coming from the opposite side. Or there are practically no shadows at all, and the values are all about equal. The artist gets the same effect when he is sketching out of doors on a "gray day"—that is, a day when the clouds cover the sky. This kind of light is called "diffused light." called "diffused light."

We discover, then, that we have three kinds of light to deal with, "direct light," "reflected light," and "diffused light." These different kinds of light may all be combined to embarrass us, or there may be only one of them to influence our work, according to circumstances. But we must be able to recognize each such influence when we meet it, and we must make our drawing accordingly. Ward's drawing the light on the wall behind the man is direct light from the window, that on the edges of the benches, tub, etc., is reflected back from the wall. There is, also, a great deal of diffused light in the room.

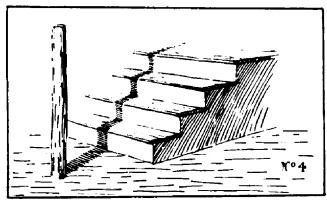
In Drawing No. 2 we have an example of the difference between sunlight shadows and those cast by artificial light. Here the light of the sun is supposed to be parallel to our picture plane, and we find the edges



of the shadow are also parallel to it. But when we place a candle so the center of the candlestick is at X (a line from X passing under the center of the cube and parallel to the picture plan), we do not find the edges of the shadow to be parallel to the p. p. or even to each other. On the contrary, the shadow spreads out like a fan. The cause of this ought to be easily seen. The sun is so far from the cube we can perceive no appreciable difference in the two sides of the shadow, but the candle is so close that lines drawn from X to the corners of the cube diverge greatly. Another thing to be noticed in connection with artificial light is this—the closer the light is to easily test this by moving your hand back and forth between the light and the wall. When close to the light your hand will darken all one side of the room, but when close to the wall the shadow will be the same size as the hand. The same rules that I have given you apply to round objects, as you will see by referring to No. 8. The broken lines in these drawings indicate the rays of light which touch the edges or corners of the objects.



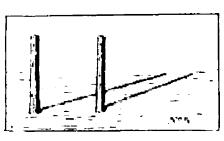
Drawings 3 and 4 show us how sunlight shadows. vhich fall upon a surface, are affected by the position of the surface. Where the surface is vertical the shadow is vertical, and on a horizontal plane the shadow is also horizontal. Notice, also, as in No. 3, that where the direction line of the shadow is parallel to one of the direction lines of the object the same vanishing point must be used for edges of the shadow.



but if the sun has moved a little, as in No. 4, so as to throw the shadow further from the picture plane (or closer to it), then a new vanishing point must be found

for the shadow edges.
"But," you say, "I thought the edges of sunlight shadows are parallel, as you said just now?"

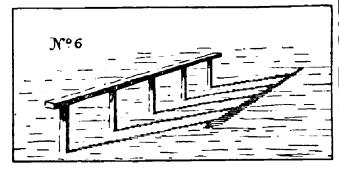
So they are, but they will not appear so if you see them in perspective—that is, if you "look along" the shadows. In that case, as in all others, "lines which



go from us." or lines which have a direction away from the picture plane, if parallel, appear to converge. Sunlight gives us parallel shadow edges and if this direction is from the picture plane then the shadows

will appear smaller at a distance than near by. The same thing is true of shadows of similar objects which are parallel to each other. This is illustrated by No. 5. Here we have the shadows of two posts. The

edges of the shadows are parallel, the posts being ver- short one. And on the same principle, I know the the next point should be, and the fourth point next. tical, and so these edges and the shadows themselves large beam to be something like ten feet long—the connecting them as before. Think whether one point all vanish toward one point. But, as in the case of the men walking along parallel paths, if we went to the shadows and measured them on the ground, we would find them the same width from beginning to end, and we would find the space between them equal, from the posts to the end of the shadows.



Drawing No. 6 is introduced to show you how you can have more than one series of shadows, and how you must look to it that the shadows in your drawing are true to your rules of perspective, or true to what you see, which is the same thing. Remember that I spoke of "relations" just now, and I want you to refer to these drawings as examples of relations—one thing properly related to another-and then to look at objects in nature in the same way. In this diagram we see that the shadow of the rail on top of the posts converges with the rail itself. That is because the two are parallel in fact though converging in appearance. If I were drawing this from nature I would not draw a horizon line and fix a vanishing point. I would simply place the two ends of the shadow in proper relation to the two ends of the rail and then shade it. Then I would get the shadows of the posts in the same way and shade the paper to represent them. I would look, then, for the dark parts of the rais and posts and shade them also. And this would be the way I would draw any object or group of objects.

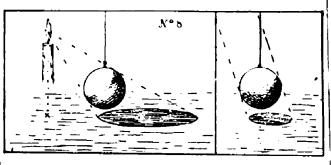


No. 7 reveals to us how shadows will show a certain condition of affairs which we might not otherwise suspect. Let us see what we can prove by this drawing. In the first place, it is near noon. Why? Because if it were earlier or later in the day the shadows would slaut more. The sun is not exactly over the edge of the house. How do I know? Because, if it were, the edges of the clapboards would cast wide shadows, also the lintel of the door and window. The house faces the south, otherwise the whole of this side of it would be in shadow. It does not face east because the left hand door and window posts would then cast wide shadows to the

right, when the sun is so high in the heavens. It does not face the west because then the shadows would slant from right to left, as we are looking at it.

But the main thing to be considered, as shown by this drawing, is the length of the two projecting sticks. I know that the round one projects only an inch or two from the house because the shadow it casts (the time of day being taken into consideration), is a very

shadow on the ground showing, by its relations to other things, that this is the case.



No. 8 is to show us how we can tell whether one object touches another or not. By properly relating the shadow we show the distance between the ball and the table below it. We see here, too, the difference between sunlight and artificial light shadows, while the elliptical form of each is still preserved—as would be the case in any round object.

In conclusion my dear Lester, I want to call your attention to this fact: It is impossible to lay down rules to cover all questions that arise when drawing. in fact, when one has mastered the general principles of perspective which I have given you he had better try to cultivate his judgment as to relations than to bother his head with many more perspective rules. One of the best of rules that I can give you is to tell CAN BOY, that a letter requesting any help upon the you to consider points. Consider each end of the subject, will meet with a ready response, I remain, first line you draw as a point. Fix the points carefully and then draw the line. Then consider where

is higher or lower or to the right or left of another, and the proper distance between them, before drawing the lines. When complete, see if your drawing is correct by the rules of perspective. If this is true, and the relations are right, then the drawing needs only correct shading to be a good one.

Just as we meet people who refuse to be bound by conventional rules, so we meet things, especially when sketching from nature, which we must handle as carefully as we would these cranky people. They refuse to be governed by any but general laws. If you stand where you see the twistings of a winding stream you cannot sketch it by any rules but those governing relations. You must fix the points at the ends of the curves, here and there, and sketch the shore line between them. A tumbled-down old mill (No. 9), with sticks and timbers projecting in all directions, boards hanging by a single nail, roof falling in and flume all but demolished by the ravages of time, will present a good example of the arbitrary, unruly, but delightfully eccentric subjects which continually tempt the pencil of the artist who loves the beautiful rather than the precise. The rules of perspective are of little help here, and to the educated mind they hardly occur. A quick eye, a steady and sure hand, and a few pencil measurements to establish relations, are all that is ecessary to produce an artistic and pleasing result.

With these remarks, I will close this series of letters, hoping that you have found them profitable. Assuring you, or any of the readers of our dear AMERI-

Yours to command, STANSBURY NORSE.



NO HEART IN IT.

J. L. HARBOUR.

I was instrumental not long ago in securing a situation for a boy of about nineteen years of age. It was an excellent opening for him because there was a chance for him to "work up" to a permanent and you there are not many est profitable place, and it was urgently necessary that any better work than that." he should have a place of that kind and thus contribute to the support of a widowed mother and a

number of little brothers and sisters.

To my surprise and disappointment the boy lost his position at the end of the first month. When I called on his employer to ask why the boy

had been discharged the reply was:

'Well, there wasn't a particle of heart in the boy's work, and a boy whose heart is not in his work will never give satisfaction to his employers."

"That is true," I said, and I am sure that I was right. The boy whose work is purely perfunctory and who looks at the clock fifty times a day to see if it is not nearly time for him to "knock off work" will never be much of a success in life.

The heart and the hand and the heart and the brain must work together in order to achieve the highest degree of success. I remember that I was shown over a very large printing establishment in isn't working just for wages."

came forward with some samples of work that was just coming from one of the large presses. The boy held the work up before me and said with a glow of pride in his face:

Perhaps you would like to see this, sir. It is some of the finest work we have ever done. I tell you there are not many establishments that turn out

The part that boy had had in the piece of work he was showing me with such pardonable pride was small, but he was proud of even that small part, and the completed work was a source of great satisfaction to him. His heart was in his work. He had the interests of his employers at heart. His eyes fairly shone as he held the beautifully printed sheet of paper out at arm's length and looked at it.

'That young fellow takes pride in his work," I said to one of the proprietors of the establishment who had been showing me around.

"Yes, he does," was the reply. "He is making very rapid advancement and has had his salary raised twice in six months. He stayed here one night last week two hours after all the others had gone getting rid of a defect in some work he had been doing. The janitor happened to speak of it or we would never have known anything about it. He

an eastern city a few months ago. While I was in No. he was not. His heart was in his work. He

and he honored himself and his work when he brought to that work the utmost skill of which he was capable. This is the kind of work that counts for most in all that it accomplishes and in the degree of satisfaction that it brings to the worker. Work without heart is lost endeavor. Put your whole heart in your work and your hand will have twice its cunning

Will not every subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY show his appreciation of it by getting for it this month one new subscriber? A very torrent of kind words pours into our ears from thousands of subscribers. Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! But now will you not each put in a little work and each send a new subscription and thus double the number of boys made happy, and increase our ability to make the paper even better than it now is?



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

EDWARD VII.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

OCTOBER IN AMERICAN HISTORY

>>



THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

OCTOBER 2, 1780: EXECUTION OF MAJOR JOHN ANDRE. Held the rank of adjutant-general in the British army. Returning to New York in disgulse from a meeting with the traitor Arnold, with whom he had been in correspondence, he was captured by American soldiers tried as a spy and condemned almost on his own confession, for the crime of plotting and abetting a scheme for the enslavement of the American people. Notwithstanding the denunciations which have been heaped upon the court that tried and condemned him, his execution was in strict accordance with the laws of war. Andre's hody was exhumed in 1821 and taken to England and a monument erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey. His trial took place at Tappan, Rockland County, New York, where General Washington had his headquarters.

OCTOBER 15, 1874: LINCOLN MONU-MENT AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 16, 1859: INSURRECTION AT HARPEICS FERRY.

OCTOBER 16, 1859: INSURRECTION AT HARPEICS FERRY.

OCTOBER 17, 1874: SURRENDER OF GENERAL BURGOYNE AT SARATOGA. The number of the British troops which surrendered including prisoners and sick or wounded was 7,599. In addition the Americans received 42 places of brass canon, 4,600 muskets and a large quantity of other munitions of war. The leader of the American forces was General Horatio, and the price of the Status of the Called the West Indies.

OCTOBER 15, 1874: LINCOLN MONU-MENT AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, DEDICATED.

OCTOBER 16, 1859: INSURRECTION AT HARPEICS FERRY.

OCTOBER 16, 1859: INSURRECTION AT HARPEICS FERRY.

OCTOBER 16, 1859: INSURRECTION AT HARPEICS FERRY.

OCTOBER 18, 1842: FIRST SUBMARINE CABLE LAID BY PROFESSOR MORSE.

General Washington had his headquarters.

OCTOBER 7, 1894: OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES DIED. One of America's famous poets, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on August 19, 1849. After graduating at Harvard, he studied law, but finding it too irksome, he applied himself to medicine. To gain a more complete knowledge of his profession he went to Europe and attended the medical schools and hospitals in the large cities. He was professor of anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth College from 1838 until 1847 when the same chair was given him by his Alma Mater, occupying it until 1883. His literative with their delicate and refined humor, amply fulfilled the bright hopes to which his youth gave birth.

OCTOBER 8, 1656: MILES STANDISH

which his youth gave birth.

OCTOBER 8, 1656: MILES STANDISH DIED. One of the "Pilgrim Fathers" who signed the constitution drawn up on board the Mayflower on her arrival at Cape Cod in the winter of 1620. He was an English soldier, and when the settlement at New Plymouth was made was chosen captain. His services were of the utmost importance to the pioneers, as he inspired the Indians with a wholesome fear of the English. He is described as being of small stature, but full of energy, activity and courage. His wife, Rose Standish, died in the spring of 1621, falling a victim to the famine and fever which so decimated the ranks of the emigrants during that first winter in America. Standish afterward settled at Duxbury, Massachusetts, where he held various official positions. On Captain's Hill, Duxbury, a monument has been erected to his memory.

from 1833 to 1837, and in the latter year was appointed United States Senator. In which august body he sat until 1842. During our war with Mexico Pierce was colonel of infantry, rising to the rank of brigadier-general under General Scott. His nomination for President by the Democratic convention in June, 1852, was followed by his election to that high office in November. As a defender of slavery he denounced as an act of rebellion the formation of free-state government in Kansas, His sympathies during the Civil War were wholly with the Confederates.

OCTOBER 8-11, 1871: GREAT FIRE AT CHICAGO. The result of the three days' conflagration was the destruction of prop-erty valued at \$192,000,000 including 20,000 buildings, rendering 98,500 people homeless.

OCTORER 12, 1192: CHRISTOPHER CO-LUMBUS DISCOVERED THE BAHAMA ISLANDS. The indications of land which became visible put a stop to the mutin-ous conduct of the sailors, and all were cagerly on the lookout. The land which Columbus had discovered was thought by him to be part of farther India, and in that belief he called the natives whom he found there, "Indians." It was, however, found to be an island, one of the Bahama group, and he named it San Salvador. Sall-ing southward he afterward discovered the islands of Cuba, Hayti and others, which he called the West Indies.



FRANKLIN PIERCE.

erected to his memory.

OCTOBER 8, 1869: EX-PRESIDENT FRANKLIN PIERCE DIED. Born at Hillsborough. New Hampshire, November 23, 1804. On his graduation at Bowdoln College he studied law and was admitted to practice in 1827. He served as Congressman

erty was to be respected. The total num-ber of prisoners was 12,000. Included in the spoils taken were 8,000 muskets. 75 brass and 160 iron cannon, together with a large and 190 from cannon, together with a large quantity of munitions of war and military stores. The effect of the surrender was practically to end the long struggle, as in May of the following year Sir Guy Carleton arrived in New York, bearing to Congress propositions for reconciliation.

OCTOBER 20, 1860: PRINCE OF WALES ENDED HIS VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES. During his stay in America the Prince visited Detroit, Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and embarked at Portland.

at Portland.

OCTOBER 22, 1900: JOHN SHERMAN DIED. Born at Lancaster, Ohio, May 10, 1823. Studied law and began to practice in 1844. Ten years later he was elected to Congress and served there until he became I nited States Senator in 1861. With Thaddeus Stevens Mr. Sherman framed the bill for reorganizing the "seceded states," and he was also the author of the act providing for the resumption of specie payments. In 1877 President Hayes appointed him Secretary of the Treasury. He was again elected United States Senator in 1885. In I resident McKinley's first administration Mr. Sherman was Secretary of State, but on account of advancing years and ill health he resigned that position and retired into private life. In his death there passed away one of the brightest minds and ablest statesmen of his generation.

and ablest statesmen of his generation.

OCTOBER 25, 1812: CAPTURE OF BRITISH FRIGATE MACEDONIAN BY U. S. SHIP UNITED STATES. Captain Decatur commanded the United States of 44 guns, while the Macedonian of 38 guns was in command of Captain J. S. Carden. The action occurred near the Island of Madeira. The British sustained a loss of 36 officers and men killed and 68 wounded, while the United States was only crippled to the extent of five killed and six wounded. Decatur's victory was received in America with enthusiasm. America with enthusiasm.

OCTOBER 16, 1859: INSURRECTION AT HARPER'S FERRY.

OCTOBER 17, 1777: SURRENDER OF GENERAL BY ROOVNE AT SARATOGA. The number of the British troops which surrendered including prisoners and sick or wounded was 7,539. In addition the Americans received 42 pieces of brass cannon, 4,690 muskets and a large quantity of other munitions of war. The leader of the American forces was General Horatio Gates. The effect of this surrender was of great importance and created a profound sensation in England.

OCTOBER 18, 1842: FIRST SUBMARINE CABLE LAID BY PROPESSOR MORSE IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

OCTOBER 18, 1842: FIRST SUBMARINE CABLE LAID BY PROPESSOR MORSE IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

American with enthusiasm.

OCTOBER 28, 1886: LIBERTY STATUE UNVEILED IN NEW YORK Barband and graduated at West of Pennsylvania, December 3, 1826. Completed his education at the University point in 1846. He took part in the war with Mexico and was afterward instructor at West Point. After being engaged in making explorations and surveys in the Europe to study army organization and observe the Crimean war. He left the army in 1857 and engaged in civil pursuits. At the opening of the Civil war he went to the field as brigadier-general of Ohio volunteers. Afterward he obtained commission on the day of the election. He, subsequent to a tour in Europe, took up his residence in New Jersey.

OCTOBER 30, 1892: WORLD'S COLUM-YORK II 1877 he was elected Governor of New Jersey.

OCTOBER 30, 1893; WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION CLOSED. The total number of admissions during the six months it remained open was 27.529,400.







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Uncle Sam's Sailing Pond

THEODORA CUNNINGHAM

On the fourth of March, 1839, a "little stranger" came to the city of Charlestown, Massachusetts. He citizen of that place, and was given his father's name. His coming is of interest to all Americans beganization of our navy. The story of his life shows we see the care with which they are made. only, can accomplish, if his ambition be honorable, and if he has steady application, unswerving will and determination to conquer the difficulties in his way.

When quite a lad, Philip Hichborn the younger was indentured to the government as a shipwright's apprentice. It is because he had a trade and learned it thoroughly, following his knowledge by a course of technical training in ship designing and calculations, that he was able to do the work he accomplished in later years. When young Hichborn was twenty two years old, he had a memorable voyage. He wanted to go to California to accept a position in the Mare Island Navy Yard. In order to do so, he obtained a position as ship's carpenter on a clipper, "Dashing Waves," bound for San Francisco. It was five months after leaving Boston when he reached his destination, a length of time that seems incredible in these days of swift navigation. Meanwhile,



FXPERIMENTAL MODEL BASIN.

the young ship's carpenter had shown his adaptability by taking the place of the third mate who fell ill, and he filled it so well that double wages were offered him on reaching San Francisco if he would remain with the vessel as third mate. This was not his idea, however, in striving to reach San Francisco, and he soon worked himself by a succession of promotions in the Navy Yard, to be master shipwright when only twenty three years old, with more than a thousand men under his control. In 1869 he was appointed assistant constructor, and from that time until his appointment as naval constructor in 1893, and indeed to the present time, his success has been marked. A number of the vessels of our new navy are made after his ideas, among them being the Oregon, constructed after plans made by Chief Constructor Wilson with Assistant Constructor Hichborn as his aid. There are various devices now in use in the navy that are his inventions, and it is owing to his efforts, largely, that an interesting and valuable class of experiments can now be carried on at the Washington Navy Yard.

Uncle Sam has many delightful playthings in Washington. Some of these particularly appealing to the small boy are a collection of war vessels in miniature, usually on exhibition in the corridors of the Navy Department building. These were made under the supervision and direction of Chief Constructor Hichborn, and are perfect models of the originals which they represent. With such complete little vessels at hand, a place where they might be sailed was the next requirement, and such a pond has lately been built under the auspices of the Bureau of Construction and Repair, of which Rear Admiral Philip Hichborn (as he now is) is chief. Unfory, however, the sailing pond, which at the other end of the town from the Navy Department, is not used for sailing these miniature war vessels as would seem most proper, but it is used for sailing other models, quite unlike these, in conducting a series of interesting and valuable experiments.

Close to the water's edge, in the Washington Navy Yard, stands a building bearing over the doorway the inscription:

EXPERIMENTAL MODEL BASIN, ERECTED 1888, BUREAU OF CONSTRUCTION AND REPAIR, NAVY DEPARTMENT.

The building is long and low, built of brick without windows, while the roof is of iron with skylights extending along its entire length of five hundred

feet. In the interior, the ceiling is paneled in light wood and all exposed iron work is painted white. The light tone of the ceiling, the white walls, and white cemented basin brim and platforms, intensify the light coming in from the roof and falling on the sheet of clear water below.

This is the pond where a set of very strange looking models are towed up and down-now fast, now slowly. The models at the Navy Department are fitted out with masts, smokestacks, ropes, sails, turwas the second son of Philip Hichborn, a well-known | rets, and even guns in miniature, and seem very real indeed, while the clumsy blocks of wood, shown us here as models, do not interest us particularly until

In reality, a model marked T. B. D. 7 is as perfect now much a boy with a common school education a model of torpedo boat Number Seven as the most exact measuring instruments can make it. Drawings are made from the plans of the original boat by the aid of an instrument called the eidograph, and from these drawings a wooden "former" model is made by nailing battens upon upright sections firmly clamped in position. This "former" model is then planed smooth. Meanwhile, a rough block of approximately the right shape has been made in sections and glued together under immense pressure. This block is placed upon the upper table of a model-cutting machine, and the "former" model is secured on the lower table. The cutting machine works in this way: Rollers move along the surface of the "former model, as gouges or saws work along the surface of the model proper, thus removing the excess of material on the latter and making it exactly the shape of the former. The model is carefully finished by hand and varnished, after which exact measurements are taken of every part, not only to determine whether the model represents the lines desired, but to preserve an exact record of its shape.

The first thing that a boy does with his toy boat is to see whether it will sail or sink; but this momentous question is not thought of in connection with a model used on Uncle Sam's pond. Indeed the model is given no chance to either sink or swim, but is suspended from the lower side of a sort of traveling bridge that moves over the water in the experimental basin, in such a way that the model is submerged to a greater or less degree entirely at the will of the operator who sits before recording instruments on the bridge. The purpose of all this is to measure the amount of resistance the model meets with, as it moves through the water at a given speed, and this amount of resistance is recorded automatically by the instruments on the bridge.

A moment's thought will show any one how desirable it is, in building a vessel, to know the amount of resistance there will be in a hull built after certain lines, driven through the water at certain rates of of speed, as compared with another vessel of different, shape and speed.

The experimental basin has already proved its usefulness, notably in experiments with a model of the Holland submarine torpedo boat recently purchased by the government. And, although the idea of building such a basin did not originate in this country, its existence here with its complete equipment and usefulness is a lasting monument to the efforts and good work of Rear Admiral Philip Hichborn, U.S. N.

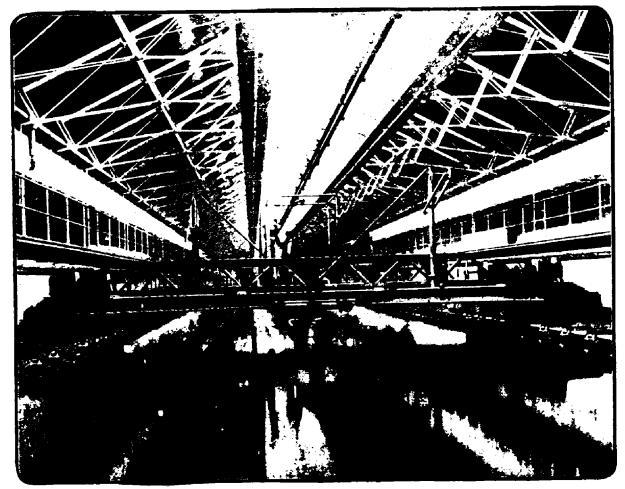


REAR ADMIRAL PHILIP HICHBORN. CHIEF OF BUREAU OF CONSTRUCTION, U. S. NAVY.

The miniature war vessels referred to in the foregoing article are now a part of the exhibit of the Navy Department in the Government Building at the Pan-American Exposition, and thousands of American boys ave looked upon them during the last few months with intense interest.

A few words of interest in this connection may be added by the editor. There are several places provided by Uncle Sam for boys in his navy. A boy may be a cadet at Annapolis, a student of ship architecture at some one of the various navy yards, an apprentice in mechanical occupations in Government yards, a young sailor on a naval training vessel or a helper in a few other places. The Ship Subsidy Bill before Congress offers attractive work for boys in connection with the navy. We understand that the bill stipulates that each ship receiving help from the Government shall, when so required by the Secretary of the Treasury or Secretary of the Navy, carry on each foreign voyage as a member of the crew one American boy for each thousand tons of the vessel's capacity. These boys will be taught seamanship, engineering, etc., according to the kind of ship on which the boy is employed.

At the Washington Navy Yard there is a branch of the Naval Construction Department devoted principally to making tracings of ship plans and blue prints of these. Here the ship architect of the future is assigned and begins work, tracing drawings and making duplicates. The work of ship plan-making begins after the bill providing for the construction of a ship passes Congress and is approved by the President. Prior to this, however, preliminary plans of the vessel desired are prepared by the Navy Department, submitted to Congress and passed upon by the proper committee in both House and Senate.—The Editor. A few words of interest in this connection may be added by the editor. There are several places provided



TOWING CARRIAGE WITH MODEL ATTACHED.



B. H. Townsend, Edon, O.-I will exchange foreign stamps for Confederate

Oscar W. Hayes, Milford, Ill.—Pet red fox, for best offer of Indian relics, stamps or old coins.

L. D. Ackerman, Bristol, N. H.—Relics of the Moundbuilders wanted in exchange for arrows, stamps and coins.

Charles Dickerman, Mallet Creek, O.-I will exchange Belgian hares for Indian relics or a good 32-callbre rifle.

chaster Werts, Weiser, Ida.—I will exchange stamps, camera or books for printing material or type. Write first.

Raymond Kierstead, 59 N. Sixth St., Newark, N. J.—I will exchange a new camera outlit for a kodak, or books.

Clark W. Kelly, Sago, O.-1 will exchange a five dollar Wiltsle camera for a printing press or other article of equal

Ralph L. Steele, Gibsonville, N. C.-I will exchange a September, 1900, copy of THE AMERICAN BOY for a January, 1901, copy.

Robert L. Adams, Box A, Gastonia, N. C.-For exchange, pair of coons in fine condition for male mastiff or Newfound-

Milo Warner, Lime City, O.—I will exchange a magic lantern for a printing press not smaller than 4x5, or an air rifle. Write first.

J. Verlinden, Wasmes, Belgium.—I will exchange ten thousand Belgian, French, Deutsch, Italian stamps for camera or Bull's Eye kodak.

D. Adams, 32 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.—I win exchange a six dollar Cyclone camera (new) for a good second-hand printing press.

Frank H. Tryon, Box 86, Empire, Kan.—I will exchange a foot ball in good condition, measuring 18½ inches, for a bicycle cyclometer in good running order.

Frank L. Valiant, Spring Lake, N. J.-I will exchange one thousand varieties of postage stamps, some of them very fine, for a good sized printing press and outlit. Stanley D. White, 33 Chapin St., Chicopee, Mass.—I will exchange "Rupert's Ambition," by Alger, for "Bob Burton," by Alger; in good condition. Write first.

Maitland Milliken, McPherson, Kan.-Pan-American and good United States postage stamps catalogued at over two cents wanted in exchange for my dupli-

Joseph T. Kraus, 12 Miller St., Auburn. N. Y.—I will give two foreign stamps for every one or two cent Pan-American, and four foreign stamps for every Pan-American above two cents.

Ralph Stewart, 1510 Green St., Harrisburg, Pa.—I will exchange a collection of cight hundred different stamps, no two alike, and a bugic, for a 4x5 or 5x7 chase and press.

Frank A. Matteson, 26 Winslow St., Watertown, N. Y.—Steam engine, weight fifty pounds, minus steam chest, for best offer in type. A good offer for one who understands engines. Write.

Archie Gottfried, Grove City, Fla.—I have a choice collection of Florida seashells, a sea horse and a saw of a sawfish, which I would like to exchange for some book on American history or Knox's books on travels.

James L. McKerron, Stanwood, la.—I will exchange a small printing press, size of form 1½,x2½, with a font of type in good condition, one box of gold bronze, one box of silver bronze and one box of ink, for an air rifle in good condition.

J. J. McKallip, New Kensington, Pa.— I will exchange a Baltimorean No. 4 print-ing press and outlit (used once) for either Young's "Lessons in astronomy" or Proc-tor's "Other Worlds Than Ours;" in good condition.

Roscoe O. Bonisteel, Box 153, Hagerstown, Md.—I will exchange a bottle of petroleum in its crude state which came from Canada, and some pleces of different colored filmt, which were found along the Potomac River, for Indian pictures or an leader exceeding the petroleum Indian arrowhead.

Robert M. Klenk, Lisbon, Mich.—I will exchange two Chinese coins captured during war, twenty five mixed foreign stamps, one good typewriter, amateur papers, one shell from Atlantic Ocean, and two bullets from the battlefield of Gettysburg, for In-dian relies, coins, or best offer. Write

Chartes F. Moore, Box 7, Orlando, Fla.—I will give one thousand foreign stamps for a good camera. Also for every twenty five Pan-American eight and ten cent stamps sent me I will give one arrowhead. Write first.

head. Write first.

Jack Searing, 1137 Broad St., Newark, N. J.—I will exchange a small 2x2 camera for foreign stamps. Also will give forty different foreign stamps for one hundred one cent used Pan-American, twenty five different foreign stamps for one hundred two cent used Pan-American, and fifty different foreign stamps for one hundred four cent used Pan-American.

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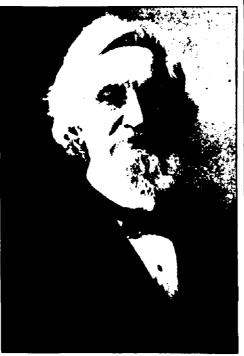
. H. H. H.

Some of "us boys" who are beginning to have silver threads in our hair and who have "strapping" boys of our own used to read with unflagging interest those deligitful stories by J. T. Trowbridge that many of the boys of to-day are fond of reading. We used to pour over "Cudjo's Cave," "Neighbor Jackwood," and all the other charming stories written by Trowbridge that the boys of to-day read with eager interest. And how many of us when we were boys used to recite "The Vagabonds" on the afternoons when our teachers had us "speak pieces" at school. I daresay that many of the boys of to-day are fond of reciting the famous old poem beginning with: ginning with:

"We are two travelers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog. Come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman, mind your eye!
Over the table—look out for the lamp!
The rogue is growing a little old;
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather.

and weather.

And slept outdoors when nights were cold, And ate and drank—and starved—to-gether."



J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

I shall not soon forget one beautiful afternoon not so very long ago when I sat in Mr. Trowbridge's home in Arlington and he told me when and where he wrote "The Vagabonds," and talked in the most interesting way of his work as a writer. Arlington is a suburb of Boston and every mile of the way between the city and the home of Trowbridge is historic ground. One leaves Boston by the new subway under the famous old Boston Common. Emerging from the subway at one of the entrances to the beautiful Public Garden one goes on out past the splendid Trinity (anreh which resounded for so many years to the eloquence of Philip Brooks. Near it is the Art Museum of which Boston is so justly proud and that all boys ought to visit when they go to Boston. One goes right by the great Boston Public Library, which is among the largest and finest libraries in the world. In a few minutes the car runs across the Charles River, and if one cares to do so, one can, when returning, cross the river by the bridge on which Longfellow stood when the words of "I stood on the bridge at midnight," I shall not soon forget one beautiful af-

"I stood on the bridge at midnight," were suggested to him. On one goes past the beautiful grounds of Harvard College to Harvard Square, where one changes cars for Arlington. It takes but a few minutes to go from Harvard Square to the old home of Longfellow, and a few minutes more brings one to "Elmwood," for so many years the home of James Russell Lowell. Then one can go back to Harvard Square and resume one's journey to Arlington, going by the famous old Washington Elm and on past many houses having a history of more than ordinary interest. One must leave the car at Pleasant street, which has been well named since it is a wide and beautiful winding street shaded in some places by fine old elms, such as one does not often see out of New England. A walk of half a mile brings one to a large and handsome house standing well back in a wide dooryard filled with shrubbery. Back of the house is a beautiful lake and "I stood on the bridge at midnight,"

the surroundings are as rural as those of

the surroundings are as rural as those of a country town.

The maid who comes to the door ushers one into a large and sunny parior from the rear window of which one could almost toss a stone into the lake. In one corner of the parior is a wide case reaching from floor to ceiling and completely filled with beautiful birds. Mr. Trowbridge will tell you with tear-dimmed eyes that all of these birds were mounted by his son who was as fond of natural history as was a fond of natural history as was a form of the parior of the parior of the parior of the parior of parior of parior of reaching manhood's years. Mr. Trowbridge is a patriarchial-looking old gentleman of seventy four with hair and beard of snowy white and most courtly manners. None but a real lover of boys could write such books for boys as Trowbridge has written. One must retain one's youthful feeling, one's real delight in life, one's sympathy with boyhood, in order to write such stories for boys, written by Trowbridge when the real days of his boyhood were far behind him. I am sure that John Townsend Trowbridge has a large place in his heart for all boyhood, and it is a great pleasure to him to have had such a large audience of boys among his readers. His books demonstrate the fact that one can steer clear of all senting and yet write stories that boys will read with cager interest.

Mr. Trowbridge was born in the town of Ogden. New York, on the 18th of September in the year 1827, so that he now feels that he is living on "borrowed time." He was the son of a poor farmer and received his education in an ordinary country school and by self-instruction. When he was but nineteen years old he went to New York City to live, and a year later he went to Boston, where he supported himself in part by his pen. So successful was he that he was soon able to devote all his time to writing. He had the qualities that win, for he was very industrious and he win a "this one thing I do" spirit and he did not give any of his time or his thought to anything else. He studied

Book Reviews.

LOYAL HEARTS AND TRUE: Ruth Ogden. Illustrated by H. A. Ogden. The author has taken a few chapters from American history and tried to write a story of interest to young people. The children with whom the story deals live in a navy yard, where Uncle Sam makes ships. Here the children live in close touch with soldiers and sallors and, of course, are a patriotic little company. Details of life aboard a receiving ship are well described. 352 pps. \$1.25. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Co.

A BOY'S BOOK OF RHYME: Clinton Scollard. To the boy who loves rhyme and has not quite outgrown fairy tales and Mother Goose, this little volume by Clinton Scollard will be very interesting, for it has an endless variety of subjects which appeal to such readers.

Every little poem touches on something dear to a boy's heart, from bird notes to fishing, and recalls to the older reader many a dream of delight in that far-away time when he was voung and played that he was a sailor-man, or an Esquimaux. Copeland & Day, Boston. Copeland & Day, Boston.

Books of Travel and Poetry for Boys.

Books of travel are so numerous and most of them are so good that I will not suggest any of them to you, but will merely urge you to read such books as can be most helpful to you By all means read biography. It is often more entertaining than fiction, and it is a portrayal of real life. Nothing can be better for a boy than such books as Hughes' "Alfred the Great," Brooks' "Life of Lincoln," Gilman's "Life of James Monroe," Morse's "Life of Franklin," "Hero Tales from American History" and others about real men and women who have "amounted to something" and made the world wiser and better. Boys are not much given to reading poetry, although some of them do like such heroic poems as those of Macaulay and Montgomery. It is a good thing for a boy to be familiar with the poems of Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Browning, Tennyson and Lowell. A certain amount of poetry should enter into every boy's reading.

Some one has said, "When a book raises your spirit, and inspires you with noble and courageous feelings, seek for no other rule to judge the work by: it is Back of the house is a beautiful lake and good, and made by a good workman."

Tommy was presented lately by his older sister with a neat penwiper, for use at a school which he had just begun attending. He admired it, but remarked: "I shan't have much use for it. Jennie."
"Why not, Tommy? You use a pen every day at school?"
"Yes, I know that."
"Why don't you use a penwiper then?"

"Yes, I know that."
"Why don't you use a penwiper, then?"
she replied.
"Because I always wipe my pen down the
side of the next boy's hair."

Blind-man's-buff was played in France a thousand years ago.

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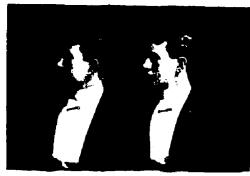
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Ray and Roy Burgess.

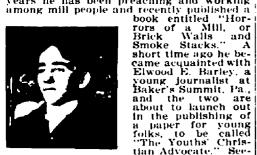
Our readers will be interested in two brothers who look very much alike. By reason of their similarity their pictures have appeared in many of the leading daily papers of the country. Hay Burgess, in sending us his photograph, says: "We have numerous requests for our photograph, but I would rather furnish it to THE AMERICAN BOY than to any other publication I know of. My brother and I are free from



the use of tobacco and intoxicating liquors, the use of tobacco and intoxicating liquors, We both have positions, my brother being a Keene (N. II.) local salesman for a plano company and I in the newspaper business, for some time having edited the Auburn Echo of Auburn, and the Advertiser of Hancock, N. Y. On account of ill-health I had to retire from journalism and am studying my brother's trade as a plano tuner. My brother and I are taken for one another every day, and many ludicrous situations arise because of our looking so much alike." much allke.

Another Boy Preacher.

Frank Herbert Alter, Amsterdam, N. Y., known in some parts of the country as the "boy evangelist," is preparing to at-tend a theological seminary. For several years he has been preaching and working



short time ago he be

Smoke Stacks." A short time ago he became acquainted with Elwood E. Barley, a young journalist at Baker's Summit. Pa., and the two are about to launch out in the publishing of a paper for young folks, to be called "The Youths" Christian Advocate." Seeing an item in THE AMERICAN BOY about Talmage Witt, another boy preacher, young Barley at once wrote Master Witt, telling him about the project, and secured him as a helper in the enterprise. The first number of the paper, which is to be issued in September, will, it is said, contain a sermon by Talmage Witt, a story by Elwood Barley, and a number of short articles of a religious character. Alter is sixteen years old and Barley seventeen. Each of these boys is enthuslastically enterprising, and they deserve success with their venture.

Another Heroic Deed.

When the water was high over its banks birds.



puned under by the current. Frank Mich-ael, a boy of thirteen, made a dive after him from a bridge, bring-ing the drowning boy to the surface. Then a struggle for life be-gan. Spangler, being

a struggle for life began. Spangler being about twice as heavy as Michael dragged his rescuer under the his rescuer under the water. In some way from the drowning boy's grasp and caught hold of an iron rod that was a part of the bridge's support. By this he managed to keep himself and Spangler from going down again until men came to their assistance.

It is reported that young Michael also saved the life of another boy in June.

ther boy in June.

Rolla Pryor, a fine booking boy, by the presence that you did not wish him to understand it ought to be spelled out.

There was chicken for dinner when the pastor came to dine and he showed his appreciation by requesting two helpings.



ROLLA PRYOR.

looking boy, by the way, who lives at Noblesville, Ind., says he reads THE AMER-ICAN BOY and is well pleased with it; that he is fifteen years old and is learning the carriage trimming trade, and that he enjoys it very much. He says: "I enjoy learning how boys are making their way in the ing their way in the world."

OVER. WHEN THE HEART FAILS ALL IS O dry."

OVER. O to wet 'em. so I took 'em off before I fell in.'—Tid-Bits.

TOME INDUSTRIES FOR BOYS

The following is the first of a series of articles describing Home Industries for Boys. The series will treat of Poultry and Pigeon Raising, Small Fruit Gardening, Bee and Flower Culture, Selling Papers and Small Merchandising, etc.

total of ten dollars. His own labor he did not count, for that was given only after school hours when he might have been playing.

This breeding house was then stocked with the best breeds of pigeons. He bought five pairs of homers at two dollars per pair; five pairs of fancy tumblers and pouter pigeons, and five pairs of fantails. The breeding stock, and sundries, such as a quantity of food, cost him in all twenty five dollars. He had invested altogether thirty five dollars in his venture. It was necessary to buy all the food for the birds, and this cost him in the first year nearly fifteen dollars.

The first year's expenses figured up an outlay of lifty dollars, including about everything. The boy kept a systematic account of every item of expense and every sale. Some of his fancy pigeons were sold for good prices. One homer alone brought him in five dollars. This was due to the fact that the bird was carefully trained and had won the heart of an elderly lady for whom the bird carried a message. Some of the other young pigeons were just ordinary birds, and they sold as low as lifty cents apiece for breeding purposes. Nevertheless, the year's product of young pigeons sold for seventy five dollars, which returned to the young breeder all of his investment, and twenty five dollars profit. This profit he proceeded to invest in more pigeons, purchasing with it some fancy breeds. One pair cost him lifteen dollars, but this expensive couple really proved a good investment. The eggs alone netted the owner fifteen dollars the first year, as there was a demand for such eggs for breeding purposes. Indeed one of the lessons taught by this experience was that there was more money to be inside in raising fancy pigeons than ordinary stock, and after the first year the boy proceeded to stock up his small loft only with fancy birds.

His Opinion of the Preacher. A Baptist church on the east side includes among its membership a devout family consisting of father, mother and a precocious cherub of six. The pastor has

the usual weakness for chicken and so has the cherub. In the early part of the week the pastor was invited to dine. The pride of the family had been properly coached for the event and more attention than

pastor came to dine and he showed his appreciation by requesting two helpings. Only one piece remained and the cherub in the family had not been satisfied. It was the father who said:

"Mr.—, let me give you another piece of chicken?"

The pastor, with a show of reluctance, passed his plate and the pride of the family addressed his mother: "Mamma, don't you think the preacher is a p-1-g?"

He Fell In.

"Johnnie, your hair is wet. You've been swimming again." "I fell in ma!" "Nonsense. Your clothes are perfectly

the fundamental principles of producing, manufacturing, and selfin articles of commercial value. With a good back yard kitchen garden, or enterprising lad has opportunities for making pocket money that are not always appreciated. One boy of the writer's acquaintance made enough to pay for his schooling, in rearing and breeding fancy pigeons on his father's house-top. There was little enough room in the back yard for the pigeons, and that was needed for other purposes, but the boy, not to be discouraged, sought permission to convert the flat roof of the house into a breeding home for pigeons. He raised a wire netting over the top of the roof, and arter it was all enclosed he proceeded to build nesting and breeding houses. The wire netting cost him three dollars, planks and boards for the houses five dollars, nails and sundries two dollars, making a total of ten dollars. His own labor he did not count, for that was given only after school hours when he might have been playing.

This breeding house was then stocked with the best breeds of pigeons. He shought tive pairs of fancy tumblers and pouter pigeons, and five pairs of fancy tumblers and a quantity of food, cost him in the itwenty five dollars, in his venture. It was necessary to buy all the food for the birds, and this cost him in the first year sexpenses figured up an another pigeons. He had invested altogether thirty five dollars. In the food for the birds, and this cost him in the first year nearly lifeteen dollars.

The irret year's expenses figured up an another pigeons and five pairs of faintalls. The breeding to buy all the food for the birds, and this cost him in the first year nearly fifteen dollars.

The irret year's expenses figured up an another producing and reading and reading the should be raised but for the sum of the pigeons and invested altogether.

The irret year's expenses figured up an another producing and reading the should be raised but for the pigeons and invested altogether.

The irret year's expenses figured up an another producing

Fancy poultry should be raised both for the show bench and exhibitions as well as for market. When the amateur gets a prize at a poultry exhibition for his stock he makes for himself not only a reputation, but good prospects for earning money. The eggs of the prize hen will immediately command higher prices in the markets. It is not so difficult a matter either for a young amateur to obtain a prize for his fancy chickens. If one starts out with good stock, and breeds carefully and conscientiously, he stands as good a chance of producing prize chickens as another who has been at the business for years. Beginners do not as a rule pay sufficient attention to the small details of feeding cleaning, and caring for the birds, and the experience they gradually gain in this direction will always be of value.

There is probably no better way of training a boy for future business life than to let him experiment with some such little home industry as breeding poultry or pigeons or both for market. Boys should be given the sole charge of everything connected with the work, and they should be made to keep accurate accounts of all sales and expenditures. From such a test it is quite easy to get an Insight into the boy's character and business ability before he has reached the age to leave home. Fancy poultry should be raised both for

has reached the age to leave home.

A SUCCESSFUL LANDING. Photo by Albert J. Young, Jr., White Plains, N. Y., at Silver Lake.

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Tells Big Stories.

Here is a picture of little Richard Murphy, a twelve year old boy who recently arrived in New York city from his home in Jefferson City, Mo., to astonish people in the great metropolis. He stopped at the Waldorf-Astoria, and there he was found by Rev. Father Thomas J. Ducey, who writes the New York World an interesting letter about him. "The boy told me," says Father Ducey, "that he was the editor and proprietor of a juvenile paper in Jefferson City; that he was starting for a tour of the world without tutor or guide."



RICHARD MURPHY.

Father Ducey at once suspected that everything was not all right, and telegraphed to the boy's parents and found that he had run away from home and that they were not aware of his whereabouts. The boy's dress was decidedly western, and not at all in keeping with the seeming polish and precocity of his mind. When Father Ducey approached him the boy said, "I am glad to meet you, Father; I have read much about you in the west." The priest asked him the story of his newspaper. He answered, "Yees, Father, the paper which I edit is called "The Spectator." It was started as a little school paper by my teacher and was written with a pen. It attracted a great deal of attention, and I immediately made arrangements to print the paper. I have four presses, one of them being a large floe press. My paper is democratic, but not silver democratic, though it supported Mr. Bryan. My father is a capitalist. He is the head of all the street railways in our part of the country. I do not agree with my father, but my father would not interfere with my views."

Father Ducey brought about an introduction to the boy to Mr. James R. Keene, and together they talked polities, the boy saying that he thought Mr. Bryan a sincere man, and that he opposed trusts, monopolies, imperialism, expansion, and militarism. Mr. Keene asked him, why he thought trusts and monopolies wrong, and this twelve year old boy said: "I am opposed to them for this reason: Concentration of capital for the greater wealth of the few is an injury and injustice to the smaller producers and plants. The trusts and monopolies seek, by the concentration of wealth, to get the smaller plants they then dictate their measures and say to their victims, 'You must do as we wish you to do; you must do busines as we dictate.' This is all wrong. Mr. Keene; it is a violation of the liberty and just rights given by God to man." Then turning to the great wall street broker, the boy finished his conversation in this way:

"Mr. Keene in the East is they don't understand the farming classes

the union."
"Why," asked that gentleman.
"Well. Mr. Krene, first, because of the character of the men they produce; secondly, because of the richness of the soil and its products. Don't you think, Mr. Keene, that the farmer in Nebruska and Manager tilling the soil wearing homes and Kansas tilling the soil, wearing homespun, and living an upright and honorable life before God and man, with true character.

perore too and main, with true character, is a better person than the wealthy financier here in the East making money putting up railroad schemes, living sumptuously every day, dressed in fine clothes, and with no real character or honor before God and man?"

Eather Ducey further says in his letter.

Father Ducey further says in his letter that on the 4th of June he took this boy in hand and observed him closely all day. He found the boy not to be a liar, but a dreamer. He then took the boy to a retreat and watched over him, calling every day—sometimes twice a day—and then sent him home. He had he boy carefully examined and found him to be a remarkable youth, but with an intellect that needed a year or two of rest. To this end he is to be placed in the care of persons who will see to it that he has out of door occupation. The boy has promised not to read

parents.

Experts who have examined the boy declare that he has been precocious all his intelligent life. His head is somewhat above the average size, but is normal in contour. He can hardly be called a genius; he is simply gifted with a memory and a grasp of things unusual at his age. He has read over-much; his talents have surprised every one, and those about him have un-

a newspaper for at least two years, to avoid all mental excitement and strain, to make it a rule to rather detract from a story than add one word of exaggeration, to tell the simple truth and avoid clothing it in wild imagination, and never to start from home without the knowledge of his parents.

Experts who have examined the boy declare that he has been precocious all his intelligent life. His head is somewhat above the average size, but is normal in contour. He can hardly be called a genius; he is simply gifted with a memory and a grasp of things unusual at his age. He has read over-much; his talents have surprised every one, and those about him have una great man.

BOYS IN THE OFFICE, STORE, FACTORY, AND ON THE FARM

A Lesson for Time-Wasters.

"What is the price of that book" at length asked a man who had been dawdling for an hour in the front store of Benjamin Frankiln's newspaper establishment. "One dollar," replied the clerk. "One dollar!" echoed the lounger; "can't you take less than that?" "One dollar is the price," was

than that?" "One dollar is the price," was the answer.

The would-be purchaser looked over the books on sale a while longer, and then inquired: "Is Mr. Franklin in?" "Yes," said the clerk, "he is very busy in the pressroom." "Well, I want to see him," persisted the man. The proprietor was called, and the stranger asked: "What Is the lowest. Mr. Franklin, that you can take for that book?" "One dollar and a quarter," was the prompt rejoinder. "One dollar and a quarter! Why, your clerk asked me only a dollar just now." "True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to take a dollar than to leave my work."

work."
"The man seemed surprised; but, wish-"The man seemed surprised; but, wishing to end a parley of his own seeking, he demanded: "Well, come, now, tell me your lowest price for this book." "One dollar and a half." replied Franklin. "A dollar and a half! Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter." "Yes," said Franklin, coolly, "and I could better have taken that price then than a dollar and a half now."

The man stiently laid the money on the counter, took his book, and left the store having received a salutary lesson from a master in the art of transmuting time, at will, into either wealth or wisdom.

The American Boy in One Boy's Life.

Indianapolis, Ind., June 11, 1901.

The Sprague Publishing Co., Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich

The Sprague Publishing Co.,
Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.
Gentlemen:—Enclosed find one dollar for which please send me THE AMERICAN BOY for another year. I have found your paper to be one of the finest and best papers for boys that I ever read. I was learning to be a regular hoodlum and was good for nothing. I read your advertisement in another paper, and thought I would see what kind of a paper it was. I sent to you for a three months' trial subscription, and found it helped to bring me on the right road again. I always neglected my father's business, was very careless and spent my money foolishly. I read THE AMERICAN BOY for one year, and that helped me to huild up my father's business and also myself. I saved my money and bought good books and other things that were of good use to me, instead of squandering it away. I have not much time to write because I am very busy. I may get a chance some day and write you what I was and what I turned out to be. Your paper has helped me to be a gentleman, and has saved me from being a hoodlum or bum. I am twenty years old now; and if I live to be fifty years old I think I shall be a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY. THE B

The Service We Are Doing.

Springfield, Ill., May 2, 1901. Editor THE AMERICAN BOY,

Dear Sir:—I cannot tell you what a service I feel that you are doing our nation in the task you have undertaken. After reading almost every word in the last issue, which I have just laid down, I have asked myself. "How could that be im-proved?" You seem to strike every note in a boy's being, and in a way to bring out the best that is in him.

LAICY PAGE GASTON,

Vice President of the National Anti-

Igarette League.

Clerk's Compendium.

Don't slouch. Don't use slang. Avoid frouziness. Avoid frouziness.
Never chew gum.
Study names and faces.
Salary is based on ability.
Don't lean on the counter.
Stick to the lines you know.
Never argue with a customer.
Drawing salary ahead is a bad habit.
Never leave a customer half satisfied.
Help your new fellow-workers along.
Personal appearance counts for much.
Eat onions when you are on a vacation.
When you make a promise see that it is cept.

kept.
Dress as neatly and as modestly as pos-

Know the rules of your establishment by

Keep your counter and stock in order Remember that goods are bought to sell, not to exhibit.

Reas clean as gentlemanly as prompt

Be as clean, as gentlemanly, as prompt as you can be. No matter how a customer may irritate you, be pleasant.

you, be pleasant.

A slow customer is entitled to all the patience you can command.

Put the name and address of every customer you wait on in a memo book.

Behind the counter is no place for talking, picking teeth or cleaning finger-nails.

Never forget that you are just as valuable to your employer as your actions make you.

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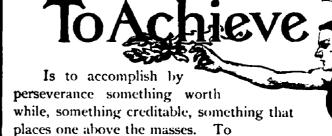
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BOYS IN GAMES AND SPORT

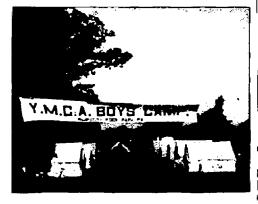
A Boys' Yacht Club.

Frank B. Bleakley, Wayzata, Minn., writes: "We have a nice yacht club here composed of boys and intend to name it. The American Boy Ice Yacht Club." We have a room in a large brick building wherein we hold our meetings, a library of between seventy five and one hundred volumes and over six hundred papers. We are now repairing our boats, ready for the coming winter, and making some new ones."

Our correspondent sends us a photograph of the "Star," the winner in the Wayzata Yacht Club's championship races last winter, but the tone of the photograph is such that it will not reproduce well for our

Having Good Times.

R. H. Andersen, Lansdowne, Pa., tells us about a fishing trip he made with his father and brother to Beezeley's Point, about three miles west of Ocean City. They caught sixty five fish, lifty of them weak fish and lifteen Cape May goodles and pargles mixed. Then they made a trip to Atlantic City and saw many interesting things. They took a walk along the famous board walk and saw, among many interesting things, a building in the window of which was a miniature blacksmith shop, where there were little men, four inches high run by clockwork, one of which was shoeing a horse, another working the bellows, while a miniature boy was tickling a donkey. After dinner they went to the pier and saw the flip-flap railway. You get in a car which is like a sleigh with four seats. This runs up an incline track, then around a half circle, and then down a very steep incline, after which it turns a complete somersault.



WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA Y. M. C. A. BOYS' CAMP, SLIPPERY ROCK, PA

The Amateur Magician.

The Amateur Magician.

Here is a beautiful experiment, and one that never fails to excite wonder. Of course, if you wish to amuse your friends with your amateur magic you must prepare all your apparatus secretly; otherwise nothing you do will surprise them. In the little feat that is now to be described, for example, you have to attend to a few details before you make a public performance. You will need a straight glass lamp chimney (not one that swells yout at one end), a bristle brush, such as is used for cleaning lamp chimneys; a silk handkerchief; a piece of tinfoll; a sheet or two of cigarette paper, and about a foot of fine brass or iron wire. With these simple appliances you can make an electric machine with which you can do things that will astonish you.

First, cut a narrow and of the foll and paste it around the middle of the chimney, using as little paste as will make it stick. Then cut a strip of the foll just long enough to extend from one end of the chimney, outside, to within half an inch of the middle band, and paste it on, lengtowise, of course. Having made sure that the silk handkerchief is perfectly dry, put it over the bristles of your brush, and then insert the brush, thus covered, in the chimney.

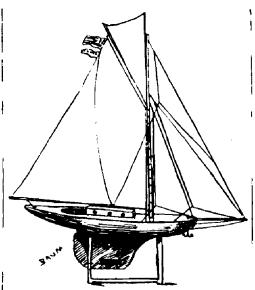
Now hold the chimney so that your hand

brush out of the chimney a brilliant electric spark will leap from one piece of foil to the other.

For the second part of your experiment you fix the wire around the band of foil in the middle of the chimney, letting one end of it hang down, and to this end you attach half a dozen strips of the cigarette paper, made, say, by cutting each sheet into four strips. Now put the covered brush in the other end of the chimney, not the end with the strip of foil on it, and when you rub the brush briskly the pieces of paper will stand out from each other as if they were alive.

This experiment illustrates three principles of physics: First, that glass becomes electrified by friction; second, that metallic substances, like foil and wiretransmit the electricity from a charged body (the glass) to an uncharged body (the paper); and third, that bodies charged with the same kind of electricity repeleach other, for the strips of paper fly apart when they are charged.

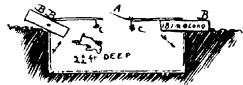
Johnny-Mrs. Talkemdown paid you a big compliment to-day. Mother-Did she, really? Little Johnny-Yes. She said she didn't see how you came to have such a nice little



We present a picture of "The Alma," built by Dwight J. Baum, Littlefield. N. Y., age fourteen. The boat is built of yellow pine, the keel of sheet iron. It has live sails—mainsail, jib, flying jib, staysail and topsail. It has a cabin with a cockpit, having seats around the latter. It is enameled white.

To Make a Rabbit Trap.

Clarence A. Snyder, Ashville, O., suggests a way of making a rabbit trap. He says: "Make a hole in the ground and put in it a box about the size indicated in the sketch. At the top of the box have a little door (A) for the admission of air and sunlight and through which to bait the trap. Let "B" be a little box eighteen inches long open at both ends. It should be about



six inches wide and deep. Let it extend through the opening into the larger box and be placed as on a pivot so that it will tilt as in B B. The end of the little box on the outside of the larger one should be slightly heavier than the end in the box so that it will fall back into position when the rabbit has passed over it. "C" is the bait. The trap may be made a double ender, having an entrance at each end of the larger box."

Suggestions for a Tumbling Mat.

A reader of THE AMERICAN BOY sends us the following: All boys know that tumbling on hard ground is not pleasant, so I have thought of a plan by which a tumbling mat can be easily made, having made one myself that is very satisfactory. First, dig a hole about a foot deep of the size



swells you wish to make the tumbling grounds which as Fill the hole about three-fourths full of dried grass or straw packed well. (See A in sketch.) Lay an old piece of carpet or sheets of heavy paper over this at B. Then with with sprinkle an inch or two of shavings, and over all spread about three inches of soft and elastic ground.

The Boy Webster.

using as little parke as will make it stick. Then cut a strip of the foil just ong enough to extend from one end of the chimney, outside, to within half an inch of the middle band, and paste it on, length-wise, of course. Having made sure that the slik handwerchief is perfectly dry, put it over the bristles of your brush, and then insert the brush, thus covered, in the chimney.

Now hold the chimney so that your hand may not touch the foil anywhere, and rub the brush briskly back and forth. Do this in the dark, and every time you bring the brush out of the chimney a brilliant electric spark will leap from one piece of foil to the other.

For the second part of your experiment you fix the wire around the band of foil in the middle of the chimney, letting one end of it hang down, and to this end you attach half a dozen strips of the cigarette paper, made, say, by cutting each sheet into four strips. Now put the covered brush in the other end of the chimney, not the end with the strip of foil on it, and when you rub the brush briskly the pieces of paper will stand out from each other as if they were alive.

The Boy Webster.

Daniel Webster as a lad is thus described by John Bach McMaster, the historian. In the first of his illustrated papers on the statesman, published in the Century: "As the boy grew in years and stature his life was powerfully affected by the fact that he say powerfully affected by the fact that he says powerfully affected b

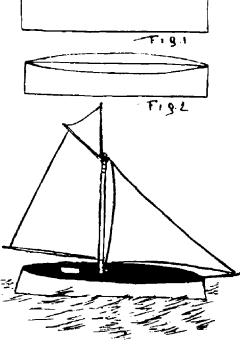
boy as me.

Running as Exercise.

William Blackle, author of "How to Get Strong and How to Stay So," a work that has been accepted as a leading authority on physical culture for the past twenty years, recommends running as the best exercise. He says that if every boy in America ran at least one mile a day without stopping—at any pace he liked—but every secular day and in all weathers, he would have superb legs, rubbery threless legs, easily equal to every call he would ever give them. But it would bring him something even more valuable than legs. The consumptive dies of fibrous consumption. The lung fiber itself is consumed. The consumptive also never breathes enough air. But he who runs a mile a day takes every one of his million of air cells, and every particle of the delicate fiber between, and gives them rational, vigorous use. He thereby toughens that same lung fiber and those same air cells so that when exposed to chill, pneumonia or other disturbances, which often kill a delicate man, he, while not wholly free from danger, is far less susceptible to disease of throat or lungs, as this part of his machinery is made of healthier and stronger material. But this work would reach further. Anaemia would be unknown to such a man. Instead of a feeble heart, pumping blood of a skimmed milk sort, he would now have a superb pumping muscle of a heart, hurling rich, nourishing blood out through every artery and back through every vein. Each vital organ through which that same blood coursed could not help doing better work than it would have done if that heart had never been trained thus to pump strongly, rhythmically, surely. With every vital organ thus invigorated, is it hard to see that you are getting a shaky, undeveloped one? The brain is fed with that same blood. Which brain will do better work—the ill-fed brain or the well-fed one?

How to Make a Tin Boat.

"The easiest and cheapest way to make a boat," says James Hiller, of Ocean Grove, N. J., "Is to make it out of tin. Take a tin can and melt the top and bottom off. Melt the solder at the joint and flatten out the tin, when it will look like Fig. 1. Now hold it lengthwise, double it the long way, turn over each end half of an inch, hammering down the ends good and tight. Spread it in the center, making



the front end a little more pointed than the back end. The hull will then be like Fig. 2. Cut a piece of wood a quarter of an inch thick of the shape and size of the boat at the place where the deck should be, first having cut a hole through the middle of the wood. Use this piece of wood for a deck, tacking the tin around it. Set your mast through the hole cut in the wood. You can make a trapdoor in the deck through which you can put your ballast."

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A new skate that prevents the little once from falling or spraining their ankles. Runners always in alignment The "Never-Break" "Sled-Skates."

Made from solid steel, having double runners, sizes 6, 7,8 and 9 inches in length. The only absolutely safe skate for children. Especially adapted for sidewalks and ponds. Price Fifty Cents. If your dealer does not handle them, write us, giving his name, and we will supply you at the same price-prepaid.

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and with a first practice one can repeatedly make ten strikes and finish with a high score, as on a regular howling alley. Each act, in a strong wooden box, complete, 19 cents, by mail, postpaid. Agents wanted. Ernst Manufacturing Co., 515 E. 86th St., N. Y.

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CAPTAIN'S BADGE. (Twice Actual Size.)

Boys desiring to Organize Companies may obtain a Pamphlet from us containing the

Directions published in the January and February Nos. of this Paper. It is sent free.

A Word from Uncle Tangler.

destination not later than the 15th of the month.

Don't hesitate to consult atlas, Bible, dictionary and encyclopaedia or to ask needed questions of parents, teacher or pastor when you have exhausted your own resources of knowledge. "Tangle" night will no doubt prove one of the most enjoyable of the month. Which Company will be the first to try for one of Uncle Tangler's prizes?

Under the Auspices of "THE AMERICAN BOY."

Object:—The Cultivation of Manliness in Muscle, Mind and Morals.

The object more definitely stated: To promote mutual and helpful friendships among boys; to give wider circulation to high class boy literature; to cultivate in boys physical, mental and moral courage, and develop them along social, intellectual and moral lines; to cultivate purity of language and actions; to discourage idleness, and encourage honest sport and honest work; to cherish and emulate the examples of great and good men; to inculcate lessons of patriotism and love of country; to prepare boys for good citizenship; to cultivate reverence for the founders of our country, and to stimulate boys to all worthy endeavor.

also a member of that Company. The for-mer is the larger of the two boys in the

All names of new members should be sent in by Captains of Companies.

Degrees Conferred.

Degrees are conferred on the following boys: J. Conrad Stegner, Trent, Wash, one degree for good work on behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY and the Order; Rudolph L. Marshall, Trenton, N. J., one degree for skill in athletics; Oscar Everett Trenton, N. J., one degree for skill in athletics; Harvey O. Chapman, Chesaning, Mich., one degree for good work in behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY and the Order; Will P. Wilson, Chandlerville, Ill., one degree for good work in behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY and the Order; Jean Scott, Chandlerville, Ill., one degree for good scholarship. "Uncle Tangler suggests that the O. A. B. Companies devote part of the first meeting after the arrival of THE AMERICAN BOY each month to attempting solutions of the clever Tangles that appear in his department, and in the making of new puzzles to be sent him for publication, in the endeavor to secure some of the prizes he offers. A good way will be to first discuss the puzzles as a Company and thus get the benefit of the combined thought of all the members, and then assign one or more puzzles to each individual, to be reported on at the meeting a week later, when the Secretary should promptly send in all the answers secured to reach their destination not later than the 15th of the month.

Championship Medals and Libraries Pleased the Boys.

Hebron, Neb., Aug. 20, 1901.

William C. Sprague.

Dear Sir:—We have received the medals and are greatly pleased with them and think they are very pretty.

Yours for M. M. M.,

MINOR F. WASSON.

Decraville, Ohlo, Aug. 30, 1991.

W. C. Sprague,
Detroit, Mich.
Dear Sir:—I received the library yester-day evening. Think it is fine.
GUSTIE M'MILLEN,
Captain John A. Bingham Company, No. 6.

New Companies Organized.

Mountain Home Company, No. 3, Division of Washington, Foothill, Wash., Captain G.

of Nebraska, Stockville, Neb., Captain Joel

Waru. Daniel Boone Company, No. 1, Division of Missouri, Bunceton, Mo., Captain E. E.

General Sherman Company, No. 9, Division of Illinois, Taylorville, Ill., Capt in Howard Parker.

Wolverine Company, No. 8, Division of Michigan, Addison, Mich., Captain Carl Red Letter Company, No. 2, Division of lowa, Livermore, Ia., Captain Gerald

Thomas. "Get There Ell" Company, No. 7, Division of Nebraska, York, Neb., Captain Ralph Falkinburg.

Company News.

General Sam Houston Company, No. 2, Division of Texas, Comanche, Tex., has a new gymnasium and swimming pool.

William C. Sprague Company, No. 1, Division of Oregon, Lebanon, Ore., held its election of officers in September.

Private Charles Wheelans, of George H. Marshall Company, No. 1, Trenton, N. J., has returned from a six weeks trip in

Ft. Knox Company, No. 2, Division of Indiana. Vincennes, Ind., has fourteen me bers and six its treasury. and six dollars and twenty cents in

Victoria Company, No. 1, Division of Michigan, Watervilet, Mich., held its elec-tion of officers recently. Arthur Frazee was elected Captain.

Cuban Athletic Club, No. 7. Division of New York, Cuba, N. Y., held its election of officers recently, which resulted as follows: Carlos Lacy was re-elected Captain, William Leach, Vice-Captain, Lawrence Sisson, Secretary, Harry Hamilton, Treasurer, Judd Thomas, Librarian.

THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY

A NATIONAL NON-SECRET SOCIETY FOR AMERICAN BOYS.

General Lawton Company, No. 3, Division of Indiana, Tipton, Ind., held its election of officers the evening of August 21, with the following result: Harry S. Adams was elected Captain, Clarence Adams, Vice-Captain, Carl Burkhart, Secretary, Fred Ayers, Treasurer, Harry Adams Librarian, and Glen Huron, Janitor.

sidney J. Dunn, Captain of the Buffaloes Company, No. 8, Buffalo, N. Y., reports that the Company has not done much during the past summer owing to the Exposition. He reports having called upon Clifford E. Hayes, of the Hagerstown Boys Company, No. 1, Hagerstown, Md. He says he has been at the Pan-American a number of times, and that he recently made a trip to Cleveland, where he was sorely tempted to take the steamer for Detroit and see THE AMERICAN BOY.

On account of the death of President Mc-Kinley, the George H. Marshall Company, No. 1, Division of New Jersey, Trenton, N. J., postponed its Thursday evening meeting. The boys have draped their club rooms in the national colors and black, in honor of our late President, John Blaker, the Secretary of this Company, has resigned, and Charles Wheelans has been appointed to fill the vacancy. The Captain writes us that they expect a large crowd to witness their potato race on Saturday, September 21. On account of the death of President Mc-

Toronto Company, No. 1. Toronto, Ont., held an interesting meeting the evening of August 15. The programme consisted of a description of their camp, stump speeches and talks on their library. This Company has fifteen books in its library. The following is a copy of the printed slip used in sending out books:

This book is the property of the Toronto Company No. 1 Division of Ontario, Order of American Boy. Any person injuring or defacing this book will have to reproduce By order.

On Thursday evening, August 22, the fol-On Thursday evening, August 22, the following programme was presented: Life of Daniel Defoe, by Arthur Vey; Life of Victor Hugo, by Secretary Willie Watson; Life of A. G. Henty, by Ed. Levee; Debate, subject, "Resolved, that the horse is of more use to man than the automobile. The Company has recently had its characteristic forms." ter framed in a handsome walnut frame.

The Company has recently had its charter framed in a handsome walnut frame.

John Brown Company, No. 4, Division of California, Saratoga, Cal., held its first regular meeting at the home of the Captain on the evening of August 8. The proposed Constitution and By-laws, with a few minor changes, were adopted by a unanimous vote, the only changes being in regard to meetings, elections and dues. The regular meetings will be held every third Saturday evening at the homes of the different members. The regular elections will be held at the first meetings held in January and July. The following officers were elected: Captain, John W. Cox: Secretary, Harry E. Smith; Treasurer, David N. Nerell; Libracian, Robert W. Cross.

This Company has a circulating library. Each member of the Company has a bumber of books, and each boy makes a list of the books which he is willing to lend to his fellow members. These lists are handed to the Librarian, who makes a complete list of all the books, with the names of the owners. A copy of this list and a fibrary card are given to each member. When a member wishes to read a certain book he goes to the owner, obtains the book, and has the number checked on his card. When he has read the book he returns it to the owner's home. The cards are collected and inspected at certain intervals by the 13-brarian. In this way the Company expects soon to have a library of over one hundred books.



Jean Scott, Chandlerville, Ill., a member of the Shick-hack Company, No. 1, O. A. B., writes us that during the Central examinations held last spring he made the highest grade of any boy in the county and won a scholarship to Illinois College.



ARCHIE D. ANDREWS.

Meadville (Pa.) High School; age 13; average grade, 96; Benjamin Franklin Co. No. 2.

AMERICAN BOY CIRCULATING LIBRARY

Any Company of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY can get the tree use for two months of one of the libraries of five sterling books for boys by sending fifty cents to the publishers of THE AMERICAN

Minor F. Wasson, Captain of the Stotsenberg Company, No. 1, Hebron. Neb., writes us under date of August 10: "We received the library this morning and think the books are very nice."

·**◆·◆·◆·**◆·**◆·**◆·**◆·**◆·

\$6,680.00 TO BE GIVEN AWAY Anyone can make a suggestion and fortunate ones will win a valuable prize with a very slight effort. We make and want a good name for the magazine, and will pay liberally for the best names received, and advise you wend a name without delay. **REE THIS LIGHT AND DELTED**

SEE THIS LIST OF PRIZES. 1 to 5. Five Handsome Mastiff Bogs,
6 to 10. Five Grand Mt. Bernarda,
11 to 20. Ten Fine Cellie Bogs,
21 to 30. Ten Reautiful Angora Cata,
81 to 40. Ten Palm Fine Belgian Hares,
41 to 50. Ten Staunch Bull Bogs,
61 to 60. Ten Fine Parrets,
61 to 60. Five Fiegant Aquariums Compl Price #150 each, Total, #750
" 150 " " 750
" 100 " " 1,000
" 100 " " 1,000
" 100 pre pr. " 1,000
" 125 cack." 1,250
" 25 " " 250
" 20 " " 100 61 to 65, Five Elegant Aquarium Co 68 to 115, Fitty Choice Canary Birds, 116 to 165, Fitty Choice Goldanches, 166 to 175, Ten Fine Mocking Birds, 175 Prizes Total Amount, \$6,689 Total, 175 Prizes.

Total Amount, #6,659

The prizes will be awarded in regular order to those making what we consider the best suggestions for the name of our magazine, complying with the easy conditions we will explain. The first prize will be given for the best name of the second prize to the person sending the second best name, and so on, for the one hundred and seventy-five best names. If two or more people send the same name and we consider it one of the best, the value of the prize will be divided equally between those suggesting this name. Do not delay, but think it over and send a name at once, you may win a prize, and the prizes are certainly worth trying for. The names of prize winners will be published in the first issue.

in the first issue.

The magazine will be published on our breeding farms and will be devoted to animals of all kinds, edited by expert animal breeders and trainers, telling how to rear animals successfully and care for them, either for pleasure or profit; how to make money raising, training and exhibiting, cage making, aquarium making and interesting information shout Birds, Fish, Reptiles and Pet Animals of all kinds, handsomely litustrated and printed on fine hook paper. The description of the scope and purpose of the magazine will enable you to suggest a name. Do not lay this advertisement saids to be lost until you have sent a name. This is certainly an easy way to win a prize that will be a source of pleasure for years.

PETS OF ALL KINDS FREE We give valuable animals of all kinds free, for a little of your time.

PETS OF ALL KINDS FREE We give valuable animals of all kinds free, for a little of your time.

Canary Birds, Mocking Birds, Bullfinches, Dogs of all kinds, Aquariums complete with Fish, Plants, etc., Squirrels, Ferrets and even Handsome Ponies for your promptness and trifling efforts.

START A GOOD BUSINESS We will start you with animals for breeding purposes or for pets, without stamp for full particulars when you send your name for the magazine.

We sell animals of all kinds, these quality at lowest prices for choice stock. We buy, sell and exchange.

THE ANIMAL EXCHANGE, I HECKEL STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

| Tangler's prizes? |
|--|
| Aubrey C. Griffin, Captain of the Oliver Hazard Perry Company, No. 1, Brooklyn, Miss., writes us a pleasant letter regarding a trip he took to Memphis, Tenn., last May. He carned fourteen dollars by cooking eleven days for sixteen men. He borrowed seven dollars and a half from his mother, and with the money thus accumulated he went to Memphis for a visit with some friends. His friends lived twelve miles from Memphis and had expected to meet him at the depot in the city, but failed to do so. "That was the first time," he says, "I was ever in a place so large, but I wasn't afraid. I kept on the lookout for pickpockets. For three days I was in Memphis without seeing a person that I knew. On the evening of the third day I left Memphis and went to Horn Lake, thirteen miles away, stayed there until the next morning, and then walked six miles to where my friends lived. After staying there nearly three weeks, during which time we hunted for plums and frogs and did many other interesting things. I went back to Memphis and then home. I told my home folks that I never wanted to get into as large a crowd of people as I was in while in Memphis. The next morning after reaching home I got work at one dollar and twenty live cents a day tallying logs and keeping time. Soon I had made enough to pay back the seven dollars and |
| sixty cents left, which I will use for schooling this winter. |
| |
| |
| We present herewith a picture of Ralph |

We present herewith a picture of Ralph Kightlinger, aged sixteen, average grade in the Mcadville (Pa.) High School, eleventh year. 96 per cent; and William Fixel, age thirteen, ninth year. Meadville High School, average grade 96 per cent. Young Kightlinger is Captain of the Benjamin Franklin Company No. 2, Order of the American Boy at Meadville, Pa., and young Fixel is

A Catamaran House-boat

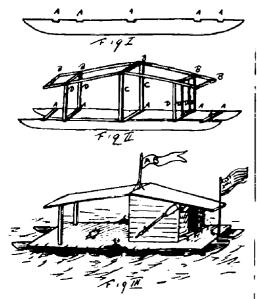
DESIGNED FOR THE READERS OF THE AMERICAN BOY

LEWIS ALLEN

Boys love the water, and if such a thing is possible, they will spend many of their happlest hours upon its shores or riding upon its surface.

What boy has not built himself a raft? Here is something that should afford much pleasure to the average youth whether or not he is able to possess a boat. It is called the catamaran houseboat and is intended to serve for a manifold purpose, it being adaptable alike as a craft almost as rapid as a rowboat, a raft, a floating camp, a summer fishing house and many other things that will at once present themselves to the brightminded readers of "THE AMERICAN BOY."

Among its many advantages are the facts that it is perfectly safe from overturning, that it will not crush in when struck ever so violently by anything found upon the



water, that it may be propelled much more easily than a ratt; indeed, with almost as little effort as a beat, and that it is an ideal attraction for boys, whether used stationary, propelled about lakes, ponds and rivers, used as an aquatic playhouse, a summer camp, a rainy day fishing house or any other pleasant use to which it may be put. Another of its advantages is that its cost need not be great, although it may be made very expensive. Having possessed the proud privilege once of being a boy himself, the writer is aware that the average boy is never overstocked with money, hence the question of cost is a momentous one.

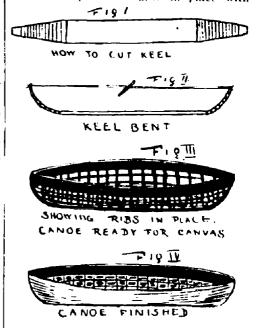
To build one of these house-hoats it is first necessary to secure two logs. Logs being round should be used in preference to square beams, although the latter will answer. They should be fifteen or more

they will watersoak. First round and point each end, as in Fig. 1, then with a point each end, as in Fig. 2, then with a point each end, as in Fig. 3, then with a point each end, as in Fig. 3, the middle end of your little for the crosspices as indicated at A in When this is done make your crosspices which will be five in number, four feet in keins. The prosspices and frame in the point in the

| 9 yds. 10-oz. canvas | 1.08 |
|-------------------------------------|------|
| 3 oz. copper tacks | .10 |
| 2 floor boards | .21 |
| 2 doz. Main. screws | 10 |
| 1 doz. 11/2-in. screws | ,110 |
| 6 lbs. white lead | .36 |
| 3 pints linseed oil | .30 |
| 6 strips 16-ft. by 1/2-in by 1/2-in | . 20 |
| 1/2 lb brads | |
| 30 sugar barrel hoops | 00 |
| | |
| Total | 3.00 |
| Length of canoe | ft. |
| Width of beam32 | |
| | |

feet in length and quite sound, otherwise they will watersoak. First round and point each end, as in Fig. 1, then with a saw, hammer and chisel, which are about all the tools needed, cut out resting places for the crosspleces as indicated at A in Fig. 1.

When this is done make your crosspleces, which will be five in number, four feet in length. The crosspieces and frame pleces should be two by two or two by four inch deep and one inch wide, about one inch from the end. Do this only at one end now. Now take your strips and screw them with brass screws to the keel, about one inch from the top. Now strap these pieces loosely to the other end of the keel so they may slide easily. Cut two pieces of wood twenty inches long and pull the side pieces appart and our those misees so as to press twenty inches long and pull the side pleces apart and put these pieces so as to press the side boards out far enough to make the distance half way between these two boards thirty inches, or more will be better. Now mark at the other end (where the side boards have not been screwed), the place where the keel reaches, and saw grooves the same as in the other end and screw these ends in place. Next fasten those twenty inch boards in place with



screws. The pieces which keep the sides apart can be the ends which were cut from the sixteen foot boards. Other pieces must be used until these are cut off. The boat is now ready for the ribs, which can be made of barrel hoops which should be cut in half. These should be screwed to the keel, and fastened to the side boards with brads. Be sure and get each of them even. These will make excellent ribs and are quite strong. Now take your strip (sixteen feet by one-half by one-fourth), and tack them to the barrel hoops. This will make a good framework to which the canvas may be tacked. Use copper tacks, other tacks will rust and make holes through the canvas. Begin to put the canvas on at the center and tack it on toward the ends. Then tack to the siles and stretch the canvas as tight as possible and put in pienty of tacks, at least three-quarters of an inch apart on the keel, and about two inches apart in the rest of the places. Paint woodwork and canvas so they will stick. The canoe is now ready for painting, and I am sure any boy will know how to do this. Put on at least two coats of paint. This canoe is capable of holding two boys and a small camping outfit. It will hold at least four hundred and fifty pounds, and does not weigh more than sixty pounds.

A Twentieth Century Lad. ARMOND EDGAR.

Boys will be boys, is an old saying and a very true one at that. It seems to infer that the boy or boys referred to are wild and mischievous, but not always so. In this case you are to understand that I mean a real manly little fellow, intelligent

and up to date.
Clifford Kaime, a boy of twelve years of and up to date.

C'lifford Kalme, a boy of twelve years of age, has succeeded in performing a feat which many a man would be proud of. Clifford lives in Denver, Colo. Last summer while stopping at a ranch twenty five miles from the city, he became very much attached to a Newfoundland dog, which the ranchman had. She was a kind and intelligent beast and made friends with everybody. For this reason she could not be used for a watchdog, so Clifford begged to be allowed to train her to harness. This is not an easy task and requires patience and perseverance. Old Farmer Pete, as the ranchman was called, was a good-natured fellow, and Clifford did not have to coax very hard to get his consent to do any thing, as he had taken a liking to the boy. This youthful animal trainer had his hands full before long.

I forgot to mention that the dog's name to the liber of the



CLIFFORD KAIME.

the ranchman had. She was a kind and intelligent best start made freines with a content to the start of the s

Clinord's father and mother were so much pleased with their son when he showed toem how he had trained his dog, and with the stable and wagon shed he had built, that they bought him a nice new express wagon, large enough to hold two boys and carry a light load. He had a very neat outfit now and looked very swell, as you can see for yourself by the accompanying photograph, which was taken one bright morning when Clifford was just getting ready for a drive to City Park.

Clifford has quite a reputation in the neighborhood as the young animal fancier. A few days ago he was made a present by one of the neighbors of some pretty white tats. He also has a stock of fine Belgian hares and a wise-looking magple, which sits perched up in one of Clifford's homemade cages and cuatters all day long. It has a cute trick of whistling at everyone who passes by the house. The cage is in such a position that he can see the people passing on either side of the street, but cannot be seen by anyone, and most people who do not know of the bird think some one is whistling for them, and they naturally turn in the direction of the sound. Of course, Mr. Smart-Bird crouches in the corner and tries the trick again. Sometimes he takes a notion to call the dog. Poor Belle can only answer by a wag of her tail. She has a curious look on her face as much as to say "Who taught you to talk? How do you know my name?" The bird really talks as plain as a human being.

up, he saw a large bird flying over his head. It alighted in a large tree just back of the chicken yard at his home, and running to the fence he called to his mother to bring his rifle.

Lying flat on his back under the tree with the rifle resting on his knee, he took aim and fired directly through the bird, the ball passing through the breast and out at the back, scarcely leaving a mark that showed. The eagle fell and died im-



An English Boy Writes to American Boys.

Frank Tanner, a Union City (Pa.) boy, who reads THE AMERICAN BOY, has a cousin who resides in England. Frank wrote his English cousin, asking him to write a few words for THE AMERICAN BOY, and here is what the English boy

Boys will be boys the world over, with their pranks, and their sports, and their studies; but the boys of old England are probably more like the boys of young America than of any other country in the civilized world, with the possible exception of Ireland and Scotland, whose lively young fellows are pretty much like the boys of England. You will all be sorry for the English kals when you learn that they do not have a Fourth of July celebration and do not understand the importance of Independence Day, all because their great-grand-fathers forgot to tell them how your greatdence Day, all because their great-grand-fathers forgot to tell them how your great-grandfathers, under General George Wash-ington, took America away from old Eng-land. But the English boys have the Fifth of November, their Guy Fawkes' Day, when they shoot off gunpowder and firecrackers they shoot off gunpowder and firecrackers and rockets. No doubt your teacher of history can tell you all about Guy Fawkes and the failure of the Gunpowder Plot, which English boys now celebrate. This autumn the English boys have had many added celebrations over their general elections, when the voters of Great Britain and Ireland chose members of Parliament, like your members of Congress, you know. This brings up another timely topic for your investigation—how is your Congress like the English Parliament, and why does England have a general election this fall like the United States? English boys have just about stopped celebrating the victories of the English armies over the armies of South Africa. Perhaps some of your boys might about stopped celebrating the victories of the English armies over the armies of South Africa. Perhaps some of your boys might disagree with the young Britons in thinking that Mr. Kruger and Mr. Cronje were the worst men on earth, but many of the English boys thought so and they killed all sorts of playmen representing Transvaal soldiers; and more than one proud little Englishman has wished that he could grow up big and fast in order to go and help his father and older brothers kill Boers, just as you may have done when the Americans were fighting the Spaniards. But, best of all, the English boys have forgotten all about the time when their great-grandfathers fought unsuccessfully against the United States, and they think now that the Americans are England's best friends, who would come over and help them to fight the Boers or the French or the Russians, if necessary, and they hope that some day their "Yankee cousins," as they call you all, may come across the ocean and play with them at storming the old casties and building the big ships of which England is so justly proud. so justly proud.

Loyal to His Queen.

A. J. CAMPBELL.

Paddy Doogan was a chubby little Irish boy. Ireland was his country, and Dublin, his native city; and proud was he of that fact. Ireland had no son that sung her praises with more ardor, and wore "the green" with more complacency. With the light-hearted manner of his race, he strolled day after day through the streets of Dublin, ready for a job, a fight, or a patriotic song.

As for a home—he knew none: all Dublin

As for a home-he knew none; all Dublin As for a home—he knew none; all Dublin was his home. A crust or a spotted apple at times made a meal; a box or a keg a bed. Often hungry and seldom satisfied, he was always cheerful. Nothing could still his merry whistle, that rippled out in sports from an over full fountain of good feeling or poured forth fresh and sweet like the morning song of the skylark. His eyes were blue—a beautiful, liquid blue, like detached pieces of his native sky. His brown curly hair was a frouzy tangle that overlapped hisears, and hung low over his forehead.

Happy and careless, he was one evening

was a trouzy tangle that overlapped his ears, and hung low over his forehead.

Happy and careless, he was one evening sauntering down a side street, with hands in pockets, whistling "The Minstrel Boy." Suddenly he espled a newspaper lying by the sidewalk. Stooping, he slowly spelled out the headlines: "Our Queen has passed away. Victoria, the Great and the Good, is no more. She has visited Ireland for the last time." Little by little the 'truth dawned on Paddy. Victoria dead! The Queen dead! The Queen whom, only the summer before, he had cheered in Dublin streets till his voice failed him. There was no whistling now; and his face wore a touchingly pathetic look. He felt that Paddy Doogan had one friend less in this world.

The call of a flower girl drew his attention.

The call of a flower girl drew his atten-

The call of a flower girl drew his attention. Hastening to her, he purchased with his last penny a little bunch of violets, then, baring his head, he reverently laid his simple floral offering upon the newspaper, just over the fatal headlines. As he turned away, he drew the back of his grimy little hand across his eyes.

That night the glorious moon hung high in the heavens. Her silver beams pierced the chinks of an old woodshed in which, curled up fast asleep, lay Paddy Doogan He slept the sleep of the just. He had done his duty to the memory of his Queen; and the wind, creeping softly through the crevices, played lovingly with his curly hair.

During the first seven years of his mercantile career, Amos Lawrence did not permit a bill to remain unsettled over Sunday.-Pushing to the Front.





WAITING FOR THE BALL.

This little for terrier plays ball. He is waiting now o catch a ball his mistress is about to throw him: Photo by C. M. Fessenden, Stamford, Conn.

Young Defenders.

in some of the New York schools they have a Young Defenders' League to help the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty cruelty to horses, dogs, donkeys, cats, etc., to headquarters for investigation and punishment. In one of the schools the League was started by a boy who had been a torment to the teacher of every school he had passed through. He was the last one they expected to lead a reform movement. The way it came about was this: He was passing Madison Square one afternoon when he saw a company of boys coming out of the S. P. C. A. building. On meeting they explained the League to him and asked him to join. He was told to get into line; he signed the card, and had his badge pinned on; and the next day he began his work. He not only reported cases to the society, but induced twenty five of the boys of his school to become members of the League. He seems to realize that a leader must be one the boys can look up to, for there is a marked change for the better in his deportment.

"Tommy, you seem to know a good deal about weeds and flowers?"
"Yes. I'd know 'em all if they wuzn't so many" many.

queer stories about rats, says a reporter of the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "I have the ship cleaned out by professional rat-catchers whenever we touch at Liverpool," he said, "and between times we try to keep them down by trapping, but it's hard work. We don't dare to use poison. If we did the hold would be full of dead rats and the stench would breed a fever. Our traps are of the wire cage pattern and considerable craft has to be used in setting them, for a ship rat is a very cunning beast, and he will steer clear of decoys that his landlubber brothers walk into with their eyes wide open. If we simply baited the traps in the ordinary way and left them about in the hold, we wouldn't catch a dozen in a year. Our plan is this: On the first night we open the trap doors and tie them in that position with bits of string. so they can't possibly spring shut. Then we put scraps of old cheese inside and leave them until the following evening. That's to reassure the rats that the strange wire contrivances are perfectly harmless and that they may enter in with a certainty of getting out again. Next night we renew the bait and take off the strings, and, as a general thing. we catch all that the cages will hold. I Animals. They report cases of have seen them so full that it seemed impossible to get another rat inside, which is pretty good evidence, as I take it, that they can't communicate with each other and give the alarm. There is nothing new about the trick I describe—it is practiced on all big ships when the rats get too bad."

"Pussy."

The origin of the name "pussy" is explained by Our Boys and Girls as follows: Many years ago the people of Egypt worshipped the cat. They thought that she was like the moon, because she was more active at night, and because her eyes changed, just as the moon changes, which is sometimes full, and sometimes only a little bright crescent, or half moon.

So these people made an idol with the cat's head, and named it Pasht, the same name which they gave to the moon; for the word means the "face of the moon."

That word has been changed to "Pas," 'Pus," and has come at last to be "Puss," the name which almost every one gives to the cat.

Rat-Catching on Board Ship.

Chatting with some friends recently the Captain of a big freight steamer now taking on cargo at this port, told some

> Do rabbits run? Do rabbits run?
> Where is the oyster's mouth?
> Why do horses turn their ears?
> Why does a cat have whiskers?
> How many legs has a house fly?
> How can a fly walk on the ceiling?
> Why does a rabbit wabble its nose?
> Do robbins and chickens walk alike?
> Which end does a wasp sting with?
> How many legs has a garden spider?
> How does an elephant dig in the ground?
> How does a horse use his legs in troting?

is the tiger striped, the leopard

Why is the tiger striped, the leopard spotted?
Why is a fish dark in color above and



LEONARD SWEITZER, HIS BROTHER AND HIS SISTER ON THEIR WAY TO SCHOOL This interesting quartette lives at Delta, Colo, Leonard holds the reins.

Saved His Dog.

A boy about ten years old went to the central police station in Kansas City, Kas., one day last week, leading a fine shepherd dog by a short piece of rope tied to his collar, relates the Kansas City Star. The boy's face was red and swollen and he was crying.

"Well, well, well, what's the matter here?" asked a big policeman, stooping down and looking into the boy's face.

It seemed like a long time before he could stop crying.

"Please, sir." he sobbed, "my mother is too poor to pay for a license for Shep. and I brought him here to have you kill him."

Then he broke out with another wail that was heard all through the city building. Shep stood there mute and motionless, looking up into the face of his young master. A policeman took out his handkerchief to blow his nose and the desk sergeant went out into the hall, absent-mindedly whistling a tune which no one ever heard before, while the captain remembered that he must telephone somebody. Then Chief Mc-Farland led the boy to the door, and, patting him on the head, said kindly:

"There, little fellow, don't cry any more: run home with your dog. I wouldn't kill a dog like Shep for a thousand dollars."

'Oh, thank you, sir." They were tears of joy now. He bounded out into the street and ran off towards his home with Shep prancing along and jumping up and trying to kiss the boy's face. It was hard to tell which was the happier, the boy or the dog.

The Tartars and Their Horses.

The Tartars have a way of living with their animals which is truly astonishing; they talk to them, and when they wish to encourage them they whistle to them as if they were birds. If they do not travel well, they address to them tender reproaches; and when special effort is needed on their part, they say to them: "Come, my doves, you know you must go up there; courage, my pets; come, go And when the difficulty is accomplished, they get down from their box and praise and caress them, allowing them to rest and breathe; patting them between the eyes, rubbing their noses, stroking the hair on their foreheads between their ears; indeed caressing them in every way, and treating them like muchloved pets.—Un Touriste au Caucase.

How Many of These Can You Answer?

ting?
In what order goes a fly move its legs in

Why is a fish dark in color above and light underneath?

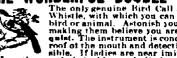
Do pigs grunt as an expression of pain or pleasure?

Do little pigs show any sign of affection for each other?

How many times does a crow fold its wings after alighting?

When sheep get up from lying down, do they rise with their fore or hind legs first?





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An Interesting Talk About Stamps.

KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH

Thousands of people, young and old, find pleasure and profit in stamp collecting. About forty years ago, a Belgian school-master tried to make geography more interesting by having his pupils adorn their atlases with stamps belonging to different countries, and thus began the craze that has spread all over the world. The varieties of stamps are without number and a philatelist wishing to obtain rare stamps and knowledge of the pursuit finds that there are over seventy stamp magazines published in France, England and Germany. Two things fix the price of all but the rarest stamps—auction sales and the desire of the catalogue dealers to obtain as high a price as possible for what they Thousands of people, young and old, find high a price as possible for what they

as high a price as possible for what they have.

There are a number of individuals who make their livelihood by giving time and attention to the selling of stamps. A St. Louis firm gave employment to one hundred and thirty persons and published for a short time a weekly stamp paper. A firm in New York publishes a catalogue of all the known stamps in the world. A London business house issues catalogues of British and Canadian stamps. It is estimated that there are 500,000 stamp collectors in the United States and one of the fifty and over stamp dealers in London estimates his stock at £60,000. Frequently millions of cheap stamps are bought to paper the walls of public and private buildings.

ings.

A philatelist club in America with head-quarters in New York is called "The Col-lectors' Club." and boasts of having mem-bers from all parts of the country. In 1897 a stamp exhibition was held in Lon-don. Stamps were exhibited from Great Britain, Europe, Asia, Africa and America to the value of \$2,000,000.

Though there is a penalty against any one selling or using fictitious stamps, the collector is often deceived.

collector is often deceived.

American stamps have been known to sell for \$1,000 to \$2,500, and one Alabama stamp sold for six hundred dollars. One of the most remarkable English stamps is the straw-colored Queen's head, issued in 1862. It is worth thirty pounds. An English penny black, the first stamp ever issued, now brings seventy five dollars, and some Canadian stamps have sold for three hundred and fifty dollars.

There are about a dozen stamps whose

dred and fifty dollars.

There are about a dozen stamps whose rarity has achieved for them a fame which certainly will have to be denied on any other score. Two Mauritius stamps, issued in 1847, sold for six hundred and eighty pounds recently. It is probable that not more than eight sets of these stamps are in existence. They are, however, not by any means the rarest stamps in the world, for there are some of which only one copy exists. A rare stamp for instance is the 1851 issue of British Guiana, of which only six are known, and three of these are in a Paris collection and one in the British museum. museum.

A unique advantage of the craze was taken when the Republic of Liberia, not having cash to pay the expenses of a del-egate to the Chicago exposition, gave him supply of stamps to sell to the best advantage.

Among the many kinds of odd stamps that have been in use are Memorial Stamps. The first Issue of this description was made in 1887 on the occasion of the liftieth anni-The first Issue of this description was made in 1887 on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the ascension of Queen Victoria to the throne. Columbian issues were made in the United States in 1893 and similar issues in Nicaragua, Honduras and Porto Rico. One odd stamp was used for one day only. It was issued in October, 1892, by the Argentine Republic to commemorate the discovery of America. Our Centennial Stamp was made in 1876. Sorrow, as well as joy, has received a fitting tribute in the shape of these souvenirs. Memorial stamps were made for Lincoln and Garfield, and one of the first proofs of the latter was sent to Queen Victoria. It was mounted on a card, placed in a silver and gold frame and protected by a glass in an ebony frame. It is interesting to an American to know that the United States has the distinction of having the greatest number of stamps in use at one time. The stamp history of the United States is of value from an educational point of view. Stamps reached America in 1843, being introduced by Brazil. Some of the early postmasters had stamps printed and sold at their respective offices. This took place in Baltimore, Brattleboro (Vermont), New Haven, New York, Providence and St. Louis. These now sell for large sums.

taken for properly preserving them are strange and unique. A few years ago it was the fashion to ornament white china piates with stamps. Some were arranged with such care that they were works of

A collector recently put on exhibition a number of philatelic bracelets, lockets, etc. He took the stamped envelopes, cut out He took the stamped envelopes, cut out the faces and used them as cameos. The most beautiful was that of Queen Victoria, taken from English envelopes. Quite as curious an idea was that of the New York dealer who exhibited in his window a complete suit of clothes entirely covered with postage stamps. This suit was worn at a competitive ball and took the first prize. The coat was composed of red stamps, the vest of green and the trousers of blue. of blue.

stamps, the vest of green and the dousers of blue.

One of the largest steamships in the world has decorated the main saloon with the main saloon with the main saloon with the main saloon with the main saloon stamps. This artistic idea in another form has been carried out by a lady in New England, who has \$26,000 stamps, completely covering every portion of a bedroom set consisting of bedstead, bureau, commode and chairs. The stamps are secured to the set with glue and then varnished so that the furniture can be washed. The beginning of the conection dates back many years. Included in the tiny specimens of stamps are stamps from every country that the international system of postage covers. Some are old and known only to the stamp collector. Cornell offered two hundred dollars for this collection, but it was refused.

tem of postage covers. Some are old and known only to the stamp collector. Cornell offered two hundred dollars for this collection, but it was refused.

All these are interesting in their way, but they are nothing as compared with the valuable collections in the world at large. Berlin, Amsterdam, Vienna, Dresden and the British Museum each boast of expensive collections, and as an illustration of the value a philatelist puts upon the genuine as distinguished from the amateur assortment, albums have been classified as (1) Beginners' Collection; (2) Average Collection; (3) Serious Collection, valued at \$10,000; (4) Important Collection, valued at \$10,000; (6) Great Collection, valued at \$50,000; (6) Great Collection, valued at \$50,000; (6) Great Collection, valued at \$100,000 or more.

The Galliera collection in Paris is valued at 1,440,000 francs. The Duke of York has a collection worth £30,000, and the Rothchild's collection is estimated at £100,000 while the late Czar of Russia, who took a personal interest in his stamps, particularly those of Asiatic issue, had a collection worth £30,000.

The Ferrari collection, estimated variously from \$50,000 to \$1,000,000 is in a way unique. This gentleman has the credit of purchasing at any price examples of which he has no specimens, and has had for years two specialists devoted to the custodianship of the stamps at salaries of \$2,000 a year each.

The day for forming a complete collection of stamps is passing away. Nearly every collector is now a specialist, but the majority keep a more or less wary eye open to completing their collection so far as it remains possible.

The Boy Coin Collector.

The Numismatic Sphinx.

D. R. Jacobs, Brevard, N. C.—There is no premium on the coins you mention. Any dealer in coins can supply you with the Columbian half dollars of 1892 and 1893.

Walter K. Rose, Pierre, S. Dak.—Your rubbing is from a two real piece of Charles IV. of Spain and is of no particular value. The ordinary English modern silver brings no premium with collectors.

Elbert McCochran, Jr., Bloomfield, Ia.—An 1828 sixpence Victoria 1825, the dealers seil for twenty five cents; 1825 half cent is worth five cents; all the good dollars now command a premium and bring from one dollar and fifty cents to one dollar and seventy five cents each. Your shinplasters, If fine, are worth more than face.

Charles W. Tamplin, Nebraska City, Nab.

Charles W. Templin, Nebraska City. Neb.—(1) Mexico eight reals or dollar. 1838; (2) Spain, Charles IV. (1789-1898), 1891. This series was issued in denominations of 44, 1, 2, 4 and 8 reals. Both Mexican and Spanish silver are very common in sections of this country. Collectors are usually supplied and the banks only allow builion walks for them. value for them.

Guy Parmenter. Yutan. Neb.—(1) German 10 pfennig; (2) Columbian half dollar. 1893, sixty cents if in good condition; (3) coronet head half dollar (you do not give date). They were issued every year from 1807 to 1838, both years inclusive, with the single exception of 1816. (4) Fractional currency, unless fine, no premium. (5) Five cent silver pieces of Canada, 1890 and 1891, are very common.

Frank Armin, Sibley, Iowa.—Your rubbing is taken from a Swedish coin of Frederick is taken from a swedish coin of Frederick 1., 1720-51. Obverse: Two F's in monogram crowned, crowns at sides and beneath. Re-verse: Crossed arrows, crown above; value 1, OR S (lifer) M (ynt), date beneath 1742. The coin sells for twenty five cents.

Ernest Rossignol, Brooklyn, N. Y.-Your Ernest Rossignol, Brooklyn. N. Y.—Your drawing is taken from a Wellington token or medal, and was struck to commemorate the restoration of the Spanish provinces back to that people by Wellington. Your history will tell you of the Peninsular wars, 188-12, during which time the French were expelled from Spain by the English forces under the Duke of Wellington, and your medal will be more interesting to you after reading it.

Wm. G. Nyce, Ferniteld, Pa.—An 1825 half cent is worth fifteen cents. We know of no Canada three cent piece of 1838, or cent of 1857 with "Millions for defense." You no doubt mean 1837. An 1839 dime is worth twenty five cents, 1853, face value only. Your foreign coin is a Russian one-half kopeck of Nicholas 1, 1825-55. This belongs to his third coinage; the full set contains a one quarter, one half, one, two and three keyecks; all easily obtained.

Kelecks; all easily obtained.

Frank E. Bronson, Jr., Painted Post, N. Y.—Your two rubbings are taken from coins of Tunis. The first is a 3 plaster silver coin, issued 1295 A. H., and the second a 2 caroub copper coin issued in 1289 A. H. Intrinsically the coins are worthy thirty and two cents each, respectively. The dealers charge sevent? five and forty cents for them. It must be noted that the date is from the Hegira, or Flight of Mahommed, and not Anno Domini. For instance, 1289 A. H. equals 1881-82 A. D.

Charles W. Barrson Nashua V. H.—

A. H. equals 181-82 A. D.

Charles W. Pearson, Nashua, N. H.—
Your Canadian, Nova Scotia, and U. S.
coins are all of common varieties and hardly bring a premium. The English penny
of George III., dated 1797, is one of the
largest copper coins. It weighs two ounces,
and if in good condition is worth seventy
five cents. French Colonial coins of Charles
X. (1821-30), in good condition, sell for ten
cents each. The 1804 half cent sells for
from fifteen to twenty five cents; 1828 half
cents are in two varieties, twelve and thirteen stars. The former sells for twenty
five cents and the latter half a dollar. The
war token "Dix Cent." so called. "If anyhody attempts to tear it down shoot him on
the spot." is common. A rare variety has the spot." is common. A rare variety has the word "spot" spelled "spoot."

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SEA SHELLS I'M diberty and Lat Total Waters THE CURIO EXCHANGE, NEW RAMILCHE, WASH. Agents Wanted 1840 per cent, profile. Now thing.



ALL READY! LOOK PLEASANT! Photo by Earle A. Bannister, Thompsonville, Mich.

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, also a second prize each month, of one dollar, for the next best photograph, 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 photographs in any event to be our own, without further payment than the payment of the prizes. Write on the back of the photograph is title, with a description of the picture, and the full name and address of the contestant.

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PHOTOGRAPHIC DEN OF HAROLD D. EARL,

Box 472, Brandon, Manitoba,

Photographic Notes.

Iodide of potassium is said to be a much more powerful restrainer than bromide.

The Monroe Dry Plate Co., Jamestown N. Y. offers a small package of their special plates, 4x5 or 5x7, with developer for twenty cents.

Every amateur photographer should learn by the "feel" of the plates to load his plate holders in the dark. Then there will be no fear of fogging.

A cover to slip over your developing tray

If you have no drying rack, drive a count of nails in a wall, and put your plate on them. Of course, do not drive the nails all the way in, but leave the heads a sufficient distance from the wall to make a safe slant for the plate.

When the ruby light is covered with what when the ruby light is covered with what is known as post office paper, it should be changed at least twice a year, as the paper fades, and at last becomes quite unsafe, fogging the plates by allowing light to

Very few public men object to having their pictures taken, even by the amateur photographer, though they may joke about it, and pretend to be annoyed. There is that in men as well as women that delights in being taken nooce of, and "any old picture" is acceptable, if only it advertises them. So the amateur is advised to take his camera to all public assemblages, and fire away at anyone who is in the public mind at the time. In this way it is not impossible that he may obtain the first picture of a future President of the United States; a better chance that he is getting a governor; and a first rate chance that in his collection will be a mayor and several aldermen. Very few public men object to having

To Prevent Prints Curling.

Sometimes it is not desired to mount prints that have been made on developing paper. When they have a tendency to curl they may be made to lay flat by immersing them, after the final washing for a few moments in a solution made up as follows: Glycerine, 3 ounces; alcohol, 4 ounces; water, 1 ounce.

To Soften a Portrait.

The lens in the ordinary view camera does not take a really fine portrait. It is not made for that purpose. It has too much depth of focus, making both the foreground and background sharp—something not required in a portrait. A writer in Camera Craft says that this defect can be remedied in part by producing what is called "diffusion of focus." To do this unscrew the back and front combinations as far as possible without their dropping off. This takes away the sharpness, and is said to give a pleasing softness of outline. Then use the lens wide open, that is, without stopping down. Make the exposure as short as possible.

Answers to Correspondents.

Charles Scott.—The Scovill & Adams Co., 62 East Eleventh street, New York, advertise pyrocatechin for sale.

P., Antioch, Cal.-A combined toning and fixing bath is not recognized as being permanent. It will do for a temporary

Hiram Collins.—A transparency is a positive, and a positive is the opposite of a negative. All lantern slides are positives. They can be made by contact, or by reductions from larger negatives.

Harry C. Hollingsworth.—You are using the ferrotype plate the right way. When the print sticks to the plate, rub it with a solution of paraffine dissolved in refined benzine, and polish with a soft rag.

Willie Watson.—It is not safe for a boy to attempt to make his own flashlights. The stuff is sufficiently dangerous as it is, ready for use, at the photographic supply houses, without buying the raw material and manipulating it. and manipulating it.

and manipulating it.

George E. Howell.—Unless there is a class for copied photographs in an amateur contest, copied pictures would not probably be admitted, unless it was plainly stated that it was a copy. Photographs not copyrighted can always be copied. There are a number of preparations on the market for coating paper, cloth, wood, etc., but for a small number it will be cheaper to buy the prepared article than to attempt to mix from chemicals.

Cooling the Developer.

A writer in Camera and Dark Room obbut wants it used in a different way. When the ice is put direct in the developer to the ice is put direct in the developer, he says, it means the gradual changing of the says, it means the gradual changing of the composition of the solution; that is, you are constantly diluting it. Such dilution may be advantageous in some cases—in fact, absolutely necessary, but in others it is the reverse. Then again, the liquefaction of the ice will make your developer weakest at a time when it should be strongest, i. e., when building up density after having atyon the details a change to work out. e., when nulling up density after naving given the details a chance to work out. By putting the ice in medium-sized lumps, in a larger tray than the one in which you are developing and resting the latter crosswise on the former, the ice, coming in contact with the bottom of the developing area. will be found a handy affair, allowing you coming in contact with the leave the dark room for a moment without fear of fogging the plate.

When drying negatives with alcohol, it changing its composition. The fact that when drying negatives with alcohol, it is well to first swab them off with a tuft of cotton, so as to be sure to remove all foreign substances from the face of the film.

The flat tuation of the face of the film.

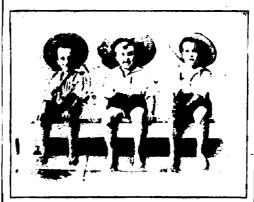
The flat tuation of the sure to remove all the smaller tray is resting on the top of the larger one will not scriously impede the gentle rocking of the former. Have the lumps of ice of such a size as to come in contact with the bottom of the upper for as long a period as possible, but The size of the "stop" plays an important in contact with the bottom of the upper part in the proper length of the exposure. A study of the good and bad effect of stopping down will do much to produce good flow unevenly over the plate.

A Bit of Human Nature.

Practical photographers are sitters seldom like their own pictures, "All yours are good, but mine are not right, is the common criticism. Perhaps the objector expected too much. Fanny says, "Kate! yours is fine, but look at my nose." Kate says, "Yours is exact, but I'm going

Pictures Worth Mentioning.

Among the many excellent pictures sent to the photographic department of THE AMERICAN BOY the past month are an unusually large number printed too dark for reproduction in half-tone. One is by Raymond Clark, West Winterport, Me., and shows a scene on March River. Another is by Howard S. Wheeler, Rockland, Mass., and is a view of a spring freshet. Geo. R. Bailey's picture of cows in the water, entitled "Homeward Bound," has a beautiful background and gives evidence of the excellence of the single lens used—a fine example of good photography; yet it is printed too dark. There is the same difficulty with the pictures by Jasper Miller, of Three Rivers, Mich., giving Michigan



THREE IN A ROW.

Photo by Howard S. Wheeler, Rockland, Mass

Photo by Howard S. Wheeler, Rockland, Mass. scenes. Albert J. Young. White Plains, N. Y., overprinted, though otherwise the pictures sent are good. Two of the three photos sent by Nelson B. Moulton, Dorchester, Mass., are cunning baby pictures, but cannot be reproduced.

Other pictures worthy of mention are: "In Summer Time," by Walter George Reineman, Allegheney, Pa.; "Billy," a goat, by T. Harold Knight, Racine, Wis.; "Playmates," a 'coon and a rabibit, by Latther Bradbury, Denver, Col; an explosion of thirty tons of nitro-gelatin in San Francisco Bay, by W. S. Haskell, N. Berkeley, Cal.; "Traveling Bill," by Charles W. Lautz, Pennsboro, W. Va.; and "Our Baby," by Frank Venning, Chicago, Ill. "An American Girl," by H. R. Carstens, Detroit, Mich., is good, but would be better if printed on aristo platino or platinum paper, "A Holiday in the Country," by Geo. W. Copeland, Pottstown, Pa., shows a group of children picking fruit from a tree.

Tom Cole has done very well for a "first offense," Howard D. Earl's first flashlight is creditable. C. M. Fessenden's four prints are worth mentioning, but lack detail in the high lights. Perhaps they were developed with a too strong solution. It is a pity that Howard S. Wheeler's "Three Jacks" cannot be effectively reproduced, for it is a nice piece of artistic photography.



IN THE BACK YARD, WITH THE THERMOMETER 101 IN THE SHADE.

Earl Hopkins, 1718 West Fourth St., Sionx City, Ia. takes a friend's photograph while the latter is taking a back yard bath with hose and tub.

Heat is an Accelerator.

It is hard to make the amateur believe that a few degrees difference in the temperature of his chemicals will make much, if any, difference in his pictures. There is nothing like experience to prove the contrary, so a writer in a photographic magazine advises the amateur to take, say, three shots at the same object and then develop the negatives with developer at different degrees of temperature.

Develop one in a solution at fifty degrees, the second at eighty degrees and the third with the temperature about normal, say between sixty five and sevency five degrees. The plate developed in the fifty degree solution will be dull, lacking not only in brilliancy, but in detail; the one which has passed through the eighty degree solution will be foggy, flat and abnormally dense, to say nothing of the physical damage which the high temperature has done to the film, known as frilling. Other conditions being normal, the remaining plate will be well basanced, showing detail and density in harmonious proportion.

If you now make prints from each of the three plates, printed on the same kind of paper and under as nearly the same conditions as possible, and study both the negatives and positives very carefully, you will no longer doubt that ofttimes the difference in the temperature of the developing solutions is the difference between success and failure.

An esteemed correspondent writes that amateur photographers should be warned of the poisonous qualities of cyanide of potassium. It is used as a reducer. He advises the use of red prussiate of potash and "hypo" instead, as preferable. Most of the chemicals used in photography have poisonous qualities, and those using them cannot be too careful. Label everything very plainly, and use different shapes and sizes of hottles. Then if the eye doesn't eatch sight of the label, the hand will know what is in the bottle.



1 4x5 Dexo Folding Camera with Rapid Rec-tilinear Lens and Junior Automatic Shutter and Leather Carrying case. 1 Folding Tripod, 1 Folding Park Room Lan-tern, 1 dozen 4x5 Dry Plates, 3x5 Trup. 1 Negative Rack, 1 Package Develop-ing Powders, 1 Package Hypo Sods, 1 Measuring

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to make him take mine over. I wouldn't MIII TISCOPE & FILM CO. 216 Jefferson Street,



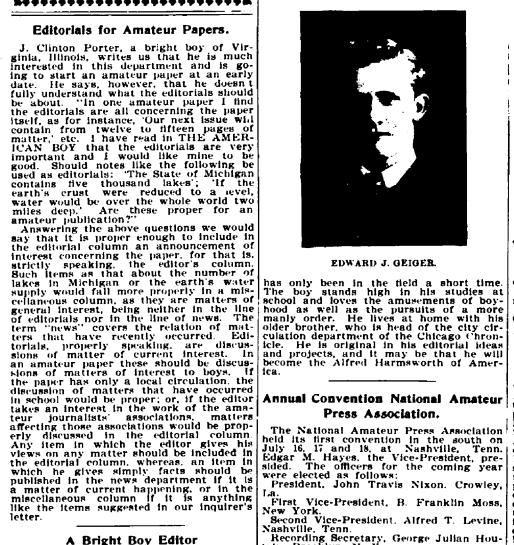
A FALL PLEASURE. Photo by George W. Copeland, R. D. No. 3, Pottstown, Pa.

The Amateur Journalist 🖫 ...and Printer...

Editorials for Amateur Papers.

lish High and Manual Training School. In addition to his work in school he devotes his time and effort to printing and publishing. His publication is "Chicago's Welcome Visitor," the third issue of which recently came from the press. Young Geiger is of German ancestry, and was born in Chicago nineteen years ago. He exhibits a strong natural tendency toward journalistic work. Since he was eleven years old he has been interested in printing. When but twelve he was "copy boy" on one of the large newspapers of Chicago, and every summer since then he has found some sort of newspaper work to do. Last summer he had charge of all the boys in the editorial department of the Chicago-American, and was occasionally sent after news himself. In his spare moments he has gathered news clippings from the Chicago daily papers; and in 1893, when one of the local papers devoted two columns daily for some time to the publication of news stories and items gathered by the school children of the city, young Geiger invariably supplied one or two of these items, and in one week had the distinction

of capturing both the first and second prizes offered for this work. He keeps and studies almost everything he sees on the subject of journalism or newspapers. His alm ultimately is to bring out a magazine. "Chicago's Welcome Visitor" is said to have quite a large circulation, although it



The winners of the laureate awards for the past year were as follows:
Sketch Laureateship—Samuel J. Steinberg; honorable mention, Foster Gilroy.
Poet Laureateship—Nelson G. Morton; honorable mention, A. V. Peterson.
Essay Laureateship—Louis M. Stafring; honorable mention, W. R. Murphy.
The Historian and Editorial Laureateships were both won by Samuel J. Steinberg.

berg.
New York City was chosen as the place of meeting in 1902.
At the banquet toasts were responded to

as follows:

"The N. A. P. A.," John T. Nixon.

"Youngblood," John M. Acee

The Youth's Companion

HE stories to be published in The Companion during 1902 will number more than two hundred, and be of the greatest variety in scene and in character. A few of the noteworthy groups of stories will be:

Reveille and Taps.

Three stirring stories of soldier life by men who have been in the thick of battle. Another series

Tales of a Circus Hand.

Four stories of remarkable experiences in the lives of men who travel with the great circuses. These stories will delight old and young. A series of thrilling interest will be

Told by a Deep-Sea Diver.

Four stories of perilous adventures of a diver among wrecks at the bottom of the ocean. Then there will be:

Stories of an Indian Agent.

Four tales of the difficulties and dangers among the Indians on some Western reservations. But it is impossible to enumerate here all the attractions which the editors have provided for the new volume. To any one requesting it, however, we will send free, full illustrated announcement for 1902 with sample copies of the paper.

Free Jan. l, 1902.

HE New Subscriber who sends \$1.75, a year's subscription price, now, with this slip or the name of this paper, will receive not only the 52 issues of The Companion's Volume for 1902, but all this year's November and December issues from the time of subscription, including the Double Holiday Numbers and the New Companion Calendar, charming in design and exquisite in color. It is sold to non-subscribers for 50 cents.

The Youth's Companion :: Boston, Mass.

"The Fossil." Franklin C. Wedge.
"The T. A. P. A.." C. C. Grisham.
"Amateur Journalism in the South."
George A. Alderman.
"The Chicago A. P. C.," Albert E. Ber-

nard.

"Amateur Journalism in New England," Charles W. Parker. "The Next Convention Scat," Edgar M.

Annual Convention National Amateur

Press Association.

The National Amateur Press Association

Any item in which the editor gives his vives on a minure whereas, in the miscellaneous column if it is a matter of current happening, or in the miscellaneous column if it is a matter of current happening, or in the miscellaneous column if it is a matter of current happening, or in the miscellaneous column if it is anything like the items suggested in our inquirers letter.

A Bright Boy Editor

Edward J. Geiger, of Chicago, is a student in the third year class in the Chicago Epstlish High and Manual Training School. In addition to his work in school he devotes his time and effort to printing and publishing. His publication is "Chicagos Welcome Visitor," the third issue of which recently came and German hancestry, and was born in Chicago inneteen years ago. He exhibits a strong natural tendency toward of vice parts ago. He exhibits a strong natural tendency toward of the proposition of the prop

his work that he has already made several successful appearances as a soloist. He has a remarkable technique, producing a clear, even tone. He plays his solos from memory, and chief among them are Wienlawski's "Kuiawiak," Moszkowski's "Sernata." the Polish dance by Scharwenka and Ovide Musin's Mazurka, the pizzicato movement and octaves in Musin's Mazurka and the artificial harmonies in the "Whis and the artificial harmonies in the

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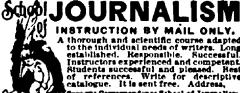
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THE MENT OF THE PARTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE P THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION

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 selcomes members of all ages, and any one who is interested in any form of natural science is invited.
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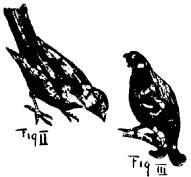
The American Boy in India.

Dacca, Bengal, India, July 18, 1901.
Dear Mr. Ballard:—I like reading about the Agassiz Association in "THE AMERICAN BOY," which we think to be a grand paper. My mother tells me that your society is named after the great French naturalist and is devoted to natural history, and she thinks highly of it. I want to know the name of a flower which sprang up plentifully in our compound when the monsoon commenced. The leaf is like this cut (Fig. 1). The spadix is a deep crimson enclosed in a large



is a deep crimson enclosed in a large sheathing fract leaf which is also a deep red. The under surface of the spathe is a light green. Is it an arum? I have read of Carl Vernon's lizard that climbs up the glass walls of a ferncase. Our lizards climb up the walls of our houses, and climp to the ceilings, although they hang with the head and back downward like files. They can do this because the tips of their toes are formed with round disks. with round disks.

We have a black bird in our compound. It is the size of a crow. It lays its egg in a crow's nest, and the crow hatches it and rears the young. (Fig. 2.)



I should like to know the name of this bird, also of this other one (Fig. 3), which I have heard called a quall. But it is not like the quall in the jungle opposite our house, which are killed and enten. The indian magple is a black and brown bird with a little white on its wings.

With best wishes, your little friend,

JOHN SMEAL BELCHAMBERS.

JOHN SMEAL BELCHAMBERS.

By virtue of this interesting letter, and the drawings which accompany it, Master Belchambers is doubly entitled to membership in the A. A., and is most cordially welcome. The oftener he writes the better we shall like it. I will present the envelope which brought his letter, with the two odd Indian postage stamps to the first person who shall send me correct answers to the questions about the flower and the birds. A few of the words in this letter from far off India may puzzle our American boys. A "compound" is the walled or fenced inclosure of residence in India; it is the same as our "yard." or "garden"—or both compounded!

The "monsoon" is wind that blows steadily along the Aslatic Coast; in winter from the northeast, the dry monsoon; in summer more violently from the southwest, the wet monsoon. When our friend speaks simply of "the monsoon," he refers to the latter. A jungle (In India) is a dense thicket of bamboo and palm.

Those of our readers who are familiar with "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," will easily understand the terms "spadix," and "spathe," when we tell them that "Jack" is a "spadk," and the "pulpit" is a "spathe." Speaking of Professor Agassiz, there was a time when he was a French naturalist,

"spadix," and the "pulpit" is a "spathe." Speaking of Professor Agassiz, there was a time when he was a French naturalist, but he got over that, and became a great American naturalist. If they ever get up as good a boys paper as this in France and call it "The French Boy," we will fight this question out! this question out!

Wanted.

I wish to exchange specimens with a few reliable collectors of butterflies in the eastern and southeastern part of the U. S.—Gary Roddy, Greeley, Colorado.

The Caterpillar Spins.

they should suspend themselves on threads nearly two feet long. Is it customary for caterpillars to do this? The Agassiz Association is one of the most interesting and instructive departments of THE AMERICAN BOY, and I like it very much. I am glad you have adopted THE AMERICAN BOY as your official organ.—Harold B. Pratt, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Okapi, a Congo Animal.

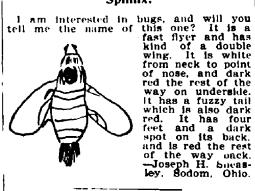
The okapi, an animal having a giraffelike shape, and zebralike stripes on its front legs and hind quarters, has been much discussed by zoologists ever since its discovery by Sir Harry Johnston, special British Commissioner for Uganda, when exploring recently in the Congo State. Professor Ray Lankester thinks the okapi has so unique features that it must be regarded as a new genus. Sir Henry M. Stanley heard of the okapi in the Congo forests. Sir Harry Johnston first sent home two pieces of its skin, which seemed to indicate the discovery of only a new species of striped horse, but the complete skin, together with two sku'ls, that were subsequently sent to London from Mombasa, showed that the discovery was of much greater importance than was at first supposed.

greater importance than was at first supposed.

The animal is a cloven hoofed ruminant, measuring about six feet from the top of its head to the ground. The hide and hair on the body and neck are like those of a deer, while the remainder is striped. The ears are large and ruddy, and fringed with blue black hairs, and the face has stripes of an extremely vivid red.

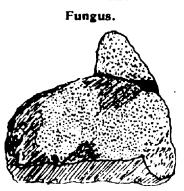
It will doubtless be found, zoologists say, that the peculiar coloration of the okapi is greatly to its advantage. Just as the tiger's yellow stripes match the tall grass in which it waits for prey, and the spots of the giraffe seem like the flecks of shadow on the trees, so the grassy looking stripes on the legs of the okapi hide it, the rest of it being concealed by follage, from the animals which seek to devour it. Perhaps the okapi was formerly striped all over, and as it grew more timid it hid more from its foes and needed its stripes less and less. its foes and needed its stripes less and less

Hemaris Thysbe-Clear-Winged Sphinx.



Frog in December.

While skating one day last December I noticed a frog hopping along on the ice. Can any one explain how a frog could be out and still be alive at such a time; I do not understand it.—Leon V. Smith, Box 30, Evan, Minn.



The accompanying illustration is from a The Caterpillar Spins.

The accompanying illustration is from a sketch of a sponge-like thing which I found attached to the end of an old sidewalk. It is full of tiny holes and dark brown in color. I would like to know what it is and how it happened to grow on the near a large oak. On looking more closely I found that they were hanging on the large and of silven threads attached to the limbs. I should not think it could have been on the plank when the sidewalk was part of silven threads attached to the end of an old sidewalk. It is full of tiny holes and dark brown in color. I would like to know what it is and how it happened to grow on the sidewalk. I should not think it could have been on the plank when the sidewalk was winter quarters were thus broken up, took

Pigeons and Doves.

Doves and pigeons fly about the cities picking up their food in the streets. They are funny birds and seldom light on trees and wires as other birds do, but on roofs of buildings and on the ground. They are very pretty and are easily tamed. The turtle-dove is very pretty. Most of them have a black ring around their necks, this being the only marking—Arthur Burdick. being the only marking—Arthur Burdick, 199 Union street, Pittsfield, Mass.

Rattiesnake.



Two weeks ago a friend and I were in the Rincon Hills hunting, he with a gun, i with a camera, when we came upon a cave in a little bluff. He got down to look into it, but just then I called his attention to a rattlesnake only two feet from his hand. He is used to handling all kinds of snakes so was not afraid of it. It was a Red Mountain rattlesnake, fifty two inches long and nine inches around. All but eight of the rattles were broken off. these being about half an inch wide at the smallest end, so he must have been eighteen or twenty years old.

Its back is a reddish brown. Its back is a reddish brown, except about six inches at the tail, which is black and light brown. Its underside is a whitish yellow. Its tangs are in the top of the head, lying back and up like this, and are covered with a skin when not in use. They are very like a cat's claw only finer and longer, and are white with a groove at the end where the poison is when it strikes. We kept it two weeks, and then killed and skinned it and put some of the meat out to stew.

meat out to stew.

The skin stretched six feet long and nine inches wide. The soup is the finest I ever tasted. The meat is very delicate and white.—James G. Stafford, Placentia. Cal.

Garter Snake.

This is a picture of a garter snake, seven inches long, with two perfectly formed heads united at the base of the neck. It



lived about twelve days after being cap-tured, when it was preserved in alcohol and sent to one of the museums in Washington. Roy Cook.

Other Garter Snakes.



I have two garter

I have two garter snakes in a cage for pets and like to study them. I feed them small frogs. I put a frog in the cage and instantly one of the snakes was gliding towards it. The frog gave a frightened hope but the snake caught him and swallowed him and swallowed him and swallowed him about three days. One morning I saw that one of my snakes eyes were all white, as if it was going blind, but the next morning the snake was as bright as a dollar and I found a skin or slough in the cage, for it had shed its old skin. The skin measured twenty five inches in length.—Charles Fisher. Ottumwa, lowa. Fisher, Ottumwa, Iowa,

The Night Hawk.

Most taxidermists say the night hawks (commonly called Bull-bats), do not roost or light in trees, but on the ground or fence

posts or stakes.

One day while going through a tract of rather dense woods I noticed something on a limb that resembled a common bat, but upon closer examination proved to be a night hawk, and one of the largest specimens I had ever seen. This proves to my mind that they are mistaken.—Grant Wil-

covered in a small cavity. Though he was frightened by the fall, he appeared unwilling to leave. On splitting up the lengths the skeleton of a third squirrel was found in the cavity, which the second seemed unwilling to leave.—Wilbur W. White, 500 Broadway, Waukesha. Wis.

A Second Example.

One of our dogs died last year and our other dog covered her body up with leaves and stayed there and howled for a long time.—Beverly L. Wren, Chilhowie, Va.

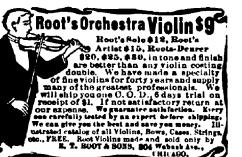
Ground Squirrel.

The ground squirrels in California are interesting animals to watch. Our potatoes were disappearing and I tried to find out where they went to. Soon I found out the ground squirrels had taken them. What do you think they did with them? They bit them up in small pieces and dried them in the sun. Don't you think they knew it was a good way to preserve them for storage?—Herman Klen, Shrewsbury, Mo.

Gasteracautha Caucriformis.



In answer to the letter of Mrs. Belle White, Wyman, Page county, lowa, published in the May number of THE AMERICAN BOY, I would say that the insect she describes belongs to the spider family (Arachnida), and is a specimen of the sub-division known as Gasteracautha Caucriformis.—Henry P. Musch, 35 Houston street, New Haven, Conn.



LYON & HEALY'S BRASS BAND



INSTRUMENTS. Indorsed by the great Jules Levy as the best in the world. Hig Catalegue, 400 illustrations, FREE. Positively the lowest prices on Band Instruments. Uniforms and Supplies of all kinds. Also contains Music and Instructions for New Hands.

LYON & HEALT, Hassington, (Lyon & Healt is the largest music house in the world.—Editor.)



THE WONDERFUL OPTICON.



An adjustable attachment which fits any lamp chimney and converts it into a powerou Magic Lantern. It is well made on correct optical principles, has 5 double convex lenses and will enlarge the Brilliant Lantern Slide from 4 to 6 feet in diameter.

Any slide up to 2 inches wide can bused. Price complete with a set of 55 brilliant lantern views postpaid \$2.00. This (piticon or other premiums can be easily earned by selling a few of our loc articles. Write for premium list and full particulars. KEEVES MFG. Co. (E) Grand Rapida, Mich.





To introduce our povelties we will send A Rolled Gold Bangle Ring, warranted Syears. Pan-Am. Expo., or any Initial engraved FREE. Send size and 10c for mailing, etc. Vokes Jewelry Oc., 28 Western Ave. Cevington, Ky.

FARM HOMES FOR SALE, Near occan and city markets. Healthy, delightful old-



A Messenger of the Cumberland Tel. and Tel'g Company.

Mattie Wolfenden Marks, Nashville, Tenn., sends us a portrait of Luther Ramsey, a messenger boy of Brookhaven, Miss. This photograph had been sent also to Mr. Le-land Hume, Assistant General Manager of



LUTHER RAMSEY, AGE 12, BROOKHAVEN, MISS

the Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph Company, at Nashville, Tenn., by the local manager of the company at Brookhaven. Mr. Hume's reply to the local manager's letter reads as follows:

Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 10, 1941.

Nashville. Tenn., Aug. 19, 1941.

Mr. L. C. Gosney, Manager.

Brookhaven, Miss.

Dear Sir:—We are in receipt of photograph of messenger boy in his uniform and on his telephone bicycle.

Say to him that the highest positions in the company's service are just as open to him as they are to anybody; that merit is the thing that goes with the Cumberland directors; that no man holding an official position in the company's service at this time has gained it except by hard work, and we have absolutely no favorites, picking our timber for advancement out of the best material that we can find. The President of the Company came to Nashville without money and without influence after the war, and during the bloody struggle he lived with his widowed mother on a plantation near Shepherdtown, on the Yazoo river, and rode around the country on a mule with a sack for a saddle and peddled for a living. He was so intensely southern that he would not sell his goods for anyfor a living. He was so intensely southern that he would not sell his goods for any-thing but Confederate money; at the end of thing but Confederate money; at the end of the struggle he had accumulated quite a little sum, which, of course, was worth nothing. But hard work and a brave determination to succeed, like the penniless man's appetite, was still left.

Tell this messenger boy also that a large number of the managers of the exchanges of the company were ten years ago messenger boys in small offices.

We like his face and hope we will see and hear more of him as time goes on.

Yours truly,

LELAND HUME,

Assistant General Manager.

Don't Give Him Up.

Don't give up a boy or turn against him because he is bad. If your parentage and surrounding had been the same as his perhaps you would have been bad, too. He may not be altogether bad. Give him another trial at least. Put yourself to the trouble to do a favor for him and do it with

Edward V. Pettis. Farmington, Cal., earned the dollar with which he renewed his subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY by taking a telegram to a house six miles distant from the telegraph office.

Catching Life's Elevator.

ANNIE PARTLAN.

Annie Partian.

On the main floor of one of New York's large department stores, a man was running back and forth, looking very much annoyed. After watching him a moment, I saw the cause of his distress was his failure to catch an up-going elevator. Standing at the entrance to one, he saw another at the extreme end of the store, descending. Starting after it, he reached it just as it had started on the upward trip. Meanwhile, the first had come and gone. Continuing this running back and forth, he finally succeeded in boarding onc, having wasted time and energy unnecessarily, and believing himself very much abused. How typical is this of the lives of many of us—the secret of many failures. If everything does not come our way at once in our chosen pursuit, we rush off to some other field, only to find it filled, or that we are not fitted for it; while if we are only patient at the outset. Time's own elevator-man will open his gate and bear us up, stopping only to call out Fame. Fortune, Power, or whatever department in Life's great store we wish to enter.

Beecher's Advice to His Son.

From a letter once written to his son

From a letter once written to his son by the famous preacher, we take the following wise kints, which are good for all young men—and young women, too:—
"You must not get into debt. Avoid debt as you would the devil. Make it a fundamental rule: Cash or nothing.
"Make but few promises. Religiously observe the smallest promise. A man who means to keep his promises can't afford to make many.

make many.

"Be scrupulously careful in all statements. Aim at accuracy and perfect frankness, no guess work—either nothing

ments. Aim at accuracy and perfect frankness, no guess work—either nothing or exact truth.

"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.

"Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Demand more of yourself than anybody expects of you. Keep your own standard high. Never excuse yourself to yourself. Never pity yourself. Be a hard master to yourself, but lenient to everybody else.

"Concentrate your force on your own business; do not turn off. Be constant, steadfast, persevering.

"The art of making one's fortune is to pend nothing; in this country, any intelligent and industrious young man may become rich if he stops all leaks and is not in a hurry. Do not make haste; be patient.

"Do not speculate or gamble. Steady.

patient.

"Do not speculate or gamble. Steady, patient industry is both the surest and the safest way. Greediness and haste are two devils that destroy thousands every year."

Fifty Years Ago.

William C. Moores. Genoa Junction, Wis., writes that he prizes THE AMERICAN BOY very highly, and cannot help thinking how much such a paper would have been prized in his ploneer home fifty five years ago. He says that in the early days he and his brothers and sisters took a small monthly magazine called "Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet." which was quite entertaining and which they preserved for years by stitching each succeeding number to the former. "It proved," he says, "quite a factor in our early education."

A Kind Letter from Illinois.

William G. Parker, Kell, Ill., writes THE AMERICAN BOY under date of June 7, as follows: I consider THE AMERICAN BOY the best boys' paper in circulation. From what I have seen of it I find nothing in the least wrong with it. It is inspiring in truth and energy to boys. It has many practical hints that enable a boy in money making, etc. Mr. Sprague should have the thanks of thousands of boys.

An Enthusiastic Letter from Kentucky.

"Greenup, Ky., May 26, 1901.
"The Sprague Publishing Co.,
"Detroit, Mich.
"Gentlemen:—I have taken your paper since its first issue and am very much pleased with it, as I see you are finding out what boys like to read, do, etc. You say my time is up, and if I do not want to take THE AMERICAN BOY for me to let you know and you will cancel my other trial at least. Put yourself to the trouble to do a favor for him and do it with an earnest, loving spirit. In many cases this will win him and when once you have won him he is true until death. If your first effort to win him does not succeed, try again and again. You will get nearer to him each time and as his associates come over to you he will be drawn nearer and nearer.—Southwestern School Journal.

Wayne R. Elliott, Gettysburg, S. D., writes: I have bought one hundred head of good young sheep, and have gone into that business will an uncle of mine. Although one hundred head is but a small start, I hope in time to realize quite a sum out of them. I am but fifteen years old, so I stand a chance of being worth something by the time I go out to make my own living.

The trial at least. Put your with with the "Gentlemen:—I have taken your paper since its first issue and am very much to take THE AMERICAN BOY for me to let you what boys like to read, do, etc. You say my time is up, and if I do not want to take THE AMERICAN BOY for me to let you know and you will cancel my name. Cancel my name! Well, I guess not. If it is in my power not to let you why you won't. Have my name canceled in that great book in which so many of the United States boys' names are written? No; I would sooner pay that one dollar and let you write my name with the 'red. white and blue.' or the 'kind, manly and true' boys. So I will enclose one dollar and be a subscriber of THE AMERICAN BOY once more. I am very much designed with the stories in THE AMERICAN BOY once more. I am very much designed with the stories in THE AMERICAN BOY, but none so much as the 'Three Boys in the Mountains.' Your truly, Otto Nicholas Bergmaier."

In some Italian towns, instead of giving books as prizes in public schools, they give savings bank books, with a small sum entered to the credit of the prize winner.

A banker the other day said: "Every day for more than a year a certain boy has come into my office punctually at three o'clock and delivered to me a paper. I have never given him more than one penny for the paper yet he has never varied a minute from the appointed time. I feel that a boy who does his work so faithfully and well is deserving of some recognition. He has something in him, and I am going to give him a position in my banking house."

A boy was caught in the act of stealing raisins in a store, and the grocer locked him up in a dark closet. He begged piteously to be let out, and after using all the arguments he could think of, finally proposed: "Sir, if you'll let me out, and send for my daddy, he'll pay you for the raisins and lick me besides." This appeal was too much for the grocer, and he let him go.

We are all the time talking about young men who fail because they lack ambitton. There are many who fail because of a too hasty ambition. They fail to do the work at hand well, because they are in so much of a hurry to get something better

Out off every dollar earned save twenty five cents. Save seventy five cents if you can, but never less than twenty five.

YOUR KNIFE MADE TO ORDER



Style 973—Two Blades (Cut % stps), Frice, \$1.00. pare and le.
Blades, hand forged rasor steel. Fully Warranted.
885.00 PER MONTH paid AGENTS for soliciting order. Send for circular, terms and territory.
The Canten Cutlery Co., 1872 E. Second St., Canton, O.

WE WANT AGENTS to sell SA.

LOME the modern washday wonder; it washes without washboards, easily, beautifully, safely and is harmlessely good, containing no acid, no alkelf. Made to save weary women work on washday. Easily sold because extensively advertised; great merit. Experience not necessary. Grand opportunity for men and somen, permanent income. Terms and Free Sample will prove our assertion. Write today. SHAVER BLAKE A 18.

110-31828 ave., Cedar Rapids, In.

SEND YOUR NAME with two le stamps. New get a start in business, or send 25c for samples and go to work at once. A. E. Lemay, I brook St., Fitchburg, Mass.

\$5.00 PER.DAY EASILY MADE

Selling the Never Break Iron Holder. Fits allirons. Always cold. Agents Wented Sample by mail. 25c. A Great Money Naker and a Rapid Seller.

Acme Iron Co. Wilkes-Barre, Pa.



100 ≤ profit to Agents

cakes, puddings, meata, vegetables cakes, puddings, meata, vegetables and women who mean business can secure valuable agency and make \$1540 year. Lady agent sold \$1600, man \$800. Good salary and premiums. American Utensil Co., Baltimore, Md.

BRIGHT BO can increase their pocket money by taking orders for the "EVER CREASING" TROUNERS STRETCHER. Gives TROUNER'S a perfect crease, an iron-pressed smoothness and removes wrishles and bagginess. Doubles closet room 75 cents per pair. Three pairs for \$2.00. Send for Booklet. AGENTS WANTED. EVER CREASING NOVELTY CO., Passale, N. J.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY Invest I cont by writing us a postal

card and we will put you in a position to earn \$1,000 a year. This is no fraud. Many now in our employ will wouch for the truth of this statement. We are willing to guarantee any honest, energetic person, with out previous experience, from \$700 to \$1,000 a year sure money. Write to-day

HOW WOMEN EARN MONEY EASY Also boys introducing Dr. Hull's Nes-Alcoholle Plaver-lag Powders. No experience required. Agents earn \$8 to \$5 a day. We pay freight. *Ammple Tree. Write to-day. C. S. Horner M'Ig. Co., 1465 Pens Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

J. L. NICHOLS & CO., Naperville, Ills.

\$25 FOR HOYN-Send 25c silver for outfit and plan with which any boy can make \$6 to \$9! weekly, with chance at \$25 in prizer. Home Novelty Co., Saginaw, Mich.

\$50 A MONTH DISTRIBUTING SAMPLES Enclose stamp. INTERNATIONAL DISTRIBUTING BUREAU, 8 Gold St., N.Y.



THE NEW DUST PAN.—Rapid seller.
Exclusive territory. Write for large catalogue. 50
other fast reliers. and how to get Sample. Out it Free.
BICHARDHUN BFG. CU., 12th No., Bath, N. Y.



IF YOU WANT TO TRY THE PLAN

Send a postal, and you will receive next week's supply of 10 copies, with full instructions, and a dainty little booklet containing photographs of some of our most successful boys and letters from them telling in their own way how they did it.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

INFORMATION FOR BOYS

A LARGE APARTMENT HOUSE.

The apartment building and hotel now under construction on the ground bounded by Seventy third and Seventy fourth streets and Broadway boulevard, in New streets and Broadway boulevard, in New York, will be the largest of its kind in the world It is being erected by W. E. D. Stokes, who, in reply to a question as to the future of the building, declares he "Can't tell yet whether the building is going to be a monument to my skill or my asininity."

The building is seventeen stories high

going to be a monument to my skill or my asiminity."

The building is seventeen stories high, one block long, and will cost \$5,000,000. Sixteen hundred men have been two years in laying the foundations and erecting the iron work and walls, and it will be two years more before the structure is finished. It is built of granite, limestone, white brick and terra cotta. Of the cost, \$3,000,000 is for the building and ground, and \$2,000,000 for interior decoration and furnishings.

The building will contain 2,300 rooms. It will be equipped with a telephone exchange larger than that of a city of 30,000 people. It will have a "central" of its own, from which will radiate the wires for 2,000 telephones, all under one roof.

The basement is twenty six feet below the surface of Broadway. Along the Seventy fourth street side of the subbasement will be a wine cellar in which a dozen like the great Heidelberg tun could be stored without trouble.

There will be eighteen fast electric elevators. Fourteen of these, each capable of carrying from twenty to thirty persons at a trip, will be exclusively for passenger service, while there will be the largest dining.

clevators.

On the top floor will be the largest dining room in the world, and in the basement will be a swimming pool capable of accommodating 500 persons at one time.

—Timely Topics.

DESTRUCTION OF THE MOSQUITO.

Mosquitoes disilke drafts; they do not attack persons using a fan. If electric fans are put in a room the insects will abandon it. An experimenter who has tried the effect of certain oils finds that the essence of Cajeput is quite effective, although it fails in some parts of the country, strange to say. Pyrethrin succeeds everywhere, either as a tincture or a powder. The tincture burned in a lamp with a platinum wick effectually drives away the pests. The larvae may be killed by petroleum oil spread over the breeding places.

◆◆◆◆ | HOW TO RUN A FURNACE.

The following directions, addressed to those who take care of their own hot-air furnaces, are given at the end of an article on the subject by T. N. Thompson in Science and Industry.

"Keep the furnace clean outside and inside. It is part of the house. Do not let the sales accumulate in the sa

side. It is part of the house. Do not let the ashes accumulate in the ash-pit, or the grates will soon burn out.

"Fire lightly and often if you can, and you will not use so much coal. If you must like thick, pile it up first on one side, then on the other. This will give you fire on top all the time; otherwise the fire will be alternately dead and alive on top and the heating results will be intermittent.

"Keep the fire-door shut. If you want to deaden the fire, do so by closing the bottom door only. If this will not shut tight enough, you had better get the furnaceman to make it fit close.

"Never open the check-draft at the back

"Never open the check-draft at the back of the heater, otherwise this will allow fur-nace gases to flow through the joints of the furnace and poison the fresh air that comes up the registers; rather open the by-pass damper that is fitted to all modern furnaces to prevent ash-dust from getting into the

to prevent ash-dust from getting into the cellar when the grates are shaken. This should check the draft.

"Do not use a damper in the cold-air box, but regulate your heat at the registers. This is the best safeguard against furnace gases getting into the house.

"Keep the water-tank filled with water, to relate the other for interest the better to

moisten the air, for in winter the hot air is

too dry.
"Keep the ground around the mouth of

the fresh-air box clean.
"Do not sweep dirt from the floors into the registers."

HOW FLIES WALK ON THE CEILING.

We once were taught that the explanation of how files walk on the ceiling was that each little fly is a miniature air pump, the bottom of the foot adhering to the glass by suction. This theory has been exploded, as flies have been known to walk on the inner side of a glass receiver after all the air has been exhausted. Now scientists say that the flies hang on by the help of capillary adhesion—the molecular attraction between solid and liquid bodies. It has been found that the foot of the fly never touches the ceiling, and that the foot is covered with hairs. These hairs are very minute, each fly having from ten to twelve thousand of them.

THE THREE-TOED HORSE.

Expeditions sent out by the American Museum of Natural History of New York have recently discovered in Texas a deposit of skulls of three-toed horses belonging to a species known as the Protohippus, the immediate ancestor of the true horse.

A NEW CALENDAR FOR BOYS.

A NEW CALENDAR FOR BOYS.

A French scientist proposes a calendar that is to be uniform year after year, i. e., the same day of the week must always correspond to the same day of the month. The year must commence at the vernal equinox (March 21). There must be thirteen months of twenty eight days, or else twelve months, seven of which shall be thirty days and five thirty one. This leaves one day to be accounted for. The first day of the year is to be a holiday and have no number and belong to no month. In leap years there are to be two zero days. The months are to be named in their order: Truth, Science, Wisdom, Justice, Honor, Goodness, Love, Beauty, Humanity, Happiness, Progress, Immortality. The reform, if it is a reform, will probably not generally commend itself.

COPPER PRODUCTION OF THE WORLD.

COPPER PRODUCTION OF THE WORLD.

During last century the United States produced two million, seven hundred and twenty five thousand, six hundred tons, which was about a third of all the copper produced. The next largest amount was taken from Chill, Bolivia and Peru, and the next from Spain and Portugal. During a single year three mines produced about twenty eight per cent of the total output of the earth, viz.: Anaconda, 17.830 tons; Calumet & Hecla, 41.101 tons; Rio Tinto, 33.705 tons. If the product of five other mines are added, the output amounts to 50 per cent—half of the world's production. These five are the Boston & Montana, the United Verde, the Mansfield, the Copper Queen and the Tharsis.

SPELLING OF SHAKESPEARE'S NAME

There are at least three spellings of Shakespeare's name: "Shakespeare's name: "Shakespeare," "Shakespeare," In each of the two spellings last given are ten letters—four vowels and six consonants. Combine these two figures and we have forty six. Turn to the forty sixth psalm in the Revised Version, count forty six words from the beginning of the psalm. and you reach the word "shake." Count forty six words back from the end of the psalm and you reach the word "shake." Count forty six words back from the end of the psalm and you reach the word "spear."

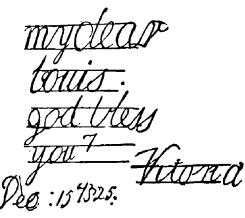
Talking about Shakespeare's name, it may be interesting to our readers to know that there are but seven known specimens of his signature. One of the seven is in the British Museum, and cost over fifteen thousand dollars.

GREAT TRAVELERS.

Two well known Atlantic liners have each traveled considerably over two million miles, a distance equal to eight and three fourths times that between the earth and the moon. The two together have carried considerably over three hundred and sixty thousand passengers across the Atlantic.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FIRST LETTER.

The letter here shown is the property of Mr. Berry, keeper of the oldest shop in London. Mrs. Louis, to whom the letter is addressed, was the lady who accompanied



the wife of George III. to England. The Oveen, as an infant, took so great a fancy to Mrs. Louis that when she reached the age of three she declared her intention of writing her a letter.

THE EARTH NOT PERFECTLY ROUND.

Suppose there were two tunnels, one from the North Pole directly through the center of the earth to the South Pole, and the other connecting two directly opposite points upon the equator. Let us suppose an express train running a mile a minute should start at one end of each of these tunnels bound for the other end. The trip from the North to the South Pole would take 26.8 minutes less time than the trip through the earth by the other route. In other words, the earth is flattened at the poles to the extent of 26.8 miles.

IN BRIEF.

Civil engineers employed by the United States government have just completed the measurement of the globe, a task that they have been engaged in for thirty years, at an expense of over half a million dollars.

The Japanese language is said to contain 60,000 words. It is quite impossible for one man to learn the entire language, and a well educated Japanese is familiar with only about 10,000 words.

The tallest man in the world is Lewis Wilkins, a young farmer, who lives near St. Paul, Minn. His height is eight feet eleven and a half inches.

BOYS' BUILDING

At the St. Louis (1903) Exposition

The American Boy will make an effort with the Co-operation of its readers and the friends of boys everywhere to institute a novel feature at the Next World's Exposition.

HON. W. B. STEVENS, Secretary Louislana Purchase Exposition.

WORK BEING DONE.

In our last number we said that we had filed a formal request with the Secretary of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company that they make a Boys' Building a leature of the great Exposition to be held at St. Louis in 1903, and we asked the cooperation of all our readers to the end that the Exposition Company be induced to consider the request favorably. We have had hundreds of letters commendatory of the enterprise—many of them from prominent workers for boys, and of course a large number from boys themselves. The suggestion has met with the approval of hundreds of newspapers throughout the country, and we have had the privilege of sending many clippings from newspapers heartily favoring the matter, to Secretary Stevens. We sent marked copies of our stevens. We sent market copies of our last number to all of the officials of the Exposition, and from some of them we have received encouraging words and from none of them discouraging. The matter, however, is still undecided.

WHAT PEOPLE SAY.

Wallace R. Struble, General Director of The Young Citizens' League, says: "I am glad you are taking this matter up. We discussed it at our Buffalo convention and all the boys were enthusiastic regarding the proposition. I have written the St. Louis

proposition. I have written the St. Louis people and will continue to write, until the matter receives definite action."

Perry A. Green, Manchester, Va., says: "I approve of it. Virginia boys will make a good exhibit. It will be a good thing, as it will bring thousands of people to the realization of what boys can do."

The amateur journalists are particularly interested. Their opinion is voiced by Alfred Kohlberg, of San Francisco, who says: "A grand display of amateur journalism could be made, and all amateur journalists would be glad to publish a special Exposition edition."

The Superintendent of Schools at Rossville, Ill., says: "It is a happy thought, and I sincerely hope that the plan will be carried out. There should be a complete library of boy literature on exhibit."

L. B. Clark Perry. Ohio, suggests an arbibition of hour collections."

L. B. Clark, Perry, Ohio, suggests an exhibition of hoys' collections of stamps, curios

I. B. Clark, Perry, Onio, suggests an exhibition of many and medals.

Isaac S. Taylor, one of the prominent architects employed by the Exposition Company, says: "I think well of your enterprise and would be glad to see you carry it to a successful issue."

A. H. Foote, Secretary of one of the largest St. Louis business houses, says: "I am sure that such a building would result in great benefit. If there is anything I can do to further it let me know."

A. W. Moise, a prominent St. Louis lawyer, says: "Your idea is an excellent one and the property is through."

A. W. Moise, a prominent St. Louis lawyer, says: "Your idea is an excellent one and I hope you will carry it through."

George R. Barclay, of the Simons Hardware Company, St. Louis, writes: "I think your idea a good one, and believe it will be a feature both novel and instructive."

Secretary Stevens, of the Exposition Company, says that he will bring the matter before the attention of the Executive Committee, and that he considers the suggestion an inter-

esting one.

We could fill our paper with letters of a like tenor from boys and their friends. The letters from which we have quoted will be enough to show that there is general approval of the idea.

WHAT WE WANT.

Now, will every boy, and every friend of a boy, write us a letter approving or condemning the suggestion, and suggesting what the building should be and what it should contain?

THE IMMENSE ARMY OF AMERICAN BOYS.

There are five hundred and fifty four thousand four hundred and forty eight American boys between the ages of five and twenty in the state of Missouri alone. Then, too, just across the river, in the state of Illinois, there are seven hundred and forty nine thousand and seventy five American boys between the same ages; and in Arkansas, the state to the south of Missouri, there are two hundred and sixty five thousand five hundred and forty one. The statistics for the bordering states of Kansas and lowa are not before us, but three quarters of a million may be added for these. Should there not be an American boys' building at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in 1903?



UNDISPUTED LOUISIANA PURCHASE TERRITORY.



Halloween or the eve of All Saints Day, has been observed since before the beginning of the Christian era. In the very early years it was believed that fairies, ghosts, and supernatural beings ruled over all earthly mortals. It was considered exceedingly dangerous for people to be out on this evening as they were liable to be set upon by demons and spirits.

Thus it became customary for large companies of friends to spend the fateful night together both for companionship and protection against possible attacks of ghosts and evil spirits. These parties gathered at the fireside and spent the evening drinking cider, cracking nuts, and eating apples. In whispers the guests told weird ghost stories and so frightened themselves that in their imaginations they saw witches and demons darting out from the fire place. But as civilization advanced and people became less superstitious, the fear of these evil spirits passed away; yet the custom of holding Halloween feasts remained and is still a part of the present Halloween celebration.

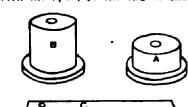
Halloween parties are enjoyed by old and young, although the boys generally prefer spending the evening upon the street, scaring passing nedestrians, unhinging gates, ringing door bells, and playing pranks that would very likely land them in the lockup at any other time.

A NEW STYLE OF TICKTACK.

The well-known ticktacks of long ago have been improved upon. For the making of this procure two large wooden spools, three spikes, some heavy twine, and a long pole (perhaps you can borrow a clothespole for the occasion).

With a sharp knife cut notches in the flanges or edges of one spool. These notches need not be cut deep or at any regular distance apart, but should be fairly close to one another. When this has been done, fasten the spool to one end of the

another. When this has been done, fasten the spool to one end of the



F16.2

FIG I

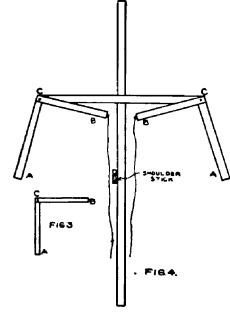
pole by nailing a spike through the hole in the spool into the pole. With a saw cut the other spool into two pieces as A and B in figure 1. A being one-half of B, or one-third of the entire spool.

Find a narrow strip of wood, and after cutting it about six inches long, nail one end of it into A as shown in figure 2. With a small bit, bore a hole through this strip of wood directly over the one already in the spool. Nail B onto the other and and opposite side of C. When figure 2 has been completed, nail it to the pole about six inches from the end. The spike should rus through the hole made in A and C. Now take the heavy twine and pass it around the notched spool, and then down to and around A, and after pulling the twine taut, tie It. Now it will be seen that a simple apparatus has been made, consisting of a crank at one end of the pole, which, upon being turned, revolves the notched spool, some resin had better be rubbed upon both twine and spools. One person can easily work this sort of a ticktack and can rattle it upon a window as long as he pleases, not being stopped by a lack of string as with the hand ticktack.

HOW TO MALE A ANGE C. the hand ticktack.

HOW TO MAKE A JACK-O'-LANTERN GOBLIN.

A great deal of fun may be had with the Jack-o'Lantern Goblin, which may be made up in a few minutes out of odds and ends that can be found in almost any house. Secure a pole about four feet long, and one eighteen inches long. Nail the center of the shorter pole at right angles to the larger pole, fastening it about eighteen inches from one end of the larger pole. Now take two sticks as A and B in figure 3, A being about twenty four inches long. Fasten the ends of the two sticks together at right angles and then nail them at C to one end of the crossplece on the pole by means of a wire nail. This right-angular of the shoulders. The nightshirt should be pleced out with white cloth until it nearly preaches the ground. When the goblin is one end of the crossplece on the pole by means of a wire nail. This right-angular reaches the ground. When the goblin is one end of the crossplece upon your shoulders, grasping in should be able to move freely about the



wire nail. When this has been done, make another arm and fasten it similarly to the other end of the crossplece (see figure 4). Fasten a screw-eye into B on each arm and attach a piece of string to them. At D a short stick should be nailed to the pole. This is to rest upon the shoulder of the boy who carries the pole and should be fastened about eighteen inches from the lower end.

The head of the goblin is a tack-o'-lanters.

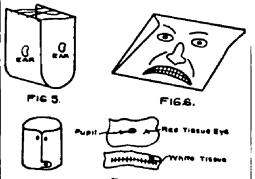
inwer end.

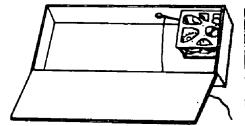
The head of the goblin is a jack-o'-lantern made in the following manner. Take a piece of cardboard about eighteen by twenty four inches and bend it to the shape shown in figure 5, holding it in shape by tacking it at the top with thread. In each side of the cardboard cut a hole the shape of an ear, and paste red tissue paper over the openings. For the face take a piece of plain white paper a little larger than the face is going to be, and, after marking upon it eyes, nose and mouth, cut the openings for the same. eyes, nose a for the same.

for the same.

Cut two pieces of red tissue paper about two linches square and mark a black pupil in the center of each. A piece of tissue for the nose and a piece of white tissue with teeth marked out upon it in ink for the mouth, when pasted over the openings will complete the face. (See figures 6 and 7.) After finishing the face paste it on to the head.

Inside of the head, fasten a candle far





F16.3

the pole with one hand and the strings which manipulate the arms in the other

the pole with one hand and the strings which manipulate the arms in the other hand.

As this weird looking sight passes down the street with glaring red eyes, and arms fanning the air, the pedestrians will have to stop to reassure themselves that beings of early days are not before their eyes.

The writer has seen boys startle people by means of old clockworks. Secure an old clock and remove its works. Fasten these to the bottom of a cigar box so that the striker is just near enough to the side of the box to enable it to strike the wood. Make a hole in the box directly opposite the striker and run a piece of heavy twine through it, attaching the same to the striker. Wind up the alarm and set the box in a dark part of the sidewalk, holding the string taut meanwhile, to keep the alarm from going off.

To keep yourself out of view, you can take the string leading from the striker into your house, and there wait for somebody to pass by. When the string is slackened the alarm goes off making a rattling noise, and, as the cigar box is hollow, the noise produced sounds quite loud. Figure 9 shows the clockworks arranged in the box.

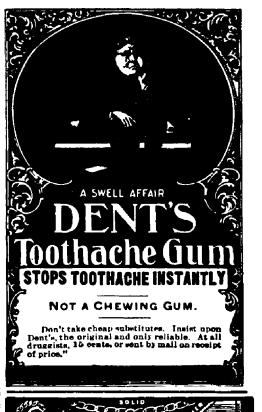
The following trick will be found a source of amusement for at least a part of the evening. Procure half a dozen rubber bands and tie them together. Attach one end of these to the front baluster rail and to the other end fasten some string. After doing this, cross over the sidewalk with the string, pulling it until the rubber bands stretch considerably. Where the string crosses the walk, hang a sign marked "DANGER."



As soon as anybody approaches the string and reads the warning, he will make a grab for it. The moment you see him make this movement you must let go of the string. This will fly back to the steps on the contraction of the rubber bands, and the angry passer will grab space, instead of the string which he saw in front of him a second before. For a moment he will be puzzled at its disappearance and then, seeing the joke, will pass on once more goodnatured.

A Progressive Age.

Next year we may expect to read some-thing like the following in the daily paper: About ten o'clock this morning a horseless milk wagon, loaded with cowless





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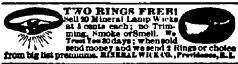
Saturday Work For Active Boys

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A Texas Boy With X-Ray Eyes.

LELA F. WOODWARD

Out in the semi-arid regions of West Texas veritable miracles are being performed by a Texas youth of not quite thirteen, Guy Fenley, of Uvalde, Texas, who is daily manifesting a wonderful gift—that of seeing through the earth at night, the power being especially strong during the dark of the moon.

power being especially strong during the dark of the moon.

"About a year ago," so Joel C. Fenley, a man of high standing and unquestionable veracity, states, "I and my son, Guy, were walking through a pasture near our home. It was a very dark night, and you can well imagine my surprise when Guy suddenly exclaimed: "Look, father, look at that stream of water." I looked around everywhere, thinking that the dim moonlight might be drawing pictures of a stream, for I knew that no stream existed for miles and miles in that dry country, but could not see anything resembling one. Guy laughed at my evident perturbation as he, pointed downward and gleefully cried: "There, about three hundred feet under ground. Don't you see it?"

Mr. Fenley, of course, could see nothing and was much worried at what he might have thought a practical joke, had not his son's face assumed a serious look might have thought a practical joke, had not his son's face assumed a serious look and his eyes a peculiar expression. He said nothing more and seemingly ignored the subject until he reached his residence when he told his wife of the circumstance. "We will see," she replied, and accordingly she secreted a bucket of water under a table upon which she had arranged draperles to screen it. "Now we will see if he can see through the table," she said. As Guy entered the room—the light was burning brightly and he knew nothing of his mother's strategy. His parents asked him if he saw anything unusual under the table. He replied in the negative, but when the light was blown out, he looked through the table and saw the bucket of water. This proof of his peculiar power convinced his parents that their son was gifted with an X-Ray pair of eyes, but to make further test Mr. Fenley took Guy to his own ranch and had him locate by night a stream of water that the boy declared was about two hundred feet below the surface; and he also described minutely the different strata of earth and rock between the surface of the earth and the stream. Mr. Fenley had so much confidence in his son's ability to see through the earth that he at once sank a well at the place where water had been located, and after boring about one hundred and eighty seven feet, a fine stream of water was found; and the well is to-day one of the finest in that part of Texas.

News of the boy's wonderful power spread.

of Texas.

News of the boy's wonderful power spread rapidly, but, like all uncommon things, was slow in being credited. Realizing the great value of such a gift to the drouth-stricken regions of Texas, and particularly to their own poorly-watered ranches, the ranchmen of that section decided to give his peculiar power a practical test. Mr. Thomas Devine, a ranch owner in the northern part



GUY FENLEY.

hundred and seventy five feet. Mr. Devine marked the spot indicated by the boy and followed up the underground stream for more than a mile. Wells were dug in a number of places and at every place a fine flow of water was found at about the depth indicated.

Mr. F. K. Moore, a gentleman who owns a ranch in Edwards County Towns was

Mr. F. K. Moore, a gentleman who owns a ranch in Edwards County, Texas, was the next to test his X-Ray sight. One dark

THE AMERICAN BOY

but after his wonderful power is manifested he is completely exhausted, and is restored to his normal self only by a deep and long sleep.

The appearance of Guy Fenley is prepossessing. He is rather modest, and there is nothing to distinguish the handsome, intelligent youth from any other ordinary boy, save a peculiar expression of the eyes. Physicians have examined his eyes, but so far have discovered nothing wonderful in their construction, consequently many persons who have seen and conscientiously believe in his extra sense—X-Ray sign, or whatever one may term it—believe it to be some peculiar power exercised by the mind. Because of the lact that he can tell with certainty the different strata between the earth and the water, it is believed that he could locate minerals as well as underground streams. Many citizens of Uvalde have made simple tests of the boy's X-Ray sight, and all believe implicitly in his power. Hqn. J. N. Gartner, of Uvalde, a member of the State Legislature, says that there is something inexplicable about this boy's power which he has tested by placing buckets and other vessels off water unbeknown to the boy under buildings. In every case he located the water accurately. Although he is a mere child, and has in every case so far located underground streams gratuitously, refusing large sums offered him to exercise his power, yet his services are already greatly in demand not only by stockmen who own ranches in the dry districts of the State, but by those who are interested in the cultivation of rice, and by oil prospectors, and when his gift will doubtless become a great factive in mining. Already several sterile tracts in Texas have been converted into blooming and deserts by the supplies of water that he has located, which are being used for the purpose of irrigation.

It is believed that a fortune awaits the bright, handsome boy who possesses this remarkable gift.

Names of "Shut-ins" Received Since Issue of September American Boy.

Clarence Getz, Hubert Hoyt, Harvey K. Lang, Fred Clear, George Graves, Pinckney Smith, Vernon Graham, Carl Peavey, Fred Brown, H. Sidney Coffman, Charlie Stanhope, Willie Williams, Charley Sessions, W. E. Stockton, Samuel Bowman, Arthur G. Hackett, F. L. Gibson, Caspar Russell, Lucille Campbell, I. F. Charlton, Frank Smith, Arthur Lynch, Lan Jones, Charles Lish, Bertram McIntyre, John Burton Enlow, Arthur Ely, Leonard K. Miller, William Smith, Fred Woodhouse, Willie Black, Curt Ross, Hugh Davidson, Allen Estlack, John E. Hoglen, Gustav Ludrik, Walter Haehlen, Wayne Burnam, Percy Hensley, Ben C. Knight, Earl Haskell, Neal Pauley, Walter Bogert.

Extracts from Letters Received from "Shut-ins" and Their Friends.

"Neal Pauley, Brodhead, Wis., is a great reader, and with all his suffering is very patient. His cheerfulness is an inspiration to all who know him."

to all who know him."

"Wayne Burnam, Rockford, Ill., is helpless from rheumatism. A friend of mine goes with me evenings to his home, where we play games with him. You can make his heart glad by sending him THE AMERICAN BOY."

Pingknow M. Smith, Reported So.

estions as to what members can do for another, design for emblem or pin, lolors, etc.

The following suggestions have been recived from Fred Woodhouse, a shut-in thillerton. Pa.:

An in Willerton, Pa.:

For a motto—Bring sunshine to one another.

Name—There is no better than the one local product of the content of the c

me."
Clarence Getz, Bowerston, O., writes;

Clarence Getz, Bowerston, O., writes: "I have been a shut-in for six years, and I send you my thanks for the paper."

A lawyer at luka, Miss., gives us the name of a boy who has undergone terrible sufferings for the past nine years, "Yet," says he, "with all his suffering the boy is bright and cheerful. When I told him of your magnanimous offer he thanked me and said he would gratefully appreciate it. The boy's father served in the Federal army during the war."



Single Gun Is all that is claimed for it—THE BEST.
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Saves time, labor and trouble; always
pleases the sportsman and sells itself as Boon as seen.

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This map is particularly interesting and valuable, as it shows in colors the different divisions of territory in America acquired since the Revolution. The original thirteen states, Louisiana purchase, the Texas annexation, the Gadsden purchase, the cession by Mexico and the Northwest acquisitions by discovery and settlement. It will be sent on receipt of price, fifteen cents.

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"The American Boy Shut-in Society"

Every boy who is sick or crippled and compelled to remain indoors from morning till night, day after day-one who is likely to be confined to his home for months or years to come-may have a free subscription for one year to THE AMERICAN BOY. Such a boy is entitled, also, without any cost to himself, to be a member of THE AMERICAN BOY SHUT-IN SO-CIETY.

Words of Appreciation.

Mr. Frank Buckshaw, of Woodlawn, Ala., sent us the name of a Birmingham (Ala.) shut-in boy, suggesting that this boy was entitled to be made one of our society and receive THE AMERICAN BOY free of charge. We wrote the boy advising him that we had put him on the list, and now we get a letter from the boy's father, which reads as follows: "Your letter of July 20, addressed to my invalid son, got mislaid in some way, and as he cannot write himself, I beg to say for him that he very much appreciates your kindness in sending THE AMERICAN BOY for one year free of charge, as I do myself. He enjoys your paper, and as reading is his only pleasure it is a blessing to him during his long weary day watch. Lenclose you a carbon copy

It is a blessing to him during his long weary day watch. I enclose you a carbon copy of the letter I have written to Mr. Buckshaw. My wife and I thank you very much and pray God's greatest blessing upon each member of your firm."

In the carbon copy of the letter to Mr. Buckshaw the father writes: "You have by an act of this kind not only made a poor unfortunate boy happy, because reading is his only pleasure, but you have added one more jewel to a crown which is always laid away for those who do noble acts such as you have done."

Charles W. Holst, Portsmouth, N. H., writes: "I am a shut-in, so I thought I would tell you how I spend my time and thus perhaps do a little good to others, who, like myself, cannot move about and mingle with people. I have been a great complainer, but THE AMERICAN BOY has cured me of the very bad habit. Since I

have seen that there are other boys who are as bad off as I am I quit whining. I find a great deal of pleasure in collecting postage stamps. I also know how to make envelopes out of heavy manilla paper for use in sending stamps and money, and I occupy some of my time in doing this. In the winter I paint in water colors and print tyisiting cards on a small printing press. I will be glad to correspond with other shutins. I would like to know whether anyone can give me a recipe for a good paste to put on the flaps of envelopes to make them stick."

Thomas F. Lockart, Wellington, Mo., writes, "THE AMERICAN BOY is the best boys' paper I ever read. It is truly a noble deed in you to put the shut-in boys down for a year's subscription free. I heartily thank you in behalf of myself and all other unfortunates. I don't think any of the shut-ins are in as bad condition as I am. I think I am the most helpless one on your list, but I am not complaining. I have found long ago that worrying and fault-inding doesn't help a bad situation, but makes it worse. Things are never as bad as they could be."

Ereddie Long St. John Kas writes. "I

Freddie Long, St. John, Kas., writes, rreduce Long. St. John, Kas., writes, "I have not walked for five years. I have many good friends who roll me about in my wheel chair and give me lots of books, so you see I am real well off."

Suggestions.

In our September number we asked for suggestions regarding THE AMERICAN BOY. SHUT-IN SOCIETY, as to a good motto for the Society, a better name, suggestions as to what members can do for one another design for emblem or pin. gestions as to what members can do for one another, design for emblem or pin, colors, etc.

The following suggestions have been received from Fred Woodhouse, a shut-in at Millerton, Pa.:

For a motto—Bring sunshine to one another.

Already given.
What members can do for one another— What members can do for one another— Write letters, send reading matter to one another or little tokens of love, picture books, and such things as will help to pass the lonesome hours; and where they need help to help them by sending them such things as writing material, station-ery, postage if necessary, etc.

Design for emblem or pin—An eagle or a star with the letters A. B. S. I. S. (AMERICAN BOY SHUT-IN SOCIETY). Colors—Red, white and blue.

Colors-Red, white and blue.

THE AMERICAN BOY

tangles

New puzzles to be printed and answers to the Tangles should be addressed to UNCLE TANGLER, care AMERICAN BOY. Detroit, Mich.

Kent B. Stiles, Stonington, Conn., wins the prize for the most carefully written complete list of answers to the September Tangles. Other bright Tanglers, whose commendable lists made a decision very difficult, are William E. Stager, R. Gordon Gilholm, Elbert M. Moffatt, Edw. B. Reimel, Arthur G. Wells, Philip Willmarth, Wallace B. Baylies and Roland R. Hockett.

The following sent in correct answers to

marth, Wallace B. Baylies and Roland R. Hockett.

The following sent in correct answers to some of the Tangles, or contributed new puzzles: W. G. Stover, Chas. Kelly, Frederic Grant Stanley, Amma Corbett. Allen S. Hubbard, Howard Martin, Homer N. Sweet, Floyd Cary, Howard Kirk Chaffee, Ray McClain, Frank S. Hopkins, Charles Battell Loomis, Jr., Levant Hackley, Lamar Armstrong, John Hug, F. W. Lathrop, Ralph Salisbury, W. S. Cory, William Anderson, E. Rinard, George T. Colman, Frank M. Field, Chas. E. Johnson, Edward J. Dinsmore, Russell G. Davidson, Will F. Vaughan, Charles W. Burpce, Hubert H. Wagner, Don M. Cottrell, and others who forgot to sign their names.

This month we offer as prizes two books that boys will enjoy reading and be glad to have in their libraries; one for the best and most carefully written complete set of answers to this month's Tangles; the other for the best new and original puzzles suitable for publication in this department. Both awards will be made Oct. 15. Simple anagrams, drop-letter puzzles, cross-word and numerical enigmas stand very little show of winning prizes or of being printed, which is also true of puzzles having for their answers the "American Boy" or "Uncle Tangler."

Answers to September Tangles.

13. Adam. 930; Noah, 600; Joseph, 110; Abraham, 100; Moses, 120; Ishmael, 137; Christ, 3; total, 2,000, 14. (1) Florid; (2) Torpid; (3) Torrid; (4) Terror; (5) Cuspid; (6) Floral; (7) Halter; (8) Portal; (9) Stupid; (10) Custer; (11) Horrad; (12) Porter; (13) Stupor; (14) Torpor; (15) Horror. 15. Rip Van Winkle, 16. P. Po, top, poet, toper, porter, trooper, operator.

oper. porter, trooper, operator.

17. Johnny Jones and his sister Sue, And their little brother, Lew, Tried to eat an oyster stew; Twas pretty hot, so Johnny blew To make it cooler, that is true. Johnny's face soon changed its hue, And finally became quite blue; Then to his help his sister flew. And on his back struck a blow or two, Until poor Johnny felt like new And raised a row, as brothers do, And said that she her blows would rue, Because she hit too hard, he knew, the more he talked the madder he grew.

And they could not his rage subdue; He jumped around like a kangaroo, And at his sister sticks he threw. And bricks and stones and a billiard

And once he struck the chimney flue, And once he hit her on the shoe. But when his rage had got quite through.

through,
And remorse did his mind imbue.
He went and hid himself from view,
And in the church, in the family pew,
Shed tears galore, more than a few.
Now, little hoys, this tale's for you;
Give everyone what is their due,
But be a man and not a shrew.

DITT O I BSE N C OBR A

Dictionary. 19. I, land; island.

20. Edison.

21. The frugal snail, with forecast of repose, Carries his house with him where'er he goes;

Peeps out, and if there comes a shower of rain, Retreats to his small domicile again.

22. (1) Canary. (2) Crow. (3) Owl. (4) Ibls. (5) Martin. (6) Macaw. (7) Stork. (8) Wren.

23. One impulse from the vernal wood

May teach you more of man.
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Than all the sages can.

24. America, Asia, Africa, Australia, Australasia, Alaska, Arizona, Alabama, Austria, Arabia, Assyria, Abyssinia, Algeria, Armenia, Alsatia, Angola, Aconcagua, Arica, Apia, Alexandria, Alcantara, Albania, Andalusia, Agricola, Alberta, Assinibola, Arcadia, Acadia, Anchoria, Aquarilla, Altoona, Altona, Agrippa, Apalachicola, Arkadelphia, Altamaha, Atlanta, Aurora, Avoca, Algona, Athabasca, Ashtabula, Attica, Astoria, Acequia, Albia, Augusta, Anoka, Alpena, Alameda, Ansonia, Arena, Anglesea, Aetna, Alta Vista, Alfalfa, Argentina, Anacostia, Argenta—and many others less well known. Some of the observant Tanglers found nearly three hundred modern geographical names beginning and ending in A.

whole describes, and name the parts.)

"I have a large box. with two lids, two caps, three established measures and a great number of articles a carpenter cannot do without. Then I have by me a couple of good fish, and a number of a smaller tribe, besides two loffy trees, fine flowers, and the flowers of an indigenous plant, two musical instruments, the fruit of the common garden tree, a handsome stag, two playful animals and a number of a smaller and less playful kind; also two large halls or places of worship, some weapons of warfare, and many weather-cocks, the steps of a hotel, the House of Commons on the eve of a division, two students and some ten Spanish grandees to wait upon me. All pronounce me a wonderful piece of mechanism, but few have numbered up the medley of things which compose my whole."

"Experience of the composition of the stage of things which compose my whole."

26. TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

Each word is composed of five letters. The initials, centrals and finals each spell the name of the present Governor of a great State: great

great State:
1. Plunder. 2. The woman who was the first European convert of St. Paul, and later his hostess. 3. Motionless. 4. A healing ointment. 5. The Latin word meaning "alone."

—Michigander.

27. CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

American millionaires:

- American millionaires:

 1. Wealthy Wandering Anglomaniac.

 2. Pleases Dainty Appetites.

 3. Joins Powerful Millionaires.

 4. Going Made Pleasant.

 5. Controls Much Steel.

 6. Joyously Wealthy.

 7. Real Saving.

 8. Gold Juggling Glant.

 9. Jots Dividends Rapidly.

 10. Amiable Capitalist.

 11. Widely Known Voyager.

 12. Counts Millions Daily.

 13. How Her Rents Grow.

 14. McKinley's Affluent Helper.

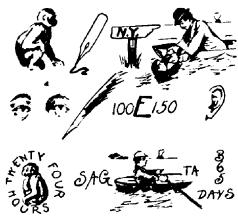
 —Typo.

Some of our latest heroes:

- ne of our latest neroes:

 Won Santiago Splendidly.
 Fooled Filipinos.
 Gallant Defender.
 Jovial Warrior.
 Tempestuous Rider.
 Worried The Spaniards.
 Rapidly Destroys Enemies.
 Republic's Popular Hero.
 —Navalite.

28. ILLUSTRATED REBUS saying of Benjamin Franklin.



-Harold Mortimer.

29. CONCEALED WORD SQLARE.

One word is hidden in each line:

One word is muuen in each
"Who fears the law!" a German cried,
And stole the bag I left inside;
To clutch the bag I ventured,—tried
To save the lectures which applied
Abhorrent sentences to pride.
—Champ.

30. HISTORICAL ARITHMETIC.

Take the year of the Reign of Terror. subtract the number of years during which the War of 1812 was fought; add to this remainder the year in which St. Peter was crucified; divide this by the number of books in the Pentateuch; add the number of years Queen Anne's war was waged; divide by the number of years the Governor of Wisconsin retains office; add the number of years THE AMERICAN BOY has been published; subtract this from the year in which Wm. McKinley was first elected President; add the number of years elapsing between meteor showers in the United States, and obtain the year in which Patrick Henry was born.

—Oscar Lichtenberg.

31. TANGLED MENU.

- Our Sunday dinner:

 1. So rye pouts.
 2. Try our steak.
 3. Curs race near by.
 4. We stop to tease.
 5. So ashamed to pet.
 6. Such a Scot.
 7. Brat sold ales.
 9. He lost Bremen.
 10. Ache, cackle, too.
 11. Demon ale.
 -N. W. B.

22. FLORAL CHESS.

Find the names of ten flowers in the following, reading by the king's move in chess, which is one square up, down, right, left or diagonally. The letters may be used more than once.

"I have a large box, with two lide caps, three established great the caps, three established great the caps."



-E. E. Bowen.

33. CHANGING PREFIXES.

Prefix two letters to the syllable PER and obtain words defined as follows:

1. A hard drinker. 2. One possessed of a certain incurable disease. 3. To skip about. 4. A venomous serpent. 5. A wax candle. 6. One who plays on a pipe. 7. One who plays a minor part at a theatrical performance. 8. One who cleans by rubbing. 9. More mature. 10. What this Tangle 4s printed on.

—Oliver Twist.

-Oliver Twist.

34. BLANKS.

34. BLANKS.

Fill the blanks with words pronounced alike, but spelled differently:

1. He held a lighted — to the nose of the —, 2. She removed her — and hung it near the —, 3. The wild — — down upon them. 4. At — bells the mate ordered all hands to the — part of the ship.

5. Let us have — unless Russia tries to secure too big a — of China. 6. The captain said the hoat would — before the — began. 7. Lambs — on the green meadow; wolves — on the green cloth. 8. The judge said; — enter your —, 9. Grandma uttered a — when she saw how her grandchild had —, 10. The teacher said — means goose was the correct —, 11. Baby soaked mama's — in the — bath tub. 12. It is not contrary to any — of the church to fire a — on Sunday. — The Empress.

35. CHARADE.

35. CHARADE.

My first is worn upon the feet Whene'er you go upon the street;
My second is a lady's name,
And back or forward reads the same,
My whole is the universal shout
in the New Jerusalem and thereabout

36. BURIED CITIES.

Seventy three cities are concealed in the following. The whole or part of every word is used in the solution;
Monsieur: At one war kings to no random crowd overcame voracious enactors under landlords of all river laundries in a tall forest. Royalty preserved all, as altars were nowhere usurped. All escaped punishment, or nearly, on swearing always to lean towards a lemon ice, fresh daily. Manifestly medical ostentation awaited envoys of lushing proclivities. Sex counted; a devil let loose, war develops the best, and I shall show a bashful Corporal in Co. I. named (I am analytically coming to Ursuline philosophy) Dexter Rehau, terminated uncanny loitering. Gold English ore hammered anvillength a warden is only too religious partaker, I expect, too sage, to range himself rank for treason. Oratory eternal to native tongues can abash tabulations tough to nothingness, a condition a politicianjournalist amazes.

—Uncle Tangler.

-Uncle Tangler.

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Boys do more growing in their seventeenth year than in any other year; girls in their fourteenth. Boys reach their full height usually at eighteen or nineteen; girls at lifteen. From the eleventh to the sixteenth year the average girl is bigger and stronger than the average boy. The winter cold seems to retard the growth of children just as it does plants. From November to April children grow very little.

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| 1891 was | - | - | - | 793,631 | 1896 Was | • | - | | 1,020,107 |
|----------|---|---|---|---------|----------|---|---|---|-----------|
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| 1893 Was | - | - | - | N35,604 | 1898 was | • | - | - | 793,169 |
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&THANKSGIVING NUMBER&

THE BEAR KIDNAPPERS OF CROW PEAK

IBABEL HORNIBROOK

"It would be better for a man to find himself among musical coyotes than the center of such a young rabble," laughed "Uncle Buff," otherwise Mr. Jem Buffington, our father's western friend, parrying the clamorous attack of some dozen of us, boys and girls, who were pressing him for "a story."

This was Mr. Buffington's second visit to our New England home, and we thrilled still with recollections of his adventures in "side-hills" and lonely gulches; or of hairbreadth escapes from roachbacks and silver-tips in the corridors of wild canyons or on bowlder-strewn mountain slopes.

To-day, however, our "Bearman"—as Curley, my small brother, called him—did not seem to be in a reminiscent mood, until a cry from that same ten year old stirred an eddy in his memory.

Dagon, Uncle Buff's big mastiff, had snatched a sandwich which Curley carelessly deposited on the ground, and was swallowing it in two

"Too bad! Too bad!" laughed our western friend. "But pshaw, Curley, you ain't going to look blue over a little corner left unfilled? How'd you feel if you were sleeping away up among the hills, miles—as you thought—from any other human being, and saw a big roachback come along in the night an' eat up all your grub, while you lay shaking from collar bone to heel?"

Curley's "blue" look changed in a flash to one of scarlet interest. We older boys and girls exchanged satisfied nudges; we knew the vein of experience had been struck, and that if it were judiciously tapped, the story would flow out.

"Where were you then, Uncle Buff, and what were you doing?" I asked, looking up at the bronzed miner whom we had adopted as a relation.

"I was rolling rocks down Crow Peak," he answered, with another big neigh of laughter—and then grew suddenly serious. "I guess that's a part of my life about which I haven't told you." he went on. "'Twas in '83 that I grew tired of working, and left the mine where I was foreman under my brother. struck out for the Black Hills, determined to do some prospecting on my own account in the loneliest regions; with the result that nine months later I turned up at a lonely mining camp, 'dead broke,' wanting to earn money to take me back to Montana.

Well, the manager at that mine said that there was only one job he could give me, and that had 'lots of chances' about it. He wanted a daring man to go five miles up the canyon to Crow Peak, and on that bowlder-strewn old mountain to select rocks for the 'rasta,' a primitive kind of crushing mill, where the ore was ground to powder by heavy stones dragged round and round by horses. I accepted the job and the 'chances,' though he told me at starting that Crow Peak was a regular 'bear hill.' Evening found me upon the shoulder of the mountain, where I soon found the sort of rock for which I was searching, weighing some two hundred pounds, and smooth as a flatiron on the underside.

"I started it with my crowbar. And down it went clear a hundred feet at one lick. The noise seemed to sweep me off my feet, and as I clung to a crag, shuddering, I saw something far below that sent my heart staggering round in my body.

'Out from a thicket scurried a lively mouse-brown thing, followed by two scrambling yellow dots, all three hurrying out of the way of the danger which I had set rolling.

'Great Scott! it's old Baldy herself-a roachback and her precious twins,' I said, speaking half aloud, I guess, to the dwarf bushes that shook as if they the whiteness of the moonlight—like a pillar of mist. were frightened, too. 'If she don't sleep well tonight—or these cubs are restless—likely enough I'll snorting an' growling—mad as could be—and dusted hear from her!'

"Well, that thought did not make the canyon grass seem any softer when I descended to my campingground near the stream, where I was to pile my rocks for a team to fetch them, and where I hung up my grub-which the mine manager had given me-eight pounds of beef, a wedge of bacon and big bag of flour. Luckily, I knew enough to put thirty yards of dusky gulch between me, as I lay down wrapped in my blanket, and my suspended larder, swaying between two pine trees.

"With a prayer that Mother Roachback's twins might keep her at home that night. I fell asleep, and woke some hours later to find my campfire out, an' shivers rippling over me, as if the moonlight, ing my beef an' bacon for a grand feast with the her hot breath. Then I tell you the old hill spun-

scalp with icy fingers.

"Before I knew what frightened me, a shaggy, shadowy thing crashed on to my camping-ground and stood upright, a full five feet, sniffing an' clawing at my beef an' bacon, growling-quite low-a sort of grace over the food that I suppose was joyful in bear idiom. But, goodness, it turned me so cold I felt as if my backbone was freezing to the hard ground of the canyon.

'It's that roachback,' I said to myself, my heart going as slow as a 'dead march.' 'Jem Buffington. your hour's come now, sure!'

"For, though I stole a hand towards my rifle, I knew that if I stirred the bear would come on before I could spoil her digestion for my meat.

"So I just lay there an' shook! The trees were moaning and creaking in an awful mournful way; it seemed as if with each lonesome sob they scattered a whole swarm of fresh fears down on me, and made the canyon seem a terrible dreary place for a death struggle.

"I was praying behind my teeth that she'd take herself off with the meat and let me escape with what I wanted most to keep me from hunger-my the theft at last, and hauled the fat, whining little We were picnicking by a blue-eyed lake, and flour. But I soon saw that her curiosity was too fellow off to our camp, where my new friend, Mack.



"I clung to a crag, shuddering."

ing for her somewhere. She went for that flour bag, slapping it first with one paw, then with anotherfor all the world like an athlete with a punching bag.

Then suddenly she burst it from top to bottom with one ripping blow. Out bulged a white cloud into like a floury baker from her nose to her tail.

"Goodness! how I felt then I never could tell you. Seemed as if every feeling I had ever known was working in me together—tossing like straws in a wild gale of laughter—with a pool of anger underneath; yet I daren't let out a sound-I was holding the breath in my nostrils-for fear she'd get on

to me.
"I clutched the canyon grass. I dug my fingers into the ground as if I were nailing myself there, while my flour whitened the gulch and whirled away in little pale clots on the stream—and the bear raved and capered, trying to shake the dust out of her eyes. Then suddenly she jumped off into the darkness, leaving a floury trail behind her, carry-

be a famished man next day.

"Well, when morning came and I felt the pangs of hunger, I vowed vengeance on that roachback. But I tightened my belt and determined to secure another rock for the crushing mill before returning to camp.

"And it was when climbing the peak for this purpose that I spied a campfire on the east slope of the mountain. I made for it pretty quickly, found an old miner and his son out prospecting, who shared their grub with me, laughed at the way I had been robbed, and the son secretly proposed a scheme for revenge on the bear.

"It was so wild and dangerous that he would not mention it before his father, being nothing less than a plan for kidnapping one of Mother Roachback's tawny twins, by lying in wait near her lair, until she helped us to an opportunity by trotting off on a long forage—when we were to carry off one of the cubs in a gunny sack.

"Well, it took us two days of weary watching, and lots of bites and scratches at the capture—bear babies can fight I tell you! But we accomplished

proceeded to show me how we could have lots

of fun with him.
"We built a small corral of twigs and imprisoned him there, then stuck lighted candles into the ground at the four corners—as if he were a sort of little idol. You should have seen the yellow cub do battle with those lights! He'd charge one of the guttering flames full tilt, as if 'twas his worst enemy, knock it over, let out the queerest little thunder of a growl, an' trample it joyously, just as though he felt himself all sorts of a bear. Then he'd lick his singed paw and go for another.

"Well, Mack and I laughed, while the shadows edged over the camping-ground, until we felt sore in all our corners. Mack's father was off prospecting in some lonely gulch so we could play as much as we liked. We were just lighting fresh candles, to arrange another sham battle for the cub, when into the middle of our fun struck a growl like doom-that froze the laughter in our pipes.

"'She's on to us, Mack—the she-bear!' I cried; and we jumped for our rifles.

"I tell you our kidnapping partnership was dissolved pretty quickly. Mother Roachback was on to that darkening camping-ground, like a bolt from the dusk, her eyes burning like flecks of flame—growling savagely enough to make a fellow fly, 'even if he had a small arsenal to back him up.'

'With the force of a battering-ram she launched herself at the corral of twigs where we had caged her baby, trampling the lights of our novel 'bear show' in a mother-rage that was fairly splendid—so I thought afterwards.

"It kind o' made a man feel at the time as if he was shrinking into a gray transparency, losing color and weight with each gnash of her teeth.

"I fired—so did Mack. But I guess—rough as we were-neither of us wanted to kill the cub, which was snugging up to its mother, whining complaints of all we had done to itso like a human baby that I felt paralyzed.

'But the next minute I was running as if wings had sprouted on my feet-away up the mountain—blindly—anywhere. All our startled shots had missed, and the old roachback was coming for me straight—determined to call me to account for the kidnapping. There was no tree near that offered safety, so I tore up-hill, for I had learned enough about 'bear' to know that while she could climb or run down more quickly than I could. I might keep aheadonce I got away up on the steeps—by running across the stony slope of the peak, where trav-

great for that, though the cubs were probably whin- | eling did not suit her at all, as her claws could not take hold easily.

"Well, I might have dodged her in that way if my strength had held out; but I felt it going-leaking out o' me like dead steam—and not even a tall sapling in sight. There was nothing but dwarf timber on the side of the mountain where I was camping with my new friends. I doubled and rounded, but the roachback was gaining, and far away below I could hear the faint, querulous cry her on.

"She was slipping at every step, rounding a rugged spur, yet I could hear her grumpy gasps getting nearer, and the fierce, mumbling noise she made, like a hog over parings—goodness! it fairly withered the breath in me.

"Well, I 'll never forget the minute when it seemed a choice of turning to fight—or of feeling her claws in my back. But at the last, when she almost touched me, I jumped aside and stumbled down-hill, at a spot where the mountain was mostly loose stones an' crumbly stuff.

"I gained a few feet and a flash of hope that way, for she couldn't turn as quickly as I could. Pretty soon, though. I heard her close behind again. I felt last time, an' fell, helpless, across a bowlder—while she went by so close her fur touched me.

"She couldn't stop short. She planted her claws in a ledge of earth, trying to turn, but it crumbled out over the New England lake, we—scarcely breathunder her weight. Down she crashed, pitching an' ing-could almost see mirrored the darkening hill, sliding-growling like played-out thunder-with such a racket of stones and falling stuff, that it seemed to poor me as if I was dying there in the dark-all

—or imagined I heard—the querulous whine of the yellow cub, like a death-dirge."

"Uncle Buff" broke off. In his eyes, as they looked the sliding bear, the kidnapped cub.

"She didn't come for me again, or 'twould have ended my time-story," he went on after a long pause.

as if there was nothing solid on it but that bear! specked with flame before my bloodshot eyes—amid "Whether I heard the young one or not then, I guess And the dusk grew all red-shot. I jumped for the the wreck of a world. And still, far away, I heard she did. Mack found me later, more dead than alive. You see, he thought the roachback was charging him, and made for a tall bowlder across the gulch. In the dusk he didn't see what a bad chase I was having.

"'I'm all here, Mack-she didn't take any shreds off me, I said, when I could speak. 'But if I live to be a hundred and one, you'll never find me kidnapping a bear cub again—not if a roachback should steal from me twenty times over!"

A DOUBLE RESCUE

JAMES BUCKHAM

The Craftsville Weekly Star, in one of its most interesting items, outlined the "prospects" of the graduating class of the High School. Some were going to college; some to the normal school; some were to begin teaching at once; some intended to read law. But only two members of the class, according to the Star, were "going into business" immediately. These were Leslie Fairbanks and George Gould.

These two boys had secured positions with Mr. North, the leading general storekeeper in Craftsville. They were to begin at the bottom of the ladder—as most boys are expected to do-and work up. Promotion depended entirely upon their own diligence, honesty, and push. It was somewhat unfortunate, perhaps, that these young fellows, between whom there had been more or less rivalry at school, should be hitched to the same task, in a harness so flexible that one must almost inevitably pull ahead of the other, in the long run. But Mr. North happened to need two helpers, just at that time, and, as both applied, the proprietor was glad to give them both a chance. So they started even, with the understanding, implied, if not expressed, that by and by one of them would be promoted to the dignity and increased salary of "clerk."

Even the best of friends, under such circumstances. would find it hard not to be envious of one another's advancement; and, although there had never been any bad feeling between Leslie and George, it was of you." natural that each should take advantage of every fair George Gould walking hastily away from

opportunity to get ahead of the other. While the boys were about evenly matched in ability. Leslie's habits were better than George's. He cared less about being out at night, in questionable places, and with questionable companions. He neither smoked nor drank, while George did both, as he claimed, "in harmless moderation." Leslie spent his evenings quietly at home, reading or resting, and got to bed early, so that he was in prime condition when the hour came for opening the store in the morning George, on the contrary, from keeping late hours, was often half awake and stupid; and, as physical condition always tells in work of any kind, the more wideawake and clear-headed boy began soon to get the start of his companion. Leslie made none of the stupid blunders that George did, and performed his work more promptly and neatly. George might have retrieved the lost ground if he had taken warning in time, for Leslie frankly advised him to quit running the streets at night if he wanted to be bright and fresh for work in the morning. But this well-meant advice only aggravated George and made him willful and perverse. And when, finally, Leslie was appointed clerk, and could "boss him about," as he put

and he announced to the boys his de-termination to "get even with that snob before year was up."

About this time, Leslie invested part of his earnings in a beautiful new bicycle, which, when not in use, he kept of his fine wheel entirely slit to pieces. over the dastardly the

lie?" he asked, sympathetically, seeing the young fellow's distress. "The new boy?"

"No, sir; I think not," replied Leslie.

"Possibly, Patrick?" Leslie smiled, faintly. The idea of the honest old

Irishman who took care of the horses and fires, and acted as heavy "freighter," doing such a mean, spiteful trick was absurd.

Well, Leslie," said Mr. North, decidedly, "I think we both know pretty well who is responsible for this outrage, and I promise you he shall be discharged, Saturday night."

"I wish you wouldn't, sir," said Leslie, quietly. "Please don't, on my account, discharge George! His mother is very poor, and dependent entirely upon him. George is really a good boy at heart. The trouble all comes, I think, from his bad associates. Then he is, naturally, sore over my promotion. I don't blame him so very much. I should feel a good deal cut up myself, if he had got ahead of me. What

I wish Mr. North is that you would have a good, kind, frank talk with him, advising him to quit the company of those bad fellows he goes with, and spend his evenings at home. If you discharge him, he will probably go to the bad right away, and his poor mother will die of a broken heart, if she doesn't die of starvation. Please, so long as I don't make any complaint against him, give him another chance, on the condition that he follows your advice about the company.'

Mr. North arose and took Leslie's hand. I will, my boy," he said, warmly. "You have the right disposition, and I am proud

the thin partition that separated it from the shelves and counter, on one side of the store. It did not occur to him, at the time, that George might have been listening; but what he had noticed came back to him, afterwards, with considerable significance.

That afternoon, Patrick brought up from the depot, on the big dray, a tremendous hogshead of molasses. Mr. North always bought his yearly supply of molasses in one lot, as he could get it several cents cheaper a gallon by buying in what is called "unbroken bulk wholesale." The big hogshead weighed nearly a ton, and it took the entire force of the estab-

lishment half an hour, with a tackle, to get it safely landed on the back platform of the store. Leslie Fairbanks then went down cellar, to raise the rude, slowmoving freight elevator, operated by crank and windlass, to the level of the store-room floor, while the others rolled the hogshead into the store-room.

"Next year I am going to have some new beams under this floor," said Mr. North, as the big hogshead it, the evil side of his nature mastered him entirely, groaned over the threshold. "The old beams are not very sound, and every time anything heavy has to be brought to the elevator, I am afraid-

His words were interrupted by a sudden crash. One end of the store-room floor gave way beneath the tremendous weight of the hogshead, and its huge bulk, with the struggling men and boys, sank suddenly into the cellar.

For a moment Mr. North and his assistants were overcome by the shock of the fall, and lay half stunned in the debris. Fortunately, however, the immense hogshead had rolled upon none of them, and, as soon as they had recovered somewhat from their room at the back of severe shaking up, they struggled to their feet and "Where is Leslie?" cried Mr. North, sharply. the store. One "Where is Leslie?" cried Mr. North, sharply. the store. One "He must have been under the floor when it fell. came to open up, It was George Gould who sprang away into the darkness and was back in an instant with a lighted

darkness, and was back in an instant, with a lighted lantern, also a hatchet and saw. Mr. North took the The spokes were also bent out of tilted and splintered floor.

chain filed in two. one of the beams. We must get him out before the Leslie, though floor sinks any farther. George—"
greatly distressed But already George Gould was crawling under the "He's there!" he cried, huskily, "Pinned down by

wrecked floor, hatchet and saw in hand. Mr. North act, said nothing thrust the lantern underneath the timbers, and they about it, until Mr. all lay down on the cellar floor to watch the brave North, discovering boy's progress. George Gould knew that he was takthe condition of ing his life in his hands, when he crawled under the the wheel, called treacherous mass of splintered beams and timbers. him into the office. But not for one instant did he hesitate. There, suf-Who did it, Les- fering, and perhaps dying, lay the true friend, who, fortnight.

in spite of hatred and injury, had spoken that loving, loyal word for him in his employer's presence. Now, with his better nature as far in the ascendancy as his evil nature had been, a few hours before, the young rescuer, in gratitude and devotion of heart, gladly risked life and limb in behalf of him whom he had wronged.

Carefully, yet rapidly, he wormed his way toward the motionless body, until his outstretched hand touched it. Then followed a moment of terrible suspense and dread, as he dropped saw and hatchet and pulled, cautiously but firmly, at the outstretched figure. At first, Leslie Fairbanks seemed wedged so tightly under the beam, that pinned one arm and shoulder to the floor, that it would be impossible to move him without cutting away the beam. But, by steady pulling, and shifting the body from side to



side, George finally worked his unconscious friend loose from the crushing weight that held him down.

It would have been in order for George Gould to have fainted, when he had rescued his friend, at such awful peril and nervous strain to himself. But, instead of that, he brought water and bandages, while Mr. North was removing the clothing from Leslie's breast; and then, as soon as the unconscious boy began to show signs of life, he was up and off, with the speed of a deer, after a doctor.

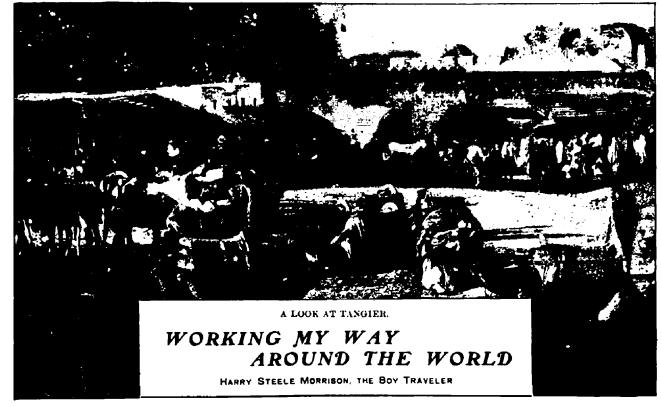
"He is not seriously injured," said the physician, whom, luckily, George met on the street and brought immediately to the scene. "But a few minutes more of that heavy pressure over the heart might have killed him. He owes his life, undoubtedly, to the promptness and bravery of this young man."

For the first time, the tears started to George Gould's eyes, and he turned his face away, while the doctor's kindly hand rested on his shoulder, "Don't. doctor!" he said, huskily. "I owe him a thousand times more than I did, or can do, for him."

And when Leslie was able to return to his duties at the store, two weeks later, he found his beloved bicycle standing in the tool room, perfectly repaired, and shining as brightly as if somebody had been over it with the dust cloth every morning for a



One morning * * he found both tires * entirely slit to pieces.



PART II.

SOME INTERESTING DAYS IN THE MEDITER-RANEAN SEA.

Having reached Port Said on my journey around the world with more money in my pocket than when I left New York, I feel well satisfied with the success I have had thus far in being able to work my way. I have been master-at-arms on board ship for a month and the other day received my wages. They amounted to only a few dollars in money after I had paid the cost of my uniform, but when I thought of all I had seen and done since starting on the trip, I knew that I couldn't judge my gains by my pocketbook. It was worth my month's work to see the Rock of Gibraltar alone, and since visiting that place we have touched at other ports even more interesting.

The first of these ports was Tangler, in Morocco, on the northern coast of Africa. I had often heard of the place, and knew that the people there were ward that I wouldn't have missed the visit for a about going back again. Our very first experiences the bay off the city it was surrounded by dozens of money they can squeeze out of the people. small rowboats, filled with shouting, gesticulating Moors, who were all anxious to secure the privilege by one, until finally we were really in their hands, or so it seemed, for there were at least two hundred of a dozen of them to take us to the landing-stage. When we reached the pier we were informed that every person entering Tangler was obliged to pay a sum equal to ten cents of American money before landing. We thought this a strange rule, but ten cents was not an amount to be quarrelled over, and we paid it and went our way. We found ourselves in a place with streets so steep and narrow that the only means of getting about seemed to be the dirty little donkeys which were standing everywhere along the pavements, while their owners shouted at our heels trying to persuade us to ride. I made up my mind that a donkey ride in Tangier would be an experience worth having, and I mounted one of the smallest of the lot. He looked as if he could hardly carry one person, but his owner explained that he could carry three with great ease. I decided that I would occupy his padded back alone, and started off through the crowded, ill-smelling streets of the Moorish metropolis. I didn't have any idea where I was going, but I felt sure I could find my way back again to the landing-place, and I wanted to see as much of the city as possible before sailing-time came round. My donkey proved to be an interesting guide. He took me through some of the strangest places one could imagine. Every new street I entered seemed to be more narrow and dirty and crowded than the last, and altogether the city seemed a part of another world from clean, well-kept Gibraltar, which we had left such a short time before. The people I saw presented a most picturesque appearance. Some of them seemed to wear as few clothes as possible, and others, strange to say, were evidently convinced that a great variety of garments was fashionable. The poorer classes predominated, and the rich Jews, with flowing

which I came in contact, and there were also a great many black Zulus and Soudanese from the great desert. Some people wore nothing at all for a headcovering, but most everyone had a bright red fez, a kind of hat which is surely a poor protection from the burning African sun.

I suppose there may be places in the world where people are living in a more wretched state of dirt and poverty than in Tangier, but I would certainly want a long while in which to find them. The population of the city is said to be about twenty thousand, and surely not more than five hundred or a thousand of this number are engaged in any active occupation. In passing through the streets I could see but little industry of any kind. In one shop some men were engaged in making sandals by hand. and in the bazaars the merchants were of course selling their goods, but these few, together with the men who rowed our boats and owned the donkeys seemed to be the only ones who cared to work, or who could barely civilized, but I had no idea that I would have find work to do. The others lay about on doorsteps such an exciting time as fell to my lot before we left. or ran shouting at my heels, and I couldn't help wonfind work to do. The others lay about on doorsteps It was a day long to be remembered; I thought after- dering how the Sultan of Morocco ever manages to collect any taxes from such a lazy people. They say great deal, though I couldn't honestly say that I cared that he gives the governorship of Tangier to the man who bids the most for it, and I suppose the men were unusual. As soon as our steamer anchored in who are in the bidding know just about how much

In my ride about the city I observed enough to know that none of the Tangierians are in danger of of rowing us ashore. They boarded the steamer, one becoming fat from over-eating. The chief article of diet seemed to be hard corn roasted until it was browned a little, and old men and women were chewthem swarming on the decks. The poor captain and ing this with the greatest ease, in spite of their lack the other officers were frantic with rage at such a of teeth. Occasionally I came to a little hole in the state of affairs, and it was only with difficulty that | wall which seemed to be a sort of restaurant, where they were driven off, after we had arranged with half they sold sausage which had been wrapped upon a wire and then cooked over an open fire. When the customer had eaten the sausage, he returned the wire. which was then wrapped with meat and made ready for the next purchaser. The fruit I saw on sale in the streets was of poor quality and invariably in a state of bad preservation, though one would naturally expect to find good fruit in Northern Africa.

I visited some places in my ride which I would just as soon have missed. One of these was the prison in which men are kept who have been sentenced for life. There was a hole with a sliding piece of wood in front of it, and when this was pushed back I looked in and saw the prisoners in all their wretched filth and misery. They looked as if they were almost ready to die, and after I had a smell of the place they were in I wondered whether any of them were strong enough to serve a very long life-sentence. It doesn't seem possible for human beings to live in such a foul place. The prison, however, was but little worse in this respect than some other parts the city. There were smells everywhere being a total lack of sewerage. One would suppose that people living at the very door of the civilized countries of Europe would adopt some improvements in their way of living. The people must all be thoroughly accustomed to the state of things, else they would all have been dead long ago of the bubonic plague or cholera or some other horrible disease.

Some of the ladies in our party were permitted to visit the governor's harem, and in looking for one of them I entered that building without suspecting what sort of a place it was. I had penetrated as far as an inner room before being stopped, and I was then hustled out with just a fleeting glimpse of a row of beautifully dressed women squatting on the robes and turbans, seemed to look upon their less for-tunate fellow-citizens as dogs. There were Moors of admiring their silks and jewelry. I suppose I should all degrees of wealth and education in the crowd with be thankful to have had even such a short visit to a

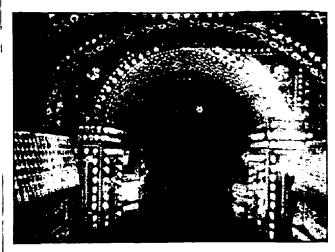
real harem, for men are never permitted to enter such places. There was a good deal of laughter over my mistake, and as no harm resulted to anyone except to the feelings of the ladies squatting on the floor, I suppose the incident is a laughing matter. But at first I couldn't imagine what I had got into, or why I was hurried out with so little ceremony.

I saw a great many queer people and queer objects in Tangier which I would like to describe if I were able, but words would be powerless to give one an accurate idea of a place so strange and so filled with curiosities. I rode about on my donkey until I could hardly imagine what any place was like which didn't contain Moors and Zulus and beautiful, white buildings set in dirty streets. The city made an impression on me which I can never forget, and as I am writing now on shipboard I can see the strange, black people, as they ran at the heels of my poor little donkey, crying out for pennies. I was glad when I reached the landing-place, about five o'clock, but my most exciting experience was yet to come. I found that I had only an English sixpence in change with which to pay the man who claimed that he owned my donkey. I knew that this was quite enough to give him, but if I had had more I would have been glad to have added to the sum. My first difficulty was in finding the man who owned the donkey. There were several who said it was theirs. and as I couldn't imagine how any donkey could have so many owners, my only course was to give the sixpence to the man who had first come up. This aroused the ire of the other claimants, and in a minute I was surrounded by them all, shouting. screeching, and catching hold of my clothes. To add to my troubles, the man with the sixpence thought he hadn't received enough money, and he grabbed out of my hand a queer old coffee-pot which I was carrying for one of the ladies in our party. I had a scuffle with him to regain the pot, and as soon as I had hold of it I started on a dead run for a rowboat. At that moment I was more anxious to be aboard our ship than anywhere else in the world. Once safe on deck, I looked back and saw the screeching Moor still standing there waving his arms, and I breathed a sigh of relief at being out of his reach. Most of the other members of our party had somewhat similar experiences with their donkeymen, but as most of them had plenty of change, they were able to quiet them with money. We figured that the entire population must have benefited in one way or another from our stay, and certainly all were determined to have a share in the profits if they could possibly manage it. I certainly wouldn't advise anyone to visit Tangier without a strong guard of some kind to protect him from the robbers those people cer-

We returned to Gibraltar again from Tangier and proceeded to the famous Island of Malta. I didn't know much about that place before I went there, but on a quiet Sunday evening I sat on our forward deck and read through the twenty seventh and twenty eighth chapters of Acts in my Bible, and was delighted to know that some wonderfully interesting Bible events had taken place in the Island we were approaching. I was delighted with the prospect of sceing something of the place where Paul ministered for three months.

The Island has several fine harbors, and our ship anchored in one of the best of them, that at Valetta, early on Monday morning. I was successful in securing the Captain's permission to go ashore, and at the Custom-house landing I was besieged by guides who wanted to show me the famous Chapel of Bones, the Cathedral, and other sights in Valetta. I told them that I would like to see all these places later on, but that now I wanted to see something of the scenes visited by St. Paul. I was sure I could make this pilgrimage alone, for I had read in a little guide book that he landed at the Civita Vecchia, or old city, and that this place was about seven miles from the place where our ship lay at anchor.

Public carriages are very cheap in Malta, and as I could hire one at about thirty cents an hour, I determined to make the trip out in as much comfort as possible, and I certainly had thirty cents' worth of pleasure and profit out of the little journey. After being cooped up in the ship for so long, without



THE CHAPEL OF BONES.

and look at the remains of former civilizations. Malta has been inhabited, at different times in its history, by the Phoenicians, the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Knights Crusaders, the Spaniards and the French under Napoleon. In 1801 the English took possesto make the island as English as possible. They



A MALTESE BEAUTY

the Roman occupation, and there when the Spaniards were in possession. The country did not seem at to plant grain he would certainly have been obliged to cart away a great quantity of stone and marble ruins. A few fig and olive trees hills, but the landscape was bare buildings and the ruins. I couldn't help thinking how much like the

pictures of the Holy Land the whole scene was, and it was appropriately similar, because St. Paul was twice saved from death in that neighborhood.

When I reached the Civita Vecchia I went at once to the Cathedral. In the twenty eighth chapter of Acts I had read how Publius took Paul into his house and cared for him three days, and this Catheurai is reputed to stand on the site of Publius' home. I sat down in the cool darkness about the alter and thought of the events which took place on the same spot nearly nineteen centuries ago, and I felt grateful that I was permitted to visit a scene so historic. This Cathedral was by no means the place I was most anxious to visit, however, for I had heard that there was a cave which Paul had dug out with his own hands, in which he lived during the three months to go near the place again, and hereafter when I hear | toric places I will see before reaching Aden and the he remained on the island. I found it beneath a fine of bone chapels I think I shall be content to go Indian Ocean. old church, and it was necessary to descend a great

many privileges, it was glorious to drive along the many steps from the street level before I stood be- One thing I had expected to see in Malta I didn't hard Maltese roads in a quaint little yellow carriage, fore the iron gate which guards the sacred enclosure, see at all, and that was a real Maltese cat. We A carctaker finally came to open the gate, and I saw have them in abundance in America, but, strange to before me a cave about twenty feet in width and the say, I didn't see one of them in all my journeyings same distance in length. Its ceiling was barely high about the island, where they are supposed to have enough for a man to stand under, and it was evident originated. One man volunteered the information from its appearance that it had been hewn out with that there was one gray-blue cat in the place, but sion, and since then have been engaged in an effort some small, sharp instrument. I was allowed to it had been imported from Sicily and was not propenter, and it did seem hallowed ground as I thought erly at home. There were plenty of the little woolly have succeeded only fairly well, and, outside the port. of the great Apostle Evangelist living in such a place Maltese dogs, and some of the soldiers on the army Malta is as quaint and interesting in its ruins and for three months at a time. It must have been a transport bought them to carry out to the Philippines. queer houses as any place can well be. All along the sorry home, and when I returned to my own dirty, I couldn't see at first how they were going to care road to the Civita Vecchia are scattered the ruins of hot bunk on shipboard. I was comforted with the for them on shipboard, but they feed them from thought of the discomfort endured by St. Paul for the are evidences everywhere of the time sake of carrying out his resolve. Making a trip their bunks. None of the dogs have been seasick so around the world is not so high a resolve as is the Christianising of an island of people, but I must cerall fertile, but if any farmer wanted tainly expect to endure some hardships if I intend to carry it out on the plan with which I started.

I remained some time in the cave and finally left it with regret. It isn't likely that I will again see a place so peculiarly interesting on this long trip of were growing in patches over the mine, and I will remember Malta on account of St. Paul's cave if for no other reason. But there were otherwise, save for the snow-white other curious things to be seen, and one of them was the Chapel of Bones. This was a grewsome place, and after I found myself within its walls I wished that I had brought some person with me instead of visiting it alone. The chapel is entirely constructed of the bones of the old crusaders. The altar and sidealtars are formed of grinning skulls, and all along the walls are heaped thousands of thigh-bones. On either side of the main altar stand complete skeletons, and there are skulls everywhere on the walls and ceit-Some of them have holes in the forehead which are said to have been made by bullets, but I wouldn't like to vouch for the truth of all the stories that are related about the men whose bones have built this curious place of worship. One thing only is certain: The bones are there, and there can be no question but what they were once parts of human beings. This fact alone is enough to keep me from wanting mind the heat, considering all the interesting and hisaway without seeing them at close range, and alone.

their own mess-table, and keep them in boxes under far on the voyage, and their owners are hopeful that they will live to reach Manila and so become real American dogs in time. One of the sailors on the ship bought a canary bird in Malta, and another carried off a cat, so that now we have quite a menagerie in the forward quarters of the vessel. The complete list of our pet passengers embraces four dogs, four cats and the bird; and one sailor says he is certainly going to secure a monkey when we reach Ceylon.

We were unfortunate enough to carry from Malta two British soldiers, who deserted from the garrison there in the hope of reaching Manila and joining the American forces. The captain of our ship said that the only thing he could do would be to turn them over to the English consul at Port Said, and everyous knew that their punishment would be a long term of imprisonment in the military penitentiary. No one knew this any better than the unfortunate Tommies themselves, so when we were nearly the head of the Suez Canal they jumped overboard and swam for shore, much to the relief of everyone on board, because we all hoped they would escape.

We sailors are preparing to sleep on deck next week, for everyone says that the Red Sea is really a red-hot sea at this time of year. I'm sure I will not

(To be Continued.)

Fun and Profit in TrappingA TRUE STORY....

J. A. NEWTON

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OUR START.

The last of the month of October, 1900, found my brother Tom and myself speeding for Northern Michigan as fast as the train could carry us. We had been preparing at spare times all summer, so that when the season for hunting and trapping should arrive we might be prepared to start without delay.

Our ages were twenty three and twenty one, Tom being the older. We had trapped, hunted and fished ever since we were small boys, but had never been north of the Grand and Flat Rivers in Kent County; consequently we had never killed any larger game, or caught any fur-bearing animals, larger than a coon; but a friend who had made many trips into the Upper Peninsula, for the purpose of hunting deer and other large game, had told us how abundant fur-bearing animals were in the several localities he had visited. and had stimulated us into going on an expedition in the fall, to have a try at larger game.

Our destination was Montmorency County, among the lakes and streams in the vicinity of, and forming the Thunder Bay River.

OUR EQUIPMENT.

In order to give my readers some idea of the amount of preparation and material necessary for a trip like this I will give them a list of our baggage: We carried two tents, ten by twelve feet each, with six foot walls-one to eat and sleep in, and the other to keep our furs in while drying, and to be used as a general storeroom; we had one hundred and fifty traps, including two bear traps we had bought cheap a second-hand store, but which were as good as new, also two screw clamps for setting the bear traps. Tom had a double-barrelled gun (of Pieper make), a combined rifle and shotgun, while I had a double-barrelled shotgun. Our miscellaneous tools and utensils consisted of the following: An axe, two hatchets, two revolvers, two jackknives, two hunting knives, two watches, a compass, woolen blankets, two pairs of thigh rubber boots, felts and arctics, a supply of boards for stretching mink pelts, a sheet-iron stove and several lengths of pipe, one kettle, spider, teakettle, coffeepot, basins, knives and forks. In the way of provisions we had a stock of flour, bacon. canned fruits and meats in tins, baking powder, oat-meal, crackers, rice, salt and pepper. We also carried with us a small supply of medicines and a quantity of strychnine to use in poisoning wolves, if it became necessary.

We bought tickets direct to Alpena, and had our goods follow by freight. No incident worthy of men- found so many places to put our traps, and by noon

goods arrived we engaged a teamster to take us and mink, but a few for muskrats. These latter animals our stuff out to the scene of operations; it made a are never very plentiful away from the settlements. big load for the team.

Our route lay along the State road, as that was set traps in their paths. the only way to get through the country with a team. We intended to camp on the banks of a large lake let our traps set for two nights before looking at which is situated a few miles northwest of Hillman, the county seat. As we had quite a heavy load, and look for prospects on another fork of the creek, and the road was bad, we did not reach the lake until nearly dark, but being used to pitching tents in a hurry we soon had both tents up and a bright fire of pine knots crackling and sputtering.

Being very tired after our journey and hard work we both agreed that we could get along without a very elaborate supper, so we made some coffee and cooked potatoes, but for the rest we lunched off the and over logs and fallen trees. Occasionally we canned food we had brought, but which, needless to

say, was eaten with a keen relish.

soon had a roaring blaze leaping up, which lit up the refrained from killing more, although we might woods and lake for some distance, and after sitting easily have downed twice or three times as many. around the fire and speculating on the prospects for game on the morrow, we went to bed, and slept like

SETTING THE TRAPS.

The next morning we were out bright and early, and after a hasty breakfast, we settled with our teamster, and arranged for him to come and haul us back to town when we should be ready to leave. He left, wishing us all kinds of good luck, and we prepared to start out on our first day's trip.

We agreed that we should both go together until the traps were all set out, and after that each should gan walking on all fours. tend one half of them. We first started up the out- "It's a bear, Tom," said I, "and an awful big one." tend one half of them. We first started up the out-let of the lake, called Cedar Creek, and soon saw on

rarely use bait. We had long ago found it best not grand and majestic that we never once thought of our to hang up any bait, and to make as little show as guns until he was out of sight. possible, so we set mostly what are known as "blind sets," i. e., we set our traps under the banks wherc the mink travel, and under logs where their tracks lead, or any hole which they are sure to go into, provided there was a little water in any of the above mentioned places in which to set the traps, for the trap must be about an inch under water, in order not to arouse the suspicions of the mink. They are never stupid enough to walk into a naked trap. We often found it necessary to dig out a little when the water was too shallow, or fill up under the trap when the water was too deep. Then we always made it a point to stake the chain which held our trap, out in the deep water. so that the game would drown; otherwise, it would be liable to gnaw or twist its leg off and escape.

We made slow progress up the stream, because we

tion happened during the trip, and as soon as our we had them all out. Most of them were set for We also ran across the tracks of several coon and

> From experience we had found that it is best to them, so we decided that the next day we would let these traps go unattended until the second day.

> We now began to retrace our steps toward camp, as we were six or seven miles away, and we wished to make camp before nightfall. The pangs of hunger were beginning to make themselves felt, as we had only taken a cold lunch with us.

It was very slow traveling through the thickets. started up a rabbit and now and then a flock of partridges would rise before us and go whirring away. We piled a large quantity of wood on the fire, and We shot enough of them for a good meal, and then

WE SEE A BEAR.

We were making our way through the bushes speculating on the probable number of mink and other animals we should find in our traps when we visited them, when I heard Tom exclaim, "Look, Jack! there comes a man.'

"Where," said I.
"Right there," said he, pointing off to the left through the trees, "I wonder what he is doing here?" Just then the supposed man dropped down and be-

The bear was a very large, brown looking animal. all sides of us that which gladdens the heart of a and he was moving at a slouchy, shambling gait. but a sort of locomotion that covered ground very Wherever there was any muddy or sandy deposit fast. He was not more than ten rods away traveling there were regular beaten roads, made by mink in parallel to us, and appearing to take no notice of traveling up and down stream. Now some trappers anything. He gave his huge head a swing from side always use bait in trapping mink, but Tom and I to side at every lope, and altogether he looked so

Why didn't you shoot?" said Tom.

"Why didn't you shoot, yourself?" I replied. "You have the rifle, the only weapon that would be any good at the distance he was from us."

"I guess I must have been waiting for someone to tell me that I had a gun," said Tom. "I must have had a touch of buck fever they tell about. I'll bet I don't let such a chance escape again, if I have to run for it. Judging from his size, though, maybe it is just as well that we let him go unmolested."

We both agreed that the bear must have weighed

at least four hundred pounds.

We reached camp without further happenings of interest, and after having had our supper we lay awake for a time planning for the morrow; finelly I said, "Tom, why can't we set one of the big traps for that bear and maybe catch him?

"I don't believe we could hold him if we should

get him into a trap," replied Tom. "Our traps are; intended for the common black bear, and that was knocked his gun barrel down so that he missed the a large brown bear, sometimes called the 'racer.' have heard that hunters occasionally follow one of them for two days in succession without coming up with the game. I presume the one we saw to-day was a 'traveler.' Probably by this time to-morrow he will be forty miles away, but if we find any signs that he is still around, or any others, we will put cut the traps and have them doing duty.'

Saying which, Tom rolled over, and was soon snoring lustily, which put a stop to any further planning for that night.

VISITING THE TRAPS.

We both seemed to awake at the first sign of daybreak, and sprang up in haste. We found that the night's sleep had not only greatly refreshed us, but had filled us with a desire to set off for our traps set the day before, notwithstanding the fact that only yesterday we had agreed not to look at them for a couple of days, but we finally decided that as the game was not used to being trapped around here, we need not wait so long, so we thought we would go and look at them and take with us another lot of traps to set on another branch of the creek when coming back; so we started out, taking with us about forty more traps.

We soon reached the place where our first trap had been set, but found that it had not been disturbed, and we found the next three traps in the same condition; we then found one that had been sprung by a mink without getting caught, and the next contained a muskrat. Our hopes began to fall a little at these rather slim prospects, but on rounding a bend where we had set a trap under the bank, there was a large mink in the trap drowned and the chain all wound up around the stake and his back barely out of the water.

'Ha, ha! my boy," shouted Tom, "that's the time

we caught you.'

We set the trap again-put the mink in our sack and continued our journey. We found the majority of our traps just as we had set them, undisturbed, but finally we came across two which we had set close together, and we saw that each contained a mink-one large and one small one. The latter was drowned, but the large one had become entangled in some roots so that he could not drown. He had eaten his toes off on the under side of the jaws of the trap, which left but a small hold on his foot.

"Lucky we came this morning, Jack," said Tom, "or we should have been minus that fellow."

Just then we heard a plaintive whimpering and crying down the stream a few rods, and then another

similar cry a little farther along.
"Listen to that, Tom," said I; "we have got some different kind of game down there."

Sure enough, on coming to the spot where the cries came from, we found that two of the coon we had seen tracks of the day before, had come along under the banks, and had both got caught within ten feet of each other. We soon dispatched them with our revolvers, and now having considerable weight to carry we decided to stop and remove their pelts before going farther. This task was soon accomplished and we continued the round of our traps, but found only two more mink and two muskrats. These latter animals we were not very anxious to catch, for whenever they are found away from the settlements they are small and have thin, papery hides, and are not worth much; but the mink and coon are dark colored, and of the very best quality

"Well, Tom," said I, "five mink, two coon and three

rats isn't so bad, is it?"

"No," he replied, "they will probably bring us twelve dollars, at least. The large mink are worth about two dollars apiece, and the smaller ones a dollar and a half; the coon one dollar each, and the rats thirty cents, and we didn't have but one-third

of our traps out, either."

After getting our game skinned, and the hides sethe "Cedar." as we called it, farther down, to see what became of it, providing it would not lead us When we traveled three or four miles, as too far. near as we could judge, we came to another fork, or branch, which joined the Cedar, forming what we afterwards learned was a branch of the Thunder Bay

for the day we made up our minds to follow the newly-discovered stream on our return and set out cupant, which looked to me very much like an Indian. the traps we had brought, if we could find places for

We judged that it would be leading us toward our camp in its course, although considerably to the

Mink signs were as plentiful as on the other fork, and we were not more than two hours setting the best him some way, or our names will be Dennis in new line of traps.

WE SEE OUR FIRST DEER.

It was on this stream that we started our first deer. We had seen many paths made by them but had seen no deer until, as we were descending a knoll, a herd of five sprang up; they had been lying down. As they started to run Tom brought the old Piper to his shoulder.

"Don't you know that the season isn't open deer. yet? This is only the third of November, and you can't shoot them until the tenth."

"I know it," said Tom, "but I forgot for the moment. I was as much too fast this time as I was backward in paying my respects to the bear.

"I think we respected him most by letting him his traps." alone," I replied. "He might have chewed us both covered it. up, just as well as not, without delaying him much either.'

it about time to be getting back. We decided that the best way of finding our way back would be to travel direct south, as nearly as possible, until we came to the Cedar Creek and then follow it up until we reached the lake. So we looked at our compass and started south, and traveled perhaps about twenty recently, and all were baited with partridge or muskminutes, when we began to notice familiar objects and landmarks, and soon discovered that we were right back from where we had started, having traveled in a circle.

of starting.

"Well, if that don't beat all," said Tom.
"I should think so," said I. "Can't we do better than that?"

"I'll tell you how to travel a little straighter," replied Tom. "You give me your gun, and I will carry them both, and keep far enough away from you so that gets the longest goes to our traps on the creeks. that they won't affect the compass, and you take the

compass and keep watch of it." We adopted this plan, and after about an hour's journey reached the banks of the Cedar, whereupon we were all right. But we struck it farther down than we intended to, and darkness fell upon us some time before reaching camp. Having had considerable experience in cooking wild game, we had placed our partridges in a kettle over the fire before starting in the morning, and we had built up so good a a bullet, as you did when we saw our supposed 'man fire that we found our birds thoroughly done, and with the brown coat,' "I said jestingly. ready for eating, and as we had eaten practically



nothing since morning, there was very little of the birds left when we got through.

Supper over, we now had our fur to stretch, and as we had brought a good supply of mink boards with us, of all sizes, we made short work of it; for the coon we made a frame of small cedar sticks so as to I was accosted by a bright little fellow: "Carry your stretch each skin to the fullest extent possible; the muskrat hides we stretched on bent bows to dry.

Our work finished, we replenished the fire once more, and then lost no time in seeking our muchneeded rest.

WE SIGHT AN INDIAN.

Morning dawned, bright and clear, with a crisp November air, which put new life into us. After panions and punctuating his remarks by sundry breakfast we decided to divide the remaining small traps between us, and see what the prospects were for trapping around the shore of the lake. We found curely packed away in our sacks, we began following the signs about as numerous as on the two previous days, and by the time half of the circuit of the lake was accomplished we had set out the remainder of our traps.

Tom then suggested that we should keep on around the lake and see what the other side looked like. I gives consent. agreed, and we had not proceeded far when, as I was looking down the shore of the lake, about a quarter Being satisfied with the extent of our explorations of a mile ahead of us, I saw a canoe shoot out from

> "See there, Tom," said I, "it looks as if we were going to have some one to compete with us in the trapping business.'

> "An Indian sure," replied Tom, "or possibly a halfbreed, but say, Jack; if he should happen to be a chap that will lift game and traps, we will have to this locality, and we might as well move elsewhere.'

> "Perhaps he is as honest as we are," I suggested. "We'll have to keep watch and see. I presume he is out on the lake looking for signs of otter," said Tom. "I have heard that they climb up onto logs that are partly out of water, to eat fish they have caught, and that the otter can be caught by setting the trap on the log a little under water. Old trappers say that the best way to catch them is from a

"Hold on, Tom," said I, and at the same time I | boat. We would not dare to trap them, however, it we had a boat, for a couple or three years ago a law was passed forbidding any one to trap them for five years, and the time is not up yet, but an Indian doesn't respect the laws of the white man, relating to game; I have been told that they kill deer whenever they see fit."

Look here, Tom," I interrupted, "here is one of I, being in advance of Tom, had just discovered it.

It was a very clever deadfall set in front of a either."

pen, in which a partridge was placed for bait. "This
The day was now pretty well spent, and not knowmust be one of his mink traps," suggested Tom. It
ing just how far we might be from camp we thought was so constructed that if a mink went under the drop (a heavy pole) he would put his feet on a little twig, in order to see the bait, when down would come the drop and crush him on a bed pole.

As we passed along we found several more wooden traps belonging to the stranger; all had been set rat meat.

"I guess he has just begun busines; by the looks of things," I remarked to Tom.
"It looks that way," he replied. "One of us needs

Laughing at our own stupidity we started in again, to visit the traps we have set to-day, very early in the but in a few moments came right back to the point morning, I am thinking."

As we neared our camp, Tom suggested that one of us look after our traps on the creeks next day, and the other visit those on the lake, the one who re-turned first to have supper ready. "Suppose we draw turned first to have supper ready. "Suppose we draw cuts to decide which route each of us takes," said he. "All right," I replied, "prepare your cuts. The one

Tom then prepared the cuts and presented them to me; I drew the longest, so of course it fell to my lot to go to the creeks.

"You will have to deal with the Indian if he crosses your path," I said.

'He had better let our traps alone," Tom replied, for if I catch him meddling I'll see how close I can send a ball to him without hitting him."

'Don't forget that you have the means of sending

"That joke is getting pretty old now," Tom replied, somewhat nettled. "Never mind, Tom," said said "Probably we would both do better if we had such a chance at 'old brownie' again."

It was in this idle and bantering manner that our conversation drifted, as we walked toward camp After having our supper we sat for a time watching the changing forms in the coals of our campfire, and listening to the many sounds peculiar to the forest. such as the dismal creaking caused by two trees rubbing together, and swaying in the wind, the hooting of the horned owl, the short, sharp bark of the dox, or the long-drawn out howl of the timber wolf. We were accustomed to all these sounds, excepting the howling of wolves, but with a bright fire burning, these animals are not particularly dangerous, at that season of the year. Amid these sounds we fell asleep.

(To be continued.)

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL BOY.

L. M. DITHRIDGE.

Not long ago I was on the point of leaving town for a day or two. As I went down Griswold street satchel to the depot?"
"No," I replied, as I entered the Ypsilanti wait-

ing room, "I'm going to stop right here."
"Carry your satchel out to the car?" kept up the

small boy as he followed me in.

I settled myself to wait for the car, and thought my youthful man of business had given me up. He stood outside on the pavement talking with his comnods in my direction. Presently the Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor car was announced. Before I had time to lay hands on my baggage, my small boy had marched straight in, seized my suit-case and marched out again. He boarded the car before it reached the depot, not even waiting for it to stop. In fact, he had not waited for anything, not even for my consent. Probably he was of the opinion that "silence

After I had seated myself he spread out a paper on my lap. "Have a Tribune, something to read all the way over." He evidently considered that he had scored a point by having a big paper to sell. Of course I bought it. He was so quick and so business like that I could not but admire him. That boy will never wait for something "to turn up."

Our Christmas Number

Our December (Christmas) Number will contain a splendid story by Hezekiah Butterworth, and a hundred other features of interest to boys and their friends.

NED'S STRATAGEM

The Story of an American Boy and a Filipino Ambush

H. IRVING HANCOCK

Ned ran to the window as a sudden, rousing volley of rifle-fire sounded south of Manila.

It was answered by another volley of heavier roar. Though the firing came from a point between four and five miles south of the Calle Nozelada, the air was so still that the racket seemed less than a mile off. Ragged, rattling volleys of thin-noted Mauser fire were replied to, at intervals, by Springfield vol- brain.

leys that sounded as the roar of one great gun.
"They're fighting!" quivered Ned, his eyes flashing and color mounting high. "How, I'd like to be there!"

"You ought to be thankful that you're not," replied Captain Burnham, slowly and practically. "Has it struck you, my boy, that every time those guns rip out somebody is very likely dying?" "But I've never seen a fight, dad."

"I pray that it will be a long time before you do." Ned was not surprised. He was used to hearing his father talk in that vein. There was no braver officer than Captain Burnham of the Third Infantry; but he had been a long time in the service, and, like most old soldiers, was an ardent lover of peace.

'How glorious it is," breathed Ned, still listening to the distant racket.

"It isn't much of a fight," returned his father, coolly, as he rose and came to the window. "Hardly more than an outpost row. As the sounds tell the story, I should say that there were about a half a company of our men and a hundred or so of the in- stairs. Wait until the officer has started. surrectos. Probably the enemy were prowling forward, and ran unexpectedly into a detachment of our fellows. They are Washington volunteers, most the jogging of a pony's hoofs sounded outside. likely. There! Did you hear that? By the split in Springing to the window. Ned watched until he saw the sound I should judge that our men are on either side of a ravine, with the Filipinos below and getting enfiladed."

Within the next two or three minutes the sound of firing entirely died out. Captain Burnham glanced at his watch, then down at the quilez, pony and Filipino driver waiting at the curb outside.

"I've only a half an hour to get my train," announced the captain. "Good-bye, Ned. Be a good boy until I am able to come down here again."

'Dad," pleaded the boy, his eyes shining wistfully as he looked up into the handsome face of the manly soldier, "do me a great favor. Take me with you."
"Up to Baliuag?" asked the captain in surprise.

"Yes. You know I was born in the regiment, yet I've never seen it in the field."

regiment in the field," retorted Captain Burnham, riding around the corner.

that Baliuag is liable to be attacked, any day, by Pio Pilar's rebels?'

'And I shan't be there to see the old regiment

fight!" cried Ned, in genuine disappointment.
"No; I feel pretty confident that you won't," joined his father, as he stepped to a table, picked up a belt from which his revolver hung and put it on.

'If you always try to keep me out of the field in this fashion, you'll end by making me a rebel," playfully predicted the boy.
"And what form will your rebellion take?" asked

his father, smiling. "I don't see," replied Ned, slowly, "but that I shall have to try to get into the field without your per-mission."

"Good!" laughed the captain. "Try it. You're welcome to succeed, if you can on those lines."

"Do you really mean it, dad?"
"Certainly," with another laugh. "Do you expect to reach Baliuag by train, or by walking?"
"Either way, to get there."

"Well, if you walk, you will have to pass a few hundred sentries on the way. The first one you meet will send you to the right-about back to Manila, unless you have a pass. Go by train, without a pass, and the guard will throw you off. Now, do you think General Otis is going to give a pass to such a young ster as you are? Come up to the front, by all means, my boy, if you can get the pass!"

With still another laugh, evoked by a sight of Ned's crestfallen look, Captain Burnham thrust his arm through his son's, walked him downstairs to the curb, gave him a good hug, and then dove into the quilez. The sleepy driver whipped up the pony. Ned had only time to wave his hand when the odd little

vehicle was out of sight around the corner. Going slowly upstairs to the front room, Ned sat

down to think. "If I could only get the pass!" he murmured, halfclosing his eyes, though he was very far from being

Now it is a dangerous thing to give an American

work to find a way of joining the regiment at a pass—and I've got it!" Baliuag.

THE AMERICAN BOY

"Oh, Major Ellis, is that indeed you? So delighted!"

Two or three other women's voices reached his ears from the street. Ned sauntered to the window and looked out. A dust-covered officer in khaki uniform, holding his pony by the bridle, stood at the curb before the next house, chatting with a little group of women.

'Major Ellis, of the Thirteenth? Why, I know who he is," thought Ned. "Dad saved his life once on the frontier. They were great chums then. I won-

drew back, a new-born plan running through his

"He has never seen me—doesn't know my age!" There was nothing drowsy about Ned's movements now! He raced into the next room, drew chair to a table, snatched up a pen, and began to write as if the safety of the Eighth Army Corps depended upon his speed. This done, he ran into the rear of the quarters, where he found Mrs. Burton's man-servant asleep in a chair.

"Juan! Juan!" breathed Ned, shaking the hombre by the shoulder. "Go to the front window and get a good look at the officer with a horse in front of the class coach, the soldiers for the second-class, and next house."

Juan sleepily obeyed.

"I see," said the native, turning from the window.

At that moment Major Ellis' voice came up from below: "Ladies, I would be delighted to stop here longer,

but I am due at the palace in five minutes. Really must go." whispered Ned, excitedly, "go down-"Juan," Then run

after him with this note. Don't miss him!"

As the hombre's bare feet pattered down the stairs the jogging of a pony's hoofs sounded outside. Springing to the window, Ned watched until he saw Juan overtake the major and hand him the note.

"Cassidy, of M Company, sent his bugle down to have it fixed," went on the soldier, holding up the instrument. "Will you take it to him?"

Springing to the window, Ned watched until he saw Juan overtake the major and hand him the note. after him with this note. Don't miss him!"

Juan overtake the major and hand him the note. "Well, well!" mused Major Ellis, opening and perusing the missive as he rode. "So Jack Burnham

has a grown-up son! This was what he read:

Dear Major Ellis:

"As I am not acquainted with General Otis, and as it is imperative that I should go to Baliuag to-morrow to see my father, Captain Burnham, will you kindly undertake to get me a pass, and send it to my quarters, number 7, Calle Nozelada?

"Your old comrade's son, "EDWARD BURNHAM."

"Officer leave

With trem-

kind of

Looking

nila.

Through the rest of the day Ned's mind was in a ferment. Late in the afternoon, he happened to look "Nor has a boy of fourteen any right to be with a out of the window just in time to see Major Ellis

with a prompt decisiveness that boded little hope.
"I won't get in the way," urged Ned.
"You couldn't help it. Why, don't you understand out—you don't know when I'll be back." "Juan," cried Ned, breaking again into the back room of the quarters, "if anyone calls, say that I'm

hiding in the stable. Not for



With trembling fingers the boy opened the myelope.

at the envelope, Ned read these words pencilled on the outside:

"Heartily sorry to have missed seeing Jack Burnham's son. When you return from Balluag, look me up at mess some night. We'll have a jolly time. "ELLIS.

seems insurmountable. Ned set his wits hard at | him so. Dad said I could go to Baliuag if I could get

Mrs. Burton was good-natured and simple to the point of blindness, or she would have noted Ned's excitement, half-suppressed though it was, that evening. Not half of that hot June night did the boy sleep. Right after breakfast Mrs. Burton went on a visit to a silk shop. Ned jumped into a quilez that Juan called, gave the hombre a note for Mrs. Burton, and rode away over the bridge of Spain, through New Manila, around to the Pasig River again, past the Captain of the Port's office, and straight up to the Depot Quartermaster's building, on the track opposite which stood the train. It was a long affair. made up of fifteen or twenty freight and hospital Seeing one of the women about to look up. Ned cars, three third-class two second-class and one firstclass passenger coach. To the door of the latter

marched Ned.
"Pass?" demanded one of the soldiers belonging to the train guard.

For answer, Ned showed his precious document. "All right; climb in!" And Ned obeyed with alac-

rity. It was an hour yet before the train would start. Down the line Tagalo laborers and jabbering Chinese coolies were loading the freight cars. After a while Ned got out and stood on the side-step of the coach to watch the animated scene.

By and by the officers who were to fill the firstthe natives and Chinese for the third-class, began to arrive. There were about a dozen of the officers. with three of whom Ned was acquainted. They looked surprised to find him here, but naturally concluded that Captain Burnham knew his own business best.

"Going to Baliuag, Mr. Ned?" asked a soldier, approaching the coach while Ned still stood on the side-

Ned looked down, nodding affirmatively, recognizing his questioner as one of the men of the regiment.

he threw over his right shoulder.

After one of the longest kind of hours, the train began to move away from the busy water front. From the start there was historic ground to see, for the revolution had begun in the outskirts of Manila. Past Caloocan, the first station beyond Manila, there was a long succession of trenches that had been taken, one by one, at the cost of many lives and much suffering by Uncle Sam's splendid fellows. No sooner did the officers in the car discover what an interested listener they had in the boy, than they began to tell him the story of every field and trench that was passed. It was such a lot better than learning history out of books. It needed only the noise and spice of battle to make these scenes perfect for the boy.

Ned began to understand, too, what is meant by a line of military "communication" across captured country, and how many soldiers are needed to protect this "communication," for at every station the Down the stairs flew Ned, crossing the yard and train stopped to unload supplies for the strapping big soldiers stationed there.

Malolos, the former seat of Aguinaldo's "government," was reached before the morning was out. All of the officers were bound farther up the line, but it was here that Ned "detrained." He alighted before a small, two-story station building, over the door of which hung the flag of the signal corps. A hundred yards south of this building was a big, oblong, zincroofed freight shed. In and out of this moved a swarm of shouting, puffing Chinese coolies, carrying burdens pendant from either end of stout bamboo poles thrown across the shoulders. Here and there was a sprinkling of Tagalo amigos, or "friendlies," carrying burdens on their backs. It required fully three hundred of these odd Oriental laborers to unload the train and carry the quartermaster and commissary stores into the shed, for Malolos was then a sub-base of supplies.

"Hello, Mr. Ned!" called Sergeant Hart, of the Third, approaching the boy, whom he found staring at the scene in some bewilderment.

"Oh, good morning, sergeant. I was wondering how to get from here to Baliuag."

"You'll go with the wagon-train and escort, un-It less you want to make meat for the goo-goos," replied Hart, a grizzled old great Dane, and the sergeant of H Company.

"That's just what I wanted to do-to go with the

escort, I mean." "Then get over there and sit down." directed the sergeant, pointing to the shady side of the shed. "I'll make sure to call you when I get that bulltrain loaded.'

Ned went to the spot indicated, seating himself on the ground, with his back against the side of the building. He had been anxious for a good look at Malolos, but the only glimpse of it obtainable from the station was of a dusty street lined with nipa huts. All else was hidden behind the lines of tall bamboos. In a half an hour the train pulled out northward, but the din of the noisy laborers reboy permission to do some inadvisable thing if only he can find a way to get over some difficulty that triffe ashamed the next moment. "But I didn't tell Hart reappeared, leading a pony saddled and bridled. mained. It was another half hour before Sergeant

animal is going up to an officer at Baliuag. can ride it, if you care to."

If he cared to! Ned was in the army saddle almost before the "top" had finished. Sergeant Hart shortened the stirrups.

Follow me, Mr. Ned."

Ned rode down the track, between the rails, in the wake of the sergeant. To the east of the track hundred yards, though not so much as the head of an stood a long line of waiting transports. There were some thirty ponderous two-wheeled carts, each drawn lible anywhere, though the air was alive with the by a water buffalo. Through each animal's nose was hum of the steel-jacketed little bullets. Two of the an iron ring; through the ring ran a rope, the other men near the head of the column fell wounded. A end of which was in the hand of a Chinese coolie who stood on the left of his own particular animal. Ahead of this Oriental outfit were five escort wagons, each drawn by four American mules driven by an American soldier.

"Hike!" ordered the sergeant, as he and Ned came up.
With a clamor of "hi! hi!" from the coolies, the
wagon-train started. Sergeant Hart strode along at the head of the outfit, Ned riding by his side. It journey.

Half a mile from the station, Ned caught sight of

khaki-clad soldiers squatting on either side of the road. As they, in turn, caught sight of the train, they rose to their feet. Many of the men gave the boy an informal salute as he rode past them. The whole of H Company was out for escort duty. At the head of the line stood Lieutenant Houle, the company's commander; two or three inches more than six feet in height. of slender athletic figure and fine, smooth face, he looked what he wasone of the best products of West Point.

'What are you doing here, Ned?" was the lieutenant's query, as soon as he had returned the sergeant's salute.

'I'm going to Balluag, Mr. Houle." "Does Captain Burnham expect you?"

"He said I might come, if I got a pass. Here it is.'

Lieutenant Houle glanced at the paper, and from that to the boy. He may have had his doubts, but he was too good a soldier to ignore the written orders of the military governor of

the Philippines.

"Very good," said the lieuter
briefly. "Keep with me, please."

"Won't you ride the pony?" said, the lieutenant

gested Ned, making a move to alight. 'No; keep your seat. It's a long march, and I'm used to it.'

Some thirty of the men fell in automatically at the head of the wagontrain, others distributing themselves along the flanks of the column, while a

squad brought up the rear. "What will dad say?" Ned wondered, not unfrequently. "But he's a man of his word, and he'll have to stick to what he said.'

No more delightful road could be imagined than that over which they were passing. On either side rose forests of tall feathery bamboo, with here and there a mahogany or other virgin tree of greater girth. Mr. Houle stirringly described the battle that the Western volunteers had fought along this very road less than a month before. While the story was yet being told, the col-umn reached Quingua, which the Nebraska troops had taken at the cost of their colonel's life, and that of many other brave comrades. Here the column halted for a few minutes.

asked Ned, when the long straggling line was in mo- He was almost certain that something was crawling of the bushes a little way ahead, darted to a tree, and tion once more, winding out of Quingua.

Because beyond here is almost wholly the enemy's country," replied Mr. Houle. "Except the Third, at Ballung, there are no troops so far out on the eastern flank of the Eighth Army Corps. This country is swarming with rebels, though they keep out of the sees what he is told to aim at." "The range of the representation of the represent

"It might happen to-day." suggested Ned eagerly. "Yes, it might, but I hope it won't. When they do attack, it is likely to be in force, and we're sure to

have a hard time of it."

It was plain that Houle was taking all possible chances against surprise. Six men and a corporal were sent ahead as a "point." to make sure that the road was clear. Other soldiers moved out into the field on either side to serve as flankers. Though the lieutenant seemed even indifferent, he was really keeping a sharp lookout.

'See that rise of ground over there, Ned?" asked Mr. Houle, pointing to the left when they were less "That crescentthan an hour beyond Quingua. shaped line of yellowish-brown yonder shows where the Filipinos were driven out a few weeks ago. We

You only a question of time when the Filipinos sneak back, and-

Crack! It was a solitary shot from an invisible rifle, but the sound came from the direction in which the lieutenant had been pointing. A hissing Mauser bullet made the air hot over their heads. It was the instant signal for a crashing volley at hardly four enemy could be seen. Not a puff of smoke was visfew of the recruits began to shoot back indiscriminately, just as Lieutenant Houle coolly gave his first rode at a mad gallop down past the wagon-train to the order to the bugler who hastened to his side.

At the first note of the bugle, most of the soldiers lay down, hastily slipping cartridges into the breeches of their rifles. To the right of the road was a sound of bodies crashing through brush, where the Chinese coolies, deserting their water buffaloes, stampeded wildly for cover. Not for an instant did the Mauser was a hard macadam road, splendidly shaded by tall bullets cease throwing up little jets of dirt, or cracktrees, over which they traveled at this stage of the ling through the hollow bamboo trunks, or fanning the air over the heads of the crouching men.

Was this war? White-faced Ned, sitting numbly in

Ned sternly drove his two prisoners over the road with a Mauser muzzle at their backs.

around in his stomach just under the belt.

Then, coming back to the head of the line, the lieutenant saw the boy seated on his pony, as erect and

stiff as if he had been turned to marble. Get out of saddle. Lie down flat. Do you want to make a target of yourself?" sounded the officer's deep bass voice.

But Ned shook his head. That first startled feeling of terror had passed away. He would have been ashamed to dismount; it looked too much like a confession of cowardice.

But Houle, who supposed his order would be promptly carried out, had turned to the enemy, keeping his field glass in constant play, and was unaware of Ned's disobedience.

Before the first sixty seconds were over the affair had developed into an encounter of the most savage fellow broke into a dogtrot.

"Mr. Ned, the bull-train is ready to move. This haven't the men to spare to hold those trenches. Its sort. It was plain that the attackers outnumbered the Americans by several to one. Neophyte though he was in war, Ned felt certain, from the heaviness of the enemy's volleys and the windy whishing of 'sheets" of Mauser bullets, that the wagon-train and escort were in grave danger.

"We can't be defeated! We won't be!" groaned the boy. As he stared toward the distant yellowish-brown line, he saw swarms of Tagalos leap suddenly over the redoubt, run thirty or forty yards nearer, fall flat on their faces and fire more heavily than before. were trying to attack the wagon-train by rushes.

Just then, all in a twinkling, a wild idea came into the boy's head. Jerking his pony's head around he rear, through the atmosphere of hot steel and lead. One projectile, boring through a case on one of the wagons, carried off Ned's straw hat. Soon the boy was out of the zone of the fire, but he did not halt until some three hundred yards past the last bull-cart. Now he pulled his pony up with a jerk that all but unhorsed him. In a flash Ned's trembling left hand brought the bugle to his lips. He had learned to sound all the calls, but more than that was needed now.

"Now, then! All the wind you can raise!" he muttered. Filling his lungs he made the instrument

fairly scream as the "left oblique" pealed out on the air. This was quickly followed by the bugled order to "deploy." A moment after the "double-quick" rang out.

Ned's horse bounded down the road farther yet. Something moved between two of the trees. A brown face, brown arms and legs darted into the road. Ned saw straight ahead of him a Filipino bolo man, in uniform of striped blue and white. Crouching for the spring, the little Tagalo, holding his short, heavy knife in readiness, waited for the boy to reach him.

"It's all up with me," quivered Ned, "unless-

Setting his teeth tight, he dug his heels into the pony's sides, guiding the animal to the side of the road as if he would try to rush past this human obstacle. Smiling confidently, the Tagalo stood his ground.

Not until he was fairly upon his enemy did Ned swerve his mount. Then he did it with amazing speed, bringing the animal up on its hind feet, its front feet pawing the air. As Ned let go the bridle, the swinging hoofs fell, striking the Tagalo full in the breast.

It was over, almost as soon as planned, and the little brown enemy lay in the middle of the road, stunned.

'Poor fellow! I'm sorry for you, breathed the boy, as, dismounting and bending to pick up the bolo, he took a close look at his vanquished foe. The face, arms and legs of the little brown man were emaclated; there was the general appearance of hunger about him.

But the sharp rattle of rifle-fire behind him recalled young Burnham to his work. With the bolo in one hand he quickly mounted, again urging the animal on. Two hundred yards farther away he halted, blowing the bugle louder than ever before, maneuvering a battalion of imaginary soldiers through the trees to the left.

"That's all I can do here—if I've done anything," panted the boy as he let the horn fall to his side. "Now, back to the real scene!"

Volleys were still crackling out ahead as he raced up the road. There

Why do you need a whole company for escort?" the saddle, was sick and uneasy with the horror of it. | was another enemy close at hand, too; he leaped out stood there with Mauser ready. Not trusting to a Meanwhile, Lieutenant Houle was darting up and shot at long range, the Filipino waited for a sure sight. It is only a question of time when Aguinaldo's is four hundred yards." "Sight your pieces closely, ing for the brown man's head, and let his hand fly. men will swoop down on this wagon-train." "Make every shot tell!" Down dodged the Filipino, but Ned, who had expected the move, had not made the throw. Now, however, he sped the the bolo through the air just before reining up. The flat side of the heavy blade struck the brown man's head, causing him to drop as the hewn tree falls.

Quick as a flash, Ned was out of the saddle long enough to pick up the rifle. Secure in his seat, he clicked back the bolt, then waited impatiently. was some moments before the native opened his

"Up on your feet!" ordered Ned, in Spanish. "Get ahead of me-move fast!'

Finding himself looking into the muzzle of his own

rifle, the Filipino sullenly obeyed.
"Mas pronto!" (More quickly) shouted Ned, and the

man, crawling in a dazed fashion to the side of the road. There was a halt of a moment, after which Ned sternly drove his two prisoners over the road with a Mauser muzzle at their backs.

While all this was going on at the rear, scores and scores of Filipinos had been seen to rise, rush backward and disappear over the redoubt at the first sound of the bugle. Lieutenant Houle glanced at his "top" sergeant with a meaning smile. Though neither could imagine who the reinforcements were, the fact that help was coming was as patent to them as it had been to the startled Filipinos. By the time that the second series of bugle calls reached them, the soldiers of H Company knew that the fight was in its last minutes. A couple of hundred Filipinos, however, still stood their ground in a wavering fashion, giving the wagon-train's escort plenty to do.

"Where's Ned Burnham?" finally demanded Lieu-

tenant Houle, missing boy and pony.

"Saw him galloping to the rear," vouchsafed Sergeant Hart.

"White feather?"

"Looked that way, sir."

The lieutenant said no more, though the grim compression of his lips was eloquent. Ned was only a boy of fourteen, to be sure, yet somehow it seemed as if the honor of the whole regiment were compromised by his precipitate flight. At the height of Houle's chagrin up rode Ned, armed with bolo and rifle, driving the captured Filipino pair before him.
"What does this mean?" bellowed Houle, in his

deep bass voice, making a rush at the boy.

'Got 'em down the road, sir,' nodded Ned. "Will

A little farther on they came upon the late bolo you please take 'em off my hands? I want to fight." tenant Houle, in the interests of discipline, had to nan, crawling in a dazed fashion to the side of the "Fight you shall, then," agreed Houle, calling a order the demonstration stopped right then and there.

soldier to guard the prisoners. We have them nearly whipped, and I'd order a charge, but I'm afraid of throwing a cross-fire into our reinforcements." "Reinforcements?" repeated Ned. Then, breaking

into a gleeful laugh, he tapped his bugle as he added, ungrammatically:

'That's me!

Houle certainly gasped, for once in his life. Then, as the nature of the ruse dawned upon him, he threw his arms around the boy, giving him a hearty hug.

'The trick fooled the enemy, too," exclaimed Houle, Well, we'll charge, then. Tie your pony to a wagon wheel and come on!"

As the soldiers started with a yell, Ned ran with them, firing the four cartridges remaining in his rifle at close quarters. The trenches were found empty, save for dead and wounded brown men. Presumably the unharmed insurrectos were still running. At all tically describing how Ned's stratagem had saved H events, they gave H Company and the wagon-train no further trouble that day.

Five of H Company's men were wounded. There Ned glowed like fire. were about six times that number of wounded Tagalos, besides a score of dead. As Ned saw these, he began to feel more than ever how horrible war is. By the time that the wounded, white and brown alike, had been made as comfortable as possible on the wagons, most of the soldiers began to wonder at the non-appearance of the reinforcements. Then down the line traveled the story of Ned's stratagem. What a rousing cheer there was! Hats went up in the air, and so many bronzed soldiers ran from their places

"What do you think of war now, my boy?" asked the lieutenant, striding along at Ned's side, when the column had once more got under way.

I know, now, why old soldiers don't like it."

"You don't find it glorious, then?"
"I guess it is, and it isn't," declared Ned, slowly. "But"—and here the old sparkle came back into his eyes, "when there's need for such work it's a glorious thing to be a man, and neither afraid nor unable to do the thing that is needed. I did help you some. didn't I?"

'Did you?" echoed the lieutenant. "Your trick certainly saved me a long list of kitled and wounded.

Late that afternoon H Company and the wagontrain wended their way into the odd little inland Filipino city of Baliuag. In less than five minutes after his arrival Lieutenant Houle was enthusias-Company from disaster. Colonel Page officially thanked the young American, doing it so warmly that

"Now, listen to me, young man," uttered Captain Burnham, who had come up a little before Houle had finished. "If you ever again take such an advantage of me as you did this time, I'll-

'What, Dad?" queried Ned, innocently, as his father paused.

'Do my best to have you sent to West Point," replied Captain Burnham, furtively brushing his eyes with one hand.

At which threat, the group of officers gathered in in the line to shake hands with the boy that Lieu- the mango grove sent up a rousing, approving cheer.

The Switch at Mud Run

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN

(Synopsis of parts ore and two: Big Petersen and his four followers, discharged miners, have plotted to destroy the East Express at Mud Run on Saturday night. The switchman there is Tom Hathway, a boy, appointed to the place by Supt. Furniss. On Friday his little lame brother comes up into the mountains to spend the day with him. It is Saturday night. The little fellow is asleep in the loft of the switch house. Tom runs down the track to arrange the signal lights and as he approaches the switch house he sees Big Petersen standing in the doorway.)

PART III.

Big Petersen was the first to speak.

"Was just goin' by," he said, "and found I didn't have a match. Thought I'd drop in and get one from you." He pulled a blackened pipe from his coat pocket and made to fill it from the pouch he held in his hand.

At the Norwegian's words Tom's fear left him. Often had miners thus stopped at the switch house for a match, or a drink, or for ten minutes' conversa-

tion with the young switchman.

"All right, I'll get you one," Tom said, feeling in his pockets. "Oh, I guess I haven't got one; but there are some in the house" there are some in the house.

Big Petersen stepped to one side of the doorway as Tom entered, then he turned and followed him inside. With one glance he took in the whole arrangement of the switch house and the location of the switch-lever. The boy offered him a little handful of matches from the box on the clock shelf, and striking one on the top of the table Petersen lighted

"Phew!" he whistled, "but I'm tired!" and he sank upon one of the chairs by the table. Tom sat opposite him.

"Better rest a while," the latter said; and then-"Where you bound for?"

'On my way to Farsen's fer over Sunday," Petersen replied. "Didn't know I wuz so tired till now. Settin' a minute makes folks tireder'n' sometimes." walkin

He playfully blew out a great cloud of smoke and passed his pipe through it. He indifferently glanced over his shoulder at the little alarm clock. The hands registered nine fifty. In just twenty minutes the East Express would rush thundering past the little house on its way to Jamestown.

'Well''-Petersen shifted in his chair-"I guess I'd better be goin'."

"What's your hurry?" Tom asked.

His big caller stood upright

"Oh, I'd better be goin'." he replied, "if I expect to git to Farsen's to-night. By the way," he added, his eyes resting upon the jug that Frank had brought to his brother the day before, "kin I have a drink, if it ain't too much trouble?"

"Why, of course," the unsuspecting boy replied, pleased that the Norwegian had begun to show signs of leaving. As he started for the waterpail in the corner he happened to remember the cider.

"Say," he exclaimed over his shoulder, "how'd you

like some cider?'

Big Petersen grinned. At the time Tom took it to be a grin of pleasure, but when he came to think of it afterwards he interpreted its meaning differently. "Got any?" Petersen asked. "Yep: got a whole jugful."

and set it on the table.

Petersen suggested.

"All right, if you say so," agreed the boy. He set his own tin cup on the table beside the glass. As he moved away to get the jug. Petersen drew from scious boy raised his head with an effort and looked the pocket of his flannel shirt a tiny vial, the contents of which he poured into the cup, where, being colorless, it was not apparent upon the shiny tin. When Tom turned, the Norwegian was standing as he had been.

"Here, let me pour it," he said.



As he moved away to get the jug. Petersen drew from the pocket of his flannel shirt a tiny vial.

He reached across the table and seized the heavy jug. He filled the tin cup first, then the glass. He the cup and inferred that some lifted the latter and sipped the cider. He smacked switch house with Tom while he had been asleep. his lips. "Say, but that's good!" he exclaimed; 'why don't you drink your own?"

"I was just waiting to see how you liked it," Tom replied, whereupon he raised his own tin cup and drank off the contents.

Setting the glass back on the table Petersen stepped to the door of the switch house. The heavens were dotted with stars, but the moon had not as yet risen.

"Say, but it's a fine night," the big Norwegian flung back over his shoulder at Tom who had re-placed the jug in the corner and was now sitting at the table. Then he began to whistle, a broken air in which the same notes were repeated seven or eight times.

After a few moments he turned from the doorway. Tom brought a glass from his little box cupboard, Tom's arms lay stretched across the table and his head was resting on them. Big Petersen glanced at "Better have a little yourself, hadn't you?" Big the clock; in three minutes the Express would go crashing by. The work that remained for him to do must be done quickly. He strode over to the table and shook Tom roughly by the shoulder. The unconup into the face above him with dazed eyes.

Oh. I'm so sleepy," he muttered; "lemme 'lone." His head fell back upon his outstretched arms.

Big Petersen waited until the hands of the clock had covered two minutes. Then he shook Tom again. This time there was no responsive movement. The breath of the sleeper fell regularly. Petersen grinned. With a quickness of motion astonishing for one of his size, and awkwardness, the northern giant jerked back the switch-lever. He knew the rails had thereby been separated down the track, and that now the East Express would shoot out upon the siding and crash into the few coal cars standing there. Then, with a pair of nippers he had provided himself with. Petersen cut the wire at the bottom of the lever thus breaking all connection between it and the switch proper. He wished to run no risk of Tom's awaking and examining the lever from force of habit. This done, he noiselessly stepped across the room and passed out into the night, closing the door softly behind him. He ran headlong down the track and across to the high rock on the left where he disappeared. There he joined his companions, who, by the whistle he had sounded some minutes before from the shanty, knew that his plan was being carried out to his satisfaction.

It was just as Petersen dashed around behind the lock down the track that the little alarm clock on the shelf over the table where sat the sleeping boy. whirred its alarm. As it finished, the semaphore signal, too, sounded. At the first clatter of the clock gong Frank moved restlessly on the cot in the loft above. He sat upright and rubbed his eyes. Through the cracks in the floor the light of the lantern below streamed up. The boy was no more than half-awake when the semaphore signated. But its sound brought his dozing senses back to him. He listened but heard no movements beneath him. He limped across the loft and began the descent of the ladder. Halfway down he twisted his neck and looked over his shoulder. There at the table, his head upon his outstretched arms, he saw his brother. He did not know that Tom had arranged the signals for the coming train and concluded that he had fallen asleep before so doing. He hobbled over to him, and shook him, with both hands, calling at the same time. 'Oh, Tom. Tom! Wake up! Tom! Tom!

A convulsive movement of the sleeping boy's shoulders was the only reply. Frank noticed the glass and

The thought frightened him.
"Oh, Tom! Tom! Tom!" he cried, half frantic. The train is coming! Tom! Tom! Wake up! Oh.

Tom! Wake up!" He shook his brother with all his weak might. He

rushed out at the door and looked up the track. Across the valley he saw a ghostly stream of light. not pointing at him, but away, to the right. He knew by the shimmer the Express was only a little way beyond the curve above the Run, and that the glow was the illumination of her headlight.

Darting back into the house he seized hold of his brother again. He shook him, kicked him, beat his breast, holding him back in the chair the while. Tom; opened his eyes. Frank screamed.

"Tom! Tom! The express is coming! Fix the ritch! Fix the switch! Oh, Tom! Wake up!" switch! Fix the switch!

He heard the hum of the wires outside. He remembered Tom had told him the wires always hummed that way when a train was coming at full speed.

Half numb and without speaking; moving, indeed, like a person in a dream, Tom staggered to his feet and reached for the lever. He found it inclined toward the front of the shanty when it should have leant the other way. Vaguely the boy's half dead mind understood there was something wrong. With a tremendous effort he tried to concentrate his thoughts. He shuddered. His senses came back to him. He jerked the lever into position. It wagged easily on the pivot at its base. Seizing one of the lanterns he stooped and discovered the wire had. After some seconds a smothered cry was heard been cut. He rushed to the door. The glow up the from those at the back of the circle, "Here comes track was deeper, wider. In two minutes the express would be due at Mud Run.

The boy hurriedly picked up one of the red lanterns, and, in an instant, had lighted it. He thrust the wire grip into Frank's hand. Then seizing the other lantern himself he cried: "Come down track! We'll have to run for it! The switch!"

He was out of the door like a shot. Frank hopped along after him as fast as the lame leg would let Just as they stepped in between the rails the train came around the curve and the great yellow headlight of the East Express flooded the gorge with its glow. With all the speed at their command the two boys ran on toward the switch. Tom screamed back to Frank: "Wave your red lantern!"

And standing on the middle of the track the little fellow swung the crimson ball of fire around his head Meanwhile Tom had reached the switch. Frank had caught up with him.

'Keep on waving it." Tom ordered, and Frank obeyed.

The train was upon them. Just as Tom stooped to fit his key into the lock of the switch which would permit of throwing it properly, there at the junction of the rails, the sharp crack of a rifle rang out above the roar of the approaching train, and that same instant Tom felt himself suddenly growing numb all He seemed to stiffen in every limb. He mut-"Petersen! Big Petersen did it. Tell"—then fell backward, away from the switch, with a bullet

The activity of Frank's arm had served the purpose. The engineer in the cab of the swiftly approaching locomotive had noted that talismanic signal of danger. Instantly he threw the reverse throttle wide The great iron monster snorted, screamed, crunched, and rattled, as though angered that its progress should be impeded; then rolled on a little way down the siding, and stopped, panting.

The engineer, followed by the fireman leapt from the cab and rushed to where a blot of black lay beside the track, half illuminated by the light of two lanterns, one of them red. There he found a little crippled boy kneeling beside another boy, his brother, and attempting to staunch the flow of blood from the latter's breast with a pocket handkerchief.

What's the matter here?" the engineer cried. In a voice strangely broken, Frank told all he knew of the affair, which was not much. He repeated to the engineer the last words Tom had muttered before sinking back upon the ground.

The sudden stoppage of the train had aroused all and so faithfully before him. those passengers who were not asleep in the rear They came trooping out of the cars and down the track. Before the engineer and his firemen were aware of it they were surrounded by a curious crowd of men and women. Then the throng fell back before the approach of two men.

What's this? What's the matter here?" one of them asked, who was the first to enter the circle. "It's the switchman, Mr. Furniss," the engineer

replied; "he's been shot. It looks as though there'd been some bad work here.

'Where are we?" Mr. Furniss asked, peering into the darkness around him as though to detect some

'Mud Run, sir."

and the division superintendent at once fell upon his knees beside Tom's prostrate body.

Who are you?" he said to Frank.

"I'm his brother," the little chap replied. "They gave him something, I guess. They cut the wire in in one of the hotel 'busses. Is there anything you'll the switch house and Tom went to sleep."

shot him?" he asked.

"I don't know for sure," Frank answered. "I was lives on Thayre street?"
leep in the loft. We were going home on the "Yes," Mr. Furniss answered, "on Thayre street." asleep in the loft. We were going home on the last freight train to-night for over Sunday, but just before Tom fell down he said Big Petersen did it."

At that the little man who had forged through the long side seat of the Dawson House 'bus. Frank crowd with Mr. Furniss, exclaimed: "I might have clambered into the great, lumbering vehicle, and the known it," and then he asked, "Did you notice where rear door was pulled shut by the driver. the shot came from?"
"No, sir," Frank

seemed to come from over by that rock," and he know where it is don't you?"
pointed across the track.
"Yes, sir," the man on the front seat replied.

A dozen men led by the conductor, and the fireman They returned almost immediately.

"Got away." the fireman said, "but they left a lot! of burnt matches around there.'

Mr. Furniss who had been examining Tom while nose around him muttered speculations regarding he narrowly averted tragedy, now rose and said: "Is there a doctor here in the crowd?"

Someone answered: "Dr. Lewis of Jamestown is in the last coach.'

"Will somebody go for him, please. I don't know how badly this boy is hurt." A dozen men and A dozen men and women set off with one accord for the physician.

Mr. Furniss knelt beside the body again.
"Do you think he'll die?" Frank pleaded. "You

don't think he'll die, do you?"

Mr. Furniss didn't answer for a moment, then said: "I don't know, my boy. But he won't if doctors and doctoring are of any avail."

the doctor," and the men and women made way for him. 'This boy's been drugged and shot, Doctor,' Furniss explained, as the physician knelt beside the

body, "what do you make out?" "Someone hold a lantern here, will you?" the

"Come down the Doctor asked. A fat man complied.

The physician tore away Tom's shirt and examined the wound. The crowd held its breath awaiting the verdict of the medical man. It's deliverance was delayed. Meanwhile the engineer, in response to inquiries, told the passengers what their fate would have been if the train had gone crashing down the siding as the Petersen gang had planned, and how terrible the destruction would have been if the boy lying there on the ground, upon whom-unknown to him-they had depended, had not, at the last moment, "The whole train would have shot thwarted them. off the track and crashed into the Run." he concluded, "and every man, woman and child on board would have been killed."

Thereupon someone suggested that a purse be made

up for the two boys.
"Better wait," another advised. "Maybe the one of 'em's dead now.'

The doctor turned upon the latter speaker.

'No," he said, "he isn't dead yet, but he may be by morning. If the bullet has gone in straight, he'll die, but if it hasn't, there's one chance in a hundred that he will live. Anyway a couple of you might help me to get him into a berth."

Mr. Furniss was one of those who assisted the physician in carrying Tom the length of the train. Frank limped at the head of the little procession and clambered up on the platform. Two brakemen were detailed to guard the broken switch the balance of the night by Mr. Furniss. Tom was gently laid in a berth and the doctor applied such restoratives as he had at hand all the way to Jamestown.

When he saw that his protege was being carefully cared for, Mr. Furniss went ahead into the smoking car, where he had left President Thompson of the mining company. The two men were on their way home from Ogden.

"You seem to know the boy," President Thompson

"Yes," replied Mr. Furniss. And thereupon he told his companion of Tom's search for work to assist in the support of his mother and the little crippled brother, and how he had come to him and in his open-hearted way begged to be allowed to do something for the road his father had served so long

"He's got the making of a good man in him," Mr.

Furniss concluded, "if this thing doesn't end it all."
"Better go back and see how he is," suggested President Thompson, "and when we get to Jamestown I'd go right up to his home with the doctor ıf I were you."

Mr. Furniss went back into the sleeping car. After some minutes he returned.

'How is he?" President Thompson asked.

"He hasn't regained consciousness yet," was the reply.

PART IV.

When the long passenger train rolled alongside the station platform at Jamestown, and stopped, ofter the short run from the mountain pass, where the accident had been averted, Mr. Furniss again went back to the sleeper where Tom lay.
"I'll go right up with you, Doctor," he said to Dr.

Lewis. I guess we can make the boy comfortable want?"

"Oh. yes," Dr. Lewis replied, "we'll have to stop be on the way; let me see-didn't you say the boy

The two men carried the still unconscious form of Tom across the station platform and laid it on the

rear door was pulled shut by the driver.
"Don't drive fast," ordered Dr. Lewis, "and pull
Frank answered, "not for sure, but up for a minute at my office on Main street. You

After the Doctor had alighted at his office Frank leaped across the track and rushed upon the rock, spoke to Mr. Furniss for the first time since leaving Mud Run.

All he said was: 'Do you think he'll die?"

To which Mr. Furniss replied: "We'll hope not, anyway, and the Doctor says he'll do his best to pull him through. He won't know for certain whether he can, though, until he's made a more thorough examination.

At that Frank lapsed into silence. After a few moments the doctor returned carrying a little black square case with silver hinges and clasps.

Immediately upon the arrival of the express at Jamestown, news of the attempted destruction of the train flew this way and that through the not yet deserted streets. In the shops still open the clerks discussed the narrowly averted disaster with their customers, and within ten minutes the heroism of the boy switchman and his little brother was known all over the town.

On the way to the cottage Dr. Lewis asked Mr. Furniss what plans he had for capturing Petersen's gang, and was informed that President Thompson of the mining company offered to take that matter in charge, that Mr. Furniss himself might accompany Tom. Not many minutes after their arrival in Jamestown a posse of deputy-sheriffs left on a special train for the scene of the accident, from which point they would scour the surrounding territory. "There'll be no trouble in finding them," Mr. Furniss concluded.
In some way the news of Tom's misfortune reached

Mrs. Hathway before his own coming. When the bus was driven up to the house she was on the front porch awaiting it.

She rushed out upon the sidewalk, and, seizing Frank, who was the first to alight from the big covered wagon, she cried-her face as white as the moonlight that shone upon it-"Frank! Frank! Is he dead? Oh, Frank! Frank! Is he dead?"

The little fellow bravely tried to comfort his mother. "No, mommie," he said, with an attempt at a smile, "he isn't dead, and the doctor says he'll get well."

It was at this moment that the two men bearing the still body of the boy between them, clambered out of the 'bus. At sight of them and their burden. Mrs. Hathway felt her knees giving away beneath Without speaking, she darted ahead of the little procession into the house and pointed to the door of the sleeping room off the parlor.

Tom was laid there upon the bed. While Mrs. Hathway assisted the doctor in undressing him she was told the story of the shooting in answer to her num-berless whispered questions. Dr. Lewis tried to comfort her with the assurance that her son was quite as likely to live as to die.

"And now," he said, when Tom had been covered with fresh, cool sheets. "if you'll leave me alone with him for a little while I'll see just how bad a case it is.'

Mrs. Hathway reluctantly withdrew into the parlor. Mr. Furniss came to her and assured her that the company would take all care of Tom and the best medical service obtainable would be given him. "But," he added, "I think Dr. Lewis can do as much for him as anyone."

The sorrowful mother did 1.5t reply. She rocked silently to and fro in her chair. Every now and then her tears would flow afresh and she would seize Frank and draw him close to her, and sob over him. He patted her face and repeated what the doctor had said concerning Tom's chances of life.

By and by it came to be that no one spoke further. The little group sat there, still, awaiting the physician's verdict. It was just after midnight when the door of the tiny sleeping room was opened, at last, from the other side, and Dr. Lewis came into the parlor. Between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand he held a small round, flat object about as large as a good sized bean. He was smiling. Mrs. Hathway looked up at him, dumb. She seemed to fear the words he had to speak. Frank clung to her.

Mr. Furniss was the first to break the silence. Well, doctor," he said with a tremble in his voice.

"He'll recover," was the simple reply.

Mr. Furniss rose and grasped the physician by the Mrs. Hathway started forward, her face hand. radiant, then she fell back in her chair and lapsed into a violent fit of weeping. She had given way when the tension of the hour was relieved, but now her tears were tears of joy, each one of them a tiny 'thank" unto Him who had saved her boy. And now, even. Frank cried with his mother. crossed to the weeping woman and told her all danger was past, and that complete recovery for Tom was only a matter of a little time.

"At first," he said, "I thought the bullet had followed a straight course. If it had the lung would "Ah, yes"—Mr. Furniss muttered, understandingly. "Oh. yes," Dr. Lewis replied, "we'll have to stop lowed a straight course. If it had the lung would "Who did it, do you know? Did he say before they at the office for my instrument case, but that will have been penetrated and hemorrhage would have set in. But it didn't, thank fortune; it sheered upwards and lodged just beneath the collar bone. It didn't touch the lung. I got at it easily. And here," he added, holding out his hand, "is the pellet that caused all the trouble."

Mrs. Hathway and Frank looked. At sight of the cruel morsel of lead the former averted her eyes and shuddered.

"Take it away," she said, "I don't want to see it." Frank examined the bullet closely, and asked the doctor, in whispers, if he might have it. He stowed it away in one of his pockets and every now and then felt to learn if it was still safe.

"And now can I go to him?" Mrs. Hathway asked. "Yes, if you wish," the doctor replied, "but if he

Oh, yes," the physician replied.

"What did he say?"

"He asked if his brother was hurt and said he sup- cheer for him. posed he'd lost his job."

Mr. Furniss smiled weakly, and felt a little mist coming over his eyes. His voice trembled slightly as

he spoke.
"Well," he said, "I suppose there is nothing else." He went with the doctor to the door of the sleeping room. "I'll call in the morning Mrs. Hathway," whispered, "and remember, if there is anything the boy wants just let me know and he shall have it.

"I'll run over in the morning, of course," added the doctor as he gathered up his instruments and replaced them in the little black case and snapped the silver lock; "I don't think he'll awake, Mrs.

The two men left the house together. His mother made a bed for Frank on the sofa. It was done at his request. He said he wanted to be "handy" anything should be needed during the night. Until morning Mrs. Hathway sat wide awake beside her wounded boy, just as mothers have sat at the side of sick boys since the world began and as they will continue to do. forever.

It was broad daylight when Tom awoke. He opened his eyes with a start. He looked up into the face of his mother who had detected the first little

sign of wakefulness.

For a moment his eyes looked into her's, half dazed. Then a smile swept across his face and he

said: "Oh, I remember, I got shot."

Mrs. Hathway smiled. "Yes, Tom," she replied,
"but the doctor says you'll be all right. You must
be quiet and not talk much. He says you'll be out in a few days."

Mrs. Hathway noted a little sorrowful look come

into her son's eyes.

'Oh, well, what's the use," he said, more to himself than to her; "I'll lose my job—I didn't have any business letting big Petersen into the switch house. He must have given me something. Oh, now I remember, he asked for some cider. When my back was turned he put something into my cup. That's

what he did, mother, that's what he did."
"Yes, yes," Mrs. Hathway answered, "but you mustn't talk too much now, Tom. The doctor says

it won't be good for you."

"Oh, I'm all right," was the reply. "See, I can sit'
up." He made the effort. A tearing pain shot
through his body and he fell back. "No, I guess I

can't, either," he added, smiling.
"Mother," he went on, "I wonder what Mr. Furniss thinks. I'll bet he's mad. I can't ever get another job from him. It's awful for a feller to have anything happen to him when he's attendin' a switch." Mrs. Hathway laughed behind the mist that had

gathered in her eyes. 'Tom." she said. "Mr. Furniss isn't angry at all.

He brought you home with Dr. Lewis. They were both on the train that you and Frank saved.' "Where is Frank?" the boy broke in.

"He went to sleep on the sofa in the parlor. He wanted to sleep there so as to be handy. He hasn't stirred all night."

Mother and son both smiled.

"What were you saying about Mr. Furniss?" Tom went on.

"I was saying he brought you home with Dr. Lewis and stayed here until the doctor went away. He said he'd come over this morning again to see how you are."
"I don't want to see him, mother." the boy said.

"He'll tell me I've lost my job. And it wasn't all my fault, was it, mother? I thought I'd be preventing trouble if I was nice to Petersen, and then he went and tried to wreck the train. I know it was him."

He fell to crying softly.
"There, there, Tom," his mother comforted him;
"don't cry. Mr. Furniss isn't angry, and I hope, myself, you won't go back up there in the mountains. ' she added, stooping and kissing him on the forehead where his red hair lay in a tangled mass, "It's awful, awful lonesome down here without you I can't get along without you at home, Tom. You have no idea what a different week this week has been with you away."

up and clasping his mother's face in his hands,

kissed her. "But I hate to lose my job," he added, "and it might prevent me from ever getting another."

No it won't Tom, don't you worry," his mother

said, brushing back his hair.

After a little she left the bedside to get breakfast. She had six boarders and their breakfasts had to be ready by seven o'clock. She did not awaken Frank, thinking it would be best to let him sleep as he had been up so late the night before. But when she entered the room where Tom lay, a half hour later, there was Frank sitting on the edge of the

At the doorway she heard Tom saying: "But you You'll find medicine on the stand, Mrs. Hath- did just as much to save the train as I did, Frank. And then Frank's reply. "Naw, I didn't neether."

> By and by, before her boarders arrived, Mrs. "Yes," Mrs. Hathway said, "they'll be se Hathway brought a nice little breakfast to Tom. Be- prison. I'm glad none of them have families." fore he had finished the railroad men came. They all had to see him and each had some word of good

He told Jennings, a big brakeman, that all he feared was he'd lose his job. To which Jennings replied, "Pshaw, you won't do anything of the sort. More likely they'll make you president of the road and I'll have to look to you for my salary. Now that would be funny, wouldn't it?"

Tom laughingly agreed that it would be-very,

very funny.

About half past eight the doctor called. He was surprised himself that Tom should appear so well. Under other circumstances it might have been a bad sign, but he told Mrs. Hathway that it was only the boy's constitution, and repeated his former opinion, that a little thing like a bullet couldn't affect that very seriously.

He'll be up and around in a week," he added. He left a change of medicine, and many comforting words for Mrs. Hathway, and just as he stepped out upon the front porch Mr. Furniss swung the gate and came up the walk.

"How's the boy?" he asked.

"Oh, he's all right," replied Dr. Lewis; "he's as bright as a dollar. Be up in a few days. No, there'll "GORDON JOHNSON, be no complications."

"Well, they got the Petersen gang." Mr. Furniss said; "the sheriff's posse found them in the mountains."

is asleep, don't disturb him, please. Sleep will do bed, and the two boys were going over together the him about Frank waving the red lantern and he seemed pleased at that.'

"Did he tell you they've found Big Petersen and his crowd?" his mother asked.

"Yes, and said Lawson had confessed it was Big Frank was despatched to the corner grocery and Petersen that planned the wreck. I knew it was all the time.

Mrs. Hathway said, "they'll be sent to

Tom reverted to the subject of his "job." His mother tried to comfort him. That night in his sleep he cried and moaned about losing it. But toward morning there came a change and he slept soundly.

The boarders were all at breakfast and the doctor had not yet arrived when the postman rang the front doorbell. Mrs. Hathway went to the door and returned with two big envelopes.

One of them was addressed to "Master Frank Hathway" and the other to "Thomas Hathway, Esq." "Frank," Mrs. Hathway called, "here's a letter

for you.'

The boy tore open the envelope and drew out a folded sheet of paper with the letterhead of the Ogden, Westphalia and Eastern Railway across the top. The letter was as follows:

"The directors of the Ogden, Westphalia and Eastern Railway extend their thanks to Master Frank Hathway for the services rendered by him in preventing the destruction of the East Express at Mud Run on the night of July 9th. Furthermore they wish to state that there is being struck off a medal which will be presented to Master Frank

> "President O., W. & E. Ry. "JOHN THOMPSON, "President Jamestown Mining Co."



"A good man cannot be gotten along without for a very great length of time."

"Is there a case against them?" the doctor asked. "I should think so," was the reply; "one of the crowd—I think he gave his name as Lawson—has confessed. He'll get off lightly but the others will go to State's prison and for a good long time, too."
"That's where such as they belong," the doctor

Mrs. Hathway led Mr. Furniss directly to Tom's bedside.

replied.

"Here's Mr. Furniss, Tom," she said at the door-The man entered the room, smiling.

"Well, well, my boy, you're not so very bad off, after all, are you?"

"No, sir! not so very," Tom replied. For a little while they talked of the affair at Mud Run and Tom told Mr. Furniss of the part Frank

played in saving the train from destruction.
"If it hadn't been for him," he concluded, "I guess

there'd been a wreck.''

In the dining room, after a few words with the lit-And he felt a tear fall upon his cheek. He reached the lame fellow, Mr. Furniss took Mrs. Hathway to one side and asked her what Tom had to say to her about the affair.

"He's afraid he'll lose his job, as he calls it, Mr. Furniss," she replied; "that's about all."

Mr. Furniss smiled.

"Didn't he?" she asked.

"Oh, I guess we can fix that," he said. At the doorway he spoke low a few words to her and when she went back into the boy's room she was smiling behind very apparent tears.

"He didn't say a word about the job, mother," Tom exclaimed.

"Dear Sir," it said, "I regret to have to inform you that your services as switchman at Mud Run for the Ogden, Westphalia and Eastern Railway are no longer required. I enclose check for your salary to date. I am furthermore instructed by the

Tom read the letter addressed to himself:

Thus far Tom had read the letter aloud to his mother and Frank, but suddenly his voice broke and the sheet fell from his hand.

'I knew it." he sobbed, "I knew I'd lose my job." Mrs. Hathway snatched up the letter and went on from where he had left off.

"I am furthermore instructed by the board of directors of the O., W. and E. Ry., to inform you that there is a position in the offices of the company awaiting you as soon as you shall be strong enough to take it, which, it is hoped, may be soon, as a good man cannot be gotten along without for a very great Your friend length of time. "H. F. FURNISS."

Tom had ceased sobbing. As the letter proceeded his eyes opened wider and wider and when his mother had finished, and in the excess of her joy bent over him to kiss him, he hugged her tighter than he had hugged her since he was a baby.

"And here's the check for your salary," she added. handing him the long slip of greenish paper. He

looked at it. It was a check on the First National Bank of Jamestown and it read:

"Pay to the order of Thomas Hathway the sum of one hundred dollars. H. F. Furniss, Division Super-"Nope, not a word; but I know I'll lose it. I told intendent."

TRUE AMERICANS

IDA A ROFF



the reservation must be opened to a look or a word was exchanged. settlement.

Big Buffalo signed the treaty interminable time.

the Kiowas, Comanches Apaches was signed by all but a read her thoughts and asked for their fathers. few of the men of the tribes. It that for thirty years they should and when on the war-path in the years gone by. receive annuities of clothing, bedding, etc., also monthly rations of beef, flour, soap, sugar, coffee and that schools should be provided for the children, and farmers to teach the Indians to open up farms and use farming implements. In re-

turn the Indians promised not to go on the warpath.

About ten years ago another treaty was made with these Indians in which it was agreed that as the Medicine Lodge treaty was soon to expire they should then no longer hold their reservation as a tribe but that each man, woman and child should receive one hundred and sixty acres in severalty and that the government should pay them two million dollars for the surplus land which was to be opened to settlement. Four hundred and fifty five out of five hundred and sixty two Indians signed.

When the United States Senate passed the bill last June it further gave the Indians an additional four hundred and eighty thousand acres for pasture.

It was all undoubtedly fair, but it is so easy putting off preparation for the future not realizing that old time is sure to pass.

Big Buffalo, when it was too late, thought he would like to change his mind, and that things were well enough. He began to think he would rather not have the white man as his neighbor and that the whole reservation was good enough just as it was. Indians do not as a rule think much of the

future, present happiness being all sufficient.

Big Buffalo called a few of his friends together and they talked it all over. They decided they did not want to have the reservation opened; so they took up a contribution to send a delegation to Washington to "make a good talk" and thus remedy the matter.

After another council five men were chosen. A week was spent in preparation; each man wore a new suit of clothes throughout, and a white shirt, collar and cuffs. They certainly made a very fine appearance when they were ready to start. Their long, black, glossy hair was well brushed and combed and twisted with bright worsted, one strand falling



A TEPEE,

in front over each shoulder while the small finely braided scalp-lock fell down the back. Some of them carried gold watches. Big Buffalo said that he only looked at the big hand, "the little hand is no good; it goes too slow.

They took with them an educated Indian to in-One by one the years have gone terpret for them. They shook hands with their wives and children, then jumped in a wagon and by, thirty in all, and now it has were off. They did not even glance backward, for come to pass, and all too soon, that Indians never look back. The children cried, but not

Red Bird, the wife of Big Buffalo, stood watching as long as she could see the wagon. As she turned when about eighteen years old and to go in her tepee she brushed away a few tears: then when he did it thirty years more of she began to work, for she had to feed the ponies, reservation life seemed to him an take them to the river to drink, carry water for the | family use, chop the wood and cook. Every evening The Medicine Lodge Treaty with she stood at the door of the tepee and looked off in and the distance long and silently till the children almost

Meanwhile the men had boarded the train and were gave the Indians their reservation interested in the country of which they knew every on which they lived and promised foot, for they had traveled it thoroughly in hunting

As they went on and on, finally over new land, their interest did not abate. Although it was the first trip for most of them, they showed no signs of being strangers to what they saw and acted as though



BIG BUFFALO AND RED BIRD

traveling were an ordinary occurrence. After fifty hours' ride Washington was reached and immediately they wanted to see the "Great Father."

Indians are always received at Washington with great deference and their long talks listened to with much patience. Everything is explained carefully and interpreted.

The embassy accomplished nothing so far as the treaty was concerned yet it was with a better feeling toward "the whites" that they yielded to the inevitable. A few days were spent in sight-seeing and "the great iron mare." as they called the steam engine, was ready to take them home.

As the wagon bringing them to the camp from the station drove up the Indians gathered round to receive them. There was a hearty handshaking and then a general talk over what they had done. Big history. It is said, "He dared to lead where any Buffalo told them that now there was no help for it dared to follow." He died at the age of seventy two and that the reservation must be opened and the years. best thing for them all to do was to be good citiens and farm their land.

After a time the group dispersed and the matter was again discussed as the families sat down to their evening meal. Big Buffalo felt very comfortable and that while he was away he had had the very best things to eat that white people could buy, yet noth-Indian way.

The children were much interested in hearing the wonderful things the father had to tell. He said finally that of all the things he had seen, the one thing that impressed him most was seeing, among



KIOWA BOY AND GIRL

the many other animals at the menagerie, a great buffalo. He said when he saw that buffalo he just stopped and stayed there by it after the others had gone and talked to the buffalo and told him, "The buffalo and the Indians are the only true Americans left. One time you had this whole country and could go just where you pleased and now there are only a few of you left, and here you are in this little place with a fence all around you and that is just what they want to do with us. The Indians, too, once had this whole country and could go where they pleased and now there are only a few of us left and pretty soon they will put us on a little piece of land and put a fence around it. We are just alike and we are the only true Americans."

Big Buffalo brushed a tear away; all were silent, and one by one they rolled over in their blankets to sleep and perhaps to dream of the good old days.

THE "OLD PUT HOUSE"

WALTER CUMMINGS BUTTERWORTH

As hale and aged pilgrims Still linger by the way. So, too, these ancient landmarks, Despite rude time's decay. In stateliness are standing So long beyond their day.

About eighteen miles from Boston, in a secluded section upon the hills of the ancient town of Danvers, stands the "Old Put House," the birthplace and early home of General Israel Putnam of Revolutionary fame.

It is a fine old building, with low ceilings, a huge chimney and gambrel-roof, a combination of seventeenth and eighteenth century architecture. The old L running back from the main structure was the original house, built about the year 1650 by Thomas Putnam, grandfather of the general. It was in an upper chamber of this quaint old building that the Revolutionary hero, Washington's "uncut diamond." was born on the seventeenth of January, 1718. The front part was built on some fifty years later by General Putnam's eldest brother David. The quaint interior of the house has undergone very little change, so that with its antique furniture, treasured portraits and a collection of cooking utensils of two centuries ago, it presents a splendid specimen of an old-time New England homestead. In the wide field back of the house is still standing the aged willow of "Old Put's" boyhood days.

In 1739, at the age of twenty one, General Putnam married Hannah Pope, and soon after removed to Pomfret, Connecticut. The story of his patriotism and dauntless courage is a part of our country's

The remarkable statement has been made that no less than seventy five Putnams, all descendants of John Putnam, the pioneer of that distinguished family in America, marched to the Concord fight.

Near the "Old Put House" are several other old happy as he threw off his coat and took the warm Putnam homesteads, and not far away is "Oak blanket that Red Bird handed him. He wrapped it Knoll." the home of the Poet Whittier. Here, too, about him and sat down by the camp-fire and said is the old Nurse farm, the home of Rebecca Nurse, and other scenes of the "Witchcraft fury."

This old mansion is now occupied by Miss Susan ing tasted as good as beef and bread cooked in the Putnam, who is eighty seven years of age, and is granddaughter of Colonel David Putnam, General Israel's brother.

This was the home of Putnam.
And long shall that noble name
For centuries still untold
Be borne on the wings of fame.

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ica ought to take it.

Spending and Saving.

Whether in college or in business, whether the young man is making three dollars a week or three dollars an hour, he should make it the fundamental business of his life to see that a large part of his salary is saved. To spend ten thousand dollars a year no doubt is a delightful sensation to a young man, but if he is only J. H. Hanson, Yadkinville, N. C., fifty four years of age, suggests that we publish THE AMERICAN BOY weekly. He says that he would pay five dollars for it if it came that often. He thinks every father, mother, son and daughter in America ought to take it.



ELMER CHESTER HAZELING AND HIS BUSINESS OUTFIT.

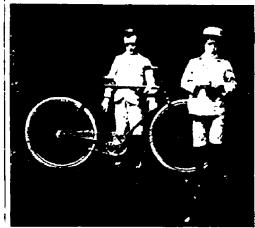
A Nine Year Old Financier.

Elmer Chester Hazelrig, a nine year old Decatur (III.) boy, is a money-maker, having carned in his short life over five hundred dollars, much of which he has invested in a business that he is carrying on unaided by his purents. The boy started in to make money at six years of age, when a neighbor let him have the milk from a cow, which he sold to other neighbors, netting, in the course of a year, about one hundred dollars. Then he began gardening and peddling vegetables, and this last spring he rented seven vacant lots, hired a man to plow it and then made a garden, doing much of the work himself but hiring other boys in the neighborhood to help him hoe. He traded for a horse, and with a horse and wagon he peddles the produce. He also raises pigs and chickens. The first horse he owned was rather a poor animal, but by trading he managed to get a better one, and for his present horse he has refused one hundred and fifty dollars. His entire stock in trade now consists of a horse and wagon, a pig, a cow, money in the bank, and a large garden. This year the boy planted three kinds of sweet potatoes, Irish petatoes, cabbages, tomatoes, corn, beans and other vegetables. In addition to this work he attends school during the school season.

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CHASCEY AND MEREDITH SMITH

undertaken the support of a famine child in the training school and home of the Bengali Mission, Calcutta, India. Their pets are pigeons, of which they have many beautiful ones, and several white rats. One of the boys in the picture is holding one on his arm.

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Grand Central Station,

New York.

The president of one of the great univer-

The presentent of one of the great universities of New York says of it:

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Boys in Games and Sport

The American Boys' Club House.

Here is a picture of a club house built in the treetops by American boys. A platform fifteen feet long and eight feet wide was built between hickory trees among their top branches, and on this a house was creeted that will comfortably hold five boys. A novel elevator has been



constructed, consisting of a double pulley block and tackle, by which the boys pull themselves up to their club house among deaves.

The picture was sent us by Hugh Knerr, Atchison, Kas., one of the club.

The Dancing Pea.

Push a pin half way through a green pea, making the two ends as nearly as possible the same weight—i, e., let the point come a little more than half way through. Then break off the stem of a common clay pipe, and the toy will be completed. To make the pea dance put it on top of the pipe stem, the point of the pin sticking down the bore. Throw your head back with the pipe in your mouth so that the stem may be held vertically and blow gently. This will make the pea rises. Keep blowing harder until the pea rises entirely from the pipe and is supported in the air. It will now begin to spin round and round and turn over and over, all the while bobbing up and down as long as the current of air is kept up. The dance may be changed by pushing the pin up to its head. The pea will now rise to the top of the pipe and dance slowly and with great dignity around the edge, or, if the blast is a little stronger, it will spin rapidly unless the blower stops to laugh, when it is apt to fall into the open mouth below.

A schoolboy with a freekled face, being asked to name something that girls can do better than boys, replied, "Two girls can stay mad at each other longer than two boys can." Girls, is that true? If so, why?

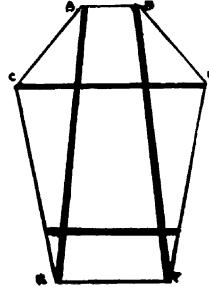
How to Make a Good Kite.

How to Make a Good Kite.

Kite flying is one of the best outdoor amusements that a boy could have; indeed, we know a good many men that enjoy it as much as they did when they were young. The writer of this paragraph is one of them. There is a fascination about it that is not easily described. City boys have little chance to indulge in the sport, except when they go to the country or the seashore during vacation, but those who live in the suburbs, or in places where they may conveniently reach the open fields, ought all to have their kites.

Fancy designs of all kinds are sold in the shops, but if a boy wishes to have all the fun that there is in the sport, he ought to make his own kite. Besides, it will give him better service.

The accompanying cut shows how a good flyer can be made. Out of some straightgrained, light wood—cedar preferred—make four sticks, about one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Let two of them be twenty two inches in length, one seventeen and one-half inches, and the other thirteen and three-fourths inches. Place them as shown in the picture, and tack them firmly where they cross. Cut little notches at the ends of the sticks, and put a string around the whole frame, making it taut and tying it so that it will not slip.



Now cut out a piece of very thin manila paper—tissue paper would do, but thin manila is more serviceable—one inch larger, all around, than the frame, and paste the edge over the string. Make a small hole in the end of the sticks at A. B. C. D. E and F, and put in a string loosely from A to F, from B to E, and from C to D. Make a string loop from E to F, to which the tail of the kite is to be attached. The string must come through the paper side of the kite, not the stick side.

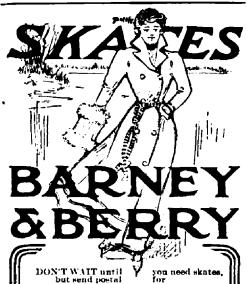
The cord by which you are to fly the kite should be attached where the strings cross each other; do this with a loose knot inclosing all the strings. For the tail use a strip of muslin about one inch in width and fifteen feet in length and attach ten bobs made of paper rolled up. If the kite should dive, add more tail until it sails steadily.

Use fine but strong cord for the flying, and don't attempt it in a high wind. Kites always fly better in a moderate wind.

Japanesed English.

In one of the more pretentious cities of Japan, which is visited by English speaking and acting tourists, there is a store dealing in cameras and chemicals. Over the door there is a large sign which reads: "All Kinds of Machinery and Medicines for the Photografy." It may not be very good English, but it is a welcome sign to the photographer out of supplies.

''DAISY" Air Rifles on the sock of the range of the Air Rifles on the Simply a matter of choice between the two, as either ettle represents the table of the social state of th the two, as either strie represents the best that skilled labor and accurate machinery can produce. They shoot as straight as any gun made and are entirely free from danger, smoke and noise, with a little practice any boy can become a crack shot. The possession of a good gin helps to make a boy manly, and affords him amusement of an innocent and practical kind. Our rifies have walnut stocks, handsome nickeled steel barrels, improved sights and interchangable parts. If your dealer will not sell you a "Daisy" or "Sentinet" send us his name and we will send us his name and the times. No. 1—Baisy Repeater, shoots life shot, 48 times. No. 2—20th Ocntury Paisy, cither shot or darts. No. 4—Sentinel Single shot, either shot or darts. No. 5—Sentinel Repeater, untomatic 250 shots. Paris, assorted colors, per doz., prepaid... 85 cts. Baisy button and illustrated booklet Free. THE DAISY MFG. CO.



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and with a intice practice one can repeatedly make ten strikes and finish with a high score, as on a regular lowling alby. Each set, in a strong wooden hox, complete, 12 cents, by mail, postpaid. Agents wanted. ERNST MNFG CO., 1486 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

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Shadowgraphy

A most amusing entertainment is that yielded by the practice of the art of

shadowgraphy.

And it is astonishing how half an hour of the long evenings may be made to fly quickly and comfortably with the aid of a pair of hands, a powerful lamp and a sheet.

The pictures selected form the simpler The pictures selected form the simpler features of shadowgraphy, but those who take the trouble to become familiar with the various modes of reproducing on the sheet silhouettes of the heads, etc., of the living creatures with which even the youngest child is familiar may easily elaborate the performance at will, so as to illustrate in a most amusing fashion episodes such as professionals introduce at many of our extertainments.

episodes such as professionals introduce at many of our entertainments. Who has not succeeded in producing the form of a rabbit? This is the simplest, perhaps, of hand-and-finger manipulation. The accompanying photograph shows the best way of bringing a very lively specimen of Bunny—with eye complete—before the notice of an appreciative—of course—audience.

Another rather simple picture is that

plete—before the notice of an appreciative—of course—audience.

Another rather simple picture is that of the goat, with very striking horns and a delightful beard. The right hand is placed above the left, the first and second fingers forming the horns, the thumb the ear. The left hand forms the lower part of the head with the fingers doubled up, the little one being extended to represent the beard. This figure is capable of the most laughable grimaces, and a little practice is all that is necessary to make this item a complete success.

The elephant's head is another of the simple figures. The right hand forms the top portion of the head, the left hand below makes up the needful bulk, the drooping fingers—which must not show too thickly on the sheet—the movable trunk, while the thumb makes a very tolerable tusk. A slight opening between the hands gives a good representation of an elephantine eye, with winks complete.

Next we have the artistic figure of a swan, in which the performer's head helps the hands. The head forms the body, the right arm the neck, the hand and fingers the head and bill, and the fingers of the left hand, placed against the back of the head, a very satisfactory tail. This figure, moving along a straight line to represent the surface of a lake or river, can be made most life-like in every movement. Cleverly depicted, it never fails to produce thunders of applause

The figures of a dog "going for" a rabbit are ossily explained by a grance at the

The figures of a dog "going for" a rab-bit are easily explained by a glance at the photograph.

The cat figure is formed by a combina-

tion of the right coat sleeve and hands. It is by no means difficult to perform. The hand is raised above the level of the The hand is raised above the level of the cuff and shapes the head; the first and fourth fingers bent inwards produce an excellent pair of ears, which may be twitched at pleasure. The forefinger of the left hand makes the tail, and bending gracefully at the joints, produces a movement as near as possible to that of the real thing.

movement as near as possible to that of the real thing.

The "monkey on a stick" will be found a slightly more difficult figure to form. The upper portion of the right hand with bent fingers form the head, the thumb forming the "arm" and the first and second fingers the legs, which should be placed over a stick, as shown in the photograph.

placed over a street and graph.

The bat or butterfly figure is formed by the two thumbs being brought together. It the palms of the hands facing outwards, the wing movement being well imitated by moving the fingers and chands as on a binger.

a ninge.
You can make a really effective head
of a rhinoceros by placing the ring fingers between the thumb and forefinger of
the left hand, the thumbs forming the
ears, and the fingers of the left hand the
peculiar hooked snout of that ugly animal.

By placing the hollow of the right hand with upheld thumb across the lower portion of the left thumb and wrist, the ton of a bull's head can be shaped on the screen. The fingers of the left hand, bent

BOY'S LASSO A Real Montana Lasson made of * roje, * M feet long with brase hondo for the roje of the r

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inwardly, as in the photograph, form the jaws of the beast, and a cud-chewing movement is then an easy matter.

Some very comical caricatures may be formed. It will suffice to give one here. The right hand is partially clenched, the three lower tingers forming the lips, mouth and chin; the forefinger clenched over the thumb makes an excellent Ally Sloper nasal organ; the left hand, with the fingers deftly arranged, will produce an old cap, and the comical effect is complete.

There are several other combinations which will readily occur to the operator as he progresses, but I think I have given our readers sufficient specimens of the art of shadowgraphy to keep the hands and fingers busy for a considerable time.

The Game of Commercial Traveler.

say, that all the words of the answer should begin with the same letter; and the first answer should begin with the letter A. This is the way it runs:

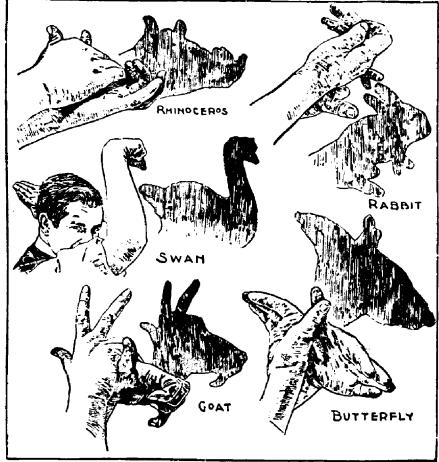
Leader—Where are you going? Answer—To Annauolis.

A. This is the way it runs:
Leader—Where are you going? Answer—
To Annapolis.
Leader—What will you do there? Answer—Attend Academy.
B goes to Boston to buy baked beans.
C to Chicago to collect Columbian coins.
D to Damascus to do Dervish dances. E to England to earn Edward's esteem. F to Florida to find fragrant flowers. G to Golconda to gather glittering gems. H to Havana to have half holiday. I to India to inspect idols. J to Jerusalem to judge jewels. K to Kentucky to keep knives.
L to Liverpool to lodge land lubbers. M to Montana to make money. N to the Netherlands to negotiate notes. O to Oklahoma to open an oyster shop. P to Philadelphia to pawn pennies. Q to Quebec to quiet quarreling. R to Russia to raise rice riots. S to Senegambia to sell saucepans. T to Turkey to taste tobacco. I' to I'tah to urge use of umbrellas. V to Vienna to visit various viscounts. W to Washington to willingly waste wages. Y to Yazoo to yell at yielding yokels. Z to Zanzibar to zoologize zebras.
This game, when played by the older boys and girls, or even by adults. is made uproariously funny by the queer and incongruous answers that are given without time to think them up. This is a game that may be played without any preparation whatever, as no materials are required, not even penell and paper. It is, therefore, well worth knowing, for it may be suggested to a party of friends on the spur of the moment, when some such amusement is desired. The players choose a leader, and then seat themselves in a circle, with the leader in the center. He, of course, stands. As the game may be better understood from an illustration, we will suppose the leader to begin it by saying:

"Young people, you are all supposed to be commercial travelers, about to start on a journey to any part of the world that you may prefer, on business. I will ask each of you, if you please, to tell me where you are going, and what you intend to do when you get there."

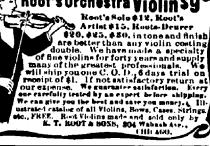
It is required that every answer to his questions should be alliterative: that is to













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Edward McGrath, 318 Bond Street, Elizabeth, N. J.: I will exchange a set of eight ounce boxing gloves for an old printing press and outlit; or write me what you will exchange.

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Van W. Gladen, Grand Meadow, Minn.: the I will exchange my stamp collection of over two hundred and forty stamps, valued at A cover one dollar, for a good second hand kodak, two and one-half by two and one-traffic

Garland Whitehead, Wilmore, Ky.: I will exchange one hundred and seventy five U. S. and foreign stamps, all different and some unused, for two Indian arrowheads or the book "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

C. R. Gates, Drawer 15, Auburn, Neb.: I will exchange a two and one-fourth by three and one-fourth self-inking printing press and outlit for best offer. Send stamps for wanty Alexander two sends and backers. for reply. Also have stamps to exchange. Also have ten cent books and

Harry A. Hall, Jr., National Soldiers' Home, Va.: I will exchange a ten dollar parlor pool table almost new with two cues, sixteen balls, bridge and anglo complete. In good order, for one thousand different postage stamps in good order.

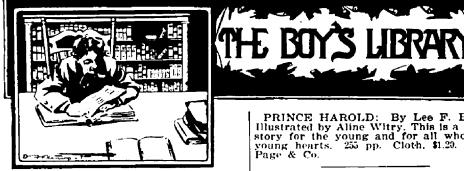
A. Bruce Campbell, Osawatomie, Kas.: I will exchange a large collection of postage stamps, foreign and U.S.; also a lot of second hand printer's furniture, for a printing press large enough to print a form five by four inches, or some good six point Roman. four inches, or some good six point Roman Write.

William Slocum, Caro, Mich.: I have an electric train which consists of locomotive and tender, two flat cars and one box car, which has doors that will open, and eighteen feet of track, which cost fourteen dollars, which I will trade for a good young likely looking good. looking goat.

looking goat.

Howard S. Wheeler, Box 337, Rockland, Mass.—I will exchange a punching bag worth \$2.50, an Eastman kodak, a collection of stamps worth ten dollars, and a small hand printing press for a lawn tennis set with two rackets, four balls and regulation net, in good condition; or, I will exchange the above articles separately for Spalding's athletic goods in good condition. goods in good condition.

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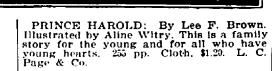
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Leo Diamond and Albert Truitt, of Pontiac, III., think Kirk Munroe's writings are better than Henty's. In a letter to us they say: "We have read Mr. Henty's

are better than Henty's. In a letter to us they say: "We have read Mr. Henty's books about this country and think that he doesn't know what he is talking about. Mr. Henty makes his heroes too wise." They say Kirk Munroe writes carefully and in accordance with facts.

Philip M. Faris, West Hall, Ill., writes that he was very much pleased to see the article about Kirk Munroe in a recent number of THE AMERICAN BOY. He says: 'He is my favorite author. I have been living at Maml, Fla., five miles north of Cocoanut Grove, where Mr. Munroe lives, Ite is president of a library there which has 1,000 volumes, and the building cost six hundred dollars. As the population is only about 500. I think the town is doing very well, and it ought to be proud of Mr. Munroe."

very well, and it ought to be proud of Mr. Munroe."

Bennett C, Clark, Bowling Green, Mo., writes that he cannot agree with Harold Wheeler, who says in a recent number of THE AMERICAN BOY that Mr. Munroe is the best writer for boys. "I think," says he, "that G. A. Henty is the best and Mr. Munroe close second. I have read over a score of Henty's works."

Effect of Reading Upon Character.

Parents who do not exercise a careful supervision over the reading matter of their children, omit a duty of vital importance, may reasonably anticipate subsequent disappointment, morthication and sorrow in the failure of those children to meet the expectations which had been formed for them. Aaron Burr reveled in the reading of bad books in early youth, and yet with talents to have made him a second Washington, he went down to his grave with a reputation of a corruptor of his kind, a traitor, a murderer. The son of the immortal John Howard, the friend of man, with all the advantages of a superior education and high social position, left to himself to read what he listed—his mother being dead and his father in foreign lands—fell into debauchery, and died a drunken madman in the lunatic asylum at Lelecster before he was thirty five. It is recorded of the Emperor Paul, the Nero of modern times, one of the most execrable of men, if received histories are true, that he took the utmost delight in reading exciting tales of every description, in contemplating pictures of rapine, murder and blood, only to practice them all, when, a little later, he was placed upon the throne of all the Russlans.—Exchange. Parents who do not exercise a careful

A Good Suggestion.

Arthur F. Webb. Winfield, Kas., suggests that boys save newspapers containing accounts of the death of President Mckinley, saying that these will become valuable as years roll by. This boy has a bound volume of newspapers that his grandfather edited and printed in 1846. They contain almost a complete history of the Mexican War. Arthur is fourteen years old and in the second year of the high school. He has twenty six dollars and fifty certs in the bank and six dollars in addition, his money having been earned on a farm last summer.

be put in the hands of a growing boy who is by his very nature interested in history, than this stirring tale of the Revolution, bringing in the characters of General Greene, General Washington, Lord Cornwallis, Colonel Tarleton, General Morgan and Captain Schuyler Cloth bound, 342 pp. Well illustrated. Price, \$1.20. Little, Brown & Co.

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Boys in the Home, Church and School

A Good Reputation Saved this Boy.

A Good Reputation Saved this Boy.

John Watt, a Canadian boy, was arrested in Detroit the other day. He was convicted of using money that belonged to another, having in his necessity yielded to temptation. In suspending sentence Judge Murphy said to this boy:

"The highest treasure in this world is a good name, and I am going to show you the value of it. I have written to various people in Toronto, and I find that your character has been above reproach up to this time. I think you see the error of wrong-doing, and I trust the lesson will be sufficient. In allowing you to go on suspended sentence, I know you will go back to Canada out of my jurisdiction. I am trusting to your honor. I do not know whether an American boy in like circumstances would receive the same consideration if in Canada, but I trust so."

Tears were kept back with difficulty by the young Canadian, and he promised the judge that he would write to him every month and let him know what he was doing.

"Many days well lived may sometime count for one day misspent."

the meaning of the word "fear." They are excedent boxers. A room on the second floor of the Governor's mansion at Albany was set aside for their use, stripped of carpets and furniture, and a wrestling mat was put on the floor. Here the boys received instruction in boxing three times a week, stripped of clothing and attired in bathing suits. Every day they had to punch the bag just so long, then take a bath, and finish up with a good rubbing. Probably President Roosevelt will have a similar gymnasium in the White House. The President's idea of the education of young men is to teach them to work, and first and foremost to be American. He says: "Then I have taught them to go in with any person heedless of anything but that person's qualifications, and to work just as quick beside Pat Doogan as the son of a millionaire, so long as the work is good and the man is in earnest."

The White House has not been the home of many boys. President Lincoln had three sons; namely, Robert, Willie and Thomas. Robert was a young man and entered the army. Willie died early in the administration, and Thomas, or "Tad." was the "child of the White House," the object of everybody's love, being a thorough-going American boy, independent and mischlevous, but at the same time thoughtful. The President made him his companion. "Tad" was a great favorite with the soldiers and often marched with them, at with them and slept with them. On the night that President Lincoln was shot it was "Tad" who first acquainted the servants in the White House with the tragedy, addressing his friend, Thomas Pendel, the usher at the White House with the tragedy, addressing his friend, Thomas Pendel, the usher at the White House with the roy: "Oh. Tom Pen. Tom Pen! They have killed my papa."

During President Johnson's administration his grandson, Andrew Johnson Pat-

papa."
During President Johnson's administra-

During President Johnson's administration his grandson, Andrew Johnson Patterson, was a member of the White House family, as was also a son of Mrs. Stover, daughter of the President.

President Grant had three boys. Freshad grown up and was about to graduate at West Point. Ulysses and Jesse were boys in the White House and they took full possession of it, organizing circuses, secret societies and military companies. Fred Grant married and his first child was born in the White House.

Webb Hayes, Rutherford Hayes and Scott Hayes were boys in the historic man-

born in the White House.

Webb Hayes, Rutherford Hayes and Scott Hayes were boys in the historic mansion. Burchard Hayes, the oldest son, was in college and only visited at the White House. Mrs. Hayes introduced the custom of giving children's parties where old-fashioned games were the rule. The children played blind-man's-buff and pussy-wants-a-corner in the big East room.

There were two boys in the Garfield family. Harry and James, but they hardly got acquainted with their new home when their father was assassinated. President Arthur's son, Allen, was in college during his father's administration. President Cleveland's family was a family of girls. President Harrison had, as a close companion in the White House, "Baby Mckee," a little grandson, now known as Benjamin Harrison McKee. President McKinley's household contained no children, the first administration in forty years not to boast of children in the White House. The President and his wife were both very fond of children and gathered about them the children of friends. Mrs. McKinley's own children, two little girls, died thirty years ago. thirty years ago.

OME INDUSTRIES FOR BOYS

The following is the second of a series of articles describing Home Industries for Boys. The series will treat of Flower Culture, Selling Papers and Small Merchandising, etc. In our October number appeared Poultry and Pigeon Raising,

No. 2.—Small Fruit Gardening.

let up until the plants have ceased to

convected of using money that belonged to temptation. In suspending sentence using Murphy sold to this boy: one of the control of the control

YOUTHFUL GALLANTRY.

Photo by Frank E. Foster, Iowa City, Iowa.

We Sound the Call.

Mrs. Ellen Pond Smith, of San Francisco, Cal. writes: "We all find material for inspiration in THE AMERICAN BOY. By "we" I mean father, daughter of twelve, son of ten, and myself, the mother. It is a great thing to mold the minds and even the hearts of boys and girls toward honorable achievements as you are doing. You are in a position to sound the call to hon-

orable, self-assertive manhood and womanhood. Let it ring out loud and clear. We mothers have to do our work sliently, planting the seeds with patience, and we welcome every good and stimulating influence with thankful appreciation.

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spot, for he is convinced that he was not cut out for success. That boy will be cursed with mediocrity, or will be a failure. There is no place in this century for the lazy man. He will be pushed to the wall.—

William Herron, Cleveland, O., pays us very high compliments. He says: "THE AMERICAN BOY is worth three times its price. It is improving with each issue both in stories and illustrations. There are no publishers in the world who are doing so much for boys as you are. Your paper cannot be equalled."

Boys Who Were Successful.

Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the president of the billion dollar steel trust, who began life as a poor boy, told in his talk to the St. George's Trade School in New York. the following stories of industrious boys who afterward became successful and prominent in the business world.

"There were ten boys employed by a concern once and one night the manager said to his subordinate: "Tell the boys they are to stay a little longer to-night—tell them they are to stay until 6 o'clock. Don't tell them why. Just tell them that and watch them. So this was done, and when 6 o'clock came around there was just one boy who was interested in his work, and was not watching the clock to see what time it was. That boy was the one the manager wanted, and he was taken into the office, and as he continued to manifest the same interest in his work he was promoted until at last he got a very responsible place. sible place.

"Then there was another boy. He began carrying water, and he did it so much better than any other boy, seeing to it always that the men had good water, cool water and plenty of it, that he attracted attention to himself. He was taken into the office, where he became in time super-

attention to himself. He was taken into the office, where he became in time super-intendent and then general manager and he is now the man that is at the head of the Carnegle Company with thousands of men under him. As a boy he did more than the ordinary run of boys did and so attracted attention, and that was the secret of his first step upward.

"I was in a bank down town the other day when a newsboy came in and sold the banker a paper. After he had gone out the banker said to me: 'For two years now that boy has been coming in here at the time I told him to come—two o'clock. He does not come before two or after two, but at two precisely. He has sold me a paper every week day in that way when I have been here without a break.

"He sells for just one cent—its price, He neither asks more nor seems to expect more. It is a cold commercial transaction. Now a boy that will attend to business in that way has got stuff in him. He doesn't know it yet, but I am going to put him in my bank and you will see that he will be heard from."

Young Clock Makers.

Atlanta. Ga., boasts of some ingenious and ambitious boys, since two lads of that place, the older but fourteen and the younger eleven, have designed and constructed a clock that is a wonder of painstaking work.

It contains over 300 pieces of wood, all of them cut from boards with a small footpower scroll saw, and afterward sandpapered and put together with screws and mucilage.

The clock represents a cathedral from

muchage.
The clock represents a cathedral, from the dome of which a bell peals forth the hours of the day. Inside the building the columns and statuary of a cathedral are reproduced in word.

produced in wood.

The clock is fifty one inches high and twenty one inches wide at the base, and the contrast in colors is decidedly pretty, the wood used being maple, white holly and

walnut.

The figures on the dial were cut from walnut with a pocketknife, and look attractive on the white holly.

Notwithstanding the simplicity of the tools used, the boys have succeeded in producing a timeplece of which they may be justly proud. It represents their leisure time after school hours, for other work was not neglected during its construction.

William McKinley as a Boy.

William McKinley as a Boy.

The mother of the martyred President. William McKinley, once said of him: "He was naturally a good boy. He was very bright, and began to take notice of things very young. He was a healthy boy. We lived in a country village and he had plenty of outdoor air and exercise. He was also obedient and affectionate and very fond of his home. He went to Sunday school and to the village school house. He attended Sunday school till he went away to the war. He was fond of marbles and very fond of his bow and arrow, and was a very good shot. The thing he loved most of all was a kite; he was continually making kites. I don't believe he ever had a pet. He didn't care for fishing, but was very fond of swimming. After a while he entered the Poland Union Seminary, where he became a member of the literary association, took part in debates and literary contests. As a mere boy he used to go to the tannery kept by one Joseph Smith, and engage in warm controversies with him over the slavery question."

Being asked what she regarded as essential in the bringing up of a boy, Mrs. Mc-

smith, and engage in warm controversies with him over the slavery question."

Being asked what she regarded as essential in the bringing up of a boy, Mrs. Mc-Kinley said: "I can scarcely say, there are so many things to teach boys. They should be taught to be honest and to win the respect and confidence of their fellows. They should be brought up to love their home. The love of home is a great safeguard to the lads of this country. If they are going to be great men they must be good to their parents. If a boy wants to be President, he should be honest and truthful, love his home, his family, and his country. He will never be President if he is afraid of hard work; and I think religion is a great thing for a boy. I didn't raise my son to be President. I tried to bring him up to be a good man, but the first thing I knew my son turned around and began to raise me to be the mother of a President."

BOYS IN THE OFFICE, STORE, FACTORY, AND ON THE FARM

Chances for Employment on Railroads.

Chances for Employment on Railroads.

Steady young men with brains enough to master the details of railroading are in demand every day in the week in that business. It is said that most of the applicants for positions on railroads have tried a half dozen other callings before attempting to break into railroading. Engineers and firemen are recruited from below, but the higher class engineers and high salaried clerks must come from the educated young men. Western railroads constantly absorb the supply of high class mechanics turned out by the practical departments of the big universities of the West, but the supply isn't equal to the demand. Nine out of every ten young men who attend college take the classical course and pass by electrical engineering, civil engineering, and other practical subjects. The professional life seems to have more attraction than that which requires the wearing for part of the time of overalls. The railroad man says that there is room in the railroad business for honest, bright and active young men. In departments that pay larger salaries than two-thirds of the doctors, lawyers and educators can hope to get. Railroads are constantly bidding against one another for the services of men who have distinguished themselves in some one branch of railroading.

Not Cut Out for a Merchant.

When Marshall Field was in his teens his father decided he would make a merchant of the boy, and took him to Pittsfield, where he was placed in the store of a family friend. The father returned to Conway, and several months passed before he again visited Pittsfield to learn what progress his son was making. The keeper of the store received the father of his apprentice very cordially, but hesitated for a moment when he was asked, "How's the boy coming on?" "Hate to say it," was the reply, "but I

a moment when he was accepted by coming on?"
"Hate to say it," was the reply, "but I guess you might as well take him back with you. The fact is, I don't think he's cut out for a merchant!"
This anecdote is one of the chief traditions of Pittsfield, and is related with great relish by the men whose recollections cover the period of Mr. Field's boyhood appropries by the men whose recollections.

The Kind of a Boy the World Wants.

Boys are always in demand because they are the material out of which men are made, and as first-class material is always

are the material out of which men are made, and as first-class material is always at a premium in every line of trade, so the boys who give promise of making first-class men are most eagerly sought after.

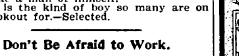
The boy the world wants to-day is the one who can be trusted to handle money without any of it sticking to his fingers or finding its way into his pockets. He will take as much interest in the affairs of his employer as if they were his own, and will stay fifteen minutes, without being asked, to finish a piece of work after the whistle blows and the rest of the men have quit work. He will be able to write a business letter and spell the words correctly, and to add up a column of figures promptly and accurately. He will lift his cap as readily to his sister when he meets her on the street as he would were she the sister of some other boy; and he will not be ashamed to walk to church with his mother, show her into her own pew and sit beside her during the service. He will be careful in making a promise, and just as careful about keeping it. He will have sufficient moral backbone to say No to those who would lead him astray, and he will have enough courage to own that he is striving to make a man of himself.

This is the kind of boy so many are on the lookout for.—Selected.

One thing that keeps young men down their fear of work. They aim to find

One thing that keeps young men down is their fear of work. They aim to find genteel occupations, so they can dress well, and not soil their clothes, and handle things with the tips of their fingers. They do not like to get their shoulders under the wheel, and they prefer to give orders to others, or figure as masters, and let someone else do the drudgery. There is no doubt that indolence and laziness are the chief obstacles to success.

When we see a boy, who has just secured a position, take hold of everything with both hands, and "jump right into his work." as if he meant to succeed. We have confidence that he will prosper. But, if he stands around, and asks questions, when told to do anything; if he tells you that this, or that, belongs to some other boy to do, for it is not his work; if he does not try to carry out his orders in the correct way; if he wants a thousand explanations, when asked to run an errand, and makes his employer think that he could have done the whole thing himself—one feels like discharging such a boy on the



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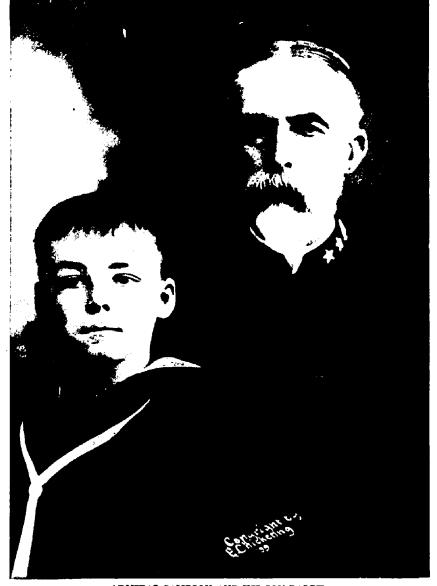
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ADMIRAL SAMPSON AND HIS SON RALPH. THE YOUNGSTER IS OFTEN WITH HIS FATHER ON THE OCEAN. (Photograph Copyrighted by Elmer Chickering, Boston, Mass.)

THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY HERE'S A GUN BARGAIN.



CAPTAIN'S BADGE. Twice Actual Size.)

A NATIONAL NON-SECRET SOCIETY FOR AMERICAN BOYS.

Under the Auspices of "THE AMERICAN BOY,"

Object:—Tre Cultivation of Mantiness in Muscle, Mind and Morals.

The object more definitely stated: To promote mutual and helpful friendships among boys; to give wider | Send us \$9.75 and we will send you, extivate purity of language and actions; to discourage idleness, and encourage honest sport and honest work; to cherish and emulate the examples of great and good men; to inculcate lessons of patriotism and love of country; to prepare boys for good citizenship; to cultivate reverence for the founders of our country, and to stimulate boys to all worthy endeavor.

Governor Saunders Company, No. 5. Division of Nebraska, Omaha, Neb., held its election of officers recently, with the following result: Waldo Scott was elected Captain, George Percival Vice-Captain, Howard Delamater Secretary, Harry Delamater Treasurer.

Bear State Company, No. 2, Division of California, Orange, Cal., has a large room lighted with gas in which it holds its meetings. The room is carpeted, and furnished with a sofa, chairs and tables. This Company has a library of about twenty five books and many magazines.

William L. Marcy Company, No. 11, Troy, N. Y., recently saw in a newspaper an item to the effect that the grave of Dollie M. Marcy, who was the wife of William L. Marcy, and died in 1821, was being neglected, and they have appointed a committee to investigate and report what can be done. The burial place of Mrs. Marcy was at Troy. be done. The was at Troy.

Shick-hack Company, No. 1, Division of Illinois, Chandlerville, Ill., held its election of officers the evening of August 27. This Company holds its meetings every other week. The Captain writes: "Our Company is getting along fine. We have had two picnics, a fishing party, and a Fourth of July celebration this summer. All were well attended and we had a fine time." This Company has recently added four wew members to its list.

The boys of Stockville, Neb., belonging to the Order of American Boy held their field day sports. In the contests the following prizes were awarded:

50 yard race, over 13, John Hall.
50 yard race, under 13, Ray Smith.
Three legged race, Leslie Dobson and Ray Smith.
75 yard handicap, Leslie Dobson.
75 yard handicap, over 13, Joel Ward.
Throwing base ball, under 13, Leslie Dobson.

Dobson.

Blind boys' race, Conway Williams.

Running jump, Leslie Dobson.—Local

Mich., was a caller at the office of Theo-Mich. Was a caller at the office of Theo-Mich. AMERICAN BOY Oct. 7. He was en route to Buffalo, and was accompanied by Augustus B. Stewart, a member of his Company. The boys expect to have a big time at the Pan-Am.

Thomas A. Edison Company, No. 3, Division of Colorado, Littletown Colo., held its election of officers the evening of August 19, with the following result: William Midkirk was elected Vice-Captain, Ellis Gunther Secretary, and Mackey Henthorn, Treasurer. The proposed Constitution and By-laws, with a few minor changes, were adopted. This Company will soon hold an athletic contest, for which admission fees will be charged, the proceeds to go toward a library.

Eden Junior Volunteer Company. No. 1, Chesaning, Jump, Leslie Dobson.—Local paper.

Winfield Scott Schley Company. No. 2, Division of Maryland, New Windsor, Md. has its club room decorated in pink and pale blue. There are twenty four pictures on the walls, and the boys have had their charter framed and have an American flag draped around it. They have one large desk for the Secretary and a smaller one for the Captain, and ten nice chairs for the privates. This Company meets every Monday evening at eight o'clock. They have a library of fifty select books, and these can be obtained by the members for one cent a day, or five cents a week. The club room is located in a large building in the central part of the city.

Culloden, Ga., Sept. 17 1001

The Oglethorpe Company of Georgic Company of Georgic Company will a large building in the central part of the city.

Culloden, Ga., Sept. 17, 1901.

The Oglethorpe Company, No. 1, Division of Georgia, Culloden, Ga., has adopted the following resolution:

We, its members, feeling that in the death of President McKinley we have lost a personal friend, whose many virtues and noble life, both public and private, it shall be our aim to emulate:

We wish to express our deep sorrow for this great loss to ourselves, our country and the whole civilized world, and our heartfelt sympathy for Mrs. McKinley in this, her sad bereavement.

LITTLETON FITZPATRICK.

Captain.

GEORGE JONES.

GEORGE JONES, WILLIAM R. FERRIS, BEN SULLIVAN, MALLORY FITZPATRICK.

The following invitation has been received from the Lone Star Company, No. 1, Ennis, Texas:

The Order of The American Boy

> will entertain at the bome of

Mrs. Knighten, Friday Night, September 13, 1901

Your presence is desired.



This is only one of the hundreds of bargains described in our Sporting Goods Catalogue—mailed on receipt of three 2c. stamps. Organized 1840 by John P. Lovell. Our age our guarantee.

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO'S. COMMONTH Boston, Mass.

George H. Marshall Company, No. 1, Division of New Jersey, Trenton, N. J., held its first meeting and election of officers August 13. Rudolph L. Marshall was elected Captain Oscar Everett, Treasurer, and John Blaker, Secretary. This Company has a fine cub room. It is papered in green with white flowers, and has a Brussels carpet on the floor and nine chairs, with special chairs for the Captain, Secretary and Treasurer. There are also two tables, one for the officers and one for the members. They have a silk American flag, under which is their charter, and expect soon to have some pictures with which to decorate the walls. The Company yell is as follows:

"Quick with the alarm.

"Quick with the alarm.

"Look at the arm,
"We're the A. B.'s from the farm;
"Hay, Straw, Flour, Feed,
"We're the A. B.'s who can't be beat.

"Sis-boom, give us room.

"Sis—boom, give us room."

Theodore Roosevelt Company, No. i, Division of Michigan, Chesaning, Mich., held its semi-annual election of officers Sept. 3, with the following result: Harvey O. Chapman was re-elected Captain, Lynne Parshall Vice-Captain, Albert H. Dredge Secretary, Frank J. Stevens Treasurer, Augustus B. Stewart Sergeant-at-Arms, Floyd Mills Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms, and Oliver B. Whipple Librarian. The Installation of officers took place at the following meeting. This Company went on a camping expedition in August and spent one week on the banks of a river. There were ten boys in the party and they had two tents, a good table, plenty of fishing tackle, etc. The Captain writes us that on one day while there the Baptist Sunday School held a picnic and field day near their camp, and that out of twenty one prizes for racing, jumping, etc., they captured twelve, and, he adds, "The they captured twelve, and, he adds. "The reason we didn't capture more was because some were ladies' and girls' races. What's the matter with that for American

J. Murray Clark Company, No. 5, Canonsburg, Pa., held its election of officers the evening of September 27. John Black was elected Captain, Lloyd Galbraith Vice-Captain, Thomas Jones Secretary, George, Estep Treasurer, Clyde Jacobs Sergeantat-Arms, and William Estep Librarian. This Company has nineteen members, and has, at this writing, fifteen dollars in its treasury. The dues are twenty five centsper month. The boys have a handsome new ten dollar flag, which was used for the first time on the occasion of the memorial services held at the church in honor of President McKinley, it being hung above a picture of the President. This Company has a fine club room, for which they pay fifty dollars a year rental. Mr. J. Murray Clark, for whom the Company is named, paid the first month's rent for the boys. They have a literary program at each meeting, and the Secretary writes that they intend to have a curlo case and a gymnasium and library in their room, so as to develop both body and mind. The Company colors are red and black, and the boys have black caps with the letters O. A. B. In red across the front. The Secretary has promised to send us a picture of the Company soon.

boys: Ralph Falkinburg, York, Neb. one degree for good work in behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY and the Order; F. E. Canfield, Trent, Wash., one degree for industry and devotion to duty; Carrol Sankey, Trent, Wash., one degree for habits of thrift; Willie Sperber. Trent, Wash., one degree for purity of conversation and habits; Edmund Bracht, Trent, Wash., one degree for purity of conversation and habits; James Foster. Trent, Wash., one degree for purity of conversation and habits; James Foster. Trent, Wash., one degree for purity of conversation and habits; Howard Stegner. Trent, Wash., one degree for industry and devotion to duty; Frank Hanson. Trent, Wash., one degree for habits of thrift, and one degree for habits of thrift, and devotion to duty; Frank Hanson. Trent, Wash., one degree for habits of thrift, and one degree for manly deportment in everyday life.

Any Company of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY can get the free use for two months of one of ' the libraries of five sterling books for boys by sending fifty cents to

Minor F. Wasson, Captain of the Stotsenberg Company, No. 1, Hebron. Neb., writes us under date of August 10: "We received the library this morning and think the books are very nice."

New Companies Organized.

Colonel Cody Company, No. 10, Division of Illinois, Monmouth, Ill., Captain J. Stewart Jamleson.
Columbia Company, No. 8, Division of Ohio, Minerva. O., Captain Roy Holmes Haines.
Simon Kenton Company. No. 9, Division of Ohio, Crbana, O., Captain Roy Cramer. John Henry Ketcham Company. No. 12, Division of New York, Amenia, N. Y., Captain Howard A. Smith.
Fred Funston Company, No. 2, Division of Kansas, Baldwin, Kas., Captain Earl G. Brown.

Baseball Throwing-Senior and Junior Championships.

The August American Boy Fleid Day contests resulted in the Baseball Throwing Senior Championship going to Bert Laird, Atlantic, Ia., his record being 295 feet, and the Junior Championship to Minor Wasson, Hebron, Neb., with a record of 189 feet, 9 inches.

Potato Racing-Senior and Junior Championships.

The September American Boy Field Day contests resulted in the Potato Race Senior Championship going to Rudolph L. Marshall, Trenton, N. J., 23 1-5 seconds, and the Junior Championship to Harry L. Potts, Littleton, Colo., 29 2-3 seconds.

The November Field Day Contest.

J. Murray Clark, for whom the Company is named, paid the first month's rent for the boys. They have a literary program at each meeting, and the Secretary writes that they intend to have a curio case and a gymnasium and library in their room, so as to develop both body and mind. The Company colors are red and black, and the boys have black caps with the letters O. A. B. in red across the front. The Secretary has promised to send us a picture of the Company soon.

Degrees Conferred.

Degrees are conferred on the following boys: Ralph Falkinburg, York, Neb., one degree for good work in behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY and the Order; F. E. Cantield. Tent Wugh one degree for good the longest for good the contestants will have three trials. The record should be sent as soon as possible after the contest, care being taken that the ages of the contestants be given.

Boys desiring to Organize Companies may obtain a Pamphlet from us containing the Directions published in the January and February Nos. of this Paper. It is sent free.

Company News.

Wolverine Company, No. 8, Division of Michigan, Addison, Mich., holds its meetings every Tuesday evening. The boys are fitting up a lodge room.

Ensign John R. Monaghan Company, No. 2, Division of Washington, Trent, Wash., expects to have a gymnasium soon. They have already secured a room for this pur-

Toronto Company, No. 1, held an interesting meeting on the evening of September 19. This Company has recently added ten new books to its library and now has

Centennial Company, No. 1, Division of Colorado, Denver, Colo., held its second installation banquet September 10. Henry Greenwald is the newly elected Captain of this Company.

George H. Marshall Company, No. 1, Trenton, N. J., has a baseball team and a basket ball team. The club has fine quarters and has a good collection of games for winter evenings.

Oglethorpe Company, No. 1. Division of Georgia, Culloden, Ga., has recently fitted up a gymnasium. The boys have a football and some dumbbells, and tney play football nearly every evening after school.

Columbia Company, No. 8, Division of Ohio, Minerva, O., will hold its meetings every two weeks. Their club room wit soon be ready for them. They will devote must of their time to athletics and ex-

Eden Junior Volunteer Company, No. 10, Eden, N. Y., has a large room in which it holds its meetings. The room is heated with an oil stove in winter. During vacation this Company met but once a month, but beginning with October meetings will be held every Friday evening. The boys have a library of about thirty books. Monthly dues lifteen cents. This Company has at this writing nine members, and the Captain writes us that there are prospects for more in the near future.

AMERICAN BOY FIELD DAYS

THIRD SATURDAY OF EACH MONTH

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY

> NOVEMBER FIELD DAY 18 NOVEMBER 18TH.

CONTEST: FOOT BALL KICK

4 CENTS PERSET

Austria Levant 2 Baden 2 Barbadoes 6 Bayaria 7 Belgium 2 Hermuda 3 Bolivia 8 Brazil

S Cuba 4 not per H Denmark 4 llong Kong 6 Dutch Indies 10 Hungary H Egypt 8 India 10 France 10 Italy 10 Germany 4 Jamaica H Great Hritain 8 Japan 4 Gt. Brit. Official 8 Mexico 100 Mixed Foreign 8 Australian

Postage 2c extra. W. F. GREANY, 888 Guerrero St., Sun Francisco, Cal.

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New PERFORATOR, the HEST Stamp Monthly, one year; also a packet of Stamps with a valuable prize stamp in every one. I'll better the packet of the packet of

prize stamp in every one. I'll bet you will be tickled over it. Fine Revenues on ap. proval. Ab. LEVE, F. O. Box 495, NY RACUSE, N.Y.

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Mauritius, Natal, Cape G. H., Cuba,
Costa Rica, Honduras, Mexico, etc., and an
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New list free. Agents wanted, 50% com
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STAMPS 102 different genuine Labuan, Bornes, China, Zambesia, etc., with album, only 10c: 1000 fine mixed, 20c: 1000 hinges, Mct 20 all dif. 20c. Agents wanted, 502 1901 list FREE. I buy old stamps and cellections. C. A. MTEGMAN, Mt. Louis, Mo.

STAMPS 500 choice varieties \$1.00; 300 varieties \$5 cts; 500 varieties \$20 cts; 100 varieties 7 cts; 400 mixed, Foreign, Tunis, Mexico, etc, 10 cts, Stamps on approval, 50 per cent commission. Large price list free, W. W. MAC LAREN, P. O. Box, ISS, Cleveland, Ohlo.

STAMPS ON APPROVAL LOWEST Prices 50 per cont Commission. Reference Required. ROSTON STAMP COMPANY, 22 Bromfield Street, Dept. A. BOSTON, MASS.

22 Bromfield Street, Dept. A.

STAMPS Cat. | With our new price list 10 var. Can. Rev., 5 0 c. | FREE | 10c: 25, 25c: 100 Mix Can. pos., 10c: 2 Trans. Agents Wanted | vas., 5c: V. R. I., O. F. S., 2 var., 10c: 7 Cape Goot Hope, 5c: 10 Mex. Rev., 15c. ATLAS STAMP AND PUBLISHING CO., London. Ont. Can.

STAMPS FREE-100 all diff. for the names of two bonest collectors and 2c postage; 30 all diff Sweden, Re: 30 Russia, Per 30 Paris Exposition, Re: 6 Pan-Am., Ic to Re, 12c. Postage 2c extra. Price lists of 34 and lo stamps free. Toledo Stamp Co., Toledo, 0.

OLLECTORS—Monthly, representing 12 leading societies, largest in size and circulation, 4 months 4 cents. PHILATELIC WEST & CAMERA NEWS, SUPERIOR, Neb

STAMPS FREE To all applicants sheets at 50 per cent. discount. FRANK LIN STAMP CO., Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Commission. Agents wanted. Our fine stamps sell easily. 40 different stamps and 100 Hinges 5 cents. Dule Stamp Co., Box 1352, Boston, Mass.

PEE 100 varieties foreign stamps for names and addresses of 2 collectors. Postage 2 cents. 100 hinges Reents. READ STAMP CO., Toledo. O.

A STAMP Catalogued 12c, given FREE to new applicants for approval sheets. A reference should be sent with application, or a note from parent or guardian. William F. Price, Arnold Ave., Newport, R. I.

CTAMPS in album & cata. Free. Agts, 60° and prizes 3 105 In-China, a U. S. worth 25c, &c., 5c; World Album illust., 18c. Better ones, 25c, %c. U. S. Album for Pan-Amer., &c., 25c. A. Hullard & Co., Sta. A., Boston, Mass

FREE Set Chili Telegraph stamps to those sending for my 50° approval sheets for diff. U. S. Rev. Cat. 48.47, 6.70 H. S. WRIGHT, 144 17th St., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

AN UNUSED STAMP to all applicants for my sheets (new issues in cluded; at 50; com. Send references A. C. BATEMAN, Marselllos, III.

STAMPS
21c worth fine stamps FREE, Postage
2c. 200 var. foreign, 15c; 1000 hinges, No.
2c. 14 Roman States, Sc. List 300 sets
free. Agents 507 com. Q STAMP CO., Toledo, O.

FOR ONLY 4 Cents. \$1 green.\$1 gray, \$1. olive, \$2 gray and \$2 olive, U. S. Documentar-ies, the entire lot for 4 cents. Postage extra Kolona Mamp Co., Dept. B. Dayton. Ohlo.



Answers to Correspondents.

L. V., Eminence.—Your stamp is the three cent of 1869 and is worth one cent. T. P., Kansas City.—The two cent "light pink" is worth about two cents.

F., Minneapolis.-Your Japanese and Newfoundland stamps are worth about five

J., Connersville,-The stamps you describe can be bought from a stamp dealer for from sixty to seventy five cents.

J. R., Chicago.-The five dollar charter party is catalogued at twenty five cents, and the ten dollar charter party at one dollar.

W. W., Toronto.—Your description of the stamp is rather indefinite; what is the color and denomination? Is there any other inscription besides "Postage and In-land Revenue?"

R. M. A.. Bayonne.—The twenty cent Belgium you describe is No. 47 in the six-tleth edition, the twenty cent "reseda" of the 1893 issue your stamp probably has the coupon torn off.

P. H. Redwood Falls.-We have not heard of any 1898 revenues Issued imperforate. They are occasionally found part rouletted, and in this condition in unsevered pairs are worth from two to ten times face value, according to denomination.

Subscriber, St. Louis.—The 185 set of Newspaper and periodical stamps were sold by the government at five dollars per set and can be bought for that price from stamp dealers; the two Spanish mourning stamps are worth about one cent each.

R. T., Philadelphia.-There are so many R. T., Philadelphia.—There are so many different kinds of two cent revenue stamps that it is difficult to tell what those you describe are worth; the most common, the two cent bank check and U. S. internal revenue orange have practically no value.

H. S. R., Delevan.—Your description is too indefinite to give the value of your stamp; the first two cent internal revenue stamps were issued in 1862 and within two years nineteen different varieties appeared including imperforates and part perforated

Reader, LaGrange.—The three cent war department is worth two cents. There are nineteen different blue U. S. stamps with the head of Franklin, ranging in value from nothing to fifteen dollars; hence we cannot tell the value of yours unless we see it; the other stamps you describe are of no value.

R. T., Cardington.—The one dollar foreign exchange is worth two cents; we cannot give the value of the other revenues, as you do not state what inscription is on them there are eight different perforated twenty five cent stamps and ten different fifty cent stamps ranging in value from a cent to fifty cents each to fifty cents each.

C. E. H. Hagerstown.—Some people collect stamps with plate numbers, that is, the three stamps with the name of the maker and the number of the sheet; strips of some of the older issues or early numbers of the present issue bring a premium over the ordinary value of the stamp, but the num-ber you give, 927, is of no value.

Two Cent U. S. 1894; Triangle I, II and III.

One of the questions frequently asked by the young collector is: "What is the differ-ence between the three types of the cur-rent two cent U. S. stamp originally issued in 1894?

in 1894?
For the benefit of those who have inquired and many others who have not, we give an enlarged Illustration of the three different triangles in the upper corners.







It will be noted that in Triangle I, the horizontal lines forming the groundwork, of the stamp are of the same width within the triangle as without. In Triangle II the lines are narrower inside the triangles, and in Triangle III the lines do not cross the triangles. All the stamps issued since 18% have been of the last type. With a little patience and the aid of a magnifying three the different transparent authority. glass the different types can easily be told.

Lawrence (Mass.) Boy Collectors.

FREE Paraguay Ic 1900, to all who apply for shoots at 505 com. W.T.McKay, 673 Broud St. Newark, N.J.

About February 1 last, John Ulerig Goller, an American boy at Lawrence, Mass. became interested in making collections. He set to work making cases, derawers and cages to keep his treasures in, when he was successful enough to gather them. A friend then joined him, and a club was started called the "Everything Collectors," of Lawrence. They now and a club was started called the "Everything Collectors," of Lawrence. They now and the finest collection owned by any two boys in New England. Their collections half a dollar. The Feuchs-wanger cent of 1788 is worth half a dollar. The Feuchs-wanger cent of worth mow number about 1,050 articles, in addition. The Hooth of the mint initial of Heaton & Sons, Birming-tham, England, where the coins are issued.

Albert Robinson, Buckland, Mass.—Your two coins with jackass and hog running, are Jackson cents or Hard Times tokens of 1834 (see this column July issue); 1826 (collectors, Collection, own have boys in New England. Their collections now number about 1,050 articles, in addition. The Hooth of the mint initial of Heaton & Sons, Birming-tham, England, where the coins are issued.

Albert Robinson, Buckland, Mass.—Your two coins with jackass and hog running, are Jackson cents or Hard Times tokens of 1834 (see this column July issue); 1826 (see this column July issue); 1827 (see this column July issue); 1826 (see this column J



The Numismatic Sphinx.

Earl Hillis, Riverside. Cal.—There is no premium on the 1861 half dollar.

Harold Chittenden, Guilford, Conn.—Your 1798 cent is worth a half dollar.
Frank W. Kellogg, Battle Creek.—Your quarter of 1876 is worth only face value.

R. W. Galbraith, Colorado, Tex.—An 1851 haif dime, if fine, is worth twenty cents. Charles Matin, Table Rock, Neb.—Your 1822 half dollar sells for seventy five cents.

W. Chauncey Carter, Jacksonville, III.— Any torn or poor paper currency of 1862 is worth only face value. James Huff, Tonawanda. N. Y.—Your coins are all common. Good cents of 1831 and 1837 sell for from ten to fifteen cents each each.

G. E. Dunham, Salisbury, N. C.—The half dollars of 1857 and 1858 O (New Orleans mint), unless uncirculated, bring no premium.

Preston Ruggles, Eden, N. Y.—Your rubbings are from a Canadian penny token and Netherlands twenty five centimes. Both common.

Henry Trigan, Cleveland, O.—There is no premium on the half dime of 1857 or dime of 1853 unless they should be in at least, uncirculated condition.

Jos. F. Driscoll, Ballston, Spa., N. Y.— Your rubbings are taken from a common half penny of Nova Scotia, 1832, and a one Kreutzer piece of Austria, 1860. The dealers charge five cents each for them.

John McKean, Jr., Troy, N. Y.—The 1894 dime, San Francisco mint, is one of the rarest of American coins, only twenty four having been issued. There is no premium on the 1892 dime of this mint.

Herbert Brownell, Portsmouth, O.—Yo coins are from England, Denmark, No Scotla and Prince Edward Island. In go condition they are worth ten cents eac A half cent of 1805 is worth forty cents. In good

Lesile Cornelius, Cave City, Ky.—The 1819 and 1828 cents are worth lifteen cents each, and an 1807 half dollar, Liberty head, flowing hair, eighty five cents. Coronet head of same date, one dollar.

Glen A. Clifton, Albion, N. Y.—A common cash coin of China, of the Shun Chih dynasty, 1644-61. China has issued these round cash coins, with hole in center, for upwards of two thousand years and without a break or interval. out a break or interval.

Jay E. Eddy, Clinton, Mich.—(1) Mexico, peso, 1872. (2) France, five francs of Napoleon I., 1812. (3) Spain, Ferdinand VII. (1808-1833). 1822 peso or eight real. (4) Mexico, Maximilian (1864-1867), 1867, peso. (5) France, Louis XVIII. (1814-1824), 1824, five franc. These silver coins are all of dellar size and sell at the dealers for \$1.75 each. An 1812 half dollar sells for eighty five cents.

Mrs. W. H. Aydlitte, Davenport, Iowa.—
Of the U. S. cents the following are given in the order of rarity, 1799, 1844, 1793, 1856 nickel, 1849, 1795, etc., the first being the rarest. In the same order the half cents would be as follows, 1802, 1793, 1795, 1797, 1794, 1811, etc. Proof half cents were issued only for the years 1831, 1836, 1840, to and including 1849 and 1852. These bring much higher prices. higher prices.

Andrew D. White, 2d.—The dollar gold pieces of 1851 and 1873 are worth \$1.75 each. Unless the quarter eagles of 1834, 1849 and 1861 are fine they are only worth face. Three dollar pieces of 1854 sell at four dollars. The half dollars of 1813 and 1837 sell at the dealers for seventy five cents each. An 1846 silver dollar, if fine, two dollars. Dimes of 1829, 1834 and 1837 bring twenty five cents each.

Floyd R. Jackson, Bloomfield, Ind.—Your rubbing is taken from a Prussian two thaler piece of Frederick William III. (1797-1840), 1840. The coin is indeed a beautiful one in design and execution. The fourteen arms on the shield on the reverse indicates the different matrimonial alliances of the royal family. "Gott mit uns" (Got mit uns") the royal family. "Gott mit uns" (God with us), is often found around the edge of Prussian silver. The coin sells for \$2.50.

G. L. Bingham, Erie, Pa.-It is a well G. L. Bingham, Erle, Pa.—It is a well recognized fact that the earliest stamped money came from Lydia in Asia Minor, and that the beginning of the seventh century B. C., is the date of its first appearance. The metal was electrum, a natural alloy of gold and silver at the ratio of three parts of gold to one of silver. A little later the first silver coins were struck in the Island of Aegina. These bore the tortoise shell on the obverse. of Aegina. The on the obverse.

on the obverse.

Horace H. L., Salt Lake City.—Your 1893 quarter is not the Isabella quarter, but the common standard piece. The gold quarter eagle of 1853 brings only face value. The 1852 three cent sliver is worth fifteen cents. Half dimes of 1835, 1850, 1863, 1854 and 1861 bring from twenty to twenty five cents each. This is for the pieces if in fine condition. The H on the Canadian coins is the mint initial of Heaton & Sons, Birmingham, England, where the coins are issued.

WANTED Cancelled Pan-American STAMPS

Will pay the following prices:

All paper must be removed from back of stamps. Torn or heavily cancelled stamps not wanted. Send any quantity for which money will be sent by return mail.

We have received another supply of those choice packets of 50 varieties of Australian which we offer at 40 cts, post free. Each packet contains many new issues and will catalogue three or four times price we ask.

The Michigan Stamp Co., Box 402. Detroit, Mich.

GEO. S. McKEAR

HOOSICK FALLS, N. Y.

U. S. Env. 1999 Die A on Buff., unused. 05c Hayti 1983 1, 2, 5 and 7c.
*1988 20c Brown, scarce...
*1896 1, 2, 3, 5, 7 and 20c... Newfoundiand 'Cabot, 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5c. 1980, 6c. Rose. 12c Puce Brown. Current Issue, '14, 1, 2, 3 and 5c. Hawaiian 1888, *1c Blue, 12c: *2c Rose 1895, *10c Black, 80c; *12c Black 184, 3, 2 and 5c. 1899, 1 and 2c.

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POSTALS A set of entire Postal Carde from 6 different foreign countries and one Civil War Cheek with Revenue Stamp on all for 10 cents post free. R. W. Y. A. Stamp on all for 10 cents post free. ROYAI POSTAL COMPANY, Box 668, PITTSTON, PA

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T. C. BACON, 66 DUANE STREET, NEW YORK.

Geo. Raymond, North Cambridge, Mass.—The cents of 1844, 1847, 1848 and 1855, are worth five cents each. Your thaler of George V. of Hanover, 1866, is worth one dollar. Your "Marine Barracks 10, Boston," is a trade token of little value. The copper coin of 1867 is a two and one-half centimos of Queen Isabella of Spain. Your small silver coin is a Portugal one hundred reis of Louis 1. (1861-1889), 1866. All these pieces are nice pieces for a cabinet, but have no particular premium value. Your drawing of 20—1894—is too indefinite for location. A pencil rubbing would be better. The Newfoundland silver and New Brunswick copper coins are very common.

V. H. Scott, Manitowoc, Wis.—The three

V. H. Scott. Manitowoc, Wis.—The three cent nickel pieces of 1867, 1869 and 1879 hardly command a premium. Only the 1873 two cent piece, which was issued only in proof, brings a premium. Your rubbing is from a copper coin of John Hyrcanus, 135-106 B. C. The Hebrew inscription translated reads: "John, High Priest, and the Confederation of the Jews." The reverse shows the poppyhead between two cornucopiae. The coin is, therefore, a Jewish one, and we suspect from your fine rubbing, that it is a facsimile that has been lately made to illustrate a work on "The Coins of the Bible." We would that we could say once for all, so that all for once, might know, that the eagle cents of 1857 and 1858 have no premium V. H. Scott, Manitowoo, Wis.--The three

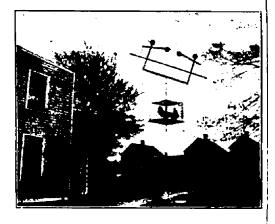
Boys and Animals

Carrier Pigeons.



Edward H. Clayton, 80 West Eighth Street, Bayonne, N. J., writes us regarding carrier pigeons. He says that the carrier pigeon is an intelligent bird and will fly a long distance with proper care and training. "I have had," says he, "carrier pigeons for a long time and understand them well. I train my birds by taking the young ones a few blocks away from home and letting them go. They will circle about a few times and then strike out for their home. The next time I take them still farther away and by the time the bird is a

for I strike out for their home. The next time I take them still farther away, and by the time the bird is a year or so old he will be able to go most any distance. The greatest distance I have practiced on is forty miles. I have never found out why the carrier pigeon will fly home. I send you a picture showing the liberating cage used by the Bayonne Kite Corps of which Dr. William H. Miller is manager. The cage is drawn to high alti-



tudes by large kites, and when it is a thousand feet or more above the ground the floor of the cage is let down by a string from the kite line. When the floor of the cage has dropped the bird easily flies for home. A few weeks ago the Bayonne Kite Corns liberated at Seagirt. N. J., fifteen carrier pigeons belonging to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, the distance between Seagirt and the Navy Yard being fifty five miles. Two of the birds flew home in one hour and ten minutes. The others arrived soon after. Two were never heard from."

The Smallest Pony.

A colt seven months old, which weighs 24 pounds and is only 22 inches tall, is the freak which has been on exhibition at Louisville, Ky., for several days past. The colt is owned by G. H. Hackstead, a blacksmith near Ludlow, Ky.

The colt was foaled on a farm near Fountain Ferry park. Its owner considered it worthless and sent it to Mr. Hackstead. At birth it only weighed about 12 pounds, although it was perfectly formed. Since that time it has grown very slowly, and for the past two months there has been almost no change in its height and weight.

If it stops growing now there is no doubt that it is the smallest horse in the world.

The colt is perfectly healthy and is well formed and strong. Its dam was a mustang pony of average size and its sire was a good sized horse. The cross should have produced a medium sized horse. The colt is good tempered, although very frisky. It has been taught to follow its master like a dog, and is very affectionate. The freak has attracted much attention since it has been on exhibition.

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SEA SHELLS (all district) and best bard by Adams
SHE CURIO EXCHANGE, NEW KAMILCHE, WASH.
Lagants Wanted, 100 per cent profits. New thing.



WILLIE'S DREAM THANKSGIVING NIGHT

THE TRAINING OF A PUG

BESSIE SALTMARSH THIELE

No breed of dog is so completely misunderstood and so frequently, in consequence, mismanaged, as the pug. Many who have owned them call them stupid, while others discover by a happy knowledge of their dispositions that these dogs are "bright." The buil dog, buil terrier and pug are the most obstinate of all dogs. An ugly word, a blow or impatient gesture is sufficient to set them into a fit of buil-headed sulks. Having owned fifteen pet dogs, whose tricks I taught to them, it is with some shadow of authority, based upon experience, that I assert that a pug may be taught "tricks" as readily as other dogs. The first thing to remember when attempting to train them is their stubborn natures. No amount of heating or of coaxing will avail if they once become "sot."

To a sum the same time impress upon it that it really wants to do the trick, but it can be done. The main features in this understand of the same time impress upon it that it really wants to do the trick, but it can the same time impress upon it that it really wants to do the trick, but it can be done. The main features in this undertaking are: Perception, perseverance and patience. Perception of your dog's nature; perhaps all dogs' natures are alike to you:

perhaps all dogs' natures are alike to you that being the case, for want of perception you cannot handle an animal—in fact would ruin the creature completely. Wherein then is the failure when your dog won't respond? It's clearly in yourself; the failure existed before you ever spoke the first word of command. But if you possess this first great requisite, what of the second? Perseverance? Even tho' you appreciate the fact that your bet is stubborn or sensitive or whatever its chief characteristic may be, if you have not perseverance the fate is still the same-failure. Dogs possess great intelligence, but do not children have to repeat again and again some lesson they are mastering? Then how much more necessary is it that we use great perseverance with our dog. Patience, tho' the last of the three "P's" is not the least. Perception

THE WONDERFUL DOUBLE THROAT



The only genuine Bird Call and Prairie Whistle, with which you can imitate any bird or animal. Astonish your friends by making them believe you are a ventrlequist. The instrument is concealed in the roof of the mouth and detection is impossible. If ladies are near initate a mouse and see them grab their skirts and climb a chair. Boys liy on like fam. send 10c. for this instrument with full instructions. Cat. of tricks, novelties and books mailed free, H.W. Hardesty & Co., 1130 Centre Ave., Newport, Ky.



DOGS FOR SALE of all kinds, Lopeared and Helglan flares, Furrets, Guinea Pigs, Bantama and all kinds of Pet Nock. Send 6 cents for catalogue. LANDIN, Lock Box 48, Bowers Station, Berka Co., Pa.



\$10 Will Start You Breeding Thoroughbred Poultry, 300 per cent profit can be made. A book telling now to start, proceed, care, house, feed, etc., only 25 ct-postpaid, "THE POULTRY ITEM," Frieks, Pa-

INNESGIVING NIGHT.

HANKSGIVING NIGHT.

HANKSG nate years, we have been compelled to avoid, so we resorted to spelling, but that does not avail now; the subject is, there-fore, forbidden, for sugar and candy are equally had for a pug almost nine years

of age.
Once I was very ill—so feeble I could not turn unaided in bed; the dog was, of course, always in and out of the room, but she had been told she must not so on the bed. This was not at all to her liking, for when any one lies down that is a signal for her to follow suit. It was perhaps a problem that she figured out in this way: That I was at the bottom of this new rule, and she would wait her chance to "get even." It chanced that soon after this new law went into effect both the nurse and my mother were ou; of the room. Like a flash she was on the bed, and (Concluded on page 23).

(Concluded on page 28.)

Ø Ø FOR BOYS TO THINK ABOUT Ø Ø

THE SECRETS OF THE SEA.

THE SECRETS OF THE MEA.

The Russian Government and our own are making a joint effort to determine the direction and the velocity of ocean currents. All American and Russian warships and merchant vessels carry with them a supply of empty beer bottles. As they traverse the seas thousands of these bottles are cast upon the waters, each bottle carrying a record telling when and where it began to drift. Whenever a bottle is sighted by a Yankee or Russian ship it is picked up and a record made of when and where it is found. Then it is corked up and again sent adrift to be picked up again and again until perhaps it has indicated the force and direction of the currents of many thousands of miles of sea. The records show that many of these bottles have drifted from five thousand to eight thousand miles, at a speed varying from two to thirty five miles a day. Each bottle when sent adrift contains directions printed in seven different languages, so that the skipper of the ship finding it, whatever be his nationality, may know what to do with it.

THE COST OF ONE SUNDAY'S OUTING IN NEW YORK.

The New York Heraid has compiled figures showing that the people of New York City expend on the average Sunday excursion in summer time \$2%,700. He figures out that 593,100 persons in that city take steamers, or street cars, or steam railways to parks or out-of-town resorts on a single Sunday.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES.

The first American locomotive was constructed by Peter Cooper for the Baltimore and Ohio Railway in 1829. American engines can be made in shorter time than can those of any other country. The parts are interchangeable. Their price is the lowest, although the wages of the workmen are the highest. The early locomotives welghed about fourteen tons. Freight engines now weigh about one hundred tons, and passenger engines about seventy to eighty tons. The speed has increased also. The Atlantic City express runs the fifty live miles from Camden to the Sea in about forty five minutes. The weight of rails has increased nearly double, and so has the weight of the cars.

WILL NIAGARA BE ESED UP.

WILL NIAGARA BE USED UP.

When the great British scientist, Lord Kelvin, visited Niagara Falls a few years ago he said: "I look forward to the time when the whole water from Lake Erie will find its way to the lower level of Lake Ontario through machinery. Gradually the water at Niagara Falls, which forms the most magnificent natural spectacle in the world, is being diverted by canals and races to supply the forces to turn hundreds of thousands of wheels."

If the rate of industrial development of the last five years at Niagara is kept up it will not be long before Lord Kelvin's prediction will prove true. Mr. Edison points out, however, that a limit is being approached in the area that can be supplied profitably by power from Niagara.

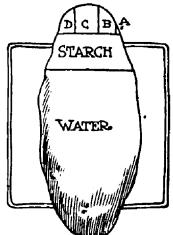
sess large eyes and that are colored with all the hues of the rainbow. The question has arisen, whence is the light derived? A great number of deep sea animals are phosphorescent, giving out light at will from various organs.

HAIL STORMS.

A fall of hail to the average depth of one inch over a region four miles wide and eighteen miles long is a fall of ice weighing nearly a million tons. The average height from which it fell may be taken as five thousand feet. All that mass must have been raised to that level; that is, a million tons must have been raised five thousand feet, which corresponds to the work of an engine of a million horse-power working for five hours.

THE FOOD VALUE OF THE POTATO.

The accompanying diagram illustrates the composition of the ordinary potato. Everybody knows that potatoes are classed as starch food. It is chiefly on account of its starch properties that the potato is eaten. It may appear that the potato is not an



economical food, owing to the large proportion of water which it contains. In rice there is four times as much nourishment as in an equal weight of potatoes. There being so much starch in the potato it is valuable as a source of muscular energy.

TELEGRAPH STATISTICS.

GROWTH OF EXPORTS.

REES FOR USE IN WAR.

It has been suggested that honey bees be tried as military messengers in place of homing pigeons. A bee could carry a good deal of information if it were transferred by micro-photography to a minute piece of paper fastened to the insect's back Carrier pigeons are often intercepted and killed by the enemy, but it would be difficult to do this is the case of bees. The homing instinct of a bee is as strong as that of a pigeon.

Sensible Suggestions.

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twelve large pages 💆 four broad columns each Young People's Weekly is handsomely illustrated with original halftone engravings, some

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The United States have two-thirds as many miles of wire as all the principal countries of Europe put together, and send about 24 per cent of all the messages.

During the years from 1875 to 1900, the total exports of the United States increased about ninety two per cent, while those of France increased only five per cent, of Germany seventy three per cent, of Great Britain thirty four per cent.

four watches of its size on an area equal to that covered by a twenty five cent plece. It contains a hundred separate parts, and weighs a thirtieth of an ounce avoir dupols. The large hand is an eleventh of an inch. The watch is valued at twelve hundred and fifty dollars.

STCCESSORS TO THE PRESIDENT.

Prior to 1886, if the President of the l'inited States died in office the Vice-President succeeded him and in case of the latter's death the Speaker of the House of Representatives. In 1886, however, Congress provided for the following succession: Vice-President, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of the Interior. Only native born Americans are eligible to the offices of President and Vice-President.

THE DEEP SEA.

The temperature of the deep sea is nearly uniform, and not above thirty nine degrees Fahrenheit. In many places it is below thirty two degrees, but does not freeze on account of the pressure, which at the average depth of the ocean (about eleven thousand, eight hundred feet), is about eight hundred feet is about eight hundred feet is about eight hundred feet, so that sea animals will live for more than a thousand feet under the surface, having no eyes an index the greatest depths, so that there is no life there. Sunlight penetrates sea water the greatest depths, so that there is no life there. Sunlight penetrates sea water to about seven hundred feet, so that sea animals will live for more than a thousand feet under the surface, having no eyes an index of the pressure with the greatest depths, so that there is no life there. Sunlight penetrates sea water to about seven hundred feet, so that sea animals will live for more than a thousand feet under the surface, having no eyes an index of the pressure with the greatest depths, so that there is no life there. Sunlight penetrates sea water to about seven hundred feet, so that sea animals will live for more than a thousand feet under the surface, having no eyes an index of the pressure with the great

We will send you a Nickel-Plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm, for selling 18 pkgs. of BLUISE at ten cents each. Blume is the best laundry bluing in the world, and the faster as seller. Send your full name and address by return mail, and we will forward Bluine, postpaid, and our large Premium List. It Costa You Statius, Simply send us the money ward Billine, postpain, and our large Premium List. It Costs You Rathleg. Simply send as the money you get for the Billine, and we will send you the Watch, Chain and Charm, postpaid. BLUIRE MFG. CO., Box 550 Concord Junction, Mann.

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Girls can get this beautiful Life Size Doll absolutely Free for wiling only four boxes of our Great Cold & Headache Tablets as 25 cents a box. Write today and we will send the tablets by mail postpaid; when sold send us the money (\$1.00) and we will send you this Life Size Doll which is \$24 feet high and can wear baby sclothea Dolle has an Indestructible Head, Golden Hair, Rosy Cheeka, Brown Eyes, Kid Colored Body, a Gold Plated Beauty Pin, Red Stockings, Black Shoes, & will stand alone. This doll is an exact reproduction of the finest hand painted French Doll, and will live in a child's memory long after childhood days have passed. Address.

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WE SAVE YOUR SOLE Anti-Wear prevents WEARING OUT. Agents Wanted. Sample 15c. Auti-Wear Company, Dept. A. Bloomfield, Ind.

TRICKS " AN INTERESTING FOR THE BOYS 5C [|]"TRICKS," 491 6th Ave. New York.

A California Harvester.

Through the courtesy of Neil Moore, a fourteen year old AMERICAN BOY subscriber, who lives on Mrs. Stanford's great vineyard, which is, perhaps, the largest vineyard in the world, we have received some very pretty photographs taken by him. One of them is a California harvester, which reaps and threshes the grain. There are twenty six mules harnessed to it, though there does not appear to be so many in the picture.

FACTS ABOUT SPIDERS.

In a large gland in the body of the spider is secreted a fluid which is the substance of the threads which form the spider's web. If a common spider be examined there will be seen at its posterior end a number of little protuberances. Each of these is provided with a great many tiny tubes which communicate with the gland. Each of these tubes emits at the will of the spider an exceedingly fine thread from the liquids secreted by the gland. The thread from each protuberance unites while yet sticky with the threads from the others. From each is drawn at least a thousand tiny threads; and as the spider has six protuberances there are six thousand separate threads that, all uniting at about one-tenth of an inch from the body of the spider, form a line of six thousand strands, and that is the thread we see the spider use for his web. It takes about twenty thousand such threads laid side by side to make a ribbon one inch broad; and as each thread contains six thousand strands, it requires one hundred and fifty millions of these strands to make an inch in width. It takes four million threads from the minutest sorts of spiders to make a thread the thickness of one of the hairs of the human head.

Spiders' thread, thickness for thickness. human head.

human head.
Spiders' thread, thickness for thickness, is actually stronger than cast iron, almost as strong as copper. Weight for weight, it is even stronger than steel. Spiders' threads are used to support small weights in several delicate scientific instruments. The French Government has stations in Madagascar where spider silk is woven into the most beautiful and the strongest fabric for its weight anywhere manufactured.

HOW A HEN KEEPS HOLD.

How is it that a fowl does not fall off its perch when it goes to sleep? We are taught that muscles relax when the body falls asleep. The Creator has supplied birds with a sinew so connected with the toes and the upper part of the legs that when the body settles down in its posture of rest the toes are contracted and cannot open out again until the body becomes erect.

Electricity from waterfalls has only a restricted distance over which it can be delivered successfully. Necessarily a limit must be reached in time for the local issue of power. This natural limitation may operate to save the great Falls, so there need be little fear that Niagara will run dry.

THE SMALLEST WATCH IN THE WORLD.

A watch has been made at Geneva. Switzerland, so small that you could get four watches of its size on an area equal to that covered by a twenty five cent plece. It contains a hundred separate parts, and weighs a thirtieth of an ounce avoirdupois. The large hand is an eleventh of an inch in length and the small hand one-twentieth of an inch. The watch is valued at twelve hundred and fifty dollars.

Ø FOR BOYS TO THINK ABOUT Ø

NOVEMBER BIRTHDAYS.

Antonio Canova, Italian sculptor, Nov. Marie Antolnette, wife of Louis XVI., Nov. 2, 1765.

James Knox Polk, eleventh president of the United States, Nov. 2, 1795. William Cullen Bryant, Nov. 3, 1794. James Myrray Alason, author of the "Fugitive Slave Law," Nov. 3, 1798. Isabella Alden, "Pansy," Nov. 3, 1841. Edward V., elder of the two princes who

Edward v., elder of the two princes who were put to death in the tower of London, Nov. 4, 1470.

James Gregory, Scottish astronomer and mathematician, Nov. 6, 1638.

Platt R. Spencer, originator of the Spencerian method of penmanship, Nov. 7, 1800.

John A. Winslow, American navel officer, Nov. 9, 1811.

Nov. 9, 1811.

Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, heirapparent to the British throne, Nov. 9, 1841.

Martin Luther, leader of the Reformation in Germany, Nov. 10, 1483.

Oliver Goldsmith, English author and poet, Nov. 10, 1728.

Johann Christopher Friedrich von Schiller, national poet of Germany, Nov. 10, 1759.

Dr. Samuel G. Howe, American philanthropist, Nov. 10, 1801.
Thomas Bailey Aldrich, American poet, novelist, and journalist, Nov. 11, 1837.
Elizabeth Cady Stanton, American lecturer, Nov. 12, 1851.
Robert Louis Statenson, Nov. 12, 1850.

Robert Louis Stevenson, Nov. 13, 1850. Rev. Jacob Abbott, popular juvenile writer, Nov. 14, 1803. William Pitt, English stateman, Nov. 15, 1708.

Richard Henry Dana, American poet and ssayist, Nov. 15, 1787.
Asa Gray, American botanist, Nov. 18,

1810.

James A. Garfield, twentieth president of the United States, Nov. 19, 1831.

Philip Schuyler, American general, Nov. 20, 1733.

Marian Evans Lewes Crosse, "George Eliot," Nov. 22, 1820.

Franklin Pierce, fourteenth president of the United States, Nov. 23, 1804.

Grace Darling, English heroine, Nov. 24, 1815.

William Cowper, English poet, Nov. 26,

Amos Bronson Alcott, American edu-

Amos Bronson Alcott, American edu-cator, Nov. 29, 1799. Louisa May Alcott, author, Nov. 29, 1833. Wendell Phillips, American statesman, Nov. 29, 1811. Anton Rubinstein, Russian musician Nov. 30, 1830. Samuel Langhorne Clemens, "Mark Twain," Nov. 30, 1830.



BLIDING FOWN OUR CELLAR IXOR-Photo by Oscar Hawkins, 460 35th St., Chicago.

GOLD LEAVES.

Goldbeaters, by hammering, can reduce gold leaves so thin that two hundred and eighty two thousand must be laid upon eighty two thousand must be laid upon one another to produce the thickness of an inch. They are so thin that if formed into a book, one thousand five hundred would only occupy the space of a single leaf of common paper, and an octavo volume one inch thick would have as many pages as the books of a well stocked library of one thousand five hundred volumes with four hundred pages in each hundred pages in each.

MANY HEIRS.

Queen Victoria had seventy four direct heirs. Of her great grandchildren, who number thirty seven, twenty two are boys.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland receives a salary twice as large as does the President of the United States.

EARNED IN AN HOUR!

Someone has asked what is the largest sum ever earned by a man in one hour by the use of his brain?
Sullivan's world famous "Lost Chord" was composed in less than an hour, and for that hour's work the composer received in royalties nearly \$50,000.

THE EARTH FROM THE MOON.

From the moon the earth looks thirteen times as big as the moon does to us. WHAT MACHINERY DOES.

By the aid of modern machinery one man can cut ten thousand watch wheels in a day.

The Training of a Pug.

(Continued from page 21.)

with a wild jump she landed all four feet on my poor body, causing me to cry out for help. As quickly as she came she went, and before the terrified nurse reached went, and before the terrified nurse reached me this miserable hypocrite was scated in staid dignity in a distant part of the apartment, looking for all the world like an angel of light who could do no harm. Nor was this the only time she did this trick. It became necessary to watch her for she realized my weak and helpless condition, and it was great fun to jump up and playfully attack me. A year ago my mother was ill and steam baths were necessary, so a vapor bath was bought. One day my mother told the maid she was going to take a bath and to leave open the door down stairs, so when she would call to her, ice water would be brought up. For some reason the door was not left open, and my mother called and called. At last Miss Toodles went down the stairs and set up an unearthly barking which brought the maid and the water. After

President Roosevelt's Career

BOYHOOD-Weakling, wore glasses, ambitious to become strong. Rather retiring. Doctor advised plenty of outdoor exercise. Fond of reading stories of great Americans' lives.

YOUTH-Ridiculed on Montana ranch for wearing "spees." Not especially brilliant as student. Possessed of great amount of perseverance. Not facile thinker and poor speech-maker.

MANHOOD-Acquired robust constitution. Fond of constant exertion and outdoor life. Full of intense energy, tenacity and patriotism.

AUTHOR-Stirred by slanders of standard British author on American Navy. wrote stinging denunciation of author in his first work, a history of the navy, at twenty four. Also wrote "American Ideals and Other Essays," "The Winning of the West," "The Strenuous Life," "Essays on Practical Politics," "The Wilderness Hunter" and "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman."

RANCHMAN-Plainsman on Western ranch several years, acquiring fondness for big game and rugged hardship. Developed gigantic strength.

REFORMER-As Police Commissioner, reformed and reorganize! Police Department, putting new blood into it. Patrolled officers' heats in disgulse and sought out violations of Excise law in midnight carriage tours.

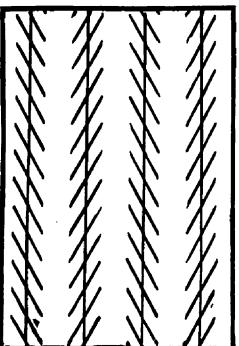
SOLDIER-Organized regiment of "Rough Riders" at outbreak of Spanish war, becoming Lieutenant Colonel under Colonel Leonard Wood. Mrs. McKinley's physician. Led regiment in famous charge up San

STATESMAN-Resigned Police Commissionership to become Assistant Secretary of Navy in 1897. Was elected Governor of New York after the war and Vice-President in 1900 after vigorously opposing nomination.

ORATOR-Entered vigorously into Presidential campaign, making extensive trips throughout the country, delivering several speeches daily.

HUSBAND AND FATHER-Prefers society of home and family to anything else. Has six children, four boys and two girls. Married twice, first wife being Miss Alice Lee, of Boston, who died few years later.

PERSONALITY-Forty three years old, five feet eight inches tall; weight 185 pounds. Has not been sick in ten years. Has no life insurance policy. Has voracious appetite and eats simple food. Rides horseback, uses dumbbells, punches bag, wrestles, walks miles for exercise. Sleeps eight hours every night.-New York World.



You cannot always be sure a thing is so because it looks as if it were. First impecause it looks as if it were. First impressions are not always correct. You would think that the long lines in this picture were not exactly parallel; and yet they are. The deception is brought about by the short crisscross lines.

that the dog seemed to think that was her part of the performance, for when my mother would call the maid the dog would run, barking with all her might. The doctor's visits were also announced in this way. If my mother did not appear as soon as the lady thought she should, she would come to the toot of the stairs and call. The mail is always carried upstairs by Miss Toodles. This is a trick taught her by the maid, who thought it would be useful as well as cute. There is a species of recklessness in the disposition of this otherwise model lady. She will drink beer every night at nine o'clock; she demands that the head of the house go into the cellar and produce a bottle of this beverage, into which crackers are crumbed and fed to her as she sits in state upon the table. She is the ideal of hospitality and forgets no one. It was two years since she had seen a certain friend of the family; this friend used to give her "Sen-Sen," of which she is very fond. When she met him after this period had elapsed she showed her appreciation for his favors by pawing his vest pocket, as of yore, by way of invitation to resume his treat of she showed her appreciation for his favors by pawing his vest pocket, as of yore, by way of invitation to resume his treat of the "Sen-Sen," as of old. That she did not smell it in his pocket is certain from the fact none was there. It was a simple case of recollection. Other incidents could be related had I space to do so. It can never be said, and believed, to those who have owned and understood the pug that it is a stupid animal. The stupidity, if existing, is primarily with the owner, who does not understand the nature of the creature, and can therefore obtain no results. This applies to children as well as animals. We do not all develop alike, either physically or mentally. Human nature and dog nature are "near kin;" one principle may be applied to both with success, perception, perseverance and patience, not forgetting that one grand principle—love.



FREE 10 BOYS

We are going to give away 5,000 Reys' Printers. They printCards, Envelopes, Linen, etc. The outfit consists of three alphabets of rubber type, a type holder, a tube of ink, an ink pad and a type holder, a tube of ink, an ink pad and a pair of tweezers, a wooden type case and a full ret of directions. The whole outfit is in a neat box. We will not sell the Boy's Printer; we give them FREE to every buy who subscribes for The Star Healthy for six months. Send us Trein alver or The in stamps and we will enter your subscription for six months and send you the Boy's Printer by return mail, bostage intrinsid. Address.

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* WHAT BOYS ARE DOING

A Boy Artist. BESSIE BABCOCK.

Unknown beyond his village home and school there lives in a sleepy little town well hidden from the busy world behind rows of maples and banks of elm and honey locust in Ohio, a boy who may some time trace his name high on the scroll

of fame.
From the children who attend this village school I had heard of the wonderful pictures this young artist made. Pictures of fat soldiers and sailors and tramps, of fat



CLAUDE CLOSE.

men and lean men, of black men and white men, in fact of all sorts and conditions of men; but having seen none of these famed pictures, I smiled at the enthusiasm of the children until visiting the school one day I discovered for myself that the school could boast an artist.

Among a number of creditable sketches fastened against the wall, the portrait of George Washington, done in lead pencil, attracted my attention, especially when I learned that it had been done by a boy barely eleven years old.

After sceing this excellent portrait of the President that all boys like to read of, my interest was aroused, and when the little boy, whose name is Claude Close, came to my home a few weeks later, giving him pencil and paper, I asked him to draw something for me.

Looking over his shoulder, as with a soft pencil he stroked the paper. I was amazed to see appearing as if by magic an old



man with a thin face, big nose and ragged

man with a thin face, big nose and ragged beard.

When completed, which was but the work of a moment, he looked like a man who would steal a sheep on Saturday and pray beautifully in church on Sunday.

A second sheet of paper was placed before the artist and immediately a second man appeared, this time a scholarly gentleman of middle age wearing large eyeglasses and turn-down collar.

I then gave the artist a pen and ink. He had never tried to use a pen before and at first was confused, but in a very few minutes he was making long strokes and short strokes, thin strokes and broad strokes, well pleased with the effect.

In a short time he began to build upon the paper before him a stone wall, and as stone after stone was rapidly set in place by his pen, a fortress developed with a cannon pouring its deadly discharge through a loophole.



A locomotive running at full speed,

ship at sea and a variety of men quickly followed the making of the fortress.

Thinking that a number of boys might be interested in the work of this young artist, I asked him to draw a few sketches to be used in "THE AMERICAN BOY."

A Boy's Exciting Trip Skyward.

How would you like to sail skyward for fifteen hundred feet or more hanging with your feet entangled in a rope and your head down? Such was the experience of nead down: Such was the experience of Carlton E. Myers, a twelve year old West Liberty (lowa) boy on July 6 last. Carl was helping hold a big balloon down, when suddenly it sprang into the air. His feet



CARLTON E. MYERS.

were caught in the ropes, and to the amazewere caught in the ropes, and to the amaze-ment of every one he was carried upward in the wake of the big air ship. The boy bravely clung to the line and finally caught one of the dangling parachute ropes. Twist-ing aimself about this, he gradually worked his way up to the balloon. When his strange conveyance had reached the height



Snap Shot taken of the balloon as it was carrying the boy up.

of about fifteen hundred feet a current of of about fifteen hundred feet a current of air struck it and it drifted away. There was a novel and exciting chase for the balloon on the part of the crowd, some in wagons, some on horseback, others on foot. After a chase of three miles the balloon was seen slowly to descend. It finally came to earth in a field of grain, where it gently dropped the young aeronaut. A triumphal procession was formed and the boy was carried back home, and there a purse of one hundred dollars was raised to show to the boy how much his pluck was appreciated.



PAUL MILLER.

To make these pictures 1 let him have a Gillott pen, a bottle of Higgins India ink and some ivory white bristol board such as artists generally use. These materials he took home with him one afternoon; the next morning he handed me the sketches appearing with this number of "THE AMERICAN BOY."

This boy artist has never had any instruction whatever, there being no art teacher in his village.

It is ability was born with him and has been showing itself almost from the time he learned to hold a pencil.

In appearance and manners he is quite a little gentleman, and if he has the perseverance to develop and carefully train his unusual talent, his success is assured, for the world was never in greater need of sympathetic, careful artists than it is to-day.

Best Boy Farmer.

At Carroll Park, Baltimore, Md., there is a school where various branches of industry are taught. Among the boys who are learning farming. Paul Miller, son of Lewis Miller, Baltimore, has won the position of best boy farmer. Some time ago he visited the office of the Baltimore American with the lady who has charge of the Carroll Park playgrounds, and exhibited samples of his work which won great praise. The young man has been on the school farm three years and has made ican with the lady who has charge of the Carroll Park play-grounds, and exhibited samples of his work which won great praise. The young man has been on the school farm three years and has made school farm three years and has made great advancement.

Boys Form an Anti-Anarchy Society

The pupils of Grammar School No. 147, New York City, ranging in age from twelve to fourteen, have organized an Anti-Anarchist Society, known as the Juvenilo Anti-Anarchist Society of Greater New York. William Griffin, a fourteen year old boy, is president. Griffin called a meeting of all the boys in the school to be held in a neighboring park, and there was a large gathering. A constitution and by-laws had been drawn up, and these were read to the meeting. No boy who was not at heart a true American was eligible to membership. Anarchy was denounced as a grave menace to the nation, and those joining the society pledged themselves to do all in their power to disseminate the principles of liberty and good and honest government; also to refrain from any association with boys and men known to be friendly to any anarchistic movement.

Frequent meetings are held in the park and these are well attended. Before proceeding to the program, the boys parade with banners through the neighboring streets; then juvenile orators address the boys. The society is rapidly growing and now numbers nearly a hundred. The pupils of Grammar School No. 147.

now numbers nearly a hundred.

A Model Young Farmer.

We want to tell our readers about Way-land Whitney Sweeney, a thirteen year old model farmer who lives at Concord. Depot. Va., with his widowed mother, three sisters and three brothers. Sickness and misfortune have thrown the family into a debt several



WAYLAND WHITNEY SWEENEY

times greater than the value of the small, poor little farm on which they live. When the father died last spring there was no one to keep the wolf from the door save Wayland, but he went to work with a will, and notwithstanding the poor soil and his inexperience, is a farmer. The farmers in the neighborhood think him a model farmer, and praise of him is in every mouth. The boy denies himself all boyhood pleasures and toils hard and single handed from early morning till late at nood pleasures and tolls hard and single-handed from early morning till late at night every day. On Sundays he takes his brothers and sisters to Sunday school three miles away from home. What little spare time he has—and this must be very little—he spends in reading, and THE AMER-ICAN BOY is one of his standbys.

The Old-Fashioned Debating Society.

The old-fashioned debating society in a large degree was responsible for the great orators of the early part of the last century. What has become of the old-fashioned debating society? It is said that all the greatest parliamentary orators of England, with the exception of Lord Erskine and John Bright, frequented a good debating society in youth. Brougham trained himself for extemporaneous speaking in the Speculative Society, the great theater of debate for the University of Edinburgh. Canning practiced much at extemporaneous speaking in the societies of Eton. At that college there was a mock House of Commons, in which many noted orators trained themselves. The decadence of the debating society bodes ill for future oratory. The old-fashioned debating society in a

When the Boy Cuts a Finger.

To stop the bleeding of a cut finger bind a piece of rag around the cut very tightly to stop the circulation for a few minutes, and hold the finger in an upright position. This is promptly effective.

After a short time remove the rag, sponge the cut quickly over with cold water, and apply a piece of surgical adhesive plaster.

The application of collodion will also stop bleeding. It forms an artificial skin which is more elastic than plaster and sufficiently insoluble in cold water.

Another way to stop bleeding is to place a piece of lint moistened with creosote on the wound, previously wiped clean, or to pour a drop or two of the liquid upon it.



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INSPECTION.

ON THE MARCH.

HARDTACK AND WATER.

The Ventura (Cal.) County Cadets in Camp.

Forrest M. Casey sends us from Toledo pictures taken by himself of the Ventura County Cadeta, who took a twenty mile march over the mountains and enjoyed a ten days' camp last summer. The camp was called Camp Bard, in honor of Senator Bard, of California, who gave to the cadets a fifty dollar silk flag. He says the trip cost each boy about seven dollars, and that it did the boys a lot of good, every one having a grand time. One of the pictures shows one of the cadets at a luncheon of hardtack and water; another shows one of the boys on the march, and another gives a picture of

Company E, the banner company.

The young man who send us the picture was one of the cadets who enjoyed the camp among the Sierras.

Blatchford Kavanagh Goes to Europe to Study.

Nearly everyone has heard of Blatchford Kavanagh, the famous boy choir singer of Chicago. After singing several years his voice failed him. Now, it is said, he has re-



Chicago. After singing several years his voice failed him. Now, it is said, he has recovered the use of it and will go to Paris, where he will begin his studies with the celebrated Sbriglia. No boy singer of the city won such fame or so deeply touched the hearts of the people as young Kavanagh. The song with which he achieved his greatest fame was "Angels Ever Bright and Fair." Thousands have been moved to tears by his matchless rendering of this song. His change of voice brought actual grief to thousands, and people even stole his music and articles of wearing apparel as souvenirs. After an eight years' rest his voice dropped one octave in pitch, and it is now a sympathetic baritone of unusual sweetness and mellow quality. His strength of voice is doubled. He will fit himself abroad for the grand opera stage.

Kavanagh's earnings as a boy began at two dollars and fifty cents, which he received for his first concert engagement. When he quit he was earning a thousand dollars a night. During his retirement the boy spent his time in educating himself at the Manual Training School and at Ar mour institute, and in acquiring experience in business methods at Lyon & Healy's.

A World Trotter.

Charles Cecil Fitzmaurice, a seventeen year old Chicago schoolboy, was one of the three lads sent out by a Chicago newspaper in an attempt to break the record for a trip around the world. The young



CHARLES CECIL FITZMAURICE.

man made the trip of 20,545 miles in exactly sixty days, thirteen hours, twenty nine minutes, forty two and four-fifths seconds, and was the first of the three boys to reach home. His record is the best that has ever been made.

Admiral Dewey says that before letting a boy go into the navy he would be sure that it was not a temporary craze for adventure on the part of the boy. Many boys who ship aboard a vessel when they are fifteen or sixteen are very sorry for it a few years later.

A Young School Principal.

Clyde C. Tull, of Monon, Ind., twenty years of age, has been elected to the principalship of the Monon (Ind.) High School. He is a graduate of the Monon and Monticello High Schools and has been a student of the State Normal at Terre Haute, Ind.



OLYDE C. TULL.

The Monon High School is absolutely a four years' course, and the principal will be instructor in Latin and mathematics. The young man is probably one of the youngest principals in the country.

Good Debaters.

The debating club of the eighth grade, Eighth Ward Public School. Louisville, Kv., held its final debate for the school year of 1900-1 in the chapel of the school June 17, in the presence of members of the school board and invited friends. The question for debate was, "What is the greatest invention of the nineteenth century?" Three judges awarded the prizes, which were, first, a gold medal; second, a



FERRELL R. BURTON.



WILLIAM L. CLORE-

silver medal, and third, a book. There were eight speakers. Ferrell R. Burton, age fifteen, subject, "The Steamboat," received the gold meda!; William L. Ciore, age fifteen, subject, "The Locomotive," received the silver medal, and Sam Stone, age fifteen, subject. "The Improvements on the Application of Steam," won the book.

What a Boy's Reply to a Socialist's Speech Did.

One Sunday evening in September Eddle Sloan, a Chicago boy, who lived for the most of the time on the streets of the great city attending political meetings, was in a crowd of five hundred who had gathered around an anarchist and a socialist who were arguing. Major Thomas P. Simmons of the Union Veterans' Union

happened around and, being disgusted by the arguments of the men, began to reply. Finally, when about to give up the attack, the major stepped back and his place was taken by young Sioan, who took the socialist's words out of his mouth and turned them back on him and routed him. The socialist declared that a working man couldn't get a living in this country though he carned millions for the rich. In reply Eddie pulled out of a pocket a handful of coin, which he said he had earned, and declared that he was able to and did support himself, and cited his own father as a workingman who took good better in San Francisco.

The bell makers at once sent their best salesman to California, with instructions to secure the contract at any price, and a few days ago he walked into the San Francisco house, and courteously asked for Mr. John Martin. No one knew him then bookkeeper said: "That must be our Johnny." It was. He was called in and confessed. The agent was very wroth and demanded the instant discharge of the lad, but the firm said "No." They said and did support himself, and cited his own father as a workingman who took good care of his family and his earnings. Then he attacked the socialist as a discontented agitator and explained some things about the government to him, and the crowd cheered and the socialist sneaked away. The major then came to the front and said to the boy, "Give me your name, and here is mine." He found that the boy wanted an education, and the major declared that he would help him get it.

This is the kind of a boy that this country needs; that is, a real American boy—the boy with brains and sense.

A Young Telegrapher.

One of the youngest Western Union Telegraph office managers in the country is Roy Rose, of Mt. Marion, N. Y., aged thirteen years and eight months. When the superintendent of telegraph offices for the West Shore Railroad was experiencing some difficulty in getting a man for the West Forty-second Street telegraph office in New York city, he wired an old friend at Mt. Marion, saying, "If you find any one who can do it tell him to come down and go to work at the West Forty Second Street station."



The next morning when the superintendent's assistant called up the station, some one answered whose touch and precision in telegraphing startled him. After several days the assistant went up to the station to see what the new man looked like, and found him to be rather a stout boy of fourteen, rosy cheeked, with brown eyes looking out sharply from behind eye-glasses.

glasses.
"Hello, sonny, where's the new manager?" asked the assistant.
"I'm the new manager," the boy replied. The official thought that the boy was fooling him, and could hardly believe his eyes that the position was being acceptably filled by a boy, when three operators had been discharged, one after another, for inability to do the work.

A New Kind of Bell Boy.

Stamps, postmarks, coins and autographs are common enough in the way of "crazes." but a boy with a passion for bells is something of a novelty.

Johnny Martin is the office boy of a San Francisco firm, says the New York Sun, and has a great liking for bells, and he never tires listening to them. It is a positive mania with him. Some weeks ago he sent a typewritten letter on the letter head of the firm to a well known bell manufactory in New York State, asking the price of bells, particularly large church bells, weighing from twenty thousand to thirty thousand pounds. In reply he received a circular and price list, and a polite letter earnestly soliciting his patronage. He acknowledged its receipt,

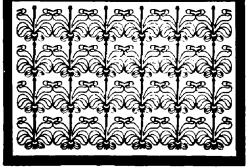
The bell makers at once sent their best salesman to California, with instructions to secure the contract at any price, and a few days ago he walked into the San Francisco house, and courteously asked for Mr. John Martin. No one knew him until the agent showed the letters, and then the bookkeeper sand: "That must bour Johnny." It was. He was called in and confessed. The agent was very wroth and demanded the instant discharge of the lad, but the firm said "No." They said a boy who could write such good business letters was the kind of a boy they wanted, and they promoted him. He says that when he gets rich he is going to build a church, and hang in it the biggest bell that this Eastern firm can cast.

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FAMILY OF

Of course every little girl loves a Doll, but how delighted she would be with a whole family of bolls with which to "play house." Besides the Boy and Girl Dolls here pictured, there is a Grandpa and a Grandma. Doll, Grandpa in full military uniform, and Grandma in the dainty costume of the olden time. The large dolls are nearly two feet high, the small ones 15 inches. They have rosy checks, besutiful hair, beads that will not break, eyes that will not fall in, and are handsomely dressed in bright colors that will not fade. Words can never express the delight which any child will feel in possessing this Doll family. We will give these four besutiful dolls absolutely free for selling only five boxes of our Laxative Stomach Tabletast Scentas box. Write to-day and we will send the Tableta by mail postpaid. When sold send unthe money. (\$1.25) and we will send you the family of four dolls at once. Address.

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ALL READY! LOOK PLEASANT! Photo by Earle A. Bannister, Thompsonville, Mich.

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, also a second prize each month, of one dollar, for the next best photograph, 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. Welte on the back of the photograph its title, with a description of the picture, and the full name and address of the contestant. THE AMERICAN BOY offers twelve

៊ីលែក ខេត្តក្រសួន មួយ នេះបាន មួយ ស្រាស់ ស្រី



First Prize Photo, by Edward Loyd Thomas, Atlanta, Ga.

It Quickens Perception.

A writer in the Photo-Era tells an inter-A writer in the Photo-Era tells an intersecting story of how valuable a camera is in teaching English. In a school which is on the border line between city and country, most of the pupils in the ninth grade have been provided with cameras. One of the popular things is to go on a walk at noon of a mile or so. The schoolhouse is on the bank of a river and one series of the public writers. It is not necessary to cover the entire spot was a fairly good dark lander. It is not necessary to cover the entire spot was a fairly good dark lander. It is not necessary to cover the entire spot was a fairly good dark lander. It is not necessary to cover the entire spot was a fairly good dark lander. It is not necessary to cover the entire spot was a fairly good dark lander. It is not necessary to cover the entire spot was a fairly good dark lander. It is not necessary to cover the entire spot was a fairly good dark lander.

noon of a mile or so. The schoolhouse is on the bank of a river and one series of pictures shows the variety of sailing craft. Then some of the pupils will describe the different types of vessels, where they came from and where going. Getting interested in seafaring, when a fishing schooner tied up at the dock the children caught various views of the cargo and crew, and they even read Kipling's "Captain Courageous."

The streets, too. afford endless pictures and instruction. A pupil who visited New York city showed a picture of a horse carsomething many of the others had never seen. A wharf was being built some distance away, and a troiley ride of a Saturday afternoon gave the children not only a fine outing, but lots of information was gathered concerning the way such work was done and the material necessary. Near the school is a brook which comes tumbling down a steep hillside, and this furnished subjects both picturesque and geographical.

The developing is done in the basement

The Boy Photographer of the windows. Here comes in a lesson in the use of chemicals. After being developed by Judson Genell of the pupils. The results are a great improvement in English work." says the writer. "due to increased quickness of perception."

A convenient intensifier is called "agfa," made in Germany. American stock houses keep it. It is diluted with ten parts of the windows. Here comes in a lesson in the use of chemicals. After being developed and fixed, the negatives are left in running water all night, and dried the next day, the printing being done at the convenience of the pupils.

The results are a great improvement in English work." says the writer. "due to increased interest, and a greatly increased quickness of perception."

A convenient intensifier is called "agfa," made in Germany. American stock houses keep it. It is diluted with ten parts of water, the negative immersed for about ten minutes and then washed.

Dr. E. F. Grun, of Brighton, has invented a lens working so rapidly that the stage of a theater can be taken at night in a few seconds. A good outdoor picture was a few seconds. A good outdoor picture was taken in a quarter of a second.

Amateur photographer with a taste for experimenting are advised to load a plateholder with Rutograph paper, and expose: then develop the paper with the develop.

Developing and Fixing.

The formula that comes with Pyrocate-chin will both fix and develop a plate at the same time. While at the Pan-American exposition, the writer took a number of pictures, and on returning developed some of them in the following formula:

Caustic soda, purified in sticks... 105 grains
Pyrocatechin ... 105 grains
The above is the stock developing solution. To mix for developing and fixing a plate the following was used:
Developer ... 3 drams
Hypo, in proportion of 1 oz. hypo
to 5 oz. of water ... 3 drams
Water ... 7½ drams

The exposed plate was put in a tray and The exposed plate was put in a tray and the above flowed over it. In a few seconds the image appeared, gradually increasing in strength. Finally it began to be fixed, and when the operation was concluded the result was a perfectly developed and fixed plate, ready to be washed.

There is no necessity, however, for the amateur to go to the trouble of mixing his own developer. The company making the pyrocatechin also supplies ready for use a developer under the name of "Elconal F."

When the negative is over-exposed, a few drops of a ten per cent solution of bromide of potassium must be used, with the addition of more water.

Indoor Exposures.

A new way to determine the proper time of exposure indoors is suggested by a writer in Camera Obscura. For this purpose he uses a strip of any printing-out paper. Half of this is covered, and the other half exposed a convenient time outdoors. It is then brought into the room, and the other half uncovered, and exposed until it reaches the same color as the first half, which of course has been covered meanwhile. The ratio between the two exposures gives the number of times the interior exposure must be that of the proper exposure outdoors, which may be judged by experience.

Combined Toner and Fixing Bath.

The following recipe from a foreign photographic journal for a combined toning and fixing bath is said to give good results: Water 1000 cc
Lead acetate 18 g
Potassium chloride 20 g
Pulverized chalk 15 g
Sodium hyposulphite 275 g1000 ccm

After the solids have dissolved add 0.3 g or 5 grains of gold chloride. Filtering is unnecessary. This quantity of gold will tone about fifty cabinets, and then an equal amount of gold chloride may be added, and fifty more prints toned, after which the bath should be thrown away.

Backing for Plates.

A popular formula for backing plates consists of: Mucilage1 oz Caramel 1 oz
Burnt sienna ground in water 2 ozs

Mix well. Add two ounces of alcohol. Apply with a brush, and let it dry before placing plate in holder. All this must be done in the dark room. After making the exposure and before developing, wish off with a damp cloth or sponge.

Photographic Hints.

Uneven development is often caused by not sufficiently rocking the tray.

It is said that a drop or so of hypo solution to the developer will act as an accelerator. tion to erator.

Amateur photographers with a taste for experimenting are advised to load a plate-holder with Rutograph paper, and expose; then develop the paper with the developer recommended by the makers. The expose must be longer than for a plate. This will be found out by experimenting. Try ten or fifteen minutes.



Second Prize Photo, by Willard Bennett, Chatham, Ont.

Loading the Plateholder.

The editor of the "Photographiches Wochenblatt," a German publication, announces that all that is necessary in filling plateholders at night time is to put a burning candle on the floor and use the light reflected from the ceiling to work by. It takes more than forty four seconds to make an impression on the most sensitive plate, he says—more time than is required to load the holder. He finds even that a plate thus treated will render the fine detail in the shadows better than one which has been kept in absolute darkness.

Excellent Pictures.

Excellent Pictures.

"The Red Bridge." by Isaac Eshelman, Reading, Pa., is a nice bit of photography, but slightly overtoned; otherwise the foreground would not be red and the bridge green. "Out for a Picnic in the Fields," by Louis Beauvis, Chicago, is clear and nicely toned, but would be improved by cutting off two-thirds of the foreground. "Autumn Sports," by Louis J. De Pass, Watertown, Mass., shows a big kite, and it looks as if in a brisk wind it will take both the boys to hold it down. "Hunting in the Woods," by Ward L. Kyser, Canton. Ill., is a fine plece of outdoor photography. It would be well to cut off the fogged place in the foreground. The five pictures of Catskill mountain scenes, by C. M. Fessenden, of Stamford, Ct., are good. So also are the two views by Francis Compton, Elkhart, Ind. Irving W. Stoddard's picture of a river scene has merit. E. B. Crosby, of Lockport, N. Y., sends a good photograph of the scene around the house in Buffalo, where President McKinley died. It was taken a few hours after the president died, and should have found a place in the columns of some local paper in Lockport at that time. Howard S. Wheeler's picture of Scituate Beach shows beautiful cloud effects.

Gun vs. Camera.

There are now hunters of game with guns, and hunters with cameras, and it is said that the latter are becoming the more popular with those who love real sport. They find in the camera "all the elements that make hunting fascinating, without its cruelty. It is particularly recommended to young people, who, in photographing birds and the smaller wild animals, have all the excitement and amusement that they could wish for, with a healthful and wholly beneficial study of nature. The photographing of cases of cruelty to animals, or of the results of cruelty, is becoming quite common. A snapshot of a case of this kind may often be conveniently taken, and the picture is the best evidence that can be produced in court when the offender is to be prosecuted."

Gold and Silver Inks.

Nothing looks better to set off a photograph intended for a greeting, says the British Journal of Photography, than to write on the mount its title, or some appropriate remark, in gold or silver ink. This ink can be easily made. There is bronze powder, both gold and silver, sold for this purpose. They cost from ten to fifteen cents a package, and can be found in any art store. A little gum water is made, in which the powder is incorporated, and the writing done with an ordinary pen or a quill, whichever is preferred for the purpose. Of course, the powders made of the real precious metals are expensive, but can be obtained if required. Another method—though, perhaps, hardly so satisfactory—is to write with the gum solution, and then dust the powder over afterwards whilst the writing is wet. The result in either case is a fine, dull surface, which can be burnished with an agate tool to a beautiful shine, and looks very effective.

A Cheap Dark Room.

A Cheap Dark Room.

Many would-be photographers are deterred from taking up this scientific pastime by difficulties in the way of a dark room. The following is a cheap and efficient way of making a portable developing arrangement: Procure a large wooden box, remove the lid and cut a hole say 8x10 in the bottom, in which it would be well to insert a piece of ground glass to equalize the light. Fasten over this two sheets of postoffice paper, ruby fabric, or a ruby and yellow glass. Place the box on its side on a table, and attach to the open edges sufficient opaque material to reach the floor. You can then take a chair, and, sitting down with the cloth over your head, close up your window and look for white light entering anywhere. When you have darkness inside you can change plates or develop with safety, by turning the window of the box toward a north window by day, or placing a lamp in front at night.—The Camera and Dark Room.

When a Plate is Fixed.

The usual way of feeling sure that a plate has been permanently "fixed" is to leave it in the hypo bath four or five minutes after all the emulsion on it has disappeared. In order to discover when a plate is really fixed the Technical Committee of the Photographic Society of Philadelphia carried out a series of experiments with the following results:

A 1:4 hypo bath was used. It took an average time of seven minutes in this solution to clear a developed plate, the fixing bath being at 65 degrees Fahrenheit.

Two plates, after washing for ten minutes in a strong current of water, were tested, and a silver reaction was at once given.

given.

Two other plates after washing for two hours, proved to be entirely free from

The conclusion arrived at is that it is not necessary to leave the negative in the hypo bath after it has cleared, but thorough washing is absolutely necessary, and cannot be omitted if both silver and hypo are to be fully removed from the film.

Sympathetic Pictures.

Sympathetic pictures are pictures which are invisible on a piece of white paper, but become visible as soon as they are immersed in water and invisible again as the paper gets dry. The process by which they can be made is the following:

Procure a good quality of paper (photographic plain paper) and remove all gelatine or starch which it may hold in its fibres by muriatic acid. Wash and dry.

Now prepare a solution of gelatine four

Now prepare a solution of gelatine four parts, water one hundred parts and let the paper absorb as much of it as it can hold. Hang up and when dry sensitize it by floating it for three to four minutes on a solution of four parts of bichromate of potassium and one hundred parts of water. potassium and one hundred parts of water. It is ready for printing now. The printing is done in the usual way until a brown picture is distinctly visible. The print is washed now, until all traces of bichromate are removed, and finally treated with hot water to remove all traces of gelatine. A faint impression may be visible yet, but this is easily obliterated by a solution of sulphite of soda to which a few drops of sulphuric acid are added (or sulphurous acid will take it out). When dry now, there is no trace of a picture visible, but it will appear as soon as the paper is wetted.—St. Louis and Canadian Photographer.

Answers to Correspondents.

Arthur Klingner -The camera and plates you inquire about are all right.

Carl Erb—Always use a tripod when taking pictures in the woods. The light is very deceiving, and it is next to impossible to get a satisfactory snap shot.

Glenn Merry—To produce olive tones in your aristo platino paper, do not tone out in the gold all the red Just clear the whites. The warm tint shown in the gold will turn to olive in the platinum. As one photographer puts it: "Clear your high lights only in the gold bath."

Charlie White—In exposing for an interior where no windows appear in the field of vision, you can let the plate "eat up" the shadows for from fifteen minutes to half an hour—the latter if it is very dark in the shadows. Then develop with old developer, or with plenty of bromide in it.

Harry Yates.—Velox paper turns yellow if the development is carried too far, or if it is not immediately completely immersed in the fixing bath and moved around. The American Avistotype Co., Jamestown, N. Y., make platinum paper. A good time to take outdoor pictures is when the sun makes long shadows; but there is no fixed rule. All the plates 2½x4 are good enough without bothering about any particular make.

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An American Boy in India.

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Mary Had a Billy Goat.

By HAZEL HENDERSON, & BOY.

Mary had a Billy Goat,
Its tail was some what Bent.
and every where that mary goes,
the Goat is shure to went.
It followed her to school one day.
it made her hot as fire,
for she had got there on her wheel,
and Billy ate the tire.
the wheel was some what Broke and bent.
But it was Mary's best.
When she leaned up against the fence Billy ate the rest.

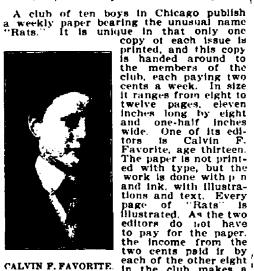
Charles A. Phelps, known at Fort Wayne, Ind., as King of the Newsboys, writes THE AMERICAN BOY that he believes that paper has given a great impulse to many American boys to do right, and that he highly commends it. He says the members of the Fort Wayne Boys' Union have received a great advancement from having read to them articles that appear in THE AMERICAN BOY.

Young Phelps is President of the Union.

Paul A. Mastenbrook. Grand Haven. Mich., aged thirteen, sends a pen and ink locomotive, under which he has written "The American Boy is progressing with the speed of a locomotive." It is a good piece of work.

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Every New Subscriber who will mention this publication or cut out this slip and send it and \$1.75 will receive:

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the circulation appears to exceed that of the Tribune. Chronicle and Inter Ocean combined. They assert that their circula-tion is now 2,180,000,000,000,000,000,000. Any one outside the club who desires to see "Rats" has to pay ten cents a week for it.

The Knickerbocker Amateur Press Club meets alternately in Brooklyn and New York. The Club already has thirty members, but will gladly welcome new members, to whom it will certainly prove of interest and benefit. B. Franklin Moss, 40 West 114th street, New York, is the Secretary. Secretary.

J. Lewis Oliver, a Lynn (Mass.) boy of seventeen, tells how he is succeeding as an amateur printer. "About four years ago." he says. "my father bought me a small press, 2½x3½, on which I printed small cards and envelopes. After using this press a year I bought a 5x8 press, and this I kept busy for two years. With it I did theater printing. Then I bought a 7x11 foot power press and a 3x5 ticket press, and now I have at times as many as four men working for me. I started business with one dollar and the press and two fonts of type, and now I run three presses and have two or three hundred fonts of type. Don't you think that is pretty good for a boy under seventeen?"

Harry L. Nado, Danielson. Conn., though only ten years old, is quite a successful job printer. He has a press that prints a page seven by ten inches. His work, judging from the sample sent us, is very good indeed, though we would criticles it on the ground that he uses too many different kinds of type in one advertisement; then, too, the fancy type used cannot be easily read.

The paper is not printed with type, but the work is done with p and ink. With illustrations and text. Every page of 'Rats' is illustrated. As the two editors do not have to pay for the paper. The income from the two cents psid ir by each of the other eight in the club makes a net revenue of sixteen ever who has a boy ought to subscribe for him. In your last number you printed an article entitled 'The Gentleman.' Do not fear to reprint over again the same lesson. Our boys should learn how to respect age, poverty and misfortune. I recently read an article in the Chicago woman writing to THE AMERICAN BOY says: "I will miss no opportunities to recommend your magazine. It is worthy of all encouragement. It fills the wants of every boy. There is no nobler task than to educate boys—the boys who will be the men of the future—to make them love all that is pure and boautiful, to teach them to be industrious, to value time and appreciate the chances of thing for that purpose, and I think every mother who has a boy ought to subscribe for him. In your last number you printed an article entitled 'The Gentleman.' Do not fear to reprint over again the same lesson. Our boys should learn how to respect age, poverty and misfortune. I recently read.

A Chicago woman writing to THE AMERICAN BOY is used the filt is the wants of every boy. There is no nobler task than to educate boys—the boys who will be the men of the future—to make them love all that is pure and boautiful, to teach them to be industrious, to value time and appreciate the chances of the filt in the club makes a net revenue of sixteen article entitled 'The Gentleman.' Do not fear to reprint over again the same lesson. Our boys should learn how to respect age, poverty and misfortune. I recently read.

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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.

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 any one who is interested in any form of natural science is invited.

Established in 1975. Incorporated in 1992.

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.

Curious Trees.

We have had a great many interesting letters about and pictures of freak trees and this month will publish some of them.

A Drawing of a Freak of Nature.



It is in the form of two trees, about seven feet apart, connected by a limb about twelve feet above the ground. It is situated across the Wabash river, about two and a half miles from here, on the Illi-nois side of the river.— Henry W. Halls, 815 Seminary street, Vin-cennes, Ind.

Peculiar Plum Tree.

I send you an exact drawing of a peculiar plum tree. It is about five years old, and twelve feet high.

old, and twelve feet high. When it came from the nurseries and was planted it was a fine specimen, not unlike any other. After planting it, no attention was paid to it for a year or so. It had grown together in two places. I suppose that the rubbing and pressing together of the tender, young limbs had caused this peculiar growth. On the large knot formed at the upper connection half a dozen strong

connection half a dozen strong limbs have grown. Although there are some appearances of decay at this point, the tree is in splendid condition and bears a tremendous crop of plums regularly.—Eugene H. Blake, Greenwood, S. C.

Douglas Pine.



Raspberry Bush Growing in Tree.

I found a very queer thing the other day, it was a good-sized raspberry bush growing in the heart of an elm tree. The bush was situated about twelve feet from the ground. The queer creatures found in a cistern are very likely the young of mos-outloos.

noticed several times that cats and dogs turn round before lying down. I have heard that their ancestors did the same thing so as to crush down the rank grass in which they lived, thus forming a sort of nest. Please give me your opinions.—G. F. Dutt, 338 W. Perry St., Tiffin, Ohlo. quitoes. I have

In this rude drawing I have tried to show two branches that have grown together. That part of the two branches that connects them is very gnaried. I am very much interested in natural history.—Frederick D. Seward. 4 Childs Block. Binghamton, N. Y.

Report of Livermore Lookabout Club.

Since organizing Chapter 243, we have harned of many interesting things and found in our rambles two trees worthy of mention. One was a pine tree, Fig. 1.



Some horse had jumped or been forced through by others, and there hung in the tree as in a vise. The more the animal struggled the tighter it was wedged in. Its bones are all that tell the tale, but what a pitiful tale they tell.

I saw a pretty sight last fall. I was standing in the doorway of a neighbor's house that was surrounded by large cottonwood trees. A whirlwind carried the leaves over the house in a beautiful shower. Looking up as far as the eye could reach leaves over the house in a beautiful shower. Looking up as far as the eye could reach they filled the air like snowflakes. Whirling and slowly sailing, down they came, a beautiful golden shower.—Mrs. Belle Olson, Livermore, Colo. Livermore, Colo.

About Two Birds.

There is a small bird making a nest in a vine on my porch. I put out some threads and he wove them into his nest. There are no eggs yet.

no eggs yet.

Last summer I had about a thousand bulbs of gladiolas, and there was a humming bird that came around every evening and sucked honey out of the blossoms. I caught it and put it under a glass with holes in it, and also put some flowers in I looked at it awhile, and then let it go. It did not seem afraid, but went right back to the flowers.—G. M. Stack. Box 135, Still River, Conn.

Fir Tree.

I enclose a sketch of a fir tree which was in some way deformed. Just below the burl it was seven inches in circumference, the burl twenty one inches, and just above the burl it was five inches. To all appearances the tree had been dead for a great many years. It grew in a thick forest and in sandy soll. What was the matit?—Chester N. Reynolds, Saint Vash.

with

While I was out in the country last Sun-



1000

While I was out in the country last Sunday I saw something that I thought was very curious. There was a large maple tree, and the first branches were about eight feet from the ground. About six feet up was the end of an old neck yoke sticking out a half of a foot from the side of the tree. In between the first two branches was an old-fashioned skate overgrown with wood. They had been put up in the branches and left there until overgrown. Here is a small drawing of it that will give you an idea.—Charles Showers, 423 South Dubuque St., Iowa City, Iowa.

Peculiar Dogwood Tree.



I present herewith a sketch of a tree which is very curious: it has a prong which grows out about two feet from the ground and extends about one foot up and goes back in. About two feet higher grows another, which grows back in. and then is smooth. It is a dogwood tree, and a squirrel was be-tween the limb and the tree. dead.—S. W. Overstreet. Ephesus, Bedford Co., Va.

The Ant-Lion.



leon.—T. Sch ams County.

While near a

cherry tree this spring I noticed a very peculiar leaf, and as I was interested in plants and leaves I carefully broke it off.

Near the center of the leaf, growing on the mid-vein, were sevent-en small fibers, each having a tiny bulb on the end These fibers were so small that they were scarcely visible they were scarcely visible and resembled small hairs.
The bulbs were about the size of a small radish seed.
—Dale J. Noland. Frankton. Ind.
The bulbs are eggs of some small insect, probably. (Ed.)

Ducks and Frogs.

One day in the summer of 1899 I was down at the pond watching the ducks swim. I happened to look at a little duck off at one end of the pond. It was standing on its head in the water. It did not rise upfor some time. After awhile I saw something making waves close beside it. I ran around there and saw that a frog had it by the head, trying to swallow it. I caught the frog and pulled the duck's head out of the frog's mouth and turned it loose. It seemed none the worse after its experience.—Guy W. Fitzgerrell, Fltzgerrell, Ill.

One day last summer, as I was walking through the pasture. I noticed a bird hanging by its head to a branch of a cottonwood. On in vestig a tion, I found the bird had a horse-hair wound around its neck and then around the branch. Whether it had been out thereby anything else or had been but there
by anything else or
it had committed
suicide I am unable
to tell. The bird was
a gold finch.—Gary Roddy, Grelley, Colo

I have been an interested reader of the Agassiz Association columns in THE AMERICAN BOY and have been studying Botany and Zoology in the High School. I wish to become a member of the Association. While on a tramp two years ago this summer a friend of mine and I were following a partially dried-up creek bed. We had just come around a sharp bend in the creek when I noticed, about fifteen feet in front of us, a snapping turtle and a large snake, about two feet apart, gazing intently at each other. The turtle was about six inches long and the snake was about four feet. My friend had been very anxious have been an interested reader of the assiz Association columns in THE

to secure snakes and he ran forward and stunned it with a club while I got the turtle and put it in a flour bag. If we had turtle and put it in a flour bag. If we had waited we might have seen something interesting. We found that the snake was a harmless one, but I do not remember the kind. It was yellow on the underside and mottled dark-red and black on the back. I think its greatest diameter was between one and a half and two inches.—G. Edwin Knapp. 301 East Mulberry St., Bloomington, Ill.

Observations from Nature.

Last year I kept a note book in which I recorded anything that I observed in nature that interested me. (And. by the way, I would advise all students of nature to keep one to record their observations)

thre to keep one to record their observa-tions.)

The following is taken from my "Ob-servations from Nature."

I used to think that grasshoppers and the like always perished as soon as cold weather came on in autumn, and that the new generations were hatched by the

weather came on in autumn, and that the new generations were hatched by the warmth of the sun, out of eggs laid the previous year.

This idea was somewhat shattered today, when as I was plowing a piece of sodland that had been used as a hay field the past few years, and on which a number of pocket-gophers had been working the previous year. Every once in a while I would plow through one of these holes, and in mostly all I would find a number of bleached and faded out grasshoppers, and crickets of all sizes. They all seemed dull and stupid, and hopped awkwardly around upon being exposed to the light.

From this it strikes me that they must hibernate like the woodchuck and his kind; but it may have been that as last winter was mid the ground did

that as last winter was mid the ground did not freeze to so great a depth. However, if this depth. However, if this was the case what did they live on?—C. L. Mc-Nally.

A Large Rock in Stokes County, N. C.



Last summer I found a caterpillar (Fig. 1), which I took home and put in a glass case, and also some leaves and twigs with it. In September it spun a cocoon



temper it spun a cocoon (Fig 2).

I kept it in a warm room all winter, and next May a butterfly about six and one-half inches long, came out of the cocoon (Fig. 3). The roccoon was about three

HEAD

the cocoon (Fig. 3). The cocoon was about three inches long. As you will see in the sketch, the cocoon was fastened to a twig and it was deadgrass color. The caterpillar was covered like a prickly pear. Can you tell me the name of this species of butterfly? They are very rare around here. I would like to learn to draw pictures of insects, birds and animals and everything a person will come across when studying nature.—J. S., Iron Belt, Wis., Box 2.

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I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a num-

I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would then cease, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever.

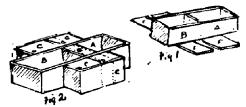
I then saw your advertisement accidentally in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and to-day, after five weeks, my hearing in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you heartily and beg to remain

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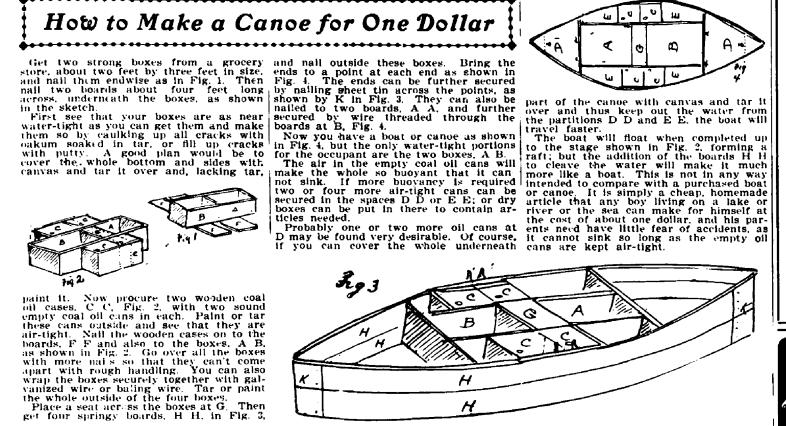
How to Make a Canoe for One Dollar



paint it. Now procure two wooden coal oil cases. C C, Fig. 2, with two sound empty coal oil cans in each. Paint or tar these cans outside and see that they are air-tight. Nail the wooden cases on to the boards. F F and also to the boxes. A B, as shown in Fig. 2. Go over all the boxes with more nails so that they can't come apart with rough handling. You can also wrap the boxes securely together with galvanized wire or baling wire. Tar or paint the whole outside of the four boxes.

Place a seat across the boxes at G. Then get four springy boards. H H, in Fig. 3,





Bennett Clark, Bowling Green, Mo. thinks we ought to start a subscription for the boys' building and offers to give a dolard toward it. Clarence H. Wortman, New Concord, O: Leroy H. Ault, Costonia, O., and William Crary, Marshalltown, Ia., also suggest that the boys set to work and raise money for the building among themselves.

Vincent E. Dailey of Athens N. Y...

also suggest that the boys set to nor any raise money for the building among themselves.

Vincent E. Dailey, of Athens, N. Y., suggests that the boy's building at the St. Louis Exposition should contain a department for a library of boys' books, the books to be furnished by publishers; that there be a department showing work done by boys; that the attendants in the building should be boys.

This boy says he went to the Panamerican Exposition, having earned his way with his printing press.

Harry Hadley, Chambersburg, Ill., suggests that we name a date when every subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY shall write a letter to the Board of Managers giving reasons why he thinks such a luilding should be erected. He thinks the boys of America could easily stagger the management. Harry has an uncle in St. Louis who is a physician, and he is going to write to him and ask him to use his personal influence.

personal influence.

Harry promises to tell the boys something about feeding pigs.

A Sample Letter of Approval.

Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 12. 1901.

Editor "THE AMERICAN BOY,"
Detroit. Mich.:
Dear Sir:—I note what you say in your announcement concerning the proposed Boys' Building at the St. Louis Exposition.
I want to heartily endorse this effort, as I believe it can be made the most interesting and instructive building of the entire Exposition, as at this time the needs and conditions of boys are being studied more than ever before, and many of the greatest men of our day are endeavoring to solve some of the great problems of boy life. If I can serve in the slightest way in this movement, please command me.

At the recent jubilee of the Young Men's Christian Association at Boston, of all the exhibits, the one made by the Boys' Departments attracted by far the most attention. I believe the Boys' Departments over the entire world would be glad to place an exhibit of work being done, and give the movement their support. An exhibit such as we had at Boston would make the building a success, but of course a much better exhibit would be arranged for the Exposition, as we are making rapid progress in our methods, and there would be hundreds of other features of an educational nature. I hope the plan is pushed through.

Very truly,

A. ALLEN JAMESON.

Commendation from a Worker for Boys.

PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.

With the approach of the holiday season, when the subject of presents is in everybody's mind, what more pleasant and profitable employment could you have than acting as representative for THE AMERICAN BOY in your locality? You will find mothers, and friends of boys generally, interested at this season of the year in a publication that appeals, as does THE what more pleasant and profit-AMERICAN BOY, to the young fellow for whom we have usually some trouble in selecting suitable presents. THE AMERI-CAN BOY makes a good Christmas present—a present that has value all through the year.

In another column we show our Christmas card. This card we furnish free of charge to any one who wishes to use THE AMERICAN BOY as a Christmas present. It is printed in two colors and is attractive. If you want to solicit for THE AMERICAN BOY during the next sixty days, drop us a postal card to that effect and we will send you sample copies and give you liberal terms.

How Do You Treat Your Sister?

It is the easiest thing in the world for a boy to be polite to some other fellow's sister. Then why is it that some of them find it so hard to remember to be equally courteous to their own sister? Many a boy is rude to this sister without readily realizing it; in other words, he forgets to be polite. Then, again, he is afraid of being dubbed as "sissey" if he should be caught paying some attention to his sister. It is a bad habit for any one to get into—that of saving ones polite ways for outsiders.

If she asks you a question, don't answer her in a rude or careless manner, as if you thought she did not know what she was talking about, and wasn't worth listening to.

Don't tease her, or make fun of her in a way to hurt her feelings. You wouldn't do that to some other girl.

You can just bank all you have on the boy who is kind and thoughtful to his own sister, for you may be sure he will develop into the right sort of a man, and is bound to win the respect and admiration of every one. our Christmas card. This card I most cordially commend the idea of a Boys' Building at the Louislana Purchase Exposition, with all that the idea implies in the way of exhibits of the brain and brawn of American boyhood. The suggestion opens up a world of possibilities of absorbing interest to the boys and their legion of friends. By all means, the promoters of the Exposition should indorse this plan. The designing of the buildings, and so far as possible the construction of the same, together with the collection and arrangement of the exhibits, should be done by boys; the general direction of that feature of the Exposition should be in the hands of competent boys, with possibly an adult directory; rallroad excursions on a large scale should be promoted; patriotic processions and geographical and historical

"The American Boy Shut-in Society"

Every boy who is sick or crippled and compelled to remain indoors from morning till night, day after day—one who is likely to be confined to his home for months or years to come—may have a free subscription for one year to THE AMERICAN BOY. Such a boy is entitled, also, without any cost to himself, to be a member of THE AMERICAN BOY SHUT-IN SO-CIETY.

Items Regarding Members of the "Shut-in" Society.

Names of "Shut-ins" Received Since the Issue of the October Number.

John Rowan. Merrille C. Rector, Guy Swendle, Ned Davis, Alexander N. Ross. George Kirby. Apollos S. Long. D. A. Moore. Markie Cleland, Ben C. Knight Clifford Hull. William Heather. Arthur Williamson, S. M. Thomas. John Pearce. Charley Baggett. Alex. McLaughlin, Leon Wood, Warren Smith. Paul A. Heideman. Gene Gustason, Allen Blodgett, John Fagerstem, Shirley Hite. Cecil Wilhelm, Fred Hughes, George E. Hyde, John H. Stout. George Carter Riser. Lile Richardson. Frank D. Murphy.

How Do You Treat Your Sister?

PEPTIC MALT

A SLEEPLESS NIGHT CAN BE PREVENTED.

Substantially all the cases of insomnia are caused by the inability of a stomach weak in digestive power to furnish the brain with the necessary amount of pure rick bless!

The brain through the nerves keeps telegraphing the stomach for a further supply. If the stomach cannot respond, wakefulness

A tablespoonful of our Peptic Malt taken before retiring will enable the stomach to fully supply the brain, and a restful night's sleep will follow. It is not a medicine but a highly concentrated predigested form of

A delicate, nervous lady wrote us: "I have not enjoyed such sleep in twenty years." receipt of 40 cents in stamps, we will mail you a pound package.

BALL CEREAL CO., DANSVILLE, N. A.



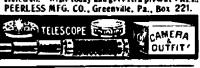
Munsing UNION SUITS FOR BOYS

Cost no more than Vests and Pants and are much more comfortable and satisfactory.

For complete information as to styles, sizes, fabrics and prices, address

The Northwestern Knitting Co., 265 Lyndale Avenue North, Minneapolis, Minn.





YOUR KNIFE MADE TO ORDER With your PHOTO, EMBLEM, or NAME and ADDRESS in a TRANSPARENT HANDLE.



S:yle 273-Two Blades (Cut % size), Price, \$1 on. Blades, hand forged razor steel. Fully Warranted. \$45.00 PER MONTH paid AGENTS for soliciting orders. Send for circular, terms and territory. The Canton Cutlery Co., 1872 E. Second St., Canton, O.

SI SII SIII FOR BOYS.
Your success gnar-anteed as agents for Malonne. Free sample and terms to prove our atatement. Exclusive territory and sale guaranteed. Salome is entirely brew, wonderfully good, washing without washboards, and it is a modern washday labor eaver. Every woman in your neighborhood wants it. Profit large, sells easily, experience unnecessary. Write to-day and ket a FREE BOOKLET that will please your mother. SHAVER BLAKE CO., CEDAR RAPIDS, 10 WA.

CAN YOU SPARE HALF A DAY?

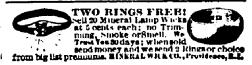
If so, and you would like to exchange this amount of time for a set of True Stories of Great Americans, write us. These books (12 cioth bound vol.) are the most charming historical works ever written. Given as premiums for securing a few subscriptions to World's Events. Half a day should do it. Henty, Alger, and many other books on same plan. Instructor Pub. Co., 20 Main Mt., Dansville, N. Y.



WE GIVE AWAY FREE one rolled gold not FREE

Salve Parlias from discussed from policy and dependent from present form of the parliage of the parliage from the GARFIELD GUN CO. BOX 190 MEADVILLE, PA.

BE UP-TO-DATE Were you ever embarrassed when asked for a card and hadn't any. We supply this accessity. Send 10 cents for great introductors scheme, or stamp for information. Phillis C. A. N. Co., Dept. B.6639 Monroe Ave., Chicago, Ill.





New puzzles to be printed and answers to the Tangles should be addressed to UNCLE TANGLER, care AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich.

Raymond MacNeal, 577 N. Laurel St., Hazleton, Pa., wins the prize for best new and original puzzles received by October 15. One of his contributions appears in this terms.

Others who sent in answers to the Tan-

Others who sent in answers to the Tangles or contributed new puzzles, are: Harry E. Schreppel, Arthur H. Myer, Fayette Jones, I. Donald Huston, Warren P. Lovett, Stanley C. Hill, E. Kahner, George H. Bell, Henry W. Hall, Will H. Sampson.

The October Tangles were unusually lengthy and hard to unravel, while the time between their publication and the date of the award of the prize for best list of complete answers was too short to enable many to compete with any hope of success. To obviate this in future and give the Pacific Coast and other far-away Tanglers time enough to have a fair show. Uncle Tangler proposes to receive answers until the twenty lifth day of each month instead of the lifteenth as heretofore, and postpone the announcement of the prize winner until a month later. The award for the best new puzzles will be made and announced as usual in the issue first following their receipt.

susual in the issue first following their receipt.

Alphabetical Geography, Tangle 24, in the September issue, has challenged our persistent Tanglers to seemingly tireless research. Answers are still coming in, the highest number of geographical names beginning and ending in A so far reported being 53, by I. Donald Huston, of Mobile Fayette Jones, of Mt. Pisgah, Ia., finds 561; Arthur H. Myer, San Francisco, over 500, while Warren P. Lovett, Sandersville, Ga., finds in the United States alone over 200 cittes and towns that fulfill the conditions. As information regarding the 1900 census is not everywhere commonly accessible as yet. Tanglers residing in the smaller towns and seeking to solve the Census Tangles. Number 42, in this issue, may have to ask the postmaster or the editor of their local paper for the required figures. Populations of all cities exceeding 25,000 will be found in a booklet. "Great Achievements of the Nineteenth Century," that can be obtained free by writing Jones & Hyde, 289 Dearborn St. Chicago, and enclosing a stamp.

The prizes this month will again consist of two interesting books for boys, one of which will be given for best new puzzles for publication, and the other for best complete list of answers to this month's Tangles. The award for new puzzles will be made November 15 and announced in the December number, while that for correct answers will be he'd onen till November 25 and announced in the January number.

Answers to October Tangles.

25. The human body. Chest, (eye)lids, (knee) caps, foot, finger, hand, nails, joints, soles, muscles, palms, iris, tulips (two lips), drums, apple, hart (heart), calves, hares (hairs), temples, arms, (el)bows, vanes (veins), inn steps (insteps), the ayes (eyes) and noes (nose), pupils, ten Dons (tendons).

B o O t Y L y D i A I n E r T S a L v E S o L u S

Bilss, governor of Michigan; Odell, governor of New York; Yates, governor of Illinois, 27. (1) William Waldorf Astor. (2) Philip Danforth Armour. (3) J. Plerpont Morgan. (4) George Mortimer Pullman. (5) Charles M. Schwab. (6) John Wanamaker. (7) Russell Sage. (8) George J. Gould. (9) John D. Rockefeller. (10) Andrew Carnegle. (11) William K. Vanderbilt. (12) Chauncey Mitchell Depew. (13) Hetty H. R. Green. (14) Marcus Aurelius Hanna. (15) Winfield Scott Schley. (16) Frederick Funston. (17) George Dewcy. (18) Joseph Wheeler. (19) Theodore Roosevelt. (20) William T. Sampson. (21) Robley D. Evans. (22) Richmond Pearson Hobson. 28. A penny saved is two pence clear; A pin a day's a groat a year. (Ape) (pen) (N. Y.) (saved) (eyes two) (pen) C. (100) E. C. (150) (ear); (Ape in a day) SAG (row) TA (year).

W A G E R A G I L E G I V E N E L E C T R E N T S

30. 1793 minus 3 is 1790, plus 65 is 1855, divided by 5 is 371, plus 11 is 382, divided by 2 is 191, plus 2 is 193, taken from 1896 is 1703, plus 33 is 1736, 31. (1) Oyster soup. (2) Roast Turkey. (3) Cranberry Sauce. (4) Sweet Potatoes. (5) Mashed Potatoes. (6) Succotash. (7) Lobster Salad. (8) Mixed Pickles. (9) Lemon Sherbet. (10) Chocolate Cake. (11) Lemonade. 32. Dalsy, rose, pink, peony, illy, poppy, illac, pansy, sweetpea, aster. 33. (1) TO-per. (2) LE-per. (3) CA-per. (4) VI-per. (5) TA-per. (6) PI-per. (7) (SI'-per. (8) WI-per. (9) RI-per. (10) PA-per. 34. (1) Taper-tapir. (2) Mantlemantel. (3) Boar-bore. (4) Four-fore. (5) Peace-plece. (6) Sail-sale. (7) Gambolgamble. (8) Please-pleas. (9) Groan-grown. (10) Anser-answer. (11) Stationery-stationary. (12) Canon-cannon. 35. Hose. Anna; hosanna. 36. Mons, Raton. Newark, Kingston. Oran, Dover, Evora, Sena, Sunderland, Fall River, Erlau, Natal, Troy, ntus 65 is 1855. di-

Ypres, Dalias, Salta, Reno, Reus, Dalles, Mentor. Lyons, Galway, Olean. Salem, Nice, Reshd, Lyman, Lyme, Alost, Onawa, Eden, Flushing, Essex. Dadeville, Seward, Pesth, Thebes, Standish, Wabash, Lincoln, Media, Amana, Lycoming, Tours, Nephi, Hyde, Terre Haute, Duncan, Ylo, Ringgold, Golden, Shoreham, Danville, Hawarden, Denison, Orel, Sparta, Erie, Osage, Orange, Frankfort, Sonora, Rye, Alton, Altona, Eton, Escanaba, Ashtabula, Stoughton, Saco, Napoli, Anjou, Tama.

NEW TANGLES.

Prize Puzzle.

37. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Each word consists of six letters. The initials spell the name of a celebrated English tragedian who died January 22, 1863, and the finals the name of a celebrated English statesman who died January 23, 1806.

A water fowl you'll please to find. A water fowl you'll please to find.
An ancient prophet bring to mind.
Relating to the stars, you'll see.
A wretched fellow this will be.
An azure stone now greets the sight.
A point of time now bring to light.
A method or a scheme's here seen.
To steal a child, this word doth mean.
A scripture name doth now appear.
A skillful person look for here.
And now we float on water clear.
—R. M. N.

38. CHARADE.

My first we all should give to God For blessings on us poured;
My second is more blessed than To lay by a great hoard;
My whole's a day that's set apart,
When joy and praise should rule each heart.

—Queen Zero.



-The Empress.

41. THANKSGIVING PL

How urmsrum ta shi tol yodat?
How rocsns sih vanite turfi nad mobol?
Ro gishs orf stindela arf yawa,
Diesbe eth ontubesou dorba fo embo?
(From Whittler.) —Elmer Austin.

42. CONCEALED ANIMALS.

This lot has been plowed three times.
 He won a prize, but it took hard work.
 Now, Israel, keep still for a moment.

Send No Money 20 High

menicantly engraved double bunting
American bitandard' watch for free
plection. Case is made of the newly
discovered gold alloy with extra
beary plate of 16 karat Solid
Gold, and even experts cannot
tell it from a 50 dollar watch.
High-grade movement, fully neweled, dupler escapement, patent
wind and set, with absolute
70 YEARS BUARANTEE.
The American Standard is the
handoment and best time keeping watch ever offered for the
price. Watch dealers buy them in
preference to other makes, costing 15 to
20 dollars. We have received during the last 8
months over 10,000 duplicate orders and thouands of testimonials from all over the world.
Our regular factory price is 860.00 per dozen,
but in order to extend our trade, we will for the
next 55 days only, send a sample watch for free
This firm 4s thoroughly reliable.—Editor.

EAGLE WATCH MFO, CO., 178 Lees Bldg., CHICAGO. Bond name and address and we will send you this magnificently engraved double hunting case, "American Standard" watch for free Inspection. Case is made of the newly discovered gold alloy with extra beavy plate of 14 karat Solid Gold, and even experts cannot tell it from a 50 dollar watch. High-grade movement, fully jew-seled, dupler escapement, patent wind and set, with absolute wind and set, with absolute of the control o

Quiet and thoughtful, I onward trudged.
5. Stella made a call just after you left.
6. Abe arose at the first streak of dawn. 7.
Teaching made Ernest quite intelligent. 8.
This crib exceeds all others in size.
—S. F.

43. CENSUS TANGLES.

44. TANGLED MAP. Name the country here pictured, and all points incorrectly named on this map:

45. SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

Take one word from each of the follow-ng Bible verses and get a well-known

xodus:
1. II. Samuel, vil. 24.
2. II. Samuel, vii. 5.
3. II. Samuel, vii. 6.
4. II. Samuel, vii. 10.
5. II. Samuel, ii. 13.
6. I. Kings, xi. 2.
7. I. Kings, xi. 36.
8. I. Kings, xii. 5.

—Parson

Our 45 Day Offer

46. THANKSGIVING BLANKS.

Fill the blanks with words pronounced alike, but spelled differently:

1. When we were — the turkey our eyes — with delight. 2. We had to — the turkey — the dressing would not come out. 3. I would like to — how a Thanksgiving dinner is served at — 1. I will try to — this turkey to the man in the — 5. We went a long — to — the turkey. —Herbert Whitney. 43. CENSUS TANGLES.

All the figures will be found in the U. S. official census of 1900:

1. The population of Greater New York is 3,437,202, which is exactly equal to the combined population of the following cities: Chicago, Philadelphia, Newark, N. J.; St. Joseph, Mo.; Lincoln, Neb.; Taunton, Mass., and Easton, Pa., plus the number by which Newport, Ky., exceeds Woonsocket, R. I. Prove it.

2. The largest city in the largest state in the U. S. is exactly as much smaller than the largest city in the smallest state as the sum total of the populations of Schenectady, N. Y., Rockford, Ill., Butte, Mont., and Montgomery, Ala., less the number by which Kansas City, Kansas, exceeds Portland, Me. Prove it.

3. According to the official census, Salt Lake City, I'tah, exceeds San Antonio, Tex.; Covington, Ky., exceeds Akron, O.; Augusta, Ga., exceeds Pawtucket, R. I., and Atlantic City, N. J., exceeds Hay City, Mich., by exactly the same number of people in each case. What is this uniform difference in population between the cities named?

44. TANGLED MAP.

47. DOUBLE DIAMOND.

Read across: 1. The sixteenth letter of the alphabet. 2. Very welcome when the sandman comes. 3. The capital city of a Western nation. 4. A boon to bald heads. 5. A consonant in Episcopalian.

Read down: 1. The seventh letter from the end of the alphabet. 2. A weapon. 3. The capital city of an Aslatic nation. 4.

The capital city of an Asiatic nation.
To delve. 5. An exclamation.
—Marshall.

48. ARABIAN NIGHTS ACROSTIC.

48. ARABIAN NIGHTS ACROSTIC.

The initials give the name of a celebrated Arabian Nights' character:

1. The grand vizier's daughter, who told the Arabian Nights' tales to her husband, the Sultan.

2. The last name of "Scheich," who so royally entertained Noureddin and the fair Persian.

3. The father of Bedreddin Hassan.

4. The physician who cured the Greek king and whose head spoke after it was cut off.

5. The Princess of China, daughter of King Giaour, who married Prince Camaralzaman.

6. The son of the Chinese tailor, Mustapha, who wedded the Sultan's daughter and did many wonderful things with the aid of the genie of the lamp.

7. The sister of the relater of the Arabian Nights tales.

—Uncle Tangler.

Playgrounds for City Boys and firls.

Good men and women in the cities are giving their attention to finding play-grounds for children in the crowded tene-ment districts. Mrs. Courtwright, of Chi-cago, has opened a day and evening play-ground for the children of the First Ward It is located in Plymouth Court, just south of Harrison street, and the night it was opened about five hundred children enjoyed its seclusion.

its seclusion.

The purpose of the playground is to keep the children from the street. The lot is bare of grass and is fenced in, and Mrs. Courtwright has filled it with swings, ladders, punching bags, rings, etc. Mothers came with their bables and gave them such a treat as they had never had before.

There is talk of making a place on the Lake-Front Park for a free playground for the First Ward children. Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, has such a playground, with grass, a fountain, ponies to ride, go-carts, marble and ball grounds, and the like. It is for the children of the poor.

-E. A. Coombs

–Parson Queer.

....SOME OF OUR BOYS....

ing Bible verses verse in Exodus:



No. 1. THE DUNCE.



No. 2 THE STUDENT.

PAN-AMERICAN SOUVENIR

Here is a chance for the readers of The American Boy to get a souvenir of the Pan-American Exposition at an extremely low cost. The souvenir contains one fountain pen, one automatic pencil with a box of leads, and on-nickle-plated pen holder, with air indestructible pens. I will send you the outfit for 25c and two cents to pay return postage. It seems impossible to offer these articles at anch an extremely low cost, but they are burght in at such an extremely low cost, but they are bought in large quantities and, therefore, can be sold very cheap. If you wish one of these articles you should order at once, as they may not last long. Send your money by P.O. or express money order if possible.

W. L. AUSTIN, TECUMSER, MICH.



BOYS AND GIRLS carn Air Gus or Doll. Sell 12 boxes Headache Torpedeca, guaranteed bust any headache. Reeach. Send no money, only name and address. Wileex Brea., Tracy, Miss.

1000 Fereign Stamps, 20c; 100 var. foreign stamps, 20c; 100; 25 var. unused foreign stamps, 25c; five var. unused stamps free to all sending reference for my approval sheets at DN. T. R. JOHNSTIDN. Salisburg. Pa.

MUSIC STRING FACTORY Battle Creek, Mails cuts of Strings and Sample Fig.

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 82 pages. Its subscription price is \$1.00 a year, payable in advance. Foreign subscriptions, \$1.25

New Subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Payment for The American Boy when sent oy 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.

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 pay-THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.,

MAJESTIC BLDG. DETROIT, MICH. WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE

EDITOR. GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

The Boy Who Won the Baseball Outfit.

In our June number we offered to the boy who came nearest to telling where in the United States during the month of June the thermometer would register the highest temperature, twenty eight dollars and eighty five cents worth of Spaiding's League baseball goods. According to the terms of the offer, if there were several who chose the same spot, the winner was to be determined by lot. The Government report showed that two towns in the far west, namely. Salton two towns in the far west, namely. Salton and Volcano Springs, Cal., took the palm for hottest weather. There were several boys who selected these towns, and the



JAMES ADAMS.

winner was chosen by lot, the names being written on slips of paper, thrown into a hat, and the drawing was made by Mr. Ormond F. Hunt, Prosecuting Attorney of the County of which Detroit is the County Seat. His certificate follows:

State of Michigan, \ SE.:

County of Wayne, (88.)

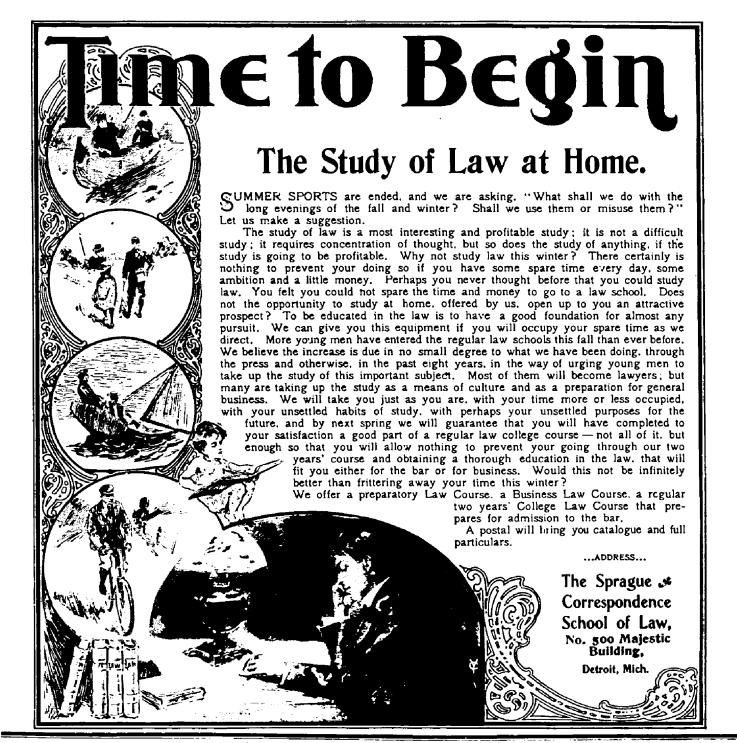
This is to certify that on August 19, 1901, I deposited in a hat slips of paper bearing the names of James Adams, Rex C. Leeper, Richard Bonorden, Willie McBride, Louis Straka, Ross Seasly, Edison Belt and Harold W. Wiley, and that these slips were of the same size, shape and color. Further, that I then, without looking in the hat, placed my hand therein and drew forth one of the slips, and that this slip bore the name of James Adams.

ORMOND F. HUNT. ORMOND F. HUNT.

Prosecuting Attorney, Wayne Co. Mich. Detroit, Mich., Aug. 19, 1901.

The following letter has been received from the winner:

Columbia City, Ind., Sept. 13, 1901.
Sprague Publishing Co.,
Gentlemen:—I received your letter on the tenth, and am pleased to say that the baseball outfit was received a few days ago. It is all just as represented, and I am very



proud of it. My friends are all willing to help me use it. I was fourteen years old the second of July. I thank you very much for the outfit and wish THE AMERICAN BOY many years of success.

Very respectfully,

JAMES ADAMS.

In Writing Advertisers.

In writing firms and individuals whose advertisements appear in THE AMERICAN should be in early to insure good position.

BOY please mention THE AMERICAN BOY; call attention to the fact that you saw the advertisement in these columns. This helps the advertiser and helps us. At any rate see that in addressing the advertiser you use his exact address as it appears in the advertisement without omitting post office box, street address, or other seemingly unimportant parts of the address.

Advertisements for our Christmas number

Binders for "The American Boy."

You want to preserve your copies of THE AMERICAN BOY. You want to keep all the numbers together in nice, clean condition. Then you need one of our AMERICAN BOY BINDERS, made especially for THE AMERICAN BOY, and so constructed that each number, as it is received, can be slipped in and fastened, and when the twelve numbers of a volume are completed you have a book with good binding, embossed with the title, THE AMERICAN BOY. The price is \$1.00 delivered.

The American Boy as a Christmas Present

Don't you want to give a subscription to The American Boy to some one or more boy friends, this Christmas? If so, drop us a postal card telling us how many subscriptions you will have to send in, and we will send you FREE OF CHARGE a sufficient number of these Christmas Cards, in colors, for you to mail to your friends.



CHRISTMAS CARD

The American Boy for One Year

To___

HAT you may have a happy Christmas, and that it may last all through the coming year, I have sent a subscription for you to the Sprague Publishing Company, Detroit, Mich., for THE AMERICAN BOY for one year. I hope you will get great pleasure and good from its monthly visits. The first number should reach you on or before Christmas morning. I wish you all the joys of the glad holiday season.



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Our Editor Among the Boys

D

RING the sixty days just past I have been visiting the boys and incidentally visiting their parents, their sisters, and their adult friends generally. It has been a pleasant experience. True, it has been hard work—this delivering of a lecture night

after night, running for trains, eating strange cooking, and sleeping in strange beds, but the compensation—a large part of which is the opportunity of talking face to face with thousands of American boys and friends of boys—is sufficient, I assure you. My lecture, was, of course, on the American Boy. What subject more worthy of my time and my labor!

I spent some very pleasant evenings in Ohio; at Cambridge, under the management of the Denison Club; at Tiffin, under that of the High School; at Mansfield, under that of the Young Men's Christian Association. Then a little later I took a run over to Illinois and talked for the Young Men's League of the Second Presbyterian Church, and to Joliet, where my lecture was under the auspices of the Senior Class in the High School, and then to Lansing, Mich., where a dozen bright boys of the Plymouth Congregational Church greeted me with a big church full of people. I have had other evenings with the boys, but it is enough to mention these.

Everywhere I have gone I have met the boys-hearty, healthy, aspiring, enthusiastic American boys. They greet me as their friend, and this distinction is dearer to me than any office, or honor, or gift men could bestow. Why, at some places I had to look at myself in the mirror to see if indeed I were not some great hero, instead of the plain, private citizen, I had always thought myself to be. And why shouldn't I feel proud when mothers and fathers come to me, bringing their boys and saying, "Mr. Sprague, my boy wants to shake hands with you. He reads THE AMERICAN BOY and he will not be satisfied until he has shaken hands with the editor;" or, as one mother said,

"Mr. Sprague, I want you to meet my two boys; they are of the kind of boys you admire." Then the mother beamed upon the two manly fellows who advanced and greeted me, and I said to myself, "There is character there," and in the mother's deep, intelligent interest in her boys I saw the secret of it all.

I wish you could have gone to Lansing a few days ago and stood on the platform with me, facing nearly a thousand people, mostly boys. The boys of the Industrial School, over six hundred in number, in their

their sisters, and their a pleasant experience. ering of a lecture night boy faces. Wasn't that a sight to inspire a lecturer, particularly one who loves boys? That was indeed a notable evening. The success of it was largely due to a lady, Mrs. S. S. Beggs, who is consecrating a large part of her heart and her life to a Sunday school class numbering some fifteen boys. But she could have done nothing without the hearty support of these boys. She called upon me at the hotel before the hour for the lecture, accompanied by her own boy—a good specimen of the American boyand told me how anxious she was to do something for her class. She had learned

MANLEY LAWTON

Son of the Late Major-General H. W. Lawton

See Page 50

Beggs, who is consecrating a large part of her heart and her life to a Sunday school class numbering some fifteen boys. But she could have done nothing without the hearty support of these boys. She called upon me at the hotel before the hour for the lecture, accompanied by her own boy and told me how anxious she was to do something for her class. She had learned the secret of success with boys giving them something to do, and her voice and manner betrayed her earnest desire to be to them a real leader and teacher. Oh, for hundreds of such women in every community—women who see that their place in life is the mothering of the nation that is to be. How grand and inspiring would be the sight could we see the club women of America who are spending their time and strength in trifling, meaningless, absurd discussions of everything under the sun but the practical things of life, turning as a mighty army to the betterment of the conditions of child life—especially boy life in our American towns and cities, where scarcely a door is open to these boys at night, as they wander the streets, save the doors that lead to ruin! One such club that will establish a free gymnasium and swimming pool, or free reading room, or boys' lyceum, for the boys of the community, will do more to cheer its own and other hearts and make the race stronger, wiser, and better, than a thousand clubs discussing the question, Is the Is Issable.

When the time for the Lansing lecture drew nigh I went to the church, was met by this teacher, who introduced me to the president of the class—a straight manly young fellow of, I should say, seventeen.

He gave me a rose for my button hole, just like the one he himself wore, conducted me to the platform, and with perfect composure, introduced me to the large audience, but not until the Boys' Industrial School Choir of thirty boy voices had sung a song, as only the trained voices of boys can sing.

When my lecture was over, Mrs. Beggs brought her entire class to see me and introduced them to me one by one; I detected in her face and voice a spirit of real, genuine pride and satisfaction, as she said, (Continued on page 87.)

Little Pete's Christmas-Bertha Ester-brooke Goodier

long baking-board and looking, with bright eyes, up less as they seem. at the stalwart "lumber-jack" who bent before the When at last t fire, "did you know Christmas was coming?"
"Christmas?" asked Dan, still struggling with the

troublesome thongs that bound the great snowshoes to his moccasined feet, "w'at's Christmas?"

"Why, Dan, don't you know?" the blue eyes opened very wide; "why, Christmas—that's the night when we hang up our stockings, and in the morning they're filled with candy and oranges and maybe a knife er a pair of skates, er—er something."
"Who fills 'em?" demanded Dan.

"Why, your father and mother fills them after you're gone to bed. Little kids thinks its Santy Claus, but o' course, we know better than that."

"W'at for?" was the next question. "'Cause that's the night when the Saviour was ciled note.

born in Bethlehem, Dan, far, far away. And just think, there wasn't no place for his mother and father-that's Mary and Joseph—to stay, so they had to lay him in a manger."

"Not 'long with the horses?"

The boy nodded. "Poor little kid," said the kindly woodsman; "why, didn't they have no place to stay, Pete? Wasn't they no hotels?"

"There was a hotel—an inn, they called it, but there wasn't a single room for them."

"Well, that was hard luck, wasn't it?" The story had made an impression upon this careless mind, for Dan sat silent for a moment, then said: "Tell me more about him, Pete, and why you hangs up your stockins on his birthday."

And together they sat upon the rude bench before the wide fireplace, this little "Cookee" of the lumber camp, and the rough, young "lumber-jack;" the fair head close to the dark, uncombed one. Then the childish voice began the old, old story of shepherds that watched their flocks by night; of the glorious star that rose before them, almost blinding them with its brightness; of angels, singing the glad tidings of "Peace on earth, good will to and of the wise men men:" who followed the Star of Bethlehem till it led to the lowly manger, where lay the babe that had come to save the world from sin.

During the telling, others of the lumbermen had come in until, when he had finished, there was quite a little circle around the fire—a circle that stood quietly and listened, for there was something in the simple story that hushed their rude jokes and boisterous laughter. The firelight played upon their faces as they stood listening-these men who had come from all parts of the country to hurl their great strength against the unyielding pines; to swing their bright axes against the woody sides; and stand for hours, knee-deep

the river's icy now, to the with the crushing, jamin prowding logs. "Lumber-jacks," careless,
have as warm hearty, rough, it may be, but with hearts as warm beneath their ragged mackinaws as beat neath the

finest of cloth.

were the pale eyes and blonde hair of the Swedes; est as well as in the great city. I send you this the stolid, high-cheeked faces of the Fins; the dark swarthiness of the French-Canadian; the sturdiness of the Scot, and the ever-present son of Ireland.

Is Christmas wherever God is, and he is in the forest as well as in the great city. I send you this money, which I have saved for you. Perhaps my little boy may make their Christmas merry * * *."

It was only a two dollar bill poster folded. Casey by name.

They were all fond, in their way, of this little fairhaired boy who had come among them to be "Cookee," and they all knew that back there in that world where Little Pete had lived, was a sweet-faced mother who prayed for her boy, and sent him every week long, loving letters or sometimes a wonderful cake, or a pair of blue and white stockings-all that a widow's slender means could give. They had seen the tiny bible which she had tucked away, with many tears, in her little boy's belongings, and they felt a certain reverence for "Little Pete's mother" that was almost worship. Perhaps "lumber-jacks" have moth- help to make their Christmas merry." Over and rude bunk and longed for the morning. There was

"Dan," said Little Pete, leaning his arms upon the ers, too, and perhaps they're not as rude and care-lover the words rang in his ear as he thought of Dan,

When at last the boyish voice was still, there was a silence, broken only by the crackling of the flames. Each man stood staring straight ahead of him; each seeing some bygone Christmas day when well-loved faces had gathered around and well-known voices shouted the glad greeting, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

Then Little Pete must slip away to set out the tin dishes and help put the supper on. Soon only the clattering of cups and spoons was to be heard, for the printed rules, "No talking," must be obeyed in the "cook-shanty" during meal-time.

That night, when each tired head had sought its table and in the flickering firelight, scrawled a pen-

who had not even known what Christmas was; of "Scotty," who still longed for the hills of "Bonnie Scotiand" and the white, white heather; of "Yon-son," poor old "Yonson," whose Christmas would be only a prolonged lapse into drunkenness, and who would spend all his hard-earned dollars up at "Hogan's"; of "Frenchy Mike," who could remember Christmas days in "Monrahal"; of "Joe Salt," the slender young trapper, a devout convert of "Father de le Ronde," and a very good Indian. They were all his friends and he wanted to give them pleasure -but how?

The troubling question rose before him, as he looked from the little window set deep in the logs, rough pillow, Little Pete sat by the narrow pine out upon the white world that lay around; up onto the snow-capped mountains, to whose rocky sides clung the pines, their frosty branches glistening in

the wintry light till they sparkled like "Christmas trees." Why, they were Christmas trees, here at his very door, and he had scarcely thought of them. What better luck could he wish?

"But Joe," argued Little Pete, stopping the while to stamp his feet together and rub his tingling fingers-for it was bitter cold up here on the mountain, "that one's a lot too big. It wouldn't go in the shanty at all. We'll have to go on till we find a better one."

Joe Salt grunted, an Indian's way of saying "All right," and shouldering his shining ax once more took up the search, for, though it was the greatest of secrets, Little Pete had told all his plan to Joe and counted upon his aid, for Joe knew all about Christmas. He had been guide to many a hunting and camping party and had once been across the "Great Lake" in Michi-

pocaton Harbor and to Saulte

Ste. Marie. They had decided that there must be a Christmas tree—just the right sort of a Christmas tree, too-and they had come far from camp, lest some of the "cutters" spy them out and • guess their precious errand. They had inspected many a slender pine during their tramp, but always there was Little Pete's "too big" or "too small," and Joe's "Kaween na scheen" (no good) or "Kcheemang, Pagwah" (big tree no like).

Then at last Little Pete, who had been running ahead, came to a standstill. "Oh, Joe," he cried, "look at that. Isn't that a daisy?"

And a "daisy" it was, indeed. Tall, but not too tall; slender, well-proportioned, with green fringed branches and rugged trunk. They could al-most see the much-talked-of candles and strings of popcorn and "presents" hanging upon it.

A few deft strokes from Joe Salt's trusty ax and the sturdy pine was laid low. Then they piled it onto the waiting sled

* * And just think, mamma," he wrote, and started for the Indian's cabin, for here the didn't seem to know about Christmas. Isn't "Christmas tree" must stay hidden from all until to-morrow afternoon, when they could smuggle it over to camp while the men were in the woods.

ing into Nepigon, and the whispered conversations he had had with the Indian agent's kindly wife.

"Glory, don't they look like a lot, though," said their owner, as he viewed them with pride. "And won't the fellows open their eyes when they see them?"

"You bet," answered Joe, for he took almost as much delight in the gifts as did Little Pete. Indeed he had contributed a much-treasured dollar and had hunted up some scraps of red ribbon and blue beadwork, which Little Pete declared would look just 'beautiful" on the tree.

That night Little Pete tossed to and fro on his



"they didn't seem to know about Christmas. Isn't

it Christmas way up here in the lumber-woods? During the week came the reply: "Yes, dear, it

It was only a two dollar bill, neatly folded, but to Little Pete it was riches. It would buy that shining pair of skates on which he had feasted his eyes at every trip into the little Indian village of Nepigon; it would buy a bright red sled on which he longed to ride behind "Shoska," Dan's snow-white "husky" dog; it would buy * * * and then his mother's words came to him: "My little boy may help to make their Christmas merry," and with a sigh, he put the bill into the pocket of his great apron and turned once again to the tall pile of dishes that must be washed and dried for supper.

"May help to make their Christmas merry. May

so much to be done, so much to plan, he could time, 'cause I want you to help light up. 'Member, know how much," said Frenchy Mike earnestly, scarcely wait. Then all the day he went about his now," the excited boy shouted after the retreating His gift had been a tiny pair of Indian moccasins, work with such bright eyes and such an air of suppressed excitement that Dan, who had always a ready eye for anything that concerned the "kid," said more than once: "What's the matter with our 'cookee' this morning. Seems like he can't hustle us off soon enough? Hope he ain't sick er nuthin'," and much to the little boy's dismay loitered about the cook shanty long after the rest had trudged off to the scene of their labors.

When at last the stalwart shoulders were seen disappearing behind the snow-covered rocks, Little Pete, all restraint now thrown to the winds, fairly flew down the trail till he came to the half-breed's cabin.

"Hurry up now, Joe, get the 'husky' harnessed, 'cause Dan might come back any minute," and together they strapped the faithful dog into the reins and started the heavily laden toboggan on the way.

Once inside the shanty, they set busily to work. Old "Shorty," the cook, whom they had found necessary to let into the secret and who had been on the edge of blurting it out a dozen times a day, had filled a great sugar pail with sand and into this they placed the tree, packing it tightly about with the long greyish-green moss that covers the rocks in stood stamping their feet in the cold and waiting that region.

Then, what a busy afternoon they had, for the corn must be popped and strung into yards and yards of feathery whiteness. Joe had gathered the bright red berries that lay hidden just beneath the snow, and long strings of these, together with the popcorn they looped from branch to branch.

"Oh, doesn't that look grand!" Little Pete was hopping round and round the tree and clapping his hands in delight. "And now, the candles. Oh, how will we ever get them on?" And in truth it was no easy matter, for they had been able to get only the heavy tallow dips, and they wobbled this way and an illigant tree." that in a most stubborn manner and refused to stand straight, as a well-balanced candle should. But go on they must, and at last Old Shorty hit upon a plan. It was but a little matter of a split clothespin and a tenpenny nail that made each candle stand straight and true, each seeming proud of its little necktie of red ribbon.
"Whoop-ee!" Little

Little Pete went dancing again when this task was completed. "And now for the presents. Oh, Shorty, give me that chair for I must tie Dan's necktie way up high. Lift me Joe, I want to put it on myself—the very first one;" and while the little boy stood braced on the Indian's broad shoulders, very carefully, lest he disturb the glorious festoons of red and white, he fastened the little parcel to the topmost branch of all, then slid quickly to the floor again.

One by one they all found a place, and a long, mysterious bundle, which Pete had kept hidden beneath his pillow, and which bore the scrawling inscription, "To Joe Salt, from his friend, Peter Warwick, a Merry Christmas." was concealed among the branches. I am sure that the half-breed guessed for whom this present was intended for he very carefully avoided that side of the tree.

When at last all was complete, they stood back and gazed in open-eyed wonder at their handiwork.

"Glory, when she gets lit up, won't she be a daisy, though?" was all Little Pete could sav. and very was all Little Pete could say, and very heartily his friends agreed. "And now, Shorty, we'll just get the supper early, and, Joe, you'd better go, 'cause if they see you here they'll guess there's something up. We'll shove the tree into the storeroom and lock it up, so they'll never know till the very minute. And, Joe, don't forget to be here on

figure, then went about his evening's task.

How Little Pete ever got through that supper hour he could never tell. It seemed to him that the men had never dawdled so long over their frugal meal; that the calls for "more pancakes" and "nuther slice o' bread," had never been so frequent. But as all things come to an end some time, all the chairs were pushed back at last and the pipes came out, preparatory to the evening's smoke.

Little Pete had whispered it to Dan, and Dan had whispered it to his next neighbor, who in turn had passed it on, till all knew that Little Pete had some-

thing he wanted to say to them.
"Let 'er go, youngster," they all chorused goodnaturedly. "Stand up and have your little say," and accordingly Pete stood up.

"You see, me and Joe have planned a sort of a surprise for you this evening." he began. "It's in honor of the day and the little baby, that I told you about, you 'member. And if you'll all follow Dan outside, we'll be ready for you in just a minute."

Obediently they rose from their places by the fire and with many expressions of wonder trooped out into the snow, over to the "boss' shack," where they eagerly.

At last came the welcome summons: "Come on, now, fellows," and they all trudged back to the cook shanty, now ablaze with a wonderful light.

At the door they paused, as though hardly daring to cross the threshold.

"Come in, boys, come in. Don't you see, it's a Christmas tree, 'cause this is Christmas Eve," and then how Little Pete laughed at the shouts, in many tongues, that burst from the astonished men.

"The Saints presarve us," Casey's voice was heard

"Yiminy!" cried Yonson, "b' ain't it grand!"

"Just scrumptious," agreed Dan, his great eyes sparkling, while "Frenchy Mike" declared:

Eet iss lak the tree on Monrahal. Cel'st magnificent!"

Surely never was there so delighted a company At first it seemed that they could only walk round and round the wonder, and never admire enough. Little Pete was here, there and everywhere about the narrow room, too happy for words.

And when it came to the present-giving. Ah, that was best of all. Little Pete was, of course, master of ceremonies, and from his lofty seat on the faithful Joe's shoulder, handed down the parcels with a word for each. And what shouts of delight went up as the pink strings were untied and the presents brought to

"Say, look at this, will you? Oh, I'll be too proud to speak to you fellows," cried Dan, waving a flam-

ing red necktie before them.
"Put it on, Dan. You'll be a dude! Put it on,"

they urged and Dan needed no second invitation.
Then "Joe" and "Casey" and "Shorty" must light the long Indian pipes that had fallen to their lot, and soon were puffing away furiously.

"Seems to me tobacco never tasted so good," said

Casey, and the others agreed.

"That's for Maggie, ma dawg, so's she won't get losted," Old Yonson proudly held out a shining collar on which Little Pete had spent a very busy hour, for he had carved on the bright name plate, the words "Maggie Yonson," knowing that it was the fear of the old Swede's life that his only friend might

"Leetle Peet, that's mak' me so glad—you don'

beaded with bright blue beads and threaded with soft thongs of leather.

"They're for that little baby, that you left in Montreal, you know," explained the giver, and grateful 'Frenchy" did not say that the "baby" had long since outgrown "moccasins" and was now clamoring for 'copper-toed boots."

Then, when all the presents had been handed round and examined to their heart's content, Dan in answer to the many questioning glances that had been turned toward him, arose from his place by the fire, and said:

"Well now, Little Pete, you've had your say and I guess I'll have to have mine. Fust, I want to tell you, on behalf of myself and all of us fellows, that



kid and we all 'preciates your Christmas, you can bet. and thrusting a brown paper parcel in the astonished boy's hands. Dan sat down, with something very much like a tear in his big brown eyes.

It did not need the flashing of steel to tell Little Pete that the much-coveted skates were his, after all, and that night when the light of the wonderful Christmas tree had been put out and darkness once more fell over the little shanty, it was a very happy boy that fell asleep with his Christmas present under his pillow and a song of gladness in his heart.

"I did what you told me, mamma," he whispered, as though the sweet-faced mother were bending over him. "I tried the very best I knew how to make their Christmas merry, and I guess I did it, too."

An Unexpected Santa Claus; or, The Old Stove That Spoke

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

'Fore the Lor',
'Fore the Lor',
'Glori, Glori!
'Fore the Lor', 'fore the Lor''';

so sang Bonny, the janitor. His voice rang out through the empty church as he beat up the dusty pulpit cushions, filling the bright air of sunshine that was sifted through the Russian stained glass windows of ruby and golden saints and angels, with dust.

broom lay in the aisle. He opened a new door and lifted another crimson cushion which he began to beat with the air of a band master, singing:

"'Fore the Lor',
'Fore the Lor',
You may go from door to door,
But you must hab de heben!! grace
Or the Devil will get you sure!"

The last word of which he pronounced "shore."

The curator appeared.

"Preparin' for Xmas, and they'll be here soon with a cartioad of evergreen, and then everything will all be in clutter again." This was said for the ear of the curator.

"Bonny?" "Sar!"

parlor. Come after me. I want to show you how to arrange the room."

"Yes, sar.'

"Bonny, here, we are having a new furnace put into the room. We will have to use the old one that night. Now, the opening of the new furnace pipe, as big as a barrel, is uncovered. Put the old church stove over the opening so that no accident may happen, and we will dress up the old stove in evergreens just like a Santa Claus. No one need ever know what it is."

"Yes, sar." "And take the false bottom out of the old stove and remove it to the cellar. We'll never kindle a fire there again. You may sell that for old junk with the pipes and all; you might have the stove, too, if it were not needed just for that one occasion. You understand?"

"Yis, yis, understand? Yis, what's my head for?" There was a great giggling outside of the church. A cry of "whoa!" rose into the frosty air. Doors banged and a merry company of girls entered the church and skipped through the audience room, irreverently, into the church parlors which connected with the princess pine.

"The Christmas tree is going to be in the social | with the room by folding doors, which were now slid

Bonny, the colored janitor, had moved the bottomless stove over the opening of the new register, and Barry, the custodian, called out:

"Trim up the stove; make a Santa Claus of it, it looks unshapely and out of place as it is; but we'll have to have it there this year, it will be there for the last time. What a story it might tell—if it only had a mouth."

"It has a mouth," said Bonny, "mouth enough, but stoves do not talk. No one eber knew a stove to talk. No, no," and he sang on—

> "'Fore the Lor', 'fore the Lor', Glori, giori, 'Fore the Lor', 'fore the Lor', There's glory in my soul.

The merry work of trimming the church parlors began, and when it ended the old stove was changed into the form of an Evergreen Gatherer, with a pile of savin and creeping-jenny on his back.

"Now let me put some princess pine on his head, and he will look real scrumptious," said the squire's daughter Jane, and she crowned the evergreen man

The green festoons about the sunset-glimmering windows gave the rooms a very cheerful look at last. The reed organ was placed near the evergreen man as the stove was called. The old register filled the room with a summery air.

"We will have orchids and canary birds here this year," said Alice, whose father had a greenhouse, "and the bells shall ring in the chorus of our Christmas carol. We will mingle the pines and palms together-don't the old stove look handsome; if we were to open its mouth it would speak."

"It would take the wits out of me to have a stove speak," said Bonny. "Dumb animals spoke in the Scripture times, and said, 'Stop that wholloping,' and like asservations. But de walls ought to cry against any one who would wrong any one or anything in this bountiful year.'

"We'll put an electric star in the evergreens this year, and Mabella shall sing the old song, 'The Star of Bethlehem,' so as to recall to the goodwives the Christmas day of long ago."

It was dark when Bonny, the janitor, closed the doors. The stars came out, the snow glistened on the walls, and at nine o'clock the custodian reminded the town of the near approach of Christmas, by playing on the chimes, "On Christmas Day in the Morning.

Joseph Bonny, janitor, looked oddly at the stove which had been changed into the evergreen man, as he was about to turn out the lights in the spacious church parlors. The old stove with its evergreen mantle stood at the end of the speaker's platform, and when its door was open, now that the grate was gone, formed with the new furnace chimney a continuous cylinder to the coal chamber in the furnace in the cellar room. Joseph opened the stove door, brushing aside the evergreens, and shouted down into

the furnace.
"I does like to hear my voice double up so and come sounding back as though I was a man o' quality, such as the old burgermasters used to be.'

He shouted down the cylinder.

"Joe!"

His voice came back with compound interest, like an echo from the under world.

"Joe!"

He stopped and looked intent. Then he leaped up twice, and struck his hands on his knees.



He stopped and looked intent.

"Joe"-he was speaking to himself-"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll get into the furnace in the cellar on night to the star-lit pit. Now, listen all. de festible night, and just stay there, and hear my own pickaninnies speak their pieces. I will now-I'll hear! He looked into the pit." be all coal dust after I've fixed the fires that day, and they would not let me listen in the parlors, even at the door."

Joseph Bonny, janitor, had two children, a boy and a girl, in the mission school, who were to "speak pieces" at the holiday festival this year, and it would be the proudest honor of his life if he might hear them. He told them to "acquit themselves like men," and when he had heard them speak their pieces at the home rehearsals he remarked to him-

"Joseph Bonny, you are the father of more brains than any other man in New York." He somehow seemed to think that his two pickaninnies were the authors of the pieces that they spoke, one of which pieces was composed by Derzhavin and the other by Milton.

"That is the biggest speakin' tube that I ever saw yet," said he; "beats any other speakin' tube that I ever saw before all hollow—those speakin' strings are as a thread to it."

"Joe Bonny," he called into the stove door.
"Joe Bonny!" answered the hollow chamber beneath the great cylinder.

He leaped up twice again, clapping his hands on his knees.

"Now, that's what I call a mystery."

He shut the stove door and shook out the evergreens over it. Then he went into the cellar of the two furnaces and crawled into the door of the new one which was being prepared for use at some future time, and which was covered in the parlors by the, old stove representing the evergreen man.

He called up:

"Joseph!

The parlors seemed alive with the word.

"It all works wonderfully well," said he, "and here I will hear the pickaninnies, proud as King Solomon on his throne of ebony and peacock feather. Hi, hi, how grand it will be when I hear my own little pickaninny Joe say:

'No war nor battle sound Was heard the earth around. No hostlle chief to furious combat ran!' "

He came up from the cellar, and went out into the night, beneath the bright cold stars which seemed to be shining for him with a sort of prophetic light, because he was the father of piece-speaking pickaninnies.

"Those pieces that my little pickaninnies are to speak are just about the most wonderfulest I ever hyerd: one of dem is wonderful and de other is wonderfuller; 'Osiris' and Arcturus,' dems de words fer me; carry you away on the wings ob de winds. If I only had the coppers I would give dose two pickaninnies an education." He added: "I does my work well, year after year, but they never remember poor ole Joe on occasions like dese hyer, only with scraps and odds and ends and things—now I wants my two pickaninnies to amount to more than dat."

The day of the festival came, "de festible ob de Zion

Church," as Joe chose to call it, naming the cathedrallike edifice after the mission church it supported. It was a keen, blue winter day; the church parlors were thronged, and as the occasion was to be made notable for its liberality, a special speaker, a lecturer of continental reputation, was engaged to address the chil-

dren. His name was Pringle, or we will call him so. Mr. Pringle, it was said, knew "how to talk to children." This is a rare art. His style was quite dramatic, and he made his remarks live and breathe, and move forward in a very lively way by asking questions.

The music was a charm. The selections for recitations were made with taste and were admirably spoken, especially the Miltonic ode assigned to little pickaninny Joe. He made the names of the planets and oriental kings rise like eagles over the wondering crowd in silks, furs and feathers. After the speaking Mr. Pringle was to make his address, then presents were to be made, followed by ice cream, cake and coffee, and a lively sociable, at which it might be said that "Ceremony dropped her pride."

Mr. Pringle entered into the liberal spirit of the occasion. He chose for his address the story of Joseph and Reuben which he intended to make teach the lesson of lost opportunity, and to influence all not to neglect any one in present-making that year.

There was complete silence when he arose and stepped to the end of the platform near the stove which represented the evergreen man

He related the tale of the early life of Joseph in

a very picturesque and oriental way.

He described the casting of Joseph into the pit; then touchingly told how Reuben, of the tender heart, went away into the mountains, in order to come back again and rescue his brother Joseph from the pit, but as the Scriptures say, "he went to the pit, and Joseph was not in it." which illustrated lost opportunity. He should not have allowed Joseph to have been cast into the pit; when he sought to save him, it was too late.

His description of the good Reuben coming out of his hiding place to rescue Joseph was very graphic. He approached the point of the story when silence was to make a profound impression.

"So," said he, "Reuben came in the shadow of the

Reuben bent over the edge of the pit. Hear!

Here imaginative Mr. Pringle opened wide the old stove door, which was ajar before, so as to serve the ears of an unexpected Joseph below.

"Reuben heard no sound in the pit.

"He called:

"'Joseph!

"Listen, children, all listen. There comes no sound. He remembered Joseph too late." Mr. Pringle called: Joseph, are you there?"

Mr. Pringle put his hand to his ear, shaking his

"Joseph, are you there?"
"Hi, hi; I is here. It is not too late to remember Joseph.'

This was an unlooked for situation. The answer sounded tinny and hollow as if the shade of the veritable Joseph were in some deep pit below a tin mine.



"I am being guyed," said Mr. Pringle.

"I am being guyed," said Mr. Pringle. "There must be some ventriloquist here.

He called again:

'Joseph, I am your brother Reuben."

"Hi, hi. What did you come here for where I am living a respectable life. Did you hear my little pickaninnies speak their pieces? You steal chickens. I thought it was de rector a-callin' me up to make me a present."

The rector recognized the voice, as did the two precocious pickaninnies.

The rector went to the evergreen man, and shouted at the old stove door:

"You may come up, Joseph. Your two children have done you honor, and you have done your work here well for years, and janitors and rectors are all on the same level to-day. Come up, Joseph!"

He turned to the audience and said: "We shall not need any Santa Claus this year," and added, "Let us take up a collection for Joseph!"

TO OUR FRIENDS.

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THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO., Detroit, Mich.

The Christmas Bear

MARY H. McCoy

the mountains of western Virginia. The eight inches of snow which wrapped the earth, and clung to the pine and fir trees lay dead and cold in the grey light of early morning. David and Henry, now sixteen and fourteen respectively, were up with the first dull light, stubbing their cold toes, and blowing their stiff fingers, as they completed their preparations for a tramp across the mountain.

did that the day held great sport for them. The older Arnold boys had built and baited a bear trap some distance across the mountains, for the purpose of trapping a marauder that the mild winter had beguiled from his warm den.

'Now's the time," said these experienced foresters, "to catch him, before he goes in for the winter." for the signs pointed out that the offender they were after was a monster.

had been visited by Mr. Arnold, or one of the older brothers, who, finding it empty, were about concluding that bruin had given them the slip and

gone into winter quarters.

David and Henry had teased to be allowed to inspect the trap, and Mr. Arnold had granted their request, much to their joy. These boys, though mountaineers, had never been allowed to hunt much alone, and the anticipation of finding such big game made them quite jubilant.

Armed with a flintlock rifie, an ax, and a basket of lunch, they started off before the sun had climbed over the mountain that shut in the little valley. They felt their importance, and talked in very confident language of what they would do, should they find the bear.

"You know what I'm gwine to do, Marse Davie, when I see dat dar bar? I'm gwine march right up to 'im, and split he's hade to 'im, and split he's hade wide open wid dis heah ax! 'Dar, Mr. Bar!' I'll say, 'dat's whut yo' gits fur yo' pains, fur goin' inter dis heah bar trap!'"

"No. Henry," said David a trifle "toploftically," "I

had better shoot him, right between the eyes; for he might possibly reach out his paw and pull you into the trap."

"Sakes alive! Marse in de top ob de hade!'

And so they talked as they trudged through the snow, up over the crest of the mountain, and down on the other side. It was a tramp of some four miles. but excitement and anticipation banished weariness from their thoughts. The trap was set upon a ledge -a small plateau that bordered a steep descent. As the boys neared the point from which they knew they might obtain a view of the trap, their hearts took on a quicker beat, and excitement was plainly visible in their faces, though each tried to appear composed. With a mutual impulse they stood still-there, perhaps one hundred yards distant was the trap-but that was not what made each boy's heart jump into his throat.

Something was the matter with the trap! It was pitching, and creaking, and groaning: ine bar's playin' possum—I think he jes' waitin' fur and fifty boys and girls of the High School, mighty scamper to put distance between them and manner to put distance between the put that heaving bear trap. David was the first to re-cover himself. "Henry!" he shouted, but Henry only looked over his shoulder a moment, the whites of his eyes gleaming in the distance.

His foot struck a stump, and down he went sprawling into the snow. David made a dash for him, grabbed him by the collar, and raised him to a sitting posture. "Gracious, Marse Davie!" he gasped. "whar's dat bar? I thought he done got me dat

Christmas Day, 18-, dawned crisp and clear, in then the pitching began again, accompanied by creaking, and thunderous growls. David had to hold Henry by main force. They spoke in whispers, and Henry said his prayers between agonized entreaties to Marse Davie to let him go. At last David succeeded in quieting him somewhat, and laid his plan before him.

He pointed out a large fallen tree some fifty feet from the bear pen. Also two slim young birch trees But little they cared for the cold, feeling as they fifty feet nearer them. "Now," said David, "we'll id that the day held great sport for them. The crawl to that log with the ax and gun; I'll wait until I get a good chance at his head before I shoot. Then we'll run and skoot up those birch trees and wait to see what happens. They are too slender for the bear to climb."

Accordingly they crept, David in front and Henry "to catch him, before he goes in for the winter." close in his wake, until the log was reached. A And so the trap was set and secured with extra care. closer view of bruin was not calculated to quiet their quick beating hearts. He was indeed a monster; so tall that when he stood on his hind legs the trap was The bait used was a chicken and a tempting lifted entirely off the ground. David loaded his gun, chunk of honey. During the two days following it watched his opportunity and fired. The report of the

Then dropping gun, ax and basket, took to their heels.

Davie, I ain't 'fraid o' no bar—'specially ef dey's in | Sooner than it can be told the boys had dropped he did, dis niggah wouldn't a bin heah fur to tell de er trap! You jes watch me give Mr. Bar a split open gun and ax, and were safe among the branches of the tale! Ain't dat so, Marse Davie?" er trap! You jes watch me give Mr. Bar a split open gun and ax, and were safe among the branches of the birch trees. The growls continued for what seemed an age to the terrified boys. Then all was still. The boys waited. "Come on Henry, let's take another shot.'

"Don't you think, Marse Davie, I bettah stay up here and watch dat bar fur you?" "All right, if you want to act the coward, you may." That was too much for Henry; he slid down the tree, and crept after David to their former position behind the log. There was no movement in the bear trap. The big black beast lay prone just where he had been when David had first taken aim. Reloading and putting his gun in position he fired again. Then to their heels and up the trees as before. But no sound came from the bear trap.

was David made bold to speak aloud. "I guess he's boys dead, Henry; come on!" "Marse Davie, I think dat mammy cry! I feel his teefs goin right fru my bones dis minute—I do, Marse Davie!" "Now, Henry, don't act the baby! But to please you, I'll shoot once more—come on." Again the performance. and again the boys were up the trees. Still no sound or movement in the bear trap. David was triumphant, and let out a whoop of victory. But Henry begged him to "Hish up. I's heered ob bars playin' possum fur er whole day, den eatin' everybody dey could fine fur dere supper." At last, however, per-David sat down upon a log and, somewhat alive to suaded and shamed by David, he climbed down and

the ludicrous situation, laughed aloud. "Hish up helped him pare and sharpen a hickory sapling into dat, Marse Davie, you think I gwine stay here ef a spike. With cautious steps they approached the you tell dat bar whar we is? I go right stret home trap, and pushing the sapting into the hole in the dis minute ef you don't quit yo' projikin (joking)— bear's head, made by David's good marksmanship, dat dar bar's mad, he is!" "You bet he is, but let's they drove it into the brain of the monster. Still go have another look at him." After much persua- Henry was skeptical and kept at a respectful dission Henry yielded, and the boys stood again in view tance, grinning broadly, however, and rapidly reof the bear trap. It was quiet for a moment, and gaining his spirits. David was jubilant. He had never seen so large a bear, and was naturally proud to have been the one to kill it.

After discussing every phase of this lucky find, the boys discovered they were hungry; sat down upon a fallen tree, at2 the lunch with a relish, then started for home. The short winter day had closed before they left the mountain forests, and their hearts gave a glad bound when the lights of home twinkled in

Henry, the loquacious, was not slow to answer the questioning glances which greeted them. "Marse Nathan, ef me and Marse Davie ain't kill de biggis' bar dis day you ebber see! An' he mos' et us up, too! Little mo'n he'd a had me sho! Ain't dat so, Marse Davie?'

David held his head with somewhat more pride than was his wont, as he replied: "There's a big bear dead out there in the trap, father, but, of course, we could not bring him in.'

Mr. Arnold's curiosity was aroused to such an extent that he determined to see this beast which Henry so graphically described, and as the dusk soon passed into a brilliant moonlight night, he, with two of his sons, mounted horses and rode off

toward the bear trap. In three or four hours they returned, dragging by strong ropes upon the snow the disemboweled body of bruin. The entire family went out to inspect the trophy and wonder at its huge proportions. There were no scales on the place large enough to weigh it intact, and so great was the enthusiasm that all hands set to work to skin the animal, and sait down the meat. When the work was completed, there were four hundred pounds of bear meat put away for future use, and disbursement among the neighbors.

David and Henry were the heroes of the hour in the community, having killed the largest black bear on record in those parts. David bore his honors with dignity; but Henry, when the subject was mentioned, was wont to turn five or six handsprings in succession, ending by standing half double with his hands upon his knees, and giving vent to his feelings after this fashion:

"Yi! hoo! Hyah! Hyah! Hyah! Dat's de time dis niggah nearly got et up for sho! Ef Marse Davie hadn't a shot 'im when

Our Editor Among the Boys

(Continued from front page.)

"Mr. Sprague, this is another of my boys; and this is ----, our treasurer," and so on. There's hope for these boys and a reward in store for their teacher.

Then the principal of the High School asked me to come to the school at its opening the following day. I accepted the invitation, and at nine o'clock I stood talking to four hundred them with the earnest meaning of life and the need to "get busy." The hearty applause that followed me out of the door as I sped for my train kept my heart warm all the way to Detroit and I said, and I say now, as, days after, I write these words, it pays to work for boys.

WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE.



Aunt Margaret's Christmas Box MORRIS WADE

I lived out on the western plains when I was a boy. My father had gone west and had taken up a tract of government land; and I was about twelve years of age when I went with my parents, my older brother, Ned, and my three little sisters from Pennsylvania to the western border of Kansas where my father's new possession was. We went nearly all of after we got beyond the Missouri river the country grew desolate and unattractive. It became more and more barren each day, and I remember that brother told us that we were on his tract of land.

.There was hardly a tree in sight and the nearest house, which was nothing more than a little sod hut, was four miles distant from the little sod house that was to be our home. The only thing that reconciled us to the change from our pretty Pennsylvania home to this dreary place was the fact that my mother's health had improved steadily from the hour we first there had not been a cloud in the sky.

crossed the Mississippi river. She had never been very strong, and as there had been several consumptives in her family her doctor had advised her to go west. A troublesome cough that had caused father a great deal of apprehension and had distressed mother for some years left her long before we reached our destination, and the joy of such health and strength as she had never before known made her ready to endure the discomfort and the dreariness of the home to which father had brought us.

"The country is filling up rapidly and we will soon have all the neighbors we want and there will be towns all around us," said father, a prediction that was verified in coming years, for there is now a large and flourishing town on the site of our homestead.

The nearest post office was twelve miles distant and the railroad was hundreds of miles away. There was no town of more than seventy five or a hundred inhabitants nearer than forty miles, and during the first winter of our stay in our new home we did not see a single white person from the first of December until early in March. There were two or three tribes of harmless and woefully lazy Indians in the country, and sometimes a little company

of them would come riding along, and they would and we must be prepared for a sudden change. Have usually stop at our house to ask for "backy" or "fire- you put the buffalo robe into the pung, Ned?" with neither of which were we able to supply water, them, for father did not use either the one or the

The winter passed slowly with the novelty of two or three frightful blizzards, but none of us were ill for a day during the entire winter, and we were such a united and happy family that we were less dull and lonely than many families would have been.

It was during the second winter of our stay in the little sod house that my brother Ned and I had the experience of which I am going to tell you. One day father came home from a horseback ride to the post office bringing mother a letter from an aunt of hers living back in our old home. This was a part of the contents of the letter:

"I happened to-day to come across your letter of last January telling me about your Christmas of last basket under the seat of the pung. Altogether, our year, and how you find it impossible to purchase a single toy for the children or anything to make the day seem like Christmas, and I have determined to do something that will make your Christmas and that of the children a great deal happier and pleasanter this year than it was last year. I shall therefore send you within a few days a Christmas box, and you must be on the lookout for it. I am told that the box ought to reach you by Christmas time. I my knife on the way out here, and I haven't had one hope that it will, and that you will be pleased with since, and life isn't worth living to a boy without all that you find in it. You may be sure that there a pocket-knife."
will be something in it for each one of you."

"I hope she

did anything by halves. That box and its probable contents formed the chief topic of our conversation from the day of the arrival of the letter until the box itself appeared.

There was a stage station sixteen miles from our house at a little place called Sagebrush, and we would have to go to this station to get the box. If no unusual delay occurred the box would reach Sagebrush three or four days before Christmas. Father said that he would drive over to Sagebrush for the box the day before Christmas, but three days before that time he fell in some way when dismounting from one of our horses, and sprained his ankle so badly that he did not walk again for more than a month. This made it necessary for Ned and me to go over to Sagebrush for the box. We had never been there alone, and we felt quite important over the way in a covered wagon, or prairie schooner, and the long drive we were to take by ourselves on this occasion.

We started at about seven o'clock in the morning in a homemade pung drawn by a big white horse. It Ned said that he thought that we had reached the had snowed some the week before and the snow had "jumping off place of creation," when father finally not yet melted, and father said just before we not yet melted, and father said just before we started:

"If it is as warm to-day as it was yesterday I am afraid you will find it rather hard sledding in some places. It is surprising how warm it is for this time of the year."

It had been remarkably warm for two or three the first peep days. The air had a Spring-like balminess, and of the family.

the kindest of hearts, and we knew that she never report father has. As for mother's copies of 'Pilgrim's Progress' and 'Baxter's Saints' Rest,' I just about know them by heart. My, isn't the sun bright and hot? It fairly makes my eyes ache.'

"It's making siush of the snow," I said. "We'll find it hard work getting back home with a pung if it keeps this warm all day. I guess it would have been better if we had brought the light wagon."

Our ride to the little town was uneventful. There was nothing whatever to give it variety. The road was an almost straight and level one, and we did not pass more than a dozen houses on the way. We met but one traveler on the road, and the chief excitement of the day came when we saw a herd of buffalo dash by us on a mad gallop over the plains.

When we reached Sagebrush we found to our great delight that the box had been brought to the town by some freighters, journeying across the plains with a long line of big covered wagons. We rejoiced over the size of the box. It was really a large dry goods box, so large that it just about filled the back part of the pung.

"I tell you Aunt Margaret isn't one to do things by halves," said Ned, when we had finally got the box into the pung. "I'll bet you there's no end of box into the pung. "I'll bet you there's no end of nice things in that box. Wish we could take a peep into it right now."

"That would be taking the bloom from the peach," I said. "We will enjoy it a good deal more having the first peep at the things in the box with the rest

We had a number of purchases to make for father "I guess we will find that it is a weather-breeder, and mother, and when we had made them and had

spent our own money we took old Whitey, the horse, to the edge of the town and unhitched him and gave him his dinner in the little wooden box we had brought for that purpose. Then we ate our dinner sitting on Aunt Margaret's box. It was about two o'clock when we hitched old Whitey to the pung and started homeward. We had started homeward. gone perhaps ten miles when old Whitey went a little lame and at the same time we noticed a change of temperature. The sun suddenly disappeared and it grew ten degrees colder in about as many minutes. I was driving and Ned reached back and got the buffalo robe, saying as he did so:

"I guess we will be glad that we brought this robe seems!" dark it How

It was about four in the afternoon. We tried to hurry old Whitey up, but his lameness increased, and he was soon limping along at the rate of about two miles an hour. Ned glanced over his shoulder at the dark clouds gathering in the east and said:

"There's a blizzard coming, as sure as you're born, Bert. Can't we make old Whitey go faster? G'lang! Git out o' this!"

But Whitey was physically incapable of a higher rate of speed. He looked back reproachfully when Ned stood up and whacked him with the reins. The wind began to rise and its edge grew keener and keener. Soon we felt chilly even with the buffalo robe over us. We went about two miles farther and then, to our dismay, old Whitey stood stock still holding his lame foot up from the ground. He simply could not go another step. It was intensely dark now and Ned told the truth when he said:

"Bert, we simply couldn't go any farther in this pitchy darkness even if Whitey were not lame. We would lose our way and no telling where we would

"Oh, Bert!" "There's nothing else to do. It's going to be a put into the stockings of our little sisters. Mother ripper of a night but we'll have to snuggle up tohad put us up a bountiful lunch and we had it in a gether here in the pung and do our best to keep

each other warm until daylight. "Couldn't we leave old Whitey and the pung here and walk on home?"

"We might, perhaps, if we could see our way, but that is something we could not do in this fearful darkness. Anyhow, if the wind keeps on rising we would be fairly blown from our feet. The best thing to do is to stay here in the pung. If Whitey lies down we might snuggle up to him and the warmth of his body would help to keep us warm. It's too bad that we didn't bring some blankets beside the buffalo robe."

We got out of the pung and unhitched the horse with fingers numb with cold. The temperature had gone down many degrees and we felt our blood conthe little sod house out there on the western plain. even our unabridged dictionary through, and have gone down many degrees and we felt our blood con-Our Aunt Margaret was quite a wealthy woman with begun on the four volumes of that old patent office gealing under it. We led the horse to the side of the



"Come, come, rouse up, boys! Froze most to death?"

"Oh, we won't need it such a day as this," replied Ned.

"You take it just the same. There's no telling what the weather may be before you get home, and it is well to go prepared for anything."

Ned and I were in high spirits as we rode away over the wide, smooth plain. Each of us had fifty cents father had given us to spend in any way we liked when we reached Sagebrush. We would have very little choice in our selection, but we knew that there was a store in the little town in which we could buy candy, sweet crackers and prunes, three bring up. We must stay right here all night." delicacies for which our boyish hearts longed. Then we hoped to find some little things that would do to; trip took on the air of a very festive occasion indeed. It was a great event in the dull monotony of our lives, and we were very happy as we rode along singing snatches of rollicking songs or giving voice to our conjectures regarding the probable contents of the Christmas box Aunt Margaret had sent us.

"I hope some good angel told her to put in a nice four-bladed knife for me," I said. "You know I lost

"I hope she has put in some interesting books," This letter created quite a flutter of excitement in said Ned, who was an inveterate reader. "I've read

we got back into the pung and snuggled down under the buffalo robe while the wind roared around us and fine, sleety snow began to fall. Presently Ned said:

"See here. Bert: we'll freeze stiff and stark if we lie here all cramped up, with the icy wind sweeping over us this way and nothing but this one robe to keep us warm. Do you suppose that there is anything in the box that would help us out?"
"Perhaps there is," I replied.

"Anyhow, there is the box itself. I have been thinking that we might take the things from the box and put them in the pung and then crawl into the box ourselves. It is big enough for us to get into it. We could set the pung up on one side and put the box against it, and get into the box and be a great deal better protected than we are now. Let's try it.

Among our purchases for father that day had been a new hatchet. It lay in the pung at our feet, and Ned felt around until he had found it. Father had made us carry a small lantern with us, saying to

"They'd better take the lantern. They ought to get back home a little before dark, but if they should be delayed the lantern might come in handy."

We managed to get the lantern lighted under the robe, Ned saying as we did so:

"We'll keep it burning, Bert. It will make a little bit of warmth for us. It will help keep our hands warm.

I held the lantern while Ned hammered and pried away at the boards on the top of the box. It had been nailed up "to stay," as Ned said, but we managed to get it open at last and, to our joy, the first thing Ned lifted from under a layer of paper on the top of the box was a pair of thick, warm blankets. Farther down in the box we found heavy warm overcoats evidently for Ned and me, and also an overcoat for father. There were thick mittens for all of us and some cloaks for our little sisters.

"What's this?" said Ned as he lifted a large white

in a soft white cloth—a large fruit cake.

"I guess it would serve to keep us awake if we ate any of it," said Ned. We did not open any of the many small boxes and packages we found, but piled them up in the pung. We found packages that we knew were dolls and toys for our little sisters and our younger brother. We found also a big bag of candy and Ned said:

"We'll eat some of this. I read once that candy was heating, and we need all of the heat we can get just at present.

The interest and excitement of opening the box made us unmindful of the cold, and we hardly knew that our teeth were chattering. Emptying the box of its contents we dumped it out of the pung on its side. Then we set the pung up on its side and tilted it over until the upper edge rested on the top of the box. Then we crawled into the box, taking the buffalo robe, the blankets and the three overcoats as well as the cloaks with us. Wrapping ourselves up in all of the things we snuggled up close together in the box with the little lantern between us. snow fell fast and drifted against the pung, forming still more of a protection against the bitter wind. We were a good deal cramped in the box, and it worried us a good deal to think that the contents of the box must be snowed under, but we were far snugger and warmer than it would have been possible for us to have been in the pung.

We kept awake for a long time munching candy and some of the sweet crackers we had bought at the store. We knew that our parents would be intensely anxious about us, and we wished that they could know just how snug we were.

"But I guess it will be all day with poor old Whitey," said Ned. "He must be freezing to death -poor fellow! I would give him some of our coverings, but we must keep them ourselves or freeze, and I guess we are worth more to father than Whitey.'

All night the wind roared and the snow fell. We slept fitfully after midnight, and I was dimly conscious of signs of daylight when I dropped off into box from the middle of the wooden box. Removing profound slumber. Ned had already succumbed to that it will be none the less readable on that account.

pung and he dropped down almost exhausted. Then several layers of tissue paper we found wrapped up weariness and sleepiness, and I could hear him breathing heavily by my side when I wandered away into dreamland. Neither of us knew anything more until we heard some one saying:

"Come, come, rouse up, boys! Froze most to death?"

There was father on old Sorrel, our other horse! In spite of his sprained ankle he had managed to mount old Sorrel at the first sign of day, and had ridden out to find us. He had his sprained ankle swathed in bandages, and he said as we opened our

"Not frozen, are you, boys? God be praised for that!

"Aunt Margaret ought to have some of the praise," said Ned. "We surely would have frozen if it had not been for her Christmas box.'

The contents of the box were lying all around us. some of the things being under the snow. We lifted the box back into the pung and restored its contents. all but the blankets and overcoats, which we needed for warmth, for it was still bitter cold.

It was, as Ned feared it would be, "all day" poor old Whitey. We had been very fond of him. and there were tears in our eyes when we saw him stretched out, frozen to death and almost buried under the drifted snow.

We helped father to dismount and Ned and I managed to get the harness from Whitey and transferred to Sorrel. Then we started for home. Mother saw us long before we reached the little sod house, and came running to meet us with tearful eyes, so fearful was she that father had found us frozen to death. One of my toes was frozen and Ned's heels were both badly frozen.

"But that is nothing compared to what would have happened to us had it not been for Aunt Margaret's box," said Ned. Ned, who was very clever with his pen, wrote our Aunt Margaret a long and detailed account of our adventure, and weeks later she sent us a paper published in our native town with Ned's letter printed in it. And this is, therefore, the second time the story has appeared in print, but I trust



THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL-EGYPT-THE RED

ocean, I am beginning to feel quite at home in the little cubby-hole of a room which I share with the other master-at-arms. And the days pass more quickly as we near Manila and the end of this part of my journey. When I am not "on watch" and reporting every hour to the officer on the bridge, "All's well below, sir," there are many other things to keep me busy. There is our little room to keep in order, and every three or four days there is a pile of dirty clothes to be washed-for it is a bad plan to let them lie dirty where the iron rust can get at them. Someone is washing all the while on the lower deck, and we all follow the same scheme, since there are no washboards in the ship. We have benches on which we lay the clothes, and then we go over them time and again with scrubbing brushes and salt water soap. In the end they are sure to be clean, and then we hang them on the foc stle bulkhead to dry in the sun. The troops on board are wearing khaki uniforms and these require to be washed very often, so that the forecastle deck usually reminds one of the

But though our washing and our duties keep us busy and make the time pass rapidly, we are always through such a desert as that lying between Suez Egyptian cooking. A man came along selling some glad to sight land, and I was particularly glad when we anchored one Saturday morning in the harbor of Port Said. For Port Said is in Egypt and I had been promised a trip to Cairo as soon as our ship passed through the Suez Canal to Ismailia and anchored there. I had looked forward to seeing Cairo ever since we left New York and naturally was pleased to be so near. We were obliged to remain at anchor nearly all day before we could begin our progress through the great canal, but this was no hardship. The harbor was a scene of great activity and I was kept busy watching the life and movement which was going on about me. Rowboats, manned by dark-skinned Egyptians, were flitting here and there, and about the middle of the afternoon a large boat came alongside with a party of musicians from Naples in Italy. They played and sang for the pas-

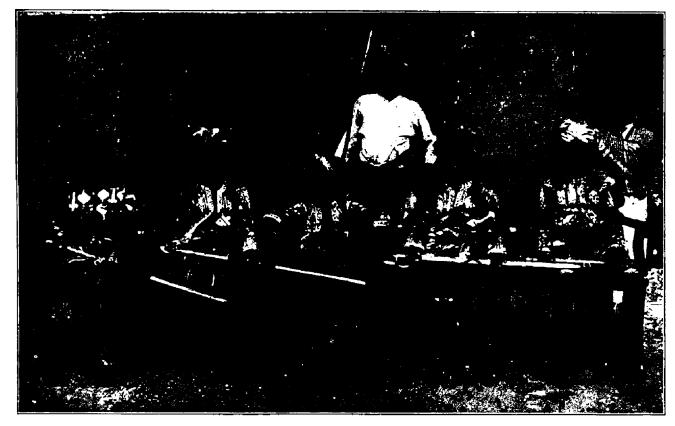
sengers, and then prow of the ship, moved up to the where the soldiers gathered to listen. and sailors were I have seldom heard more charming music, and when they rowed away they carried with them all the small change from the passengers and crew.

Toward evening the men came on board to fit the vessel for passage through the canal. Great arc lights were hung in front and from both sides of the ship, so that when we moved the water and land about us were all illuminated. These lights rendered us visible many miles away to other vessels which were coming north, and, though it was eight o'clock when we started through, the banks of the canal and the water ahead of us were as clear as by daylight. Going for the first time through the Suez Canal is an experience which all travelers are likely back yard of a city flat building on a Monday morning. to remember, when they consider what a tremendous undertaking it was to construct such a waterway more canal has cost and Port Said. Up to date the than one hundred million dollars, and it is a constant expense to keep it dredged and free from accumulations. Since its length is but eighty seven miles it has so far cost more than a million dollars a mile. There are many vessels passing through daily, however, and these pay enough in tollage fees to make the shares of the canal company very valuable. Each ship pays according to its tonnage and the number of passengers carried, and it cost us nearly four thousand five hundred dollars, which is no small sum to pay for the privilege of traveling eighty seven miles. But, of course, we saved both I decided that there was no better way to see those time and expense by not sailing around the Cape of streets than from the front or rear platform of an Good Hope, and there can be no question of the value of the canal to the commerce of the world.

We reached Ismailia, which is half way through,

proceeded to the capital, I expected to be pleased and surprised—and I was not disappointed. For many miles the train passed through a barren, sandy desert, and the hot winds which came in at the car windows were almost suffocating; but after an hour we entered the valley of the Nile, which is one of the most fertile regions in all the world. Here everything I saw was a delight to the eye. Fields of cotton were visible in every direction and the graceful date-palms and other tropical plants, lent an oriental air to the landscape. But what I most enjoyed were the station-stops, where I had a chance to observe the Arabs and Egyptians. The former were dressed in elaborate costumes of woolen goods and wore heavy turbans on their heads—but the native Egyptians and the Soudanese seemed to wear as little clothing as possible, and considering the summer heat, no one can wonder that they do so. At every station boys and girls came to the car windows offering us jars of muddy water to drink, and at a place called Zagazig. I had my first-and last-experience with native and of fish cakes and dirty bread, and after I had eaten some of each I felt almost as bad as when I was seasick in crossing the Atlantic. I at once determined that I would live on sandwiches in Cairo, if I could find no European restaurant.

We arrived in the famous city about the middle of the afternoon, and my first surprise was to find a string of electric cars waiting in front of the railway station. I had no idea that I would find trolley cars in Egypt, but I was very glad to see them, and I immediately boarded one to have a ride through the streets of Cairo. Before returning to the ship I decided that there was no better way to see those electric car, and during the remainder of that first afternoon I saw a large part of the old and modern sections of the city.



ARAB BOYS AT ADEN.

I can never forget my first impression of the life way is well patronized by the natives, and when one in Cairo's streets. The scene in one of the busy thoroughfares baffles description and is like nothing else in all the world. I saw Egyptians, Arabs, Nubians, Soudanese and representatives of all the countries of Europe jostling each other, shoulder to shoulder, and I saw every sort of costume, from the latest London style to the breech clout and twine of the desert negro. Cairo is the most cosmopolitan city I have ever been in, and is therefore one of the most fascinating. In some ways it reminds one of Paris, for there are shaded streets and squares which rival those of the French capital, or of such American cities as Detroit and Cleveland. Then there are French cafes, too, where people take refreshments at little tables scattered about the sidewalk, and there is a fine French opera house and many handsome residences modeled after those on the boulevards of Paris. But I was much more interested in visiting the native quarter than in seeing the modern buildings. Everyone has heard of Egyptian bazars, and I was glad to find them just as interesting in reality as they are said to be, in books. I passed through several covered streets where nearly everything on earth seemed to be on sale, and it was a great temptation to buy some of those oriental knickknacks which I knew would be of no use at all to me at home, and which are sadly out of place in an American house.

When night came, and the moon and stars were out, I boarded a trolley car and rode out to see the pyramids and the sphinx by moonlight. These wonders of the world are eight miles distant from Cairo, but I could see them as soon as I had crossed the River Nile, and the nearer I approached, the more majestic and wonderful they seemed. I have heard many people say that they found the pyramids disappointing at first sight, but that was certainly not my experience by any means. Perhaps the moonlight made them more impressive, but as I looked upon them I thought of Napoleon's words to his soldiers when he stood in my place, "Remember, men, the wisdom of the ages is looking down upon you.' And so it seemed to me. The next morning I visited the wonders again, and when I had passed through the intricate operation of mounting a camel's back. I rode all around them and examined them more carefully than was possible by moonlight. I can never forget how I was impressed with the scene. On a high table-land stood the three pyramids and the sphinx-below, across the plain, flowed the River Nile, and beyond it rose the glittering spires and minarets of Cairo. The whole country about was filled with historic interest, and I thought I would Arabia. like to remain in the neighborhood for months.

But there were many things I wanted to do in Cairo, and I returned as soon as I had climbed the Great Pyramid and learned by experience of what enormous stones it is constructed. On the return journey I determined to ride a donkey. In the city I had seen fat Arabs astraddle the little beasts, with a boy running behind to use a stick if the unwilling steed needed urging, and I thought I would like to than not their wool becomes a pale pink instead of try all the popular means of locomotion. I found that riding a donkey is a slow way of getting about, even when one has a boy running behind to use a stick. It took me about two hours to return to Cairo, and I was so tired upon my arrival that I longed to be

considers that they have always been used to donkeys and camels, it is no wonder it is appreciated.

Of course I visited a mosque in Cairo and it did seem funny to take off my shoes at the door and go in in my stocking feet. And once inside, there wasn't much to see; only several Mohammedans bowing and scraping toward Mecca, and a lot of beautiful rugs and tapestries. When one has visited one Mohammedan mosque he has seen them all, and one knows about as much before as after.

When I finally left Cairo to return to the ship, my mind was made up that it is one of the most fascinating cities to be found anywhere, and I was determined to return some time in the future and make a longer stay. It wasn't possible to see everything in so short a visit, but I brought away a vivid impression of the picturesque streets, the beauty of the streets and buildings, and the majesty of the pyramids. I can only imagine what a charming place it must be in winter, when the palatial hotels are filled with visitors and the climate is at its best.

It was rather hard to return to the monotony of life on shipboard after my glimpse of Egypt, and it was particularly unpleasant because the following days were spent in the Red Sea, which is famous as being the hottest body of water in the world. I had heard a great deal about the heat, but I would never have believed that such a large body of water could lack wind and coolness so entirely. It seemed to me that we had not a breath of cool air from the time we left Suez until we reached Aden, and all day long the hot sun beat down pitilessly. I sat in the shade and moved about as little as possible, and still the perspiration poured off me. Every man of the crew and the firemen were drinking about twice as much water as in ordinary times, and just when the heat was greatest the ice became so scarce we could have none at all. The passengers had previously been using it in wasteful profusion, so that we all thought the scarcity was due to carelessness. One of the firemen was overcome by the heat, and was brought on deck in a dead faint. They were all big, strong fellows, or more of them must have succumbed. The soldiers suffered, too, though they had no work to do. and one of them remarked that he wished someone would give him a drink of cool water and throw him overboard. At night the decks were covered with soldiers and sailors who were trying to get a few hours' rest. But it wasn't possible to sleep much during those five days in the Red-hot Sea, and we all breathed a grateful sigh of relief when we finally reached Aden and were greeted with a cool breeze from the Gulf of

There wasn't much of interest to see in Aden, and the only unusual "sight" was the inhabitants themselves, who are mostly negroes who have come from Somaliland. These peculiar black people are in a way like the Parisians, for they share the Frenchman's passion for red hair. They have no patent preparations for changing their color, so they cover their heads with a solution of lime, and more often red. They are as black as they can be, and their hair makes a funny combination. Being myself endowed by nature with red hair, my appearance in the streets of Aden caused a great sensation among the Somalis. They called each other to come and look, aboard the swift trolley once again. The electric rail- and if my scalp had been detachable I think I could Japan ahead of me.

have disposed of it at a good price. But one can never tell, and perhaps the Somatis prefer artificial red hair to the real thing, though I will return home from my trip around the world happy in the consciousness that there is one place on earth where red hair is considered of some value.

Although the English have fortified Aden and hold it as a coaling station, it is nominally under the rule of a native Arab chief, who lives in a handsome house on a promontory overlooking the sea. I had the privilege of seeing some of the boys belonging to this family, and, as will be discerned from the accompanying photograph, they are handsome little fellows, and dressed in the height of Arab fashion.

From Aden we steamed for eight days through the Indian Ocean to Colombo, in Ceylon, which must be put down as one of the most interesting places I have yet visited. It is quite a large city and has a harbor which is always crowded with ships from every part of the world. On the afternoon of our arrival there was a large German troopship anchored, with soldiers on their way home from the war in China, and when our band played the German national hymn you could have heard the cheers two or three miles away. There was also a British battleship in port, and when we steamed past it the band played "God Save the King," much to the delight of the jackies on board. When we were finally at anchor, we were surrounded with rafts and every sort of strange boat imaginable—all filled with Singhalese who wanted to dive for money, or sell us something, or sing us a native song. It was not the first time I had seen people from Ceylon, but I was nevertheless much interested in watching them. They wear their hair done up behind, both men and women, and some of the sailors declared they couldn't tell the sexes apart, they dress so much alike. But it is very easily done, when one is better acquainted.

When I was off watch and went ashore in Colombo, I found a great many things which I have read about all my life, but never saw before. I was delighted to see Japanese jinrickshas standing in a row at the jetty, and one of the first things I did was to enjoy a ride in one of these queer "pull-man cars." The streets in Colombo are smooth and well paved, and it was very pleasant to be pulled about so swiftly by the "ricksha" men. They are strong, muscular fellows, and can run miles at a stretch without resting. One can ride a whole hour in a jinricksha for fifteen cents in American money, and in two or three hours one can get a good idea of the streets of Colombo. Another conveyance I had never seen before was the straw-covered cart pulled by Indian oxen. These carts are used all over Ceylon for the conveyance of tea, coffee and other freight, and the patient oxen good workers, if they are slow. Some of the Singhalese drive the oxen hitched to carriages, and if one is in no hurry they answer the purpose as well as horses. The streets of Colombo present an animated scene, filled as they are with vehicles of almost every description, and the whole city has an air of prosperity which is refreshing to an American visitor.

I visited a Buddhist Temple one afternoon, and found it an awesome place. The keeper closed the door after me when I entered, and when I found myself surrounded with towering wooden images of all sorts of Buddhas, I had a creepy feeling down my back. The Great Buddha was an image fully twenty five feet long, lying behind a veil of lace, and the figure had a gruesome look upon its face which made me anxious to take my departure. I saw the rusty tin boxes into which the ignorant Singhalese place their offerings to their god, and it was plain that the whole religion is nothing but a superstitious fear of the evils which are threatened by the Buddhist priests. But even this fear is losing its hold, and the temples are now frequented chiefly by children who go out of curiosity.

There are over five thousand Boer prisoners in Ceylon, and I went out to one of the camps to see what the men were like. I found them very interesting talkers, who had nothing to complain of in the way they are treated by the British. Of course they would all like to be home again with their families, but, as one old man said, they would rather remain prisoners for years than see De Wet surrender. They are firm in their belief in the righteousness of their cause, and that the result of the war will be favorable to their interests.



SINGHALESE MUSICIANS.

I found the Singhalese people so attractive and the city of Colombo so pleasant that I would have been glad to remain in Ceylon weeks instead of days, but I will never get around the world if I remain too long in one place, and there are Manila and China and

Fun and Profit in Trapping-ATRUE-J. A. Newton

(Begun in November Numbers) A DAY'S SPORT.

Tom was so anxious to get to the traps that he only waited to eat a cold bite before starting, as he feared that our mysterious competitor might rob our traps.

I took more time about breakfast, but started soon, could increase the distance between us. after he did, with considerable eagerness, for we had not attended to the traps on the Cedar for three branch since setting them, and they had been lying in wait for unwary animals for two nights. Having to visit both lines of traps alone in one day, skin the game, reset the traps and perhaps change some of them to new places, especially on the Cedar, I knew that I had a snug day's work before me, and, expecting to return late, I put a good lunch in my pocket. I had had enough experience at this kind of work to know that if it is only a few crackers that are carried they sometimes brace up a hungry sportsman to a remarkable extent, seeming almost to put new life into him.

I made the trip without special incident worth relating, except that about three o'clock in the afterno more about it.

After making the round of the traps I could place storm when you were on the creeks to-day?" seven more mink to our credit: three large ones, three medium and one small mink; also I had another very nice furred coon, and a red fox which had been I had the foot of a mink, and in a trap close by the

On both of the creeks I discovered fresh tracks and blacker every minute; chain lightning began to going up the stream, and as there were no returning streak through it, accompanied by ear-splitting peals was, Tom." "So am I," he replied, "but I would be tracks I came to the conclusion that there were still of thunder, which you, of course, heard. more left.

camp, the sun not being more than an hour high. I I made up my mind that the best thing for me to crossed the country in the same place where Tom and I had lost our bearings two days before. Tom had kept the compass with him, so I traveled by getting two trees in line and going straight for the farthest one, then looking ahead some distance at another tree in line, and in this manner managed to strike the Cedar where I was familiar with the ground.

It was now nearly dark, and I still had some two or three miles to go, when I saw a flock of partridges treeing for the night. It was not very sportsmanlike to stand there and shoot them from their perch, but we were out of meat and there was no time for scruples of that sort. There were over a dozen of them, but I only dropped four of the birds

When I came within sight of it the great volume that Tom had arrived before me. "Well, what luck," peltries.

"That much," I replied, as I dumped the furs out

into a pile, for his inspection.

"That's doing pretty well." said Tom, "but I didn't accomplish very much, although I consider that there all the water out of the lake and leave it dry is a good excuse for it. Sit down and rest yourself, and I'll tell you what has happened to-day."

TOM'S STORY.

"You know you thought I was unnecessarily alarmed fears were.

do much of anything-you know it is dark around the know but what the end of the world was coming. lake for some time after it has been daylight here and I shrunk down under the roots, in about as in this open place. I hadn't looked at but three small space as was possible, although I was about traps, none of which held any game, when, on coming to the place where the fourth trap should be, it was gone. At first I thought that we might possibly have neglected to stake it down and some animal had no longer. Inside of ten minutes after the storm so I kept a sharp watch ahead and on all sides. All got in and carried it away, but when I found that the had passed, the sun came out bright again, and I at once I heard a distant rifle shot in the direction next two were gone also, and saw the stakes thrown looked for the Indian, but neither he nor his canoe Tom had taken, and almost instantly after another to boil. Just then I hanpened to look through an opening in the bushes, and caused the lake to swallow him and his boat. saw our Indian (I now believe he was a half-breed, for I have been told that full-blooded Indians don't derer in keeping the Indian out on the lake until he of the traps, I heard a crashing in the underbrush. often steal) bending over and taking a mink out of one of our traps, and then I knew for a certainty ing our traps. where our traps had gone to.

"I had a good notion to give him a bullet at I made up my mind to give him a scare. I aimed a few feet to the right of him, and pulled the trigger. The ball went very close to him and splashed in the lake. The report of the gun and the splashing of the bullet came so unexpectedly that he jumped about four feet in the air, and made a frantic dive for his canoe, without stopping to take the mink along.

not knowing but that he might have a gun and re-

made things interesting, but thought that the best nights, and had not looked at those on the north thing to do would be not to try to look at any more determined that there should be a trial of titles right then and there.

mighty hard traveling through the thick bushes, and tling the chains." over fallen trees. I managed to make pretty good time, though, and had got so far around that I was certain to overhaul him when he landed, but as luck would have it I just then accidentally pulled the trigger to the shot barrel (the hammer had been raised that I could see he was dressed in buckskin clothes, by a vine or something in my hurry through the bushes). When the old gun roared from its five drachms of powder the Indian evidently thought he is Indian make, such as we used to see them padnoon, when coming up the north fork, a great storm was surrounded, for he let out a yell and lost no time dling on Grand River, down home. of thunder and lightning and high wind passed to in getting back to the middle of the lake, where he

surprise you; but first, did you hear anything of a suspect us of having made way with him?

mile or so.

prowling around one of our baits, but was not smart traps any more, or anyone's else, for that matter, the wreckage of timber where the waves left it? I enough to keep out of the trap. He acted very crest- As I said before, he was keeping out in the middle fallen, and hunched down as if trying to bury himself, of the lake, and at first he didn't seem to notice that out of sight in the ground. Also in one of the traps the sky began to have a brassy look in the west, which fast covered the sun. Then, to the southwest, I saw a big black cloud coming, which grew bigger and blacker every minute; chain lightning began to

"Pretty soon a terrific wind commenced, making After skinning my catch of animals I started for the whole forest bend before it, like so many reeds. do would be to get under shelter about as quick as I could, and seeing near me an old, upturned oak tree I managed to crawl in under the roots, where I was perfectly safe, and could also look out on the lake at what was happening there.

"I took another glance off to the southwest, at the oncoming storm, when I was terrified to see, approaching at cannon-ball speed, what looked like an immense column of black smoke; it was traveling faster than any storm you ever saw. In my state of mind it seemed to me to reach over a mile high, and traveling on a lean, or slant.

"But what of our Indian? At first he had not acted disturbed, but now he was paddling for dear without the rest flying, and then hurried on toward life toward shore, keeping straight before the wind, and across the troughs of the waves. The lake was plenty rough enough for a man to weather it in a of sparks shooting from the stovepipe gave evidence canoe, before the head of the storm (what is called "twister") came in sight. All at once it struck the said Tom, as I came in and threw down the sack of forest with a sullen roar, and I saw great trees broken | off like straws; some being literally torn up by the off like straws; some being literally torn up by the be covered with between four and five inches of roots and cast into the lake. It carved a wide lane snow. We both shouted with joy on seeing the through the forest, slick and clean, and then struck the lake; it looked as though it was going to scoop

"Just then, the Indian, no doubt realizing that his time had come, let out a despairing yell, which I heard above the roar of the storm. A great mountain of water came on at race-horse speed, when he was yet about a quarter of a mile from shore, and and worried for fear that the Indian would disturb about the same time. I should judge, the "twister" our traps? Well, I'll show you how well founded my reached him. I did not see it strike him, for what with the roaring of the storm, the cannonading of "I got to the first traps as soon as I could see to falling trees, and the almost total darkness, I didn't half under water. The storm passed on to the left of me, still thundering and crashing, but the sounds kept growing fainter and fainter until I could hear it vere anywhere to be seen. Evidently the storm had

was drowned, but he brought it on himself by steal-

"I made up my mind that I still had time to look at the traps, so started out, but had only gone a first, and then on thinking it over decided that I little way when on coming to the path the storm didn't want to murder a man for a trap or two, so had taken through the woods. I found the Indian's canoe where it had been left by the great waves that swept onto the shore. The canoe was safe from ever floating away, and, although I kept constantly thinking of the tragic end of the one I had been so flercely pursuing I kept on to the traps, and got took a quick aim at the breast of the animal, and fired. three mink, counting the one the Indian threw down when I fired to scare him.

"I don't know whether he had a gun or not-at "I forgot to tell you," continued Tom, "that I any rate, he didn't bring one into view. I dropped found several of our traps which had been reset by We were up before daybreak next morning, and behind an upturned cedar root, as soon as I fired, the Indian, which shows plainly that there had been something in them and the robber had thought to turn the compliment; however, he did not stop for cover up his theft by resetting the traps. Why he anything, but paddled out into the lake as fast as he didn't take these traps as he did the others I cannot see. By the way, I have figured it out how he was I could have kept sending lead after him, and able to find our traps in the darkness. He must have had a spear with him for fishing, for I found a burnt-out pine torch, and saw two dead pickerel traps, but to hustle around the lake where he landed that had been speared and torn off from his spear his cance and demand our traps; if he proved unruly and escaped. So with a light, you see it was dead easy to find our traps, especially as the mink had not been caught long enough to be tired out, or 'So I hurried on as fast as I could, although it was drown, and he could hear them splashing and rat-

But how do you know that the ill-fated trapper

was not a white man, Tom?" I asked.
"I'll tell you," he replied. "When I interrupted him in borrowing that last mink, I was close enough so which wouldn't have been the case with a white man; besides, he had a dusky, smoky look, and his canoe

"Hadn't we better be getting out of here, now that the north of me, and for a few minutes it was almost stayed.

This thing has happened?" said I "Won't some of his happened?" said I "Won't some of his his friends be likely to come looking him up, and

> "As long as we didn't cause his death by direct I told him that I did but that it missed me by a means, and in no way that the law could be applied to us, I see nothing to run for," Tom replied. "Well," resumed Tom, "our Indian won't bother our sides, can't we show any one his boat lying among think he was some Indian or half-breed who was in the habit of trapping alone, and probably his friends. if he has any, will never know what became of him. However, if he had a squaw and pappoose, they will look for him a long time.'

> > grandmother were living now, and she knew of this happening, she would tell us that this is a pokerish place to stay in with death so near, and that we will probably be haunted o' nights, but I am not as

superstitious as that."

So we decided to remain and continue our trapping and not touch the Indian's canoe or any other of his belongings we might find, and await further events.

WE KILL TWO DEER.

The next Sunday, following the tornado, it had turned much colder the sky clouded up and it soon began snowing quite heavily—it was then November ninth. We did not care to be out in the storm, and as we had no traps suffering for our attention, concluded to lie still and observe the day by doing no work except our cooking.

We did not refrain, however, from planning for the morrow, especially as it was the opening day when deer may be lawfully killed. We had provided ourselves with licenses before starting out into the woods, so we were prepared in that respect,

Monday morning dawned, showing the ground to snow, as it was just right for tracking deer.

"What move had we better make to-day, Tom?" 1 asked.

"I have been thinking," he replied, "that as we had ought to make the round of the traps again. how would it do for us to tend them and keep watch at the same time for deer? I think if you should go down the Cedar, and I strike across the north fork we could look after all the traps on the creeks today, and perhaps get a crack or two at deer, at the same time, and we will meet at the junction of the two creeks.

'That plan suits me all right,"I agreed. So we set forth with a feeling of good sport in store for us; I took a dozen shells loaded with buckshot, and Tom had a good supply of ammunition for his gun.

Before going hardly half a mile I saw tracks of deer, where they had been feeding during the night, came from his shot could not have been more than five minutes after "Well, thought I, perhaps I am as bad as a mur-, these shots when, as I was taking a mink out of one the sound coming from the north. I at once got ready and looked over the bank in the direction of the noise just in time to see a large fat doe stop behind a bush, with her breast toward me, thus presenting an excellent mark.

It seemed a pity to shoot at such a pretty creature, but I knew this was my first deer, if I could get it, and heside I wanted to beat Tom, if possible, so hardening my heart (although my hand was shaking somewhat). I brought up the gun to my shoulder,

I was not well braced when I fired, and the recoil threw me back down the bank. I heard deer crashing off through the brush, and concluded, with no little disappointment, that I had missed altogether, or at least failed to knock down my first deer. I hurried to the spot where the deer had stood, to see if there was any hair or blood, or signs that the shot had not missed altogether, and there my deer lay just straightening out, which made me very proud just then, as all hunters are over their first deer.

I knew then that the crashing I had heard in the brush, after firing, must have been made by companions of the animal I had just slain, but which

had kept out of sight.

From having heard several old deer hunters relate their experiences, I had learned that it was necessary to bleed large game by cutting the throat, but not knowing how to use the knife to open the large artery in the neck, I made bungling work of it, and cut the head half off in my first attempt at butchering, before the blood would run freely. As soon as the blood started, the deer began its death struggle, and I only got out of the way in time to keep from getting a tremendous kick from the hind feet. When its struggles had ceased I thought best to take out the entrails and hang up the carcass out of reach of wolves and foxes, returning when I had time to spare and drag my game home.

I had heard hunters tell of bending down a good, strong sapling and fastening a deer to the top by its hind feet; then when they released the sapling it would spring upright, carrying the animal with it. So I tried it, and it may have been partly because I was light in weight so that I could not bend down a very stiff tree, but, at any rate, I was nearly an hour in getting my deer clear of the ground in that manner.

Having finished this job I continued round of my traps, seeing the tracks of many deer and foxes, also mink, occasionally, where one had left the water and tracked around in the snow. Finally I came upon the track of a large bear and little cub: the latter must have belonged to a late litter, for by its track I judged it would not weigh over fifty pounds.

I also saw tracks which looked very much like those made by large dogs, but which I had no doubt were made by wolves.

When I reached the junction of the two streams I had four mink, and had seen nothing more to shoot, though plenty of tracks. Tom was nowhere in sight. So I continued on up the north branch, expecting to meet him any time, and as I came to the traps I took out the game and reset them. I kept on until I knew there were only six more traps on the creek before I saw any signs of Tom. I then found his tracks, which led northeast straight into the forest. Deer tracks were plentiful on this stream, so I concluded that Tom had seen, and probably wounded, a deer, and had gone in pursuit. My surmise proved correct, for as I was nearing camp with a growing fear that Tom might have got lost in the forest, I saw him coming, dragging a deer—a young buck. Tom appeared considerably jaded.

"Well, you got him, I see?" was my salute.
"Yes, and I earned him, too," said Tom. heard me shoot early in the day, didn't you?'

"I head some one in your direction shoot," I replied. "Well, I saw a drove of four deer—three goodsized and one fawn. They hadn't seen me and were not more than ten rods off. I fired at a large doe

with the rifle barrel, and must have had the buck fever again, for I missed slick and clean; but as they started to run I cut loose with the shot barrel, and this buck dropped its tail—a sure sign of being hard hit. The others turned and ran towards you, but the wounded one kept straight on for a mile at good speed and then began to stacken, and finally I came to where it had lain down until it heard me coming, and then had jumped to its feet and made off again. Quite a spot of blood was on the snow where the buck had laid, and blood in his tracks every few jumps. He now got cunning and began doubling on his tracks to fool me, and yet keeping a course toward the lake of the woods, or Thunder lake, or drowned Indian lake (whichever you have a mind to call it). I'll bet I followed that deer, in all his winding and doubling and twisting, more than twenty five miles. Finally, he made a break, as it he was going around the lake, so I took a circle out around his trail and legged it like a good fellow, and managed to come in ahead of him. As I climbed onto a large log I caught a glimpse of him working through the young cedars and coming toward me. He was looking back on his trail all the time and not suspecting any danger ahead. As he walked into an open space I gave him a ball between the eyes and then it was all off with him. It was a mighty heavy lug to drag him clear into camp, so I've kind of got that tired feeling, and now you know why I didn't tend my share of the traps and meet you as agreed."

I related my experience, after which, having broiled each of us a generous venison steak, we rolled into our blankets and were asleep in no time.

(To be continued.)

Real Conqueror-Ben Hains

term of the public school in a certain viliage of the middle west. It was not a large place, and all the scholars below the fifth grade were taught by a look of despan and scholars at lo Miss White, while "Professor" Milburn had charge of the higher grades.

It was almost time for morning re-cess, when the door of Mr. Milburn's room opened noiselessly and a small figure stepped timidly inside. The teacher looked up as the boy approached and turned a pair of great dark eyes, half-frightened, half-pleading, to meet his own. His clothes were shabby in the extreme, his shoes a mere pretense. while he held in his hand a thin cotton cap, which, in bold letters, advertised somebody's soap.

'I want to come to school," he said. Mr. Milburn looked at the clock, tapped the bell for recess, and when the room was cleared asked:



- "What is your name?"
- "Homer Wells."
- "How old are you?" "Twelve last June."
- The boy proved to be quite well prepared to enter the fifth grade, and the teacher asked:
 - Have you any books, Homer?'
- "No, sir," the boy answered, "but I've got some money to buy them. I saved it up last summer," and he poured out upon the desk a lot of nickels and coppers. Mr. Milburn counted it. The small pile fell quite short of the amount necessary. He turned to the boy, and

It was the second Monday of the fall saw a look of despair arise in the dark

Now it happened that fastidious, welldressed Victor Bixby occupied the other half of this same desk, and when he re-turned from recess he was by no means pleased with his new seatmate. He drew as far away from him as possible, with a sneer that the boy did not fail to see and feel.

Victor was very indignant that "that little beggar" should be seated next to ignoble spirits, he made life a burden for the shy, sensitive boy, until Will Elkins threatened to "thrash him good" if he which he worked more on the sly. Will was the largest boy in the school, and almost universally loved for his thoughtful kindness and good nature, and he soon became very much interested in the sad-eyed, shrinking little fellow. One day he even followed him, at a distance, to see where he lived, through the town, to a deserted log cabin on the edge of the flats that extended to the creek beyond.

A large, heavy-set man, with black whiskers and a countenance red and besotted from drink, rose unsteadily from

the doorstep, and, shaking his fist at the approaching boy, poured out a stream of vile words, while Homer tried to pacify him. Will turned away in disgust from the painful scene upon which he had intruded.

The next morning Will entered the school room some minutes before opening time and found Victor Bixby, with boys, standing about rection. the teacher's desk.

"Mr. Milburn," Victor was saying, "I don't want that little pauper sitting next to me. I won't sit with him, that's all!"

"You know very well that every other seat is full," said the teacher, somewhat sternly. "I do not see but Poured out a stream of vile words. stepped up.

"Very well, move your books at once," said the teacher. But Victor's face was growing red. He was the kind of boy to make enemies, and the worst one he had was Will's present seatmate, Tip Owen. Tip was too big to be bulldozed, and de-

spised him with all his heart.
"No, sir!" said Victor positively, "I don't want to go there. I won't sit with

Tip_Owen.'

"I have an idea that you will go there," said Mr. Milburn in an unmistakable tone, rising to his feet. "You him, and, with the help of several other will please not be over one minute in making the change.

When Homer came in a little later and discovered his new neighbor, a happy didn't attend to his own business, after light shone in his eyes. It was on this same morning that Mr. Milburn happened to speak of the "Great Prize," as he did often, to keep it well in mind.

"What is the 'Great Prize?" Homer

asked of Will at noon.
"Why," said Will, "it's a big gold medal to the scholar in our room whose grades for the year are the highest." "Can anybody, in any class, get it?"

the small boy asked eagerly.

"Yes," Will replied, "if he has the highest grade." Homer said no more, but Will noticed that afternoon that he was studying like a good fellow, with wrinkled brow and stopped ears. Was he really going to try for the gold medal? Will smile.. But in the small head a great thought surged. "If I only could!" he said. "Maybe they wouldn't call me a beggar when they saw me wearing the gold medal."

The weeks passed, and cold weather came on. Homer's thin face seemed thinner and paler than ever, and there was a hungry look upon it that could not be mistaken. Will was uneasy, and finally asked one day:

"Does your father find work now?"
"Some—we get along," replied Homer, half a dozen other in a tone that closed inquiry in that ai-

"What kind of

ventured. "Oh, anything now, but he used to be a wood-carver and cabinet-maker. Oh, you just ought to see what kind of work he can do!" he added with kindling eyes.

"Where did you live before you came here?"

"In Peoria."

"Did he work at his trade there?"

"No," Homer answered with paling ice. "That was before. He worked in a distillery there. Oh, I wish I had never seen Peoria!"

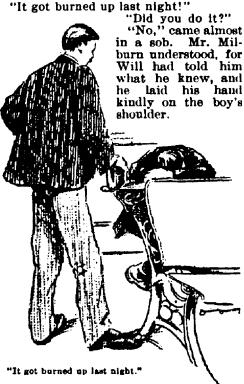
that you will "Why? asked Will thoughtiessly. have to." Will Homer turned to his friend a face so full of pain that Will hastened to say the class should be called.

"Mr. Milburn, I'll sit with him, and tenderly, "Never mind." But he under-Victor can have my seat," he said. | stood it all now.

After this, few days passed that Homer failed to find in his desk an apple, a piece of pie, or a sandwich, while Will regaled upon its duplicate at recess. He thought once or twice, from the looks of Homer's coat pocket, that he must have put the sandwich away there instead of eating it.

Homer continued to study hard, and did well in his classes, but one morning he made a flat failure in the geography recitation. When he returned to his seat he buried his face in his arms on the top of the desk.

"You did not study your geography lesson to-day," said the voice of the teacher at his side. "How was that, Homer-you were doing so well?" choked voice answered:



"Never mind," he said. "I have an old one that you can use." After this Homer never took his books home, but studied before school, at recess, and, sometimes, even after school, when Mr. Milburn had occasion to remain.

One cold December morning he came in just as the scholars were seated, all out of breath from running, and with a face pale as death, while his poor old coat was torn almost to shreds. He opened his geography and began a desperate effort to learn the lesson before



alone. The boy looked at him, but said



"Well, you can't wear that any longer," Will said. "I've got an old coat that I caught the teacher's quick ear. outgrew long ago, but it's real good yet, and I'll be glad to give it to you.'

"I'll work for it, if there's anything his head. that I can do," said Homer. Will saw that he was determined, and reluctantly agreed that he might split wood for it, and he promised to be on hand early an anguish of entreaty. The teacher in the morning.

But he did not come; and school began without him. About a half-hour later the door opened, and Homer stepped inside with apparent difficulty. He crossed the floor limping badly, and evidently in great pain. Mr. Milburn left his recitation to assist him to his seat.

"Why, my boy, you are badly hurt!" said kindly. "What is the matter?" he said kindly. Homer put his hand upon his hip.

'I didn't think it would take so long to get here," he said, "but it hurt so I had to stop a good many times.'

"How did it happen?" The boy turned answered. to his teacher such a pitifully appealing face that he said no more. He might have known, he thought, and have been less cruel.

Homer had a good dinner that day at the schoolhouse, and after school Will more delightful.

slumber, while a feeble fire flickered in the old fireplace. A large box, a small furnishings.

Homer dropped to the ground before

till your leg gets better.'

Thank you, but I can't." Then he a tone that brought tears to Will's eyes. to be to me before—before mama died—

creek, a couple of hundred yards distant, where the driftwood lodged freely at the bend. He brought several loads and cut it up, and then, upon Homer's assurance that they had plenty to eat, left him.

all his might. Will was growing to love of a happy home and better things in the burly man by the door drew his coat brought me things that his schoolmates

asked Will at recess, when they were Will, he never referred to them again, and to anxious inquiries as to the present he would always answer: "O, we're getting along, thank you."

The winter was nearly over when, one afternoon, Mr. Milburn and Will stood a madman. talking at the school-yard gate before The ente separating for their homes. A drunken man stagged along the walk.

"That's Homer Wells' father," said Will, when he had passed. "I'm afraid there will be trouble to-night."

The following morning school opened once more with number twenty eight vacant. There had been trouble, truly. But it was only a few minutes until Homer came in. Will stared, He had seen his face pale and frightened before, but this time it seemed bloodless.

He staggered a little as he crossed the floor, holding his hand to the side of his face, and half fell into his seat. His man, but he has persevered under them hand dropped, and Will started in hor- all with the courage of ten men." In ror. A deep cut extended across his the great applause that followed the cheek to the white temple, fully three inches long, so fresh that the blood still oozed slowly from several places. Homer put his hand in his pocket and drew out a small bloody rag, the best he had. Will pressed his handkerchief to the most noble, generous, or worthy into his hand with an exclamation that

Why, Homer!" he said, stepping up. 'How did that happen?" Homer hung

"Who did that?" Mr. Milburn continued, almost sternly.

"Please don't ask me," said the boy, in went to his desk, and returned.
"Will," he said, "take Homer to the

wash room and close up the cut with this sticking plaster. It will make a terrible scar if it is left open like that." Milburn himself followed soon, and, as he assisted Will, he said:
"How white you are, Homer!"

and that made me late.

"Homer," said the teacher, "suppose you make me a visit for a few days?" "I can't, thank you, though,"

"But this might happen again?"

"I'll watch out."

The weeks went on and school drew toward its close. Although there were hero!' many difficulties in the way of Homer's The winning the Grand Prize, yet he un- not on the program. A big man came helped him home. It was very cold, the doubtedly excelled everyone else in the striding down the aisle, with tears runwind was piercing, and it was a long school in one thing, and that was in the ning down both cheeks, sprang on the way, but as he felt the small arm close reciting of the selections that the teacher platform, and, with a "Let me speak, about him and he bore up as well as he gave the scholars for their Friday af-please!" faced the audience, drawing the could the slight weight from the in-ternoon "Literary." He threw his whole boy with him, and putting his arm jured member, never was a work of love soul into the effort with surprising ef- around him. fect, and Mr. Milburn decided to have Will shuddered as he entered the him recite at the Exhibition, on the rabin. On the hard clay floor straw was evening of the last day of school. He piled deeply in two corners, and in one had made the selection with great care, lay a repulsive creature in a drunken and was drilling Homer in it thoroughly.

At last the day came. There was a great deal of talking at recess that mornone, and two nail kegs completed the ing, but that was nothing unusual on the last day of school, and at noon all were dismissed, thus leaving the who.e the fire, and Will began piling upon it a afternoon for drilling the participants little wood that he found in the corner. in the Exhibition. This was the event "Oh, not so much!" exclaimed the of the year in the village, and that night by. "That's all there is, and I can't its largest church was packed from end go to the creek for any more to-night." to end, the scholars occupying the front "You can't stay here!" cried Will, in seats. And away back by the door sat a shaky voice. "Come home with me Homer Wells, Sr., more nearly sober than he had been for a week, though he never would have been there but looked over at the snoring heap in the for the dollar that Mr. Milburn had corner. "He's my father," he said, in shown him.

Songs, dialogues and recitations called "Oh! you don't know how good he used for loving applause from parents and friends. Then Homer stood up to speak. and he worked in the distillery. He As he timidly faced the great audience might freeze to death if I left him when he felt the words hopelessly slipping said Will nuskily, and he started for the After that he saw no according to the creek, a couple of hands away, but suddenly his eyes glowed as came back in a flood, and he began to speak—to his father!

Mr. Milburn, indeed, had made the peculiarly fitting selection in the hope that the man might hear it, but even he was surprised, for never had Homer Homer appeared at school the next spoken so before. He was making a morning as usual, still limping sadly, supreme effort—was it hopeless—to but he settled himself to study with reach the heart he loved. The audience was spellbound, and no wonder, for it the little fellow as he had never loved was his life's blood that he poured out a boy before. There was a gentle re- before it—but not for it. Many an eye has fed me, and kept me from freezing finement in his every manner that spoke was moist, but he noticed it not, until when I lay dead drunk. He has even

"How did your coat get torn so?" the past, but, while he fairly worshipped sleeve across his eyes. The boy fairly had given him, and I ate them while I trembled, finished the few remaining saw the hunger in his eyes as he lines, and ran behind the curtain.

> There was perfect silence for a moment, then the applause was deafening, and Homer Wells, Sr., applauded like

The entertainment drew to a close. Mr. Milburn stepped forward.

"We have but one prize for scholarship in our department," he said, gold medal for the highest grade for the year. And this medal belongs to Homer Wells, with a grade of ninety five and seven-tenths." Homer ascended the Homer ascended the steps with a distinct limp, for he had not fully recovered even yet from the effect of his hurt, and Mr. Milburn fastened the medal to his coat, saying:

"I am glad that Homer has won this medal, for he has worked under difficulties that might well have discouraged a man by the door grew so excited that he rose to his feet. When it had subsided the principal spoke again.

"We have one more medal to bestow in our department, he said. "A medal pupil, in everything outside of mere scholarship. This will now be voted upon by the pupils."

The ballots were quickly passed, and collected again—all but Victor Bixby's; he tore his up and threw the pieces under the seat—and the tellers were at work.

"There have been but two persons voted for," announced Mr. Milburn, after a short delay. "One has one vote, and the other forty six are all for-Homer Wells!"

A storm of applause cut him off before he could utter another word, and it was redoubled as the boy again limped up the steps, and his teacher fastened the "Yes, the boy answered, "It bled a other gold medal, larger than the first, lot, and I couldn't stop it for a while, upon the opposite side of his coat. Then the commanded silence.

"Let me read you," said he, "a few of the reasons which his companions have he given for their choice, written upon their ballots, as is our custom. Listen! 'Perseverance under difficulties; 'No advantages;' 'No help at home;' 'So brave;' 'Never complains;' 'Because he is a

Then happened something that was please!" faced the audience, drawing the



"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, ten gold medals with diamonds all around them would not begin to show this boy's true worth. I am ashamed to have him call me his father. I've been a beast and a brute, and he has loved me through it all. I have let him go cold and hungry, and in rags, and he

watched me. And then I have raised this hand to strike him—him!

"Did you see him limp? I did that! Months ago he said to me one night, so lonely like, 'Papa, won't you kiss me tonight, like you used to-just once?' And I answered, 'I'll kick you!' And I did—an awful one, brute that I was in the drink! And he never cried, only looked at me-such a look!

"And do you see that scar?" he cried, drawing his finger tenderly over the boy's thin cheek. "I did that, too! I had made up my mind to end my worthless life one morning, and had sharpened up my knife and as just putting it to my throat, when he came in the door, and with a cry tried to wrench it from my hand. And I struck him with it, hard-it would have killed him if he hadn't thrown up his arm; and then I cursed him-cursed that boy!-and drove him from the door-but he loved me still!"

The silence of death had fallen on the house, when the man dropped upon his knees before the boy, and cried out in a voice that swayed every heart:

"Can you forgive me, my boy, this brute of a father? If you only will I'll be a real father to you from this night on—though I never can be such a one as you deserve!" And the boy, with one shrill, vibrating cry of joy, threw his arms around his father's neck and sobbed: "Oh, papa!—my papa again!"

Then the Exhibition broke up of itself, without waiting for the closing exercises. Every man in the audience rushed to the platform to shake the hands of the father and the son. And Mr. Bennett, the owner of the furniture factory, who had turned away the drunken man half a dozen times, followed a warm bandshake with:

"Come to my place to work to-mor-row, Wells, and I'll help you fight the drink."

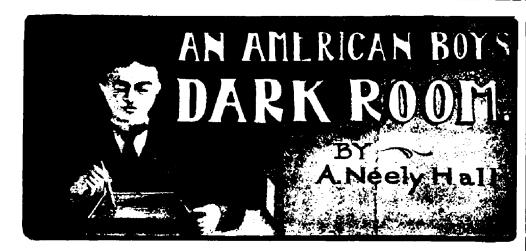


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to a great deal of inconvenience. He midst of his work he may find that he serve the purpose. has forgotten something and to stop and plates.

One who cannot conveniently fit up a dark room may keep his chemicals, the cabinet containing the lamp. This 3. Bore a hole in the center of both holes d and e. Now take two strips trays, etc., in a cabinet or medicine case cabinet should contain no chemicals, ends of the frame, as indicated in Fig. 3 about twelve inches long and connect which may hang over the wash stand, fresh plates or anything which the heat but he will never find all the pleasure of the lamp is likely to destroy. These there is in photography until he has a two cabinets described may be set upon dark room where he can have his ap- the work bench or hung upon the wall, paratus near at hand in systematic order but the one containing the dark lantern and ready for use.

A dark room need not be large. Almost every house has a closet or small work. room that can be utilized for this pur-A part of the cellar may be partitioned off with common pine boards, being careful that the room is lightfore, should be covered with black paper cure a quantity of paraffin. Melt this or cloth so that no light may get in through the cracks between the boards. The room should be furnished with first, a work bench. Perhaps you can find a chest of drawers on which to work. If not, a table of any kind will do. If there is not running water in the room some way must be provided for conveying it. If there is running water near the room it may be brought in by means of small rubber tubing. A tin basin should be provided for receiving the water. Cut a hole in the center of a board that is eighteen inches square, large enough to admit the basin. Screw two iron brackets to the wall about three feet from the floor and fasten the board on them. There should be a hole in the bottom of the basin as an outlet for the waste water, and under the basin a pail in which to catch it. The rubber tubing may be held to the wall above the basin by means of a hook, and with a pinchstop fastened to the tubing the supply of water may be regulated. If you cannot bring the water in through tubing, get from your grocer a "half barrel," used for salt mackerel, etc., and after cleaning it thoroughly bore a hole in the side about two inches from the bottom. Buy at the drug store a rubber and pour it over the box, being careful at right angles. Slip the piece of glass tubing into the rubber stopper and then fasten the rubber stopper into the hole made in the barrel. Over the glass tubing draw a piece of the rubber tubing. which must be long enough to reach the basin. Set the barrel out of the way.

in your dark room. They may be made from soap boxes or packing cases of a size about three feet long by two feet composition of the bone. wide by one foot deep.

To make the cabinet shown in Fig. 1. for supporters to the shelves. Strips A from the bottom of the box, and the other strips eight inches apart. Fit the shelves in neatly, but don't let them be too tight. For the cover of the cabinet take the boards that form the cover of

Although a boy may do his developing as shown in Fig. 2 Cut a four by six and toning in any room after dark, yet inch hole in the side of the cabinet, as he needs a place in which to keep his shown in Fig. 2, and cover it with ruby chemicals and other photographic sup-glass, or with a clean 5 x 7 camera plate plies. Without such a room he is put covered with red tissue paper, and an acetylene bicycle lamp will be found to must always hunt up his apparatus be the best kind of a light for a dark which may have been mislaid, and in the lantern, but an oil lamp or candle will

The operator will need sometimes to hunt it up may mean the spoiling of open the door of his cabinet while developing. A separate door will therefore have to be hinged to the portion of frame nail some of the strips, as in Fig. Fig. 4 bolt them together through the must be placed in such a position that the light will fall upon the operator's

For serviceable and inexpensive trays to be used in developing, toning or mixing, take a shallow cardboard box and glue cloth over the corners both inside The temporary partition, there- and out. After the glue has dried pro-

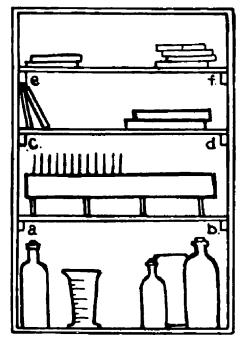


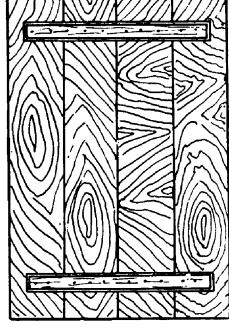
ARRANGEMENT OF DARK ROOM.

stopper with a hole cut in the center, to cover every portion of the cardalso a six inch piece of glass tubing bent board and particularly the corners. The paraffin will harden immediately after being applied and render the trays waterproof.

A simple and very good plate lifter may be made from a toothbrush handle. With a file, or piece of coarse sandpaper, taper one end of the handle down to an You should have at least two cabinets edge resembling that of a screw-driver. This kind of plate lifter is serviceable, as the chemicals will not enter into the

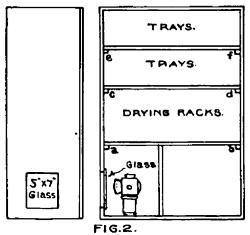
You will need a small truck which runs upon tracks. These tracks will be get some small strips of wood and nail fastened outside of a window from the them to the inside of one of the boxes sill and extend several feet out from the window. A printing frame may be set and B should be fastened twelve inches in the truck and run out upon the track until the sun's rays cover the negative. As the upper part of the truck is fixed on pivots the printing frame can be turned in any direction. To make this truck procure pine strips one and one-half



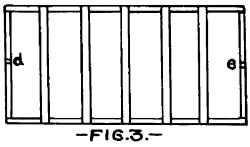


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at one time. Across one side of the Procure two bolts, and placing Fig. 3 in



at D and E. Fig. 4 shows three strips one inch by one and one-half inches nailed together at right angles. Strips A and B should be about as long as the width of the frame just described, while strip C should be an inch longer than the length of the frame. With an eighth



their centers with a strip eighteen inches long. Get two large spools and cut them in two. Nail one of these half spools to each of the four places marked g in

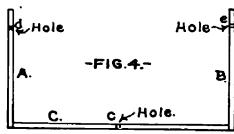
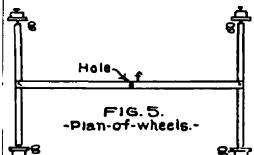


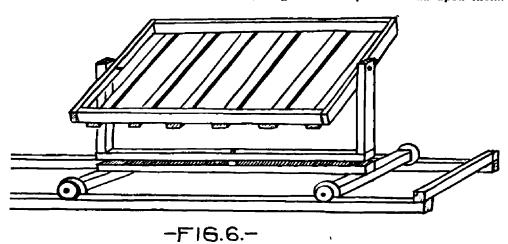
Fig. 5. When this has been done bore a hole at f, after which place the combined Figs. 3 and 4 upon Fig. 5 and bolt them together at c and f with a four inch bolt. The bolt should be loose enough to act as a pivot for the frame to revolve on.

Fig. 6 shows the printing frame holder complete.

For the tracks use two strips of wood



of an inch bit bore a hole through A and each about three feet long and fasten B one inch from the end of each, as them to the window sill, letting them be shown by the letters d and e in Fig. 4. just far enough apart to allow the Also bore a hole in the center of C at c. flanges on the spools to run upon them.



which have been beveled.

The shelves in the cabinet shown in Fig. 1.

Fig. 2 are spaced as are those in Fig. 1.

Fit a partition into the bottom space,

A boy who does not own a watch need a long chalk mark, and a little farther not go without any knowledge of the time away there is another mark for one o'clock of day. There is a boy who works in a wheat elevator, in an lowa town, and this is how he manages it. A big window almost fills one side of blad window almost fill window



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A Sterling Silver Spoon, Silver Bracelot, Gold Ring, or pair of Club States for \$2e. Send us six 2c. stamps and we will send you six tickets which you are to sell for 2c. each to your friends who desire any of the above articles for 2c. When your friends send in their orders you will receive your premium as selected. Address Self-Culture Sector, Dept. A B, Armour Sta., Chicago, Ill.

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AIR RIFLE BOYS, if you want to earn an Ale Rifle or other premiums by selling a few 10 cent articles, write REEVES MFG. CO., Dept. E. Grand Rapids, Mich.

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Agent's Outfit Free, Combined Cake and Self-Scaling Pic Tin, loose bottoms, two tine in Self-Scaling Pic Tin, loose bottoms, two tins in one. Sells fast. Large catalog new goods free. RICHARDSON MFG.CO., Dept. 12. BATH, N.Y.

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\$50 A MONTH DISTRIBUTING SAMPLES
Enclose stamp. International Distributing Bureau, 150 Nassau Mt., New York.



Advice to Boys Entering Business.

James A. Shaw says: Boys do not appreciate the importance and seriousness of the first steps in business life. They fail to realize that the future depends not upon luck or chance but upon having a solid foundation. Too many start out blindly, without any idea as to what they want or are aiming for, thinking only of their salary. If a boy could commence business life with even a small part of the judgment and common sense he enjoys later on how differently he would not. Boys too often fail to realize the dignity of their new life and cling to their boyishness and their boy pranks which seriously interfere with their work. He need not assume the airs of an old man, but he should forget the time-wasting and useless nonsense during business hours.

need not assume the airs of an old man, but he shou'd forget the time-wasting and useless nonsense during business hours.

Boys often think that because their work is apparently trivial that it is unimportant, and so do their work in a slipshod way. There is no part of the work about a business establishment that should not be done accurately and promptly. Employers notice how the employe does the little things, though the employe sometimes thinks that his shirking is not noticed. Every boy shou'd aim to do all his work at least a little better than any one else can. He should give it thought, figure out how he can save time and money and improve the character of the work. Suggestions are always in order. He should be in his place on or before the time expected, and if sickness makes him late he should immediately explain it to his employer. If the boy runs out of duties he should look for more. Men want bright, ambitlous boys around them prepared by experience in humble positions to fill higher.

Debt and Its Danger.

Pay as you go, boys. No matter how until earnestly you long for the possession of a gun, a boat, a blcycle or what not, nor how certain you may be that at the end of the week or the month you will have the money to pay for it, do not run in laws.

debt.

Lyman Abbott, the man who occupied Henry Ward Beecher's place in Plymouth Pulpit, has this to say on the spending of money before it is earned: "Hope inspires the man who is earning for future expenditure; debt drives the man who is earning for past expenditure; and it makes an immeasurable difference in life whether one is inspired by hope or driven by debt."

A man—or a hov—in data to the process of the man—or a hov—in data.

whether one is inspired by hope or driven by debt."

A man—or a boy—in debt is like a swimmer with a stone around his neck. However expert he may be, his onward progress has a continual drag put upon it, that not only hinders him from reaching the goal, but discourages him in his efforts to even keep his head above water.

A Gifted Boy.

Now and then one meets a boy possessing rare gifts in certain directions. In the little town of Mt. Sterling there is a boy that has enjoyed about one-half his teens, who, from the pictures of chess playing in the encyclopaedia, was led to study the game for his own amusement. To him the old Hindoostanese game became very interesting, and without delay he not only carved out of Georgia pline a beautiful set of chessmen, but mastered the functions of each piece on the board, and has become quite expert in the game. This gifted boy. Daniel Kumler, has a way of thinking that is strictly his own. In the same manner he became interested in electrical appliances, and although but a school boy, has made some new and exceedingly useful observations in the application of electricity, one of them being a discovery by which the cost of using telephone wires may be reduced one-half. And the fine part of it is that although very young he has the wit not to let any one know about the application of his discovery until he can protect the use of it from those who would make capital out of it. Daniel and three other boys in the town have a telegraph system, and the lads can have telegraph parties every evening if they so choose. Daniel has recently introduced a new feature of an economical nature, by a cut-off, which saves the chemicals from eating themselves away when

the lines are not in use. When boys have a mind to put their evenings and spare time to a profitable employment, they can learn many things that may not be found in books, and learned that way will never be forgotten.

D. D. BIGGER.

. Occupation for School Boys.

That is a capital idea of Sam Walter Foss, of the Somerville, Mass., public library, to have boys deliver library books at houses for the fee of two cents per book—the fee, of course, going to the boy. Such work would be sufficiently light and easy for a boy of tender years to do capably, and in the course of a Saturday afternoon any bright lad might amass a respectable sum. Any one who shows an idle lad how to earn money without interference with his school work, or undermining his health, is doing a good thing. What boys can do to earn money varies with the passing years. The old-time boy whittled shingles by the family fire and earned enough to pay for his schooling. Nowadays country boys can weed the onlons, "bring up" somebody's cows, and chop kindlings. In the city the boy's chances are more restricted, especially for a boy with social standing above the paper-selling and boot-blacking class. Mr. Foss's idea might be introduced elsewhere with advantage to both boy and book-reader.

Good Advice to Young Men.

The following epigrammatic periods are from President Porter. Yale College: "Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes; 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."

"How is your brother, Tommy?"
"Sick in bed, miss; he's hurt himself."
"How did he do that?"
"We were playing at who can lean the farthest out of the window, and he won."
—Tit-Bits.

Boys Who Make Money

In a dainty little booklet. 25 out of some 3000 bright boys tell in their own way just how they have made a success of selling

THE) SATURDAY EUENING POST

Pictures of the boysletters telling how they built up a paying business outside of school hours. Interesting stories of real business

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For Winter Evenings The Indian Carbograph Is Great

Five colors of Carbon Paper make it equal a whole paint shop. Only 50 cents for No. 3, largest size. For description see our Munsey Magazine color page November ad.

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3000 boys wanted as agents Girls can make money too Men and Women agents

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League Shells Loaded with BEST Black Powder. Always Strong, Clean, Quick Sure-fire and Reliable REFERER SHELL: oaded with Semi-Smokeless. NEW VICTOR and IDEALS with Smokeless Powder. PETERS CARTRIDGES Win World's Records. Cost no more than old style ammunition. Ask for Handy-Book teiling all about our complete line of ammunition and giving latest Game Laws, Trap Rules, cto-

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An amusing and i esting postime for oly young. It consists of ten pins and three wooden balls. The meatest little set you ever saw. The game can be played on a tableor on any flat surface,—and with a little practice one can

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repeatedly make
ten strikes and finish with a high score, as on a regular
bowling alley. Each set, in a strong wooden box, complete, 12 cents, by mail, postpaid. Agents wanted. ERNST MN'F'G CO., 1486 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

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The only genuine Bird Call and Prairie Whitele, with which you can imitate any bird or animal. Astonish your friends by making them believe you are a Ventrile-quiet. The instrument is concealed in the roof of the mouth and detection is impossible. If ladies are near amitate a mouse and see them grab their skirts and climb a chair. Boyallyou like fun, send 10c. for this instrument with full instructions. Apeclal Offer—For 25c. we will send 3 bird whistles, I finger trap, I lmp's enchanted buttle, I wooned dog and outht, and our large eatalog of attractive novel-

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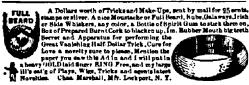


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Guarantee with each knife. Your knife made to order with your phots, lodge emblem, name and address in transparent handle. Hand forged razor steel blades, Agenta Wanted. Large commissions paid. Send at once for terms, circulars and territory. THE CANTON, CUTLERY CO., 1402 E. Sucond St., CANTON, 0.





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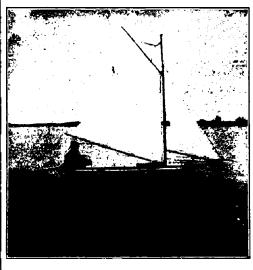
To each boy or girl who sends I0c, to pay cost of mailing we will present a toy monkey that winds with key and does just as a live monkey would, and our large catalog. 30.00 given away already. C. D. FARGO MANA FACTURING COMPANY, ELLWOOD CITY, PA

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LLUSTRATED HAND, FENCE, LADDER, Compan or Plane Chart, Pus-sle and Two Years Study in Music, 10 Centa. JOHN PICHT, 78 Avenue C, NEW YORK.

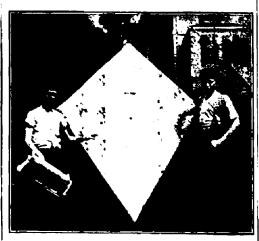


This is a picture of a boat whose name is Finny, made by G. H. Buckley, a twelve year old boy, at Spring Lake, Mich. The boat will carry five boys and has traveled seven miles an hour.

Curious Feats With an Egg.

Dissolve an ounce of alum in a half pint of vinegar. Then take a camel's hair brush and paint with the solution whatever you desire on the shell of an egg. Let it dry, and then boil the egg for 15 minutes. The writing will then have disappeared from the outside, but when the egg is cracked the writing will be found on the inside.

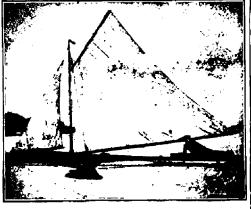
Inside.
Stand an egg on end on the table, placing a tiny pinch of salt at the spot where you wish to stand the egg. This will not be noticed on a white tablecloth. You will then be able to stand an egg on end as long as you place it on the salt, as the small particles grip the egg and prevent it from falling. This is a splendid impromptu trick for the dinner table.



A BIG KITE. Photo by Louis J. De Pass, 48 Fayette Street, Watertown, Mass. Kite made by De Pass and a friend.

The Crescent.

This is one of the "skippers" of Lake Minnetonka, near Minneapolis, Minn. She is owned by William W. Moore, of Way-



succeeding so well that the last the two was put into the water the twenty fourth of July. They say they have been paid for all their time and trouble in that they are the best looking boats they have seen.

His Trousers Material.

He was a proud little fellow, as he strutted around in a new pair of trousers that his mother had made for him, and very important he looked as he squared himself in front of his best friend, the corner groceryman, and said: "I bet you can't guess what my trousers are made of?"

"Of broadcloth?" asked the groceryman.
"Nope," replied the little fellow.
"Of corduroy, then?" ventured the

groceryman. "Nope."

"Of Jeans?"

"Nope."
"Well, what are they made of, then?"
"Of papa's old ones," triumphantly replied the happy little fellow.—Memphis Scimiter.

The Famous Magic Square.

One of the most perplexing problems that young people have to wrestle with —and they are all bound to face it sooner or later—is the one that is sometimes called the Magic Square. It is the object of this short article to give a simple explanation of the mystery.

The proposition is as follows: A square measuring eight inches on each of its four sides contains, of course, sixty four square inches. Now, this square may be cut into four pieces, and these pieces may be put together so as to form a rectangular figure measuring five inches on two of its sides, and thirteen inches on the other two. This figure would contain, therefore, sixty five square inches, and yet it is formed of the four pieces into which the original square of sixty four square inches was divided. The puzzle is to account for the extra inch.

of sixty four square inches was divided. The puzzle is to account for the extra inch.

Let us make a practical test. First, we lay off with a ruler, as accurately as possible, on a piece of cardboard, a square measuring eight inches on each of its sides. We then cut the board into two pieces, one five by eight inches, and the other three by eight. By a diagonal cut, we divide the larger piece into two pieces, each five by five by three, and the smaller piece intwo triangular pieces by a diagonal cut from one corner to the other. The base of each triangular piece will measure eight inches, and the altitude three inches.

Now fit the four pieces together to form a figure five by thirteen inches, and we certainly have within those lines an area of sixty five square inches. But we find that the four pieces will not wholly cover that area, for in the centre of the figure there is a space in the form of a narallelogram uncovered, and it is in this space that the extra inch is found.

The whole thing may be shown by trigonometry, but that is too technical for our present purposes. The "catch" is in making a small diagram, or in dissecting a square much smaller than eight inches, for then the uncovered space is scarcely perceptible.

Ice Sailing on Skates

(PEARSON'S FOR SEPTEMBER.)

The next best thing to ice yachting is ice sailing on skates. This exhilerating sport may be practiced, of course, where boating on the ice is out of the question; a fair-sized pond will give the skater plenty of opportunity to sail before the wind with the wind's own speed, to tack and maneuvre in the most approved fashion. The Swedish sail is the best and simplest. It is made of white duck, between seven and ten feet in height, about ten feet wide at the base, tapering to a narrow top. Light hamboo, or some other light, strong wood, is used for the spars. Of these there are usually three; two long ones, to which the sides of the sails are attached, and a strong main-stay, crossing about the mid-

the sides of the sails are attached, and a strong main-stay, crossing about the middle from side to side.

The expert skater, with a sail to his back, can have all the excitement and sensations of the ice yachtsman in a modified form; indeed, he can make complicated evolutions. pace and can make complicated evolutions space and can make complicated evolutions in less time, than the best of the yachtsmen. It takes a little time to become used to the sail; one feels like a bird, and as one glides swiftly along, seeming to have lost all hold of the ice, one might be drifting through the air.

Driving straight before the wind, an expect can sail thirty miles an hour. Nothing

THE ORESOENT.

Zata, a member of the Wayzata Ice Yacht Club. The Crescent has won several races and her owner is very proud of her.

A Canoe on "American Boy" Plans.

John H. and Frank Adams and Leslie and Herbert Marsh, of New Milford, Conn., saw the plans for a canoe published in our March number and immediately set to work to make two canoes.

Air Rifles market.

Simply a matter of choice between the two, as either style represents the best that ekilled labor and accurate machinery can produce. They shoot as straight as any gun made and are entirely free from danger, smoke and noise, with a little practice any boy can become a crack shot. The possession of a good gun helpe to make a boy manly, and affords him amusement of an innocent and practical kind. Our rifles have walnut stocks, bandsome nickeled steel barrels, improved sights and interchangable parts.

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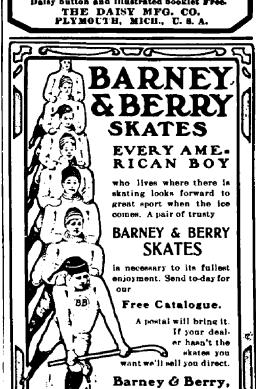
No. 1—Dalay Repeater, ahoots BB shot, 48 times.

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WOULD MAKE A GOOD CHRISTMAS PRESENT

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18 and 16 gauge. Barrela, 80 and 82 in., pinin steel and twist. Adapted for black and nitro powder. Your dealer can supply or we will sell you direct. Catalogue.

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A strong and durable arm. EVERY GUN A GOOD BHOOTER. Made in 12 and 16 gauge. Best imported barrels. REBOUNDING BAPETY LOCK, which PME-VENTS OPENING ACTION WHEN HAMMER IN COCKED. Take down action by removing the fore-end. ROLLED STEEL BARREL. CAME HARDENED FRAME. Pistol Grip, Oiled Finish Walnut Stock and Fore-end. Take Down Action. A Reliable Gun. Simplicity of Construction, Hard Shooter, Superior Accuracy. A good gun within the reach of every one. 12 or 16 gauge. 3, 30 or 32 inch barrel, weight 65 lbs. Sent on receipt of price or sent C. O. D. upon receipt of \$2.00. If not in every respect satisfactory upon examination we will refund money. Bend 2-cent stamp for either gun or fishing tackle catalogue.

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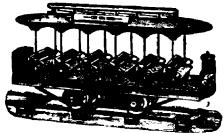
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The following is the third of a series of articles describing Home Industries for Boys. The series will treat of Flower Culture, Selling Papers and Small Merchandising, etc. In the October number appeared Poultry and Pigeon Raising. In the November number, Small Fruit Gardening.

Hop-Picking.

In those sections of the country where hops are raised, the time of hop harvest, usually from about the last week of August to the middle or last of September, is the time of the boys' money harvest as well. Men, women and children spend healthy days of hard work in the open air, with a good deal of fun and sociability to lighten the labor. Those boys who have been hop-picking ever since they were just big enough to toddle and play around their mothers boxes and so, on, year by year, first helping them, then promoted to boxes of their own, stand a better chance off making money than a "green hand;" as the hop-pickers say, and careful to pick his hops "clean" can have a good sum to his credit for his fall work. Hop-pickers are paid by the "box" and "box-tenders" by the day—a dollar and twenty five cents a day. The price for the pickers waries from fifty to sixty five cents per box, and a few boys can pick three boxes a day, but the average is from one to two hoxes, A "box" is really, to be Irish, half a box. Two large boxes are onnected by a tray on which the hops are piled, and each large box is divided, lengthwise, in the middle, and each of

OTSEGO COUNTY (N. Y.) HOP-PICKERS.

Youthful Sons of Ex-Gov. Hogg Are Learning the Oil Business.

The youthful sons of ex-Gov. Hogg are working as day laborers here, writes a correspondent at Beaumont, Texas. Hogg, it will be remembered, has made a million it will be remembered, has made a million in the oil fields in four months and now proposes to organize a twenty five million dollar corporation in London. Mike, the 15-year-old boy, works as a day laborer on Spindletop Hill, where the great crude petroleum gushers are located. The ex-Governor wants his two younger sons to learn the oil business from the ground up, so that they may be qualified as practical men to handle the oil interests at Beaumont which in all probability they will inherit from him. Tom Hogg, the ex-Governor's youngest son a lad now 13 years mont which in all probability they will inherit from him. Tom Hogg, the ex-Governor's youngest son, a lad now 13 years old, spent a month doing rough work on the property of the Hogg-Swayne syndicate on Spindletop Hill. It was early in the summer when the youngster swented at a derrick on Spindletop, and the heat and exertion proved almost too much for him. Later Mike came to Beaumont and applied to Capt. F. M. Brown, manager for the Texas Oil and Pipe Line Company, for a job in the field, where the company is boring several wells. Capt. Brown sized up the youth and, deciding he was as good as a man, put him to work on a boring rig on Spindletop Hill, where he has since earned three doilars a day. Both boys have declared their intention of returning to Beaumont at the close of school next summer to resume their work.

Laborers on Spindletop are well paid. A Laborers on Spindletop are well paid. A good man can easily earn three dollars a say and his board. Mike messes with the other workmen, and it is said that his appetite, like his muscle, is equal to that of any man on the hill. At the end of another season on Spindletop. Mike will be qualified to apply for a position as driller, and such a place is not to be laughed at even by rich men's sons, for it pays \$200 a month and board. A competent driller is always in demand at the salary named, and some are paid considerably in excess of this figure.

of this figure.
Ex-Gov. Hogg intends that his sons shall be self-supporting from the time they leave school, because he believes that they should learn to depend upon their own efforts to gain them a place in the world. His eldest son, Will, is rated as a very capable young lawyer.

A family of vegetarians has raised a cat on exclusively vegetable diet, with the re-sult that "Tabby" will not touch animal food and pays no attention to rats or mice

The greatest pheasantry in the world is that owned by Homer Davenport, the noted cartoonist, at East Orange, N. J. It occupies the entire rear of a city lot, and is covered with wire netting. Here are collected thirty varieties of this beautiful bird, some of which vie with the most beautiful flowers in their coloring. in their coloring.



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The advantage of filing clippings is apparent. Suppose, for instance, that when the Spanish-American war broke out, a boy had begun to clip everything of importance he read about it. He would now have valuable facts and figures easily equal to a volume of history; and if called upon to write an essay on the subject, he would know right where to go for information.

Several years ago I went over a lot of old papers I had been keeping, and clipped every important and valuable religious and secular fact in them, and the result is that I have a veritable encyclopaedia of

Reviews of Boys' Books

JACK MORGAN, A BOY OF 1812: By W. O. Stoddard. Illustrated by Will Crawford. There is something fascinating about stories of the War of 1812, and just now there seems to be a wave of interest over such stories. The author of Jack Morgan has made a study of the operations of the land and water forces in our second war with England. In their maneuvers on the Ohio border and on Lake Eric culminating in Perry's glorious victory. Jack Morgan, the hero of the story, is a fine specimen of the frontier lad. He leads just the sort of life that stirs the blood of young Americans. In the story there come before the reader indians, scouts, frontiersmen, British soldiers, brave earnest men and women. What boy will not want to read about General Harrison's defense of Fort Meigs, Major Croghan's repulse of the British at Fort Stevenson, P. H. Perry's wonderful victory, and Harrison's triumph over Proctor and Tecumseh? This splendid boys story is thrown against a notable historical background. 33 pp. 12 mo. Cloth, \$1.25. Lothrop Publishing Co.

LITTLE MEN: A new edition of Louisa M. Alcott's famous stories, with fifteen full page pictures by Reginald B. Birch, illustrator of Little Lord Fauntleroy. Perhaps no book on the market will have a MAERICAN BOY'S LIFE OF WILLIAM

Lothrop Publishing Co.

Little MEN: A new edition of Louisa M. Alcott's famous stories, with fifteen full page pictures by Reginald B. Birch, illustrator of Little Lord Fauntieroy. Perhaps no book on the market will have a better holiday sale. The popularity of the author is sufficient to win for it popular favor, and the illustrations are delightful. It is gotten up in the best style, large clear type, filling three hundred and seventy nine pages. This book will appeal to adults who are looking for a pleasing book for children that is natural and fits the child nature. It is a book that adults will read with interest, and one of those books with which you can sit down with the children and spend an hour that is not tedious. \$1.50. Little, Brown & Co.



THE MASTER KEY—An Electrical Fairy Tale: By L. Frank Baum. The illuminated cover of this book is attractive enough to cause the boy to open the book with eagerness. The tale is founded upon the mysteries of electricity. Illustrations are by F. Y. Cory. The author says that while the fairy tale is founded upon the wonders of electricity and the things written about may seem quite improbable, yet they are not impossible, and that when the young readers of this tale shall have become men and women the story will not seem to their children like a fairy tale at all. To any boy who delights in the stories of electricity and at the same time has a taste for fairy tales, this book will prove a very acceptable Christmas present. It is beautifully gotten up, printed on heavy glazed paper, and illustrated in colors. The Bowen-Merrill Co.

good paper. 12mo. Cloth, picture cover. \$1.50. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

THE HERO OF THE HILLS. By G. Waldo Browne. This is Volume III. of The Woodranger Tales by the same author. The foundation of historical facts upon which the author builds his tale materially stimulates the interest of the reader. From the opening to the closing chapter of the book there is enough stir and excitement to amply satisfy any boy. The homely philosophy and quaint mannerisms of the old Woodranger, the strong, sturdy, fearless self-reliant characters of John Stark and his friends, their unceasing struggles with the willy redskins, and their times of fun and frolic, as well as the descriptions of animal life and forest and lake scenery, go to make up a book which will be read with eagerness by all boys who love—and what American boy does not—stories of adventure and heroic deeds. As a Christmas present it is just what will please a boy. Henry W. Herrick is the illustrator. Three hundred and twelve pages, 12mo. Cloth. Illustrated cover. \$1.00. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

THE LITTLE COLONEL'S HOLIDAYS.

THE LITTLE COLONEL'S HOLIDAYS. By Annie Fellows Johnston. Handsomely illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. This is another and welcome addition to Mrs. Johnston's delightful stories for younger boys and girls, and it fully sustains her already established reputation. The Little Colonel, Betty, Molly, Eugenia and the Appleton boys, and their games and fun are all so delightfully and fascinatingly real that we come to the end of the book with regret. Fathers and methers who are on the lookout for good, pure, wholesome literature for their children's enjoyment will find this volume all they can desire. Two hundred and thirty pages, 12mo. Cloth, with handsomely designed cover. \$1.50. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. THE LITTLE COLONEL'S HOLIDAYS.

appeal to all boy readers. His career as a soldier during the Civil War shows the gallant, fearless boy; and as we read of his work during the 'battles, sleges, fortunes,' of those trying times, we are not greatly surprised that he should afterwards be found worthy of the highest gift in the power of the people. Such a book will surely do much to instil boys with rightful ambition, honesty and love of their country. The anecdotes interspersed throughout the book show the sincerity unwearied efforts and unswerving honesty of a life cut all too short. There are sixteen full-page cuts and portraits in the book, which should certainly find a place in every library. Three hundred pages. Price \$1.25. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

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Reading With Profit.

Books should be read with a purpose, and ought to be carefully pondered. He says: Lord Macaulay's experience to that end "When a boy, I began to read very earnestly, but at the foot of every page that I read, I stopped and obliged myself to give an account of what I had read on that page. At first I had to read it three or four times before I got my mind firmly fixed; but I compelled myself to comply with the plan until now, after I have read a page through once I can almost recite it from beginning to end. It is a habit that may be formed early in life, and is valuable as a means of making our reading serve the best purpose."

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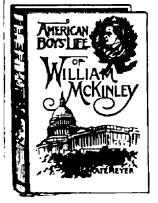
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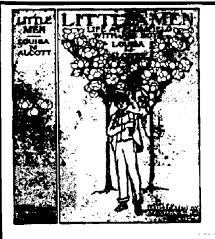
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BOYS IN THE HOME, **CHURCH AND SCHOOL**

Angelo M. Fasno, a New York boy, who stood highest in a recent examination of candidates for Annapolis, though pitted against him were the sons of wealthy parents who had provided private tutors



ANGELO M. FASANO.

for their boys. Angelo is seventeen years old and one of six children of poor parents. He had been working for some time in a plumbing establishment, earning a small salary which went to help swell the family purse.

Indian Boys' Home Training.

The following account of the Omaha Indian boy's home training is given by Mr. Francis la Flesche, an Omaha Indian:

"No child is permitted to interrupt an older person, or to pass between two persons who are speaking; still less to come between them and the fire. They are strictly enjoined never to stare at strangers, nor to address anyone by his personal

ers, nor to address anyone by his personal name without giving a title.
"From his earliest years the Omaha child has been trained in the correct use of his native tongue; no mistake was allowed to pass uncorrected.
"No Indian parent ever whips his child. When it commits a fault, the entire family assemble in solemn conclave, and it is summoned and reproved with such gravity that it never forgets the lesson."

A First Grader.

Clarence A. Reece, Ben Avon, Pa., last year in the nine months of school took first place eight times, second place once. In twenty months he won first place seventeen times and second place three times.

Boys as Inventors.

Humphrey Potter, when a mere lad, invented the "hand-gear," an important invention connected with the steam engine.

Thomas Edison, when a boy, invented many important electrical devices.

Brunel, of Thames Tunnel fame, invented at the age of twelve a nightcap-making machine, which is to-day used in Normandy.

mandy.

Bewick, when a boy, invented a "graver" that enabled him to cut outlines in wood.

A boy of ten in Ohio a little while ago
fitted to his blockle an electric light apparatus of his own invention, the power paratus of his own invention, the power for which is obtained by the revolving of the wheels when riding.

An Inspiring Influence.

Mrs. A. H. Mitchell, Worcester, Mass., says THE AMERICAN BOY is an inspiring influence in her home. "Three of us," says she, "ran to the door the last time the bell

What is believed to be one of the richest copper deposits in the world was recently discovered through a boy's selling pretty rocks to an assay office at San Diego, Cal. Several weeks ago a small boy came into the office of Col. Robbins, an assayer of San Diego, with some "pretty" rocks which he wanted to sell.

The assayer gave him a few nickels and took the rock. Examination showed the ore to be almost pure copper streaked with silver. The boy had disappeared, but the assayer kept a standing advertisement in three papers for several weeks and finally located the boy and also his father. It was found that the ore came from about 25 miles below the Mexican line, and the boy's father. Antonio Feliz, Col. Robbins and J. Wade McDonald have located the land under the Mexican law. Development work has begun.

New York Newsboys' Lodging House.

On Chambers Street, New York City, is located the Brace Memorial, or the Newsboys Lodging House, erected as a home for newsboys by Charles Loring Brace. A visitor to this place says that when she entered early one morning she found two or three boys sweeping the dining room floor, several more making beds, and still others with mops and pails washing the hall floors. A little later boys were found in the kitchen doing kitchen work, and other boys were setting table. On the top floor is a gymnasium, and here the little fellows spend most of their spare time.

time.
The boys housed here have no other homes. They are taken care of for a small sum—fifteen cents a day.

An Essay on Habit.

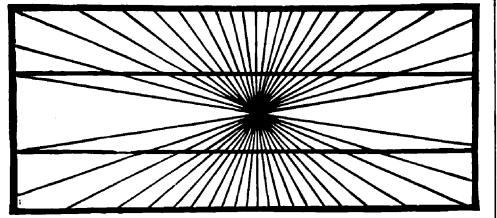
A story is told of an English school-master who offered a prize to the boy who should write the best composition in five minutes on "How to Overcome Habit." At the expiration of five minutes the compositions were read. The prize went to a lad of nine years. Following is his essay:

to a lad of nine years. Following is his essay:
"Well, sir, habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it does not change 'abit.' If you take off another you still have a 'bit' left. If you take off still another, the whole of 'it' remains. If you take off another, it is not wholly used up; all of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of a habit you must throw it off altogether."

A Busy Boy.

A Busy Boy.

Russel O. Webster, of Newton, Wis., is a busy boy. Some of our city boys will be interested in reading how he is occupied. He is thirteen years old and lives on a farm in the Bad Axe Valley of Wisconsin. a mile and a half from his school house. He and his brother and sister ride to and from school every day. He gets up in the morning at half past five and feeds twenty head of cattle, milks four cows and eats his breakfast, before he starts for school at a quarter to eight. At five o'clock in the evening he is home from school, has his chores to do before supper, and then spends the evening, as he says, reading THE AMERICAN BOY. He is in the A class at school, and in examinations averages 83. He is looking forward to maple syrup time, which is the early spring. Making maple syrup is hard work, but there is much in it to enjoy.



You would think to look at this diagram that the two heavy black lines were not parallel. As a matter of fact they are exactly parallel. Hold them up edgewise and you will see that they are. The divergent lines which stick out from the centre are responsible for the trick.

she. Tan to the door the last time the behring to see who would get THE AMERICAN BOY first. If you could see the expressions on their faces you would know that it fills a long felt want. I wish you had as good a paper for girls."

Boy Finds Rich Mine.

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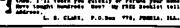
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Steps in Outlining an Argument.

The first great step in outlining or planning an argument is to divide the subject into two, three, or four main questions or aspects. Thus, if the subject is—Should women be granted the right to vote? You might consider the arguments under these heads:

1. The justice of granting the suffrage to women

to women.

to women.

2. The wisdom of it.
Or if the subject is—
The sale of intoxicating liquors should be prohibited—and you are on the negative or denying side, you might take for main divisions:

1. Is prohibition desirable?
2. Is it wise?
3. Is it possible (or practicable)?
Division of Argument.—In a similar way to that just described, suggest main heads for the discussion of the following questions: tions

The spelling of English words should Hawthorne was a greater writer than

Irving Examinations should be abolished.
 Young persons should not read news-

papers

5. French and German should not be taught in American schools.
6. Washington was not so great a man as Lincoln.

Writers are more useful than inven-7. Writers are more useful total avectors.
8. Winter is to be preferred to summer.
9. The Spanish-American war should have been prevented.
10. Novel reading is a waste of time.
11. The observance of the Sabbath should be compulsary.

be compulsory.

12. A man should always vote with his party.—From "Writing in English," by Maxwell and Smith.

A Little Patriot.

There is a five-year-old boy in Massachusetts avenue who is of the blood of patriots. says the Washington Star. His grandfather was in both the Mexican and Civil wars, and his father was also a Unionesoldier, consequently the little fellow has heard much "flag" talk in his short life and has exalted ideas of its protective qualities. He was the baby of the family till very recently, and occupied a crib bed in his mother's room. When the new baby came Harold was put to sleep in a room adjoining his mother's, and as he had never slept alone before, his small soul was filled with namcless fears which he was too proud to tell in full.

"It's mighty lonesome in here, mamma," he called the first night after he had

roug to tell in full.

"It's mighty lonesome in here mamma," he called the first night after he had been tucked in his little white bed.

"Just remember the angels are near you and caring for you," replied mamma from the outer room.

"But, mamma," he objected, "I ain't acquainted with any angels, and I'd be scared of them if they came rustling round, same as I would of any other stranger."

"Now, Harold, you must go to sleep quietly; nothing will hurt you."

"Can't I have the gas lighted in here?"

"No, mamma doesn't think it necessary and it is not healthy."

There was silence for some time, and then the small voice piped up again, "Oh, mamma!"

"Yes, dear."

"May I have granded!" flag?"

When Daniel entered Phillips Academy at the foot of the lowest class, the higher class boys were inclined to make fun of the diffident lad clad in homespun; but Daniel, taking little notice of this treatment, applied himself to study, and soon rose to the head of the class. One day the teacher said aloud in school: "Daniel Webster take your books, and stand upsir." Daniel obeyed, and the kind old man continued: "Leave the room and go into a higher class. Boys, say goodbye to him, for you will never overtake him." They never did overtake him. He went through college, became a distinguished lawyer and orator, a United States Senator, and the great expounder of the

Subjects for Debate.

That the whipping post should be revived

for certain crimes.

That lynch law is sometimes justifiable.

That hunting and trapping for amuse-

ment are wrong. That pardoning prisoners is bad in policy and in morals.

That the government should encourage

rewarding eminent talent.

That the government should encourage literary men and women by some plan of rewarding eminent talent.

That the country press is more influential and beneficial, on the whole, than the

and beneficial, on the whole, than clty dailies.

That a journalist is more influential than a preacher of the same relative ability.

That a good novel does more good than a good sermon.

That a bad book does more harm than a bad man

bad man.

Public Speaking.

The following suggestions, which William Ewart Gladstone made in answer to a request for "any hints that might be useful to a public speaker," are well worthy considering by all "platform" aspirants. It was attention to these rules which in no small degree accounted for Gladstone's own power in "swaying audiences."

1. Study plainness of language, always preferring the simpler word.

2. Shortness of sentences.

3. Distinctness of articulation.

4. Test and question your own arguments beforehand, not waiting for critic or opponent.

or opponent.

5. Seek a thorough digestion of and familiarity with your subject, and rely mainly on these to prompt the proper words.

6. Remember that if you are to sway an audience you must, besides thinking out your matter, watch it all along.

Keep the Boys at Work.

Put your boy to work if he is not in school. If there is nothing else for him to do, put him to whitewashing the back fence. Keep the lawn mowed, and even cut the winter supply of wood. Anything is better for him than loafing about town at the head end of a cigarette stump, learning all the evil and contracting all the vices that the devil keeps afloat to catch idlers. No honest labor will hurt your boy, but the evil habits he may contract on the streets may kill his soul and poison his moral nature so as to make him a detriment to the community in which he lives and how down his gray-haired parents with sorrow. If the fathers and mothers of today would learn the importance of training their sons to be industrious and keep them off the streets, the coming generation would be inestimably better off.—Exchange

Captain Manley Lawton, a Bugler at Thirteen.

(See front page.)

scared of them if they came rustling round, same as I would of any other stranger. "Now. Harold, you must go to sleep quietly; nothing will hurt you."

"Can't I have the gas lighted in here?" "Now, mamma doesn't think it necessary and it is not healthy."

There was silence for some time, and then the small voice piped up again, "Oh, mamma looked in the small voice piped up again, "Oh, mamma"."

"Yes, dear."

"May I have grandpa's flag?"

"Why, what for? I want you to go right to sleep."

"Please, mamma!" and a small night gowned figure appeared at the door. "Just let me stick the flag up at the head of my bed, and then I'll go right to sleep. Indeed, I will! You know the other night grandpa said at the meeting that 'under the protecting folds of the flag the weakest would be safe,' and I feel mighty weak, est would be safe,' and I feel mighty weak, est would be safe,' and I feel mighty weak, fast asleep, with a fat little fist under his red cheek, holding fast the end of the 'protecting' flag.

A Story of Daniel Webster, the Boy-Gustav Isenberg, Philadelphia, Pa, sends us the following anecdote of Daniel Webster's school days:

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Company News.

Cuban Athletic Company, No. 7, Division of New York, Cuba, N. Y., holds its meetings every two weeks at the homes of the members. As the name indicates, this Company is chiefly interested in athletics.

Conger Company, No. 2. Division of Illinois, Galesburg, Ill., held its election of officers recently with the following result: Burt T. Anderson was re-elected Captain. Frank Gerould Secretary. Howard Anderson Treasurer, and Ralph Hart Librarian.

Toronto Company, No. 1. Toronto, Ont., met for the first time in its new club room Wednesday evening, Nov. 20. Beginning with January, the Company dues will be 15 cents per month, and an admission fee of five cents will be charged all visitors. The Captain promises to send us some photographs of the club room when completed.

George H. Marshall Company, No. 1. Trenton, N. J., has a fine club room on which they have recently expended twenty five dollars for furniture, etc. This Company has had, altogether, about thirty five dollars in its treasury since its organization. The boys are very much interested in athletics, and the captain promises us a picture of their basket ball team soon.

David Wilmot Company, No. 7, Division of Pennsylvania, Macedonia, Pa., held its election of officers recently with the following result: Paul Daily was elected Captain, Wortha Heath Vice-Captain, Frank Coolbaugh Secretary, and Arthur Lewis Treasurer. The ten cents a month dues have been discontinued, and each month's bills are now paid by an assessment. two dollars, and for the third best one dollar. The first prize goes to J. R. Judy, Secretary of Daniel Boone Company, No. 1. Bunceton, Mo.; second prize to George C. Estep, a member of J. Murray Clark Company, No. 5. Canonsburg, Pa., and the third to Lewis Pettlt, a member of Wolverine Company, No. 8, Addison, Mich. The programs will be communicated to the companies by letter.

ment.

Toronto Company, No. 1, Toronto, Ont., held a very interesting meeting the evening of Oct. 23. Captain Lou H. Warnica gave the Life of Wellington, and Secretary Willie Watson gave a chemical experiment. This Company has recently adopted a new rule in regard to time of meeting. They now meet at 7:45 p. m. and have their literary and business meeting from that time until 8:30, after which time they play games, closing their meetings at 9:15 in order to give the boys time to study and prepare for their next day's lessons.

Deniel Roone Company, No. 2, Wayne

prepare for their next day's lessons.

Daniel Boone Company, No. 3, Wayne, Neb., is growing very rapidly, having recently added four new members to its list. This Company has about sixty books in its library, and is trying to get all of Henty's, Alger's and Harkaway's books. The boys are now studying the Life of Mc-Kinley. This Company is principally interested in athletics. One of the rules of the Company is that any member found to be using tobacco in any form shall be expelled from the club, and no person addicted to this habit will be admitted to membership. membership.

membership.

Lone Star Company, No. 1. Division of Texas, Ennis, Tex., holds its meetings every Friday night. Dues five cents a week. This Company has a nice room at the home of the Librarian, Curtis Knighten. They have eighty nine books in their library and expect to add more soon. The Captain writes us that they gave an entertainment recently and expect to add several new members to the Company as a result thereof. He says the boys saw what they were doing and thinks that with a little effort on their part the membership will be increased very materially. They will hold another entertainment at Christmas time. This Company has established an initiatory of three degrees, and the Captain says it is a good one. the Captain says it is a good one.

the Captain says it is a good one.

"Get There Eli" Company, No. 7, Division of Nebraska, York, Neb., held its first meeting the evening of October 29. The proposed Constitution and By-Laws were adopted. Dues twenty five cents each for the first four months, after which time they are to be lowered. The following officers were elected: Vice-Captain, Clyde Bailey: Librarian, Wray Edwards: Secretary, Willie Mead; Treasurer, Leverne Goble. They have had their charter framed, but have not as yet secured a room in which to meet. The Captain writes that they intend to have a gymnasium. This Company is principally interested in athletics. The boys have a foot ball team which the captain says is a good one. Number of members carolled at this writing sixteen. writing sixteen.



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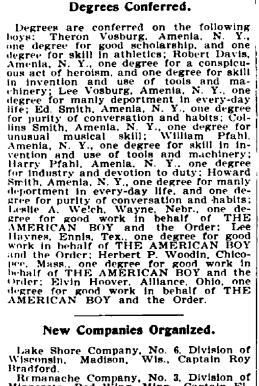
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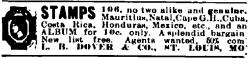
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STAMPS as a leader for this month. I offer 500 fine mixed U. S. stamps for 15c. Fine stamps on approval, 500 discount. INAIAH RUDY, Box 102. Station A, Pittaburg, Pa.

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Answers to Correspondents.

Brainerd S. Gibson—The catalogue value of your stamps postally used is \$3.65. They sell at about fifty per cent discount from

A. B. N., Waco—The Paris Exposition stamps" are not stamps at all, but merely abels, and have absolutely no value from a philatelic standpoint.

Paul H., Redwood Falls—Nearly all of the 1898 revenues have been found "part perforate," and a few values have been found imperforate. In unsevered pairs or blocks they should bring quite a pre-mium over face.

W. J. E., Danbury.—All of the stamps you mention are very common with the exception of the two cent blue playing cards, which is catalogued at twenty five cents, and the 14c Fletcher & Marchand, which are worth about five cents aplece.

Edwin L., Brooklyn—The 8 pence yellow New South Wales is worth about thirty cents. This stamp is watermarked a crown and "N. S. W." and must not be confused with the 8 pence orange of the same de-sign, which is found unwatermarked or watermarked "8." and is much more rare.

G. L. C., So. Boston—The Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue (which can be obtained of almost any stamp dealer for fifty eight cents) gives the list prices of mearly every postage stamp ever issued. Many stamps are sold at large discounts from catalogue prices.

W. C. G., Yankton—One sheet of the two cent Pan-American inverted centre was placed on sale in the Brooklyn, N. Y., post-office May 2, 1901. So far as known no more have turned up and but few copies are in the hands of collectors. They bid fair to be very valuable.

Harold G. P., New York—There are fif-teen or twenty papers and magazines de-voted to postage stamps published in this country, several of which are weeklies. Every stamp collector should take one or more stamp papers, the subscription price ranging from twenty five to fifty cents per annum. The addresses of a number of the best stamp papers will be furnished upon receipt of a stamped envelope for reply.

Big Prices.

At a sale of postage stamps in London recently, a fine copy of Roumania, Moldavia, 1854, 81 paras blue on blue, fetched £143; another, 108 paras blue on pink £18 10s; another specimen, 27 paras black on rose, £36; another, 54 paras blue on green, enormous margins, £15 10s.

At another sale among the specimens disposed of were a fine copy of the rare Canada, 1851, 12d black, with large margins, £57; United States, Brattleboro, 1846, 5c, black on buff, £40; another specimen, 1869, carmine and blue, error with inverted flags, £54; another, 24c, green and purple, error with inverted center, £24; Nova Scotia, 1851-57, 1s; purple unused, £24 10s; and Transvaal, 1877, V. R., 6d blue, £16. The three days sale realized about £3,000.

The British authorities announce that the color of the stamp on half-penny post-cards, half-penny embossed envelopes, and half-penny newspaper wrappers will in future be green. A decision has also been arrived at to change the color of the one penny stamp on newspaper wrappers to carmine. Philatelists will be interested to learn that the supply of the latter in the old color to postmasters and others is exhausted, so that the carmine-tinted stamps will appear almost immediately.

New British Stamps.

The new ½d and 1d English stamps with the head of Edward VII. have been printed and will probably be in circulation by the time this paper reaches our readers.

The stamps are printed on white paper in the postal union colors—the ½d in green and the 1d in deep carmine, the design being an oval with the head turned to the left, and on one side a branch of laurel, and on the other a branch of oak leaves. Above the oval are the words, "Postage and Revenue," and above the inscription a Tudor crown. The value of the stamp is at the bottom.

Our readers must not imagine that the old stamps with the queen's head will become rare as soon as the new ones come into use. While they will gradually appreciate in value, it will be a long time before they will become valuable except in special instances.

Danish West Indies.

Just at this time when the sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States is being considered by the Danish government, much interest is being aroused in the stamps of these little islands likely soon to be the property of the United States.

Not counting shades, there are only fig-



Edw. G. Michaels, Richmond, Va.—See answer to Irving Truitt.

Harry Humphrey, Antigo, Wis.-No premium on an 1853 half dime.

Peter A. Iverson, Fergus Falls, Minn.— The five cent nickel of 1867 has no premium. James F. Quigley, Brooklyn, N. Y.— The 1883 V nickel hardly commands a premium.

Lauren W. Porter, Jamestown, N. Dak.— The 1851 three cent plece is worth fifteen cents.

Box 12, Clayton, Ia.—A dime of 1849 is worth a quarter. Your other pleces, face value only.

Fred Cameron, Pawtucket, R. I.—A 1798 cent, in good condition, readily sells for half a dollar.

J. U. Galler, Lawrence, Mass., and Cornelius M. Smith, Baltimore, Md.—See answer to James Marsh.

J. Percy Kimball. Parksville, N. Y., asks "what the G on the face of a gold quarter stands for?" None should be there.

Verne Besbuick, Gallepolis, O.—The 1835 half dime, unless fine, is common; 1834 dimes and 1816 cents, unless good, have no premium.

De Witt Bailey, Pine Bluff, Ark.—The English coin you have that is so poor that you cannot determine the date, has no value over face.

Carl W. Helwagen, Circleville, O.—Your rubbing is taken from a common brass medal, spiel marke or spiel munze (play money), and is of no value.

Melvin Hall, Logan, O.—The dealers charge \$4.00 for an 1869 dollar gold piece. The gold quarter eagle of 1863 has no premium; 1857 cent no premium.

H. M. Keeler, Spring Lake, N. J.—An 1876 trade dollar, unless at least uncircu-lated, has no premium; 1833 cent, if good, fifteen cents; 1875 twenty cent piece, no premium.

Dean King, Katispell, Mont.—The three cent nickel of 1868 has no premium. They were issued every year from 1865 to and including 1889, when their coinage was discontinued.

Richard Beers. Syracuse, Neb.—You do not give full date of your Danish shilling. I, however, presume it to be 1771, which is common and sells for ten cents; 1858 cent, no premium.

Henry G. Holmes, Bellows Falls, Vt.—Your coin is an English one of George II (1727-80). 1749. Farthings and half pence in copper were struck during his reign and are common, selling for twenty five cents each in good condition.

William G. Christy, Jerseyville, Ill.—An Italian 2 lire. This coin you refer to was struck between the years 1807-1814 by Napoleon I., as Emperor of Italy. It is worth half a dollar. Your other questions are elsewhere answered.

Roy E. Gardner, Machias, Me.-Your 1797 half cent (not cent), if good, is worth a dollar; if only fair, half as much. Your other rubbing is from a Russian coin 1843. 3 kopeck, the third series of coinage of Nicholas I. (1825-55). The piece sells for twenty cents. twenty cents.

U. S. Boyle, Jr., Pittsburg, Pa.—Good cents of the following dates are worth: 1800, fifty cents; 1803, twenty five cents; 1805, thirty five cents; 1806, fifty cents; 1808, and 1814, fifty cents each; 1818, fifteen cents; 1831, twenty five cents; 1837, 1847, 1851 and 1853, five cents each.

Warren Morris, Emporia, Kan.—Your drawing is from a VI. Marien Groschen. 1708 of George Louis (1638-1727), of Brunswick and Luneburg. The piece sells for half a dollar at the dealers. It would be well to remember that this George Louis reigned 1714-27, as George I., of England.

E. Reid, San Louis Obispo, Cal.—(1) 1803 cent, twenty five cents; (2) 1834 half cent, fifteen cents; (3) England, half farthing 1844, ten cents; (4) Hawalian ten cents 1883, twenty five cents; (5) United States three cent silver 1865, fifty cents; if in nickel, no premium. All your others are very common.

Eugene Newson, Paragould, Ark.—The 1838 half dollar, with O between bust of Liberty and date, is worth seventy five cents. This is the first year on which mintmarks appear on our coins. O signifies New Orleans mint. The ore is a money denomination used by Sweden, Norway and,

Jas. Marsh, Washington, Pa.—An 1819 half dollar is worth seventy five cents. In this connection it would be well enough to state that good specimens of the half dollars from 1806 down to the present time, with the exception of 1852, 1866 and some die or year varieties, can be purchased at the dealers for seventy five cents each the dealers for seventy five cents each.

Charles Larzelere, Wathena, Kan.—Your coin is a New Jersey cent of 1787, an early issue of that state. They were issued during the years 1786, 1787 and 1788. There are many varieties, but all have the horse head and blow on the obverse and the shield on the reverse. Yours is of the commonest type and date, and is worth a half dollar at the dealers.

Carl A. Lohmann, Akron, O. -Your draws.

soon to be the property of the United States.

States.

Not counting shades, there are only fifteen varieties of adhesive stamps, and with the exception of the 14c liac and green, none are very rare. The price of all of them is rapidly going up, most of them bringing full catalogue value if not more, and we would advise the completion of collections of this country as soon as possible.

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| 1840, Ic Violet Brown | 05c |
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| 1847, I and Sc | 24c |
| 1846, I and I | 25c |
| 1847, I con Sc | 78c | 78c |
| 1847, I con Sc | 78c | 78c |
| 1847, I con Sc | 78c | 78c |
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BELGIAN HARES Thrive better in winter than in Christmas present of a pair. I have some you can afford to buy, \$1.50 buys a pair. Zeitung, Port Clinton, Ohio.

"ANIMAL ADS" WILL DO WELL ON THIS PAGE

James Garfield Teagarden, Boulder, Colo., writes THE AMERICAN BOY as follows: I have heard of many ways in which boys may amuse themselves, but I prefer pet stock raising. I see many things of interest in THE AMERICAN BOY, and I thought perhaps I might add a little to the interest awakened by the paper by giving a few ideas for making money. I started raising Belgian hares in 1889, and since then have handled from fifty to one



hundred and fifty a season, and have made enough money from their sale to enable me to keep them in feed and to furnish me with spending money, also to take me to Denver to the stock fairs. I have taken prizes on my stock at these fairs. Belgian hares sell here at from fifteen to twenty five cents a pound in the market. Pedigreed stock sells for more, of course. I have one buck, 'Symmetry John,' that scores 94. I handle the Flemish Glant, which is the largest rabbit, weighing from fifteen to twenty-five pounds. I also raise Guinea pigs—little animals of the size of a large rat, with ears like a hog's, and no tail. Their color varies and their value is from twenty five cents to ten dollars each. I also handle pheasants, which are very beautiful animals, having about fifteen colors. In June of last year I started in the fancy pigeon business, and now I have the Parlor Tumbler. When I snap my finger to make him fly, he will tumble a back somersault. Some of them will turn over two or three times. These birds cannot fly at all. The outside Tumblers, however, fly high in the air and tumble in descending. I also have Carriers. Fantalls and Jackarpins. I feed grain and hay.

I am fourteen years old and in the highest grammar grade at school. People say I am proud of my name, and I certainly hope I shall never do anything to dishonor it. hundred and fifty a season, and have made

honor it.

The Inside Tumbler.

The question is often asked, what is the uside Tumbler, referring to a kind of Inside pigeon.
The Inside Tumbler is one of the rarest

The Inside Tumbler is one of the rarest varieties of pigeons, and gets its name from its very close tumbling qualities. A perfect performer can't fly at all, and can be exhibited indoors or out, and picked up at will. It tumbles from two feet down to six inches of the floor or ground. As fully developed performers can't fly, much care should be taken in the arrangement



The illustration is furnished us by F. C. Hege, a fancier. of Salem, N. O.

Stock Business.

James Garfield Teagarden. Boulder, Colo., writes THE AMERICAN BOY as follows:
1 have heard of many ways in which boys may amuse themselves, but I prefer pet stock raising. I see many things of interest in THE AMERICAN BOY, and I thought perhaps I might add a little to the interest awakened by the paper by giving a few ideas for making money. I started raising Belgian hares in 1899, and since then have handled from fifty to one little feats he astonishes all who witness his performances. performances.

Boys and Poultry

Boys' Experience with Poultry.

Duffie Reil, Stephenville, Tex., writes: I am fourteen years old and a breeder of poultry. I raise the Barred Plymouth Rocks exclusively. I bred the white for a while, but found the Barred the best. I also raise Pckin ducks. I have sold over twenty five settings of eggs this spring.

twenty five settings of eggs this spring.

Sidney Gallaway, Hico, Tex., writes: A teaspoonful of sulphur and a teaspoonful of alum mixed with water and fed every other day will cure any case of chicken cholera. Red pepper fed twice a week keeps chickens healthy. To make hens set, have good nests and keep from three to five eggs in the nests. Keep plenty of snuff in the chicken roosts and nests and you will never be bothered with fleas or mites. When a chicken gets droopy and sickly, give him a drop of turpentine on bread every day and he will soon get well.

every day and he will soon get well.

William T. Pickering, Mandeville, Jamaica. W. I., writes: I have at present four hens and twenty two chickens. The chickens can be sold at nine cents a pound, but as the chickens of the oldest brood only weigh a pound apiece it is not worth while to sell them yet. Their mothers have all left them and are laying again. • • • I never tried poultry raising before, and I think considering this that I have been pretty successful. Out of twenty four chickens hatched I have only lost two. One of these got drowned and the other got carried off by a mongoose. These animals are the terror of the poultry raisers. The mongoose does not take very young chickens, but waits till they are about three weeks old. Rats are very destructive to young chickens. I know of one hen that had six chickens carried off in one night by the rats.

rats.

L. H. Button, Hubbard, O., age fourteen, says that breeding Belgian hares, pigeons, chickens, etc., for profit is a fascinating way of making money, but he cautions boys that they must take care of their pets—not let their houses become filthy or damp or overrun with lice. He first hred Indian Games, as he had read much about the superior quality of their fiesh. He bought a trio but before spring the cock was stolen; then one of the hens died and he became discouraged. He then started to breed the white Plymouth Rocks, and has been at it now for two or three years and has found it very profitable. Lately he became interested in homing pigeons, and has now a few nice pairs. He says; "If any boy desires to make money and have pleasure at the same time, let him start a loft of homers. I am sure he will be benefited."

Points for Young Poultry Raisers.

The hen has been called the queen of money makers.

Don't keep a hen over her third winter, for she will not pay her way.

One pound of meat is worth several pounds of grain for making eggs.

Remove all unprofitable members of the flock so as to give the others more room.

The poultry products of the United States reach very nearly the \$300,000,000 mark annually.

Try to combine beauty and utility. It costs no more to have beautiful birds than to keep scrubs.

The him add: more to the wealth of the nation by \$90,000,000 than do all the coal mines in the country. January is not too soon for separating the birds into breeding flocks if eggs are

chesired for hatching.

Chickens must be kept clean, dry and warm, and generously fed with nutritious food and comfortably, lodged.

Chickens should have some kind of green stuff for winter. Cabbage, turnips, beets of any kind, small potatoes, are all good.

It is well frequently to spade up the poultry yard, turning the filth under and allowing the fow's to take advantage of the loose earth to scratch and exercise.

The hen and the busy incubator turn out annually 2,500,000,000 chicks which live long enough to reach the market, and the annual egg crop is fully 13,000,000,000 dozens.

There should always be a storm house with a southern exposure, for poultry, to which they can retreat in times of storms or showers, and where they can nestle and dust in the dry earth or sand.



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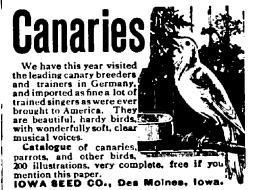




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PAYS FOR ten years subscription to the and stare paper out. Money back if not satisfied. Sample free. The Poultry Stem, Fricks, Pa.



A non should never have a full crop during the day, but should be kept hungry enough to scratch and hustle about and find the food which has been scattered about in the litter.

Chickens should have some kind of green stuff for winter. Cabbage, turnings, beets of any kind, small potatoes, are all good.

The boy who keeps good poultry and studies how to carry on the business by the most approved methods will make money.

The average hen can give birth to an hundredfold more chickens in a season by the ald of the incubator than she can in the good old way.

It is well frequently to spade up the poultry yard, turning the filth under and allowing the fow's to take advantage of the loose earth to scratch and exercise.

About in the litter.

Rolled oats has been found injurious to little chicks. A good feed for the first week is pinhead oatmeal mixed with one-third the quantity of millet seed. Feed every two hours and never leave more than the chicks will eat up clean. After the first week give bread made of equal parts by weight of corn meal, sifted ground oats and middle oats has been found injurious to little chicks. A good feed for the first week is pinhead oatmeal mixed with one-third the quantity of millet seed. Feed every two hours and never leave more than the chicks will eat up clean. After the first week give bread made of equal parts by weight of corn meal, sifted ground oats and middle of the intermediate the chicks. A good feed for the first week is pinhead oatmeal mixed with one-third the quantity of millet seed. Feed the quantity of millet seed. Feed every two hours and never leave more than the chicks will eat up clean. After the first week give bread made of equal parts by weight of corn meal, sifted ground oats and middle of the quantity of millet seed. Feed the quantity of

The Cypher Incubator Company has moved from Wayland, N. Y., to Buffalo, where it has largely increased facilities. This company received the gold medal and highest award at the Pan-American expo-

BOYS, SEND US PICTURES OF YOUR STOCK.

CHARACTER IN THE EAR.

"The criminal ear," as exploited by Italian anthropologists, has just received a severe setback from Dr. Keith, a well-known English scientist, who, after studying the cars of more than forty thousand persons, including two thousand lunatics and eight hundred criminals (besides some hundreds of animals), finds that ears are absolutely characteriess so far as furnishing any clue to personal traits is concerned.

Census Results-1900.



TRAINING A CAT TO RETRIEVE.

With patience, gentleness and entirely without force a man has successfully trained a common cat to retrieve. His education began by leading him up to all game that had been killed, which was followed by the cat seeking the game himself. Next, he was taught to stay close by his master, at first perched on his shoulder. He was then taught not to fear the sound of a gun. When the gun was fired a common ball was thrown forward by the master, and the cat soon found out fired a common ball was thrown forward by the master, and the cat soon found out the connection between the report of the gun and retrieving. A dead bird was afterward substituted for the ball, being at first thrown from the hand, and later on dropped from the branch of a distant tree, and the cat's education in retrieving was completed. He retrieves perfectly, points sometimes, and in general conducts himself like a hunting dog.—Forest and Stream.

EVOLUTION OF POSTAL RATES.

Congress passed the first law fixing postal rates on February 20th, 1792, and on the 1st of June following it went into effect. The charges for transmitting letters were fixed as follows:

Not exceeding thirty miles, six cents.

Over thirty and not exceeding sixty miles, eight cents.

Over one hundred and not exceeding one hundred and lifty miles, twelve and one-

Over one hundred and fifty and not exceeding two hundred and fifty miles, seven-

oceding two hundred and fifty and not ex-teen cents.

Over two hundred and fifty and not ex-ceding three hundred and fifty miles, twenty cents.

Over three hundred and fifty and not ex-ceding four hundred and fifty miles, twenty two cents.

Over four hundred and fifty miles, twenty

five cents.

After the Civil War the postage to Europe was twenty five cents. To-day a letter may be sent to Manila, about eleven thousand miles, for two cents.

THE ROUNDARY OF OUR VISION.

Standing on the highest mountain—say at a height of twenty six thousand, six hundred and sixty eight feet, which is slightly over five miles above sea level, on a clear day, a man can see to a distance of two hundred miles, To see objects at a distance of one hundred miles the observer must be standing at a height of six thousand, six hundred and sixty seven feet above the level of the rea. The rule is that the distance in miles at which an object on the earth's surface may be seen is equal to the square root of one and a half times the height of the observer in feet above sea level, allowance being made for the effect of atmospheric refraction. As the refraction varies, however, at different heights and also by weather conditions, precise accuracy cannot be given. A deduction of from one fourteenth to one tenth of the distance given by the rule might probably be made on account of this refraction.

OCEAN-GOING TIMBER BASTS

OCEAN-GOING TIMBER RAFTS.

The great cost of transporting timber from the forests of the North West by vessel to the west coast of America has caused experiments to be made at various times of transporting timber in bulk. The rafts are eigar-shaped, built in a central hulk and secured by chains every twelve feet. The whole raft is about four hundred feet in length, made up of eighty foot logs, and being thirty feet in diameter. It would take the full capacity of a dozen ordinary vessels to carry as much timber as there is in such a raft. Quite a number of these rafts have already arrived at San Francisco from the Columbia River in safety. in safety.

A MONTH OF SUNDAYS.

As each day of the week is observed as Sunday by some nation, a month of Sundays is just an ordinary month. The first day of the week is our Christian Sunday; Monday is the sacred day of the Greeks; Tuesday is the holy day of the Persians; Wednesday of the Assyrians; Thursday of the Egyptians; Friday of the Turks, and Saturday is the Subbath of the Lag. Saturday is the Sabbath of the Jews.

MEASURING THE DISTANCE OF LIGHTNING.

If five seconds clapse between the flash and the peal of thunder that you hear, it means that the flash is a mile away from you. Fifteen miles is the longest distance that thunder has been heard after the flash. The sound of cannon-firing has been heard at a distance of one hundred and

The great English scientist, Sir Robert Ball, says that the sun loses five miles of its diameter every one hundred years. We need not, however, fear the speedy disappearance of the great orb of day, because in forty thousand years the loss would be only two thousand miles, which would not greatly affect the sun's present diameter of \$60,000 miles.

MULTITUDE OF THE STARS.

To the human eye the number of stars visible is five thousand, while through the great Lick telescope there can be discerned 50,000,000.

WORMS ARE USEFUL

In an acre of earth there are said to be, on the average, 34,000 worms, and naturalists declare that the good done by these apparently worthless creatures is almost incalculable.

POSTAL RURAL DELIVERY.

There are over four thousand routes in operation, and nearly four million people are benefited by the rural free delivery system which was commenced in 1897.

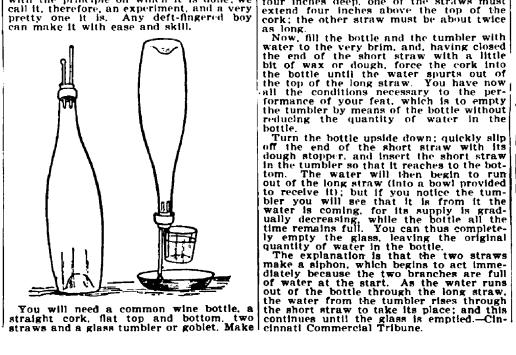
There are over four thousand routes in operation, and nearly four million prople are benefited by the rural free delivery system which was commenced in 187.

Momerthing about warthers.

The watch carried by the average man is manufacture embraces more than two thousand distinct and separate operations. Some of the screws are so small that the summanufacture embraces more than two thousand distinct and separate operations. Some of the screws are so small that the summanufacture embraces more than two thousand distinct and separate operations. Some of the screws are so small that the summanufacture embraces more than two thousand distinct and separate operations. Some of the screws are so small that the spring is a strip of finest steel about nine and one-half inches long, one-hundrelith of an inch thick and coiled in a spiring and the summanufacture of the spring is a strip of finest steel about nine and one-half inches long, one-hundrelith of an inch thick and coiled in a spiring mine whiterence of six minutes per hour in the running of a watch. The value of these springs when finished and placed in watches is commons is propagate. The value of these springs when finished and placed in watches is commons is propagate. The value of the search of the search

A Neat Experiment With a Bottle and two holes in the cork with a red-hot wire

This is not a trick, although it has the appearance of one to a person not familiar with the principle on which it is done; we call it, therefore, an experiment, and a very pretty one it is. Any deft-fingered boy can make it with ease and skill.



two holes in the cork with a red-not wire of about the same diameter as the straws, and carefully work a straw through each hole. One of them must extend above the top of the cork as far as the tumbler is deep; in other words, if the tumbler is four inches deep, one of the straws must extend four inches above the top of the cork; the other straw must be about twice as long.

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H. North for Dogs-Lyman **Tricks** Simple



Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.

The woods, fishing in the river, or strolling over the fields, there always came to me a wish for the companionship of a canine friend. But if the dog himself brings so much pleasure, how much more will you enjoy him if he be bright, quick and well trained. The purpose of this article is to tell boys how they may have such a pet.

Dan Beard in his American Boys' Handy Book says: "It is true, that a boy can do without a canine companion, and live to enjoy life, but he is almost incomplete, he has lost a gratification, a harmless, pleasant experience, and the loss leaves an empty space in his boyhood life that nothing can ever quite fill." It has almost always been my good fortune to own a dog.

Take him out to some field where there are no dogs or cats to chase, and set him behind you in the right position, saying the word "heef" as you walk along. Of course his desire will be to run on before, but if called back each time to his place he will learn your wish. Should he keep up his antics you must take a whip and use it whenever he starts ahead. When wave your arm and trot on a little dissipation. The words will soon be understood.

The pupil has now had his kindergarten

soon be understood.

The pupil has now had his kindergarten training; he must be taught good manners. Say either "shake hands" or "give me your paw," as you take his right forefoot in your hand and lift it up as in Figure 1. He will learn to raise his paw when you tap it with your finger, and finally the command alone will be sufficient.

or strolling over the fields, there always came to me a wish for the companionship of a canine friend. But if the dog himself brings so much pleasure, how much more will you enjoy him if he be bright, quick and well trained. The purpose of this article is to tell boys how they may have such a pet.

Let us first consider the selection of a dog. If you want a useful hunting companion, take a pointer or a setter; a lighter, of course a buil; a water dog and retriever, select a spaniel; or a performer, have a poodle; if an all-around dog, which excels in almost every one of these qualities is desired, choose a buil terrier. My dog Don, whose photographs are shown, is two parts buil, and one terrier blood. Some prefer

place it in his mouth. In this way he will learn to carry, and a basket may be substituted for the other objects. When this is learned show him a stick and say: "Take it, sir." If he does not, force it between his jaws and, pretty soon, he will open his mouth for it when you give the order. Now move it a short distance—two or three inches away—and he will reach out and take it. Then you can gradually make the distance farther. Do not expect this to be so easy as it appears; it may take hours of patient labor, but with these two things learned retrieving is a very simple matter. Suppose you have shot a duck out in the water, tell your dog "go take it," and he will bring your game in like any retriever. He knows it must not be dropped, because you have taught him to carry.

The art of jumping should come next on the list. I found a hoop better than a stick to begin with. Take a large barrel hoop, with no nails protruding, and place it a foot from the ground. Hold a plece of food at one side of it and call the dog to the other. Then speak out sharply, "jump, sir." Do not allow him to go around the hoop for the morsel, but make him jump through. Soon the food may be dispensed with, for the words will be understood.

I will tell you about Don's favorite trick.

dispensed with, for the words will be understood.

I will tell you about Don's favorite trick. "saying his prayers." When the minister calls, Don usually engages in a long, silent prayer, but it ends in a noisy manner, for if there is no cake or candy forthcoming he lets out such a volley of "speaks" that our visitor thinks he is using improper language. You see in the photograph, Figure 3, the position taken for his devotions. As you repeat the order, "say your prayers," pat the back of the chair and snap your fingers. This will make the dog jump up to the correct position, and he must remain there until "Amen" is sald. This trick is easier to learn than it seems. It took Don about half an hour.

As pretty a performance as I know of is "shutting the door." Tap the door near the knob, so that the dog stands up and puts his forepaws on the panel. Meanwhile tell him to shut the door. He must not return to the floor again until you lower your hand. With this much accomplished, open the door very slightly and do the same as before, except to make him push it shut—see Figure 4. Open it wider and wider, at the same time using the hand less, and teaching him the words. Then at a distance of a few feet give the command, and finally he may be gent from another room to shut the door for you.

No canine actor's repertory is complete without the well-known trick of "sitting up." Do not attempt to teach this to a dress, Chas, F. Howard, Windfall, Ind.

dog under six months of age, as his back is not strong enough to allow taking that position. This is the way Don was taught: Sitting on a low chair, I called him to me. Then I lifted his forefeet on my knee so that he sat on his haunches, as in Figure 5. After a few times he would take that position at a motion of my hand, and, inally, when commanded, to "sit up." The support was withdrawn as soon as he was able to maintain the position alone.

If you wish he may now rise to "attention." This is simply changing from "sitting up" to standing erect on his hind feet, as in Figure 6. To teach this have him sit up, and at the same time hold out a piece of meat above his nose. Of course he will rise to take the morsel, and when that position has been maintained for a few seconds award the prize. Now extend your hand with no food in it and say "attention." Thinking there is something for him he will take the correct position. Make him keep it, by slapping his chin, until your hand is lowered.

Up in Alaska, where railroads and horses are scarce, men depend almost entirely upon dogs for transportation, so do not be disappointed if you cannot own a pony, but train your dog to pull a sled or cart. I place this last on the list of performances because a dog should not be made to pull until at least a year old. First make a harness, which should consist of a breast band, held in position by a shorter strap that goes over the back, see Figure 7. Fasten each end of this breast band to the wagon or sled and start off. You should walk behind the cart, ready for emergences, for the "horse" will either race wildly about or eise stand perfectly still. If the former, hold him back, meanwhile saying, "whoa," and if he tries the latter and refuses to move, say "go along, sir," meanwhile running a short distance ahead to start him. In this way he will learn to trot along as steady as an old car horse, or at the word, break into a gallop. With all these tricks mastered your pet will have a good education, and you may

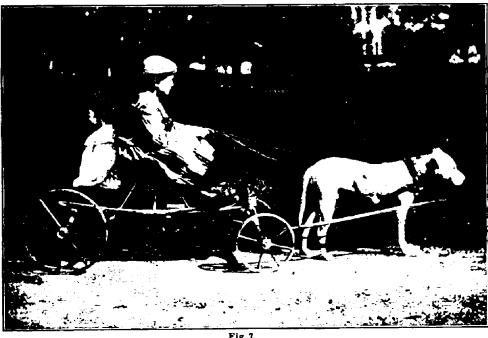
Reins attached to a muzzie are used oriving.
With all these tricks mastered your pet will have a good education, and you may well be proud of him. He may be able to mount higher, and learn to stand on a rolling ball, climb up and down a ladder, walk on his forefeet, or even distinguish between different numbers or articles, but few have the intelligence necessary for these

few have the intermediate these.

Use the whip sparingly, but when your command is understood never fall to punish disobedience. If you treat a dog kindly and yet enforce orders, he will be a companion, who obeys your word, and is perfectly willing to give up his life in your



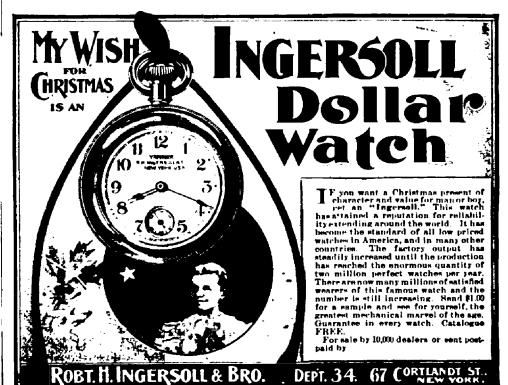




an even proportion of each. I admit that the latter are more graceful and livelier, but not, in my experience, any easier to teach, and not nearly so strong and hardy. By all means purchase a pup, two or three months old, and be careful that he is not deaf, as this species has a tendency to loss of hearing when young.

Hegin his instruction as soon as possible in a quiet room where there is nothing to distract attention. Teach him to "its given, push the pup gently down to a crouching position, and when he grasps your meaning, give the word alone. This first lesson should not be over ten or fitteen minutes in length. Rewards of a few pieces of crackers or bread may be given, but do not become discouraged, for with the first tricks mastered the rest will come easier. Have the dog "charge." It takes several attempts to instill the idea of obedience, but do not become discouraged for with the first tricks mastered the rest will come easier. Have the dog "charge." The one end of a cord, about ten feet long, to his collar, and walk a little distance away "come here, sir," and pull him steadily toward you. He will find that he must come when this command is given, and the cord will not be necessary.

Your pet by this time may casily be taught to follow at your heels or "to heel."





Christmas is emphatically the day of the children. In certain churches of Germany a sermon is preached to the children only, on Christmas day, and the little ones walk in procession, each bearing a lighted taper in the hand, and such a custom seems a fit recognition of the part that children play upon that day, they, far more than their elders, valuing its traditions, cherishing its legends, making much of its mysteries and learning its poetry by heart. As the children of the very poor went about in the old times, just before Christmas, on what were styled "dolling" excursions, singing under the windows:

"Wassail, wassail through the town, If you've got any apples throw them down;

Up with the stocking and down with the

If you've got no apples, money will do."

So, in some countries, the same class of children now run about from house to house, ringing the door-bells and asking for goodies, without the song, indeed, but with the same merry effrontery. In England the children still sing the carols that the early bishops used to sing, commemorating the angels' song:

"And all the bells on earth shall ring On Christmas day, on Christmas day And all the souls on earth shall sing." On Christmas day in the morning.

accordingly.

His national nicknames are as multifarious as his personal disguises. The name of Santa Claus is derived from the Dutch. In Switzerland he is the Sami Claus, and in Norway and Sweden Sonner Klas. The people of the Vocarlberg know him as Zemmei Klas, and believe that he travels about with a big hay-sack, into which he threatens to put naughty children.

dren.

He takes the name of Niklo in Austria.
and is usually followed by a masked servant whom they call Krampus; and in the Tyrol he goes by the name of the "Holy

In the latter country he shares the patronage of his office with St. Lucy, who distributes gifts among the girls, as he among the boys.

In Russia and many parts of Germany, as formerly in England, St. Nicholas distributes his presents on St. Nicholas Eve—December 5th—instead of on Christmas

December 5th—instead of on Christmas Eve.

In the Rhine provinces, as Sunder Klaas, he is especially popular. There he has been personated in every neighborhood for centuries. For days previous to his expected advent busy mothers and aunts have been secretly conspiring with the bakers in gilding nuts, cakes and gingerbread, and torturing pastry, prepared with flour, sugar, honey, spices and sweetmeats, into the queerest fantastic forms, from which the good saint may from time to lime replenish his stores. And the children importune the generous old fellow, the night before, to let fall from the chimney top singing, with fervor, the refrain:

"Dear Santa Claus, for the children's sakes, Bring us nuts and sugar cakes;
The children have the custom in Belgium, on the eve of the good bishop's visitation, of polishing their shoes, and, after fill-

The children have the custom in Belgium, on the eve of the good bishop's visitation, of polishing their shoes, and, after filling them with hay, oats or carrots for the saint's white horse, they place them on a like a play at the theater. The first to ap-

table, or set them in the fireplace. They then carefully close the room and lock

then carefully close the room and lock the door.

In the morning, when it is opened in the presence of the assembled household, mirabile dictu! The furniture has been turned topsy-turvy, and the little shoes, instead of holding a horse's forage, have been filled with toys and sweetmeats for the good children, and with rods for the bad ones. In some of the country villages, shoes, stockings, baskets, cups and saucers, and even bundles of hay, are placed in the chimney, or by the side of the bed, or in a corner of the room, as the favorite receptacles of Santa Claus' presents.

In France, though New Year's is generally observed rather than Christmas for the distribution of gifts, it is the Jesus Cainbin—Christ-child—who comes with a convoy of angels loaded with books, toys and confectionery with which to fill the little shoes that tiny hands have so carefully arranged in the fireplace.

A young malden, dressed in white, with hair of lambs' wool hanging down upon

A young maiden, dressed in white, with hair of lambs' wool hanging down upon her shoulders, and her face whitened with flour, and with a crown of gilt paper set round with burning tapers upon her head, personates him among the peasants of Alsace. She holds in one hand a silver bell, and a haskeful of sweetmeets in the a basketful of sweetmeats in the other.



Accompanying this shining presence of loveliness and good will goes an ugly masked figure, wearing horns and a long beard, and carrying a bundle of rods. This latter is Hans Trapp, the Alsatian Ruprecht, and the bugbear of all young folks. Upon entering the house, the unwelcome intruder demands in a hoarse voice how the children have behaved since his last annual visit, asking such question as "Has Carl learned to like the crust of his pie?" or "Does Lena turn her toes out yet?"

Trembling and crying, the little ones seek to escape as best they can from the impending storm. The Christ-child now intercedes for them, and, upon their promising to become better in the future, she leads them one by one to the brilliantly illuminated Christmas tree, loaded with presents, when, in their joy, they speedily hecome oblivious of the frightful Hans Trapp.

On Christmas day, on Christmas day.
And all the souls on earth shall sing.
On Christmas day in the morning.

It is the world's misfortune to possess only an imperfect buggraphy of its most popular saint. Accordingly knows, St. Nicholas is the atroof children, who all regard in the calendar. What else is known in the calendar what else is known his of a little legitimate history, mingled with a great deal of legendary lore. He is usually pictured as an old most thought of the strong of the story in the state of the carries on his back a basket filled with trinkets.
This is the Santa Claus of the story books. And the bright-eyed children of America unite with those of every Christian land in the custom of hanging up their stockings on Christmas eve before going to sleep, expecting them to be filled by this mysterious person.

But the patron saint seems to have a different appearance to different peoples. In some parts of Germany he makes his appears dressed as a real bishop, either riding a white horse or an ass, and carrying a large basket on his arm and a bundle of rods in his hands. In Bohemia happears dressed in a sheet instead of surplice, with a crushed pillow on his head in lieu of a mitre.

On his calling out "Wilt thou pray?" all the children fail upon their knees, where upon the benevolent visitor it is fall some fruit upon the floor and disappears and the conduct of the children and the conduct of the children in the conduct of the children in the conduct of the children in the full of the part o

The bugbear, Ruprecht, under different names and disguises, plays a conspicuous part among all the German-speaking populations.

ulations.

In Nether Austria it is the frightful Krampus, with his clanking chains and horrible devil's mask, who, notwithstanding his gilded nuts and apples, gingerbread and toys, which he carries in his basket, is the terror of the young folks.

In the Tyrol, St. Nicholas is accompanied by the terrible Klanbauf, who kidnaps naughty children and stows them away in his basket. It is Rumpany who figures as the bugbear in the train of the Christchild in the Bohemian Netherlands.

In Swabia the Christ-child is accompanied by the Pelzmaert, who carries an old bell, and an earthen pot containing the presents. In Hanover and Mecklenburg he is known as Klas. In Siberia they call him Joseph.

pear upon the scene is the Archangel Gabriel, who greets them with "May God give you a happy good evening!" He is followed by the Christ-child, who enters, wearing a gilded paper crown, carrying a basket full of nuts, apples and candies, and singing the song beginning with "Down from the high heaven I come." In the course of the song the children are informed that the object of the visit is to learn if they have been good and obedient, and if they "pray and spin diligently."

If their answers are satisfactory, he proceeds to reward them with gifts "from his golden chariot," which stands at the door. Should a child prove to be wayward, he is threatened with a beating from rods. St. Nicholas is then called in to furnish a faithful account of each one's deportment. The saint, a grave personage, with a bishop's mitre of gilt paper on his head and a long crozier in his hand, does not give a fiattering report.

The saint, a grave personage, with a bishop's mitre of gilt paper on his head and a long crozier in his hand, does not give a flattering report.

The children, he says, loiter in the streets on their way from school, tear their books, neglect their tasks and forget to say their prayers. As a penance for all this evildoing, he recommends a liberal application of the rod. But here the Christ-child interposes, almost supplicatingly:

"Ah, Nicholas, forbear! Spare the little children! Spare the young blood!"

A compromise is effected by summoning St. Peter, who promptly enters, fingling his keys. This heavenly janitor conducts things with a high hand, examining the children's copy-books, asking them questions about their lessons, and finally pronounces sentence upon the delinquents, and calls in Black Ruprecht, who is outside the door, to execute his orders.

"Ruperus, Ruperus, enter! The children will not be obedient!"

Thus summoned, the frightful apparition stumbles into the room, dressed in fur, his face blackened, and a long, red tongue protruding from his mouth. Brandishing a heavy birch rod, Ruprecht roars out:

"Down upon your knees and pray!"

The children obey him, repeating their prayers at the top of their voices.

Thereupon the live visitors stand around them in a half circle and sing a couple of songs descriptive of the heavenly joys, or freighted with wholesome advice to both children and parents.

A few farthings are then given the guests, while the Christ-child scatters nuts and fruit and confectionery upon the floor for the delectation of the little folks, whose anxiety and patience is thus at last satisfied and rewarded.

This closes the affair, and Christ-child. St. Nicholas. St. Peter, the Archangel Gabriel and Black Ruprecht take their departure, to repeat the same thing in a neighboring house.

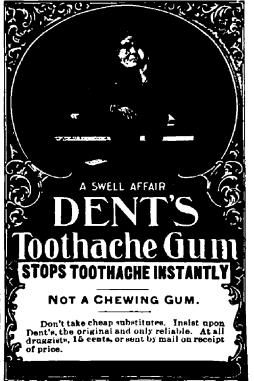
Two Rapid Boys.



We introduce readers to Karl Ralph Atkinson Iowa boys who cousins. Ralph cousins. Ralph completed the Latin course at Carrolton, Ia., May 29 last, at the age of thirteen. He completed with credit a thirteen year school course in eight years. He reads; German very fluently, is strong in mathematics, and particularly geometry. Although he has made such remarkable progress he is not a recluse nor a bookworm but enjoys all the recluse nor a bookworm but enjoys all the games of childhood. Ralph is small for his age, weighs only eighty pounds, but has the best of health and is well developed physically. He passed the regular teachers examination when he was twelve years of age and received grades of 90 per cent and above in all branches and above in all branches examination when he was twelve years of age and received grades of 90 per cent and above in all branches and above in all branches, averaging higher grades than any one out of over two hundred applicants.

Karl Atkinson finished the High School course at Ute Ia., last spring, having completed the English course of eleven years shortly after his tweith birthday. He has shown marked success in history and kindred studies, due largely to an exceedingly retentive memory. He devours all the books he can get hold of. He has read Shakespeare. Dante. Millon, and translations of the Illad and the Odyssey. He plays the piano

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Familiar Talks With Boys-H. R. Wells

Questions from Boys Will be Welcomed.

Editor THE AMERICAN BOY:

Editor THE AMERICAN BOY:

Dear Sir—I see in your paper that a neighbor boy lends me, so much about boys who are succeeding so well, it makes me want to get on better than I do. I thought maybe you could give me some idea how to do it. I'm sixteen years old, and I've been working two years in a pottery. I had to stop school at fourteen to help my folks. I was glad of it then, but I'm sorry now; for this was the only place I could get, and I haven't learned anything, and there's no chance to get any higher. I know a boy who used to be in my class. He staid in school and got a place in an office this summer, and just for his vacation he earned more than I do in over half a year, and they gave him different things so he could learn a lot about the business, and he didn't have to work half as hard as I do, nor such long hours. I don't mind the hard work if I could only be learning and earning more.

earning more.

Please tell me if you know any way I can do better without giving up what I've got? I don't dare to do that.

JOHN FROST.

JOHN FROST.

I was much interested in your letter and I know there are many boys in the same situation as you are. Boys who cannot or will not go to school longer than just the time the law requires; and who then find themselves unfitted for any but poor paying places. That you put the word learning first shows you gealize that you must fit yourself to be of more value to your employer before you can expect to be better paid.

Now let us consider how you can best accomplish this. A town of the size of yours should have a night school where you can take a regular course of instruction in the branches you most need free of expense except for books. In some cities even books are provided; but if not, you can nearly always, on inquiry, find them at second hand at quite a reduction from the regular price.

You may find it difficult at first to keep your mind on your work, or even to keep awake. This is very apt to be the case when one is out of the habit of study, particularly when tired in body; but if you are as fully determined to succeed as I believe you are, you will overcome this to decided, the sooner and better you can fit yourself for your chosen career, or at least some pathway that will lead towards it.

Let me hear from you again. We will be glad to know how you are getting on.

Dear Sirs:—Please tell me how a boy that goes to school all week can earn some money it want so many things myself and I want Christmas presents for the whole family. There's just piles of things a fellow needs money for that the other boys expect of him, and I'm ashamed not to have it, yet I'm more ashamed to be always asking my father for it.

You may find it difficult at first to keep your mind on your work, or even to keep your mind on your work, or even to keep your mind on your work, or even to keep your mind on your work, or even to keep your mind on your work, or even to keep your mind on your work, or even to keep your mind on your work, or even to keep your mind on your work, or even to keep you may find it difficult at

least of one boy I know who at first was obliged to bathe his eyes in cold water every little while to keep them open, and frequently he would take a brisk walk out in the cold air to freshen him up for his study. Besides, he was a German boy and knew only a very few words of English when he began in the night school, where I knew him, and so had the language to learn along with his arithmetic, reading and writing. You should have seen how eagerly he watched and listened, how hard he tried to pronounce and to understand, how good-natured he was when others laughed at his mistakes, and how glad, too, every one was to help him on. You would have been surprised to see what remarkably rapid strides he really made. While you are getting the education that is to be the foundation for your future work, be careful about your habits that have to do with your health and manners. Keep your eyes and ears open, for almost any day you may see a better chance, or hear of an opening, or at least get ideas that will help you decide what business you would like to enter. The sooner this is decided, the sooner and better you can fit yourself for your chosen career, or at least some pathway that will lead towards it.

Let me hear from you again. We will be glad to know how you are getting on.

make themselves and others think so. You will notice that the more a boy has the more he wants, and the more discontented he grows. The boy who has few things, possibly only those he made for himself, enjoys them much more in proportion.

I do not know just what the chances may be in your town for getting employment; but in most places of any size at all there is a demand in stores, and in business places generally, especially during the Holidays, for extra help on Saturdays and evenings. I know several boys who do such work, and still seem to have no difficulty in keeping up with their lessons. The night work, however, is not good for any but those boys who are quite well, and are strong enough to bear the strain, and at the same time get their lessons in the limited time left them for study.

Many boys carry papers in the evening

well, and are strong enough to bear the strain, and at the same time get their lessons in the limited time left them for study.

Many boys carry papers in the evening after school for the local press; and others make "routes" for out-of-town papers. Many weekly and monthly papers make very liberal offers to boys who will solicit for and deliver their publications. Boys anywhere, in town or country, usually succeed well in getting subscribers for attractive papers that will make suitable Christmas presents for other boys. I do not need to make any suggestion to boys who read THE AMERICAN BOY as to any particular papers.

Let me tell you how one boy got his mother's Christmas present, and it may help you to think of other ways.

This boy's mother was very fond of flowers, as most mothers are, and could never have too many. So he went to the greenhouse and consulted the florist as to what would grow well in the hall and north parlor windows. The florist suggested a palm for the hall and a begonia, which wants no direct sunlight, for the north window. He decided upon the latter, as the price of the palm was beyond his reach, and bargained with the florist to help him repotting plants (in which he learned a thing or two) to pay for it. Then he secured a barrel-head for the top and three troom handles for the legs of the stand, which he fashioned in hourglass shape, and of just the height to bring the top up level with the window sill. He drove the delivery wagon one Saturday's for the dealer of whom he bought the dark green eramel paint that covered all defects in his carpentry, and made the stand look quite like one in the store windows. He worked several Saturdays and evenings, cash pay, for the general merchant, from whom he bought at clerks' discount a very pretty jardinlere; and when the beautiful red-leaved plant was placed in this and upon the green stand, it made a present that any boy would be proud to give or any mother to receive.

Kennember though, my boy, if you have or can get nothing else to give, a k

Manners for Boys.

Here are a few rules that our boys, both large and small, would do well to observe;

1. IN THE STREET.—Hat lifted when saying "Good-by," or "How do you do?" also, when offering a lady a seat, or acknowledging a favor.

Kucp step with any one with whom you walk. Always precede a lady upstairs, but ask if you shall precede her in going through a crowd or public place.

2. AT THE STREET DOOR.—Hat off the moment you step into a private hall or office.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

3. IN THE PARLOR.—Stand till every lady in the room, also every older person, is seated.

Piec if a lady enters the room after you. Here are a few rules that our boys, both

lady in the room, also every older person, is seated.

Rise if a lady enters the room after you are seated, and stand till she takes a seat.

Look people straight in the face when they are speaking to you.

Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

4. IN THE DINING ROOM.—Take your seat after ladies and elders.

Do not take your naukin up in a bunch

Do not take your napkin up in a bunch in your hand.
Eat as fast or slow as others, and finish the course when they do.
Do not ask to be excused before the others unless the reason is imperative.

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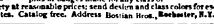
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The Boy Photographer

Edited by Judson Grenell



ALL READY! LOOK PLEASANT! Photo by Earle A. Bannister, Thompsonville, Mich.

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, also a second prize each month, of one dollar, for the next best photograph, 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 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 AMERICAN BOY offers twelve

It is a mistake to think each picture must be the full size of the negative. Better results are obtained by considering each print separately, and trimming it to the size that gives the best effect.

The California Camera Club recently divided San Francisco into districts, and the members proceeded to photograph everything picturesque and historical in their territory. The result was a surprising lot of beautiful pictures.

Rev. Hannibal Goodwin, of Newark, N. J., has just obtained a patent for transparent films, said to antedate the patent held by the Rochester firm that has long had a practical monopoly of the market, and the reverend gentleman has decided to form a company and manufacture the article.

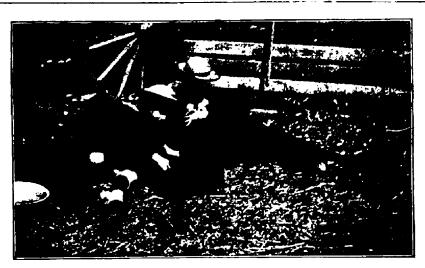
Think of exposing from a balloon a plate eight feet long and five feet wide; yet that is what a large packing concern out west has done. The plate was dusted by entering the camera, capping the lens with a ruby cap, and then, when the slide was drawn in the plate holder, the man dusted the plate much as he would paint a house.

And now there is another combined developing and fixing bath on the market. It is called "Boffay," and it is claimed that no matter what the exposure may be, the hypo fixes the plate no faster than it is developed. The best results are said to be obtained from a rather full exposure. Those interested can address the Boffay Camera and Chemical Co., Newark, N. J.

"Tank" development is being recommend-"Tank" development is being recommended strongly by some photographers. "Howeasy it is to put twelve plates into a tank of weak developer," writes Edward W. Newcomb to the Professional and Amateur Photographer, "and then go out of the dark room for an hour and let them cook almost automatically. Better results are commonly obtained than in the old fashioned method."

Japs Give Us a New Word.

The photographer's vocabulary is about to be enlarged, it is said, by a new word from Japan. This word is "Notan." It expresses the term light and dark. When the Japanese speak of the notan of a pattern, or a picture, they refer to the arrangement of its light and dark masses. As the beauty of a photograph depends in large measure on the arrangement of its light and dark masses, why not say it depends on its notan? on its notan?



CHRIS FERGUSON, VETERINARY SURGEON. Second Prize Photo, by George Ferguson, 2228 S St., Lincoln, Neb.

Photographic Notes.

There are now several schools of photography established in this country.

The older the dry plate the more resistant it is to the penetration of the developer.

get a fine assortment of snow pictures this winter.

months old, give more harmonious pictures than new ones

of cloud pictures, v negatives but clouds.

Highly polished work can be successfully photographed by using plates with good non-halation backing.

There is a growing scarcity of platinum, and last winter the German reichstag threatened to forbid its use in photography.

Out-door exposures must be much longer in December than in July; but as soon as the ground is covered with snow givequick-snaps with small stops, unless a hazy effect in dealered.

Some wise statistician has estimated that there are now about one million, five hundred thousand amateur photographers in the United States, but no one has yet had the courage to calculate just how many of these can make pictures.

Permanency of Prints.

There are now several schools of photography established in this country.

The older the dry plate the more resistint it is to the penetration of the developer. Dust out your camera, and be prepared to get a fine assortment of snow pictures this winter.

Experiments show that dry plates, four norths old, give more harmonious pictures than new ones.

There is satisfaction in getting a series of cloud pictures, with nothing on the negatives but clouds.

Experience has shown that prints toned in "combined" baths—that is, the gold and the "wombined" baths are not sure to be permanent. The fading has generally been laid to the presence of hypo which has not been removed by washing. According to recent researches, however, it is found that if the hypo is in excess and if the prints are moved while being fixed, even with a combined bath, a great degree of permanence can be attained. Another way is to put the print toned to be permanent. The fading has generally been laid to the presence of hypo which has not been removed by washing. According to recent researches, however, it is found that if the hypo is in excess and if the prints are moved while being fixed, even with a combined bath, a great degree of permanence can be attained. Another way is to put the prints toned in "combined" baths—that is, the gold and "combined" baths—that is, the gold and the "combined" baths not been removed by washing. According to recent researches, however, it is found that if the hypo is in excess and if the prints are moved while being fixed, even with a combined bath, in a fresh hypo bath after the "combined" baths and the same bath—are not sure to be permanent.

Printing on Cloth.

Any amateur can print on cloth. The simplest process is the blue print, which can be put on silk or cotton. For cotton the Photo Era advises twilled white cloth. the Photo Bra auvises which costs fifteen or twenty cents a yard, will not stretch much, and is stiff enough to hold its position in the printing frame. Make up two solu-tions, as follows, which must be kept in well stoppered bottles in a dark place:

| A-Water | ounces |
|------------------------------|--------|
| Red prusslate of potash | ounces |
| B-Water | ounces |
| Citrate of iron and ammonia? | ounces |
| I | |

Equal parts are to be mixed directly be-



"THREE BALLS AND TWO STRIKES." THE 1908 BATTERY FOR THE STANWOOD BASEBALL CLUB. First Prize Photo, by James McKerrow, Stanwood, Iowa.

fore use, and the cloth is to be floated on the solution for a minute or so, after being previously wrung out in water until the floers are thoroughly wet. Do this by arti-ficial light. Then stretch the cloth on a board with pins and let it dry, in the dark of course

Printing is performed as usual, but great care must be taken to get the cloth back to its original position after looking at it while printing; otherwise it will be spoiled. Print deep and wash well. Snappy nega-tives, well developed, make the best prints.

Answers to Correspondents.

Adolph Duffner—The number of prints that can be made from a negative are uncountable. Nothing is taken from a negative when printing. Only a shadow is caught.

Harry H. Revell-Rotograph paper-not

Harry H. Revell—Rotograph paper—not Rutograph, as was printed last month—can be obtained through any photographic supply house. Russegger & Mapes, 101 Fifth avenue, New York, are the selling agents. Write them for circulars, Sidney Carroll—Unless the picture was taken late in the afternoon, fifteen minutes would be too long to expose Rotograph paper. We are informed that regular Rotograph paper has the speed of a Carbutt B plate.

Earl Hopkins-Scrape off the film from an old plate and wet it. It will do for spotting.

With a Comment or Two.

With a Comment or Two.

A large number of well taken and excellently printed photographs reach THE AMERICAN BOY, but unfortunately many of them will not reproduce in a satisfactory manner in half tone. So the editor is obliged to just "mention." Others will reproduce, but the subjects are not available. W. A. McCune, of Taos, New Mexico, sends a number of pictures of that region. One shows the oldest church in America, others the style of architecture; but the figure photos—the most interesting—are almost too small for reproduction. Had Clarence W. Lewis, New York City, been more careful with his focusing, his picture of his pet dog dressed up and sitting in a chair would have received a prize; but then it is pretty as it is. Ralph Belden, Grand Rapids, Mich., sends "A Shady Dell." which ought to make a still better picture in the spring when the water is pouring down in the foreground. Ollie Cleveland, of Adrian, Mich., succeeded in taking a good picture of the electrical illumination at the Buffalo Exposition. Ellis C. Myerle, Brooklyn, N. Y., has obtained a good sunset picture with a Brownie cam-

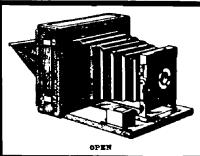
era. The foreground, however, could be improved from an artistic standpoint. All the faces in the hunting scene taken by Thorny Christopher, Lake Geneva, Wis., are perfectly recognizable. It ought to make a nice picture on portrait velox, or aristo-platino. The coach dogs, by Willard Bennett, Chatham, Ont., make an interesting group. The view "Looking from the bridge," by Herbert Post, Westbury Station, Long Island, is beautiful. Its only defect is the rock out of focus in the lower right hand corner. Try an oval. F. Kurt's picture of "Two Friends" is photographically perfect. But the back ground is not in harmony. The "Chums" of Wayne C. Harris, Griffin, Ark., is a good idea, but should have more foreground and a better background. Had the picture by Willie Watson, Toronto, of a boy impersonating a doctor, and a little girl the "patient," been better focused, it would have been a winner. Try the same composition over again. The photo of Clyde E. Kaler. Coon Corners, Pa., is a good barnyard scene, which needs its foreground to be trimmed off to make a picture. The photo of High Falls, in High Falls village, by C. Edwin Williams, of Walden, N. Y., is pleasing, and would, if printed on platinum paper, charm those who like nothing sharp. It is just enough out of focus to give a general haziness, in this respect resembling a painting. a painting.



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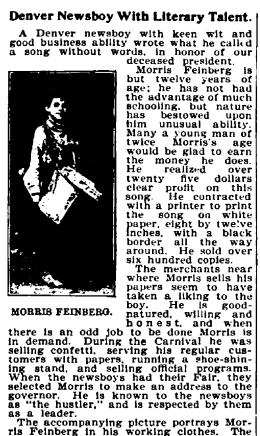
tht the factory's entire to you at less than one-half the regular prices. We guarantee them to be perfect, and the same Camera shall be same to work the same that has sold all this season at twice the price

your order, and we will forward the Camera the same day that your order reaches us. If you do not find the Camera just as we state, send it back and we will refund your money.

Pony Korona The smallest and most compact 4x5 cycle-folding Camera, covered with finest grain leather, best Korona achromatic lens, time and instantaneous shutter, reversible view finder, focusing scale. Hooded ground glass for focusing. Thousands of them have been sold for \$8.00. Our special \$3.25 Hundreds of other bargains in our Sporting Goods Catalogue, mailed on receipt of three 2c stamps. Organized, 1840 by John P. Lovell. Our age, our guarantee.



JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO. BOSTON, MASS,



as "the hustler," and is respected by them as a leader.

The accompanying picture portrays Morris Feinberg in his working clothes. The double bag over his shoulders contains newspapers on one side and copies of his memorial on the other.

Below is a fac-simile of the memorial.

DEATH OF OUR PRESIDENT De the sixth day of September,
Fix no very long age,
If blooded annease scales and half our Prendon
The content's same was Conligent,
A Pole by hirsh, you know
Fix was put in the Buffale pail,
Nobely dured give basi,
For a meb was wasting at the pail that night,
If the officer wasting at the pail that night,
If the officer wasting at the pail that night,
If the officer wasting to day,
They would be are borned him as the scale
of Buffale, for away. learng President Willeam Mallinley, a here lest a nable man; where only wishes were to make that a was receiving many paople the large Music Hall, this terrible amount came and find t this terrible amount came and fired the final ball for, freeds, this world is griting force from day to day, only thing that in proper to do in such seeings, and

A Young Station Agent.

Fifteen years ago last March Roy B. Wintersteen was born in Elmira, N. Y. He has proved to be a thorough American boy, active and alert and watchful of opportunities. He is now, although not yet



ROY B. WINTERSTEEN.

sixteen years of age, agent of the West Shore Railroad at Haworth, N. J., besides being telegraph operator, deputy postmas-ter and express agent, doing all this work

The Amateur Journalist 🖫 ...and Printer ... 4 4

High School Papers.

A number of excellent high school papers, that is, papers devoted in whole or in part to the interests of particular high schools, are published by readers of THE AMERICAN BOY who are interested in this department. The founders of some of these papers, at least, received their inspiration from an article on high school papers that was published in the issue of THE AMERICAN BOY for last February.

Among the more creditable ones that we have received are The Mountaineer, a paper devoted to the Cripple Creek high school and published by H. Ralph Elliott as editor; Harry Horton, assistant editor; William E. Parker, business manager, william Friedhoff, assistant manager, and George Stratton, athletic editor. It is a sixteen page paper, the pages being eight and one-half by six inches, and the first issue, which is before us, contains an article on "The High School, Its Aims and Prospects," by the principal; an account of a trip to Cape Nome, by one of the editors; a story, one or two poems, editorials, general school notes, and numerous humorous articles relating to individual students. The paper is well edited and very nicely printed.

The Phoenix is the eight-page publica-

articles relating to individual students. The paper is well edited and very nicely printed.

The Phoenix is the eight-page publication of the Canisteo, N. Y., high school. It contains a story and editorials, but the well conducted and well written page of local items constitutes the principal feature, though the editor of the funny column has done some excellent work. The editorin-chief is Cleon W. Newman.

The September number of The Pennant. which is published by the students of the Charleston. Ill., high school, Walter C. Ricklin being editor-in-chief, and Hugh C. Ricketts the husiness manager, with a full corps of departmental assistants, is a publication that the Charleston students should be proud of. The literary department contains an article on Southern Mexico. The editorial department contains some crisp, well written paragraphs, the subjects of which have been well selected, while the "Locals and Personals" give in short paragraphs the news regarding the students and instructors of the school. The athletic page is also edited in a way to interest the students and win popularity for the paper, and the alumni department is calculated to renew the interest of the old graduates in the school.

A school paper is, in our judgment, a most excellent adjunct to any high school. It can be made a benefit to the school by

A school paper is, in our judgment, a most excellent adjunct to any high school. It can be made a benefit to the school by awakening the interest of the alumni and citizens of the town generally, but its principal benefit will be to the students themselves, both in the way of the experience they will gain, and also by way of arousing and cultivating a general interest or school spirit as nothing else will.

A Young Editor in New Jersey.

John N. Bowen, of Clayton, N. J., is said to be the youngest successful editor in the southern part of New Jersey. He is nineteen years old and is the owner of the Clayton Reporter, a prosperous weekly. Its advertising columns show that



JOHN N. BOWEN.

"Tommy." is your mamma at home?" asked a lady caller, coming up the gravel walk. Tommy, who was peeping around the corner of the house, gave a guilty start and then replied meekly:

"That's jist wot I wuz tryin' t' find out; I've been swimmin'."—Ohio State Journal.



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IT is a gift whose beauty and usefulness and power to delight increase as the year goes by, each weekly issue bringing new and fascinating stories, articles on topics of special interest by famous men and women, miscellany, humorous anecdotes and an abundance of other good reading, richly illustrated.

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And The Companion for 52 weeks of 1902,-more than 200 stories, 50 special articles, etc., - from now until January, 1903, for \$1.75.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

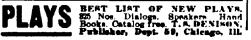
The Next Convention of the N. A. P. A.

The National Amateur Press Association will hold its twenty seventh annual convention in New York next July. The officers and members of the association are all making great efforts to make this the greatest convention in the history of the organization, and an attendance of one hundred enthusiastic, active young journalists is expected. Mr. Bernard Jerome Goldstein, 71 E. 92nd St., New York City, offers to send full information in regard to the Association to all readers of THE AMERICAN BOY residing in the Empire State who are interested, and we doubt not The National Amateur Press Association State who are interested, and we doubt not that he would be equally pleased to send it to readers who live in other States.

Amateur Journalism in Hawail.



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AUTHORS

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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.
All correspondence for this department should be sent to Mr. Harlan H Ballard, Pittsfield, Mass. Long articles cannot be used.
THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION selcomes members of all ages, and any one who is interested in any form of natural science is invited.
Established in 1975. Incorporated in 1992.
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.

To all the members and friends of the Agassiz Association we wish the merriest of Christmases and happiest of New Years in looking back over the year we are greatly pleased and encouraged. Hundreds of letters have been received, and these have come from boys and girls in nearly every state and territory, and a few have even found their way to us across the ocean. All these letters without exception have been earnest and courteous, and nearly all have been carefully written. They have given us pleasant glimpses into hundreds of happy homes, and have shown us in every part of the country the American boy at his best; whether working on the farm or ranch, busy in the factory, or active in the school.

The quick observation and intelligent in-

at his best; whether working on the farm or ranch, busy in the factory, or active in the school.

The quick observation and intelligent interest of our young correspondents can be seen by glancing through the letters which have been printed in THE AMERICAN BOY. They have reported many interesting and original discoveries in nature, all made within a few miles of their own doors, and they have sent us scores of drawings to illustrate their treasures, many of which have been reproduced in this paper. Better than all this almost every one of our correspondents has become an active member of the Agassiz Association and is now proudly wearing the Agassiz badge. This badge bears a faithful portrait of Louis Agassiz, the great scientist, for whom our society is named. We have presented it, together with a card of membership, to every boy and girl who has sent us a report of any personal observation of nature accompanied by a drawing or photograph. This offer is now renewed, and we hope that beside keeping all our old friends we shall make hundreds of new ones in 1902. All our members are loyal supporters of THE AMERICAN BOY, which is universally declared to be the best boys' paper in America, and the "uppest to date!" In one thing only we have been disappointed—the number of new chapters formed has not been as large as the number of new members would lead us to expect. We wish to have a local branch of our society established in every town. Only four members are required. It has occurred to us that the expense attending the formation of a chapter, although it is really not large, may still have seemed too serious a burden for many of our boys and girls. To test this matter, and also to encourage the formation of a large number of new chapters at the beginning of the new year, we make the following make the following

SPECIAL OFFER.

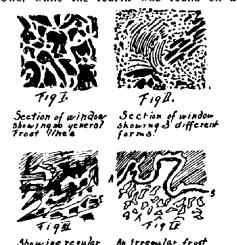
SPECIAL OFFER.

The regular fee for the admission of a chapter is one dollar; but all new chapters organized before March 1, 1902, will be admitted free; and to each chapter thus formed we will send free one copy of the Hand Book of the Association, the price of which is seventy five cents, and a fine engraved charter, signed with the autograph of the President, bearing the seal of the Association, the names of the charter officers, and an excellent portrait of Agassiz. This charter is suitable for framing and will be an ornament to any chapter room. The hand book, besides chapters on the collection and preservation of all kinds of specimens, methods of work and carefully selected lists of books, contains full directions for organizing and conducting local chapters. This book will be sent free to any boy or girl who will endeavor to organize a club, and when the organization is completed the charter will promptly follow. Now who will be the first to take advantage of this generous offer? Chapters organized now will be all ready for our spring and summer work. The names of successful organizers, and of the officers of all new chapters will be printed in THE AMERICAN BOY.

Snow Crystals.

ADDISON BALLARD.

The "snow crystal" paragraph in the Agassiz Association page of the February AMERICAN BOY recalls a visit I had the pleasure of making some twenty five years since at the delightful home of Rev. Dr. Chickering in Portland, Me. On the parlor table was a beautiful volume entitled "Snow Crystals," of which Mrs. Chickering was the author. In it were figured and described over four hundred distinct forms of crystals. Of all these the hexagon is the prevailing type. Upon my inquiring how she came to make the book, Mrs. Chickering gave me this explanation: "Coming in one day during a snowfall I, for the first time in my life, noticed the clear and uniform shape of the flakes on the sleeves of my black velvet mantle. Before they had time to melt I sketched them on paper. After this, snow storms, instead of being dreaded, were eagerly watched and welcomed. I was soon rewarded by finding the almost endless variety of forms which at different times the flakes assumed. Lying in walt for the lovely visitors. I caught and sketched them, at times using the mi-



west window, the wind hardly reaching it. The temperature was 20 degrees above zero, wind from north. I enjoy the Agassiz Association very much.—Harrie Elliott, 215 W. Warren avenue, Cripple Creek, Colo.

Bat.

One day I found a bat asleep in a plum tree. I got it and put it in a box. I had it all night but the next day in broad daylight it flew away. Its eyes were bead-like, small and black; its ears were round; it



was red brown on the back and gray under-neath. Can any of the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY tell the name of it?— Roy Russell, 138 Cherry street, Battle Creek, Mich.

Sharks' Teeth.

These drawings are rough sketches of sharks' teeth found in sandstone in the Rio Puerco Valley, about twenty two miles from Albuquerque, N. M.



A in the sketches represents the tooth proper, and B the root of the tooth. There are hundreds of them in the valley, but they are so brittle that it is difficult to get a good specimen. In the Rio Puerco valley there is also much petrified wood, some gypsum, and quite a bit of impure coal. What is the scientific name for unformed or impure coal?—"R. J.," Albuquerque, N. M.

White Clover.

One day last summer I found a bunch of clover with white heads. It was not like the common white clover, but just like the red clover in every particular. I could not find another bunch like it. Is that kind of clover growing in some other part of the country, or was this probably only a freak of nature?—Otto L. Alberts, Du Page Co., Schick, III.

Judson P. Guinon, Mayflower, Ark., says that he found an old brass revolver shell in which a mud wasp had put twelve spiders, probably to be eaten at some future time.

What Are They?

Not long ago I noticed on a deformed ear



Not long ago I noticed on a deformed ear of corn a number of bright red bugs that looked very much like spiders. The grown ones were sixelghths of an inch in length. They have six black legs and two long feelers. Can you tell me what they are?—J.

I. Chilton, Greensboro, Ala.

I. Chilton, Greensboro, Ala.

Experiments With Ants.

Once a French scientist was traveling through India hunting for explanations to the many tricks the Indians perform. He noticed that the earth that they used for the mango trick was brought from ant hills, so he commenced experimenting with ants, and found that they contained an acid, called formic acid, and that the acid had qualities of eating away the fibrous matter and stimulating the growth of the germ. If ants be bolled in water you will secure an acid nearly as strong as vinegar. If one part of "ant juice" be diluted with five hundred parts of water and this mixture used to moisten the soil about the seed of the mango, you can produce a plant in about half an hour. I have not tried the experiment as yet, but a friend of mine tried it successfully. Almost any kind of seed might do, I should judge.—L. B. Saxon, 219 West Vine street, Muncle, Ind.

Muskrats.

Roy H. Murdaugh says: "I am very much interested in taxidermy. During the last year or so I have studied and caught muskrats and I think I can answer any questions in that line." If any one wishes to write to Mr. Murdaugh, he should send letters to Croswell, Michigan.

While walking through my field a few days ago I noticed a large cutworm struggling with a number of red ants. I sat down to see what they were going to do with it. Finally they began to dig a hole around the worm. The ants worked diligently and in an hour the hole was a half an inch deep. Then they dug a round hole in one corner of their ditch and when I looked again in a little while they had taken the worm out of sight.—Lewis A. Miller, Chowen, Minn.

Wasp and Spider.

Some days ago I noticed an incident which I think will interest the Association. It is as follows: A small black mud wasp approached a spider's web and became entangled in it. The spider ran toward the wasp, but he disentangled himself before the spider reached him. He again allowed himself to become entangled, and this time made a seemingly desperate effort to release himself. The spider did not hesitate now, but ran right into the fond embrace of the mud wasp, and soon the wasp was flying away with another spider for his nest.

nest.

The deceit used by this wasp was quite amusing; and I think the incident possessed a moral also, for had the spider been less eager to catch the wasp, he himself would not have been captured. I noticed a strange peculiarity a few days ago. I saw a calla lily leaf formed exactly like the blossom of that flower. Has any other member noticed such?—Arlie B. Owen, Gibsonville, N. C.

We had two other interesting letters about a wasp catching a spider in this way. One from George B. Risedorph, 385h Front street, Grand Rapids, Mich., and the other from Francis Cullen, Savanna, Ill.

The Spider and the Fly.

It is amusing and instructive to watch the different insects working in one way or another. As I was sitting in the attic one afternoon looking over some things. I noticed a spider on the window. He crawled up the window, and as he came near the top, he turned, started for the window and began to make a web. I watched him weave. He twisted round in great shape and made his web larger and larger. As soon as his work was finished he went to the center and settled down for a-rest. I suppose he felt hungry now, as he watched every fly that came near. Soon came two fles fighting just over the web; one got the better of the other and he fell into the web. The spider soon made way with him. So after his work he had a hearty meal.—Earle C, Hamilton, P. O, Box 1887, Westbrook, Me.

A Mud Wasp's Nest.

One day last September I noticed a mud-

One day last September I noticed a mudwasp flying over the front door. It flew away and in about two minutes returned with a little ball of mud, which it placed along one side of the moulding of the door. It flew away again and was gone about the same length of time, returning with the same amount of mud, which it placed on one side of the first. Then it placed one on the other side of the first. Thus its nest was started in the shape of an inverted V and extending towards the bottom of the door. With each ball of mud it would bring, it would commence at the apex and work it down the slanting side to the base, where it was fastened to the door. Then it would commence on the other side of the nest and do likewise. Then the wasp would go on the inside and press it round and smooth. When finished it was formed of little ridges of mud extending from the top to the bottom, in a slanting direction. The nest was torn down three times, and each time it was built again, but the fourth time the wasp left.—H. E. McMaster, Jr., Jacobsburg, Belmont County, Ohio.

Bumblebee Ate Yellow Jacket.

I have seen a yellow jacket kill and eat files, but I dld not know that they themselves were eaten. The other day I saw a yellow jacket catch a fly and eat it. He had hardly eaten it before a bumblebee caught him and ate him. It seems queer that a bumblebee should eat a yellow jacket instead of being friendly with him, as they are so nearly the same.—Judson P. Guinon, Mayflower, Ark.

Wasps.

Going through a plece of woodland in quest of insects, my attention was called to a loud humming overhead. I looked up and saw several hundred wasps making a nest over my head, about fifteen feet from the ground. They were coming and going at a great rate and seemed to be making paper from mud, for I found several at a spring near by sucking up mud; some were



getting pieces off a fence rail, and all were busy. I came often to watch them, and when the nest was completed I took a picture of it. It is three feet round and forty two inches from top to bottom. I learned a great deal about wasps during that time. The wasps left one day in September and I secured the nest. I would like to correspond with other members of the society.—Clarence Wood, Marion, Wayne County, Box 188, N. Y.

Last summer as I happened to be walking along a path, I saw a great many ants. They were all going in what seemed to be a sort of causeway which they had made. I followed this along until I came to a rotten log, where they disappeared. This trall was about four inches wide and about a block long.—Halbert Armstrong, Drawer 1607, Spokane, Wash.



I found a bug in our yard. Its body was a little larger than a navy bean. The head and body were connected by a sort of lump. The head was about half as large as the lump. Its eyes stuck out from its head. It had two large feelers and four small ones. Protruding from underneath the body were six legs, of which the back two were largest and longest. The body and head were black, while the lump, legs and feelers were blood red. What is it?—D. J. Coyne, 305 W. Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

A Battle of Ants.

A Battle of Ants.

I will relate what I noticed in my yard one afternoon. My attention was called to some forty or fifty black ants going in great haste to their home near by. They were each carrying a disabled ant. With the wounded on their backs they were going at a great rate. Looking where they came from, I found that while there, they had met a body of red ants in superior numbers. After what must have been a severe battle the black ants were driven from the field, carrying their wounded. The victorious red ants were furiously pursuing them, but were kep at bay by a small rear guard, which would engage the swiftest of the enemy and then fly till they overtook the retreating body, when they would face about and again give battle. This was repeated till they were near home when the red ants hastily retreated and, gathering up their disabled comrades, also went home.—E. F. Norman, Star, Marion County, Iowa. Star, Marion County, Iowa.





Stonington, Conn., who sends in fitteen very bright, original puzzles.

Announcement of the prize winners for correct answers to the November Tangles will appear in the January number.

Answers and new puzzles have been received from the foliowing: Renel Morean, Vernon Turnburke, Philip Willmarth, Edward J. Dinsmore, Henry W. Hall, M. Shannon Fife, Harold M. Case, Ch. Philip Hexom, Geo, Kump, William A. Ritczel, L. W. Slocum, Alonzo E. Williams, Pearl Sparks, H. C. Sims, Clarence A. Reece, Arnold Nell, Willie A. Whiting, Guy Parmenter (can't use, won't print McKinley's assassin's name, James I. Tinnle (puzzle not new), Guy Hurlbutt (no answer). Alves D. sassin's name), James I. Tinnie (puzzie not new), Guy Hurlbutt (no answer). Alves D. Dick (no answer), Kent B. Stiles, Chester H. Pierce, Willie Glanville, Ivan Peonles, Frank Fie'd, Bert Hudd'e, Leslie A. Gallo-way, Daniel Berge and others who forgot to sign their names.

Answers to November Tangles.

C urle W H agga I A stra L R asca L L azul I E poch A S yste M K idna P E nged I A droi T N atan T

38. Thanks, giving, Thanksgiving.

R acine
B U nyan
We S ley
Par K er
Virg I l Newma N

40. Laugh, and the world laughs with

Weep, and you weep alone.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

La, f, a, N, d, TH, e, WOR, L(50), d, la, f's, WI, TH, UW, e, e, P, a, N, d, UW, e e, P, a, L(50), one(1), L(50), la, WH, e, e, la, RW, I(1), L(50), C(100), O, X(10).

41. Who murmurs at his lot today?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom?

bloom? Or sighs for dainties far away, Beside the bounteous board of home?

42. (1) Sloth. (2) Zebu. (3) Elk. (4) Llon. (5) Llama. (6) Bear. (7) Deer. (8) Ibex.

(5) Llama. (6) Bear. (7) Deer. (8) Ibex.

43. (1) Add Chicago. 1.6/8,575; Philadelphia. 1.293,697; Newark, N. J., 246,070; St. Joseph. Mo., 102,320; Lincoln. Neb., 40,169; Taunton. Mass., 31,036; Easton, Pa., 25,238; and 97, the amount Newport. Ky., 28,391, exceeds Woonsocket. R. L., 28,204. Total. 3,437,202 the population of Greater New York.

(2) The largest city in the smallest state. Providence, R. L., 175,597, exceeds the largest city in the largest state, San Antonio, Tex., 53,321, by 122,276, which is the amount of the united populations of Schenectady, N. Y., 31,882; Rockford, Ill., 31,051; Butte. Mont., 30,470; Montgomery. Ala., 30,346; and 1,273. the amount Kansas City, Kansas, 51,418, exceeds Portland, Me., 50,145.

(3) 210. Salt Lake City, Utah, 53,531; San Antonio, Tex., 53,321; Covington, Ky., 42,938; Akron, O., 42,728; Augusta, Ga., 39,441; Pawtucket, R. L., 39,231; Atlantic City, N. J., 27,838; Bay City, Mich., 27,628.

44. Map of Wales. Bounded: North, Irish sea; East, England: South, British channel: West, St. George's channel. Town, Merthyr Tydyll, Island, Anglesea, Rivers, Dec. Severn, Wye, Mountains, Cambrian; reals Mr. Sawden, Cambrian; Rock West, Sawden, neak, Mt. Snowdon, Cape, Braichy point. Gulfs, Cardigan bay, Caermarthen bay. Peninsulas, Caernarvon, Gower.

45. Exodus, XX. 3. Thou shalt have no other gods before me, 46. (1) Shown—shone, (2) Sew—so. (3) See—sea. (4) Sell—cell, (5) Way—weigh.

S cheherazade. I brahim. N oureddin Ali. 48. D ouban. B adoura.
A laddin.
D inarzade.

NEW TANGLES.

49. CHRISTMAS DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

49. CHRISTMAS DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Each word contains the same number of letters. The initials and finals spell two articles that abound at Christmas time:

1. The sister of Moses, who watched his cradle in the Nile. 2. An Indian tribe, from whose name was derived the name of the state whose capital is Springfield. 3. An Italian city and bay. 4. Him whose birthday we celebrate. 5. To enter names on a list. 6. The royal color. 7. The name by which the Esquimaux call them selves. 8. The westernmost city of the largest state. 9. An animal you use in your bath.

—A. Kelley.

WHAT LETTER IS IT?

I'm in peaches and pears,
In turkeys and hares,
In trousers and pocket and sleeve;
You'll find me in stores,
In apples and cores;
In the tree that you have Christmas Eve.
—Herbert Whitney.

BLANKS.

Fill the blanks with words pronounced alike, but spelled differently:

1. We welcomed our — when he said he had — all the Tangles. 2. The — building is always in the — city of the state. 3. While rehearsing for his new — the actor dined only on a — and coffee.

4. There were ugly — about that many of the — in the cheap lodging house were burglars. 5. But few gold — are — in years. 6. The soldiers in the — were under a — strain. 7. The — he could have done was to have — the premises to the best tenant. 8. There was no — in paying fifty — for such undesirable —. a sail he will — hold of his glass. 10. The — of both ships voted to continue the — 11. You wouldn't think a boy of his — could heave such tremendous — . 12. The search for precious — keeps the prospector on his — . 13. To — a fellow's sweetheart is to — his heart against you. 14. I saw the moon — from behind the mountain — . 15. When a dog is pestered with — he — to the river to drown them out. — . Typo.

CHRISTMAS REBUS.

What Christ brought.



-Parson Queer.

OHIO DIAGONAL.

Each word is composed of six letters, and is found on the map of Ohio. The diagonal letters, reading from the upper left hand corner, spell the city in which a great president lived and is buried:

1. The county in which Springfield is situated.
2. The county in which Gallipolis is situated.
3. The county in which Tiffin is located.
4. The town in which President Garfield lived.
5. Where the cash registers come from.
6. A town in Trumbull county.

—Ohio Boy.

CHANGED HEADINGS.

First, I am a tiresome talker. Change my head and I become successively: Lacerated; a small duct; the inner part of a thing; a greater quantity; in olden time; had on; blood; antecedent; an ulcer; learning; a celebrated artist. —The Oracle.

CHRISTMAS PI.

Swat het thing robeef shirtscam, _Dan ial roughth eth shoue Ton a truerace saw gristrin, Ont vene a soume. —Oliver Twist.

KNIGHT'S MOVE.

By starting at a certain letter and following the Knight's move in chess, using each letter once only, find ten games.

| H L N R S C E H I M O B S T R H O W D O L L E E O L A G T F E O S P O S L F N S L D E E B I Q C T R I S U K S N | I | A | 1 | 0 | 0 | С | T | c |
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-F. James.

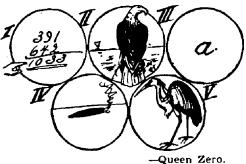
DIAMOND.

1. 1000. 2. A head covering. 3. Juice of apples. 4. A western capital, named after a president. 5. Troublesome. 6. A boy's name. 7. A consonant in consonant.

—Dontguessit.

58. ILLUSTRATED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Each picture can be answered by a word of five letters. Taken in their order as numbered, the initials spell what your teacher does; the finals, what you should strive to do at school:



MOTHER GOOSE ACROSTIC.

The initials of the omitted words tell the happiest time of all the year:

"Jack fell down and broke his —
And Jill came tumbling after."
"Old Mother — went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone."
"This is the —that ate the malt

"This is the —that ate the malt That lay in the house that Jack built." — a little dog at home And he'll know me." "The — began to beat the dog. The dog began to bite the pig." "Leave them alone and they'll come home

"Leave them."
home
And bring their — behind them."
"The — was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes."
"'Long came a spider
And sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffitt —."
"Jack — could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean."
—Little Boy Blue.

RAILROAD TANGLE.

Give full and correct names of the rail-roads of the United States whose nick-names are here given:
1. New York Central. 2. Northwestern.
3. Nickel Plate. 4. Frisco Line. 5. Niagara Falls Route. 6. Scenic Line. 7. Lacka-wanna. 8. Maple Leaf. 9. The "Q." 10. Soo Line. 11. Overland Route. 12. Big 4. 13. Sunset Route. 14. Lake Shore. 15. Clo-ver Leaf. 16. Rock Island. 17. "Katy." 18.

Prize Puzzle.

GEOGRAPHICAL INTIALS.

61. GEOGRAPHICAL INTIALS.

The initial letters are the initials of an American city and the state in which it is situated. The words used describe some characteristic of the city to be named. Thus: "Many Waters;" answer, Madison, Wisconsin (on four lakes).

1. Beans Multitudinous. 2. Delightful Climate. 3. Many Mills. 4. Saitings For China. 5. Penn's People. 6. Wisely Designed Capital. 7. American Marines. 8. Saw Alamo's Terror. 9. Beautiful Maidens. 10. Liquors Kept. 11. Alarm Clocks. 12. Inland Industries. 13. Commercially Important. 14. War Prepares Nation's Youth. 15. Cincinnati Overtaken (in population). 16. Defeated Milwaukee (in population). —Kent B. Stiles.

Writing to Uncle Tangler.

All writers "for the press" must observe certain rules, and as many of you write Uncle Tangler each month with matter for publication, it is quite essential that you should know and observe the first and simplest of the rules that govern such correspondence.

simplest of the rules that govern such correspondence.
You will do well to remember the following instructions, for editors and readers of manuscript on the daily papers and weekly and monthly periodicals will not trouble to read copy not thus prepared and sent, much less accept it or print it.
First, foremost and always, write on but one side of the paper.
Do not use foolscap, legal cap or extra large-sized paper, nor scraps of paper.
Do not mucilage the sheets together end to end or any other way.
Do not write with pencil or red lnk.
Write legibly, especially your name and address.

Write your letter separately from matter

Write your letter separately from matter to be printed.

Write the answer below each new puzzle you contribute. Don't leave your Uncle to guess the answer. You keep him guessing pretty hard as it is.

Write the answers to printed puzzles on a separate sheet from your letter or matter to be printed.

Sign your letter with name and address. Sign each other sheet with your name, eitner top or bottom of page.

If you must use postal cards, don't paste anything on them. If the postal authorities forward such irregular matter at all they collect letter postage at the receiving end.

Put sufficient postage on your letter. It takes a two-cent stamp to carry a letter, and leaving it unsealed doesn't save you

anything.

Don't expect a personal letter from Uncle Tangler to tell you if your puzzle is accepted and when it will appear, or for any other purpose. Your Uncle is always Uncle Tangier to tell you in your puzzle is accepted and when it will appear, or for any other purpose. Your Uncle is always glad to hear from you with answers to the Tangies and with new and original puzzles, but cannot enter into a personal correspondence with anyone. What he has to say will be said in his department from month to month.

Don't expect a prize for solving one Tangle. Prizes are given only for solving all the Tangles, unless otherwise stated, and for best lot of new puzzles, each month, and this has been carefully stated in each issue. We publish the names of all who send in correct answers to one or more Tangles each month, but prizes are awarded only as stated.

It isn't necessary to repeat an entire Tangle when you wish to report that you have solved it. Each Tangle has a number for the express purpose of identification and when you say. "No 38 Thanks."

Tangle when you wish to report that you have solved it. Each Tangle has a number for the express purpose of identification, and when you say: "No. 38. Thanksgiving." it is perfectly understood.

Above all, don't cut out the Tangles, or any part of them, and send in with the answers affixed. You want to keep the Tangles complete to compare with the answers when they appear, and THE AMERICAN BOY should always be preserved whole and kept carefully. You will enjoy reading it 10 years from now, and so will your boys twenty years hence.

Keep this lot of "don'ts" and "do's" before you the next three times you write Uncle Tangler, till you master the simple but necessary requirements it teaches, and you will experience the satisfaction of knowing that you have learned how to write properly "for the press."

Now read it all over again, and don't forget!

—Uncle Tangler.

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THE AMERICAN BOY

was a mite of a boy he played about his uncle's telegraph office till it dawned on him one day that he knew all about the dots and dashes and



expert typewriter and in the yellow fever panic broke out in the South two year ago Charley, young as he was, was on hand to telegraph the news; and last spring during one memorable night he obtained a leave of absence to go to Durant, Miss. On his return that I same night his train—a freight—broke through a bridge undermined by rains and plunged into the creek below. Three men were killed and one terribly injured. Charley walked back from the train six miles to Ways Bluff, made his way into the closed and tenantless telegraph office, despatched for a relief train, stopped the oncoming "passenger" and went back to the scene of the wreck. As soon as the relief crew arrived the boy "cut in a wire," attached an instrument, and spent the day taking orders. He is a good example of what a boy can do.



OSCAR H. BOWER.

OSCAR H. BOWER. Agent. While messenger boy he assisted in general office work, and much of the time had almost entire charge of the express business, for which he was allowed a part of the commission therefrom. Here he also took up the study of telegraphy and in six months was able to go out on the line as a first-class telegrapher. So great was his desire to learn that he bought some instruments and put them up in his bedroom at home and often spent the greater portion of the night working at them. At Proctor he had full charge of freight, passengers, baggage, mail and express, besides doing the telegraph work, and is considered one of the best agents and telegraphers on the line. Since June 27 last he has been employed in the accounting department of the Fort Worth & Rio Grande at Fort Worth.

A Brave Boy.

A short time ago Christian Molloy, of 176 Fourth Street, Long Island City, N. Y., saved the life of his companion. Arthur Kelly, a thirteen-year-old boy. Kelly had



When Charley Lumley, of Canton, Miss., was a mite of a boy he played about his uncle's telegraph office till it dawned on him one day that he knew all about the dots and dashes and telegraphic s ou n ds from the mysterious board in the corner. It was not long before knowledge of him came to the ears of the railroad officials, and at fourteen we find him an efficient substitute at stations along the Illinois Central Railroad. He is now sixteen, and for over a year has held a position at sixty dollars a month as night chief at the Canton office, with an assistant. He is also an expert typewriter and distinctly a boy for emergencies. When the yellow fever panic broke out in the South two year ago Charley, young as he

Wilbur Johnson, a fifteen year old Washington city boy, is the hero of quite an adventure. The boy went to England last summer for an outing and snap-shot camera expedition, and was royally entertained by the King and Queen. He set out from St. Johns, N. B., on the ninth of June for England by schooner. Upon his arrival in London he unstrung his camera and went to work. One day he came to Marlborough House, the residence of the King. Handing the guard a piece of silver he went inside the gates. Just as he was about ready to press the bulb on a good snap-shot he was startled to see an eiderly gentleman standing directly in front of him.

"Hello, sonny, what are you going to do?" he asked.

The boy told his story, and the gentleman

"Hello, sonny, what are you going to do?" he asked.

The boy told his story, and the gentleman said, "You can't take a picture of Mariborough House." He informed him that he was the Duke of Argyll. He then asked the boy if he wanted to see the King, and the upshot of the matter was that the Duke agreed to present the boy at Mariborough House on the Wednesday morning following. Of course the boy was there at the appointed time, areased in the uniform of the Washington High School Cadets, of which he is a member.

"I see you are an officer," began the King, after a hearty salutation.

"No, sir, I am only a private," he answered.

Then the boy explained an officer."

Then the boy explained an officer."

young Bower attended the public schools at Comanche. Tex., and then took a position as messenger boy in the office of the Fort Worth & Rio Grande at Comanche Station, at a salary of eight dollars a month. In his seventeenth year he was appointed railroad agent at Proctor, and about a year later was transferred to Blanket. Tex. as agent. While messenger boy he work, and much entire charge of or which he was apolic a first-class telements where the work, and much entire charge of months was ablots a first-class telements the messenger boy he work, and much entire charge of or which he was ablots a first-class telements the messenger boy he work, and much entire charge of or which he was ablots a first-class telements the first class telements and put at home and often ion of the night roctor he had full sengers, baggage, es doing the telements been employed the phers on the line, and ran to his hotel, greatly elated over that a boy should be proud of.

A Bright Young Colored Man.

A Bright Young Colored Man.

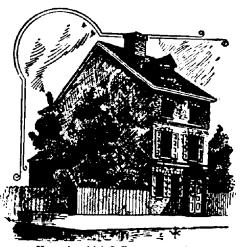


R. F. MOORE

K. F. Moore, a colored boy at Beaufort. S. C., is doing good work in school. During the last two winters he has been attending school at Claflin University, Orangeburg, S. C. He is making a good record, standing at the head of his class. During the summer time he earns money as a drug store porter and soda water clerk. He intends to become a pharmacist.

What Boys Are Asking.

Lloyd Sanford, New Brunswick, N. J., would like to know how to make bows and arrows and how to use them; also what kind of wood to use and how to tip the arrows.—Dewey Parker, Oxford, Mich., would like some information as to how to start a frogery—Lloyd B. Bennett 1024 would like some information as to how to start a froggery.—Lloyd B. Bennett, 1024 Hickory St., St. Louis, Mo., would like to know how to build a cabinet for shells and how to classify them.—Victor Bergh, 135 North Fiftieth St., Philadelphia, Pa., would like to know how to make a pair of snow shoes and what material to use.—Carroll F. Parker, Wakefield, Mass., wants to see in THE AMERICAN BOY a plan for a hen house.—James Morrow, Caldwell, Ida., says he read of a baseball pitcher who threw a "double shoot." He wants to know if any one can tell him what a "double shoot." He wants to know if any one can tell him what a "double shoot." Is, and how to throw it.—T. P. Bonner, Jr., Bryson City, N. C., wants some hints as to how to make an automobile.—Ernest B. Fry, Rochester, N. Y., wants to see plans for a twelve-foot ice boat.—A. J. Kaupel, Ossian, Ia., wants to see directions about stuffing birds.



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It will hardly be necessary for us to sug-

ls snown on page 31 of the November number of this paper.

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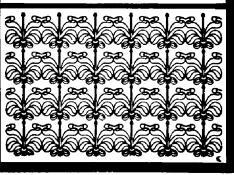
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