

# THE AMERICAN BOY

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## NEW YEAR'S NUMBER

# BUSTER

## RODNEY HORTON

The odious nickname of Buster was fastened upon poor Oscar Elwood at a very early age in his career. He was but five days old when his proud and happy grandfather saw him for the first time. Grandfather Elwood gazed long and lovingly on the red-faced and slumbering child in his voluminous swaddling clothes and then he said:

"Well if he ain't a buster!"

This tribute to the infant's proportions was not undeserved for he weighed fourteen pounds on the day of his birth.

"An' that, too, without his clothes on," his grandfather was wont to declare in after days. So pleased was the old gentleman with the boy's size and healthfulness that he always spoke of him as "my little Buster," or "Gran'dad's Buster." And so it came to pass that his other relatives and his friends "got in the way," as they said, of calling the child "Buster" and ignoring the fact



"Well, if he ain't a buster!"

that he had a far prettier and better name. By the time he was old enough to go to school the boy had become so accustomed to the nickname that he did not mind being called by it. He was not a very sensitive boy, and, like most fat boys, he was good-natured. I remember that he used to say with not very brilliant wit:

"I ain't a-carin' what they call me just so they don't call me too late for my supper."

His supper and his two other meals a day were matters of vital consequence to Buster, for he was always so hungry that his grandfather used to say, after witnessing some of Buster's gastronomic feats:

"I declare, Buster, if you mustn't be holler clear down into the ground. But eat away, boy; no one begrudges you what you eat. Anyway your gran'dad an' gran'mammy don't."

Buster's dotting and indulgent grandparents lived but a mile from the boy's home, and he spent much of his time with them. My father's farm was next to the farm of Buster's father, and as Buster and I were of about the same age we became great friends and were much together.

It was the hope of Buster's parents and of Buster himself that he would assume more normal proportions as he grew older, but this hope was not realized, for when he was fifteen years of age he was not so tall as the average boy of that age and he weighed one hundred and ninety pounds. Indeed, he looked as if he might weigh even more than this, and his friends did him no injustice when they said that he was "a sight to see." He had a singularly effeminate voice and face and his head was covered with short, yellow curls. He was a fun-loving boy and we could always depend upon him to aid and abet us when we were planning to have some fun. We lived five miles from the large town of Morrowton and a trip to that place was such an unusual occurrence that it formed quite an event in our lives.

One day in midsummer Buster was over to my home when his grandfather came driving along on his way home from Morrowton. Buster and I were out by the woodpile when the old gentleman appeared. He drew rein when he reached us and said:

"Well, boys, I reckon you ain't heerd what there's goin' to be in town the tenth o' this month?"

"You don't mean the county fair, do you?" I replied. "No, that don't come until the twelfth. I dunno if two such excitable boys as you an' Buster can stand it to go to the fair an' this other thing the same week."

"I bet I know what it is," said Buster.

"Don't be too sure now."

"It's a circus."

"Who told you?"

"No one. I just guessed so."

"Well, you're mighty good at guessin'. That's just what it is."

Buster took off his ragged straw hat, flung it into the air and gave utterance to a loud "hooray," while I called out at the top of my voice to my brother Joe, who was hoeing in the garden near by:

"Say, Joe, there's a circus coming to Morrowton!"

This brought Joe hurrying to us and Grandfather Elwood proceeded to give us what he called the "particklers" of the forthcoming circus.

"Accordin' to the bills, it's the biggest show that has ever come to town. But then you can't allus tell from the bills what the show will be like. They sometimes story so on the bills, but they claim to have five full-grown elephants and a baby one, an' two hippopotamusses an' a man-eatin' goriller an' four clowns an' four lady bareback riders an' a pair o' rhinocerosses an' a trick mule, an' that ain't half! They claim to have two rings with things goin' on in both of 'em at the same time. What ye think of that?"

"Cracky!" said Buster, while I, who was ever a doubting Thomas, added:

"I don't suppose that they will have half they say they will on the bills?"

"Well, if they don't have but half it'll be a mighty big show," said Grandfather Elwood. He had been fortunate in escaping the "soured" period of old age, and at seventy he was as young in thought and feeling as he had ever been. He looked forward to the coming of the circus with as much eagerness as Buster and I. Of course we were going. The farmer in that neighborhood who would have kept his boys home from a circus or from the county fair would have been regarded as "meaner than dirt," which was a very low stage of meanness.

It had been three years since there had been a circus in Morrowton, and it was certain that this one would be largely attended even though it was so soon to be followed by the fair. Most of the boys would have to take some of the money they had been "savin' up" for the fair, to pay for their circus tickets, and Buster and I expected to have to do this, but the day before the circus Grandfather Elwood surprised and delighted us by giving each of us a shiny new half dollar, saying as he did so:

"There ain't been a circus here for a

The impolite attention of some of the ill-bred boys of the town.



long time, an' I don't want that you should feel scrimped for money at either the circus or the fair, so you take this an' you can help me to pick my apples some day in the fall to pay for it. It takes a nimble-footed little chap like Buster here to creep away out on the small limbs an' gether in the apples no one else dast reach for."

"I'm such a fairy I could stand on tip-toe on the topmost branch of the tallest tree," replied Buster with his usual good humor which was at high tide because of the shining half-dollar in his hand.

When the day of the circus came Grandfather Elwood, Buster, my brother Joe and I set off for Morrowton in a very happy mood. Our parents were not going, their interest in the circus being far less than ours. We had a light, two-seated wagon belonging to Grandfather Elwood. He and Joe sat on the front seat and Buster and I sat behind them. Grandfather was "in high feather." He had been a very good singer in his younger days, and he declared that he never expected to be too old to "lift up his voice in song." His high, thin voice was "lifted up" most of the way to the town. I remember that he sang quaint old ballads such as one does not often hear now. He insisted that we should "jine in" on some of the refrains, nearly all of which consisted of different variations of

"Ri tu ri lu lu, ri tu ri lu.

Te u tee do de do, dee do dee do!"

Some of these ballads were of the most doleful character, but grandfather sang them very cheerily, alternating them with old-time hymns he had helped to sing at camp meetings in the days when his voice had been young and fresh and he had been much in demand as a singer.

Our excitement ran high as we drew near the town and saw the great white tents pitched out near the



He held out a new ten-dollar bill.

fairgrounds, and we urged grandfather to drive faster lest we miss some part of the "Monster Street Pageant," pictures of which we had seen on the bills that covered barns and other buildings along the roads.

When we reached the town grandfather put up his horse in the stable of a friend of his living near the circus grounds, and then he said to us:

"Now, you boys must kind o' shift for yourselves for awhile. I have some business to attend to that may keep me until time for the tent to open for the afternoon performance of the show at one o'clock. If I don't happen to run across you sooner you'll be sure to find me somewhere near the ticket wagon at one o'clock an' we'll go in together. Keep right together and don't get lost from each other. Here's something for each of you."

He handed each of us a silver dime as he spoke, and we hurried away toward where the gorgeous gilt and glass wagons were forming into line for the street parade. Our confidence in the integrity of the managers of the circus increased when we had seen the parade.

"They had every single thing in the street parade they said they would have on the bills," I said.

"Yes, and that makes it seem likely that they will do all that they say they will do in the ring," replied Buster between the sips of his pink lemonade.

The crowd had now begun to come from the streets of the town out to where the tents were pitched, the parade having come to an end. There were four or five side show tents near the large circus tent. Joe and Buster and I walked toward these tents and began to look at the gaudy pictures on great squares of canvas stretched in front of them. Buster did not escape the impolite attention of some of the ill-bred boys of the town who made remarks about his corpulency that would have infuriated a less even-tempered boy, but Buster had a ready reply for each of them and he flattered himself that he "gave them as good as they sent."

There was among the other gaudy canvasses in front of one of the tents, a painting of a huge fat girl on a bright blue background in a brilliant orange and scarlet gown with a wreath of impossible blue roses on her short, yellow curls. She was seated in a green velvet chair stroking a purplish cat and below her were the words:

"Mlle. Zuleta, the Eighth Wonder of the World! Only Thirteen Years Old and Weighing two Hundred and Eighty Nine Pounds! Come in and Hear Her Sing! The Child Jenny Lind!"

Buster grinned as he looked at the puffy Zuleta as she appeared on the billowy canvas.

"A good match for me," he said tersely. "I ought to go in and see her. It might be a comfort to her to know that she is not the only fatty on the grounds."

We were passing behind the tent in which Mlle. Zuleta and her comrade freaks were to be exhibited, and had stopped for a moment to look at a little Shetland pony tied to a wagon wheel when two men came out at the rear of the tent.

"It's no use talking," said one of the men, "she is too sick to sit on the platform. The doctor says that she will probably be all right to-morrow if we keep her in bed to-day. You'd better take down her picture from in front of the tent, Bill. It won't do to advertise her all day and not have her appear."

"I suppose not," said the other man. "But she is the biggest drawing card we have and there is the biggest crowd here to-day that we have had for two weeks. I wish that——"

His eye suddenly fell on Buster, and he said to his companion:

"Great Caesar! Look at that boy! Looks enough like Zuleta to be her twin brother! Must be some kin to her!"

"He looks as if he might be for sure," replied the other man.

We were about to move away when the man who had spoken first said suddenly:

"Say, Bill, I have an idea! Here, boy, wait a minute!"

We halted and the man spoke some words to his companion that we could not hear. Then he crooked his finger toward Buster and said:

"Come here, boy! We want to see you a minute. You other boys stay there."

Buster went forward and disappeared within the tent with the two men. He told us afterward what happened inside the tent.

"See here, boy," said one of the men, "would you like to make ten dollars as easy as rolling off a log?"

Buster had never possessed even half of ten dollars at one time in his life, and his eyes sparkled at the mere suggestion of earning so much money in a single day.

"I wouldn't mind," he said, a little warily.

"Well, you can do it, and that, too, without lifting your hand to do a stroke of work."

"Yes, and perhaps you'll get some presents besides," said the other man. "The people often give Zuleta presents when she sings. Can you sing a little?"

Buster had inherited his grandfather's vocal powers, and he could sing remarkably well in a clear and high soprano voice.

"Yes, I can sing some," he said with becoming modesty.

"Well, now see here," said the man called Bill; "we are in a kind of a fix and you can help us out if you will and, as I say, earn ten dollars just as easy as falling off a log. You saw that picture of Zuleta the fat girl out in front, didn't you?"

Buster nodded his head.

"Well, she's sick—too sick to appear to-day and we want you to take her place."

"I ain't a girl!" said Buster indignantly.

"Of course you're not, but you wouldn't be the first boy who dressed up as one in a show. It's common for boys to do that and there's no harm in it. Ma'mselle Zobenka, the bareback rider who is to ride in the ring to-day is really a fellow named Bill Spike when he is out of the ring. Now, if you will rig up in Zuleta's toggery and sit in her chair to-day I'll give you this."

He held out a new ten-dollar bill as he spoke.

"I'd hate to miss the circus," said Buster.

"You needn't miss it. There's almost no one at all in the side show tents while the circus is going on, and you can slip on your own things and go into the circus tent and see the ring performance, and it won't cost you a cent to get in either. So you'll be in ten dollars and a half and possibly more if your singing pleases the people. It's a regular soft snap."

The humorous side of the situation appealed to Buster's fun-loving instincts, and the temptation to earn ten dollars so easily was hard to resist. He hesitated and was lost.

"I'd have to go out and tell the boys who were with me about it," he said.

"Don't tell them what you are going to do. Just tell them that you have a chance to earn ten dollars and see the circus into the bargain, and that you are going to be wise enough to jump at the chance."

Thus it was that Buster came hurrying out to us in a state of manifest perturbation and said:

"Say, boys, I've struck a soft snap. It's the funniest thing you ever heard of! You'll split your sides laughing when I tell you about it, but I can't tell now! I'm going to make ten dollars easy as wink! Tell grandfather that it is all right! Don't wait for me to go home with you. I'll ride out with some of our neighbors. The Hiltons are coming in for the evening performance and I'll ride out with them. Oh, it's great!"

He was off before we could ask a single question. Much mystified and a little indignant we walked away, wondering what Buster was "up to now."

At a little before one o'clock we wended our way toward the main entrance to the tent where we found Grandfather Elwood waiting for us.

"What!" he exclaimed, when we told him of the disappearance of Buster. "That boy beats time for getting into mischief. It's mischief of some kind he's up to now. But we're not going to miss the circus performance hunting him up. We'll go in and see the show and then go around to that side show tent and see if we can find out anything about him afterward. It wouldn't s'prise me a mite if they'd got him to ride the trick mule or do something else equally foolish in the ring—the little rascal! I vum if I don't take his father's place an' I arrup that Buster boy if he goes too fer. Circuses ain't no harm, but I don't want the Elwood name mixed up with 'em in any way. I feel like trouncin' that boy fer this caper!"

Grandfather soon forgot his indignation, and Joe and I ceased to give any thought to Buster after the "Grand entry" and the performances that followed it in the rings. We had never seen so good a show and our enthusiasm ran high. But when the performance had come to an end and we were again outside the tent Grandfather Elwood said:

"Now show me that side show tent that Buster went into. He didn't appear in the circus ring in any way, as I half expected he would, an' I feel a little mite oneasy about him."

When we reached the tent a man was standing on a box at the entrance crying out the attractions to be seen inside the tent.



"This wonderful young lady" is Mam'selle Zuleta.

"Walk right up, ladies and gents, and see the greatest combination of

living curiosities on the face of the earth! Come in and see Grunter, the seven-legged pig, and Bretanio, the only Albino ever imported from his native land! Right this way to see Mam'selle Zuleta, the marvel of the age, in human form! Only thirteen years old and weighing nearly three hundred pounds! Come in and hear her sing the dear old songs your mother used to sing! Only fifteen cents to see this enormous constellation of attractions! Walk right up, ladies and gents and see the largest boazer constrictor in captivity!"

Joe and I each had twenty five cents of our money left and we decided to go in with Grandfather Elwood and behold this "enormous constellation of attractions." Men, women and children were pouring in in advance of us, and when we finally entered the tent we found it almost full of spectators. Just as we reached the inside we heard a strangely familiar voice singing "Sweet Afton," one of the ballads grandfather had sung that morning. High and clear rose the voice—

"Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
Flow gently, sweet river, thou stream of my lays,  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
Flow gently, sweet river, disturb not her dream."

"Hark!" said grandfather, with one hand to his ear. "If that ain't Buster singin' I miss my guess! I'll disturb his dream if I ketch him singin' in a place like this! Come on!"

We followed the irate old man to the farther end of the tent. There on a platform three feet high were some of the "constellation of attractions."

The last notes of the song had died away before we could push our way to the front of the platform, and just as we reached it we heard the "lecturer" on the platform say:

"This wonderful young lady you have been listening to in song is Mam'selle Zuleta, the most marvelous young lady on the American continent. She is barely thirteen years of age. She is of the most distinguished parentage and has been presented to several of the crowned heads of Europe and——"

"She ain't no such thing! It ain't so!"

The voice of grandfather rose high and shrill. It

quivered with fast increasing indignation as he looked upon Buster tricked out in a gaudy yellow satin dress with very brief skirts. He had a wreath of cheaply gorgeous artificial flowers on his yellow curls and the round red spots on his puffy cheeks had come there since we had seen him last. His cheeks turned pale all around the red spots when he saw and heard his grandfather. Mild and merry as he usually was, the little old man was capable of fiery indignation, and a proper occasion for the rising of such indignation was at hand. Leaping to the platform grandfather seized Mam'selle Zuleta by one of her bare arms and said:

"Ain't you 'shamed of yourself, Buster Elwood? A purty lookin' Zulety you be! I blush for ye! Ladies an' gentlemen, this show is a humbug! Anyhow the fat girl part of it is! This Mam'selle Zulety here is my gran'son cuttin' up the wust caper he ever cut up in his life! He was sent here in my keer an' he's goin' right home with me soon as he puts on his boy clo'es an' takes off these girl things that he ought to be 'shamed to be seen in! He's a disgrace to his seck, that's what he is!"

One of the proprietors of the show came hurrying forward and grandfather squared himself for defense. There would perhaps have been serious trouble had not a policeman suddenly appeared.

"The old chap is crazy!" cried the proprietor of the show.

"Not much, I ain't!" retorted grandfather.

"Is the old gentleman telling the truth?" asked the policeman.

Buster nodded his head, and the policeman said:

"All of you come with me."

He led the way to a dressing room behind the platform. Joe and I slipped around outside to the rear of the tent. We could hear voices inside, and at the

end of about half an hour Buster came out in his "boy clothes" with Grandfather Elwood.

"The sooner we git home the better," said the old man. "I feel ashamed to be seen."

If that was Buster's mental attitude he gave little sign of it. He was somewhat depressed over his failure to receive the ten dollars he had expected to receive, but he had seen the circus without paying anything for it and his eyes twinkled as he said slyly to me as we walked toward the wagon:

"Wasn't I a stunner of a Mam'selle Zuleta?" His fat body quivered with suppressed mirth and he tittered so that his grandfather turned and said:

"You'd better bawl with shame instid of titterin' with shameless fun!"

Grandfather was not at all merry and songful on the homeward journey and he never quite forgave Buster for his duplicity, but years afterward I heard him say:

"He'd no bizness to act so, although no real harm was done, an' I reckon it was wuth fifteen cents to see him rigged up that way playin' the part of Mam'selle Zulety."

## "Blessed Is He Who Has Found His Work."

GARLAND FERRELL.

The passengers on an outbound Harvard Square car in Boston recently saw the beginning of a career. A little colored boy of ginger hue sat in one corner, his face fine with the expression of an occupied and happy mind. He was tidy and well-behaved, but had the habit of busy little boys of squirming his legs together, sitting in an unstable position.

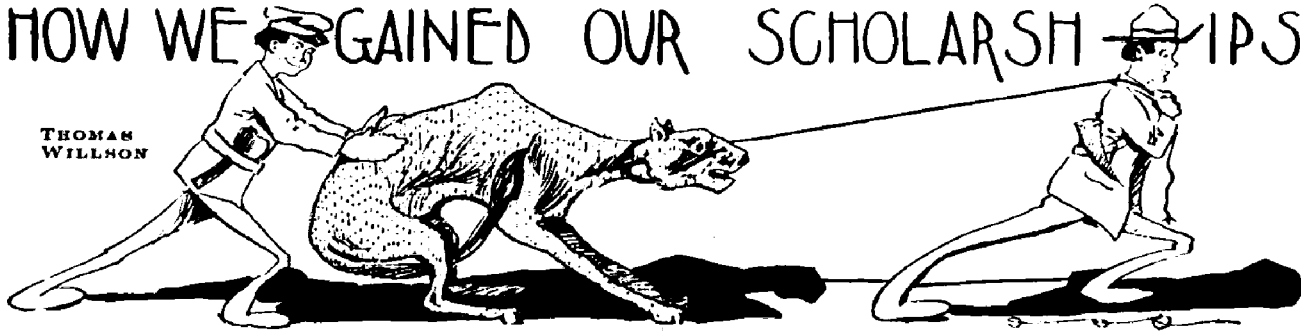
So intent was he with his joy that he was startled when the conductor touched him on the knee; but he turned a pocket wrong side out and shook forth his nickel. From time to time he grinned as he sat watching something hidden beside his leg and in his hand, then he would shove both hands into the slits of his coat-front, and pulling them out empty, would chuckle quietly to himself, gazing far out the window past the motorman.

Once he opened his overcoat button by button; then deliberately unfastened his little coat, and brought out from away down somewhere in a secret pocket, a neat, clean envelope which seemed to bear a newspaper trade-mark. The little black boy did not take out its contents, but peeking in from time to time to prompt himself, whispered its message. Then he put the paper back deep down somewhere in an inner pocket; carefully buttoned it over, and from his front pocket slipped out something that gave a gleam of bright nickel. He covered it in his mittens to all but himself, and sat there smuggling pleasure right before the curious passengers.

At last, after patient watching, we caught his secret—a newsboy's badge, new and shiny.

Among the great men of the present time who once sold newspapers for a living are Ex-Gov. D. B. Hill, of New York; the late George W. Childs, Thomas A. Edison, Gov. Wm. B. McSweeney, South Carolina; Whitelaw Reid, of New York, and George G. Rockwood, president of the Rockwood Corporation.

# HOW WE GAINED OUR SCHOLARSHIPS



THOMAS  
WILLSON

Owen and I lived on adjoining farms lying in a little valley enclosed by ranges of mountains in the central part of Pennsylvania. We were almost the same age—just a little past sixteen. At school we sat at the same desk, and had about finished the common school branches. We had a great desire to purchase a scholarship in the Academy in the town seven miles away. We had high aims, if we had but little money. But the scholarship cost a hundred and twenty five dollars, and we had saved less than twenty five apiece, by gathering chestnuts and trapping muskrats and skunks. The skunks were rather too odoriferous to suit us, but by dropping them in the brook over night the water washed most of the smell away. We got a dollar apiece for the pelts.

Circuses were quite rare in those days, and neither Owen nor I had ever seen a regular menagerie. Now that a real one was coming with its own train of cars and all kinds of animals, it was not strange that we were anxious to go. Our parents gave permission, provided a certain amount of work was done before the day of the show; so we worked early and late to complete our tasks. Thursday of the following week we were up bright and early doing the chores, for that was "circus day," and seven o'clock found us trudging to town. We enjoyed the day thoroughly, and of all the sights we were most interested in was a huge mountain lion, which appeared to be very fierce and restless. After the show we rode part of the way home with a neighbor, arriving at dark tired but happy.

The next afternoon as my father, my younger brother, Jud, and myself, were at work in the corn field, we saw Owen running toward us.

"The circus train was wrecked at the curve last night, and nearly all the animals got away," he cried, hardly stopping for breath. "Yes, and that big lion is gone, too, and they offer two hundred dollars reward for him," and he held up a paper in which appeared the story of the accident.

We crowded round and read how, in passing this curve, which was very abrupt, a broken tie had allowed the rails to spread, and some of the cars had rolled down the steep embankment, breaking up the cages of the animals so badly that several had escaped, among them the lion, a bear, and a number of smaller animals. The elephants were not hurt, but the keepers had a hard time to prevent a general stampede among them. The following card appeared in the paper: "Reward—The managers of S—— Brothers' Circus offer a reward of two hundred dollars which will be paid to any persons who may capture alive the mountain lion which escaped in the wreck of the circus train at the Horseshoe Curve October 6. Also fifty dollars for the capture of the large brown bear, which escaped at the same time.

"Oh, if we could only capture that old lion," said Owen, "wouldn't we be in big luck." "I'm not so sure about that," laughed father, "you might be like the Irishman who caught his bear, anxious for some one to help you let go."

The curve where the accident occurred was about three and a half miles north of our home, at a place where the railroad crossed the head of the valley. The banks on the lower side were very steep, and perhaps as bad a place for a smash-up as could well be found.

We boys felt a kind of personal interest in the matter and asked for a quarter of a day off, that we might go up to see the wreck. Having gained consent, Owen and I each took a horse and were soon on the road. Jud was so anxious to go along that I took him on behind me. Father cautioned us to get home before dark, and in fact we had no desire to be out late, when we remembered that lion. We soon arrived at the scene of the disaster. The wrecking train had arrived early in the morning and most of the cars had been pulled back on the track. Two or three were splintered beyond repair, and had been burned. By sundown everything was loaded and the train pulled out. The show was considerably crippled, but only laid up one day for repairs. The idea of wild animals being loose in the neighborhood naturally caused much excitement, but a week passed and as nothing was seen or heard of them, the excitement began to die down. Then rumors came of the bear having been sighted on the opposite side of the neighboring mountain, and a week later he was shot while making an early morning visit to a farmer's pig pen. Two or three weeks passed, and as

nothing was seen or heard of the other animals, we concluded that they had left the country.

One Saturday morning Owen and I started out for the mountain, hoping to run across a deer. There was a low place, a kind of pass where every season several deer had been shot, as they were passing through the country. We were both armed with the old-fashioned smoothbore, a rifle bored out so as to shoot either ball or shot. The morning was rather raw and chilly and we walked briskly, reaching the point where



We saw a sight  
which made us  
catch our breath.

we had decided to watch the trail, about eight o'clock. This was half-way up the side of the mountain, where the timber was thick and heavy. The trail was merely a path, in many places almost obliterated. The mountain rose steep above us and great rocks jutted here and there. We took our station in a fissure between two rocks, from which we could see the trail in both directions. After waiting what seemed a long time, but in reality only an hour, I said: "Suppose we walk out along the mountain; perhaps we may see a wild turkey." "That suits me exactly," said Owen. "I'd rather hunt game that one can go after."

Walking carefully so as to make no noise, we made our way toward an unusually rocky place in the mountain side, called the Devil's Hole. In some upheaval great boulders had been piled high upon each other, making a semicircular cliff, with almost perpendicular sides. There was a small level space at the base of the cliff.

As we rounded a big rock which stood some ten feet high we saw a sight which made us catch our breath, and it seemed to me I could actually feel my hair rising on end. Not more than thirty steps away stood the great mountain lion making his meal on the carcass of a young deer which he had killed and dragged up to his lair, during the night. He was standing with his side to us, his big jaws red with the blood of his victim. To our eyes he seemed about twice his real size. We instinctively raised our guns and fired at the same instant. With a fierce roar of anger the lion turned and darted into a narrow hole in the rocks, a few feet from where we first sighted him. The opening was just about large enough for a

man to crawl through. The thought of that reward instantly came to our minds, and our fright was gone. There was a large rock weighing perhaps three hundred pounds, lying loose within a yard of the hole. Dropping our guns we bounded up to it and in less than the time it takes to tell it, we rolled the stone against the mouth of the cave and piled several others on top. Then the reaction came and for a few minutes we felt pretty weak about the knees. We found our shots had struck the rocks under and above the beast, and he had not been touched. Had he been wounded, with both of our guns empty, it might have gone hard with us. I had a light ax which hunters usually carry, but that was a slight weapon in the hands of a boy in a fight with an enraged lion.

After talking it over we decided we would have to build some kind of a cage to get him down the mountain to the road a half mile below. We knew we should finally have to get assistance, but did not intend to share the glory or profit with others any more than we could help. We set to work to construct a kind of cage six feet long by four wide, and the same in height, of heavy hickory saplings. These we notched at the ends and laid up like the logs of an old-fashioned log cabin, after having first made a floor of the same material. We lashed the poles together at the corners with heavy hickory withes. By the middle of the afternoon we had it pretty well completed. While at work we occasionally heard deep growls coming from the cave, but were not much disturbed, as we felt sure of having him safe. After piling more stones at the entrance to make it doubly secure, we started for home, arriving late in the afternoon.

Our folks could hardly believe it possible when we told them of our adventure, and both mothers cried when they thought of what might have happened. Father hurried to the nearest telegraph office and sent word to the circus people of the capture. He received a dispatch saying that a cage in charge of the animal keeper would be sent at once. It was arranged that a watch should be kept that night. Father, Mr. Horton, Owen and I went over and spent the night completing our cage, by the light of a big fire built for both light and warmth. We also built a kind of drag to use in sliding it down the mountain side. Early in the morning Mr. Horton went home to get some ropes which we found we should need, and also to bring us some breakfast. Meantime the rest of us set to work to clear a kind of passage to the road below. It was hard work, for the rocks were thick, and underbrush grew wherever there was soil. Mr. Horton soon returned and we ate our breakfast, and spent the morning in completing the road down the mountain.

Shortly after noon the animal keeper arrived. He had brought a cage such as had been used for the lion, and was accompanied by a driver for the wagon. Everything was now ready. The cage was set on the drag and pushed up to the mouth of the cave. The lighter stones were removed and ropes slipped under the big rock in such a way that when lifted straight up it would leave a clear passage into the cage. Our game was getting pretty restless as he had been thirty hours or more without water. Four of us took our positions with ropes in hand. At a given signal we quickly raised the rock. Suddenly, with a deep, sullen roar which I can hear yet, a great tawny mass shot out and into the cage with such force that had we not taken the precaution to anchor it firmly with chains and ropes, it would certainly have overturned and rolled down the mountain. We dropped the stone back into place and this closed the opening in the end of the cage so that the lion could not get out again. He seemed to be in every corner at once. Listening to the horrible din, it sounded as if there might be three animals there instead of one. After a few minutes he quieted down a little. Then he changed his mind and did it all over again.

The trap door in the end was quickly slipped into place and after waiting half an hour for the captive to quiet down, we prepared to start down the mountain. Tying ropes to the end of the drag, we started. Four of us pulled while the others with short poles pushed and prevented the cage from falling over sidewise. Two hours' hard work brought us to the main road, where we found the outfit which the circus man had brought. Backing the wagon up so that the ends of the cages were together, both doors were raised and the lion passed into what was to be, again, his home. The driver hitched up his team, and, having paid the reward, started for the railroad station, arriving without accident. The whole population of our little valley turned out to see the "man eater," as they called the lion, go by.

To say that Owen and I were looked upon as heroes, is putting it mildly. The money we used in paying for our scholarships at the academy. The knowledge we gained there enabled us to earn money to take professional courses, and we are believers in the old adage, "It's an ill-wind that blows nobody good."

# Too Polite by Half—J. Van Tassel

"Mother, mother, where are you?"  
 "She's out in the kitchen, Tom Simmons, ironing your duck trousers. What do you want of her now?"  
 Susie called her remarks over the banisters. She was sweeping down the back stairs.

"Why, Susie! Is anything the matter? You don't seem to be your usual good-natured self. Are you tired, dear? Come, smile a little and things will be brighter."

Tom Simmons smiled himself, a coaxing, contagious smile, that made one feel as if the sun had suddenly beamed out in all its glory, and every cloud had, truly, a silver lining. That smile was Tom's chief charm.

"Oh, Tom!" cried Susie, self-reproachfully, "I didn't mean to be cross. I truly didn't. But I've been sweeping and sweeping till I'm completely tired out. I've swept mother's room and your room and my room and the front stairs and all the halls and now these stairs. Thank goodness, they're the last; but it's awful back-achey work!"

"Too bad, little sister, I'm awfully sorry. Wish I could help you. But there are so few things a fellow can do round the house."

Sue straightened up, folding her arms across her aching back and looked at her brother steadily.

"I—don't—know!" she said thoughtfully. "Sometimes I think—"

"Excuse me, dear," said Tom, with a caressing pat on the tired shoulder, "but where did you say mother was? I'm in a bit of a hurry and I want to get rid of these." He glanced at several pairs of trousers which, neatly folded, hung over his arm. Susie's eyes followed his.

"O, Tom!" she cried sharply, "all those to be pressed? Can't you possibly get along without them to-night? Mother is so tired and she hasn't finished your duck trousers yet!"

Tom's lower jaw set itself obstinately, but his voice was as sweet as ever, when he answered his sister.

"That's just it, Susie, she's got the irons all hot and the press board down, and it won't take her but a few minutes to press and crease these. I want to wear these black ones to-night, and she always says she'd rather do them all at once than do one pair, and then to have to dread the others for two or three days."

"But, Tom, she's so tired!" Tom disengaged his sleeve from her detaining hand, and there was a slight, a very slight shade of annoyance in his answer.

"Pardon me, Susie, I think mother is the best judge of what she prefers. I am in a hurry, so I will go now, if you will excuse me."

"Jack Thompson presses his own trousers. I think you—" Susie began, but turned back to her sweeping, as the kitchen door banged noisily. "I might as well have saved my breath," she muttered. "Tom is always polite, and as pleasant as a beam of sunshine—but—" she hesitated, then went on almost as if against her will. "Sometimes I really am afraid he is—selfish—so there!" Then she added, self-reproachfully: "There, Susie Simmons, there you are again, judging other people, and after that lovely sermon last Sunday, too! 'Judge not.' O, dear! O, dear! I'm afraid that it is my most be-setting sin; but there's such a lot of them, I can't be sure!"

She finished her stairs and began on the lower hall. In a moment the kitchen door opened, and she heard Tom saying:

"You do look tired, mother dear! I am sorry I



"You do look tired, mother dear."

have to add to your work by even so much as a few pairs of trousers, but you know you brought me up to be neat and particular about my clothes, and some-

how I can't bear to go round looking the way Bob Summers and some of the other fellows do—coats all wrinkles and trousers with baggy knees and the crease showing only half-way down. You wouldn't wish me to, would you, mother dear?"

"No, no, Tom, dear, of course not!" came the answer in the mother's voice, and Susie could have cried to hear it, so tired and so weak. "No, you know I am always anxious for you to look well, but Mary left last week. She said she could not stand so much starching and ironing. You had six outing shirts with cuffs last week, too, Tom, and truly I don't see—"

"You'll excuse me, mother, if I hurry off now," broke in Tom; "I promised Janey Stuart to come over and clean up her wheel for her, and it's getting late. Good-by, don't work yourself sick, marmie! Pretty warm for June, isn't it? I don't see why you always have to have such a hot fire. Good-by, mumsie, see you later!"

Susie saw her tall brother bend down to kiss the faded lips of the tired little woman who was stooping over the ironing table. Tom Simmons never went away without kissing his mother and his only sister. He always kissed them good-night, too.

"Don't you just love to see your brother Tom do that, Susie?" Nettie Thompson, her chum, had asked her once when she was spending the night with her. "There aren't many boys, sixteen years old, who keep that up! And I do think it is a beautiful custom. I think Tom must love his mother more than most boys. My brothers never do it. They love mother, of course, and spare her every bit of work they can." Then with a little laugh, "They even press their own trousers, and you know, boys just hate to do that! But I don't suppose they do half as much for their mother as your brother does for his. I think the way he shows his love for her is just beautiful."

Susie thought of Nettie's gushing remarks now, as Tom just pecked at her lips with an abrupt "Excuse me, Susie, I'm in an awful hurry, and your face is all dust!"

She thought of something else, too. Her wheel had been in a state of innocuous desuetude ever since last fall. Tom hadn't had a minute's time to spare to fix it, but here he was—

"O, dear; O, dear! Susie Simmons, you'll never learn! 'Faith, Hope and Charity, but the greatest of these is Charity!' Somehow, it's awful hard to be charitable though, when your only brother rushes over to fix another girl's wheel and leaves yours up in the garret."

Then she slipped out into the kitchen, and straightening her tired, drooping shoulders, smiled such a cheery smile and told her little fib of not being half so tired as was good for her so bravely and successfully, that she coaxed the little mother to lie down on the lounge and let her press the four pairs of trousers.

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The summer days passed but slowly for Susie and her mother. Since Mrs. Simmons' capable Mary had left because of her inability to do the ironing, so largely increased by Tom's fastidiousness, one incapable after another had reigned over the kitchen.

One day Mary Tierney, the latest trial, a strong, willing woman, with a temper as hot as her hair, spoke her mind to Susie:

"Shure, Miss Shusan, ye'll niver be kapin' a gur-r-ly av ye don't make that brother av yers change his ways! Eight outin' shirts wid cuffs, too, did I do up fer that b'y this wake! An' the stack of white shirts an' collars an' cuffs he does be sindin' till th' laundry ivery wake beside! An' 'tis him knows how to cum it over yer, too! 'Mary,' sez 'e, 'ye don't min' an' ixtry shirt or two in the wash these hot days, do yer now? Shure, 'tis no worruk at all, at all, to rub thim out. 'Tis not dirty they air, but the cuffs is wilted and the buzzoms is crumpled disgraceful! An' the fool that I was, I patted him on the shoulder whin he smiled so coaxing, an' I sez to him, 'Tis a pleshure to be wor-ruk fer yez, Masther Tommy. Bring on yer outin' shirts!' An' he wint off smilling, the crachure. Ah, 'tis him would be blarneyin' the eyes out av a monkey! An' 'tis not me alone, he doos be pillin' the wor-ruk on iverybuddy. Yersilf, as much ez the rist, Miss Shusan! 'Tis 'Shusie, dear, as long ez yer standin' rache me me book from the uther room,' or else 'tis 'Sistet, darlint, wud ye be so kin' ez to pass me over me shippers?' ez alzy talkin' ez if 'twas a matter av two stips to be gittin' thim whin 'tis himsilf knows they're at the top av two flights. Aw, the omadhaun! 'Tis mesilf will do no more eight outin' shirts a wake fer all his blarneyin'. Yer young, Miss Shusan, and yer an' I might shtand the wor-ruk, but 'tis the mother thet's brakng the hear-r-t out av me intirely! Shure, she's that pale and that wake—an' 'tis mendin' an' makin' an' pressin' trousers from marnin' till night, an' smoothin' coats an' runnin' the ligs off her betwane whiles. Shure, Miss Shusan, ye'd be findin' it lonely widout the good muther, an' I'm thinkin' av somethin' isn't done moighty quick 'tis lonely ye'll be afore menny months!"

Susie looked at her a moment with wild startled eyes, and then suddenly rushed from the room to her place of refuge, the old attic. There, curled up in an ancient moth-eaten chair, she thought it all out.



"'Tis mesilf will do no more eight outin' shirts a wake, fer all his blarneyin'."

"Motherdie," she said, as some hours after she went down stairs, red-eyed but calm, "I want a long talk with you." Mrs. Simmons was lying on the sofa, resting. In the light of her newly acquired knowledge, Susie remembered how many times each day, whenever a moment of hard-earned leisure came, her mother dropped down on the sofa with a tired sigh.

"Mother," she began, nervously, "it is about Tom. Don't you think we are making him terribly selfish? There, dear, don't look so hurt! I do love him—we both love him—and it is just because we love him so much, that we are spoiling him. We do numberless things for him that other boys do for themselves. Think of the way we wait on him; think of the unnecessary steps we take for him, every hour of the day; think of the unnecessary stitches you set for him. Why, mother!" seeing her mother flush guiltily and try to push the work that she had in her hand under the sofa cushion, "I do believe you are embroidering a handkerchief for him now—and lying down, too! Are you crazy?—and when your eyes trouble you so much! No, no, mother! Don't say I am losing my love for him! I shall never do that! But I cannot see you wearing yourself out in useless labor for him and still hold my peace."

She checked her mother's attempt at remonstrance and went on more impetuously than before.

"You know, mother, I have never begrudged him one thing that I have done for him. You know, too, how hard it is to deny him any service he asks; and it is hard, mother, cruelly hard, when I crawl up-stairs, so tired I can hardly crawl, and try to think of what I have accomplished through the day, to think, and think, and find there is nothing in the day's record but waiting on Tom! It is the same with you! You used to like to read—to sing with us children—to write—you never do anything now but wait on Tom! And every day you are less strong! Oh, I know it is only a little every day; but look back three months—see how you have failed since them—and it is nothing but doing these things that are so beyond your strength."

Mrs. Simmons tried to speak, but Susie laid her finger on the pale lips.

"Hush, let me say my say out, dear. Then you shall scold me if you think fit; but let me finish what I have to say, first. When Mary was here, she was so helpful, so willing and capable, she could and did spare you so that you had time and strength for all these things. But truly, mother, it was a bad thing for you and for Tom, too, that you had so much time—for it was then that we began to wait on him so much. Now, motherdie, look back and see how well and strong you were then, and now—now—" Poor Susie broke down utterly. She caught her mother's hand in her's, holding it tight and kissing it again and again. The two were silent for a little time; then the mother said:

"But, Susie, I cannot—"

"No, motherdie, you needn't do anything or say anything. I have said my say to you; now I am going to talk to Tom. It will be hard to say anything to him, for though he is always so polite, somehow he has a way of not hearing or seeing anything he

does not wish to know. I don't see how he can manage to do it, and yet be always and invariably so polite. 'Too perlitte be the half,' Mary Tierney says. 'I've no use at all, at all, fer them soft, smooth, blatherin' b'ys like yer brother, that's always bein' waited on by some wan, an' niver think av thryin' to wait on enny uther buddy.'

"Mary Tierney forgets herself," said Mrs. Simmons, resentfully; "I am afraid I shall not be able to keep her much longer."

"I shall always be glad, though, that she came, mother," said Susie, for I never should have faced the truth, but for her, and oh, mother, if I had let you go on, till—till—"

Poor Susie buried her face in a cushion and sobbed for a moment, unrestrainedly. At last she said softly:

"But I shall talk to Tom. I think I can make him see. He is not a bad-hearted boy, only—"

"Only a thoughtless, empty-headed, young fool!" cried a boyish voice, and someone came through the darkness, and put his arms round the two who sat there on the old lounge.

"But, mother, his eyes are opened now, and not too late, thank heaven! Not too late! And he will never be such a heartless idiot again, never!"

"Tom, dear," quavered Susie, between a laugh and a sob, "I am afraid Nettie Thompson wouldn't call you the politest boy in town now if she could hear



you. It surely isn't polite to call my brother such names."

"Polite! Oh, Susie, I agree with Mary Tierney! I've been too polite by half and I've no more use for—"

"Oh, Tom, Tom, you heard it all, then! All that I have been saying! Where were you?"

"In the next room, Susie, dear. It was dark when you came in and I was comfortable, and too lazy to move, and so—and so—I verified the truth of the old proverb. Mother, I'll never be able to forgive myself for this. But you'll see. I'll mend my ways, and—and—you will get well and strong again, won't you, mother?"

It was late when they went to bed that night, but Tom was up bright and early next morning. Mary Tierney watched him closely as he went round doing a thousand and one things that his mother had been used to doing. After breakfast, when he brought up a hod of coal for the kitchen fire, she put both her hands on her hips, and watched him as he came up the cellar stairs. As he shut the cellar door carefully after him she said inquisitively:

"What's come to yez, Masther Tom? Is it daft yez air?"

"No, Mary," said Tom, "I've wakened up, that's all."

"Shure, Masther Tom, I'm glad av it! 'Twas toime! Faith, 'tis sorry, I am, I called yer too perlitte be half. Shure, yer not, Masther Tom! Yer ahl roight!"



THE BURDEN BEARER.



AT THE FUNERAL OF A CHILD.



WHERE THE SOLDIER LIVES.



MAKING BREAD.

## Working My Way Around the World—*Harry Steele Morrison* "The Boy Traveler."

### PART IV.

#### SOME BUSY DAYS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

I was glad when our steamer entered Manila Bay one fine morning and anchored within the breakwater—glad because I saw before me a city to which I had looked forward with great interest, and glad most of all because I expected to receive my discharge papers in this port. With them in my pocket, signed by the Captain, I would again be free to go and come as I pleased, and I would no longer be subjected to the petty annoyances which had made my life as a sailor almost unbearable at times. So often during the long voyage from New York I had regretted that I ever made myself into a sailor, but with the city of Manila before my eyes, and relief in sight, I could look back upon the experience as a profitable one. A sailor's life is no doubt bearable to those who are used to it, but I wouldn't advise any boy who values his peace of mind and well-being to go to sea in the fore-castle. He will find it fascinating at first, monotonous later on, and finally disgusting, when he begins to know the dreadful enmities and jealousies which make life on board some ships a horrible nightmare for any right-minded person. I am glad to have been a sailor for nine weeks, but one week more would have been unbearable.

I wasn't permitted to leave the ship immediately upon her arrival in port. There was freight to be discharged, and I wasn't allowed to go until that operation was finished. At last, however, the Captain signed my papers, marking "conduct very good," and I went down the gangway with a feeling of real freedom in my heart. The little launch screamed a warning to other craft and started for the landing stage, proceeding up the famous Pasig River.

My first impressions of Manila were pleasant. I found the river interesting indeed, for it was teeming with life and movement. It reminded me of the Thames at London, for its surface was covered with craft of every description. There were tugs and launches, numerous coastwise steamers and sailing ships, and a great many bamboo bancoes, which are used by the natives for carrying produce up and down the river. These bancoes are of light construction, but they can carry a great deal of freight, and are the typical boats of the Philippines, just as sampans are typical of China, and gondolas are peculiar to Venetian waters. The Pasig accommodates thousands of them, and the natives in charge eat and sleep and live their lives on board.

When I had landed with my suit-cases and my sailor's bag, I wandered into the Escolta, which is the

chief business street of the city. It is not an imposing thoroughfare in appearance, but it is thronged all day and evening with the various carriages which carry the Manila public, and there are some handsome shops and business houses along its length. The street is too narrow by far, and doubtless the municipal government will widen it and improve the pavement when it has had time to look about and see just what is needed. All the streets in Manila are in bad condition, and if we want our colonial capital to equal Colombo and Singapore and the English cities of the Orient, we will have to inaugurate a great many important public improvements.

I looked about for a place to stay, and found one in what is called "Manila Intramuros," or the old city. This district is upon the left bank of the Pasig, and embraces the original settlement. It is surrounded by a moat and a high wall, and every evening when I seek my bed I have to cross a drawbridge and pass through two narrow gates before I am "at home." This is very interesting to me, and I would rather live in the walled city than in any other part of Manila. There are many fine old buildings in the neighborhood, including the government palace, the cathedral and several churches and convents. The houses are built and furnished in a style which is hardly up-to-date. My bed is of the usual Filipino type, with long legs, and a cane bottom instead of a mattress. Some writer has called them "sleeping machines," and the term is very apt. It isn't possible, they say, to use mattresses in this climate, for they invariably get damp and mouldy and unhealthy. The cane network can be wiped off with a cloth, and when the straw mat over it is aired daily in the sun, one can be reasonably sure of keeping clear of chills and fever. There are no glass window panes in the house where I live, and the houses which have them here are the exception. Thin layers of shell are inserted in the shutters, and these let in all the light which is considered desirable. Of course the shutters are kept open except in times of storm.

I had read a great deal about the Filipino people before leaving New York, and thought I knew just what they were like, but I have been surprised at some of the habits and customs of "our new brothers," and am not sure that I'm anxious to claim relationship with them. They are not so stupid and ignorant as some people have described them, at least in the neighborhood of Manila, but they are certainly as lazy as any people I have ever seen, excepting, perhaps, the Malays at Singapore. They have no ambition to work as long as they have enough to eat and wear, and as their wants in this direction are few

and easily satisfied, they don't work much of the time. It seems certain that if the great natural wealth of the Philippines is to be developed Chinese workmen will have to be imported to do it.

As in most Oriental countries, the women in the Philippines do their share in earning the family livelihood, and one sees them selling fruit, washing clothes, and keeping busy in various ways. They have some nasty habits which they will have to discard before they can be considered sisters to our American women. They smoke cigarettes even more persistently than do the men, and what is more, they smoke cigars. It gives me quite a shock to see some nice-looking, gray-haired old lady bring out a cigar and light it in church or some other public gathering, and I don't think I could become used to women smoking cigars if I remained a lifetime in the Philippines. They are rather attractive in some other respects. Their dress is picturesque, and they are usually clean and neat, if they do put coconut oil on their hair to make it glisten. They don't usually go to places with their husbands, for the sexes are not considered equal in these islands. At parties and other entertainments the women are seated on one side of the room and the men on the opposite. This arrangement makes the parties stiff affairs at first, but when the dancing begins there is life enough to satisfy anyone. When a marriage or death occurs in a native family the festivities last sometimes for a week. Open house begins as soon as the ceremonies are over, and the music and refreshments last as long as the family pocket-book holds out. Americans who have attended these social affairs say that when the dancers are worn out



A NEW SORT OF AMERICAN BOYS.

they go off somewhere to sleep, and come back again when they have been somewhat refreshed. None of the men seem to be enthusiastic over the Filipino women as dancers. They say it takes them half their time picking up their slippers, which are always coming off.

The children here begin work at a very early age unless their families happen to possess sufficient money to keep them in one of the private schools. Until just lately there have been practically no free schools in the islands, and an education was something which could scarcely be obtained at any price. I went the other day to visit a school for boys which is taught by Spaniards, and it was an experience I will remember. The schoolroom was furnished with benches only, no desks, and the general equipment was at least seventy years behind the times. The textbooks were at least that old, and the maps upon the walls made no showing of the recent discoveries and explorations in Africa and South America. But it would be possible for the boys to learn something even from these ancient books, if the method of teaching was different. There were just two masters, and they sat in chairs while the pupils came up, one by one, and recited their lesson for the day. Both masters were smoking cigarettes, and I was surprised that the pupils weren't doing the same, since such a proceeding would have been quite in harmony with all I saw about me. The boys who were supposed to be studying were reading and repeating sentences at the top of their voices, and the din was so great that I wondered how the masters understood those who were reciting. It was all very funny, and I could hardly keep from laughing when I thought of the contrast between these Spanish methods and our ways of doing things at home.

There didn't seem to be any severe discipline, but after a while three of the boys were caught in a scuffle under the benches, and for punishment the master made one stand in one spot with his arms stretched out for half an hour. The other two he caused to kneel upon the stone floor in front of his desk for the same length of time. It seemed to me that these were very unpleasant tasks, but the boys didn't seem to mind, and were tickling each other in the ribs right before the master's eyes. It may be that boys can learn to be educated gentlemen in a school like this, but I'm convinced that they could learn just as much in half the time from an American teacher.

There are several large tobacco factories in Manila, and when I went to visit one of them I learned where a great many boys are employed who should really be in school. There were over two thousand employees in the place I visited, and fully half of these were boys under fifteen. They were engaged in sorting the good tobacco from the second-best, tending the various machines, and packing the cigars in boxes when they were rolled. For this work they receive from a dollar to two dollars per week, and in many cases this meager sum is the mainstay of the family to which the boy belongs. After a while the boy may learn to roll cigars himself or to tend one of the more intricate machines. Then he will earn as much as four or five dollars a week, but beyond this sum his dreams of wealth may never go.

A tobacco factory is not a pleasant place in which to work one's life away, and, as the pecuniary reward is so small, the Filipino boys are not to be envied.

There is much that is interesting in these great factories where cigars and cigarettes are made for shipment to Europe. The marvelous machines which roll cigarettes and turn them out complete are among the most remarkable I have ever seen, and I stood for a long time wondering how a man could ever invent such a contrivance. It almost seemed to have a mind of its own, knowing when to roll the tobacco, when to glue the paper together, and when to chop it off. Each machine turns out several hundred cigarettes an hour, but these are not so expensive as the ones which are made by hand. These are rolled by women who sit hour after hour working like the machines whose work they do, and at the end of a week they draw two dollars and go home happy to spend it over Sunday.

There is already one American tobacco factory in Manila, and others will no doubt be established in the near future, so that every Filipino boy who wants to work will have an opportunity to do so. Perhaps the increased demand for labor will result in a raise of wages for the workers.

Some of the picturesque features of Manila life are rapidly disappearing as new improvements are carried out. There used to be a great many open street

bazars, but at present these are confined to the sidewalks in front of a few churches, and to obscure alleyways. I always enjoy visiting them, and sometimes I see some funny things. I noticed yesterday a stand where shoes were sold, and when a customer came barefooted the shopkeeper very kindly furnished a stocking for use in trying on the new shoe. As so many people go without stockings, I suppose every salesman of shoes must keep them for use in the way I've described. This is one instance of the difference in the Oriental and Occidental ways of doing business.

This morning I saw a sprinkling cart of a different type than any to be seen at home. A Chinese coolie carried two tubs of water suspended from a wooden bar across his shoulders, and from the side of each tub was extended a sprinkler. As the coolie walked he swung the tubs from side to side, and the water spurted out in fine style. This was in fact a very ingenious arrangement, though it would hardly be useful in one of our American cities. The Chinaman collects dues from the storekeepers for his sprinkling service and makes a good living.

I have been several times to visit the markets

day. He is a beast of all work, and bears his share of life's troubles with great patience. He is an important factor in promoting the prosperity of the islands, for at present there is but one railway line, and planters are dependent upon the carabao for transporting their products to tide water for shipment.

"General" Aguinaldo is living in Manila as a prisoner in a pleasant house on the river. He has his family with him for the first time in many months and is enjoying life. Through the courtesy of General Chaffee I was enabled to have an interview with him, and I cannot report that I was impressed with his personality. He can speak almost no English, so I was obliged to talk through an interpreter, but he seemed quite willing to answer my questions and to ask a good many in return. He has no complaint to make of the way he is treated. He has every comfort, and his only desire is to know what the Americans are going to do with him. As that is a piece of information no one is able to impart, he will probably have to endure the uncertainty for some time longer. He has two bright children, whom I saw running about the house, and from all reports he is fond of his family. After talking with him and learning everything possible concerning his character from people who have been with him, I think, with many others, that he has been the tool of brighter minds, rather than a dangerous man himself.

Manila is lively just now with American boys and girls, for many army officers and civil employees have their families with them. There are English schools in session, and every morning and evening I am reminded of home by seeing the lads and lassies carrying their books back and forth between the class room and the house. They are as full of life and energy as if there were no such thing as fever and ague in the world, and it must make others feel good to see them. In the evening, after sunset, the boys play hide and seek and other good American games on the Escolta, and every Saturday afternoon there are several amateur games of baseball in progress. No doubt if I ever visit the Philippines again I will see the native youngsters enjoying the same games.

I expect to spend several days more exploring the interesting features of "our new possessions," and then I will continue my journey north to Japan, a country I am sure to enjoy.

### James Whitcomb Riley Tells of His Boyhood

James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, tells in the Indianapolis News of his boyhood. He says:

"I recollect distinctly when I was a small boy, and from choice spent much of my time in the kitchen rolling dough and making miniature pies. After a while through the obliging assistance of the hired girl I advanced so that I could build a pie of legitimate size. My joy was complete when I actually fashioned a custard pie, and then came the feat, worthy of a sleight-of-hand performer, of getting it into the oven without spilling. You may gather from this that my first ambition was to be a baker, and at times I have felt a twinge of disappointment that my juvenile ambition was not realized. I really think I would have been a success as a baker.

"Where did I go to school? I was not a success in attending school. I had somewhat of a record for running away from school, and I succeeded in but one study, in distinguishing myself above my school fellows. That was reading in McGuffey's readers, which gave me my first delights of literature. I was a sensitive child, but no one ever thought me so, and I received no consideration on that account, and managed to be in hot water most of the time. At school if I read anything pathetic, like Dickens' death of Little Nell, while I had the best lesson, I would spoil it by too much weeping. If I was whipped by the teacher—we called it 'licked' in those days—on coming home with red eyes I would receive a parental flogging because the teacher had licked me. Consequently I have a superabundance of sympathy for children.

"Children in the country and in small towns have a self-reliance and power of invention, an adaptation of the resources of their surroundings that often make them stronger intellectually than city-bred children. They have few paid-for amusements, and all the fewer because of lack of money to pay for them. So they are thrown upon their own resources to furnish amusements for themselves. I have walked four miles in the country to where I knew there was a whirling Jenny. A whirling Jenny is made by sawing off a sapling about four feet from the ground. The core of the tree is left sticking up to form a peg, and a hole to fit the peg is bored in the middle of a long and heavy plank. This plank is placed across the stump, a boy running at each end of the plank, and away they go! It takes repeated doses of soap grease to make the Jenny get around with the desired speed.

"When I was a boy there were few feuds between town boys and country boys, and when they exchanged visits each could introduce the other to a different series of delights. I do not suppose there are many boys today who have, as in my time, scrambled eggs and cooked them on brown paper a-top of the stove in the old school house. I really think that no bill of fare at the finest banquet that ever may be will ever have a dish that can come anywhere near that."



A FILIPINO BEAUTY.

where the natives buy and sell their daily food. There is never a large variety of products on sale, the stocks consisting mainly of oranges, plantains, onions, grains and the few vegetables which the Filipinos raise. These markets would look very slim beside the Washington market in New York or South Water street in Chicago, but the bills of fare here are limited, and the native can make a good meal with rice and fruit. All the meat, butter and eggs are imported from the States or from Australia, and prices for such things are high. One must be willing to spend a good deal of money if he wants American food, and then it is likely to be cooked by a Chinaman who doesn't know how to prepare anything but rice and stewed chicken.

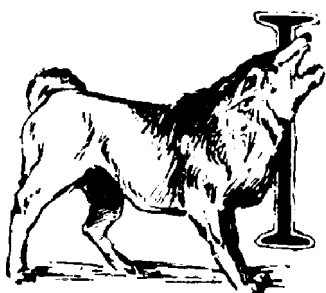
Perhaps in fifty years the people of the Philippines will have awakened from their long sleep under Spanish rule, and then they will have more up-to-date ways of doing things. At present they don't seem very quick to learn, and I have seen them pounding clothes with a stone to take out the dirt, right in the city of Manila. One would think that they'd have invested in American washboards before this, or at least have learned that rubbing is easier on the clothes and takes out the dirt just as thoroughly.

The chief beast of burden is the patient, hard-working carabao which is found in so many tropical countries. He tills the fields, hauls the freight, and sometimes pulls a native family to church on Sun-

# Fun and Profit in Trapping—A TRUE STORY—J. A. Newton

(Began in November Number.)

## WOLVES.



DO NOT know how long we slept, for we did not consult our timepieces, but it was some time after falling asleep that I was awakened by Tom shaking me.

Gracious! how sound you sleep, Jack," exclaimed he. "I have been about five minutes getting you awake. Hear

that noise? We are surrounded by wolves."

There now fell on my ears for the first time a succession of dismal howls on all sides of us; it sounded like a number of dogs that had lost their masters.

"They have found us by following the trail I made in dragging the deer home," said Jack.

The snow made it light enough outside so that every now and then we could see a dark form trot from one point to another.

I suggested that we throw some of the carcass of the deer as far out on the snow as possible, and if they should come to seize it we could empty our guns among them.

"A good scheme," assented Tom. We chopped up one whole fore quarter of the deer and threw it out, as nearly in one place as possible. We then poked our guns out of the door and waited. Soon one of them came sneaking up, more bold than the rest, then another followed, and another, and finally there was a general rush from all sides.

"Now, shoot," whispered Tom, as they were then fighting over the meat. I fired both shot barrels almost at the same instant, and Tom fired the rifle and the shot barrel of his gun as quick as he could pull the trigger. We aimed well, considering the uncertain aiming in the darkness, and as they scattered and made off they left three of their number struggling on the snow; some of the others must have been more or less wounded.

"We must haul them in, Tom," I said, "or the others may eat them up before morning."

"They are not starved enough for that, so early in the season, I don't believe," he replied.

"Well, if we don't get them now they may freeze before morning and then we will have a nice job on our hands thawing them out, before we can peel their jackets. Let's each take a brand of fire out, to keep the rest at a respectful distance, and each one take a wolf by the heels and drag him in."

This we did, Tom volunteering to go and get the third one, but I went along, swinging my firebrand, to keep him company.

"What big, gaunt, long-legged brutes they are," said I, in surprise.

"Yes, they are larger than I had supposed," Tom replied. "Let's peel them while they are warm and will skin easy." So we went at it, and inside of an hour had their jackets hanging up, drying.

"This isn't such a bad night's work, Tom," said I. "They are worth three or four dollars apiece as fur, and there is a bounty on them, too—I don't know just how much, but think it is fifteen dollars apiece." We went back to our bunks, but the excitement had been too much for us to obtain any more sleep. We tossed and tumbled around until nearly daylight, and then got up, giving up the attempt to sleep.

We felt pretty old the next morning, and concluded that we didn't want a visit from wolves every night, or we would get "old" permanently.

"Maybe we would get used to them after a while, so that they wouldn't bother us," Tom suggested. "The time I had waking you up I don't think they would bother you much, unless they got hold of you and began chewing."

"Oh, I guess I am not quite as drowsy as that," I replied; "I was beastly tired last night. But isn't it about time we set the bear traps and see if we can't catch something bigger than a mink, and put out the double-spring small traps for foxes and wolves?"

"Why, yes; if we can find places where we are anyways certain of catching anything," said Tom.

After a little debate we decided to go first and drag

home the deer I had hung up, and carry along one of the bear traps, also three or four double-springs to set for foxes and wolves, if there should be any opportunity. We also planned to take a trip around the lake, in the afternoon, with our guns and the other bear trap, and two or three traps for wolves and foxes.

We soon reached the place where my deer was hung up, and found that it had not been disturbed, but we saw a great number of tracks under the tree, where wolves had been dancing around under it, trying to get at the carcass. They had eaten up the entrails where I had left them, not a vestige remaining.

The old bear and her cub, before mentioned, had also been tracking around. We had brought another quarter of Tom's deer to use for bait, and pro-

## TRACKING A BEAR.

We dragged the carcass out to a clear spot for the purpose of removing the entrails and hanging it up out of the reach of wolves, when Tom exclaimed: "Look there, Jack! there's the track of the old brown bear that we saw, I'll bet, for it is twice as big as a common bear track."

"Evidently he is here yet," I replied. "Let's follow him a ways and see where he is making for, and if he leads off straight away we'll let him go."

"I am willing," replied Tom. "We might as well follow him a piece."

The trail led down to the lake shore and there the old fellow had been making a meal off some dead fish that had been speared by the Indian. He had then returned and gone west toward a great cedar swamp of many hundred acres in extent, the borders of which we had seen in the course of our travels.

"No use to follow him there," said Tom. "He is liable to come back here any time to look for fish, and I believe that if we make a pen and throw in the entrails of this deer, we will stand a show to catch him."

I readily assented to this proposal, so having set and baited the trap, which we covered with pine needles, we secured our deer and resumed our tramp.

We found nothing in the traps set for mink; either they were getting scarce, or else they had not moved much since the storm, but as we reached the east side of the lake we came to the deadfall traps set by the victim of the great storm, and found that three mink had been caught in them.

"I don't think it is sensible to leave them to rot and spoil, do you?" said Tom.

"Why, no," I replied. "We can take them and keep them separate from our own, and if we can find any of his relatives we will give them the skins." I also proposed that we reset and bait the deadfalls, and save what we caught for his relatives, if we found any, and Tom agreed that this was a good idea.

"He must have a lot of traps set that we will never find," I remarked to Tom. "Yes," said he, "and another thing, he must have had a tent or shanty of some kind, and probably some furs on hand. I propose that we take a look around and see if we can't find it. If we find anything of value we will take it and keep it in trust, and try our best to find out who the trapper was and where he came from."

"Maybe we can find his wigwam," I replied, "and save his furs from being eaten up by wolves."

After walking perhaps half a mile we came to the Indian's canoe, where it lay as the storm had left it. We turned it bottom upwards, the better to protect it from storms. A little farther on we came to a regular path made by wolves and other animals, and we thought we would follow and see where it led, with the hope of finding an objective point to place a trap or two.

It ran in an easterly direction into a dense thicket; and on rounding a sudden turn in the path we found there a small hut, made by standing poles upright, in a circle, which were then joined and tied at the tops by withes, and the whole covered by hemlock boughs interlaced. It must have been proof against leaking, it was so well made.

The trail of the wolves led right up to the door, which was simply an opening in the side, with an old torn blanket hanging in front. Inside, nothing was to be seen excepting an old kettle which had hung over a fire but was now thrown down, and whatever it had contained had been eaten by the wolves. We saw numerous bits of fur, which showed that the marauders had torn to pieces and eaten whatever there had been in the fur line.

A peculiar odor pervaded the hut, which must have been something used by the Indian in trapping, for the purpose of attracting animals, and it must have been this which had caused the wolves to frequent the place so much. Our examination of the hut now being completed, we set one trap inside and one in the doorway, and scattered some bait around on the ground inside. As there were a great many wolf tracks around the hut we set the remaining traps in their paths, and as the snow was crisp and cold the traps needed no other covering except to brush snow lightly over them. After fastening each trap to a bush or pole, and throwing small bits of a partridge around in the snow, our work was completed.



The deer sprang up . . . upon which Tom fired again . . .

ceeded to build several rough pens of dead sticks, and when completed we threw in each a piece of the meat, and set a bear trap in one, and set the other traps for wolves. Each trap was fastened to a drag, leaving the limbs and branches on, so as to prevent the traps from being carried far by anything that might get caught in them.

A little before noon we started on our tramp around the lake. We came across the tracks of many deer, where they had been browsing during the night, and we held our guns in readiness. Finally we noticed one track which left the main feeding grounds, and wound around among the upturned trees and brush, as if looking for a place to lie down. We followed very cautiously, Tom in advance with his gun ready, and as we rounded a large uprooted cedar there lay our deer asleep. It took us so by surprise that Tom, who shot first, only put a bullet through its nose. The deer sprang up and not knowing what had happened, began swinging and shaking his head, upon which Tom fired again, dropping the deer so dead that it never stirred a foot. It was a fine young buck.



We then started homeward and reached camp a little after nightfall.

The next morning we did not need to debate as to what to do; it is easily conjectured that our minds would naturally revert to the traps set for big game the day before; so after breakfast we started for the bear and wolf traps, down the Cedar, or south fork of the creek.

As soon as we reached the place where we had set traps for the bear, Tom exclaimed: "Something has been transpiring here since we left." I was walking behind and I now saw ample proof of Tom's statement.

The old bear had evidently been there with her cub in advance of any other game, and sprung all of our fox traps; she had easily pulled out of them and then eaten the baits, but our bear trap was missing; undoubtedly the old one had gotten into it. She had torn up the ground for several yards, gnawed trees and bitten off bushes, but not being able to shake this trap off as she had the fox traps had struck out, the cub following.

Of course the trail made in the snow by a bear dragging a big trap and heavy clog could be followed by us at a gallop. Every few rods we found where the clog and trap had become entangled in the bushes and held the old lady for some time, judging by the chewing that had been done, until she would manage to get the clog loose and move on. After going nearly a mile we saw the tops of a clump of bushes in the distance waving wildly, and as there was not a breath of air stirring, we thought we knew the cause of this disturbance, and on coming up to the thicket there was our bear, sure enough, growling and biting the brush, but hopelessly entangled at last.

"Now, Tom," said I, "here's your chance to redeem yourself, and show that you haven't the absent mind that you possessed when we saw 'old

brownie.' You shoot, and if you don't down her with the rifle I'll give her a dose of shot."

Tom raised his gun, and took a careful aim, saying: "Say your prayers, old girl," and fired. There was no need of my shooting; the ball struck her in the ear and killed her almost instantly.

"Where's the cub, Tom?" I asked. "I don't know; here's its track," he replied; "let's look for it."

The track only led a few rods and stopped at a large hemlock, he having treed on our coming in sight, and, perhaps, for the reason of his mother being detained, he was seated on a limb about thirty feet up. "Now, Jack," said Tom, "it's your turn."

"It's pretty tough to kill infants," I replied, "but now his ma is dead he will be lonesome, and he will be good meat." So I fired one barrel, making him hump up, and then the second barrel which caused him to let go very sudden. He was so cute looking as he lay rolled up in a ball at our feet, that it made me feel almost as if I had committed a murder.

The next thing to do was to skin our bear, which was quite a task—especially the old one. We decided to skin the old bear and leave her carcass (as she was quite lean), and after animals had got to feasting on the meat, to come and poison it with strychnine. We then reset all the traps, and as we wanted to keep the flesh of the cub for eating, carried it to camp before skinning.

The old one was a fair-sized bear, though not more than half as large as "old brownie," and the cub would weigh seventy or eighty pounds.

We returned too late to visit the traps on the lake, so we had to let them go until the next day. After skinning the cub we got a good supply of dry wood on hand, as it promised to be a cold night, and then prepared an elaborate supper with bear steak on the bill of fare. After talking over the events of the day until we became sleepy we turned in for the night.

ONE WAY OF KILLING WOLVES.

The wolves must have followed our trail home, owing to the scent of the cub bear which we carried, for they began howling most dismally along in the night, and this time I awakened before Tom, and roused him. He suggested that we give them a little medicine on some meat, as it was too dark to see to shoot.

So we got out our strychnine bottle, and poisoned some pieces of deer meat, by cutting little gashes in it and then putting in strychnine to about the bulk of a kernel of wheat in each piece. This we threw out on the snow and then returned to our blankets.

We heard them snarling over the meat soon after, and shortly all was still; we then dropped off to sleep and slept till morning.

Morning came again and it was a cold, frosty one, and the first object to meet our gaze on looking out was the body of a large wolf lying only a few rods from the tent, frozen stiff and stark. About twenty rods away was another, and forty rods from camp was a third one, all frozen hard as brickbats, as Tom expressed it. There had been nine in the pack, but only these three had eaten the right amount of the poisoned meat to kill them; too much or too little had probably been eaten by the rest.

It may seem inhuman to some people to poison any creature, but wolves are not entitled to the fair play that some other animals are, and poisoning these three proved doubly valuable to us. We not only had the pelts to sell, but also the bounty which was paid for each scalp. Last, but not least, it served as such a hint to their friends that they never came around again during our stay to serenade us with their howling and keep us awake.

Those we had killed we placed in the fur-drying tent, until they should thaw out, or we should get time to thaw them by fire.

(To be continued.)

The Old Nourse Homestead

WALTER CUMMINGS BUTTERWORTH

As ancient as the land itself,  
Well back from the King's highway,  
Still waits this venerable landmark  
Of the rude old Witchcraft day.

Well back from the public highway, on rising ground, amid a cluster of aged trees, in ancient Salem Village, now Danvers, Mass., is still standing the quaint "Old Nourse Homestead," home of the martyred Rebecca Nourse. The old house, with its huge chimneys, blind windows, and long lean-to at the rear presents a striking specimen of the architecture of two hundred and fifty years ago.

This venerable landmark was built in the early part of the seventeenth century, by Townsend Bishop, one of the first settlers of Salem Village, who was later driven from the place, by "being brought up before the church for 'discipline,' having doubts as to infant baptism." In 1648, the property was purchased by Governor Endicott, became a part of his famous "Orchard Farm," and remained in the Endicott family until 1678 when it was sold to Francis Nourse, the husband of Rebecca.

The interior of this rare old homestead, with its low ceilings, large open fireplaces, and high windows divided into twelve small panes is thoroughly typical of the earliest type of a colonial farmhouse.

It was from this home that Rebecca Nourse, that good christian woman, then a great-grandmother, seventy one years of age, charged with witchcraft, was ruthlessly taken, thrown into jail, bound with chains, tried once and acquitted, then tried again, convicted under pressure of the law, and executed at Gallows Hill, on the night of July 19th, 1692.

Amid a cluster of trees in the wide field before the house, not far from the roadway, is the family burial-ground, where the remains of the martyred woman were supposed to have been secretly and ten-



THE OLD NOURSE HOMESTEAD.

derly buried, after their recovery from Gallows Hill by her sons on the night of the execution.

The tall granite shaft on a green mound was erected by descendants of the Nourse family, about fifteen years ago. The front face reads:

REBECCA NOURSE  
YARMOUTH, ENGLAND, 1621,  
SALEM, MASS., 1692.

O Christian Martyr: Who for Faith could die, When all about thee Owned the hideous lie!	The world, redeemed From superstition's sway, Is breathing freer For thy sake to-day.
--	--

And the reverse:

ACCUSED OF WITCHCRAFT,

She declared, "I am innocent and God will clear my innocency."

Once acquitted yet falsely condemned  
She suffered death July 19th, 1692.

IN LOVING MEMORY  
OF HER CHRISTIAN CHARACTER

Even then attested by forty of her neighbors,  
This Monument is erected  
July, 1885.

The verses on the monument were contributed by John G. Whittier, and on a tablet near by are still preserved the names of forty neighbors, who, at the request of her husband, signed a formal declaration "that they had known Rebecca Nourse for many years, and had observed her 'life and conversation' to be according to her professions." To this statement Nathaniel Putnam, whose name heads the list, added his personal testimony in the following words: "She hath brought up a great family of children, and educated them well, so that there is in some of them an apparent savor of godliness."

Not very far from the Nourse farm are several other famous old houses, among them "Oak Knoll," the home of the Poet Whittier; the "Collins House," headquarters of General Gage, during the summer of 1776; and the "Old Put House," the birthplace and early home of General Israel Putnam, of Revolutionary fame, which was described in our last November number.

No Place for Boys—From Boston Transcript

What can a boy do, and where can a boy stay,  
If he is always told to get out of the way?  
He cannot sit here and he must not stand there,  
The cushions that cover that fine rocking chair  
Were put there, of course, to be seen and admired;  
A boy has no business to ever be tired.  
The beautiful roses and flowers that bloom  
On the floor of the darkened and delicate room  
Are not made to walk on—at least, not by boys;  
The house is no place, anyway, for their noise.

Yet boys must walk somewhere; and what if their feet,  
Sent out of our houses, sent into the street,  
Should step round the corner and pause at the door,  
Where other boys' feet have paused often before;  
Should pass through the gateway of glittering light,

Where jokes that are merry and songs that are bright  
Ring out a warm welcome with flattering voice,  
And temptingly say: "Here's a place for the boys."  
Ah, what if they should? What if your boy or mine  
Should cross o'er the threshold which marks out the line  
'Twixt virtue and vice, 'twixt pureness and sin,  
And leave all his innocent boyhood within?  
Oh, what if they should, because you and I,  
While the days and the months and the years hurry by,  
Are too busy with cares and with life's fleeting joys  
To make round our hearthstone a place for the boys?  
There's a place for the boys. They will find it some-  
where;  
And if our own homes are too daintily fair  
For the touch of their fingers, the tread of their feet,  
They'll find it, and find it, alas, in the street.

'Mid the gildings of sin and the glitter of vice;  
And with heartaches and longings we pay a dear price  
For the getting of gain that our lifetime employs,  
If we fail to provide a place for the boys.  
A place for the boys, dear mother, I pray,  
As cares settle down round our short earthly way,  
Don't let us forget by our kind, loving deeds,  
To show we remember their pleasures and needs;  
Though our souls may be vexed with the problems of life,  
And worn with besetments, and toiling and strife,  
Our hearts will keep younger—your tired heart and  
mine—  
If we give them a place in their innermost shrine;  
And to our life's latest hour 'twill be one of our joys  
That we kept a small corner—a place for the boys.

# TOBY: A Story for "Little" Boys—Roberts Silvey

## CHAPTER I.

EEEE-eeee-eee-ee-e. E'ee-ee-e."  
Mr. Potter looked up over the top of his newspaper, curiously, then resumed his reading.

"Eeee-eee-ee-e. Eee-ee-e." This time followed by a deal of stamping, and sundry kickings of the baseboard and the legs of an unoffending chair.

Mr. Potter again looked over the top edge of his newspaper—this time a little more curiously; and with a slight drawing down of his eyebrows, he again took up his reading.

"Eeee-ee-e. Eeeee-eee-ee. Eee-e-e-e." Then with a snort and a wild tossing of his curly locks and an attempted arching of his little neck a small boy went tearing through the library room,

dodging the chairs and table, and bringing up, wild-eyed, puffing, neighing, and stamping behind the piano in the parlor.

Mr. Potter put down his paper, took off his glasses, nervously inserted them in their case and then into his pocket, and called:

"Freddy!"

No answer.

"Freddy!"

Still no answer.

"Freddy! Freddy, my boy. Come here, please."

No answer, and no movement.

"Come, Freddy."

No response.

Mr. Potter was annoyed; he arose from his easy chair, strode into the parlor, reached behind the piano and hauled forth his little six-year-old. Then father and son walked back to the easy chair—no, not walked: father walked and son galloped, still throwing up his curly head and neighing, as if for dear life.

Mr. Potter took his seat and drawing the wiry little fellow between his knees, said very solemnly:

"Freddy, my boy, didn't you hear me call you?"

"Cose I did, Pop, but dat's not the way to call a pony."

"But I wasn't calling a pony; I was calling my son Freddy."

"But I ain't your son Fweddy. I'se a pony."

"Yes, I know, of course, you were playing pony, but when I want you and call you, you are my little son and must mind me."

"But I don't want to be your little boy; I want to be a pony. Can't you call me just as good if I was a pony? You could snap your fingers and whistle and say, 'Come, Toby, come get some sugar, or like that.'"

"And am I to have no little son to talk to and to love? Must I always be talking to horses and having the furniture kicked over and a big hubbub going on all the time that I am home—even when I am reading? Why, last night when I was talking business to Uncle John we couldn't hear each other speak for your noise. It's just like living in a barn. Can't you find anything else to do, at least for a part of the time? Can't you look at pictures, or draw with the blue pencil I brought you from the office?"

"That ain't no fun. I'd rather be a pony. Just 'tend I was, and I'll be a weal gentle one and make no noise, just go little easy trots"—and the boy broke away and gave an example of a real quiet trot—"and I won't kick nothing, 'deed I won't, and I'll just be as still as a pony can, but ponies can't be still all the time. They has to stamp their feet when the flies hurts them, and they has to get scart and run a little; and how would their folks know where they was if they kep' still and never said eee-ee-e or nothing?"

The rustle of a gown at the door announced the presence of Mrs. Potter who had returned from the nursery where little Helen, the pony boy's four year old sister, had just launched out into the great sleep ocean.

"Mama, Pop says I'm ain't a pony and I'm just a boy," said the little fellow turning tear-filled eyes toward his mother.

"Well, Freddy, boys and ponies all have to go to bed and nurse is ready for you; so kiss papa and run."

Mr. Potter took his boy into his arms, wound his big arms about him, and planted a kiss on each flushed cheek, and Freddy whispered in his papa's ear, "Good night, dear Pop; you don't care if I'se a

pony, do you?" and went galloping up the stairs coming dangerously near bringing back to port the tiny bark on which his little sister had just set sail.

A short story by the nurse about the white colt on her father's farm that could almost talk, bribed the little fellow into quietness and sent him, soon, into the realm of dreams, not in a little golden shallop with silken sails, but as a fiery little steed with flowing mane and tail and the dear little name of TOBY.

## CHAPTER II.

Dreadful rumors were on the street about noon next day that Freddy Potter was lost. Men stopped one another on their way to and from work to inquire if it was so; women ran bareheaded into their next door neighbors' to ask if they had heard the news.

Many walked by the Potter home—some curious, others anxious, all inquiring with eyes and lips, "Is it so? When was he last seen? What are they doing to find him? How does Mrs. Potter stand it?"

Searching parties were going and coming, men and women were planning and executing. The editor of the town paper wrote a double-leaded article after midnight and in large type the people read:

### "REWARD!"

"ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD FOR A CLUE THAT WILL LEAD TO THE DISCOVERY OF THE WHEREABOUTS OF FREDDY POTTER. FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE RETURN OF THE BOY AND NO QUESTIONS ASKED."

The telegraph agent sat up all night at his instrument sending messages to every point of the compass, eager at every click to catch a hopeful reply. The bell in the Court House tower was to ring if the boy was found during the night, and many an anxious head turned uneasily on its pillow as if the sleeper was listening in his dreams.

Repeatedly through the night the distracted father suddenly stopped in the midst of his planning and consulting to relate the incident of the evening before, till the sad story—sad in its retrospect, was known to every caller. The party that followed the gypsies returned with nothing to tell but that their errand had been fruitless; the boy was not with the gypsies.

The second day came and went as did the first, excepting that the mother was now under the care of a physician and good nurses, and the father was lying back in his library chair aged beyond recognition—at times snatching momentary straws of hope, then falling into a fevered sleep.

The town went on its way—still talking, guessing, wondering, but more listlessly than the day before.

Another day rushed by, and another, and another; then Wakefield cruelly but humanly ceased its search, making up its mind that Freddy Potter was indeed lost.

## CHAPTER III.

ONE bright morning a week after Freddy Potter had disappeared, Mr. Potter emerged from the front door of his home and stood for a moment on the porch. His physician had told him that it was absolutely necessary for him to go out

into the sunshine and take exercise; reluctantly, he was obeying.

The man paused for a moment as if undecided on the course to take, when his attention was attracted by a gentle little whinny from the direction of the street that ran along the side of the house. Glancing in the direction from which the sound came, his eyes fell upon a pony that stood on the sidewalk, regardless of propriety, with his little fat neck stretched to its utmost to allow his nose to rest on the top bar of the fence.

"Strange," thought Mr. Potter; "I never before saw that animal. I wonder whose it is? I thought I knew every pony in town."

He turned to go, and at that the little stranger again whinnied plaintively, causing Mr. Potter to turn and declare to himself that those two big eyes were almost human.

With this observation he resumed his walk and soon was out in the open country. It was a beautiful morning, but that made little impression on the man. Indeed, he would have been as well pleased with clouds and storm, for he was absorbed in his sorrow. He had tried to think that perhaps in the open country he could momentarily get relief, but at every step, he heard, or thought he heard, the whinny of that strange pony, and every now and then he turned involuntarily as if to see if it were not following him and looking at him with those two big human eyes.

After an hour's walk Mr. Potter retraced his steps and was in his library again, where for some time he sat with his head bowed in his two hands. Then he went to his wife's bedside and told her of the strange little animal that he could see from her bedroom window, for it still stood with its nose on the top of the fence looking into the yard.

"There's Abe Porter looking at the pony. Perhaps he knows whose it is. I'll go down and see," said Mr. Potter.

Abe Porter was the village marshal. It was a part of his business to look after estrays, for the town of



"Freddy, my boy, didn't you hear me call you?"

Some suggested gypsies, and a party started in hot pursuit of a band of the curious people who had broken camp on the outskirts of the village at day-break that morning. Some spoke with bated breath the one word, "Drowned," and strong men dragged the cistern in the basement of the Potter home and the swimming pools in the creek back of the house. Others said, "He has wandered off on some country road or in the woods back of the house," and a hundred men and boys scoured the country all through the long hours of the afternoon.

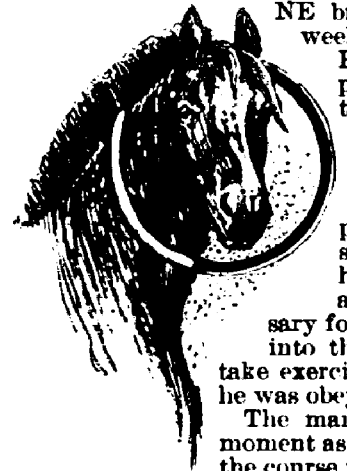
Mr. Potter planned and executed like a general—cool but very pale, and toward night haggard, so that men and women could not look into his face.

And Mrs. Potter—who but a mother could comprehend her grief? Kind, good women ministered to her, held her hand, stroked her fevered brow, held up her fainting courage.

As night closed in on the village of Wakefield strong men clasped their little ones close, and women prayed that God would spare them such sorrow, and that in tenderest mercy he would protect and bring home the little boy and comfort the stricken household.

Children, too, went sobbing to bed, understanding only this, that little Freddy Potter was lost—fearful, dreadful word.

Lights burned in the Potter home all night.



Wakefield had an ordinance that prohibited animals from running at large.

"Good morning, Abe; a likely looking little animal isn't he?"

"I was just thinking that same, Mr. Potter."

"Do you know who owns him?"

"Not I; never saw him before. Nobody in town has got a pony like that. He's every inch a handsome critter, isn't he?"

Both men were now walking around the little animal taking in his fine points.

"Yes, he's a beauty. Be a fine fellow for your little Freddy," said the guardian of the peace, with a lack of delicacy peculiar to certain rough types of men, but meaning all the time to say a kind thing.

Mr. Potter stopped and stroked the heavy bunch of hair that hung between the pony's eyes.

"I was thinking that myself," said he, quietly.

Then the pony did a strange thing. He just put his nose up into Mr. Potter's face for all the world as if he would say, "That would just suit me, too."

"Affectionate, isn't he?" said the marshal.

Mr. Potter was now beyond an answer, and for a full minute he stood with his back to the other man, his arms locked about the pony's neck, and his lips quivering. Suddenly he turned and asked: "What are you going to do with him?"

"Don't know," replied the marshal. "Guess I'll take him to the pound and advertise him—seems too good for that don't he?"

"He is too good for that. This pony don't go into any pound. You can advertise him, but I'll take care of him. My barn is empty save for some old boxes and barrels in the box stall, and I can soon get those out of the way. I'll put him in there until you find his owner. That pony has got a mysterious hold

on me and I want him—if you can't find his owner; and if you can,—I'll—I'll—buy him," said Mr. Potter.

Mr. Potter was now so earnest that the marshal was puzzled. For a wonder, too, he was awed into silence. He hardly knew how, but he just fell in with the other man's plans, took the pony by the foretop and led him away toward the barn, Mr. Potter showing the way. The pony seemed to understand that he was going to have a good home, for he switched his tail furiously and bobbed his head as if in a fever of excitement. Mr. Potter, with the help of the marshal, soon had the box stall ready, and the little pony took possession, looking as proud as if he owned the whole barn, as the marshal said. Mr. Potter then borrowed some straw from a neighbor, and the marshal, who was now taking a lively interest in things, hurried down town to the feed store with an order.

(To be continued.)

## Sweetness and Boyhood—W. H. Heck

From long association with boys I have become strongly impressed with the need of sweetness in the ordinary American boy. To be sure we have a large number of sweet boys who brighten the lives of those with whom they come in contact, but sweetness as a supreme part of character has not been fully appreciated and cultivated in American character—especially in boys and men. To be affectionate is often considered effeminate, "girlish"; boys imagine that they are being criticised when they dare to express themselves affectionately. A noble thing it is to keep from giving vent to our feelings when we are troubled or angered, but this is far different from shutting up our affections as if they were criminals to be kept chained in prison.

A great many boys feel early in life that it is not expected of them to show what they feel or even to feel very strongly, or to love so deeply that they will express themselves in little acts of affection, sympathy and tenderness. Consequently they hold back what the heart prompts them to do and thus kill the little sweetness they had naturally or keep it from developing into strength and beauty.

Suppose we left sweetness out of life altogether. Who would desire to live? It might be a good way to spend a short time at least in trying to calculate just how much

sweetness other people find in us. Are we well-off in this respect?

It is sometimes said that undemonstrative persons love more strongly than others, but common sense opposes such a view. A muscle grows by exercise, the mind grows by exercise, the heart of affection grows by exercise; the muscle that is not exercised loses its power, the mind that is not exercised loses its power, the heart of affection that is not exercised loses its power. Of course we may exercise the heart in other ways than in words expressing affection, sympathy, tenderness, by serving those for whom we care; yet this service does not take the place, either in the life of the serving or the served, of the words. Sweetness enters into everything in human life just as the sun does in nature, giving life, warmth and beauty to all the world. Why not contribute our full share to the sweetness of the world!

Now, let me repeat my conviction that as a rule the American boy, and even his parents, teachers and friends, have a mistaken idea of the important part that the cultivation of affection, tenderness and sympathy should play in a boy's development. And this mistake about the value of what I call sweetness—though of course this does not begin to express my full meaning—has caused boys to think

it manly to be cold and apparently unfeeling, and has kept their affections stunted and deformed—as we often see trees when not allowed to grow properly. Some dismiss the subject with "Well, he's a boy and you cannot expect much from him"; others attempt to prove that a boy is nothing but a modern savage; boys themselves often have some such notions. But whoever has had the tender affections of a sweet boy will not listen to these views.

Let me emphasize to the readers of "THE AMERICAN BOY" that to develop all the tenderness, affection and sympathy in their natures is one of the noblest duties of boyhood and manhood. The trouble with men is that they are often lacking in these fine qualities, either as husband, father, brother or friend.

Everybody loves a loving boy. I have noticed in my experience that sweet boys are the most "boyish" boys and most popular with other boys. And why? Because sweetness is like a magnet and draws people to it—it is truly attracting, attractive. We can all agree in not caring for the "girlish" boy or the "goody-goody" boy, but to think that sweetness and boyhood mean these kinds of boys is to make a serious mistake. Let us give our hearts full play and let us make all people feel the brightening influence of sweetness that as boys and men we can exert.

## Uncle's Crooked-Mouthed Story—Everett McNeil

My uncle had a large mouth, remarkable for the way he could throw it from one side of his face to the other, or shoot it up or down, until it was a guess for us youngsters to tell exactly where the opening really belonged; in short, he had a mouth precisely fitted for the telling of this crooked-mouthed story. Now, the narrating of the story was on a long winter evening, in the large sitting room of grandfather's house, where a great fire roared in the big fireplace. Uncle sat near the center of the room, with a small table by his side, on which stood a lighted tallow candle. There was no other light, save the lambent glow from the fireplace; and the candle lit up Uncle's genial rugged features most pleasantly. For a moment Uncle looked at the candle, solemnly, then, in his peculiar drawling voice, he began:

"Now, the crooked-mouthed family lived in a little crooked house, in a long crooked valley, by the side of a wide crooked river; and the old man's mouth crooked up like this—" uncle suddenly shot his lower jaw and lip up until they threatened to engulf his eyes; "and the old woman's mouth crooked down like this—" down went Uncle's mouth until his chin vanished; "and the girl's mouth crooked to the right like this—" uncle nearly swallowed his right ear, "and the boy's mouth crooked to the left like this—" and Uncle twisted his mouth around until he could whisper in his left ear. "The old woman called the old man 'Jer-e-mi-a-h,' down went uncle's mouth, while the voice had the nasal twang of an old woman; "and the old man called the old woman 'Se-li-n-a-h,' up shot the mouth, and the voice had the harsh cackle of an old man; "and the old man and the old woman called the girl 'Sall' and the boy 'Hank.'" Again the contortions, the mouth shooting up and down with the most ludicrous rapidity, and the voice now that of an old man, then that of an old woman.

Here uncle paused for a minute, looking steadily at the candle and shaking his head reprovingly, then he continued: "The crooked-mouthed family lived very happily together until one dark night, when, unfortunately, they lit a tallow candle." Again Uncle paused and looked reproachfully at the candle. "When

bedtime came," he continued, "Sall and Hank went upstairs to bed, leaving the old man and the old woman to blow out the candle. The old woman crawled into bed, and, when the old man had tied the strings of his nightcap under his chin, she called: 'Now, Jer-e-mi-a-h, blow out the candle.' Jeremiah picked the candle up, held it in front of his face like this," uncle suited the actions to the words, "and began to blow, like this." Uncle crooked up his mouth and nearly blew off the top of his head, but the flame of the candle did not even waver.

"Harder, Jer-e-mi-a-h, blow harder," yelled the old woman.

"Jeremiah nearly blew the eyebrows off his face, but the candle would not out. He held it up and blew, he held it down and blew, he sat it on the table and blew; still not a breath of wind struck the candle.

"Now, Jer-e-mi-a-h, why don't you blow out that candle?" called the old woman, impatiently.

"The old man banged the candle down on the table. 'Blow it out yourself. I'm no bellows,' he yelled, and dropped, nearly breathless, into a chair, his crooked mouth working desperately.

"The old woman crawled out of bed. Her crooked mouth began to work as she crossed the floor. She seized the candle and held it in front of her face, like this, and blew a terrific blast, like this. The flame of the candle did not budge. She held the candle up and blew, she held the candle down and blew, she sat the candle on the table and blew; still not a breath of wind struck the flame.

"Harder, Se-li-n-a-h, blow harder," called the old man.

The old woman drew in a mighty breath, and blew with might and main. The flame of the candle did not even flicker.

"Se-li-n-a-h, why don't you blow out that candle," yelled the old man, mockingly.

"For answer the old woman slammed the candle down on the table, and, going to the stair door, called: 'Hank, Hank, yer pa can't blow out the candle. Come down and blow it out for the old ninny.'

"Hank came downstairs. He seized the candle in his right hand, held it in front of his face and blew,

like this." Uncle crooked his mouth to the left and blew, and blew, and blew, but the candle would not go out.

"The boy got red in the face. He held the candle up and blew, he held the candle down and blew, he set the candle on the table and blew; but not a breath of wind touched the flame; and the boy stopped and stared at the candle, not having breath enough left to utter a word.

"The old man hobbled to the stair door and called: 'Se-li-n-a-h, Se-li-n-a-h, yer ma and Hank can't blow out the candle. Come down and blow it out for the old fuss-cats.'

"Selina came down stairs. She picked the candle up in her left hand, held it in front of her face and blew, like this." Uncle twisted his mouth clear around on the right side of his face and blew, and blew, and blew; still the candle continued to burn brightly.

"The girl stopped to catch her breath. Then she held the candle up and blew, she held the candle down and blew, she sat the candle on the table and blew; but not a breath of wind touched the flame; and Sall dropped to the floor out of wind, collapsing like an emptied balloon."

Uncle paused and sighed; then, glancing indignantly at the candle, he continued: "But the candle must be blown out, and the crooked-mouthed family must do it. So the old man hobbled to one side of the table, the old woman stood on the opposite side, the boy at one end and the girl at the other; and all bent forward until their heads were close together, with the candle between them, drew in a long breath, and blew—

"The breath from the crooked-up mouth of the old man collided with the breath from the crooked-down mouth of the old woman, and the breath from the crooked mouth of the girl met the breath from the crooked mouth of the boy; and the resultant of the breaths of all four, thus meeting, was a terrific blast that darted straight toward the candle."

As uncle uttered the last word he gave a mighty puff, the flame of the candle went out, and the story of the wonderful crooked-mouthed family, who lived in a little crooked house, in a long crooked valley, by the side of a wide crooked river, was ended.



### Catholic Total Abstinence Cadets of Chicago.

#### THE PICTURES SHOW

*St. Vincent's Total Abstinence Cadets Championship Drill Squad.*  
*Blanket Tossing at C. T. A. Encampment.*  
*Bathing Scene at Crystal Lake Encampment.*

*Boys from All Saints Parish, C. T. A., Crystal Lake Encampment.*  
*Group of Cadets and Friends at Crystal Lake Encampment.*  
*Tent No. 3, Crystal Lake Encampment.*

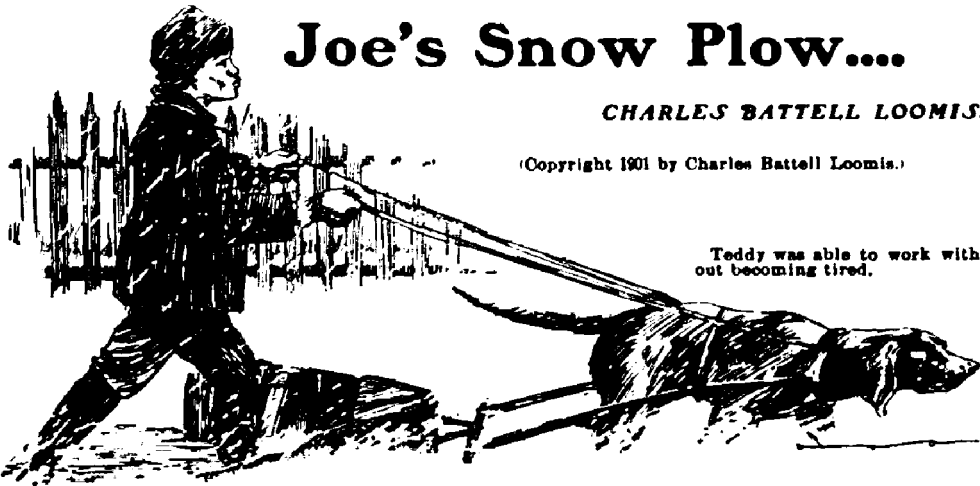
Our readers will be interested in the pictures given on this page of the Catholic Total Abstinence Cadets of Chicago, most of which were taken at their encampment at Crystal Lake, Mich., on the days between July 27 and August 5 last. At this encampment the boys wore uniforms complete, with gun or sword, regulation khaki pants and soldiers' canvas campaign hat; each carried two blankets or a blanket and quilt, a bathing suit, change of underwear, towels and soap, comb and hair brush, handkerchiefs, clothes brush, shoe brush and blacking, and prayer book. Each company provided a lantern and decorations for each of the tents; also books and papers, fishing tackle, baseball and other

supplies for amusement. The cost to each cadet was six dollars and fifty cents where the cadet appeared in uniform, seven dollars and fifty cents without. The annual field day of the cadets was held at the encampment on August 8. The drill squad that won the championship at the annual competitive drill given by the Catholic Total Abstinence Cadets of Chicago at the Seventh Regiment Armory, Chicago, February 18 last, is shown. This squad belongs to the St. Vincent's Total Abstinence Cadet Battalion of St. Vincent's Church, Chicago. Photographs were furnished us by John F. Cunneen, editor Cook County Board, C. A. U. of I., Chicago.

## Joe's Snow Plow....

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

(Copyright 1901 by Charles Battell Loomis.)



Teddy was able to work with out becoming tired.

It was not long after Joe Dempsey had started a bank account by peddling boiled eggs to the icebound passengers on a North River ferry boat, that he improved another opportunity to make money and the way of it follows these lines.

One day he had to carry a valise for a man who lived near the southern entrance to Central Park, and for doing this he received a quarter of a dollar and his car fare down town. It was snowing hard, and it had been snowing just as hard all night long, and Central Park looked so nice and white that he entered it and began to amuse himself by throwing snowballs at some little boys who were out with their nurse. But he soon tired of that as the little boys were too young to be afraid and not old enough to return the compliment in snowballs of their own, so he stopped and walked idly along a path until he came to a man driving a snowplow, with which he was clearing the walks of snow.

The sight of this plow set Joe's little brain to working so hard that he stopped walking, and then turning on his tracks he ran for a south bound car and was soon on his way home. If a big plow would keep a big path clear, a little plow would clear a smaller one, and although he did not own a horse or even a pony, he knew other animals that could pull a plow, and he determined to get hold of one of them without delay.

But first he must make the plow. So he went to his old friend, Jim Bagley, once more. Jim was a produce merchant in Washington market.

"Jim, leave us have an ol' box an' a hammer an' a few nails?"

The good natured marketman said:

"What is it this time, Joe? Go'n' to make another fortune?"

"Well, I'm go'n' ter try fer fair. I've got an idea dat's way up in G."

Some boys never need any instruction in the use of tools, while others go on hammering their own nails and missing the bought ones, until their hair is grey. Joe belonged to the former class, and it did not take him over an hour to fashion a rude yet strong plow made in the form of a right-angle triangle. Then Jim gave him some rope and a couple of staples and the plow was in shape to be pulled as soon as a four-legged puller could be procured.

There was a boy named Carl Schauss, who lived in the same court that held the residence of Joe, and he was the owner of a strong dog, part bull and more parts cur, a combination that produces a very desirable sort of dog in the way of fidelity and courage and sagacity. Joe lost no time in finding young Schauss, and although he did not hire out his dog and wagon (made out of a cracker box) as a general thing yet the proffer of a silver quarter overcame all possible objections, and so Joe, seated in the box wagon, was soon being drawn by the stout dog to Washington Market, where the plow awaited their coming. The going was not very good, as the snow was several inches deep, and Joe wished that he had a pair of runners on the box that could be let down and used when needed, the wheels being hoisted up until they should come

to a bare place. I don't see why such a combination would not be a good one, and I wonder that Joe did not immediately go to work to put a lot of wagon-sleighs on the market. But perhaps he thought that one idea at a time was all he could attend to.

"Where'd you get the sausage meat?"

asked Jim when he saw the dog.

"I'm takin' him to sell to a butcher.

But say, ain't he all right to pull me plow?"

"Oh, that's what you are up to?" said Jim.

"Say, you'll get to be an Edison before you die. Is it snowing yet?"

"Snowin' to beat der band an' I'm go'n' up town w'ere the big bugs live. I'll buy yer out to-morrer."

With Jim's help the plow was placed V fashion on the cart, and boy and dog and vehicle went out into Washington street.

Joe had ridden on trucks in two ways. One way involved less trouble and less talk at the beginning, but generally resulted in a short ride and much language at the end of it. That was when he jumped on the tail-board without asking leave.

While some drivers did not object, most of them howled to him to get off, and tried to reach him with their whips. He now tried the second way.

"Hey," he said to the stout, jolly-looking driver of a truck, partly loaded, "Go'n' far up town?"

"Up as far as Eighth street."

"Well, me dog an' me is go'n' as far as that, an' if you want us fer company dis is yer last chance."

The driver burst out laughing and stopping his horses helped Joe life dog, cart and plow onto his wagon. Then he invited Joe to share his seat.

Joe certainly had a way of getting what he wanted, but whether his way would always prove good if used by others I cannot tell. His rather pathetic little peaked face may have had as much to do with his success in getting his way as his words, but it is a fact that where other street boys found fights and resistance Joe found kind friends. Probably the explanation is that Joe wanted friends and you can generally find what you are looking for. If you're looking for trouble you need not go even so far as to borrow it, as you probably know.

The journey up town was necessarily slow, but Joe enjoyed the ride, which is more than can be said for the dog, who would have much preferred to imitate the horse and do a little pulling himself.

By the time they got to Eighth street the snow had almost entirely ceased, and men were going about with shovels looking for jobs at cleaning the sidewalks.

And then Joe found that he had forgot-

ten to bring a shovel and how was he going to clean out the front door yards without one? The snow plow looked a little too wide to go through the gates.

The driver helped him get his load off, and drove off with good wishes. Joe had some trouble in fastening the dog to his new contrivance, and when he had finally succeeded, he did not know just what to do with the wagon until the happy thought came to him to put it on top of the plow and thus add weight to it.



"Jim, leave us have an ol' box an' a hammer an' a few nails?"

"Get ap," said Joe to the dog, whose name, by the way was Teddy, after the gallant Colonel of the Rough Riders. Teddy threw himself forward and walked off with plow and wagon, as if he had never been doing anything else since puppy-hood.

The plow worked to a charm and left a clear track in the middle of the street. Joe experienced a feeling of exultation as the snow heaped up along the sides of

the plow and left a clear place on the roadway.

But now the next thing to do was to get a job at cleaning a sidewalk. He might work all day in the middle of the street and no one would even thank him.

He went up the stoop of a dwelling house on the corner of the street and said to the girl who answered the bell.

"Clean the sidewalk for a quarter?" The maid shut the door in his face and Joe thought he had been repulsed, and ran down the stoop and up the steps next door, but before he could ring this bell, the girl opened the door again and looked up and down the street. Then seeing him, she said:

"The missus says yes, an' come to the basement when ye are through, an' not be makin' me climb the stairs fer the like o' you."

Joe brought his dog from the street and to his joy he found that the plow would just go in at the front yard gate, so he began to clear the snow in the yard first, and the dog was so bright and knew so well what was wanted of him, that it could not have been more than a quarter of an hour when the whole job was done, and all the snow lay in the middle of the street.

He rang the rear bell this time and the girl came to the door after a lengthy wait. "What is it ye want now?" said she, not noticing that the job was done.

"My money," said Joe, briefly.

"Is it done ye are?" said she, and then she looked out and saw his dog and plow.

"Oh, it's only wort' t'n cints if ye done it so alsy," said she. "I done it by machinery, an' machinery comes high," said Joe, positively, and the girl saw that he was not one to be cheated of his due without a disturbance, so a reluctant two dimes and a nickel fell into his palm.

A crowd of the boys on the block had been attracted by the unusual sight of the dog plow, and long before Joe had finished the first job he had several orders waiting for him. When the dog showed signs of being fatigued by his work, one of the boys tied an extra rope to the plow and Joe went into harness with Teddy, and between them they cleaned every sidewalk on the block in a little over four hours.

He would have done even more work, but an ill-natured man with a shovel came up to him, and threatened direful things if he didn't stop taking the bread out of honest men's mouths by using a plow. Joe might have argued it out with him but nightfall was at hand, and the dog was tired and he had made over three dollars, so he decided to knock off and call it half a day, and began to look out for a conveyance to take him down town again.



"Clean the sidewalk for a quarter?"

By rare good luck he espied his friend of the early afternoon, the truck driver, and he was only too glad to have the boy's company down town, and as his load was lighter they made better time. Joe telling his story as they went and the dog Teddy content this time to ride at the expense of his friends the horses.

Another snow fall came in the night, but next day Joe did not have to go so far to seek for work, as the fame of his contrivance had spread around the market, and he hired the dog for another day and by night he had added over four dollars to his earnings. He found that without the weight of the wagon the plow ran more easily and just as well, so Teddy was able to work without becoming tired, and so many passers-by said "Good dog," that I dare say he was glad he had secured the job.

**Schoolboys on Warships.**

The German Navy League has arranged for several thousand schoolboys to spend two days with the fleet under expert guidance, says a Kiel cable to the New York Sun. They will be instructed in the workings of warships. They will come in relays, beginning in September, when nearly the whole German fleet will be at Kiel. The object of the plan is to inculcate naval patriotism in the younger generation.

**At the House of "Never."**

MARLOWE.

I wonder how many of the boys who may chance to read this are traveling toward the house of "Never." I know at least one boy who is headed that way with the certainty of arriving there in due time. Once there he will be likely to remain. He lost a good position last week because he had his mind fixed on the house of "Never." But as this may be somewhat enigmatical I will give you a more definite idea of what I mean by quoting this line from that wise man, Cervantes:

"By the streets of 'By and By' one arrives at the house of 'Never.'"

Now do you know what I mean, boys? If not, I will tell you that Cervantes had in mind the boy who steadily puts off until to-morrow the things he ought to do to day. He had in mind those who lack the strength of purpose and the directness that makes them think that *now* is the accepted time for doing the duty that lies before them, no matter how insignificant or how great that duty may be.

The boy who is forever wandering around in the streets of "By and By" gets nearer and nearer to the house of "Never." His habits become more and more slack and people come to regard him as untrustworthy. If there is anything the active, wide-awake business man will not put up with in a boy in his employ it is the boy's habit of dilly-dallying. I was in the office of a business man one day not long ago and I heard him say to his office boy:

"Have you taken that package over to K street yet, Harry?"

"No, sir; but I'm going to take it right away."

"Have you addressed those envelopes I gave you to address this morning?"

"Not yet, sir. But I intend to address them before noon. I didn't suppose there was any need of being in a hurry about it."

Then the boy's employer said sharply:

"There is always need of being in a hurry when I tell you to do anything. I wanted those envelopes to go out on the noon mail, and now it will be impossible to send them out before five o'clock. And that package ought to be over in K street now. I'm afraid, Harry, that I will have to get an office boy who will spend less of his time in the streets of 'By and By.'"

This set me to thinking of all the boys and of the men who are wandering around in those streets of "By and By." They will never accomplish much in this life while they are there. Success in life depends largely on one's doing things *now* instead of by and by.

It is certain that many a man can attribute his failure in life to his habit of constantly putting off and putting off the doing of things that must be done now if they are to count for most when they are done. It is unfortunate for a man or a boy to establish a reputation for slowness in doing things.

I wanted some carpentering done at my house not long ago, and I asked a neighbor of mine if he knew anything about a carpenter whose shop was not far from my house.

"Yes, I know him, and he is a fairly good carpenter," was the reply, "but no one ever knew him to do a thing at the time he promised to do it. If he promises to do your work on Wednesday you may expect him on Friday, or possibly not until the next Monday," from which I concluded that the carpenter was too near the house of "Never" for me to employ him and I got some one else to do my work.

I was attending a committee meeting one evening a few weeks ago. The committee had in charge the planning and constructing of a large building, and the question of employing an architect was under discussion.

"There is young Jones," said one member of the committee. "He is just starting out in business and they say he does very good work."

"His work is pretty good if he ever gets it done," said another member of the committee. "But I have heard from several persons who have employed him that he never has his work done on time, and as we are in a hurry for our plans it would be better and safer to give the work to some one who can be depended upon to hurry them right along."

Here was another man wandering around in the streets of "By and By" and drawing nearer to the house of "Never." Once in the house of "Never" he will have no future worth living for. Keep out of the delusive streets of "By and By" and bend your footsteps steadily to the house of "Now" if you want to make the most and the best of your life.

**Letter to "Top Boy" from Little Jack Bull.**

Arthur School, in Arthur place, Washington, D. C., is the public school nearest the Capitol. This morning a letter-carrier delivered a letter addressed as follows:

THE TOP BOY.  
The State School, nearest the Capitol,  
Washington,  
United States of America.

This is the letter:  
"St. Andrew's Street Board School, Clapham, London, England, Sept. 19, 1901.  
"To the Top Boy of the Chief State School:  
"We are only boys attending an elementary school in a poor locality in the Wandsworth Road, London, Southwest, but we thought amongst ourselves that you would be pleased to hear of a little event that happened to-day in our school. Considering the marks of respect shown by all Americans to our late Queen, it is but a slight token of our feelings toward the deceased President.



WILLIAM LEWIS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Winner of the letter from St. Andrew's Street Board School, London, England, addressed to the "Top Boy" of the chief State School at Washington City, the winner having been determined by a competitive examination.

"We assembled in the hall (in classes) and sang 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' (President McKinley's favorite hymn). We repeated the Lord's prayer, and then saluted the 'Stars and Stripes.' It was only a very slight mark of respect, but it was solemnly carried out, showing that the boys had their hearts in it.

"After this our head master, Mr. Penna, gave us a short lecture on the President, whose portrait was before us, telling us that he was loved and respected for his spotless integrity and his beautiful domestic life."

The boys of the eighth grade of the Arthur School are very pleased that they are the recipients of this letter, and are eagerly discussing their chances for the honor of receiving the letter as "Top Boy" of that building. This will be announced on Monday, after which the letter will be acknowledged, with some testimonial to the London school from the pupils.  
—Washington Newspaper.

(Since the foregoing item appeared in the Washington newspaper the letter has been awarded to Master William Lewis, whose portrait appears in this column.—Editor.)

**The Illinois Manual Training School Farm.**

The Illinois Manual Training School Farm, located at Glenwood, Ill., ranks among the foremost homes for boys in the country. The school is for the homeless, dependent boys of the state. It is fourteen years old, and now has sixteen substantial buildings on its three hundred acre farm. It has, during the fourteen years, cared for thirty five hundred boys. The demand for admission is so great that not more than half the number who apply can be received. The going into effect of the Illinois Juvenile Court law has made the demand greater than ever. Many of the graduates are filling honorable positions in the business world.

Looking at such institutions merely from a financial standpoint, we may say that it is cheaper to save boys before they have committed a crime than it is to prosecute them and keep them in prisons afterward. A state can spend its money to no better advantage than in the establishment of homes for boys where they can be saved from the street, taught manual training, and be made independent.

Madam Patti has for some time held the record for the highest sum that has been earned in a year by a woman, her total for one year having been three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

A Young Fisher Lad's Story.

Abram Fisher, Grandville, Mich., writes an interesting story of his experiences. He says: "Many boys think the life of a fisherman or a sailor is pleasant. They would stop going to school at any time to go to sea. I am now fifteen years old and have done the work of a fisherman for nine years, having helped my father, who makes a business of fishing. We once caught a sturgeon weighing two hundred and five pounds, his head weighing thirty five pounds. It was hard work for one so young, and I have had to row a boat eight miles at times. Many times I have been caught in a storm. Once we went out to lift our nets before dawn. There was a dead swell on the sea and when daylight came it was so foggy we couldn't see ten yards. We had just loaded our boat with fish when the fog settled upon us so that we couldn't tell which way to go for home. We had no compass, for we could usually hear the fog horn, but now we could not, for the wind had risen and was blowing toward the land. Dropping a measuring line my father said he found we had drifted about four miles out and no telling how far along the shore. We were tumbling about and could not keep at our oars. We threw everything overboard and drifted we did not know where. The water came into our boat fast. After a while we got our direction and started toward the beach, but the breakers were so high that the boat stood almost on end. We turned the boat about and went into the beach stern first, and just as we were about to land, a large breaker came and I was thrown overboard, and when I came to I was lying on the sand with oil coats over me.

"At another time my father went away on business and left me in charge of the nets. I went out with a boy of about my own age. There was a dead swell on the lake, but we paid no attention to it, and within an hour and a quarter were working at the nets with the sail up. We didn't notice the heat nor the growing darkness as we were working so fast. Finally a flash of lightning came and we saw a squall coming. I jumped for the sail and got it down just in time. My companion pulled at the oars and it took us two hours to reach the harbor. Men standing on the hill said that they could not see us half the time, the breakers were so high. We saved our nets all right while the other fishermen lost theirs.

"The life of a sailor is all right in nice weather."

A Little Red Head.

The pretty photograph from which the accompanying picture was made has for its subject an eight year old Canton, Miss., boy by the name of Edward Frazier.



EDWARD FRAZIER.

himself the center of attraction. It appears that his hair, which is a rich red—a color dear to the Indian heart—was the cause of it all. One of the Indians, in his delight over the white skin and brilliant red hair of the handsome little boy, loaded him with toys and gradually led him out of the city. It was not until dusk that the boy realized that he was in the hands of a half-crazed Indian and in a very strange place. First he was greatly frightened, but his courage and good sense came to the rescue, and by a little trickery he turned the Indian around and persuaded him to go back over the road they had come. Of course, his mother and father were frantic with anxiety. Searching parties had been sent out in every direction. It was not until late at night that a policeman found Edward, who was still making brave and desperate efforts to induce his crazy kidnaper to take him home.

Edward has a collection of Mexican curios and among them a number of stuffed horned toads.

An Egg Trick.

Prick a small hole in the eggshell, blow out its contents, and after the interior is thoroughly dry pour fine sand into the shell until it is a quarter full. Cover the hole in the shell with white wax, so that nobody can see that it has been tampered with. You can then stand the egg in any position.

Boys in Games and Sport



Where hills are numerous and the ground is covered with snow throughout the winter, boys have fine chances for coasting—chances that boys living in a flat country and in the cities can only dream of. Boys of the latter class have little use for a sled aside from "hitching," unless they provide themselves with some sort of an artificial slide.

In "hitching" there is great danger of the sled going underneath the wagon wheels, and as half a dozen boys sometimes hitch their sleds side by side to the rear of a wagon, the sleds have not room enough to swing sideways without danger of running into the wheels.

A boy may construct his own slide or toboggan, and if there is no open country near his home he can use the back yard for the location of his slide. The material necessary is a few two by fours and some ten inch boards, and the cost ought not to be great.

In building the toboggan it is well to have some firm object to which to fasten the framework, and this will save a deal of bracing and materially lessen the amount of lumber needed. If a high board fence runs along the side of the yard nothing more suitable could be wished for.

The length of the toboggan will be determined by the size of the yard, as if the yard is short the toboggan should be made correspondingly small to allow the sled its full run before running up against the fence, house or barn at the end of the run.

A platform six feet square should be built in one corner of the yard, say seven feet above the ground. Cut four two by fours six feet six inches long. Fasten one of these in the corner selected for the platform, and one five feet eight inches to the right of it. These are lettered A and B in Fig. 1. Upright C should be nailed to the fence five feet four inches from A, and D should be placed at an equal distance from B. Cut four pieces of two by fours each six feet long. Nail two of these across the tops of AC and BD, respectively, as shown by E and F in Fig. 2, and brace the lower ends and uprights with the remaining two, as shown by G and H in the same figure. The framework of the platform is then complete.

After deciding upon the length of the slide, measure off the distance from the ground from the bottom of upright B. Drive a nail into the top of B, and after attaching a string to the nail, run the string along the fence to the point marked off upon the ground. This string, shown by the line BK, in Fig. 1, gives you the stop of the slide.

Now secure some short pieces of two by four and nail them to the fence about six feet apart and just touching the string.

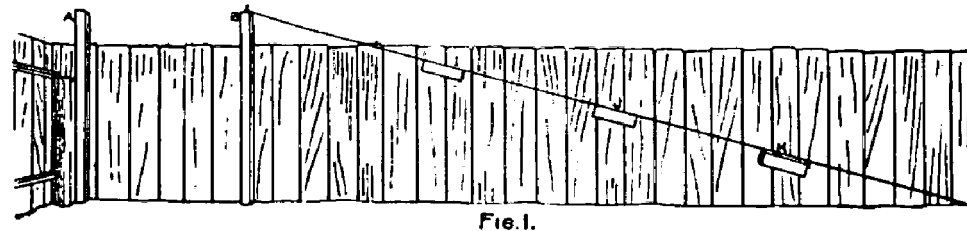


FIG. 1.

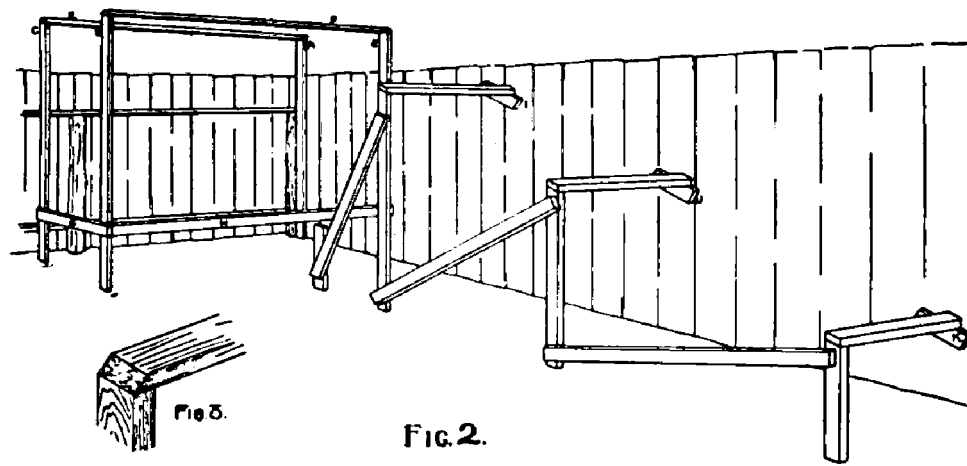


FIG. 3.

FIG. 2.

as shown by IJK in Fig. 1. When these have been securely spiked to the fence take a piece of two by four and mark off upon it the distance from the ground to the top of the block marked "I" in the figure. Saw this piece on the mark, not at right angles, but at an angle corresponding to that at which the block I is nailed to the fence. Erect this two by four directly in front of I and three feet from the fence, holding it in place by nailing a piece of two by four from the top of it to block I. Construct similar framework at J and K, after which brace them as shown in the framework detail of Fig. 2.

If you are going to buy boards with which to cover the platform and slide, select twelve foot boards. For the platform, saw enough of these in half to floor it, and nail them to the framework. The



boards should run lengthwise upon the slide, and if the supports are six feet apart, the ends of the boards will rest upon them.

If, however, you cannot buy boards to suit your purpose and must use the material already on hand of other dimensions than those described, let the supports be at such distance from one another so that your boards will fit.

In order to keep the sled from running off the toboggan, a guide should be nailed to the side of the slide farthest from the fence. As an additional guard against accidents, make a railing around the three sides of the platform of say three feet in height. If you can find a bench or have material enough to make one, put it on the platform for use of those awaiting their turn for a coast. You can readily

make a bench by cutting two boards eighteen inches long for the legs, nailing a board across their ends and bracing the legs. A stepladder fastened to the side of the toboggan will make it easier to reach the platform than by way of the icy slide. If the ladder is tipped enough your sled may be easily pulled up. At a small additional cost the framework supporting the platform may be boarded up to make a little shed, in which in very cold weather you can keep a fire and make yourself cozy. Any ingenious boy will know how to make a swift toboggan by pouring water or melting snow on the track at night and allowing it to freeze.

Peters Cartridges advertisement. Features the text 'Peter's Cartridges', 'LOADED WITH KINGS SEMI-SMOKELESS POWDER.', 'Won World's Record FOUR SUCCESSIVE YEARS.', 'Absolutely superior to all other makes. Costs no more than old-style ammunition. Made best known scores with Pistol and Rifle. Short and Long Range. Ask for book of Hints. Sent Free.' and 'The Peters Cartridge Co., 5 Pickering Block, CINCINNATI, O.'

Skirt Dancing Necktie Pin advertisement. Features a small illustration of a woman in a dress. Text: 'SKIRT DANCING NECKTIE PIN. This new novelty is to be worn in either the scarf or lapel of coat. It is only necessary to jerk the string and she kicks like the original article. Keeping exact time to slow or fast music to the surprise of your friends. Price 10 cents with our mammoth catalogue. If you are looking for a good novelty, here is one; it is worth five times the price we ask for it. Smith Novelty Co., 1136 Superior St., Chicago, Ill.'

Full Beard advertisement. Features a small illustration of a beard. Text: 'FULL BEARD. A Dollars worth of Tricks and Make-Ups, sent by mail for 25 cents. Includes: A nice Mustache or Full Beard, Kube, Galways, Irish or this Whiskers, any color, a Bottle of Spirit Gum to stick them on. Box of Prepared Beard-Curt to blacken up, in. Rubber Mouth bit, Secret and Apparatus for performing the Great Vanishing Half-Dollar Trick, Cure for Love a novelty sure to please. Mention the paper you saw this Ad in and I will put in a heavy GOLD Laid Buzz RING Free, and my large list of Tricks and Make-Ups. H. W. Hardesty & Co., 1130 Central Ave., Newport, N. Y.'

Magic Lanterns advertisement. Text: 'MAGIC LANTERNS. STEREOPTICONS and VIEWS for Public Exhibitions, Church Entertainments, for illustrating sermons. Many sizes, all prices. Chance for men with little capital to make money. 25c page catalog free. McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., New York'

Rapid Air Rifle advertisement. Features a small illustration of an air rifle. Text: 'FREE "RAPID" AIR RIFLE. 100 shots cost 1c. Boys if you want to earn an Air Rifle or other premiums by selling a few useful 10 cent articles write to REEVES MFG. CO., Dept. A, Grand Rapids, Mich.'

Sea Shells advertisement. Text: 'SEA SHELLS. 25 varieties by mail for 25 cents, stamps or coin. Over 30 varieties for wire jewelry. Tools, wire, etc. for beginners, good paying business easily learned. Send for list. Shows shells for dealers, fairs and resorts. J. F. POWELL, Waukegan, Ill.'

100 Worth of Tricks and Novelties advertisement. Text: '100 WORTH OF TRICKS and NOVELTIES for 25c. Includes: 50 latest copyrighted songs—'Good-Bye Eyes,' 'Howdy Doody' and 150 very latest jokes—would make a temptations laugh—200 new acrobatics. All the lot to introduce our goods. 10c stamps or coin. H. W. Hardesty & Co., 1130 Central Ave., Newport, Ky.'

Songs and Jokes advertisement. Text: 'SONGS CONUNDRUMS, JOKES. 50 latest copyrighted songs—'Good-Bye Eyes,' 'Howdy Doody' and 150 very latest jokes—would make a temptations laugh—200 new acrobatics. All the lot to introduce our goods. 10c stamps or coin. H. W. Hardesty & Co., 1130 Central Ave., Newport, Ky.'

Deal advertisement. Text: 'IF YOU SHOOT a rifle, pistol or shotgun you'll make a Bull's Eye by sending three 2c stamps for the new Ideal Hand-book, No. 13, 125 pages. Free. Latest Encyclopedia of Arms, Powder, Shot and Bullets. Mention "The American Boy." Ideal Mfg. Co., New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.'

Back from the Tomb advertisement. Text: 'BACK FROM THE TOMB. Our Performing Skeleton, wired, unatural, yet pleasing. 14 inches high, with movable legs and arms. Old and young filled with wonder. Sent with Large Catalog for only 10c. MONARCH NOVELTY CO., BARRINGTON, ILL.'

Striking Bag Free advertisement. Text: 'STRIKING BAG FREE!! Sell 25 Jewelry novelties at 10 cents each, send us money and we ship bag at once. Novelties mailed free. WE TRUST YOU. Write to-day. A. PETERSON CO., 172 N. Humboldt St., Chicago, Ill.'

We Make You a Present advertisement. Text: 'WE Make You a Present of a Fine Mouth Organ. Write at once, big catalogue free. Music Novelty Co., Dept. 3, Detroit, Mich.'

Boys advertisement. Text: 'BOYS make money by preserving eggs, or by selling MPPH SECRET EGG PRESERVER, keeps eggs fresh for one year. Write SEARCHLIGHT CHEMICAL CO., Lansing, Mich.'

Want One Young Man advertisement. Text: 'WANT ONE YOUNG MAN in each town. Position of honor and profit. Be lively if you want it. Will interest you. JOE BORDER, Gibraltar Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.'

**"Murtherous Football."**

Edward III. In 1365 forbade the playing of foot ball, making it a criminal offense. James I. says in his "Manual of Precepts for My Son and Successor": "From this Court I debar all rough and violent exercise as the game of football, meeter for laming than making able the users thereof." Philip Stubbes, in his "Anatomie of Abuses in the Realm of England," after referring to "football playing and other devilish pastimes" declared that these things foreboded the end of the world. Another writer of the time called football a "murthering" practice. We moderns have come to be more civilized, or uncivilized—which?

had become interested in the progress of their sisters. All are young, none probably over 12 years old. One lad at this kitchen found his talents unexpectedly put to account. His mother died, and the sister, on whom the care of the family devolved, was injured and rendered incapable. The boy took hold of the culinary affairs at home and is conducting the business in a manner satisfactory to all concerned. The cooking course in the various school kitchens of Pittsburg includes the treatment of scalloped dishes, potatoes, vegetables of all kinds, cereals, meats, cheese dishes, bread, biscuit, soup, pastry, beverages, poultry, desserts, salads, with thorough instruction as to fats, sugars and the preparation of egg and milk dishes; also several lessons devoted exclusively to invalid cookery. The chemistry of food and the principles that underlie correct cookery are the main lines of instruction. The final lessons during commencement week were devoted to ice cream and sherbet.

**The Pleasures of Winter.**

HERBERT POST, Westbury Station, Long Island, N. Y.

Boys like winter. They can go skating and play hockey. To play hockey you have a dozen boys—an equal number on each side. All have hockey sticks. The object of the game is to put the ball into the enemy's goal. The game is played rough sometimes by tripping a skater when he is going fast. The side that has the largest number of goals wins. You can buy hockey sticks at any sporting goods store for twenty five cents each, and balls for fifty cents a box.



HERBERT POST.

When there is snow you can have fun by taking a party out sleigh riding and up-setting them in a snowdrift. Last winter I went to a neighboring village in a sleigh and got upset three times before I got home. You can have fun making huts and forts in the snowdrifts and walking with snowshoes. Boys like winter because there is Christmas and holidays to have fun in. You can take nice pictures with a camera, showing houses, trees, bushes and hills covered with snow.

**The Game of "Warning."**

This game may be played by any number of persons. It requires neither preparation nor material, and may, therefore, be introduced anywhere at any time. Send one person from the room, and then agree upon what he is to do when you call him back. This should be some simple act, and yet one that he would not be likely to think of, say, for example, to look at himself in the mirror; to bow

to a certain player; to take a player by the hand and lead her or him to the middle of the room; or to take a sofa pillow and put it behind a certain player's back. Having settled what he is to do, you summon him back into the room by music arranged for the occasion. The music is to be made by tapping some metal object with a key. The best thing to use is a poker, from which low or loud notes may be brought at will. As the player is to be guided by the music in the performance of his task, the musician must keep close watch on him and give him warning. When he begins to do anything like what has been appointed, the music should be low; when he does what he ought not to, it should be loud. Let us suppose, for example, that he is to take a sofa pillow and put it behind a certain player's back. As he enters the room the music is making a great clatter, and this tends to keep him from collecting his thoughts, as it is intended to do. Presently he walks toward the sofa where the pillow is lying, and the music becomes soft. This tells him that he is on the right track. He touches a chair and the music becomes loud, which tells him that a chair has no part in his task. He touches the sofa and the music grows soft and when he touches the pillow it ceases for a moment and then begins again, very low. He now knows that he is to do something with the pillow, but what? He stands and holds it—wrong! He puts it on the floor and sits on it—very loud music! Then he throws it down before some player, but the music is still loud. Then it occurs to him that a sofa pillow makes a good rest for one's back, and he puts it behind a player, but the player is not the one selected and the music does not cease, though it becomes very faint. Its faintness suggests that he has hit on the right thing, but not the right player, and he tries player after player until he finds the one selected, when the music stops and his task is done.

**Western Boys Best.**

From the results of the physical examinations for the admission of landmen into the navy it would appear that the western boys seem to have an advantage in physique over those of the Atlantic seaboard. Dr. Skitt, of the Hartford, in his report to the Surgeon-General of the Navy, says: "In connection with the physical examination of the landmen received from the Richmond and Vermont on the arrival of the Hartford from the Pacific station, a great superiority has been observed as regards the outward manifestation of a sound physique among those born in the middle west over the natives of the Atlantic coast. There were noted among the recruits from the Eastern cities a large number of persons who would probably develop unfitness for the service by reason of catarrhal conditions of throat and nose, these conditions being far less frequent among the recruits from the Western States."



Chan M. Fisher and Charles J. Harrison, two boys of Somerset, Pa., who have become quite efficient in the art of boxing.

**An American Boys' "Yell."**

One of our readers suggests an American boys' yell. His selection is the following: Whip-cracker! Whip-cracker! Rah! Rah! Rah! Zip! Zing! Zoo! Bah! A. B.! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rip-Bang! Bah! A. B.! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Boys have a chance now to exercise their ingenuity in composing a yell that will be a real boys' yell and be American. Who wants to try?

**Boyhood's Delights.**

I'd like to be a boy again without a woe or care, with freckles scattered on my face and hayseed in my hair; I'd like to rise at four o'clock and do a hundred chores, and saw the wood and feed the hogs and lock the stable doors; and herd the hens and watch the bees, and take the mules to drink, and teach the turkeys how to swim so that they wouldn't sink; and milk about a hundred cows and bring in wood to burn, and stand out in the sun all day and churn, and churn, and churn, and wear my brother's cast-off clothes and walk four miles to school, and get a licking every day for breaking some old rule, and then get home again at night and do the chores once more, and milk the cows and feed the hogs and curry mules galore; and then crawl wearily upstairs to seek my little bed and hear dad say: "That worthless boy! He isn't worth his bread!" I'd like to be a boy again; a boy has so much fun; his life is just a round of mirth, from rise to set of sun; I guess there's nothing pleasanter than closing stable doors, and herding hens, and chasing bees, and doing evening chores.

**Smart Boy Cooks.**

Nineteen boys marched up as a gallant squad in a regiment of 300 girl graduate cooks of the public schools of Pittsburg, during the June commencement exercises, and received their ribbon-tied diplomas as masters of the culinary art, says Good Housekeeping. All but one were from the classes of the Southside school kitchen, presided over by Miss Clara S. Schaffner, who is a graduate of the same kitchen. The lads have been faithful in attendance. They have worn their white aprons and caps with as much grace and enthusiasm as the girls, and they have manipulated pots and pans with ease and expertness. Their record for practice dishes cooked at home is not as high as that of the prize winning girls, nor has any lad carried away a gold spoon for leading his associates in the percentage gained on examination day, but in the exhibit of bread and display dishes on closing day, and in a generally good record for work during the year, the boys have held their own. Of the 19 lads, six formed a little class by themselves. The remaining boys were lonely members, by ones and twos, of the various girls' divisions, with all the varied experiences of competition and association with presumed superiors to be undergone at each session. The lads entered the school kitchens of their own accord. Two or three are sons of local bakers and confectioners, and enrolled with an eye to business. Others expressed a taste for the work, and others



CHARLIE OTIS AND HIS TENT.

This is a picture showing a tent in which Charlie Otis, of Ann Arbor, Mich., and his friends enjoyed the past summer. It is in the Otis back yard, and is built of old carpet and burlap. A rude stove is on the right. Charlie and two of his companions are sitting at the table enjoying their noon-day meal.



**THE FIRST LESSON.**

Why does the boy look so gay? He thinks the teacher does not see the point. Doesn't he see it? He does; he is a wise teacher. What will happen to the boy? He will not want to sit down for a week. Will he have learned a lesson? Yes. That the point of a joke may be too plain.

**IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMER REVOLVERS**

Absolutely Safe Mechanically Perfect

31 YEARS OF SOLID EXPERIENCE BACK OF EVERY PART

**\$4.50 The Best Revolver**

In the World for the Money. The Corner Stone of the Fire-Arms' trade of America. Of your dealer or sent on receipt of price, cash with order.

ACCIDENTAL DISCHARGE IMPOSSIBLE

**IVER JOHNSON'S** Arms and Cycle Works, Fitchburg, Mass., U. S. A. Manufacturers of the well-known Iver Johnson Bicycles, Guns and Revolvers. N. Y. Salesrooms: 99 Chambers St. Estab. 1871. Cat. free.

**BARNEY & BERRY SKATES**

EVERY AMERICAN BOY who lives where there is skating looks forward to great sport when the ice comes. A pair of trusty **BARNEY & BERRY SKATES** is necessary to its fullest enjoyment. Send to-day for our **Free Catalogue.** A postal will bring it. If your dealer hasn't the skates you want we'll sell you direct.

**Barney & Berry,** 83 Broad St., Springfield, Mass.

**LET US SEND OUR LEADER BIOYOLE**

High Grade, 1902 model, for your examination. It is the wonder value of the new year, the perfection point in bicycle construction. Up-to-date in design, size and trimmings. Weighs twenty-two pounds, and guaranteed to carry **A Rider Weighing 600 Pounds.** Send for this wheel, examine it critically; costs you nothing to examine it. If you like it, pay Express Agent \$9.95 and expressage. If you don't like it, return it. Write to-day for 1902, large free Catalogue of BICYCLES and SUNDRIES.

**\$9.95** Sutcliffe & Co., Louisville, Ky.

**TALKING MACHINES**

**SPECIAL BEST MADE \$5** Fully Guaranteed. Wind like a clock and no more trouble. Last for years. **Every Family Can Have One.** An entertainer and educator. Free list of records. **Everything for talking machines at special prices.** Unloading a factory output. Write today for catalogue.

**W. J. DYER & BRO.,** 142 Dyer Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

**\$3.00 CANFIELD COASTER BRAKE**

Booklet free. Fits any hub. Anyone can apply it. Address Canfield Brake Co., Corning, N. Y.



## THE BOYS' LIBRARY

### Reviews of Boys' Books

**GULLIVER'S TRAVELS:** By Jonathan Swift, D. D. Edited with introduction and notes by T. M. Balliet, superintendent of schools, Springfield, Mass. Almost two hundred years ago this work was first given to the public, and its popularity has never waned. Gulliver's strange and diverting adventures among the diminutive Lilliputians, his equally strange but more hazardous experiences among the gigantic Brobdingnagians have lost none of their freshness, and appeal as strongly to the boys and girls of to-day as they did to their ancestors of a century and a half ago. The writings of Dean Swift have never been surpassed in their mastery of the English language, and it is small wonder that "Gulliver's Travels" have passed into the region of English classics. For amusement and instruction young readers will find here sufficiently good material. Heath's Home and School Classics, Young Readers' Series. 112 pages; large type. Bound in cloth, 30 cents. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

**TOMMY FOSTER'S ADVENTURE:** By Fred A. Ober. Handsomely illustrated from pictures by Stanley M. Arthur. This book will be enjoyed by both boys and girls. Adventures among Indians are always in demand, and when the scenes and incidents described in the book are, many of them, the actual experiences of the author, the interest is increased. Tommy's unlucky killing of an old Indian squaw's dog, his meeting with his Indian comrade "Hi," and their fortunate rescue from the "Enchanted Mesa" by Professor Hudson, with all their subsequent exciting travels among the Moqui, Pueblo, Zuni and Navajo Indians, together with the interesting portrayal of the life and characters of these aborigines and the historical and geographical facts interspersed throughout, make up a book which cannot fail to please and interest the reader. 240 pages, 12mo. Illustrated. Cloth cover. \$1.00. Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia.

**THE LITTLE LADY, HER BOOK:** By Albert Higelow Paine. Twenty illustrations by Mabel Humphreys and others. To parents who want a book which will please and interest a child, and at the same time strike responsive sympathetic chords of deep feeling in their own breasts, "The Little Lady—Her Book" will satisfy all requirements. Mr. Paine has surpassed all his previous efforts in story-telling, and in making the scenes and incidents stand out clear, distinct and real, and clothing them with such happy and apt expressions that

ters of our childhood, but Carolyn Wells has forever dispelled any such doubts and fears. For has not Florida—Folly for shortness and euphony—been right to fairyland, visited Jack's house, made friends with the Three Bears, enjoyed the society, drank tea and listened to the stories of the Queen of Hearts and her friends, been introduced to all the four-footed retainers of sweet Red Ridinghood, including the wolf, whom she found to be quite a gentleman and not at all like the wicked monster who would devour little boys and girls, and climbed up the giant beanstalk and was courteously received and entertained by Sir Jack in his great castle, as big as Central Park and as high as the Eiffel Tower. These are only a very few of the delightful personages and things Folly saw and heard on her trip, a trip which every child, and grown-up also will follow with delighted interest. 240 pages, 12mo. Cloth. Large print and with a dozen beautiful illustrations of pictures by Wallace Morgan. \$1.00. Henry Altemus & Co., Philadelphia.

**EYES AND NO EYES AND OTHER STORIES:** By Dr. Aiken, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Marcell and Jane Taylor. This is one of the series of Heath's Home and School Classics, and is well worthy a place in such a library. The story of "Eyes and no Eyes" will both instruct and delight the young reader, indeed the record of what William saw on his afternoon walk will be a complete revelation. The information which comes to one who observes even the commonplace evidences of nature's handwork which are all around him, is given in a simple and pleasing dialogue, far removed from the dry-as-dust style of general pedagogical teaching. The other three stories which make up the little volume of 66 pages are: "The Three Giants," which gives valuable instruction regarding water, air and steam; "Travelers' Wonders," which is sure to please the reader and instruct him as well. The young reader will wonder, as little Jack did, at the curious people and their peculiar habits, described by Captain Compass, and when he finds that these people are his own people and live all around him, there will come a desire for further knowledge, which the ordinary school book could never inspire; "A Curious Instrument." This little story, illustrating as it does so simply and naturally the fact that the different and various members of the human body are "fearfully and wonderfully made," not merely rouses the young reader's curiosity, but helps him to appreciate their uses, and thus inculcate deep and abiding lessons. The book is edited by M. V. O'Shea, professor of education at the University of Wisconsin; fully illustrated by H. P. Barnes and C. M. Howard. Large, clear type; cloth cover 20 cents, or in paper cover 10 cents. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

**THE ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES:** By Charles Lamb, edited by W. P. Trent, professor of English literature at Columbia College. No more stirring and fascinating story could be placed in the hands of the young reader than the "Odyssey" of Homer. The wanderings during ten years of the kingly son of Laertes, which began almost immediately on the sailing of himself and his followers from Troy for their Ithacan home, the ill-fortune which met them almost continually on their journey, are told in a manner which will attract and captivate the attention of any boy, and will rouse in him the desire to know more of the works of one of the greatest, as well as the oldest of story-tellers and poets. The map which shows the wanderings of Ulysses and the illustrations throughout the book, by C. E. Atwood, as well as the index explaining the names of persons and places visited will be found of great value. The book is one of The Young Reader's Series of Heath's Home and School Classics. 120 pages on good paper, in large type. Cloth cover, 25 cents; paper, 15 cents. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

**THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN:** Condensed from Motley's "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," edited with introduction and notes by William Elliot Griffis, L. H. D., with 19 illustrations and a map. This is another of The Young Readers' Series of

Home and School Classics gotten out by D. C. Heath & Co., and, perhaps, to the patriotic American boy one of the most interesting, telling as it does of a country battling and struggling for the same great cause of liberty and freedom of conscience as his own. The heroic struggles of the brave Hollanders were an inspiration to the American colonists, and Benjamin Franklin acknowledges the power and force of their example when he says: "In love of liberty and bravery in the defense of it, she (Holland) has been our great example." This story will have a deeper interest for every American boy as he reads of the helpful assistance both in men and money which the Dutch gave to further the efforts toward American freedom. 80 pages. Bound in cloth, 20 cents; paper cover, 10 cents. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

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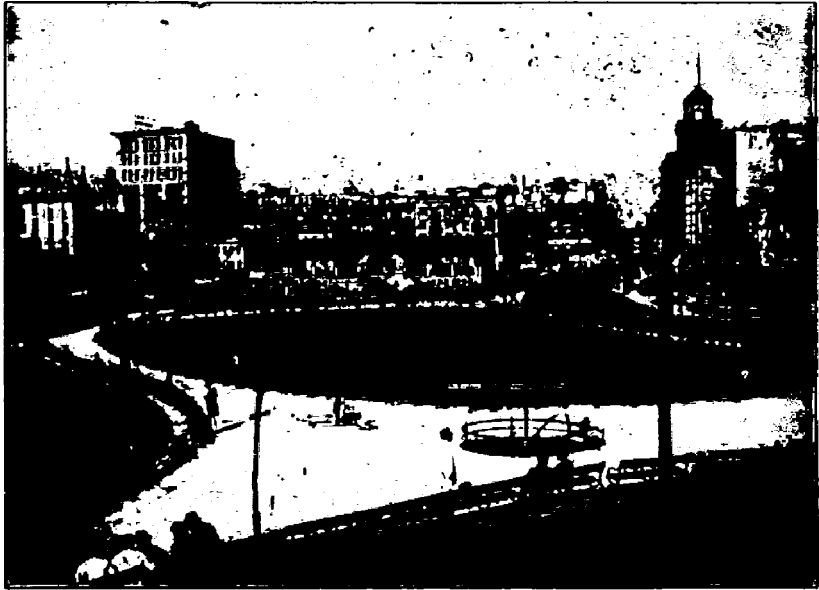
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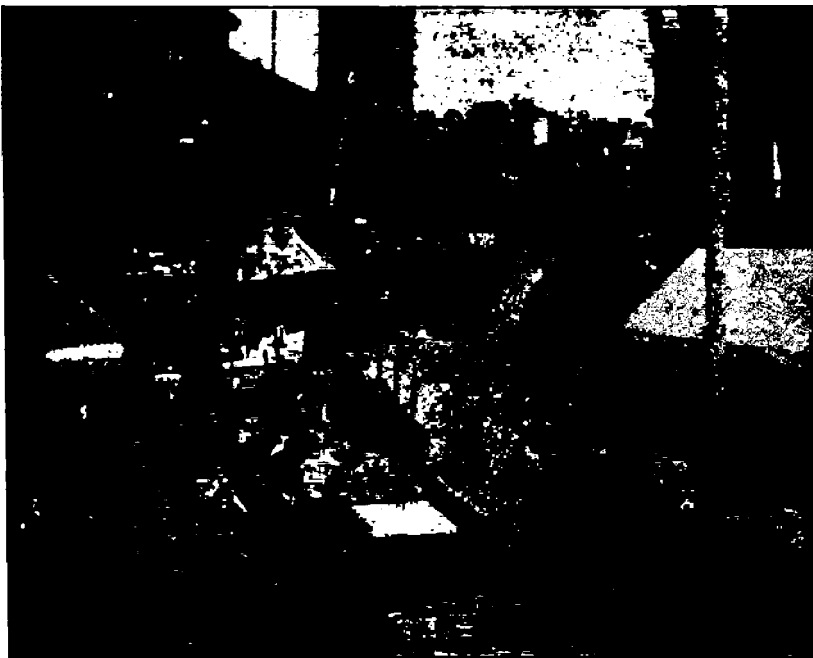


MULBERRY BEND AS IT IS.  
FROM "THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN."

**THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN:** By Jacob A. Riis, with numerous illustrations. This is the autobiography of a fighter, and as we lay the book down we mentally give thanks for such an American. Jacob A. Riis, the young Danish carpenter, had to contend with difficulties enough to defeat and hopelessly discourage any ordinary man, but the old Viking spirit of his ancestors came uppermost, and with indomitable courage and hopefulness that neither poverty nor hunger (and he had more than his share of both) could quench, he finally triumphed. Verily, "his love that makes the world go round," and the sadness and pathos, the poverty and misery of these first years in America might have overwhelmed even Jacob A. Riis. If it had not been for the thought of Elizabeth and the old home at Ribe. But he found his place, Mulberry street, the tenements, Five Points and Mulberry Bend had waited for such a man, and the grand work which he did for the poor, the miserable and the fallen, for the boys and girls who, mainly through his efforts, are to-day enjoying their play grounds and their games, instead of being penned up in the close, foul, stifling alleys and tenement halls, are simply the results of his own hard experiences and the determination to be of some benefit to his race. Mr. Riis had to fight, with voice and pen, against powers in high places, and even against those he wished to benefit; at times the struggle was sore, and he was hard-pressed, but ever and anon, there came the gleam of hope into his soul, and with renewed strength he again plunged into the battle. It is a book which has stirred us, and we believe will stir all who read it, and we trust there may be many thousands. If we were called upon to provide a motto for the banner of Jacob A. Riis we should say that his work has been accomplished with "The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Chief among the characteristics of the book are the writer's modesty and his appreciation of the services of those men and women who helped him in the struggle. It is a grand book—grand in the simplicity of its language, and in the majesty of its record, and we recommend it to every boy and every man who has in him love of country and civic pride. 443 pages; good paper; gilt-edged, clear, large type; handsome cloth cover; \$2.00 net. The MacMillan Co., New York.

they become alive on the printed page. The beautiful pictures which illustrate and interpret the meaning of the stories and songs of the "Big Man" serve to enhance the value of the volume, which is sure to fascinate and delight its readers, both old and young. 315 pages, 12 mo. Cloth cover, beautifully ornamented. \$1.00. Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia.

**FOLLY IN FAIRYLAND:** By Carolyn Wells. It may be that when we "grown-ups" were children we were just a wee bit doubtful regarding the reality of "Simple Simon," "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Cinderella," "The Little Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe" and others of the immortal charac-



MULBERRY BEND AS IT WAS.  
FROM "THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN."





Leland Hendricks Roy Norcross Walter Simmons

The following verses were written by Leland G. Hendricks, Salem, Ore., age ten. He has been writing verses since he was seven. His father is the editor of a Salem paper and the boy "holds copy" for it. Leland says THE AMERICAN BOY is the best boys' paper in the world:

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

By Leland Hendricks.

I.

Once, upon this earth of ours, In a manger filled with hay, A little baby boy was born That first glad Christmas day.

II.

The angels did sweet carols sing, And, as the shepherds listened They came unto the manger bed, And to the Christ child hastened.

III.

The wise men on their camels came, Each one a present brought; And journeyed far to Bethlehem And there the Saviour sought.

IV.

And so, on Christmas, we give gifts, Just as the wise men then, When the angels so sweetly sang: "Peace be unto all men."

Roy M. Norcross, Monmouth, Ill., fourteen years old, prints a little paper called "Ravelins." It is a monthly, fourteen by twelve inches, four pages, printed with pen and ink. He is saving up his money to buy a press. He also has a collection of stamps valued at twenty five dollars, embracing some six hundred different varieties.

Walter Eben Simmons, of Erie, Colorado, is the youngest member of his class, and consequently is compelled to take a great many jokes from the other boys in his grade. They appear to be somewhat jealous of him. They seemed especially angry at Walter because the teacher told them that Walter was the best in the arithmetic class. He not only takes all the studies in the eighth grade, but also recites with the ninth, in algebra. He is small of his age, and looks especially so among the ninth graders. He was in the seventh grade for two years, his parents thinking him too young to go into the eighth. He was born in India and came to this country with his parents when he was one year old. He is a great reader, but loves histories and "true stories" of birds and animals. He thinks there is no other paper half so good as THE AMERICAN BOY.

Joe Boyd, Jr., age twelve, and D. G. Boyd, age nine, of Dayton, O., are young violinists who for several years have been delighting many persons with their music. Both are enthusiastic readers of THE AMERICAN BOY. On Nov. 4 last they played at an entertainment THE AMERICAN BOY March, which was published in our July number. It was so well received that they were asked to repeat it at another entertainment given the same week.

There are 7,000,000 cats in Great Britain.

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BOYS IN THE HOME, CHURCH AND SCHOOL

Don't allow a social obligation to interfere with a business engagement.

No one can follow exactly in the footsteps of another. He must work out his own destiny.

The successful fellow is he who takes things as he finds them and makes the most of what he finds.

Never make a boy think he is stupid. When a boy once gets a confirmed belief in his own stupidity all self-effort ceases. Encourage the dull boy.

Integrity and industry are the best possessions that any boy can have, and every boy can have them.

Better be able to shovel sand well than be a blundering doctor, a pettifoggling lawyer, or an unsuccessful preacher.

There is danger in driving with a loose rein. This is true not only of driving horses, but of other things as well—our tempers, our tongues and our appetites.

Congressman Sulzer, of New York City, is quoted as saying that any man who makes up his mind to succeed and devotes all his energies to that purpose, will succeed, nine times out of ten.

Every employe should study the welfare of his employer, and in so far as he can master in detail every intricacy of the work or business. No man can be too proficient in his labor. This is essentially a day of experts.

William McKinley attained to eminence by no accident of fortune. Strict attention to duty, untiring study of all public questions, and conscientious devotion to the interests of the people were the elements that made his success.

Calvert L. Young, Vineland, Cal., age sixteen, suggests that the boys of America form an Anti-Anarchist Association, whose purpose it should be to put down anarchy and suppress the "vile mouthings and publications of the anarchists."

A physician knows often by one look at his patient what his trouble is. It does not take a practiced eye to see that a young man who is profane, has rough manners, looks untidy, slouchy and seedy, hangs around street corners, and sits in a store and tells questionable stories, is marked for failure. His disease is plain. The symptoms are so marked that there can be no mistake.

Salle E. Beck, Librarian Boys' Reading Room, Boston, Mass., renews the library's subscription for THE AMERICAN BOY and says: "We have Irish, Italian and Hebrew boys here, mostly American born, and they all take much interest in THE AMERICAN BOY. I feel that just such a paper was needed to give our boys who must earn their living an idea of what boys can do to earn money as well as occupy their time."

"My Dear Boy."

Here is something that a mother wrote to her boy, in answer to a letter in which he complained of her addressing him as "My dear boy." He thought he was too big to be called a boy:

"You might grow to be as big as Gollath, as strong as Samson, and as wise as Solomon; you might become ruler of a nation, or emperor of many nations, and the world might revere you and fear you, but to your devoted mother you would always appear, in memory, in your innocent, unpretentious, unself-concerned unpampered babyhood. In those days when I washed and dressed and kissed and worshiped you, you were my idol. Nowadays you are becoming part of a gross world by contact with it, and I cannot bow down to you and worship you, but if manhood and maternal love are transmitted to you, you will understand that the highest compliment that mother-love can pay you is to call you 'my dear boy.'"

HOME INDUSTRIES FOR BOYS

4. Bees and Flowers.

Nature seems to have intended that certain lines of farm work should go together, for one seems to supplement the other. The raising of honey bees is a work that should always accompany flower cultivation on a large scale, because flowers furnish the food which bees need to make their honey. The work in the flower garden and among the bees can all be so arranged that they will never conflict. One of the secrets of success in farming is to combine industries which do not all crowd their work into one short season.

Bee keeping can be made profitable, and is an industry that is peculiarly fitted to the young. A boy may start in with two or three hives, and, as he develops aptitude in handling them, increase the number.

Modern bee keeping is very different from the old-fashioned, haphazard methods, and the amateur requires a little capital to start with. He needs modern wooden hives, with their movable frames, and comb holders, as well as honey extractors, and fine colonies of Italian bees. A capital of twenty five dollars should be sufficient to provide a boy with most of the necessary implements for bee keeping, and additions to the outfit can be purchased from the money obtained from the sale of honey. There is more money made to-day in extracted honey than in selling comb honey. The patent comb extractor takes the honey from the comb, and then the bees proceed to fill up the combs again with new nectar. In this way bees produce two or three times as much honey in a season as when they had to build new combs for the season's crop.

Bees need a good supply of food if they are expected to yield much honey. It must be supplied artificially in winter in the shape of sugar and water or syrups prepared specially. In summer the food should be supplied in the shape of plant crops. Buckwheat blossom, clove, bass wood and flowers furnish most of the nectar for the bees. Some one of these crops should be planted for the bees, where they are raised on a large scale.

Flowers seem to be the most natural thing for the young amateur to plant, for bees, because he can count on a profit from this crop. There are several ways of finding a market for the products of the flower garden. There is first, the sale of cut flowers. This is not large in summer when

flowers are plentiful, but if one raises special varieties of very choice flowers he can generally find customers. One of the best ways is to agree to furnish customers with cut flowers every week for a stated sum. The second way of making a profit from the garden is to raise the plants for their seeds. If one is successful in raising choice flowers, he will not have much difficulty in finding customers near at home who will take seeds from him every year. People prefer to get their flower seeds from gardens where they can see for themselves that they have life and vitality, so many stale flower seeds are sold that many people are afraid to risk buying from any except the most reliable firms. The third way of making money from the flower garden is to raise very early, very late, and winter flowers. This can all be done with a little forcing house or cold frames. Any boy with a little ingenuity can construct something of the kind near the house, and be enabled to start seeds in the middle of winter or protect his late flowering plants in the fall. There is always a demand for cut and potted flowers out of season, and the prices are double and quadruple at such times. It is always better to make a specialty of one kind of flower, and study the needs and requirements of that until you understand it perfectly. If it is winter violets that you select, make it a point to raise the finest violets in the market, and then ship them to reliable dealers or customers. Study one flower until perfection is reached; then it becomes an easy matter to excel.

Indirectly the flowers supply another profit to the amateur, through the bees that feed on them. It is impossible to say how much profit this represents. Honey is a common luxury to-day, and as its healthfulness is more and more appreciated, demand for it becomes more general. Thousands of tons of it are raised annually in this country, and the consumption still keeps ahead of the supply. Enormous quantities are exported to Europe every year. California reaps a harvest of over a hundred thousand dollars a year from its honey crop, and this can be counted almost as total gain, for the fruit and flower crops furnish the bees with all their food. The amateur who raises bees and flowers is thus in a fair way to make a study of conditions that will improve his mind, and at the same time yield him financial reward for his time and trouble.

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## Specimens of the Work of American Boy Amateur Photographers.

DESCRIPTION OF PICTURES BEGINNING AT THE LEFT IN TOP LINE.

Boy and Dog, by Wilfred L. Savary, Brooklyn, N. Y.; The Three Kittens, by John W. Evans, Mayville, Mo.; Mexican School Children, by L. Brodstone, Superior, Neb.; American Boy Rough Riders, by Neil Mallison, Mountain Home, Ida.; "Rocky Mountain Canaries," Two Young Women About to Start up Cheyenne Canyon in Manitou, Col., by J. S. Davis, Des Moines, Ia.; Fort Ticonderoga as it is Seen To-Day, by James Hooper, Ticonderoga, N. Y.; The Baby Carpenter, by J. Clifford Burnett, St. John, N. B.

### Two Wonderful Young Men.

Everyone has heard of Josef Hofmann, the wonderful boy pianist. He has just been making a triumphant tour of Sweden. When he first appeared before the public he was a frail child, whose face glowed with spiritual beauty, winning him love and admiration. His success in our own country has been phenomenal.



JOSEF HOFMANN.

JAN KUBELIK

Jan Kubelik, the young violinist who has been having all London at his feet, will soon appear in America. Mr. Daniel Frohman, Kubelik's manager, had to pay \$100,000 as the price of a four or five months' tour in this country. The young man is the son of a Bohemian market gardener. At twelve years of age the boy was put to work under an instructor at Prague. He soon developed remarkable technique. He is only twenty years old and is described as having a most interesting face—soft dark eyes that are wonderfully expressive. He will probably repeat the successes of Paderewski.



B. Albert Root, Mt. Joy, Pa., eighteen years old, has attended school nearly eleven years without missing a day. He will graduate from the High School at the end of the current term and expects to keep up his clean record to the end.

## BOYS AND ANIMALS

Among long-lived animals the fish should take a foremost place, the greatest age ever attained being six hundred years. Carp will live about five hundred years, and gold fish are known to have lived over one hundred years.

From Denver, Col., to Grafton, W. Va., a distance of thirteen hundred and twenty four miles, in thirty days, was the record-breaking flight of the champion homing pigeon, "Denver."

The champion animal athlete is undoubtedly the kangaroo, it having been known to jump a height of eleven feet. It can also outrun a horse and can clear thirty feet in a running jump. Nine feet six inches is the best record of a deer's high jump.

### An Ostrich Beats the Pacing Record.

Oliver W. is the name of an ostrich which spends its summers at Saratoga and its winters in Florida, and has the distinction of being one of the very few ostriches of the country broken to harness. It is ten feet high and weighs over three hundred pounds, and makes a mile in 2:02, equalling the time of "Crescens" and "The Abbott," the two fastest horses.

### The Chipmunk and His Toilet.

The chipmunk is industrious in all weathers, except the very rainy, although he is rather shy on a very windy day.

The rustling and waving branches make him wary. He eats sitting on his haunches and holding his food in his forepaws.

He drinks by lapping like a dog. He is very neat about his person, combing out his fur and his long tail with paws and teeth.

He washes his face by lapping his forepaws and then rubbing them both at the same time over his face with such speed that the eye can hardly follow his motions.

### How to Look for Birds.

ROBERT J. SIM.

1. Go alone and you'll see more, because you won't be talking, and you may listen to nothing but birds.
2. Go in the early morning or in the evening; birds rest at noon.
3. Wear old clothes and overshoes or boots, for then you may go everywhere.
4. Don't forget your field glasses, then the birds will be tamer.
5. Take a note-book and pencil so that you may write down your impressions on the spot. Your memory might fail you.
6. Make a list of all the birds you see and your next tramp will be more exciting.
7. When you see an unknown bird don't fail to see what shape its bill is. Bills differ more than noses. Sketch bill's; that's the only way to see.
8. To arouse a bird's curiosity, kiss your hand; the dullest bird will crane his neck.
9. Move slowly; quick movements excite things.
10. Keep off of dry twigs—they are noisy.
11. Go under low branches instead of brushing past them. A waving branch means wind; a jarred one means life—and every bird knows it.
12. If the mosquitoes will permit it, sit down somewhere and keep "perfectly" still for half an hour (to begin with); then you may see a bird before he sees you.
13. Think about what you see.
14. Don't feel discouraged after your walk if you don't see much. The walk was good for you.

### Mesmerizing a Rooster.

I knew a little boy who used to perform this trick very successfully. He had a bright young rooster, of which he was very fond, and which he often brought into the house.

He would hold the rooster on his lap, and with a piece of chalk draw lines from the tip of its bill to the back of its neck, pressing very lightly with the chalk.

At first the rooster would appear sleepy, and then would nod its head very drowsily, and finally to all appearances go fast asleep.

If put upon the floor the rooster would remain standing, but with its eyes fast closed. Then the little boy would bring a light near to the rooster's eyes, and it would stretch its neck and crow a great many times, as if the sun were just coming up, although its eyes were closed all the time.

Then this young mesmerist would lightly tap the rooster's bill and spurs with a lead pencil. The rooster would immediately ruffle his neck feathers, flap his wings, thrust his spurs and go through all the motions of a furious fight.

He would keep this up until stopped by being lifted from the floor and then set down again.

When the little boy would give the usual call which summoned the chickens to their meals the rooster would try his best to pick holes in the floor, thinking he was making a fine meal of corn. If a few pieces of grass were brushed against his face and some buttons dropped upon his toes he would scratch away at a great rate, as if doing his best to destroy a garden. Doesn't it seem surprising that a rooster should have such an imagination?

The rooster was awakened by stroking the feathers on the top of his head backward and then giving him a slight jolt and setting him upon his feet.

It is curious that the more he was mesmerized the easier it became, and the more things he would do. And it did not hurt him in the least. He grew so large and handsome that he was finally sold for a fancy price.—Quincy Optic.



### THE SECOND LESSON.

See the poor boy!  
He is romping with his pa.  
Why is pa so glum?  
Because it hurts pa to play thus  
with his boy.  
Why don't he stop, then?  
Because he thinks he is making  
a man out of his boy.  
Why, then, is the boy crying?  
Because he does not approve of  
compulsory education.

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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 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.



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.

## Companies of the Order of The American Boy Organized in 1901.

- DIVISION OF ALABAMA.**  
General Joe Wheeler Company, No. 1.  
Mobile Boys Company, No. 2.
- DIVISION OF ARKANSAS.**  
Prairie Creek Company, No. 1.
- DIVISION OF CALIFORNIA.**  
River View Company, No. 1.  
Bear State Company, No. 2.  
John C. Fremont Company, No. 3.  
John Brown Company, No. 4.  
Sonoma Boys Athletic Company, No. 5.
- DIVISION OF COLORADO.**  
Centennial Company, No. 1.  
Horace Greeley Company, No. 2.  
Thomas A. Edison Company, No. 3.
- DIVISION OF CONNECTICUT.**  
Israel Putnam Company, No. 1.
- DIVISION OF DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.**  
Theodore Roosevelt Company, No. 1.
- DIVISION OF GEORGIA.**  
Oglethorpe Company, No. 1.
- DIVISION OF IDAHO.**  
Marcus Whitman Company, No. 1.
- DIVISION OF ILLINOIS.**  
Shick-hack Company, No. 1.  
Conger Company, No. 2.  
Richard Yates, Sr., Company, No. 3.  
Shelby M. Cullom Company, No. 4.  
General P. S. Post Company, No. 5.  
U. S. Grant Company, No. 6.  
James B. McPherson Company, No. 7.  
Little Egypt Company, No. 8.  
General Sherman Company, No. 9.  
Colonel Cody Company, No. 10.
- DIVISION OF INDIANA.**  
Benjamin Harrison Company, No. 1.  
Fort Knox Company, No. 2.  
General Lawton Company, No. 3.
- DIVISION OF IOWA.**  
Atlantic Company, No. 1.  
Red Letter Company, No. 2.
- DIVISION OF KANSAS.**  
Jennie Wade Company, No. 1.  
Fred Funston Company, No. 2.
- DIVISION OF KENTUCKY.**  
Kentucky Prima Company, No. 1.  
The Athletic Club of Ashland, Ky., Company, No. 2.
- DIVISION OF MAINE.**  
Nelson Dingley Company, No. 1.  
James G. Blaine Company, No. 2.
- DIVISION OF MARYLAND.**  
Hagerstown Boys Company, No. 1.  
Winfield S. Schley Company, No. 2.
- DIVISION OF MASSACHUSETTS.**  
Myles Standish Company, No. 1.  
Roger Wolcott Company, No. 2.  
Winthrop Murray Crane Company, No. 4.  
Ethan Allen Company, No. 5.  
George D. Robinson Company, No. 6.
- DIVISION OF MICHIGAN.**  
Victoria Company, No. 1.  
George Washington Company, No. 2.  
Aaron T. Bliss Company, No. 3.  
Theodore Roosevelt Company, No. 4.  
Cadillac Company, No. 5.  
Edison Company of Caro, No. 6.  
Mayor Fay Company, No. 7.  
Wolverine Company, No. 8.  
Dearborn Company, No. 9.
- DIVISION OF MINNESOTA.**  
Little Crow Company, No. 1.  
Cushman K. Davis Company, No. 2.  
Remanche Company, No. 3.  
Chief Goodthunder Company, No. 4.
- DIVISION OF MISSISSIPPI.**  
Oliver Hazard Perry Company, No. 1.

- DIVISION OF MISSOURI.**  
Daniel Boone Company, No. 1.
- DIVISION OF MONTANA.**  
Lewis and Clark Company, No. 1.
- DIVISION OF NEBRASKA.**  
Stotsenberg Company, No. 1.  
Colonel Bratt Company, No. 2.  
Daniel Boone Company, No. 3.  
Old Glory Company, No. 4.  
Governor Saunders Company, No. 5.  
Buffalo Bill Company, No. 6.  
"Get There Ell" Company, No. 7.
- DIVISION OF NEW JERSEY.**  
George H. Marshall Company, No. 1.
- DIVISION OF NEW MEXICO.**  
Captain Jack Crawford Company, No. 1.  
Yellow Kids Company, No. 2.
- DIVISION OF NEW YORK.**  
Timothy Murphy Company, No. 1.  
Nathan Hale Company, No. 2.  
Excelsior Company, No. 3.  
Governor Roosevelt Company, No. 5.  
DeWitt Clinton Company, No. 6.  
Cuban Athletic Club Company, No. 7.  
The Buffaloes Company, No. 8.  
General Nelson A. Miles Company, No. 9.  
Eden Junior Volunteer Company, No. 10.  
William L. Marcy Company, No. 11.  
John Henry Ketcham Company, No. 12.  
Rutherford B. Hayes Company, No. 13.
- DIVISION OF NORTH DAKOTA.**  
Major Fraine Company, No. 1.  
Pontiac Company, No. 2.
- DIVISION OF OHIO.**  
James A. Garfield Company, No. 1.  
McKinley Company, No. 2.  
Prof. F. B. Willis Company, No. 3.  
Hayes Company, No. 4.  
Buckeye State Company, No. 5.  
John A. Bingham Company, No. 6.  
Heman Ely Company, No. 7.  
Columbian Company, No. 8.  
Simon Kenton Company, No. 9.  
Henry Morgan Coub Company, No. 10.  
Columbia Athletic Company, No. 11.
- DIVISION OF OREGON.**  
William C. Sprague Company, No. 1.
- DIVISION OF PENNSYLVANIA.**  
Stephen Girard Company, No. 1.  
Benjamin Franklin Company, No. 2.  
Andrew Carnegie Company, No. 3.  
William Penn Company, No. 4.  
J. Murray Clark Company, No. 5.  
Eagle Athletic Company, No. 6.  
David Wilnot Company, No. 7.
- DIVISION OF TEXAS.**  
Lone Star Company, No. 1.  
General Sam Houston Company, No. 2.
- DIVISION OF UTAH.**  
Salt Lake Company, No. 1.  
Sprague Company, No. 2.
- DIVISION OF WASHINGTON.**  
Marcus Whitman Company, No. 1.  
Ensign John R. Monaghan Company, No. 2.  
Mountain Home Company, No. 3.
- DIVISION OF WEST VIRGINIA.**  
Hebron Athletic Company, No. 1.
- DIVISION OF WISCONSIN.**  
"Old Abe" Company, No. 2.  
Badger Company, No. 3.  
Lieutenant William B. Cushing Company, No. 4.  
James Duane Doty Company, No. 5.  
Lake Shore Company, No. 6.
- DIVISION OF CANADA.**  
Toronto Company, No. 1.  
Agincoort Company, No. 2.

## Athletic Championships of the Order of The American Boy for 1901.

- Standing Broad Jump Senior Champion—J. Carroll Knode, Hebron, Neb.
- Standing Broad Jump Junior Champion—Minor Wasson, Hebron, Neb.
- Running Broad Jump Senior Champion—J. Carroll Knode, Hebron, Neb.
- Running Broad Jump Junior Champion—Minor Wasson, Hebron, Neb.
- Swimming Champion—Frank C. Coolbaugh, Macedonia, Pa.
- Running Hop, Step and Jump Senior Champion—Rudolph L. Marshall, Trenton, N. J.

Running Hop, Step and Jump Junior Champion—Oscar Everett, Trenton, N. J.  
Baseball Throwing Senior Champion—Bert Laird, Atlantic, Ia.  
Baseball Throwing Junior Champion—Minor Wasson, Hebron, Neb.  
Potato Racing Senior Champion—Rudolph L. Marshall, Trenton, N. J.  
Potato Racing Junior Champion—Harry L. Potts, Littleton, Col.

## New Companies Organized

Colonial Athletic Company, No. 11, Division of Ohio, Akron, O., Captain Stanley Smith.  
Theodore Roosevelt Company, No. 1, Division of District of Columbia, Washington, D. C., Captain, Richard B. Owen.  
Sonoma Boys' Athletic Company, No. 5, Division of California, Sonoma, Cal., Captain, Jack Gottenberg.  
Rutherford B. Hayes Company, No. 13, Division of New York, Hamburg, N. Y., Captain, Henry Ingersoll.  
Dearborn Company, No. 9, Division of Michigan, Dearborn, Mich., Captain, Charles Lathers.  
Chief Goodthunder Company, No. 4, Division of Minnesota, Redwood Falls, Minn., Captain, Paul Hitchcock.

## Company News.

Colonial Athletic Company, No. 11, Division of Ohio, Akron, O., holds its meetings every Saturday. The boys are fitting up a club room, and the Secretary writes us that they expect soon to add five new members to their list.  
Ensign John R. Monaghan Company, No. 2, Division of Washington, Trent, Wash., will have a light rifle contest on January 1, and will also hold a banquet on that date. This Company recently visited Mountain Home Company, No. 3, Foothill, Wash., and initiated several of its members.  
Prof. F. B. Willis Company, No. 3, Division of Ohio, Ada, O., held its election of officers recently, with the following result: Carl Bauman was elected Captain, Dwight Yoder, Secretary and Treasurer, and George Garrett, Librarian. This Company recently gave a very successful entertainment. They are taking up and discussing at their meetings the lives of famous men.  
Chief Goodthunder Company, No. 4, Division of Minnesota, Redwood Falls, Minn., held their first meeting the evening of December 3, at the home of the Librarian. The following officers were elected: Paul Hitchcock, Captain; Tom Warner, Secretary; Roland Lutze, Treasurer, and Forest King, Librarian. This Company will hold its meetings every Tuesday night and a fee of five cents will be charged at each meeting.  
John Brown Company, No. 4, Division of California, Saratoga, Cal., has secured three rooms, which have been fitted up as headquarters. One room is used as an assembly and reading room, another as a gymnasium, and the third has not yet been completed. The headquarters are suitable grounds for holding their Field Day contests and other sports.  
Horace Greeley Company, No. 2, Division of Colorado, Greeley, Colo., presented the following program at its last meeting:  
Recitation.  
Debate—Resolved, that Franklin did more for his country than Washington.  
Select Reading.  
Recitation—Speech of Patrick Henry before the Virginia House of Burgesses.  
The Captain promises us a picture of his Company soon.

## Degrees Conferred.

Degrees are conferred on the following boys: Carl T. Bauman, Ada, O., one degree for good work in behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY and the Order; David Neroll, Saratoga, Cal., one degree for good work in behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY and the Order; Ephraim Neroll, Saratoga, Cal., one degree for good work in behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY and the Order.

## Our Libraries Please the Boys.

Akron, O., Dec. 10, 1901.  
Sprague Publishing Co.,  
Detroit, Mich.  
Dear Sirs: We received Library No. 4 this afternoon and think the books are very nice.  
Yours for M. M. M.,  
PARK C. DAVISON.

## EVERY BOY

Should try to form a company of

## The Order of The American Boy

A NON-SECRET SOCIETY FOR BOYS

Encouraging Good Reading, Good Sport and Good Health

Write for Pamphlet

Publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY

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Girls can get this beautiful Life Size Doll absolutely Free for selling only four boxes of our Great Cold & Headache Tablets at 25 cents a box. Write to-day and we will send you 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's clothes. Dollie has an indestructible Head, Golden Hair, Rosy Cheeks, Brown Eyes, Kid Color Body, a Gold Plated Beauty Pin, Red Stockings, Black Shoes, and 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, NATIONAL MEDICINE CO., Doll Dept. 128 A, New Haven, Conn.

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A guaranteed Watch, for selling fifteen 10c packages of Elyod Sheet Blue. No money required, send for circular and Blue. Elyod Mfg. Co., New Haven, Ct.

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Introduce (sure cure for all kinds of Headache) we make the following unparalleled offer. We will **GIVE ANY Boy or Girl a Solid GOLD RING** to sell one doz on at 10c each. Send your name and P. O. address then we forward you one dozen Powders. You sell them and send us \$1.20 and we deliver you one Gold Ring a splendid Present. Don't miss this chance. G. E. DIX & CO., South Elm and McMillan, Cincinnati, O.

**TO ANY LITTLE GIRL**

who will send ten cents, in coin, to pay charges, together with the names and addresses of ten little girlfriends, we will send, postpaid, these three handsome presents (like cut). Address: UP-TO-DATE NOVELTY CO., NEW MILFORD, CONN.

**FREE GOLD WATCH**

This watch has American movement fully warranted to keep correct time. The case is Solid Filled, equal in appearance to a Gold Filled Watch warranted 20 years. We give it FREE to Boys and Girls or anyone for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Send your address and we will send the jewelry postpaid, when sold send us the \$2 and we will positively send you the watch and chain. ERIE MFG. CO., Dept. 41 Chicago

**Do You STAMMER**

Our 200-page book "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering," with full particulars regarding treatment, sent Free to any address. Enclose 5c to pay postage. Address: LEWIS SCHOOL, 22 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

**FREE AIR RIFLE**

This beautiful AIR RIFLE shoots B. B. shot nearly 1/4 mile; is safe, accurate, and reliable, just the gun for small game or target practice, sent all prepaid to any boy who will sell 18 of our beautiful scarf pins at 10 cents each, with which we trust you. Write to-day for the plan. NEW ENGLAND SUPPLY CO., Otis St., West Massfield, Mass.

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**Fighting Roosters Free**

to each child who sends 10c to cover cost of mailing we will present a pair of them with our toy cat. They have real feathers, and fight as savagely and as long as you wish. The Farge Man's Co., Dept. C, Ellwood City, Pa.

**VALENTINES**

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**A CART LOAD OF FUN** for only 10 cents. Funniest book published. A sure cure for those "little blue devils." Big novelty. Catalog FREE. E. FRANKSON CO., Baltimore, Md.





The Somerset (Pa.) Junior Marine Band, of which the citizens of Somerset are very proud. The average age of the players is sixteen years.

THE BOY'S POULTRY YARD

Success With Poultry.

Shelburne, Mass., March 11, 1901. Dear Sirs—I think I will write you a short letter about the luck I had last year with my brood of chickens. I bought a dozen Plymouth Rocks' eggs and paid for them out of my own pocket. I set them and hatched nine chickens. There were four hens and five roosters. They were very smart and grew well until they were quite old, when one of the hens and one of the roosters were taken sick and died. I kept them growing until they were large enough to sell. I picked out the best one and the three pullets and sold the three roosters and got three dollars. Now I have three nice looking pullets and a rooster with a tail too large for his body. Everybody that looks at him says that he is a good looking rooster, but his tail is too large. I like THE AMERICAN BOY very much and will try to get subscribers. Your friend, Robert L. Williams.

Florin, Pa.

Mr. Editor—I have been a reader of THE AMERICAN BOY from the beginning and I am deeply interested. While I read the page under the heading of "The Poultry Yard," I decided to let the boys hear something about my luck in pigeon raising. I started with two pairs of pigeons, which I bought from a boy of our town. I kept these closed in with wire netting, as I knew they would leave if I would let them free. The second week both pair hatched, and in about six months my flock increased to fifteen. Then I let them out and gave them their freedom. They soon built nests about the barn and they have been doing finely ever since. I sell the squabs as soon as they are old enough, and they supply me quite a bit of cash. Your truly, Walter B. Nissley.

H. C. Limbach, Waco, O., says: We have thirty two hens and two cocks, and we get from fifteen to twenty four eggs every day. Fred Summa, 5208 Dresden Alley, Pittsburg, Pa., would like to know what is good for the gapes, and also what will cure lice on chickens. R. G. Packard, 25 Lincoln Avenue, Denver, Colo., would like to know what will stop chickens from eating their eggs, and also a good way to make hens set.

Notes.

- Never risk setting pullets on valuable eggs. Use insect powder freely around setting hens. Spade your poultry yards every now and then and keep them pure. Don't give food to young chicks until they are thirty six hours old. From now until spring from four to five dozen eggs will sell for one dollar. Don't feed grain in a trough. Make the chickens hunt and scratch for it. Give the hen a fair chance and she will pay 100 per cent on the investment. When you suspect lice, put insect powder and tobacco dust in the nests. Clean them out every week. Sometimes red lice will be found under the wings. Use a few drops of lard. Whatever business a boy goes into he should acquaint himself with all its details and the most practical way of managing it. This applies to the poultry business as well as any other. When building a poultry house have everything that is to go into it movable. The nests and roosts should never be fastened to the walls, but so arranged as to permit of their being taken out and cleaned. Don't think because the hen appears hungry that she is really so. Chickens will often appear hungry because accustomed to being fed often. They get into the habit of receiving their food instead of seeking for it. Gapes is one of the most common diseases with chicks. Take a small feather, take off everything but the tip, which wet with a preparation made of one ounce of glycerine and twenty drops of carbolic acid. Twist it quickly in the windpipe, withdraw it, and then repeat the operation. Now is a good time to commence poultry keeping. Buy ten or fifteen birds from some reliable breeder after making ready for them. You must have a house that is warm and light, and if it is made close and tight some way should be provided for ventilating it. It is well to raise the floor a foot or eighteen inches from the ground. This will insure its being dry, and it will give a place underneath for the fowls to run in winter. There is considerable difference of opinion as to how much it costs to keep a hen. The cost depends upon the hen's ability to forage. It is a saving and clear gain to convert refuse into eggs and meat. The cost of keeping a hen has been variously estimated at from fifty cents to one dollar and fifty cents a year. It costs more in the Northern states than in the Southern states. It costs more if the hens are confined than if they are allowed to run.

Stories by President Schwab.

Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel Corporation, tells the following stories:

"I knew an old man in Pennsylvania once, the head of a great manufacturing concern, who went to his foreman and asked him to recommend one of the boys there for a superior position which was vacant. The foreman said that all the boys were good. 'But there must be one better than the other,' said the employer. 'It is now five o'clock, quitting time. Tell all the boys to work until six o'clock.'

"The ten boys went to work willingly enough, but as the clock pointed near six, nine of the boys began to cast glances at it. The tenth boy was too busy to look at the clock, and he got the promotion. That boy now controls an establishment working 30,000 men.

"Eighteen years ago there was a fifteen year old boy employed in carrying drinking water to the men in a steel works. He did his work so well, however, and always had such cool water and was so diligent in looking after the men's wants that he attracted the attention of the workmen. A little later an office boy was needed, and this boy was remembered and rewarded with the job. There he pursued the same policy, and in five years a Superintendent's assistant was needed. He was given the place. A little later he became manager, then Superintendent, and now he is the President of the Carnegie Steel Company, employing 60,000 men. That water boy is now President Cory.

"I know of another fifteen year old boy who was in a manual training school established by me at Homestead, Penn., fifteen years ago. One night after all the other boys had left one of the officials found him experimenting with an electric machine. He gave all his spare time to this machine, and his perseverance attracted the attention of his teachers, and he was given an opportunity to go into the works with which the school was connected. There he pursued the same policy of concentration. He became in time assistant manager.

"A few months ago I went to the works and calling all the heads of the works together I unfolded a great project and asked who was the man to be intrusted with it. To a man they all pointed to this former boy in the training school, and he was intrusted with the place, and is now making a name for himself by doing what he had to do a little better than the others. This man is A. L. Dinkey, now General Superintendent of the Homestead Steel Works."

He Worked the Ditto.

Tommy was much interested in hearing for the first time in his language lesson the other day about a pair of little dots that the teacher said meant "ditto." How his soul, a curious mixture of laziness and thrift, thrilled at learning that if he were to write "a cat" or "five boys" or "ten dollars" on one line and wanted to repeat the same words or figures on the next line all he had to do, instead of writing the words in full, was to put the ditto marks, and everybody would know it was "a cat" or "five boys" or "ten dollars," as the case might be, that was meant. Some time after this Tommy, while away on a visit, had occasion to write home. He simplified the hated task by turning his latest knowledge to account.

The letter looked like a literary polka dot. "Dear Father," it began. "I hope you are well. " " "mother is " " "sister " " " "Dick " " "grandma " " wish you were here. " " "mother was " " "sister " " " "Dick " " "grandma " " " you would send me some money. " "Your affectionate son. TOM."

Where Pa Quit.

"Pa?" "Yes." "I've been reading in that book you gave me for a Christmas present about some strange things. It seems that man cannot create something out of nothing." "Yes; that's true. Men may take ore and make iron out of it, or sand and convert it into glass, or wood and make paper out of it, but it is not within the range of human possibilities to make even so much as a pinhead out of nothing. There must always be the original element to use as a basis." "And it says that men cannot remove from this earth anything that is found upon it, no matter how many times they may transform it from one thing to another." "That also is an everlasting truth. Everything comes from the earth in the beginning and returns to the earth in the end. The tree that is converted into paper came out of the earth, and finally it finds its way back into the earth either as ashes or decaying matter. Not so much as a grain of salt can be removed or absolutely obliterated by man. Everything that man uses returns in one form or another to the original element from which it was produced." "Pa?" "Yes." "What becomes of the light when you blow it out?" "Oh, don't bother me any more! This is the third time I've tried to read this article! Now, I don't want to be interrupted again."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Nuts to Crack.

Here is a list of questions for the wide-awake boy. Can you answer all of them? You can see any day a white horse, but did you ever see a white colt? How many different kinds of trees grow in your neighborhood, and what are they good for? Why does a horse eat grass backward and a cow forward? Why does a hop vine wind one way and a bean vine the other? Where should a chimney be the larger, at the top or bottom, and why? Can you tell why a horse when tethered with a rope, always unravels it, while a cow always twists it into a kinky knot? How old must a grape vine be before it begins to bear? Can you tell why leaves turn upside down just before a rain? What wood will bear the greatest weight before breaking?—Ex.

One on His Father.

The twelve year old son of a Van Buren street fond parent recently became the proud possessor of some guinea pigs. A day or two after the same were safely corralled in a cage he went about bragging of his new acquisition among his playmates. Now, it seems these youngsters knew of a "sell" in which guinea pigs play a prominent part. They started to "hook" the youngster and caught him fast and hard. He felt so bad about it that he started in turn to "sell" some one else. His father was the victim. "Did you know, papa, that if you hold a guinea pig by the tail its eyes will drop out?" His father laughed outright. "Why, who in wonder told you such stuff, Louis?" "The boys all say that," answered Louis, sober as a judge, "and it's so, yes, sir." "Oh, nonsense," said his father, still laughing. "Well, you go to the cage and hold one up and you'll see." Just to humor the boy the father went out. In a moment he came back looking well, looking just like a man that's been badly sold. "The little rascal got me that time," he replied to a friend. "But I don't see the point," said the friend. "Don't you?" "No." "Well, guinea pigs have no tails."—Toupeka Capital.

Where the location is suitable, geese can be made as profitable as any fowls on the farm. They require little feed in the spring, but should be given corn in winter. Toulouse goslings are the largest and can be easily raised. At four weeks old they may be turned into a field without further housing or shelter. A pair of Toulouse geese will turn off at least a dollar's worth of feathers in a year, which more than balances their feed. The goose will lay thirty eggs. From these at least ten goslings should be raised, which will weigh about 15 or 20 pounds by Christmas, and the market price will range from five to ten cents apound.

There is no kind of stock that can be housed as cheaply as can poultry. A comfortable poultry house can be made out of refuse boards. It can be simply a square box covered on the outside with cheap building paper held in place with plaster laths nailed up and down about six inches apart. A house eight by twenty feet could be made for less than ten dollars. Instead of glass for a window stout muslin can be used. Such a house was built in the spring by two boys and used until winter. Then the boys tacked newspapers up all over the inside, putting on several thicknesses and tacking them so as to make a complete covering over sides and top. The fowls were kept in this house for two years and were never touched by the frost.

Everybody recognizes the fact that a boy should early give his attention to some kind of money making so as to give him a feeling of responsibility. Nothing can more test the boy's energies and abilities than poultry raising. It calls for the exercise of both mental and physical powers. It is not routine work. Then, too, it is a profitable employment, requiring no great outlay of money. It does not require late hours, nor does it tend to bad company. It is a safe recreation and often develops from recreation into a business. It offers something definite as an object to work for. The boy soon comes to have a desire to excel—to get the best results. He wants to produce better birds and more eggs than his competitors. He finds that Nature is erratic in her modes, and it is no easy matter for him to learn her secrets. Defeat that often comes arouses his fighting blood and makes him determined to succeed, with every faculty awake. It is outdoor work, and for a boy who is inclined too much to sit and drone over a book the work is beneficial. It fosters a love for animals, and contains few unpleasant features.

200 Egg Incubator For \$12.80. The simplest, most perfect incubator made in the world. This is a new one at a remarkably low price. It is an enlargement of the famous WOODEN HEN and made as thoroughly good as any incubator on the market. It will hatch every fertile egg put to it, and stand up to regular usage as well as the most costly. Write for free catalogue. GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Ill. [Image of incubator]

CYPHERS INCUBATOR, World's Standard Hatcher. Used on 26 Gov. Experiment Stations in U. S., Canada, Australia and New Zealand; also by America's leading poultrymen and thousands of others. Gold medal and highest award at Pan-American, Oct. 1901. 25-page circular free. Complete catalogue, 254 pages, 8x11 in., mailed for 10c. Ask nearest office for book No. 140. CYPHERS INCUBATOR COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Boston, Mass., New York, N. Y.

A MILLION TESTIMONIALS COVETRE 30 DAYS TRIAL WILL. Our 50 egg compartment hatcher have advantages over all other incubators. Bantams at \$5, \$6, \$8 and \$15 for 50, 100 and 200 egg sizes. Hatch every good egg. Send 2 cents for No. 19 catalogue. BUCKEYE INCUBATOR CO., Springfield, Ohio. [Image of incubator]

SEE THE 1902 NOXALL. It has all the latest improvements 300 Egg incubator and brooder combined, \$15.00. See for catalogue. Free list and circular free. NOXALL INCUBATOR CO., QUINCY, ILL. [Image of incubator]

DON'T SET HENS the same old way when our new plan saves 10 to 15c. 100 Egg Hatcher (costs only \$2.00) over 94,000 in use. 1000th cent's. 5000 eggs raised by 1000, richer sex. Pleasant work. Big profits. Catalogue and 100 Egg Formula FREE if you write today. National Hen Incubator Co., 2104, Columbus, Neb.

POULTRY PAPER, Month's, 30 pages, 25 cents per year. 4 months' trial 10 cents. Sample Free. 64-page practical poultry book free to newly subscribers. Book 10c. Catalogue of poultry books free. Poultry Advocate, Syracuse, N. Y. [Image of hen]

5 INCUBATORS FREE 5000 size Self-regulating. Guaranteed for 2 years. Hatch every good egg. Send for catalogue No 19. Sell six and get one free. IRVING HATCHER CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

POULTRYMEN FREE TO ALL the new edition of our immense catalogue, telling all about the famous Puritan Chick Feed. A mine of information; issued by the world's greatest poultry plant. The Puritan Poultry Farms, Box 257B, Stamford, Ct.

MINORCAS, HANDSOMEST HENS LAY more and larger eggs than any others. Send for large catalogue. HOMOING PIGEONS. \$2.00 PER PAIR. G. NORTHUP, Box B., RACEVILLE, N. Y.



## FOR BOYS TO THINK ABOUT

### THE MISSION OF THE SPIDER.

The mission of the spider is to keep down the hordes of insects whose increase would threaten the life of mankind. A famous scientist has said that if spiders were protected and allowed to increase, the mosquito plague would be lessened.

### HEIGHT OF OCEAN WAVES.

Experiments at the Cape of Good Hope, where the highest waves of the ocean are said to be found, show that waves reach sometimes a height approximating forty five feet, a length of between five hundred and seven hundred feet, these succeeding one another at intervals varying from fifteen to seventeen seconds.

### HOW HIGH BIRDS FLY.

An eagle has been seen at a height of 3,000 yards, and a pair of storks and a buzzard 900 yards above the sea level. A hawk has been seen flying at the height of 1,000 yards, and crows at the height of 1,400 yards. Birds are hardly ever seen above a height of 1,000 yards, and even above 400 yards they are not frequent.

### TELEPHONES IN EUROPE.

Stockholm has probably the best telephone system of any town in the world. It numbers forty thousand instruments. Nearly every shop and private house possesses a telephone. Buda Pesth boasts of an excellent system which practically performs the functions of a newspaper. News is received at all hours of the day in the central office, and after being edited and condensed is repeated over the wires to some 7,000 subscribers at stated intervals during the day.

### HAVE ANIMALS SOULS?

There is a society in Paris for the investigation of souls of animals. They have discovered that lions are greedy, monkeys vain, and cats aesthetic. A tiger purred and smiled over a piece of wool dipped in lavender water, and a lion hit his consort on the side of the head when she approached his bottle of eau de cologne.

Animals are found to be subject to hypnotic influence. Lobsters can be hypnotized by standing them on their heads five or ten minutes.

### HOW HIGH CAN YOU CLIMB?

The highest point to which man has so far climbed is 23,333 feet, the height of the loftiest summit of the Andes. Mt. Everest is 29,002 feet high. The question is, could one climb that high? Some scientists think that it would be possible for a man to reach the summit of Mt. Everest without serious suffering, but one would have to make his journey very slowly. The trouble with most mountain climbers is that they ascend too rapidly, the system not having time to accustom itself to the action of the rarefied air.

### DUMMY CLOCKS.

If you will look at a dummy clock that is hung out as a sign before a jewelry store you will probably find that the hands are painted on the face of the clock to represent the time as 8:18—eighteen minutes after eight. You will be surprised to know, perhaps, that this time has been used by jewelers since the assassination of President Lincoln in 1865, that being the hour at which the assassination took place. Chicago jewelers are talking of changing the time on their dummy clocks to 3:55, the moment when President McKinley was shot. Some Chicago jewelers have already made the change.

### VENEZUELAN PEARLS.

When the Spanish discovered Venezuela they found the natives wearing pearls for ornaments. More than four hundred boats are now employed in the work of the pearl fisheries, each one paying about three dollars a year to the Venezuelan government. The pearls are of fine quality, usually white or yellow and rarely black. Only recently a white pearl valued at two thousand dollars was found. A French company has lately been formed to fish by means of divers who will take only the mature oyster shells, wherein the pearls are found, leaving the smaller ones so that the beds will not be exhausted. The annual output of these fisheries is about \$600,000, and it is said that most of the pearls are sold in Paris.

### HORSES IN THE UNITED STATES.

The United States has 13,500,000 horses valued at over \$600,000,000, and more than 2,000,000 mules besides valued at about \$115,000,000. Texas has the largest number of horses—1,125,000. Illinois and Iowa have about 1,000,000 each. The average price of horses in Rhode Island is ninety dollars; in Nevada about seventeen dollars. Sixty four thousand seven hundred and seventy two horses were exported in 1900. The cost of transportation across the Atlantic was about forty dollars a head. The British have purchased 40,000 horses for use in the Transvaal. Germany bought 6,000 for use in China, and Belgium has bought 1,500 cavalry horses at an average price of \$180. Horse flesh is exported to Norway, Sweden and Germany for food.

### MERCHANT FLEETS OF THE WORLD.

Great Britain has the largest number of merchant steamers. They number 7,740, followed by the United States with 2,631, of which only 341 are engaged in foreign commerce. Germany comes next with 1,150; France next with 507, followed by Norway and Russia in their order.

### A LONG BALLOON VOYAGE.

A daring aeronaut recently attempted to travel from France to Algeria in a balloon, but failed. The balloon remained in the air for forty two hours, which is the longest time on record. The voyage demonstrated that the course of a balloon over water may be changed to a direction at least 30 degrees different from that of the wind.

### NUMBER OF TELESCOPIC METEORS.

Doctor See, of the Naval Observatory at Washington, concludes from his observations of a small fraction of the whole surface of the heavens, that about 1,200,000,000 telescopic meteors appear in the whole sky daily, and that about 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 meteors bright enough to be visible to the naked eye come in contact with the earth's atmosphere and are consumed.

### PAPER THAT WILL NOT LAST.

It is said that a hundred years from now all newspapers and most magazines now printed will have rotted away. The books that are surest of preservation are those special editions printed on Japanese paper. Our descendants a hundred years from now will think that we had no newspapers and no magazines, or issued them in limited editions.

### THE WORLD'S LARGEST TELEPHONE SWITCH BOARD.

The largest telephone switch board in the world is at the Cortlandt Street Exchange, New York City, it being 256 feet long and having cost half a million dollars. There are 246 operators required to attend to the wants of 9,300 subscribers. There are attached to it 1,000 incoming trunk lines and 840 outgoing, and it provides for 470,000 connections.

### STRIKES IN ENGLAND.

The statistics of strikes of workmen in England for the year 1899 have just been published. There were 719 strikes in that year, involving a loss to the workmen and their employers of 2,516,416 days. Strikes diminished in number from 1894 to 1899, the former year having 929 and the latter 719. In 1899 the working population of England was about 8,330,000, so that not much over two per cent of the entire working population went on a strike during the year.

### THE ANCESTRY OF OUR PRESIDENTS.

All our presidents have come from British ancestry excepting two—Martin Van Buren and Theodore Roosevelt—who were of Dutch ancestry. Washington, the two Adamses, Madison, the two Harrisons, Tyler, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Lincoln, Johnson, Garfield and Cleveland were of English ancestry; Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Arthur and McKinley of Scotch-Irish; Monroe, Grant and Hayes of Scotch. Jefferson was of Welsh.

### ENGLAND BUYING AMERICAN WATCHES.

Some idea of the extent of the American watch industry may be gathered from the success of Robert H. Ingersoll and Brother, 67 Cortlandt street, New York City, N. Y., with their famous dollar watches. Some time last July this firm received an order for a million of their watches from an English firm. More recently they secured an order for two millions. This firm now turns out from its factory the enormous quantity of six thousand watches per day, aggregating over two millions a year, and giving employment to more than three thousand hands.

### THE LARGEST WHEEL IN THE WORLD.

The Calumet and Hecla Mining Company is to have the largest wheel in the world to carry away the refuse from one of its stamp mills on Lake Superior. It is what is known as a sand wheel, and is sixty five feet in diameter, having on the surface of its rim five hundred and fifty buckets, each measuring four feet six inches by three feet. As the wheel revolves each bucket scoops up its capacity of earth and refuse and then dumps it into a trough at the top of the wheel; hence it is carried away by the water in a sluiceway. The axle is twenty seven feet long, thirty two inches in diameter, with a twenty six inch hole through the center, and weighs 42,000 pounds.



### ADVISING THE YOUNG MAN

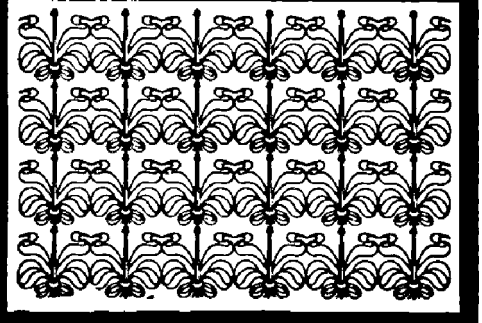
This is usually the most difficult problem to parents, ministers, professional men and others to whom young men come for advice. Each and every one has this question to solve from time to time, and is often at a loss what to do. It is a rule that "he who helps another to help himself, helps him best." We are in a position to answer this problem in this way. We would be pleased to correspond with parents and others and acquaint them with our plan to help a young man to help himself. Through the generosity of the founders of the school the Trustees are able to offer each year a few Free Scholarships in our Engineering courses to deserving, energetic and intelligent young men. The scholarships for 1902 are now available and applications will be considered from the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY. The course of study offers thorough instruction at home in Mechanical, Electrical, Stationary, Locomotive, Marine and Textile Engineering, as well as Heating, Ventilation, Plumbing and Mechanical Drawing under instructors who are graduates of the great technical schools. Much of the instruction is under regular teachers in the technical schools for which Boston is famous. Write to the registrar of the American School of Correspondence, Boston, Mass., for full information, large handbook describing courses, methods, etc.

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### HOW MANY AMERICAN BOYS?

There are 13,086,160 American boys between the ages of five and twenty in the United States of America, exclusive of Porto Rico and the Philippines. All but 600,437 of these are native born; 1,722,730 of these are negro boys, while 66,957 are Chinese, Japanese and Indians. The states having the largest number of American boys are, in their order, New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Texas and Missouri. There are 6,049 in Alaska, all but 266 of whom were born there. There are only ten colored boys in that far-away part of our country. There are 16,028 American boys in Hawaii, of whom 13,112 were born there. Fifty of them are negroes. The smallest number of American boys in any one of our states and territories is found in Nevada, where there are only 5,965.

### PLUCKING OSTRICH FEATHERS.

Many have wondered whether the ostrich felt pain during the plucking of his feathers. The process is both simple and painless. Over the head of the ostrich is placed a long bag with a breathing hole in one end. One man holds the bird while another cuts with shears the long feathers, only those of the wings and tail being taken. The short feathers, being ripe, are pulled out without pain, as they would soon drop in the course of nature. The stumps of those that are cut remain in until three weeks later. Sometimes the bird picks the stumps out herself. The feathers on the back and abdomen drop off. The feathers of the male bird are the more valuable.

### RUBIES.

There are three varieties of rubies—Oriental, Siamese, and the spinel. The first is the most beautiful of all colored gems and is becoming more and more rare. Weight for weight, it is valued ten to twenty-fold the price of diamonds. The best rubies come from Ceylon, India and China. The Siamese rubies are dark red. The spinel is less highly colored. The largest ruby is one of the crown jewels of Russia. The Shah of Persia has a ruby of 175 carats. Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden had one of the size of a small egg which became the property of the Czarina of Russia in 1677. In 1791 France had among its crown jewels eighty one oriental rubies.

**RELICS PREPAID** 1 doz. Arrows, 30c; Nice Stone Axe, 40c; Stone Celt, 50c; Large Spear, 25c up; U. S. Quarter Dollar, 75c, 100c date; 62 different stamps many rare, as Perak, Monaco, etc., 25c. Relic list for stamp. H. B. Mapel, Columbus Grove, O.

**MONEY** Genuine C. S. A. \$10 bill for 25c. Will give \$5 to anyone proving that they are counterfeit or reprints of confederates. **FRANK SHILLING, Dept. 4, NAVARRE, OHIO.**

Just Think! For 25c I prepay an Ancient Indian Collection, including Arrows, Spears, Pottery, etc., all neatly mounted. Relic list for stamp. H. B. Mapel, Columbus Grove, O.

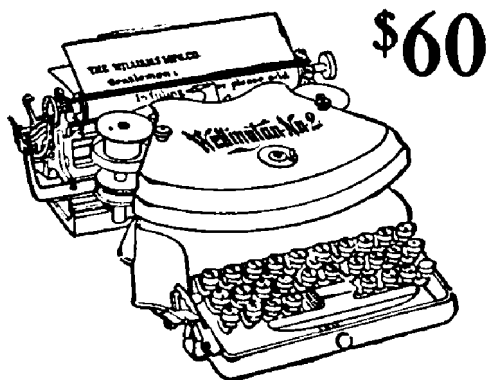
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THE HANDSOMEST CALENDAR FOR 1902 is yours for the asking FREE.

Size 11x14—Highly colored; a reproduction of the celebrated painting by the German Artist, A. Roseler, as herewith shown. Mailed to any address on receipt of 4 two-cent stamps to partially pay postage and packing—an ideal present. Ready December 15. Write now. John Carle & Sons, Dept. 188 Water St., New York City.



# The Wellington Typewriter



This is the machine that little Carl Gustafson uses and sells so satisfactorily (see this page.)

Other bright boys can do as well.

It is not a boy's Typewriter, understand, but the superior of any machine made, regardless of price, and it costs only **\$60**

Visible writing, absolutely permanent alignment, the most powerful manifolded made, and has all the good points of other machines, and lots of its own.

Circulars and terms upon application. You can address your letters to Carl Gustafson, and the little man will send you a personal reply, enclosing copy of his picture and history of his life, which may be an incentive for other bright boys.

THE WELLINGTON TYPEWRITER, 2336 Mass. Ave., Washington, D. C.

## A Business Opportunity FOR YOUNG MEN

Young men who are unemployed, or who are dissatisfied with their present employment can make money with our new Dark Chamber Vistascope and thousands of new Original Stereoscopic Photographs from all parts of America, Europe, China, Japan and the Philippines. Our leading views include many from Buffalo, Washington and Canton, connected with the late President McKinley. They are fast sellers. We offer a money making opportunity for earnest workers; a splendid chance for young men to earn money for college or other purposes, and for farmers' sons to make money during the winter months. Experience not necessary. Write at once for particulars. GRIFFITH & GRIFFITH, Dept. F. 2906 Diamond St., Philadelphia.

## A BOY Can make big profit in spare time, selling SAXIEL WATCH CALENDARS FOR 1902.

This Calendar is a great convenience in a watch. It can be instantly attached inside the front lid, and makes it show the days of the month as well as the hours and minutes. Right now, at the beginning of the new year, is the time to sell them rapidly, and the boys who get to work promptly will reap a harvest. Send six cents in stamps for samples and full particulars to agents, Geo. L. Barrett, 170 W. Columbia St., Springfield, Ohio

## THESE ARE THE BOOKS

to read to become well informed—that's what counts. Business Guide. A Manual of Facts, Forms, Methods and Laws for safe conduct of Business, 2c. Vest Pocket Argument-Settler. 1,000,000 proved Facts in Law, Medicine, History, Science, Statistics, etc., 2c. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. 30 other works in FREE catalogue. KENWOOD BOOK CO., 91 East 48th St., Chicago.

## WE WANT 50,000 BOYS AND GIRLS

To collect names of school children for us. For these names we pay 10c each, or \$7 per 100. Send 10c silver for instructions and start at once. Y. N. CO., (A. B.) PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Sample Copies of 150 Magazines and Newspapers, also hundreds of catalogues, samples, circulars, etc., etc. for a dime. Your name in our directory does the work. Address Bird Supply Co., Dept. 21, McKees Rocks, Pa.

## Free \$3.50 SHOES, WATCHES, and other goods

for our Coupon Book and full particulars. Morgan Shoe Co., Dept. 6, St. Louis, Mo.

XXX Fine White Envelopes neatly printed with your return card on the upper left-hand corner, postpaid, 50 for 20 cents, 100 for 30 cents. Price list of printing free. W. J. Howie, Printer, Beebe Plain, Vt.

WANTED BOYS AND GIRLS everywhere to copy letters at home, good pay, steady work, no canvassing. Address MANAGER, X 8, BOX 144, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

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# Boys as Money Makers and Money Savers



A REBUS, BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, "POOR RICHARD."

Fred Parker, Florence, N. J., fifteen years old, makes money as a hostler for his father, who keeps a hotel. He also carries dinners to the workmen at the foundry. He goes to the foundry every night and takes home from their work two old men who are employed there.

Will G. Halsey, Chicago, Ill., tells how he and some of his friends made some money for the poor. "We held a bazaar," he says, "for two nights and an afternoon, and made over twenty dollars, all of which we gave to poor families. Most of the things were donated and we paid nothing for rent. We were not over a week in getting it ready."

Roy E. Gear, Burghill, Ohio, says, I am ten years old and live on a farm. Last year I picked strawberries and sold them. We had quite a good yield and I made money enough to pay for my music lessons. I like music and can play some on the organ. I have a pony and I ride two miles to take my lesson twice a week. I have no brothers or sisters and I get pretty lonesome sometimes. I am going to ride to school, four miles, this winter in a wagon.

### A Young Money Maker.

Lloyd A. Edwards, Danville, Ill., says: "I am fifteen years old. I am city circulator of one of our city papers and have two other jobs, one attending a neighbor's furnace and the other carrying cordwood and coal. I get seventy five cents a week from each of these jobs and two dollars and fifty cents a week from my newspaper job—altogether four dollars a week. I have been interested in papers ever since I was eight years old, either carrying or selling them. I have bought two wheels in that time. The first was a wheel for my sister. I bought one about three months ago for use in my new work. I go to school and am in the second year of the high school. I take zoology, and am therefore much interested in your zoological department. I have a complete camera outfit. Last summer a chum of mine and myself made a dark room in our barn loft. We built a framework in one corner of the loft and covered it on the outside with old oilcloth and lined it inside with old shade cloth. We built a small cupboard and a shelf, and filled an old keg with water, fastening it to the ceiling and running a rubber hose from it to an old stew pan which we had painted and fixed up for a sink. We had a ruby window light, the whole being very simple and inexpensive."

LLOYD A. EDWARDS.

### Earns a Thousand Dollars a Year.

One of the pluckiest little business men in the country is Carl Gustafson, the son of Charles Gustafson, a fireman at the steel mill at Newcastle, Pa. Although but thirteen years of age and but four feet, four inches in height, this little fellow travels all over the country selling the Wellington Typewriter, drawing a salary of one thousand dollars a year. The boy has helped support his family since he was nine years old. At the age of twelve he was employed as a messenger boy by the Western Union Telegraph Company in Newcastle, but he has done other work, as lamp lighting, running elevators, driving wagons, selling papers, working in a paper box factory, cleaning out boilers, etc. He has a bank account with a savings bank in which he makes regular deposits of his earnings.



J. H. W. Marriott, Superintendent of agencies of the Wellington Typewriter Company, while in the Western Union Telegraph office in Newcastle, was attracted by Carl's bright face and learned upon inquiry something of his history. Learning that the boy had a fancy for machinery, Mr. Marriott took his machine apart and offered Carl twenty five cents if he could put it together again. He succeeded in doing it in less than ten minutes. Mr. Marriott then gave him an opportunity to canvass the city for the sale of the typewriters, and within an hour after he started out he had made sales of two typewriters. Then Mr. Marriott offered to take the boy with him on his travels. The

(Concluded on Page 86.)

# 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 EVENING POST

Pictures of the boys—letters telling how they built up a paying business outside of school hours. Interesting stories of real business tact.

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

IF YOU WANT TO TRY IT ADDRESS

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

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Invest 1 cent 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 vouch 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. J. L. NICHOLS & CO., Naperville, Ills.

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## ADVERTISE HERE FOR RESULTS.

## Familiar Talks With Boys—H. R. Wells

Questions from Boys Will be Welcomed.

H. R. Wells, Care of THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich.:

Dear Sir—Will you please tell me what you consider proper work for a boy? I had an argument with another boy about it. We wanted to get up a team to play basket ball in our school gymnasium on Saturday mornings and wanted him to be in it. He is a good player, but he said he couldn't unless we'd play in the afternoon 'stead of morning because Saturday morning he "always helped his mother."

"What doing?" we asked him, and he said:

"Oh, sweeping and dusting and anything I can do about the house." Then I said: "Housework isn't boys' work; and a boy oughtn't to do it." He held out though that "a boys' work is anything he can do to help."

I know you will side with me, for how would it look for boys when they are men to do women's work.

Very truly yours,

ROY MEANS.

My Friend Roy:

I do side with you so far that I think it certainly would not look well for men or boys to take the easier work and leave the harder for the women and girls of their families. I am not sure, however, that it would not be doing exactly that to discriminate too closely about just what is boys' work and draw the line against anything outside of it.

In many town and city homes there is very little if any boys' work, strictly speaking. No outside, or heavy work, such as boys on farms have to do. Perhaps in summer a town boy may have the care of the lawn, flower beds or vegetable garden; but in winter, if there are no animals to feed, there is absolutely nothing, unless it be the care of the furnace, or clearing away snow, that is boys' work as commonly regarded; and a boy under such circumstances has nothing in the world to do but go to school, while his sisters must do the same amount of studying and in addition a share of the household tasks. In homes where there are no sisters and no servants the mother generally bears alone the entire burden of the housework, which varies little with locality or season, and is the same round of preparing and clearing away three meals each day, keeping the house and the clothing clean and in order, and looking after the comfort and general welfare of each member of the family. Did you ever think what an amount of labor this means? Labor that takes strength, industry, courage, thoughtfulness, patience, perseverance and skill—all "manly" qualities are they not?

The boy who readily responds when asked—or, better still, who offers—to share such work will be thought more of, not less, by those persons whose opinion is worth caring for. If he foregoes some pleasure in order to do it he will earn the greater pleasure of loving gratitude. If he helps put the house in order he will find it quite as good exercise as basket ball and he will be much more careful thereafter about making dirt or disorder. If he assists in cooking a meal now and then he will gain a proficiency that in case the hand at the helm is disabled will enable him to keep the family bark afloat; or when he wants to indulge in that experience dear to the heart of every boy of "camping out," it will, as one boy expressed it, "come in mighty handy." His knowledge, moreover, of the difficulties attendant upon the art of catering, complicated as it is in most families by divergent tastes, will ever after make him too considerate to be that horror in a home, a grumbler.

Now, Roy, I leave you to recapitulate the benefits to be derived from and conferred by adopting your friend's definition: "A boy's work is anything he can do to help;" and I believe you will reconsider your decision about the matter, and that we shall hear from you again on the other side of the question.

Our next letter I find to be something in the same line, that of the comparative responsibility of boys and girls:

John Gray, of G—, Ind., asks why it is that girls come of age sooner than boys, and he complains that while his sister is two years younger, she will be of age before he will, and sometimes taunts him about it. He admits that it is usually at some time when he has been teasing her about girls not being smart enough to be allowed to vote.

You should take your consolation then, my boy, from the fact that coming of age means that much more to you than it does to your sister.

Without stopping to discuss here the question of why more responsibility will come to you than to her it would seem a

question much more to the point for you to ask how to fit yourself for the responsibility, for you will certainly need the extra three years in which to prepare yourself to discharge this very important duty wisely and well, that you may not be among that alarmingly large number of men who hold this privilege unworthily.

Boys need to look to their laurels somewhat upon the score of showing themselves trustworthy. In the city of Cleveland, O., a controversy has been going on over the propriety, or impropriety rather, of girls being employed as telegraph messengers. The employers' strongest argument in favor of the girls is that they are much more prompt and reliable than the boys; and they say if enough trustworthy boys were available they would be glad to have them.

A brave American boy surely does not want to prove his superiority over his sister, as the savage does, by vain boasts, and by being less industrious and capable.

I tell you, boys, nothing shows your strength of mind and true manliness more than a modest valuation of your own powers and yielding a ready and fair estimate of other people's, with a chivalrous and considerate treatment of those you deem weaker or lower in the social scale than yourself.

This brings me to a verbal inquiry I received lately from a boy who, I'm afraid you will think when you hear it, belongs in the class you denominate and despise as "snobs."

His name is Fred. This is the question he asked me:

"What would you do about a class social, now that Jim Borland is in our class? He doesn't belong in our set at all, I suppose we can't leave him out, yet how are we going to associate with him as an equal?" "How did he come to be put into your class?" I asked.

"Oh," replied Fred, "he was promoted from somewhere for something, I suppose."

"Well," I questioned further, "can he keep up in your class? Does he do creditable work?"

"Y-e-e-s," hesitated Fred, suspecting my drift; "yes, as to that he's a regular dig. But that's all the more reason he don't fit in with us. It's only poor boys who work like that."

"How does it come," I queried again, "that you are not a poor boy? Is it anything you have done that you can take credit for that makes you better, as you fancy, than another boy?"

"No, I guess not," he admitted, but still insisted: "There's a difference, anyhow, and even if I tried I couldn't help it."

"Yes, my boy," I said, "you could, and I want you to try. You will see how wrong and foolish such false estimates are when I tell you that I happen to know that James Borland is of a good family; his father was the son of a wealthy man, just as you are; moreover, your grandfather worked by the day for his grandfather—"

"If you're sure," interrupted Fred, "won't you promise not to let it out? If the fellows get hold of it—"

"What difference should it make?" I interrupted, in turn. "You are no more to blame for your grandfather's having been poor than that you are to be credited because your father is rich. You must learn that a boy's value does not lie in what he or his father possesses, but in what he is and can do."

"Money reflects credit upon its possessor only in proving his capacity to earn it honestly. Fortunes fluctuate with succeeding generations because the sons of wealthy men seldom have their fathers' money earning qualities, hence do not learn to value, spend or save money properly. They are really at a disadvantage in measuring up with poor boys in that they are not given the opportunity to learn and use their powers."

"If, for instance, you had to stop school for a time to earn money to help others of your family and to pay your own way, you would want to make the money go as far as possible by good work, and perhaps getting promotion in the middle of the term as James Borland did."

"You have perhaps learned in your geometry the axiom: Things that are equal to the same things are equal to one another. It applies here. Boys who are equal to doing, seeing, feeling, learning the same things are equal to one another."

"If you will allow yourself to know James well you may find him able to help you on more points than you can help him. Indeed, I am quite sure you could be mutually helpful."

I am glad to say Fred's good sense predominated over his snobbishness. I must say to the credit of boys in general that I find very little of such silly sentiment among them.

Harry Streeter, H. Corder, Louie E. Claytor, James Satore, Floyd Neill, Charles Booten, Milton Hayes, Eddie Beach, Henry C. Diehl, Joseph Sims, Burnie Tomlinson, Judge Jenkins, Johnny H. Teidd, Belcher Clark, Walter Hall, George O. Dresser, Thomas M. Davis, Arthur Weathersby, John Joseph Garrett, Erwin Craus, Alfred Stier, Monta Ogborn, Maurice Brown, Frank D. Murphy, Henry Voss, Thane Bawman, Arthur Tillotson, Merton R. Fish, Alonzo Wherley, William B. Sturtevant, Jimmie Drake, John W. Lawton, Frank Smith, Ernest Miller, Neel McNally, Jeff Cabe, Harry M. Henson, Dwight Dodson, John Anesly, Heber Jordan, Herbert Du Four, Stanley Robinson, Girard Nuttall, Thomas O'Donnell, J. M. Kuhn, Will Robinson.

A pathetic letter comes from I. F. Charlton, Bond, Ky., who writes that he is a little cripple with an invalid mother who cannot walk and only one brother, who is deaf and dumb. He says: "THE AMERICAN BOY is like sunshine in our house."

Otto Schultz, who is in the Chicago Home for Incubables, writes: "The reading of THE AMERICAN BOY is the best part of my life."

Arthur G. Hackett, Culloden, Ga., writes that while going on a Kennebec river steamer a helpless boy was brought on who had just been in New York for treatment and was returning home incurable. He says, "I told him about your offer and he was greatly pleased, as his chief delight is in reading."



A PAGE OF VENICE.

GORDON RUSSELL YOUNG, SON OF JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, LATE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS.

(Photograph by Gilbert, Washington.)

## THE AMERICAN BOY "SHUT-INS."

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-SOCIETY.

## A Cure for the Blues.

One of our shut-ins who lives at Easton, Md., by name Jervis D. Harmon, writes: "I thought you would like to know how I

like THE AMERICAN BOY. I have been receiving it for five months and think it a noble paper. I have been a shut-in for eight years. I tell you how I came to get the paper. One day last July as I was sitting in our yard passing the time away the best I could, Master Hall Wrightson, a subscriber to your paper, came up to me and said, 'Jervis, how would



J. D. HARMON.

you like to take a good paper? If you want one I will get it for you, for The Sprague Publishing Company are giving it one year to shut-ins free of charge.' I told him I would be very glad of it and would gratefully appreciate it. In a little time I received the first copy. I read it through and through and found it was the best paper I ever read. I never have the blues now when I can get an AMERICAN BOY to read. I will never forget Master Hall Wrightson and the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY. I am crippled in both of my feet so that I cannot walk without suffering. All you American boys see that I am not enjoying all the sweetness of this life. It is a terrible thing not to be able to walk, but I hope there is a brighter day coming for all of us who have to stay at home. I am going to the Baltimore City hospital to have both of my feet cut off. Then I will have artificial feet and maybe I can return home well and happy and enjoy life as boys do who are not crippled. I send my kindest regards to all American boys and to the editor."

It should be remembered that the offer made by the publishers to shut-ins was an offer to boys only, and by "boys" we include the ages from five to twenty one. It is not intended for boys who are temporarily ill, or boys who are able to make their living or go about part of the time and are confined to the house only at intervals. It is for boys whose illness or incapacity is in all likelihood permanent.

There are now 225 shut-in boys on our list receiving THE AMERICAN BOY free of charge.

We are daily receiving letters from shut-in boys and it would give us great pleasure if we were able to answer them, but we cannot do it, in view of the heavy correspondence in our office that requires our time and attention. We are glad to hear from the boys, but if they do not receive replies to their letters they must not think it strange.

There is no part of our work that gives us greater satisfaction—not even the entering up of paid subscriptions—than does the conferring of this benefit upon the many bright boys who are members of the Shut-in Society. We have every evidence that THE AMERICAN BOY comes into the lives of these boys as a great relief from the monotony of days and weeks of loneliness and suffering, and this more than repays us for the expense and trouble incident upon our doing them the favor.

## Names of "Shut-Ins" Put on the List Since the Issue of Our November Number.

Carl Foster, Bruce Hedges, L. A. Ishmael, Samuel D. Parks, Edberg Braland, Earnest Bligham, Thurber Cass, James Charles Hathway, E. B. Piffle, Willie Falconer, Philip Cox, Domlick Scallen, Benjie Gillett, William F. Main, Fred Knowles, John H. Colman, Joe Massey,





# The Boy Candy Maker

PRACTICAL CANDY MAKING  
LEARNED AT HOME.

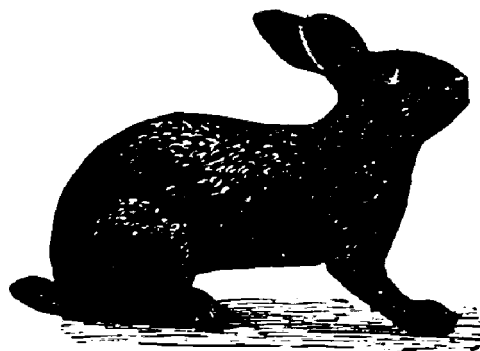
BY CANDY MAKER.

well be styled "Confectionery Exclusive Sugar."

There are two kinds of granulated sugar—the fine, called "Standard F. G.," meaning "fine granulated," and the coarse, known as "G.," both kinds are excellent for candy making purposes. It is well to know that there are other kinds of granulated sugars in the market.

Sugar made from beets should be avoided for candy making when others like the cane sugars are to be had. Beet sugar is perfectly wholesome, but there are kinds of candy that such sugar does not work well in. Granulated sugar can be found in nearly any grocery store, and can be bought in small quantities, while Mould A is sold in barrel lots only by wholesale grocers.

XXXX Pulverized sugar is largely used for fine lozenge or wafer making. Many persons think that it is used for making cream chocolates, cream walnuts, bonbons, and so on, but this is not correct. Pulverized or powdered sugar is nothing more than granulated sugar reduced to flour by grinding. There are but few kinds of candies, comparatively speaking, that are made direct from the powdered sugar. The various sugars having been learned, the next thing to learn is boiling. We will



The wood cut from which this picture of a rabbit was taken was made by an eleven year old boy, Glenn Simpson, Belvidere, Ill. He is learning to engrave on wood. First rate for a boy of eleven, you will agree.

endeavor to describe the process as simply as possible.

Candy makers use for boiling sugar, round-bottomed copper kettles, but for small batches an iron-granite sauce pan will answer, holding say from two to four quarts. One should procure a confectioner's thermometer with which to test the degree of heat, as it should be understood in the start that different degrees of heat in the mixture are necessary for different kinds of candy. Nearly every degree on the thermometer between the boiling point, 212 Fahrenheit, and 340 Fahrenheit, can be utilized for making some kind of candy. Candy makers come after awhile to be able to test their boiling candies with the finger or by the water test, and thus do away with the thermometer, but the beginner will have to use the thermometer.

### EXAMPLE.

As we are now ready with our pan and our thermometer we will place one pint of cold water in the pan, then add to it four pounds of white sugar, either Mould A or fine granulated. We will place the kettle so filled over a nice fire and stir the batch

until the sugar becomes entirely dissolved. Then we will put in a small quantity of pure cream of tartar, say a half teaspoonful, or one half pound of glucose, this being necessary to reduce the strength of the sugar by "cutting the grain," as it is called, so that when we are working the batch later on it will not turn back to sugar or "grain."

When the dissolved sugar begins to bubble up, dip a small vegetable brush in some clean water and wash down the inside of the pan to the syrup's edge. Having put the thermometer down into the syrup with the bulb far below the surface, we will note that when the syrup begins to boil the thermometer registers 212 degrees Fahrenheit. Let it boil until the thermometer registers 222 degrees. This is what is called the "blow" or "feather" degree, so called because if a tin skimmer were dipped into the syrup and lifted out again and we were to blow through the small holes in the skimmer, feathery particles would be seen floating away from it. Syrup at 222 degrees is used for crystallizing, so let us stop long enough to explain this process. When the degree 222 is reached we set the pan aside to cool until we can put a finger into the syrup without its hurting. Suppose it is bonbons that we are going to crystallize. Having arranged the bonbons in regular rows in a tin tray, we pour the syrup over them until they are entirely submerged in it. They are then left to stand in a quiet room for six or eight hours where the temperature is over 70 degrees. Soon we will find tiny, sparkling crystals everly deposited over the surface of each piece of candy. Crystallizing, you see, is a very simple process. We should say, however, that if you are boiling syrup for the purpose of crystallizing you should not put into it either the cream of tartar or the glucose as directed.

Now, to return to our boiling where we left it off at the degree 222. The mercury will push its way higher and higher until finally it reaches 235 degrees. This degree is called the "soft ball" or "thread" degree, and the syrup at this degree is useful for many purposes; but let it go higher—to the 239th degree, and here we will take another lesson. The 239th degree is the "midway-ball" degree, one of the most useful of all. The syrup is now perfectly clear and transparent, quite thick and heavy when allowed to get cold on a marble slab. The mixture that we have described need not be stirred at all after the sugar has been dissolved; but if, as we shall see later, other things are put into the mixture, as dairy cream, for instance, the stirring must be continued. The kind of a batch we are describing, however, is what is known as "plain boil," and after the sugar has been dissolved we can leave it entirely alone, no matter how high it is to be boiled.

At 239 degrees the mixture may be poured on the marble, and when cold paddled to cream fondant—the kind of fondant that so many persons try at home to make, using powdered sugar and egg whites, but this home-made variety is nothing like what I am describing. I must stop here to say that the regular candy maker reads over an endless number of recipes in cook books for home-made candies without finding one that can be used for making the real goods.

Let us follow the mixture further until the thermometer reads 246 degrees. Now if one quart of dairy cream had been used at the start instead of a pint of water, delicious caramels would be ready to pour out on marble; and if we wanted nut caramels, just before pouring out the syrup we would have stirred in one pound of chopped nut meats; our trial batch, however, contained no cream.

Let us keep on boiling. The mercury wends its way slowly but surely toward the top. The degree 274 is known as the "crack." Now if the mixture is poured out on the marble slab and worked, it can be made into a loaflike mass and can be pulled over the hook, like molasses candy, to make a very light ice cream candy. The color and flavor can be added just before it is pulled. The ice cream candy stretched out in strips and cut three inches wide and six inches long, and wrapped in wax paper is ready for sale.

(To be continued.)

Where is the boy who doesn't like candy, and where is the boy who would not like to make his own candy? Never is there a time when a boy forgets his favorite candy store; never does the time come, from the day the boy dons kilt skirts and can stand tiptoe and hand a penny over the counter till he has grown to manhood, when that first stick of candy with its twisted red stripes fades from his memory.

The art of candy making isn't half so mysterious as it seems; indeed, many kinds of candies make themselves if started right. It isn't necessary for a young man to serve as an apprentice in a candy shop for two or three years before he can make very good candy. Any ordinary boy can make first-class, up-to-date, good selling candies in a week's time if he goes about it right and has a capable instructor; and in less than six months' time he can take a position as candy maker in some one's shop, or start up a little store of his own. A boy can make candies at home and sell them to the grocer.

It may be of interest to know that candy making is a trade that is not overcrowded, and in it a clever workman can always find steady employment at good wages. There are men who prefer to follow some particular branch of the business—for instance, "sugar boiling"; others excel at buttercup making; then there are stick candy makers, and pan workmen, lozenge makers, gum goods makers, chocolate workers, and so on. It is a good idea, however, to get acquainted with many branches of the business and become an all-around man. An all-around man can run a retail candy store to advantage. There is a good profit in making one's own candy at the present price of sugar (about five and one half cents a pound) and selling the finished goods over the counter at twenty, thirty or forty cents a pound. The retail price, however, depends somewhat on the style and finish of the box or parcel used. Neatly printed wrappers and gold or silver cord add much to the effect.

An ingenious boy will find many ways in which to make money out of candy making at home. It ought not to take an industrious boy long to work up quite a business, as there are so many people with a "sweet tooth." When delicious cream peppermints, either plain or chocolate dipped, are offered in pretty boxes at a nominal sum, good steady customers may be relied upon. It is so also with other specialties, such as chocolate almonds, salted peanuts, salted almonds, pecans and shagbark fricassee; then, too, there are the lovers of marshmallow kisses, walnut fritters, peanut nibble, and other special sweets.

Then, too, a young candy maker may sample his own goods now and then to ascertain whether they have just the right "hitch" on them or not. A young printer would hardly wish to eat his own "pl"; a young photographer has only "dry plates" before him; and the young joiner must subsist on "pine chips" instead of Boston molasses chips; so take it all in all the young candy maker is the king bee among workers.

Some very great successes have been made by specialists in the candy line. One man made himself wealthy and famous as a manufacturer of molasses kisses. He realized the importance of producing a superior article and placing it on the market in a convenient and desirable form for immediate eating. This form of candy in its new dress of wax paper met with popular favor at once, and now this factory alone turns out more than ten tons of molasses kisses every day through the season, and is the largest establishment of its kind in the world. A cough drop manufacturer who built up a big business by packing his goods in small lithographed tin boxes to sell at five and ten cents, conceived the idea of putting up breath perfume in little envelopes, handsomely printed, to retail at one cent each. The goods were so pleasant to the taste and the packet so novel that the manufacturer sold out his cough drop business and employed an army of girls to pack them in small envelopes and then in cartons for shipment.

Many candies are as easy to make as are a batch of tea biscuit. A nice flavor and a "catchy" name, coupled with a neat package, tells the story of success.

The first thing to learn about candy making is the kinds of sugar used in the production of pure, reliable goods. These are Standard Mould A, Standard Granulated and XXXX Pulverized; there are many other kinds of sugars, but these are the best candy sugars.

Standard Mould A sugar resembles granulated somewhat, it being clear, white, and beautiful to look upon. It is softer to the touch than granulated sugar and is more like the light brown sugars or Coffee C sugar. This particular brand is rarely if ever seen in households. Retail grocers as a rule know nothing of it, and it might

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Thornton Novelty Co., 143 Alabama Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

# 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 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, who in every case must be the artist who took the picture.

## Answers to Correspondents.

John Gray—Write to the Eastman Company, Rochester, N. Y., for information concerning films.

Charles Watson—There is a blue print powder on the market, with full instructions how to make prints of a blue color on paper, postals, silk, satin, linen, etc. It makes a six-ounce package and costs twenty five cents.

Kenneth E. Blair—At least the negative should be developed by the boy entering pictures for the photographic contest in THE AMERICAN BOY. And it would be a good thing for the contestant to also do the printing, toning and mounting. Even if no prize is won, the experience will be worth more than it costs.

John Feala—The cause of the gold bath not toning your pictures is probably because it is too acid. It must be made neutral by the addition of a small quantity of carbonate of soda. Take a piece of red litmus paper, put it in the bath, and then add a saturated solution of carbonate of soda, little by little, until the paper begins to turn blue.

Dan M. Ross—Among the chemicals it takes to complete a picture from the making of the exposure to the toning and mounting of the print, are pyrogallol acid, several preparations of soda, and many other things that would take too much room to fully describe. But if you will read this department of THE AMERICAN BOY for a year, you will by that time have a fairly good education in the art of photography. Experience will do the rest.

## Photographic Notes.

Much heartburning will be saved by using fresh "hypo" whenever fixing a new batch of plates.

If your water while coming out of the faucet is muddy, it will be well to tie a piece of cloth over the spout to prevent any gritty substance striking the plate while washing.

Very often an over-exposed plate may be saved by starting the development with old developer. The result will be a plate without that flat appearance generally seen in over-exposed plates.

Go to your druggist and get some blank labels. Then go home and label every one of your chemicals. If you will use different shaped bottles for each chemical, it will often prevent your making a mistake.

Most plates are lightstruck by the careless withdrawing and putting in of the slide to the plateholder. It is a good plan to always cover the camera when withdrawing a slide to make an exposure.

If a plate is much under-exposed, it is a good plan to use new developer very much diluted. Flood the plate with the weak developer, and as soon as the image appears pour the developer off and again flood with weak developer. Keep this up until the development is completed, even though it takes half a dozen floodings.

When plates are exposed and set away for future development, be sure to set them face to face, says a writer in the International Annual. If the face or film is set against the back, you will probably have finger marks on the film, caused by the fingers coming in contact with the backs of the plates while placing them in the holder.

Learn the trick of loading plateholders in the dark. The amateur photographer is advised to practice with developed negatives, placing them in the plate box, and then going into the dark room and loading without any light. Afterwards examine in the light to see if you have learned by the "feel" the difference between the right and wrong side of a plate.

## Formulas.

Many are "crazy" over formulas. They have a burning desire to try anything new, especially when it is accompanied with extravagant claims. As a matter of fact amateur photographers should be slow to accept formulas, studying them carefully, and when one is found that does the work demanded of it, be very conservative in making a change. Here are a few formulas recommended by those who have used them:

### RETOUCHING VARNISH.

Gasoline ..... 1 quart  
Balsam fir ..... 1 dram  
Resin ..... 50 grains

### RAPID WASHING OF NEGATIVES.

The washing of negatives can be accelerated considerably if, after fixing, they are put for a short time in a solution of Acetate of lead ..... 90 grams  
Water ..... 500 c. c.  
This solution keeps well. Let it stand for some time, and then further dilute 90 cubic



WHERE THE DAISIES GROW.  
First Prize Photo, by Ray Guthridge, Urbana, O.

centimeters of the solution with 1,000 cubic centimeters of water, and use this diluted solution as a washing bath.

### TO REMOVE YELLOW STAINS CAUSED BY DEVELOPER.

Sulphate of iron ..... 3 ounces, or 90 grams  
Sulphuric acid ..... 1 ounce, or 30 c. c.  
Alum ..... 1 ounce, or 30 c. c.  
Water ..... 20 ounces, or 600 c. c.

If, after developing and fixing the negative, it is found to be stained yellow from the pyro or hydrochinone developer, first wash well to remove all hyposulphite, then immerse in above solution until the stain is removed; again wash well and dry.

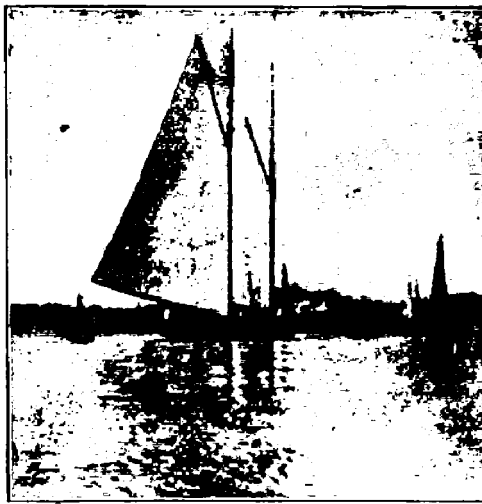
### A MOUNTANT.

Best thin glue ..... 3 ounces  
Golden syrup ..... 3/4 ounces  
Alcohol ..... 3 ounces  
Water ..... 3 ounces

Soften the glue in two ounces of the water; heat gently in a pan of hot water, add the syrup (refined molasses), and the other ounce of water to the alcohol, and pour into the jar under constant stirring.

### SUBSTITUTE FOR VARNISHING.

Alum ..... 2 ounces  
Tanic acid ..... 1 dram  
Water ..... 16 ounces



THE "CONSTITUTION" IN MARBLEHEAD HARBOR.

Second Prize Photo, by Roland B. Dow, Woburn, Mass.

Immerse negative for from three to five minutes; too long an immersion will loosen the film. Films so treated are almost waterproof.

### FOR WRITING ON GLASS.

Bleached shellac ..... 2 parts  
Venice turpentine ..... 1 part  
Oil of turpentine ..... 3 parts  
Lampblack ..... 1 part

Warm the first three ingredients together over a water-bath, and then stir in the lampblack, incorporating thoroughly.

### TO AVOID PYRO SPOTS ON THE HAND.

Wash the hands in a diluted solution of citric acid, and when dry put them in clear glycerine. Under this treatment, the pyro will have no effect on the hands.

### RODINAL DEVELOPER FOR DRY PLATES.

Rodinal ..... 1 part  
Pure water ..... 30 parts  
Use repeatedly, adding fresh as required.

### Birds as Photographers.

To obtain a photograph of a wild bird in a natural attitude has always been a difficult task, and many a naturalist has chased around the woods all day, and spoiled a number of plates without accomplishing his object. But an ingenious apparatus has been invented by G. O. Pike, an English photographer, by means of which wild birds may be made to take their own pictures.

It is simply a case of proper wire pulling. The camera is placed where the bird is to be found, on the ground, or in a tree or bush, and a wire connected with it is baited and suspended in front of the lens. When the bird comes he seizes the tempting morsel, a wire is pulled which puts an electromagnet in action, which in turn releases the shutter of the camera, gives an instantaneous exposure of the plate, and the bird's picture is secured.

### Photographing the Baby.

Some grouty amateur, who has unsuccessfully tried to get a picture of the "little dear," gives the following recipe as the only sure way to get a good picture of the baby:

"Procure six six-inch wire nails, six ounces chloroform, one handkerchief. Saturate the handkerchief with the chloroform and press over the nose and mouth of the baby till perfectly quiet. Then drive nails through each ear, hands and feet into a board large enough for background. Use hammer to the parents if necessary."

### Backing for Plates.

It is confidently predicted by some photographers that the time is not far distant when no photographic plates will be found in the market that are not backed. This is probably something of an exaggeration; but it is a fact that backed plates are rapidly coming into use by those who wish to excel in photography. Here are a collection of formulas from the Photographic News for plate backings, to decrease or prevent halation:

1. Formula of Ducos du Hauron:  
Pure paraffin ..... 20 pts  
Olive oil ..... 20 pts  
Lamp black ..... 10 pts

These substances are mixed in a dish on a water bath or sand bath. The mixture is then spread on the back of the plate while hot.

2. Caramel formulas like the following are much used:

Powdered caramel ..... 30 g  
Hot water ..... 30 g  
Wood alcohol ..... 15 g

It is well to add also a few drops of glycerine, as the latter else is too brittle and tends to flake off.

3. Baldock gives this process:  
Celluloid ..... 5 g  
Acetone ..... 91 g  
Amyl Acetate ..... 30 g  
The solution is colored to the necessary intensity with aniline red (rubin.)

## Good Advice.

F. Dundas Todd has been running a series of articles in the Photo-Beacon on development, and he sums up with the following advice:

Keep to one plate.  
Keep to one formula of developer—of medium multiplying factor, and without bromide by preference.

When exposing consider only rendering of detail, and leave contrast for development.

When developing consider only contrast, and leave detail to take care of itself.

## How to Make Silhouette Photographs.

Shadow photographs and silhouettes are always productive of amusement. To add to the fun you ought to have a good magic lantern.

Stretch a pure white sheet across a doorway, first dampening it so that it becomes more transparent. Now place your sitter, or sitters, close to the sheet, their faces being in profile. Behind them have a good strong light, a Welsbach, gas or oil lamp, or a magic lantern will do—one light only, not several—so as to throw a clear sharp outline and shadow on the sheet. Turn out all the other lights in the room. Have your camera on the other side of the sheet in total darkness, except for the light coming through the sheet. When you have carefully focused the shadow, expose for about thirty seconds with full aperture, using a fairly quick plate.

You have now secured a silhouette negative. Suppose you get two young friends to stand in the attitude of kissing, or a man seated at a table drinking out of a bottle, or a man in the attitude of striking another, you will have good subjects. You can print from the negative, or if you have a magic lantern develop as a slide and you can have fun by throwing the silhouette on the sheet.

## The Latest Exposure Scale.

E. Wager Smith, in the Engineering News, exploits his new exposure scale, which he says will give the amateur photographer just the information he needs for correctly exposing plates. He considers the factors in making exposures are: The place, the month of the year, the hour of the day and the condition of the weather, which show the actinic value of the light, and he makes a note of the size of the diaphragm and the speed of the plate. Then there is the temperature of the developer to consider, as well as the fact that the shutters on the market do not as a rule give the length of exposure for which they are marked. Usually the one hundredth of a second mark on a shutter will be found nearer one fiftieth of a second, and the one fiftieth nearer one twenty fifth. So he has devised an indicator that takes cognizance of all these factors, and by placing them one below the other the photographer is able to determine the correct time.

These different factors have been tabulated in book form by other persons desiring to market information of this kind, but it has been found by many that in spite of minute explanations the personal equation is so large that it takes quite as much experience to use a table of calculation as it does to learn to take pictures without it. Where one is in doubt about the length of an exposure, it is a good plan to make two pictures of the same view at different speeds, or with different sizes of diaphragm, or both.

## Work for the Amateur.

The city photographer is rarely alive to the opportunities which surround him in the teeming life of the street. We are wont to dismiss brick walls and paved streets as dull and uninteresting. The life of the streets is never uninteresting, and always possesses the vitality of human interest, which is almost essential to the making of a picture. No one, as far as we know, has ever made a good series of pictures of the life of a city of to-day, its lights and shades, its joys, its sorrows, its parks and festivals, its sunshine and its storm. The man who can portray by photography the streets of a great city will have as true and as great a "Human Comedy" as that of Balzac, and the task is nearly as great. It is no play of a day or a year, no stop-gap for idle moments. It will not be complete without the soul-stirring spectacle of the fire-engine dashing through a crowded street, its three great horses plunging and straining at the gallop. It must have the sorrowful life of the slums, the gayety of the crowded streets after the theatre, the snow storm and the summer shower. It must show the crowded wharves at the departure of the liner, the crush of the trans-continental express. It must show the street laborer munching his crust, the club man dining at his window, surrounded by crystal and precious metals. And when it is done, the doer will never regret the labor.—Photo Era.

## A Convenient Hardener.

While as a rule fresh hypo is all that is required to fix plates or prints, yet in summer, when everything is warm, there is a tendency for the plates to fray, and the prints to blister. To prevent this a little "hardener" is acceptable. It can be made by putting in ten ounces of water, half an ounce of sulphite of soda, one ounce of powdered alum and three ounces of acetic acid No. 8. Use a couple of ounces of this to twenty ounces of the fixing bath.

He Will Go to College.

A. J. CAMPBELL.

Tom: Father, I'm not going to school this year.
Father: You're not, eh?
Tom: No; I find that a person can get along first-rate without much of an education.
Father: Well, well. When did you make that discovery?
Tom: It's not a discovery; anyone can see it.
Father: See what?
Tom: That a person may succeed without an education.
Father: Yes?
Tom: So what's the use of spending too much time over endless learning?
Father: Well?
Tom: That's all.
Father: Now, look here! Who are the persons that are succeeding without an education?
Tom: Why, there are Peter MacGrath, and Andrew Phillips, and Richard Discon, and—
Father: Where is Peter MacGrath working?
Tom: In Molson's boot factory.
Father: What does he do?
Tom: He's assistant superintendent.
Father: Who is chief superintendent?
Tom: Frederick Peters.
Father: Didn't he take a full school course?
Tom: Y-e-s. I believe he did.
Father: What does Phillips do?
Tom: He has charge of No. 2 store for the Steel Company.
Father: That is a smaller store than No. 1, isn't it?
Tom: Yes.
Father: Who has charge of No. 1?
Tom: William Edwards.
Father: Isn't he school-trained?
Tom: Y-e-s. I don't know but what he is.
Father: Who was the other one you mentioned?
Tom: Richard Discon.
Father: What does he do?
Tom: He is one of the managers of the Rolling Mill Company.
Father: Who is the chief manager?
Tom: I don't know.
Father: Well, I know; he is W. H. Brown, who is a B. A. of Dalhousie University; and I know that in nine cases out of ten the educated man gets the highest position, and I know that if I could get the highest I wouldn't give a button for the lower ones. I know, too, that laziness often prompts a man to do with less than a thorough education; but I know that, come what will, you'll go back to college this year as usual. (Exit.)

Esau Buck and the Bucksaw.

An old farmer of Arkansas whose sons had all grown up and left him hired a young man by the name of Esau Buck to help him on his farm. On the evening of the first day they hauled up a small load of poles for wood and unloaded them between the garden and the barnyard.
The next morning the old man said to the hired man: "Esau, I am going to town to-day and while I am gone you may saw up that wood and keep the old ram out of the garden."
When the old man had gone Esau went out to saw the wood, but when he saw the saw he wouldn't saw it. When Esau saw the saw he saw that he couldn't saw it with that saw. Esau looked around for another saw, but that was the only saw he saw so he didn't saw it. When the old man came home he says to Esau: "Esau, did you saw the wood?" Esau said: "I saw the wood but I wouldn't saw it; for when I saw the saw I saw that I couldn't saw with that saw so I didn't saw it." The old man went out to see the saw and when he saw the saw he saw that Esau couldn't saw with that saw. When Esau saw that the old man saw that he couldn't saw with the saw Esau picked up the axe and chopped up the wood and made a seesaw. The next day the old man went to town and bought a new bucksaw for Esau Buck and when he came home he hung the bucksaw for Esau Buck on the sawbuck by the seesaw.
Just at this time Esau Buck saw the old buck in the garden eating cabbage, and when driving him from the garden to the barnyard Esau Buck saw the bucksaw on the sawbuck by the seesaw, and Esau stopped to examine the new bucksaw. Now, when the old buck saw Esau Buck looking at the new bucksaw on the sawbuck by the seesaw, he made a dive for Esau, missed Esau, hit the seesaw, knocked the seesaw against Esau Buck, who fell on the bucksaw on the sawbuck by the seesaw. Now, when the old man saw the old buck dive at Esau Buck and miss Esau and hit the seesaw and knock the seesaw against Esau and Esau Buck fall on the bucksaw on the sawbuck by the seesaw, he picked up the axe to kill the old buck, but the buck saw him coming, and dodged the blow and countered on the old man's stomach, knocked the old man over the seesaw onto Esau Buck, who was getting up with the bucksaw off the sawbuck by the seesaw, crippled Esau Buck, broke the bucksaw and the sawbuck and the seesaw.
Now, when the old buck saw the completeness of his victory over the old man and Esau Buck and the bucksaw and the sawbuck and the seesaw, he quietly turned around, went back and jumped into the garden again and ate up what was left of the old man's cabbages.—Hartford Times.

The motto of John Wanamaker, the millionaire dry goods merchant, is worth consideration: "Do the next thing."

The Amateur Journalist and Printer

Color Printing.

WILL S. KNOX.

Very pretty effects can easily be made in two colors by any boy printer who will exercise a little care and judgment.

Unless the type is of the kind especially made for two-color printing the plainer the letter the neater and more effective will the result be.

For instance, take a nice, plain, neat letter, like that used in the heading of THE AMERICAN BOY on its first page, or, even, the more common, but just as neat, style used in the heading at the top of each page. Either will "show up" well in a two-color effect with very little effort.

Suppose you want a black lined with red: Print the line first in red, being careful to feed the paper or card exactly to the gauges. After the red (or blue or green—any color you may have selected) has been printed, clean up press and rollers and put on the black ink. If the job is now run through the press, without changing the gauge pins, the black will be printed exactly over the red, and the latter color will not show, unless the black has been applied lightly, when the letters will have a brownish cast. Now, if you want the line to have a red shading at the bottom, carefully move the bottom gauge pins down just a fraction of an inch—say about a sixteenth. The result will be a thin red shade on the under side of the letters, the brightness of the color being intensified by contrast with the black. Perhaps you may desire the shading to appear at the right edge of the letters, instead of at the bottom. In that case, do not move the bottom gauge pins, but move the side pins just a touch to the left. Either the side or bottom shade makes a very pretty effect, and by moving both the bottom and side gauge pins, as indicated, a very pretty double shading results.

Three colors by two impressions are very simply made by the same process, by using yellow ink (for example) for the first color and blue for the second. The result would be that the top or left side of the letters would be blue, the main body green, while the bottom and right side shading would be yellow.

For a bronze letter with a red, blue or green shading, proceed in the same manner as described, excepting that after the first color or shading has been printed it should be allowed to become thoroughly dry before the second impression is made. "Over night" is not any too long for work to dry when bronze is to be applied. If the first printing is not perfectly dry before the second is made, the bronze powder will stick where it is not wanted and not present a neat and clean appearance. Good bronze work cannot be done with common printing ink as a "holder." Use only "gold size" ink for holding bronze powder.

Printing in colors, with the various possible combinations, is a very interesting study to the boy printer and an instructive one as well. It should be borne in mind, however, that "harmony" is the main thing in color printing, and that "too much color" will "kill" the pleasing effect of an otherwise neat piece of work. Rollers and ink disc must also be perfectly clean to secure the best results in color printing.

Special Reporting.

CHARLES HARLEY SMITH.

In all the varied and marvelous progress of the century, journalism is in the very lead. The gathering of news is even more difficult, and the modern methods more wonderful, than its publication and distribution. The work of the reporter is fascinating because of the demands for discrimination, accuracy and rapidity. Specialization is now generally practiced.

The southern extremity of the island of Rhode Island is a mere point of land—Brenton's Point—somewhat above the water level. Of the three hundred and sixty degrees of the view circle from this Point, fully three hundred degrees is a sea view, the broad Atlantic spreading out east, south and west as far as the eye can reach, affording a sight of ocean said to be unsurpassed in our land. This point is five miles below the summer-resort city of Newport. This stretch of sea is a favorite practice ground for yachts. It was here that the Columbia, Constitution and Independence last season frequently tried their sails and sometimes broke mast or boom. The world was interested in these trials of speed. Newspaper men knew it and competed with one another for the earliest and best "story."

Ten wires were laid last summer from Newport offices to the Point. Part of the way fence posts were used as telegraph poles. Five tables were set up in the open field, wires connected, and an operator stationed at each table. The reporters were specialists, expert yachtsmen, familiar with the boats and their distinguishing marks, and acquainted with nautical terms, sails and signals. One reporter has been there fifteen years, since the days of carrier pigeons. Charts of the vicinity were provided upon which to locate the exact position of the start and the course of the race, and strong glasses for watching every movement. The operators constantly sent out accounts of what the reporters saw, and every two or three minutes New York, and even London, heard how the yachts were sailing.

Other reporters accompanied the yachts in tugs. At intervals they sent by launch a report to the out-of-door telegraph office to be added to the account from shore. The remark of an old journalist is indeed true: "Every movement the yachts make, from the time of casting off their moorings until their return, is recorded and transmitted over the wires."

The press is greatly censured for many reports, omissions and inaccuracies. But people best acquainted with the painstaking effort and enormous expense in overcoming difficulties to secure early and trustworthy news have the highest admiration for this department of the journalism of our day.

"The Lucky Dog."

Bellefontaine, Ohio, boasts of a unique amateur journal entitled "The Lucky Dog," and has reason to be proud of its editor, publisher, compositor, pressman, proof-reader and binder.



T. BURR THRIFT.

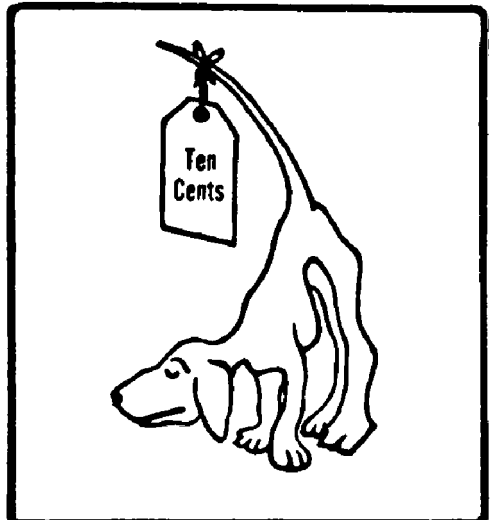
Publisher of The Lucky Dog.

to college and study for the ministry or the bar, but he answered, "I want to be a job printer. I will take the education, but when it is finished I will finish the printing trade." His mother sent him to Wittenberg College, and there he is now, but he is still publishing "The Lucky Dog," having taken the "Dog" along with him. He insists that he will never attempt pro-

THE LUCKY DOG

An Amateur Magazine of Uniqueness.

VOL TWO SEPTEMBER
NO THREE MCM I ISSUE
T B THRIFT, PUBLISHER.



essional journalism until he has reached the top of amateur journalism, and "The Lucky Dog" comes pretty near being the top notch. We show herewith the title page of the September, 1901, issue. The young man seems to made of the right metal. One of the best paragraphs in his paper reads, "Our new Webster's Unabridged is minus the word 'fail'—we scratched it out."
We are indebted to The Inland Printer of Chicago for bringing this instance of unique boy enterprise to our attention.

Capital, Three Cents.

One day in 1862 a boy who lived in Portland, Me., asked his mother for a quarter for spending money. He had at the time in his pocket three cents remaining from what his mother had given him a few days before. The mother said, "Why don't you try to earn some money, Cyrus, and thus have spending money of your own?" "Can I have all I make," he inquired? "Certainly," she answered. The boy forthwith began to plan. Running across a newsboy in the street, Cyrus

Advertisement for Harrington & Richardson Arms Co. featuring a revolver and the text: 'It's an honest well made Revolver that's safe to use and simple in construction. Write for Catalogue H. HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO. WORCESTER MASS.'

offered him a penny each for three papers. The regular price was three cents, but the boy was overstocked and gladly made the sale. Cyrus sold his papers at three cents each and went home richer by six cents.

This was the beginning of a fortune which Cyrus Curtis, the owner of The Ladies' Home Journal and the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, has since acquired. After that first business venture young Curtis sold papers regularly when out of school. When but thirteen years old he published a little amateur sheet called "Young America." He paid the printer five dollars for printing 400 copies. The business did not succeed, however, but this didn't discourage the boy. Saving a few dollars from the sale of newspapers he went to Boston, where he purchased a small printing outfit and established a little printing office.

From these humble beginnings Mr. Curtis became one of the great publishers of the present day.

The Jersey City Amateur Press Club is holding regular bi-weekly meetings, and judging from an account of a recent meeting, which reached us too late for notice in the December AMERICAN BOY, they must be interesting and beneficial to the members. Messrs. James A. Clerkin, James M. Rolly and James C. Bresnahan have been appointed a committee to arrange for a banquet of the Jersey City Amateurs in the near future.

Advertisement for School Journalism: 'SCHOOL JOURNALISM INSTRUCTION BY MAIL ONLY. A thorough and scientific course adapted to the individual needs of writers. Long established. Responsible. Successful. Instructors experienced and competent. Students successful and pleased. High of references. Write for descriptive catalogue. It is sent free. Address, Sprague Correspondence School of Journalism, No. 100 Washtenaw Bldg., Detroit, Mich.'

Advertisement for Big Money: 'Big Money Made or saved. Print your own cards, etc., with a \$5 Press. Larger sizes for circulars, books, newspapers, etc. Type setting easy, printed rules. Send stamp for samples, catalogue of presses, type, paper, etc., to factory. The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.'

Advertisement for Authors Seeking a Publisher: 'AUTHORS SEEKING A PUBLISHER Manuscripts suitable for issuing in volume form required by established house; liberal terms; prompt, straight-forward treatment. Address Books, 141 Herald, 23d St., N. Y. City.'

Advertisement for Prints Your Name: 'PRINTS YOUR NAME. POCKET STAMP, 15¢ POSTPAID. PERKINS RUBBER STAMP CO., G30, NEW HAVEN, CONN.'

Advertisement for Learn Proofreading: 'LEARN PROOFREADING. If you possess a fair education, why not utilize it at a graceful and uncrowded profession paying \$15 to \$25 weekly? Situations always obtainable. We are the original instructors by mail. HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Philadelphia'

Advertisement for Cards: 'CARDS Send 2¢ stamp for New SAMPLE BOOK of all the FINEST Styles in Gold Beveled Edge, Embossed, and many other designs. Union Card Co., Columbus, Ohio.'

Advertisement for 916 Cards: '916 CARDS New Sample Styles ENVELOPE, 50¢ Price. 100 New Designs, 100 Stars and Bars, 1000 1/2 inch Post Cards, 1000 Post Cards, 1000 Business Cards, Standard Business Cards, etc. All for 2 Cents. CROWN CARD CO., 214, Columbus, Ohio.'

Advertisement for Amateur Journalists: 'AMATEUR JOURNALISTS—Send copy of your paper for free registration. Copy of the Register ten cents. School and amateur papers for collectors. Send your name. W. W. KNIMLEY, HOUGHTON, MICH.'

Advertisement for Cards Calling for Business: 'CARDS CALLING FOR BUSINESS. Business Cards, 1000 1/2 inch Post Cards, 1000 Post Cards, 1000 Business Cards, etc. "O. A. B." Emblematic Cards a specialty.'

Advertisement for Agents: 'AGENTS sell our ALUMINUM CARD CASES AND CARDS. Big profits. Circulars and samples FREE. Banker Printing Co., Dept. A, Kansas City, Mo.'



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 1892. Short notes of personal observations are particularly desired for use in the A. A. department. Send illustrations when convenient. Questions are invited. Address H. H. BALLARD, Pittsfield, Mass.

**Our Special Offer.**

The responses to our special offer in the December number are very gratifying. Already we hear of new chapters organizing in several different states. The offer we made holds good until March 1, 1902. It is as follows:  
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.

The interest and determination of our young friends are well illustrated in the following extract from a letter received this morning:  
"I received the handbook 'Three Kingdoms' all right, and thank you very much. I read the book through last evening. Today it rained, so that I could not chop wood, so I went down to the village and laid the matter of forming a local chapter of the A. A. before one of the school directors, and as it happened one of the science teachers was in the office. They did not, either of them, offer me any encouragement. So to-morrow night I shall see the superintendent, as I wish if possible to have some school officer connected with the chapter. If I do not succeed in that I shall try independent of the schools. I shall keep the question alive, and will write again after Christmas."  
The Agassiz Association has already worked up a good many sleepy school officers in rural districts, and some in cities! Stir them up, boys! But never forget your manners.

**The Ichneumon.**

Across the street from our house is a vacant lot, in which there are some hickory trees.  
Last fall, as I was crossing the lot, I noticed an insect on one of the trees which seemed to be trying to free itself from something.  
A closer look revealed the fact that the insect was fastened to the tree with a long spear or lance, which was something like the sting of a wasp, but which I found soon after was more than an inch long.  
I caught one of the insects just as he was starting to insert the lance in the tree.  
The lance was barbed, and the insect was held firmly when the lance was forced into the tree.



There were several dozen on each tree. Some were dead, and some were alive.  
They were about the size of a large grasshopper; not so fat. What were they? What was their object in piercing the trees? Was it sap they wanted? I might state that the next spring the trees were dead; were they the cause of it? I am very much interested in nature, especially insects. Forrest M. Casey, 1927 Superior street, Toledo, Ohio.  
(These insects were Ichneumon flies. They were not injuring the trees, but were searching for borers who were injuring them. They are beneficial.—Ed.)

What makes nettles sting? I have tried to find out, but can not as my microscope is not strong enough.—G. M. Stack, Box 135, Still River (Lanesville), Conn.

**Clever Rats.**

One day, while walking slowly in front of my friend's home, toward the ball-ground, I noticed some boys in the backyard apparently hiding from something, and as I went back, I saw that they were watching some rats go back and forth from under a sidewalk. I suggested to the boys that we should try to catch them by standing on the walk and hitting them with clubs as they came out. We tried this, but to our amazement, and also amusement, they scampered away before we could swing our clubs. We instantly saw that our plan was a failure, so we tried a new one.



Our second plan was to place a trap with a piece of cheese on it at the place where they came out. A rat would have been caught had it placed any weight on the cheese or stepped on the trap, but they all seemed to have had experience with rat traps, for they stretched their necks and nibbled the cheese without springing the trap. We placed another piece of cheese on the trap, but fastened it down with a nail. This time the rat leaned over and nibbled off the cheese around the nail, and then ran back into its hole, where, as far as I know, it has remained ever since. (This interesting sketch came from an unknown friend in Huntington, Ind. As we have not been able to acknowledge it in a personal letter, we take the opportunity of doing so through THE AMERICAN BOY.—Ed.)

**Sphinx Moth.**



As I was working in my father's potato patch I noticed a chrysalis, which I took to the house. I looked in my books to see if I could find what it was, but could not. The shell is hard, and it is all joint; it is lazy and has no hair to be seen.—Herbert Main, Boscobel, Crawford County, Wis.

**A Swarm of Insects.**

I believe that the saddest time of the whole year, in this Northern country, is that time in the fall when the birds and insects flock up to go south. We realize the same sad feeling then, as when we part from our dearest friends. We feel as though we, too, would like to take up wings and fly with the birds to their southern homes. I once witnessed a spectacle of migration that I will never forget. One day in harvest time, about the fifteenth of September, I noticed in the north a sort of misty, low-hanging cloud, which stretched either way as far as the eye could see, and which appeared to be moving southward. In a few minutes butterflies and dragon flies began to be unusually thick around me, and in a moment or two more the air about me was simply full of them.  
The immense swarm was moving southward, at the rate of about ten miles an hour, and consisted of quite a number of species of butterflies, besides dragon flies. The swarm reached to the height of about two hundred feet, and the time from when the first part of it passed a certain point till the last part passed, was about five minutes. I would like some of the southern readers to tell me if bobolinks build nests in the south, or do they lay their eggs in another bird's nest, as they do here; also how far south is the meadow lark found?—Harry Wells, Roland, Manitoba.

**Tadpoles.**

While in the country one summer I caught some little black tadpoles, which swarmed in a pond a little distance from our house. I kept them, but only two lived. I took these to New York at the end of vacation, and soon little legs began to show. I noticed that in both cases the hind legs developed first. After a while the front legs began to show in little lumps, which gradually broke open and grew into legs. Soon their tails began to drop off in pieces, until there was none left. The little fellows did not like to stay in the water, but climbed on the rocks and stayed there, so I took the water from the aquarium and let them have gravel to hop on. As they did not look like any frogs I had ever seen, I suppose they were toads. I think they are the

same that F. A. Haight spoke of in the February number of THE AMERICAN BOY.  
One day as my father was looking from his office window, a large darning needle flew against the brick and fell on the window sill, where he died, after struggling for a moment. Upon examination, I found that its neck was broken. I would like to know if there is any difference between a darning needle and a dragon fly.—Everett Anderson, 711 East One Hundred and Thirty Fourth street, New York City.  
(Darning needle is the common name for dragon fly. It has not been commonly supposed that tadpoles lose their tails just in the way described by our correspondent. Is he quite sure that he saw the tails "drop off in pieces"? What have our other young observers to say to this?)

**The Ant-Lion.**

I have recently found a queer little bug that I would like to know the name of. It is about a quarter of an inch long, including his pincers, which are about an eighth of an inch long. He makes him a hole in the sand, and when an ant comes in it is his dinner time. His house is a hole in the ground, which slopes toward the centre like a funnel. The sides are all fine sand, so that if an ant comes to the edge there is nothing to keep him from falling in, as his weight is too much for the sand, which caves in, carrying him with it. The sound of the sand falling wakes up the ant-lion, who finding his dinner waiting, brings his huge pincers together, catching the ant between them, and holds him securely while he eats him.—Judson P. Guinon, Mayflower, Ark.

**Who Will Name This Beetle?**

Last week when I was on a vacation to Utica I was walking along the banks of the Clinton River and observed an insect hopping from place to place on the sand. I caught one and found it to be a beetle about one-fourth of an inch long. It was a light gray, covered with spots of a darker gray. It had very long legs and also large, branched mandibles. From these facts I infer it to be a carnivorous beetle, though I have not been able to find its name or description in any of the books I have examined. It inflicts a painful bite (found by experience).—Fenton Combs, 149 National Ave., Detroit, Mich.



**Blind Snowbird.**

While walking through the yard one day last winter I heard a peculiar noise which attracted my attention. On looking around I noticed two little snowbirds near by the chicken coop, where we feed the chickens. One of the birds was either blind or sick, because the other picked up a lot of seed and began feeding it. This was repeated several times. Every time the blind bird would get something to eat I heard a funny noise which I thought the blind bird made. I suppose this noise meant thanks. I watched their movements for quite a while, and getting anxious to see what the matter was, walked towards them. When the one bird saw me coming it gave a signal to the blind one, and so they both flew away, but the bird that had done the feeding took the lead, and made funny noises as far as I could hear it, so the other could follow.—Edw. Finnerty, Hitchcock, South Dakota.

**Corpse-Flower, or Indian Pipe.**

I found a bunch of pure white, bell-shaped flowers among the dead leaves in a Missouri forest, late in November. The stems were about as thick as a pipe stem and white as snow. There was not a bit of color about them except a little yellow pollen in each bell. The bells were about half an inch in length, and stem three inches. Stem, flower and leaves all white. After being in water a few days they turned a dark blue or black, and gave a very offensive odor.—Carson C. Dounell, Box 13, Donnellson, Ill.

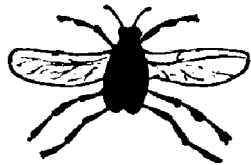


**Ants in a Jar.**

While in school and studying insects, I took a mason fruit can (glass) and filled it nearly full of the dirt such as I saw the ants lived in. I then dug up an ants' nest and caught as many ants as I thought could get along in the can, and put them in the can, covering the sides with brown paper. I also put some of the pupa cases in. The first day and night I had all I could do to keep the ants in, and they did not dig at all. I made a chalk mark around the inside of the can, and, finding they could not get over that they dug down. Opening the paper one morning I found about one foot of tunnels at different heights, and here and there I could see a pupa case or two.  
As soon as I opened the paper the ants ran as if frantic, and took the pupa cases out of sight.  
I fed them bread crumbs and sugar, which they took down into their home. They did not come up on top very often, so I thought I would try another experiment. I caught some black ants (the ones I had were red) and put them in the can. For a while they tried to get out, but shortly all but two or three went down the holes of the nest.  
When I went to bed that night all was quiet in the nest and none of the black ants had come up again.  
I was anxious for the morning to see the outcome of this experiment. In the morning I looked in the can and beheld the top of the dirt covered with red ants, all dead or nearly so. Opening the paper I saw the black ants going among the tunnels as calm and quiet as if they had lived there always.  
There must have been a terrible fight down there, and it ended in victory for the black ants, which were inferior in size. I would like to have seen the fight.—Forrest M. Lasey, Station A, Pasadena, Cal.

**Name, Please.**

Yesterday as I was sitting on the porch I noticed a black bug about half an inch long, sitting along-side of an ant hole, and on watching it I noticed that it caught every ant as it came out of the hole, and after killing them by pressing them between its two front feet, laid them in a pile. After a large number was thus collected the bug covered them up with dirt and then flew away. This may seem like a fairy tale, but I saw it with my own eyes. The picture is about one third its natural size. It is jet black.—Louis Stephen, 4463 Ashland Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



**Geapta Silenus.**

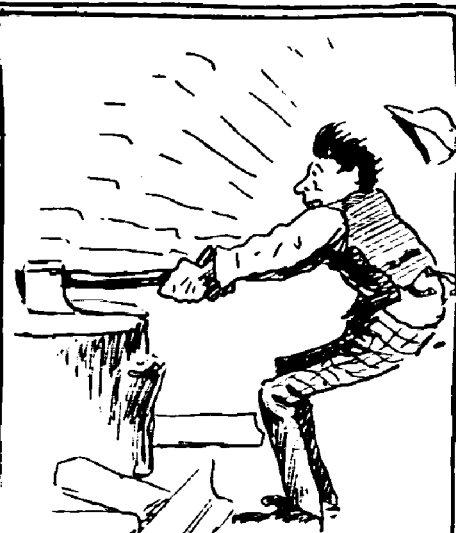
Last summer, while I was strolling through the woods, my attention was called to a wild gooseberry bush—Ribes—which was almost divested of leaves. On close examination I found one chrysalid and three caterpillars, all of which I captured and brought home. In a few days two of the caterpillars died, also the chrysalid. The other caterpillar, after being in the chrysalid stage for about a month, hatched out a Geapta Silenus—Silenus Butterfly. The drawing is of the caterpillar changing into a chrysalid.—Edwin Y. Lansing, Jr., Box No. 112, Salem, Oregon.



**Parasites.**

Late last fall I collected some cocoons of the "basket moth" for study during the winter months. I had forgotten entirely about them until about a month ago, and when I took them from the box in which I had placed them in the fall, I noticed a fine web spun from one of them to a corner of the box. I left this one undisturbed, and at noon of the following day I noticed that there were a number of small specks upon the web, and knowing that they were not there the day before, I picked one of them off and discovered that they were tiny worms which came from a small hole in the side of the cocoon. I then cut another cocoon of the same kind open, and split the larva in halves and found it filled with small eggs not much larger than the worms. The question is, were these worms parasites or is there a worm that forms a cocoon and places its eggs in a larva crust. I am inclined to believe the former theory, but am not certain. Can you give me any light on the subject?  
I feel very much interested in the study of parasites since the discovery I have made, and would like to have any information you may see fit to give me.—H. C. Pratt, Passaic, N. J.  
(Your little "worms" are doubtless parasitic, and probably Ichneumons, though in my experience the Ichneumons generally emerge as flies, rather than larvae. You should sterilize some of the parasitic eggs and preserve them on a card—carefully labeled, with date—then study the little larvae, sketching them, etc., and observe what transformations they undergo and into what final form of imago they develop. You will thus be on the track of the "life history" of an interesting species. I shall be interested to hear the result of further observation.—Ed.)

JUST FOR FUN



Five suggestions on how to keep warm this winter @-neat and handy.

② No expense

③ Graceful and exciting

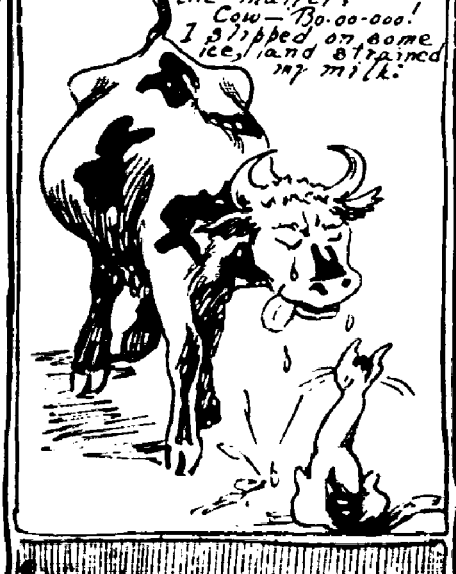
See that the thermometer always registers 90° or over.

④ The best and most effective way. Try it.



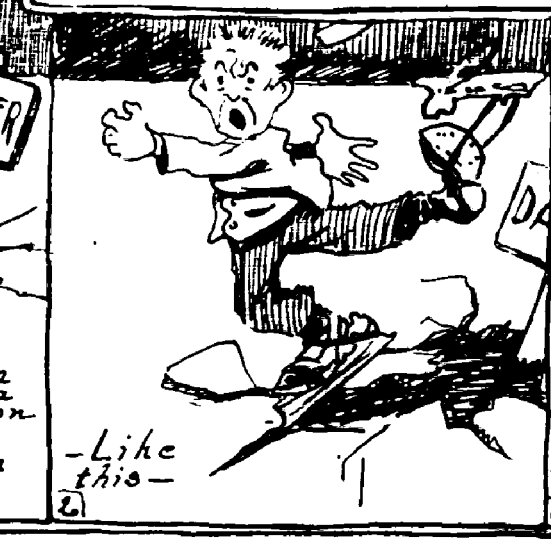
Puzzle— Find who threw the snow-ball.

Learning to skate. We've all been there before.



"I can get lots of boys to clean the sidewalk for that 'Mebby', but dey ain't profeshnals."

"Cat— You look tough Boosy, what's the matter?" Cow— "No, oo-ooo! I slipped on some ice, and strained my milk."



If on nearing a weak spot on the ice, you attempt to turn around sharply—

Donald F. Stewart.

The Old Year— "Keep her straight ahead, young 'un'."

-Like this-

-With the above result-

-Try, if possible, to keep COOL.



# The American Boy ROLL OF HONOR

**T**HE publishers of *The American Boy* will publish under this head, from month to month, the names of boys who, in any field of honorable effort have earned distinction, whether in school work, home work, office, factory or farm work, money making pursuits, sports, or any other department of boy activity; acts of heroism, self-sacrifice, manly effort for others will here find recognition, thus giving inspiration to thousands of boys. The roll will not be restricted to subscribers to the American Boy. The first names will appear in our February 1st number, and will be kept standing in the following numbers of the paper, being added to from month to month, until January, 1903 (one year), at which time the Roll will be printed on heavy paper, in colors, ready and fit for framing, and presented free of charge to every one whose name appears thereon. We invite information that will assist us in making up the Roll. The conduct or acts meriting this recognition, must bear date since January 1, 1902.

Every Boy can have  
**Honorable Distinction in 1902.**

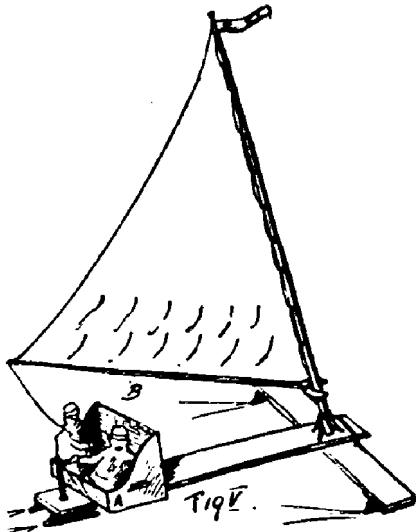
### How to Make an Ice Boat.

Ice boating is by no means a new kind of sport; but strange to relate it has by no means become a common sport. One of the main reasons for this lies in the fact that few persons know how to build an ice boat, or realize that it may be built at exceedingly small cost—not exceeding the limits of the average boy's pocketbook.

By studying closely the rough illustrations accompanying this article it will be seen that an ice boat is a simple affair after all, although like any other thing it may be made expensive.

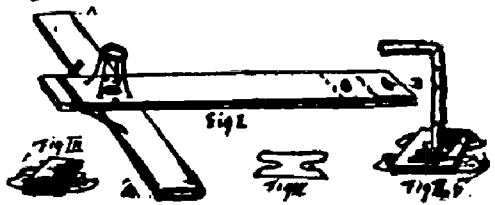
Two heavy planks, oak preferred, and a mast are necessary. Let the planks be two inches in thickness, one fifteen feet long, the other eight. Place the shorter one crosswise beneath the longer one and a foot from its end in the position seen in Figure 1. Bolt them securely together but not in such a way as to interfere with the cutting of a hole for the mast at the center of the point where the planks join. An iron brace bolted into the planks, as shown in Figure 1, is easily obtained at a blacksmith shop, as is also an iron mast-supporter as shown. At the other end of the long plank, as in Figure 1 marked "B," bore an inch hole for

and upon the top of it fasten the rudder handle, as in Figure 2. The rudder handle may be a piece of hardwood, an iron rod, or a piece of piping. Fasten the steering runner upon the end of the longest plank at B in Figure 1 by slipping the rudder handle up through the hole bored for that purpose. Make a riding box from boards, as shown



at "A" in Figure 5. It is to be bolted upon the long plank at "C" in Figure 1. The mast should be, if possible, twenty feet in length and of spruce or other suitable wood. The boom marked "B" in Figure 5 should be twelve to fifteen feet in length. The sail will then measure about sixteen to eighteen feet upon the mast by twelve feet upon the boom. Of course, you can use a mast and sail from a sail boat if you have one.

Now, with a good warm blanket to tuck about you in the riding box, you are ready to start off. An ice boat may be sailed in every detail as may a sail boat. Ice boats acquire the speed of the fastest express trains in favorable wind and upon good ice. For great speed and healthy, exhilarating sport in winter, the ice boat practically handled cannot be excelled.



the rudder to pass through. From three pieces of planks the same thickness and width as the longer ones, and a foot in length, make a support for the runners. If you can afford it have four runners cast, each about fifteen inches in length, with plates attached through which to screw them to their supports. If you cannot buy four runners take two pairs of skates—old ones will do as well as new ones. Fasten one runner upon each of two of the short pieces of planking, and then bolt these at each end of the eight foot piece. The skate runner bolted to the short piece of planking is shown in Figure 3. Upon the other short piece of planking fasten two skate runners,



Y. M. C. A. ORCHESTRA, ANN ARBOR, MICH.

### The Boy's Garden

When a boy goes into gardening he has a whole lot to learn. He ought to know what kind of crops are best adapted to his soil, and what will pay best when they are produced. He ought to know how to keep his soil fertile. He ought not to have a larger garden than he can attend to well. He should never plant more than he can tend himself, unless he sees some way of paying for the labor without depending on what comes out of the garden.

Tuscola, Mich.

Editor THE AMERICAN BOY:  
Dear Sir:—I saw in your excellent paper that you wanted boys to send in their experience at gardening. I will tell you how I raise peanuts in Michigan. I began raising them two years ago with poor success, but last year I raised about three pecks from a pound of seed. I have found that they do not want to be planted in boxes first, but in the ground, about the middle of May, in a row six to nine inches apart, and when three to four inches high should be transplanted, with all the dirt possible left on them, in hills about three feet apart each way, and should not be hoed after they begin to blossom. Sandy ground is best, but they can be raised on any good rich ground.

Yours,  
CARROLL E. DURHAM.

Glidden, Ia.

The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.:  
Dear Sirs:—I saw in one of the numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY that you would like to have the experiences of boys in gardening, so I thought I would write. I am eleven years old and am living with my sister going to school. My folks live at Fostoria, Ia., a little place but a good place for selling vegetables. Two years ago my brother, who is two years older than I am, and I started by trying to sell a few peas, and so our trade increased until we made it a point to go up to the village and take orders and deliver every morning. In this and other ways, we earned in two years over sixty dollars. Of course, we had the advantage over a good many boys, as we had a horse to work with, but others may have as great success near larger towns without a horse.

Sincerely,  
MAY E. CORNELL.

F. W. Perry, New Rochelle, N. Y., says: Peanuts must be planted in sandy soil. Plant about three feet apart in rows and drills, and hoe into hills. They grow similar to potatoes, but the tops spread over the land and grow down into the ground, and peanuts grow from these as well as the main root. Plant raw peanuts for seed, about two in a hill. Popcorn planted like sweet corn is nice to have in a garden. It must be planted apart from other corn, however, or it is likely to mix.

### Cabbage and Potato Classes.

Many boys in German schools, besides learning reading, writing and arithmetic, study cabbages and potatoes. They spend whole afternoons in the school gardens. Many cities in Germany have set aside a plot of land not far from the school, where all sorts of vegetables and plants are grown. Here the boys learn how to transplant trees and sow all kinds of different seeds. They learn why the cabbage is first cousin to the cauliflower, when turnips should be pulled, and how to tell when a melon is ripe. They learn about the various kinds of weeds. Poison vines are grown, and the boys are taught to recognize them. Boys are thus inspired to start little gardens at home.

Boys in Germany go to school longer during the year than they do in America. There they have only four weeks of vacation in summer, although they have two weeks at Christmas, two at Easter, and two in October. The school gardens give the boys more outdoor life during the school term than American boys get. Every two weeks the gardener has a circular printed and distributed among the schools telling what plants are in bloom, what fruits are ripe, and so on, so that every child may see them.

Such gardens cost money, but the Germans believe that their children should be thoroughly trained in the schools. Bismarck, the greatest German, said: "The nation that has the schools has the future." In France gardening is taught in 28,000 elementary schools, each of which has a garden attached to it. In Sweden, even as far back as thirty years ago, 22,000 children were receiving instruction in horticulture, and each of the 2,016 schools had for cultivation from one to twelve acres. In Russia many children are taught tree, vine, grain, garden, silkworm and bee culture.

### On His Paternal Ancestor.

Being a patriotic boy, Ben bought with his own money a lead pencil painted red, white and blue.  
"Now, father," he said, exhibiting his purchase with a flourish, "what color do you want me to write?"  
"White," replied the parent, with a wink at the other parent.  
And Ben sat down and wrote in large letters the word "white"—in black—to the total overthrow and confusion of the other party concerned.—Chicago Tribune.

## A MAP OF THE UNITED STATES

SIZE 48 X 34 INCHES  
MOUNTED TO HANG ON  
THE WALL  
PRICE 15 CENTS

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.

## A SURE CROP OF PEACHES THE EVERBEARING PEACH

This is the most remarkable of Peaches, combining many very valuable qualities, including:  
**FIRST**—Its Long Continued Bearing Period. The first ripening begins about July 1, and successive crops are produced until some time in September. Fruit in all stages of development—ripe, half-grown, and just set, as well as the blossoms—may be seen upon the tree at the same time.

**SECOND**—As the Tree Blossoms at Different Periods, a complete failure of fruit from late frosts in spring has never been known.

**THIRD**—The Fruit is Creamy White, mottled and striped with light purple and with Pink veins, oblong in shape and tapering to the apex; flesh white, with red veins near the skin; very juicy, vinous, and of excellent flavor; quality very good to best. Free-stone of the Indian type. The first ripening averages 3 1/2 inches long by 3 inches broad. The size of the second and following crops diminishes gradually, until that of the last ripening is about 2 inches in diameter. A supply of fruit may, therefore be secured from the same tree for nearly three months in succession.

This is the most remarkable, as well as valuable peach ever offered in America for family use.

See what the Secretary of the American Pomological Society, also Assistant United States Pomologist says about Everbearing Peach:

Messrs. PULLEN BROS., Milford, Del. July 27, 1899.  
GENTLEMEN:—Referring to yours of the 26th inst., in re "Everbearing" Peach, I would say that the specimens which I examined at meeting of G. Hort. Soc. at American City, in August last, impressed me very favorably. It is a good sized Peach of the Indian type, a little dull in color but of excellent texture, flavor and quality. The long blooming season which it is reported to have is a strong point in its favor where late frosts in spring are troublesome. Very truly,  
WM. A. TAYLOR, Sec.

Have tested the Everbearing Peach to my perfect satisfaction.

Price, \$1 each; \$5 for six; \$9 per dozen.

**EARLY BEAUTY STRAWBERRY.**

Size extra large, hardy, thrifty, prolific. Ten days to two weeks earlier than any other variety.

Price, \$4 for six; \$7 per dozen.

Place your orders now. Express prepaid. Address all correspondence to

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## BUILD A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN.

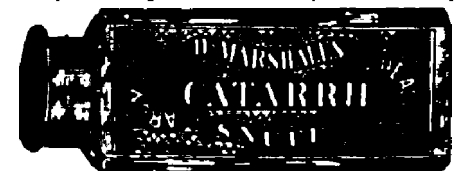
We have a plan whereby anyone may build up a nice business right at home. It will last and grow from year to year. Business is suited to gentlemen and ladies, girls and boys. Everybody you do business with will be glad to see you again. We furnish the capital and the material. You pay no money. The percentages are liberal. Our little booklet explains the plan and the terms. Write for it to-day. Somebody in your locality is going to take up this proposition. Why not you? Address,  
FRANK H. BATTLES, Dept. F., Rochester N. Y.

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To sell our Garden and Flower Seeds. No money required. We start you and pay you cash. Write at once for particulars.

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## Earns a Thousand Dollars a Year.

(Begun on Page 87.)

boy accepted, and he became a traveling salesman, going to Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other places selling the Wellington machines.

Carl was determined to go to Washington, and when in Baltimore, on his way, he telegraphed to the President and to Admirals Dewey and Schley, asking for interviews which they promptly granted. Mr. Schley invited him to be his guest during his stay in Washington. He carries a



CARL GUSTAFSON,  
Aged 13 Years. 52 inches high.

THE YOUNGEST TYPEWRITER SALESMAN IN THE UNITED STATES.

very complimentary letter from Admiral Dewey in which he expresses appreciation of the visit the boy paid him. One morning at 10 o'clock he found himself at the White House alone with the President for some fifteen or twenty minutes. The president gave him a box of candy, and told his secretary to let Carl have whatever he wanted, whereupon the boy made an application for a position in Washington for his father, and Carl confidently expects that the appointment will come. The boy is now "doing" the Charleston Exposition.

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### Stamps Free.

Mrs. R. W. Thompson, 59 Holden street, Providence, R. I., says that her son has one thousand or more foreign postage stamps that he is willing to give to American boys. If you want a package send a stamped return envelope to Mrs. Thompson and you will get some free of charge, provided that your letter reaches her before they are all gone.

### A Pretty Calendar.

The Harrington and Richardson Arms Company, Worcester, Mass., have issued a very handsome calendar for 1902 in the way of a pastel drawing of "The Hunting Girl," by Malcolm Stewart. In a letter to the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY under date of Dec. 14, they say: "To any of your readers desiring a copy we will be pleased to mail one without charge, if they will mention THE AMERICAN BOY when writing."

### School Savings Banks.

There are 3,588 school savings banks in the United States, with 63,567 depositors. Since the work was begun \$876,000 have been deposited by the school children, the amount of the deposits at the close of last year being \$335,000. In one county—Montgomery County, Pa.—the pupils have deposited in about ten years no less than \$175,300. In Atlantic City, N. J., the deposits during the last school year were \$6,376. Many schools are doing a great work in thus inculcating lessons of economy and thrift.

### Sacks of Soup.

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Illustration for "The Great Kennebec Hill Race." Page 96.

# The Great Kennebec Hill Race—Bob Tyson

Kennebec Hill was great for coasting. A well-graded country road began to climb it almost within the town of Kennebec itself and then threaded its way up and around for a mile and a half till it reached the ridge that began at the summit. In most points the slope was gentle, and at some there were levels, but there were steep grades and short curves as well, which made coasting exciting and oftentimes full of danger.

The Kennebec Hill road was narrow, being either cut into the side of the hill or built upon "fills;" at only two or three places on it could two teams pass each other. It cost more than the town of Kennebec could afford to make a double track road.

The authorities had on several occasions tried to prohibit coasting on this road as it interfered with travel. It must have been a staid old team that would stay in the track with a sled load of shouting boys bearing down upon it with the speed of the wind; and it meant either the ditching of the team and driver or a bad mix-up and some broken bones.

Several persons who lived along the road had tried to stop the coasting by throwing ashes on the track in front of their premises, but the sleds fairly flew through the clinders, leaving in a few minutes nothing to mark where they had been save a dark spot on the snow.

The Kennebec schoolhouse was on the edge of the town and right alongside of this road; at four in the afternoon of school days five hundred eager boys and girls poured out of the school yard and took their way up the hill dragging their sleds, running and shouting in their eagerness to reach the summit.

Kennebec was in the hill country at the base of the Alleghenys. Along one side of it ran a broad river that was frozen over the greater part of the winter, and on the opposite side big hills, of which Kennebec was the biggest, and these, for two or three months of the winter, were covered with snow. No wonder, then, that the boys of this town were at home on skates and sleds. Everyone skated and coasted. Even the men remained boys in this particular until long past middle life, coasting and skating with their sons and grandsons; indeed, there were Saturday afternoons when the whole town was either on the river or on the hill.

The sleds used by Kennebec boys were none of your fancy store sleds, with their runners turned up in front, bending back in a graceful curve and terminating in swans' heads, with pictures painted on their seats, and flaunting fancy names. Such sleds would have gone to pieces on the quick turns of Kennebec Hill; and in a collision with a real Kennebec sled one of this variety would have gone to splinters and dropped its riders in a disgraceful heap in the middle of the track. No, indeed! The Kennebec sled was a very different sort of a sled; it was low built and stout, its parts being built of the strongest material and its runners braced with heavy rods of iron. More often than not it was without paint, and seldom did a name adorn it; but the tire of steel that underlay its runners was filed, and sandpapered, and rubbed till it shown like burnished silver. Several Kennebec carpenters and blacksmiths from long practice had learned how to build sleds for speed.

The boys of Kennebec, too, knew how to coast. They began learning at an early age when, with their knees drawn up close to their chins and grasping the side bars, they acted as ballast, while their elders sat behind them steering. On the perilous way down the long hill they were used to catching their breath at the sharp turns and shutting their eyes as the blinding snow flew into their faces from the sleds ahead of them, and yelling like mad when, in an exciting spurt with a rival, they shot ahead, just missing, as they passed, the edge of the fill; or, perhaps, at sight of an approaching team and the frantic shouts of the driver, they plunged off the road—down—down into a snowbank. At ten, eleven, twelve years, even, they tried the track alone, and at sixteen were crack coasters and could steer a sled going at railroad speed almost to a hair line.

On one Saturday in the winter of 18—the town of Kennebec was alive with excitement. At four o'clock of that day a trial of speed between five of the best sleds of the town was to take place. Long before the hour set hundreds of men, women and children lined both sides of the track for its entire length. At one point the road turned abruptly to the right on a steep incline. This was the point of greatest danger, for in making the swing around this turn known as "the second bend" even an expert coaster must use all his skill or go over the embankment on the left. Here a great crowd had assembled, for not only was this the point of greatest interest, but from this spot a good view was had both up and down the course.

The track was in splendid condition. A continuous fall of light snow through several days had been followed by a thaw, and this by a freeze and another gentle snow. Then the track had been used for several days, and the hundreds of feet and sled runners passing over it had packed it until it fairly

glistened. Men were posted at the top of the hill and at the bottom to request all drivers of vehicles to stop for the few minutes required for the race. Starters were stationed at the top of the hill and competent judges at the bottom of the hill, the latter to note the relative positions of the sled at the end of the race.

Finally all was ready. Five eager boys stood waiting the word of the starters to fall in line.

"Now, boys," said Dr. Brown, who superintended the starting, "get ready! Each may select a small boy to ride with him, to give the sled ballast; then get in line on your sleds as close together as possible without interfering. No one will start till the word 'Go' is given. You will steer sitting sidewise and each will be allowed to push off with his steering leg while sitting on the sled. There must be no running or jumping start. If any boy is seen interfering with another he will be out of the race. An accident will be no excuse. The best sled and the best fellow will win. You, Clayton, take the lead."

Joe Clayton pushed his sled into the middle of the track and he and his "ballast" took their seats. Clayton's sled was a handsome one, new and strong, and graceful in every outline. The boss carpenter of the town had declared that it was the best he had ever turned out; in its trial spins it had opened the eyes of some of the oldest of Kennebec coasters and excited the envy of other owners of fast ones. Indeed, this new sled and its boastful owner was the direct cause of the race. Clayton was proud of his sled, and as he took his seat and dug the heel of his right boot into the hard track ready to give the shove-off, he said to his companion, "I'll show these fellows a trick or two."

Clayton's boasting had been of a disagreeable sort. "The other fellows'll not be in it, with their sand scows," he sneeringly remarked to a crowd of small boys that morning. "I can beat them with my eyes shut."

This boastful talk, together with Clayton's disregard of the track rights of others, when in his practice spins he ran over other sleds and went shouting all the way down the hill, to frighten the younger boys and the girls and spread panic among the coasters who could not keep ahead of him and must either turn out of the way or be run over, made him unpopular; and yet every one admitted that Clayton had "a great sled and no mistake."

"You next, Stanton," said the starter, and Tom Stanton, with his "ballast," took position immediately behind Clayton on a long, low-built sled with a good record.

"You next, Cummins," and Cy Cummins, a boy of slender build and pinched face, emerged from the crowd.

"Dr. Brown, I haven't anybody to ride with me; can I go alone?"



"Here, Dr. Brown, you take this knife; it's Billy's when the ride is over."

The boy's face was earnest, and to Dr. Brown betrayed something pitiful.

"Why not, Cy?" he asked.

"No one wants to ride with me; I guess they're afraid of my old sled; it broke down last winter on 'the second bend.' But I've braced 'er good and I know she'll stand it. Some of the fellows think I don't know how to run 'er."

"Then, Cy," said Dr. Brown, regretfully, "you can't

go in the race. I'm sorry, but to be fair the sleds must carry as nearly equal weights as possible. The conditions must be the same all around. You'll have to step out."

Cy Cummins drew back into the crowd dragging after him the old sled which his father had used before him. It showed by its lack of paint and its scratches, and the old rope tied to it, the service it had done and the poverty of its owner.

The boys nudged one another and not a few laughed at Cy's discomfiture; then suddenly the boy turned and with flashing eyes exclaimed, "I'm poor; I haven't got a penny in the world and I can't pay any of you to do it, but I'll give this jackknife—the only thing I've got except this sled and a dog, to any one that will go with me in this race. I can win—if—if—I get a chance."

The boy's last word sounded almost like a sob; tears were in his eyes as he stood there pleading for a fair show.

Now boys are not hard—at least not all boys, and some little boys have big, noble hearts.

"I'll go, Cy," shouted a little fellow, pushing his way out of the crowd. "I'm not afraid, and I don't want your knife either."

Cy sprang forward like a wild animal upon its prey. "Here, Dr. Brown, you take this knife; it's Billy's when the ride's over; I won't take it back."

Dr. Brown took the knife, the crowd became silent and watched eagerly while Billy adjusted himself on Cy's sled. He was a little chunk of a fellow, short and chubby, just the sort of ballast for a Kennebec sled.

Dr. Brown put the knife in his pocket, but not without noting that it was a poor thing with only one whole blade in it. "That boy's right," he said to himself; "he'll not get his knife back, but he'll get a better one."

Cy now took his place behind Billy, his long left leg doubled under him and his right well crooked and braced against the hard track.

"Take care, Billy," remarked a coarse-grained loafer who stood by. "Cummins will ditch ye afore yer half way down."

"Better carry a feather bed," shouted another. "You'll need it at the second bend."

"Got any word for your mother?" asked another.

But Billy paid no attention to these taunts. He was getting a good hold, and arching his back so as to take up as little space as possible and give Cy a good seat and a fair view ahead.

"Bidwell next," said the starter, and Forrest Bidwell and his ballast took position.

"Edson last," and Howard Edson, with a little fellow passenger, got in line.

"Now, boys, remember the rules: Only one hunch at the start; no interfering; pass always on the left; start at the word 'Go.' Now, all ready!"

Every muscle on every boy was tense. So tight did Cy Cummins' hands grasp the sides of his old sled that the blood seemed all forced out of them. Each contestant, with the heel of his right foot dug into the track, leaned forward over the head of his ballast and peered ahead like an eager race-horse. The crowd bent forward eagerly, hardly breathing.

"Go!"

And go they did. A sharp, crunching sound, as five boot heels gave a fierce, forward push, and then a clean rattle of runners as the best coasters of Kennebec took the long, clean track toward the first bend.

The crowd of boys at the starting point started in hot pursuit, some on foot, others on their sleds; and this promiscuous shouting mass came on like an avalanche behind the racers; but the five boys knew and cared nothing for what was behind them. Every nerve was stretched, and every eye was riveted on the track ahead; the goal was all to them.

Shouts went up from spectators that lined the way; a cheering, excited crowd awaited them at the first bend.

"See 'em come!"

"Clayton's ahead, and he's gaining!"

"Hurrah for Edson!"

"He's picked up Bidwell!"

"My, but Stanton's kicking up the snow; that ain't fair."

"Say, but that old hoss of Cy Cummins' is racing like the wind."

"Wonder if she won't go to pieces on the turn?"

"They oughtn't to let that fellow in, anyway."

Now the racers were turning the first bend and flying as gracefully as birds.

"Jolly, what a race!" shouted a man.

"Did you see how white that boy Cummins' face was?" was the answer he got from another.

The sleds were now on the second leg of the course—a long stretch of icy track that glistened in the sunlight—the prettiest piece of road on the whole mile and a half.

"Now, lean back!" whispered Cy to his ballast, hoarsely. Then both boys threw their weight for a moment on the back of the sled, which seemed fairly to bound like a deer.

"Now, forward!" he cried, and both boys leaned away forward, giving the sled a tremendous impulse.

"Look!" cried a fellow; "Cummins is gaining; he'll catch Stanton before they reach the bend, and Clayton had better look out."

Sure enough, Cy Cummins' old sled was gaining on the two leaders, and gaining fast. A group of three men midway of the stretch remarked that snow and ice were flying from under Clayton and Stanton, but not from under Cummins.

"That Cummins boy knows his business! See! He doesn't touch his foot to the ground only when he has to; he's steering by the motion of his body. Say, that's genius. That'll win him the race. Clayton is blinding Stanton with snow and ice, and Stanton isn't doing much better by Cummins. That's trickery! But it won't win! Cummins has the right idea; he is letting his sled go and not bothering her."

The sleds were now coming in a bunch in the order of their start, save that Edson and Bidwell had changed places. Clayton heard the oncoming sleds. The actions of the crowd ahead and the ominous sounds behind him told him plainly that he was losing ground. Frantically he swung his leg from side to side, digging his heels into the track and doing his utmost to blind the eyes of the boys behind him. The crowd noticed it and yelled its disapproval. For an instant Clayton looked back. Right at his heels, in easy touch, was Cy Cummins.

Little Billy bent his back and ducked his head so not a particle of the icy shot that flew from Clayton's foot struck his face. Not so with Cy; the pelting he got was terrific, but with set teeth he held to the course, his face stinging with pain.

In another instant he was nearly abreast of the leader. "Take care," he shouted, but Joe Clayton had done his trick, and Cy's sled, struck by Joe's foot, was thrown from its course nearly spilling its

occupants and plowing its way through deep snow at the side, while Clayton kept on his course, and Stanton, too, went whirling by.

"For shame!" shouted a score of voices.

Cy's sled had impetus enough to carry it back on the track under Cy's skillful steering, and away it went almost hopelessly behind the two leaders and dangerously near the two sleds that came rushing up from behind.

Cy heard the shout of encouragement and praise for his masterly control of his sled and in another instant was bending again to his task, his heart in his throat and his lips compressed and pale.

Clayton, not knowing how his trick had succeeded and thinking that Stanton's sled was that of Cummins, was taking no chances of defeat. He was now approaching the second bend. A sudden thought came to him: "Why make the outer turn at the bend? To be sure, the best coasters always did it and nearly every one else who tried took a tumble." The road had been widened here and the snow piled up and packed on the outer edge to keep the sleds from going over the embankment on the turn. "I'll stick to the inside of the track," he said to himself; and swinging his foot to the right he threw his sled as far in as possible. "Now lean to the right," he called to his ballast, as they struck the curve. The sled creaked, trembled, slid, balanced for a moment on the left runner—then turned over as quick as a flash, dropping Joe in the middle of the track and throwing his companion fully twenty feet away into a snow bank. The sled itself rolled over and over and landed ignominiously in a clump of bushes at the bottom of the embankment. Joe rose to his knees in frantic haste just as Stanton swung around the curve, and in an instant received the full force of

the oncoming sled with its heavy load which bowled him down and spilled Stanton and his ballast all over the track.

Cy Cummins saw with horror the danger to the boys as well as to himself and his little friend, but was too close upon them to avert it. Involuntarily he grabbed Billy around the waist and cried "Look out," closed his eyes and held his breath. His sled sped round the curve at its very outer edge, and, no one knows how, struck the track again and bounded down the steep incline like a frightened deer. Cy opened his eyes. How had it all happened? How did he get through that mix-up of sleds and boys without running them down? But he had done it, and he was racing down the last leg of the course sure of the prize. He heard the shouts of the people. He saw his poor old father waving his hat to him. He wanted to shout, but his voice stuck in his throat. He patted the sides of the old sled and called it endearing names. He hugged little Billy till the boy had to call to him to stop.

He passed the judges yards ahead of Bidwell and Edson. The race was over, and Cy Cummins was the champion coaster of Kennebec Hill.

Nobody was severely hurt except two boys whose injuries were principally to their pride, and Stanton's ballast declares that he is digging snow out of his ears to this day.

Dr. Brown kept the old pocket knife, but Cy Cummins and his ballast sported new ones.



## Boys, Get Strong!—Vincent Van Marter Beede

One of the pleasantest things to look upon is a strong, happy boy; and most strong boys are happy. Every day I see dozens of boys, and I am forever sizing them up and wondering what they are interested in. Here comes my friend Anrus with his thick, yellow-white hair, and his trim, muscular legs sheathed in plaid golf stockings. His brothers of eight and eleven are lovely little fellows. It makes me feel bad to notice how pale and spindle-legged they are. At any rate, they try to get strong; and that cannot be said of that stoop-shouldered, slouchy boy of twelve who is inhaling three-cent cigarettes all day long. What a little fool he is! Doesn't he know that he will grow weaker and weaker until his lungs, his eyes, his stomach, and his conscience give out?

Every real boy likes some kind of athletics or other, and no boy who smokes can be an athlete worth talking about. Did Herbert, Harvard's famous strong man, and Sandow, one of the strongest men in the world, and all the hundreds of well known college and professional athletes, smoke cigarettes when they were in knickerbockers, or just out of them? Well, I doubt it.

There are many well-meaning boys who have sense enough not to smoke, and don't mean to be careless of their health, who are not a quarter as strong as they might be.

Boys, let's talk business. You want to be stronger than you are. Very well. I will give you some pointers. Don't imagine you will need to turn into a sighing martyr or anything of the kind. Listen.

Air is the cheapest thing in the world—much cheaper than water. Sleep, winter and summer, in good weather or bad—although weather of any sort is good, you know—with your windows open several inches, perhaps a foot. "But the draught," you say, "will give me a cold." Nothing of the kind. If you are cold, pile on the bedclothes, but you will soon find that you need no more covering than you had before you let in the good air. Up in the Adirondacks I slept one winter with my window wide open when the thermometer showed twenty five and thirty below zero, and one gray blanket was the extent of my extra bedclothing. If, like a girl

I know, you had been put to sleep out of doors when you were a baby, you would not need to wear a nightcap.

Just before you tumble into bed and just as soon as you have tumbled out of bed, take ten long breaths near the open window, spreading out your arms at each breath in the motion of a breast stroke. I am not going to give you a catalogue of exercises. You will do well to be faithful at your breathings.

What do you eat for breakfast? A dozen pancakes—if you can get them? I know of a boy who ate two dozen pancakes and soon afterward was operated on three times in two months for appendicitis. The boy who wants to be strong will eat few pancakes and hot breads. For breakfast he will always want fruit—especially apples—and a cereal like oatmeal or grape-nuts, with brown bread (not Boston brown bread), eggs or beefsteak. Steer clear of fried potatoes. Do not eat meat at night. Beware of pies, puddings and candies. Let the noon meal be the largest of the day. If you think I am cutting out all the good things to eat, just go to a college training table for a meal or two and let me know how many pieces of pie you saw eaten. Drink a great deal of milk, but never without eating at the same time a slice of bread or a few crackers. Milk poured into the stomach turns into lumps and makes trouble.

Many people will tell you to bathe in cold water the first thing after getting out of bed. I used to think that this was the way to do, but I have learned from wise doctors and from experience that the best time to bathe is about half past five in the evening, after you have been exercising hard. A light sponge bath in the morning, too, is a fine thing, but if you bathe once a day, better choose the hour I have named. Unless you are accustomed to your cold morning tub, use tepid water for a month or so. The best kind of shower bath does not strike your head first. A length of rubber tubing with a sprinkler, or even no attachment at all, at the end, is worth all the overhead arrangements in the world. Such a tube costs very little. Don't wet your hair but once a week unless you want to be baldheaded some day. After a quick

bath rub yourself hard—very hard—with a rough Turkish towel. Rubbing, remember, is as important, perhaps more important, than bathing. On Saturday night take a hot tub bath, using soap and a rough bathing mitten. Do not use soap with shower baths.

Light weight flannels are more healthful than fleece-lined garments, which do not let out the perspiration. Some boys think it a clever thing never to wear overshoes, but you will notice that this sort of "smarty" is, in nine cases out of ten, snuffling and wheezing at a great rate after every heavy rain. You recollect that famous motto: "Keep your powder dry." Well, here is one just as good: "Keep your feet dry."

Of course you know that if you would be strong you must go to bed early. Perhaps you do start to go to bed early; but there is that exciting story with only a chapter or two left before the close of the book—and instead of being asleep at nine, you are awake at ten. The genuine early boys promise themselves to be in bed with the light out at, say, nine o'clock.

A good soldier and a good athlete must have good eyes. When you read, do not face the light. And do not read in bed any more than you would read when hanging by your legs on the horizontal bar.

It is for you to choose your athletics; but whatever sport it may be, "go into it for all you're worth," and become an expert in it. Of familiar sports, bicycle racing is the only dangerous one I can think of at this minute. When I say "dangerous," I do not refer to wheel-smashing and limb-smashing so much as to heart-weakening.

After writing all this I am wondering whether you and your friends will say: "We knew that before." Getting strong is as old as the hills, you know. The question is: Are you making use of your knowledge? Not so very many people are honestly trying to be muscular. I haven't said a word about study, because it is well known that the boy who is getting good muscle ought to be getting a grip on his lessons, to say nothing of becoming a sweeter-tempered and more useful person to have around.

# The Thrale Boys' Legacy—H. H. H.

"Is that all?"

Scorn and disappointment were implied in Frank Thrale's voice as he asked the question.

"It is more than I ever expected to receive from Great-uncle Rodney," replied Frank's brother Ned. "You know that he has for years given his relatives to understand that he was going to leave his money to the Thrale Academy he founded, and we had no claim at all on him."

"Well, I call it mighty small of him to leave us nothing but twenty five acres of rocky, barren pasture land so long as he mentioned us at all in his will. He might have left us something that wouldn't have made us the laughing stock of the town," retorted Frank. "Folks will just laugh when they hear that a man worth a hundred and fifty thousand dollars left his two nephews nothing but twenty five acres of pasture land. I say that it was mighty small of Uncle Rodney."

"His money was his own," replied Ned quietly. "He had the right to dispose of it as he thought best, and it will do a great deal of good when used in the way in which he wanted it to be used. I think that it was very good of him to remember us at all. The tract of land he has left us must be worth something."

"You know as well as I just how worthless it is—a barren tract of upland that we couldn't sell for three hundred dollars."

"I don't know that I want to sell my share of it," replied Ned. "I want to enjoy the novelty and the pleasure of being a landowner."

"A landowner!" replied Frank scornfully. "The idea of taking any pride in being the owner of or part owner of twenty five acres of rocks and sand and yellow clay and stunted pines!"

"There are several acres of very good timber in the tract, Frank, and as I never owned a foot of ground or a tree in my life I really feel quite set up over my ownership of even the kind of land Uncle Rodney has left us. Let's go over and take a look at it. It may look differently to us now that it is our own."

Ned and Frank Thrale were young fellows of eighteen and nineteen years of age. Their father had been dead for some years and they had lost their mother a few months before the time this story opens. They had never had any sisters and their only brother had died in infancy so that they were quite alone in the world. Their parents had been poor and the boys found that they would have about three hundred and fifty dollars each when their mother's small estate was divided between them. Frank had confidently expected that their rich great-uncle would "do something handsome" for them in his will because he had several times been very kind to their mother, and because he had seemed to take a good deal of interest in them after their mother's death. He had given them much good advice which Frank had construed into a determination to make them heirs to a large part of his estate, regardless of the fact that the old gentleman had let it be known that the academy that bore his name would be his principal legatee.

Ned had cherished no illusions regarding his uncle's will. He had, moreover, a sturdy, manly independence that asked favors of no one, and he recognized his uncle's right to do as he pleased with his own

It was one morning in early spring when the Thrale boys walked out from the little town in which they lived to look at the legacy their uncle had left them. The land lay about a mile from the town. It was a hilly tract with a few acres of level meadow land and six or seven acres of timber. The rest of the land consisted of a high, sandy and rocky hill on which a goat would have starved to death, as Frank said scornfully.

Frank's scorn of his uncle's legacy increased as he and his brother tramped around over it that spring morning. The snow was still lying in some places among the rocks, and not a bud or a spear of grass had appeared. A raw, penetrating wind chilled the boys as they walked to the crest of the sandy hill.

"A valuable possession, now, isn't it?" asked Frank.

"It is worth something, Frank."

"I'll sell my half of it for fifty dollars."

"I'll give you more than that for it myself."

"You will?"

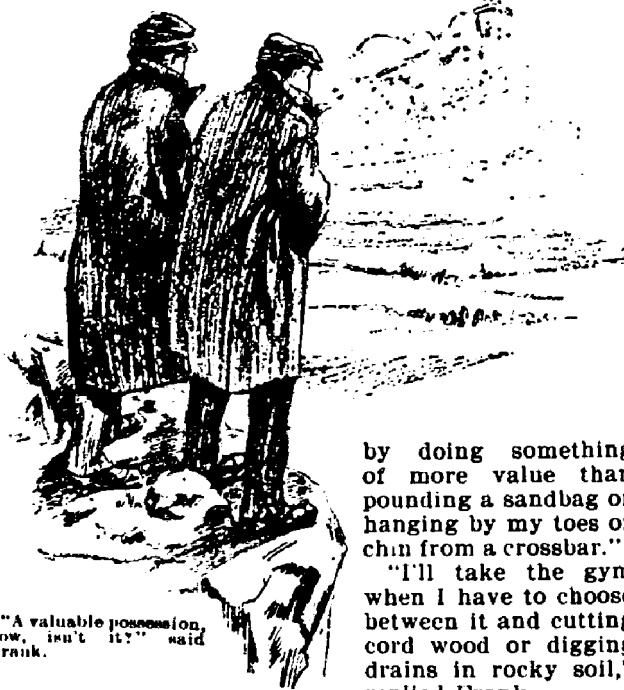
"Yes, Frank; I'll give you a hundred dollars if you really want to sell your share of the land."

"I'll take it," said Frank promptly, "and I'll have a harrowing sort of a feeling that I have cheated you at that price."

"You need not, Frank; I can cut and sell that much timber from it, and I believe that one could raise a good crop of potatoes on that land over there by the brook."

"And back-breaking work it would be to cut the timber or raise the potatoes. Excuse me from any such road to wealth."

"Well, I like to work in the soil and I love to swing an ax. It is the healthiest sort of work, and worth all the gymnasiums in the world when it comes to developing muscle. Gymnasiums are all well enough, but I would rather develop my muscle



"A valuable possession, now, isn't it?" said Frank.

by doing something of more value than pounding a sandbag or hanging by my toes or chin from a crossbar."

"I'll take the gym when I have to choose between it and cutting cord wood or digging drains in rocky soil," replied Frank.

Frank had meant it when he had said that he would sell his half of his uncle's legacy for a hundred dollars, and within a few days Ned was sole owner of the land. When Frank had asked him what he expected to do with his property he said:

"I'm going to see if I can't make something out of it. What are you going to do with your money, Frank?"

"I'll do something with it that will make it bring me in more than it would ever bring me sunk in that old sand hill of yours; and that, too, without me working myself to death."

"It is very hard in these days to make one's money bring in more than five per cent, and five per cent of a hundred dollars amounts to but five dollars a year. I know that I can make the hundred dollars I have paid you for your share of the land bring me in at least five per cent. I am going to stay right here in Wareham and see what I can do with that land."

"I wish you joy of your contract. I have made up my mind to go to the city and look up a job of some kind. With four hundred and fifty dollars in my pocket I can afford to take my time looking up the job best suited to me, or I can afford to take a place at small wages and work up to something better. Lots of fellows no older than I are getting ten and twelve dollars a week in the city."

"Yes, and paying half of it for board and room, and a good many are getting considerably less than ten dollars a week and living in little, hot, stuffy attic rooms. I'll tell you just what I am going to do, Frank; I am going to put me up a little house of a couple of rooms over there on my land. You know that I always was handy with tools, and I can do most of the work on my little house myself. I shall live there only in the spring and summer time. We have most of mother's furniture and bedding and

dishes stored and I have everything I shall need to furnish my little house comfortably."



Frank had an unusual fondness for dress.

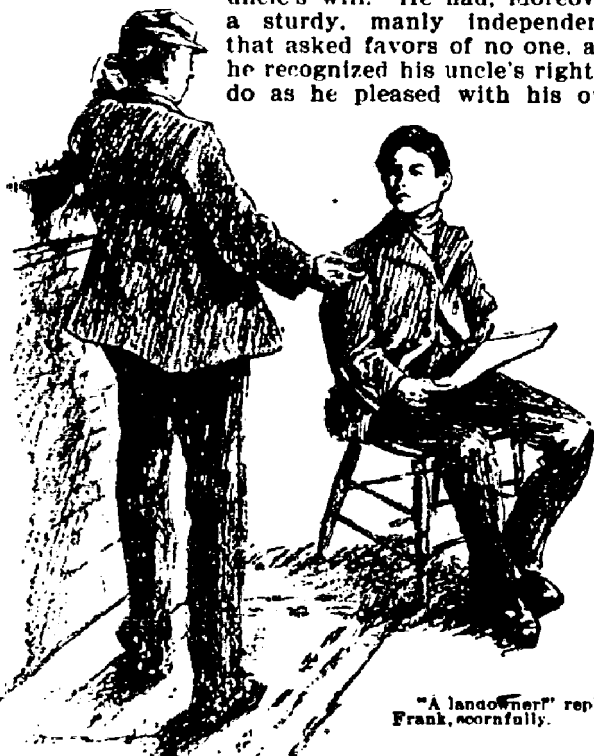
"I don't envy you your Thoreau-like existence," said Frank. "I suppose that you will live on beans and purslane, as he did, and spend half of your time watching ant fights?"

"Not much I won't," replied Ned laughingly. "You know that mother had such ill health the last year or two of her life that I helped her a great deal with the cooking, and the knowledge I gained of bread-making and frying and broiling and stewing will stand me in good stead now. You must come and dine with me sometime. It won't be the first time you will have eaten a dinner of my cooking, and I'll not give you beans or purslane. And as for watching ant fights, if I spend any time in that way it will be when I have earned the right to rest after a day of honest labor. Then an ant fight might be a real diversion. I love nature too well to lack diversion if I cast my lot there."

Within a month Ned was settled in the cosy, two-roomed little summer home he had built at the edge of the timber near the sparkling waters of the brook that ran across his land. He was a boy who was never lonely in the midst of solitude, and he was full of enthusiasm over his experiment as a farmer. He cleared about six acres of land of the stones that partly covered it. Then he used a liberal quantity of fertilizer on the land, hired a horse and plough, ploughed the land himself and planted it with potatoes. He planted nearly another acre of ground with early peas and beans, radishes, beets and onions and, for his own pleasure, he sowed a long row of sweet peas and another of nasturtiums.

The town in which Ned lived was yearly becoming more and more popular as a summer resort, and a large hotel had just been completed within half a mile of Ned's land. He had this fact in mind when he planted his vegetable garden. In addition to the hotel several private summer residences had been built, and there were already a dozen or more in and near the town and Ned knew that the demand for fresh vegetables in the town had been greater than the supply.

Frank, in the meantime, had gone to the city where he had engaged room and board at eight dollars a week while he looked around for a place to his liking. He was rather fastidious in his tastes, and he turned in disgust from the small, bare rooms he could have secured for four dollars a week, and he paid no heed to the few advertisements he saw for boys to do rough work at four and five dollars a week. He had made up his mind that he would not accept a place for less than ten or twelve dollars a week, and that even a place of this kind must offer opportunities for "working up." He was somewhat surprised to discover at the end of a month that not one of the five daily papers he had purchased each morning had contained a single advertisement in their "Male Help Wanted" columns for a young man at ten or even eight dollars a week. He had answered several advertisements for boys or young men who were wanted to fill places at six dollars a week, and he had been surprised to find that the number of applicants sometimes exceeded a hundred. He had applied to some of the employment agencies, the proprietors of which had shaken their heads and said that there was no demand for unskilled labor at ten



"A landowner!" replied Frank, scornfully.

property. He was surprised and a little touched by his uncle's remembrance of him and he told the truth when he said to his bitterly disappointed brother.

"I really think that it was very good of Uncle Rodney to remember us at all."

or twelve dollars a week. He was surprised to discover that there were men with families to support standing behind counters in the stores for seven dollars a week. At the end of a month the only position he had had offered him was that of assistant to a plumber at a salary of four dollars a week. An advertisement he inserted in four different newspapers met with no response whatever.

Frank had an unusual fondness for dress, and he had not been long in the city before he discovered the difference between his ready made clothing purchased in the "Eagle Emporium" in Wareham, and the trim, natty, tailor made suits of the young gentlemen he saw in the city, and before the end of a month fifty dollars of his money had been spent for a fashionable, tailor made suit. Ten dollars more were spent for a hat, gloves, ties and boots to harmonize with the suit.

"I'll stand a better chance of getting a good position if I am well dressed," Frank had said to himself when he had made these expenditures, and his neat and trim appearance would no doubt have been in his favor if any one had wished to engage him; but his handsome clothes had not counted for much in the eyes of the plumber who had offered him a place, and as this was the only offer he had, his expensive garments were not advancing him very rapidly.

Every day that Frank spent in walking the streets of the city applying for work Ned spent at hard and healthful work on the despised legacy. He was up with the sun and at work with hoe or plough or ax, for he had been offered six dollars a cord for some of the wood on his land, and as he had a manly fondness for swinging an ax he felled more than one tree during the summer and converted it into stove lengths which he sold for more than enough to pay for his food, "and I have good food at that," he wrote to Frank.

The big summer hotel was opened in June, and even before it opened Ned had looked up the proprietor and had come to an agreement with him in regard to "garden stuff." His sweet peas and nasturtiums bloomed in prodigal abundance, and one day when he carried a bouquet of them over to the hotel to present to the proprietor's wife she had said:

"Have you many such lovely flowers? I never saw such beautiful sweet peas."

"I have thousands of them," replied Ned without exaggeration.

"Well, suppose you bring me half a dozen bouquets a day for the tables. I will give you twenty five cents a bouquet for them. And are there any berries on your place?"



"Have you many such lovely flowers?"

"Yes, ma'am, there are a great many blueberries on the east side of the pasture land."

"I will buy all that you will bring me at ten cents a quart."

Although it looked unfriendly and ungenerous Ned now felt justified in putting up a sign forbidding berry pickers to enter his pasture, and during the season he picked half a bushel a day for which he was paid a dollar and eighty cents for each half bushel he carried to the hotel.

It was hard work to carry forward the garden, the berry-picking and the wood-chopping, and there was no time in which to watch ant fights or to sit in dreamy meditation in imitation of Thoreau, but Ned was young and strong and he took honest pride in his work. His neighbors told the truth when they said that there was "not a lazy bone in that Ned Thrale,"

and that he deserved the success that crowned his hard labor.

"My hard work does not hurt me," Ned wrote to his brother. "I have not been sick a minute and I have the appetite of a bear. I sleep like a baby in my cool country home, and I have no time in which to think of being lonesome. You'd better come home and spend a few weeks with me and get the benefit of our good country air and nice fresh vegetables and fruit such as I'll warrant you are not getting there in the city."

Nothing but his pride kept Frank from accepting this brotherly invitation. His room in the city was insufferably hot, and he had grown sick and tired of boarding house fare. He had not yet secured a position, and it alarmed him to discover how fast his money was going. He had had such full confidence in securing a place that he had spent his money freely for little luxuries and for amusement when he had first come to the city. Then he had been ill for a week and had been compelled to pay a doctor twenty five dollars. His chances of getting a position lessened as the summer came on and business grew dull in the city. He grew moody and discouraged and thin and pale while Ned was happy and more prosperous than he had dared hope to be, and each day brought him some new pleasure. He was a boy who loved to see "the green things agrowing," and the pleasure was doubled when they were his own "green things."

Every Sunday morning he made himself spotlessly clean and neat and walked into the village and sat in the pew in the little white church in which he had sat from childhood with his mother. After church he taught a class of little boys in the Sunday school, and he was often invited home to dinner by some member of the church. He accepted these invitations because he did not want to become too much of a recluse, but he enjoyed nothing more than his long, quiet Sunday afternoons in the cool, mossy woods with the books he liked best.

He cultivated his potato tract so faithfully that there was not a weed in it and the bugs found him to be a relentless foe. The season was favorable and when "digging time" came Ned took nearly four hundred bushels of potatoes from his five acres. It was hard work digging all of these potatoes and getting them ready for market. The task was a long one, but the weather was cool at this time of the year and as Ned never was happier than when he was busy he found real delight in his work. He sold his potato crop for sixty cents per bushel and the net profit, not including his time, was two hundred dollars. His acre of "garden truck," his flowers and his berries brought him in another hundred dollars, and in the fall he sold three or four acres of his standing timber to some sawmill men for two hundred dollars.

The legacy that Frank had condemned as worthless had added five hundred dollars to Ned's purse the first year, besides affording him the greater part of his living. He had, it is true, worked very hard, and the fall found him with enlarged knuckles and calloused hands, but he took honest pride in these signs of toil, and the active, outdoor life he had led had greatly increased his muscular power and had given him the flush of health.

In the fall the proprietor of the store in Wareham said to Ned:

"I suppose that you're not going to stay out on your place all winter, are you?"

"No, I think not," was the reply.

"I supposed not. My boy, who has been helping me in the store all summer, is going over to the academy in Brynton to school, and I'd like to have you take his place in the store, if you will. I have kind o' kept my eye on you, and I feel mighty sure that a boy who will buckle in and work the way you have this summer and who is as genuinely honest as you have been in your dealings with me is a boy I would like to have in the store. I'll give you fifteen dollars a month and board you in my own family if you want the place. It is three dollars a month more than I paid the boy I had last winter when Tom was away at school, but I believe that you will make yourself worth more than he was."

Ned hesitated for a moment, and then he said,

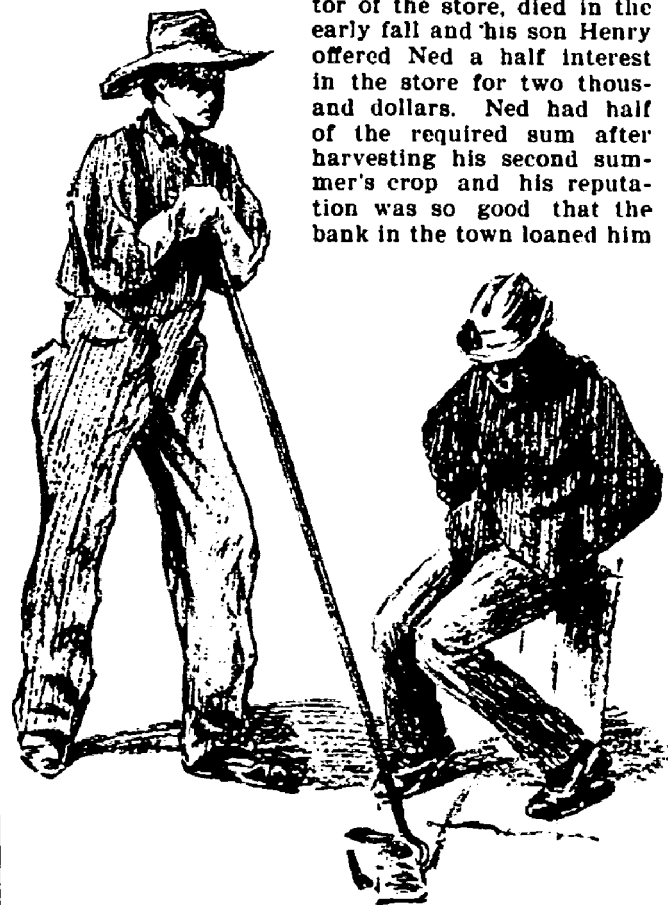
"I thank you for the offer and for your confidence in me, Mr. Rosslyn, but I had about made up my mind to go to the academy myself this winter and take a course in bookkeeping and commercial work generally, and I think I'd better carry out that plan. If you want to make me the same offer next fall I'll think more favorably of it, and I'll be better fitted for the place."

Ned carried out his plan, and while he attended the academy on a part of the profits of his summer's work Frank was measuring ribbon in a large city store on a salary of six dollars a week. He had been compelled to take a tiny, unheated hall room at three dollars a week, and how he contrived to live on the other three dollars was a mystery he only could have explained. It was partly explained by the fact that insufficient and improper food combined with the unhealthy atmosphere of his little, ill-ventilated room brought on a long illness in the

late spring, and Ned went to the city and brought his brother back with him to the farm on which Ned was spending his second summer with the sure prospect of making it more profitable than it had been the previous summer, for he had redeemed more of the land and had stocked a part of it with two hundred chickens after contracting to supply the hotel with eggs during the summer.

"Now all you have to do for the next three or four months is to lie around and rest and have a good time getting strong and well," Ned had said most generously to his brother. "I feel that you sold me your part of uncle's legacy too cheap, and I'll pay you something more on it by seeing to it that you have a long, restful, healthful summer here."

Mr. Rosslyn, the proprietor of the store, died in the early fall and his son Henry offered Ned a half interest in the store for two thousand dollars. Ned had half of the required sum after harvesting his second summer's crop and his reputation was so good that the bank in the town loaned him



"Now all you have to do . . . is to lie around and rest."

the other thousand. His partner consenting, Frank was given a place in the store as clerk at twelve dollars a month and his board. It was a good deal of a "come down" for one of Frank's lofty aspirations, but his experiences in the city had taught him a good many things and he humbly accepted the position.

Ned was as energetic and unfailingly honest and industrious in the store as he had been on his little farm, and the young firm established a reputation for fair dealing that brought them many patrons. Ned kept his uncle's legacy and he has long ago realized his dream of building a beautiful summer home on it. He is to-day one of the most prosperous and respected men in Wareham and last year he was made mayor of the town.

Frank finally became restless and dissatisfied and, a western fever having taken possession of him, he drifted out west in expectation of making his fortune in the mining districts. He had not made it the last I heard of him, for he was keeping a little news stand established with funds supplied by his brother Ned, who wrote in the letter sent with the money:

"I am now living most of the year on Uncle Rodney's legacy as I always call my little farm. I have changed and improved it so much that you would not know it, and my wife and children and I like it better here than we like our house in the town. I shall never cease to be grateful to uncle for his legacy, for it taught me the value and the compelling power of hard, honest labor, something I might never have learned had he left me mere money."

THE CITY BOY.

God help the boy who never sees  
The butterflies, the birds, the bees,  
Nor hears the music of the breeze  
When zephyrs soft are blowing.  
Who cannot in sweet comfort lie  
Where clover-blooms are thick and high,  
And hear the gentle murmur nigh  
Of brooklets softly flowing.

God help the boy who does not know  
Where all the woodland berries grow;  
Who never sees the forest glow  
When leaves are red and yellow;  
Whose childish feet can never stray  
Where Nature doth her charms display,  
For such a hapless boy, I say,  
God help the little fellow!

# TOBY: A Story for "Little" Boys—Roberts Silvey

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. — Freddy Potter, to the annoyance of his father, goes romping about the house making believe he is a pony. Mr. Potter remonstrates with the boy, but to no avail; he still persists in being a pony. Freddy Potter is lost; a reward is offered and searching parties go in all directions, but he can not be found. A few days later a strange pony appears near the Potter house and Mr. Potter puts him in the barn, determined to keep him until the real owner calls for him.

## CHAPTER IV.

FTER seeing that everything was made comfortable for the pony Mr. Potter locked the barn door and went into the house. Going straight to his wife's room he related to her what he had done. Tears came into Mrs. Potter's eyes when she saw her husband's earnest interest in the strange pony, for she at once recognized that Freddy's imaginary pony and the real one were in some tender way associated in her husband's mind, and "perhaps," she said

to herself, "God has sent this little animal to help us bear our sorrow."

Just as Mr. Potter was describing in glowing terms the pony's fine qualities, Helen came bounding into the room, her face all aglow, to learn the truth about the pony which her nurse had just told her had come to live with them.

The dear little girl was sadly in need of something to make her happy; for ever since Freddy's disappearance the Potter home had been a cheerless place for a four year old baby whose feet had been accustomed to run in play all day long and whose face had, until these last few days, been a regular bower of sunshine. Now, the world seemed all changed. Everybody looked so sad. Nobody kissed her without leaving a tear-drop on her cheek and everybody said, "My poor little Helen," and other such doleful things. Mama was ill and papa was so pale and quiet, and everybody walked about so carefully, as if afraid of making the slightest noise; and when nurse took her out walking, people looked at her so curiously that she felt in her loneliness like crying, and, indeed, she did cry at times, and nobody seemed to know just why; she could not have told the reason herself, only she was lonely and something had gone out of her little life.

And now nurse had said, "Helen, yer papa has got a pony fer ye; I saw him, with me own eyes, take it to the barn;" then the first ray of sunshine that had come to her in days lit up her face, and away she bounded to ask mama if it were really so. She entered just as Mr. Potter was telling his wife that he had made up his mind to keep the pony, if to do so he must buy him from the owner should he be found.

"Why, I never saw an animal with such human eyes," he was saying, earnestly.

"Papa, mama, is 'oo dot me a weally pony?" cried the little girl.

"Yes, my dear," replied the father, with a faint suspicion of a smile on his face; "I have found for you a real live pony, or rather, Helen, a real live pony has found us. He must have seen that my little daughter wanted company, and he just came to-day and stuck his nose over the fence and said, 'Please, Mr. Potter, may I come in and be your pony? I want to play with little Helen.' So what could I do but just take him in and give him a home with us. I am sure you will like him, he is such a pretty fellow."

"And may I wide him and dwive him?" the little one asked, eagerly.

"Yes! He shall be your pony, and you may ride him and drive him."

"May Fweddy drive him, too?"

"Yes, when Freddy comes he may drive him, too," said Mr. Potter, slowly, and at the last word his head fell among the curls on the little one's neck; Mrs. Potter, too, was silently weeping.

"Are you sorry, papa, he's come?"

"No, little one, glad—so glad. I love him already. I don't know why; but I love him."

"What's his name, papa?"

"His name? I hadn't thought of that. Of course he has a name. I forgot to ask him; but I don't sup-

pose he can tell me anyway. Let's see. We'll call him Gyp—no, Beauty—no, Bob—no—Toby. Yes," said Mr. Potter, with firmness, and his mind was on his boy's play of the night before he disappeared—"his name shall be Toby."

Late that same night Mr. Potter lit a lantern and went to the barn for a final look, to satisfy himself that the pony was all right. Everything was satisfactory. The box stall was warm and clean, a bed of straw covered the floor, and no pony in the world could complain of such accommodations.

"Good night, Toby," Mr. Potter said, lifting the lantern up to the pony's face and patting the animal's forehead.

"Good night, Mr. Potter; I thank you for your kindness," the pony tried to say with two or three funny little up and down noddings of his head, and a movement of his lips.

When Toby heard the barn door shut and the man's footsteps die away, he set to work thinking.

"Thinking!" you say. "But a pony can't think!"

"How do you know he can't think?"

"Why, of course he can't."

"But that's no reason."

"But everybody knows a pony can't think."

kind of a man, too; but he hasn't the kind face that my new owner has, but I wonder why he never smiles? He must be awful sorry about something. I tell you what I am going to do; I am going to see how good and kind and funny I can be so I can make him happy. A pony ought to be able to make one man happy, for one pony can make just hundreds of boys happy. I am going to try, anyway, and in that way show him I appreciate his goodness and sympathize with his sorrow, whatever it is. But it's awful lonesome in this barn all by myself. I wish he had left that lantern. I believe I would feel better if only a cat or a dog, or even a mouse, were here with me."

Just then Toby heard a patter of very small feet and then a scratching on the barn floor not ten feet away. Lifting his head he peered over the manger in the direction of the sound.

"There is somebody in here with me," he thought. Then he gave a gentle little whinny which meant, "Who's there?" And for an answer there came toward him through the darkness very tiny footfalls. Then Toby saw looking at him from the other side of the manger the funniest looking dog he had ever seen; for his hair was as close shorn as if his skin had been sandpapered, and around his neck and his ankles were little rings of long hair, his tail ending in a big bunch of it.

This funny looking dog was now standing on his hind legs and making frantic efforts to get his head up high enough to look over the manger.

Toby could hardly restrain himself from laughing outright, but something about the dog's eyes checked him, for there was in them something of the sadness he had seen in the man's; then, too, the pony felt instinctively that the dog would be his friend and he started right in to get acquainted.

"What's your name?" asked Toby.

"Napoleon Bonaparte Potter," answered the dog. "What's yours?"

"Just Toby; but haven't you a shorter name?"

"Yes, quite a number," answered the dog. "Mr. Potter calls me Nape; Mrs. Potter calls me Napoleon; little Helen calls me Bo; the cook calls me Bony; and my little master who is gone," and a big tear came into each of the dog's eyes, "called me Poly."

Toby's heart gave a big thump when he heard the name Poly; the name seemed to awaken memories, and for a long minute he was very still.

"Well, I'll call you Poly and you'll call me Toby. It seems to me we have known each other for years. Do you sleep in the barn?"

"No; I just came in here a minute ago with Mr. Potter and while he was talking to you I went up into the haymow, for do you know I am so restless since my little master was lost that I can't keep still. I have looked in that haymow a hundred times thinking I might find him there. When I got through looking this time and came down Mr. Potter was gone and the door locked, but I don't care much now, for I have somebody to talk to about my little master."

"Tell me about him," said Toby; "but first, try to jump up into the manger where we can be closer together."

That was just what Napoleon wanted, so he backed off, ran a little ways and jumped; his fore feet got hold of the top edge all right, but

scramble and kick as he would, he couldn't get up.

"Try again, Poly," said Toby, encouragingly; and try again he did, and oh, how hard he tried; and just as he was about to fall back for the second time Toby stretched out his little fat neck as far as he could and tucked his nose under the wriggling body of his little friend and boosted him over, whereupon Napoleon fell head over heels down into the soft hay in the bottom of the manger. The little fellow wasn't hurt, and both thought it a good joke. Then Poly curled himself up in a cozy place and Toby held his head down close to his companion.

"Now, we are ready," said Toby, whereupon Poly told the sad story of his little master, ending it up with a good cry, in the midst of which he fell asleep. Then Toby, with a strange feeling in his heart that he couldn't understand, began to prepare for his first night's sleep in the barn. There was good, clean straw on the floor, but somehow he hesitated about lying down; the boards seemed so hard. Then when he actually did get down it seemed to him as if the



At every jump Dan and his friend jerked and yelled.

"How did everybody find that out? Has anybody ever heard a pony say he couldn't think?"

"Of course not."

"Has any one ever been a pony and found out that way?"

"No, I guess not."

"Well, then, I have just as much right to say this pony could think as you have to say he couldn't think. So I insist that when Mr. Potter left the barn that night the pony got to thinking, and this is what he thought:

"Isn't that a fine gentleman! I never saw such a kind, good man. He treats me just lovely. It's really worth being a pony to have such kind things done for you and said to you. What a sad face he has! I wonder if he's sorry for something. I hope he isn't sorry for taking me in. I don't know what I would have done if he hadn't, for I just somehow felt at home the minute I laid eyes on him. I should have died of fright if that other man had taken me away and put me with the estrays. He seemed like a good

straw all got out from under him, and two or three times he bumped his head on the side of the stall, and he wished he was a dog like Poly and could curl up in the manger, in the soft hay.

## CHAPTER V.



THE next day was an eventful one in Toby's life. It began with a visit from Mr. Potter, who came early and gave him his breakfast—a good, generous one, then left him alone to enjoy it. Poly, who had wakened very early, was scratching and barking at the barn door when Mr. Potter arrived, and as soon as the door opened he bounded out.

Toby felt a little stiff and sore from his sleep on the board floor, and he wanted to ask Mr. Potter to bring him a feather bed and to upholster the sides of his stall, but he didn't know how. Most of all, he wanted to ask Mr. Potter more about Freddy, for the story had been in his pony dreams all night. All he could do was to rub his nose on the sleeve of Mr. Potter's coat which meant, "I'm dreadfully sorry for you."

But the big event of the day was when about nine o'clock there was a noise at the barn door. Toby was very glad to hear voices and to hear Poly's bark, too, for he was beginning to think it was very quiet and dull in the barn, even as early in the morning as nine o'clock; and now some one was coming.

The door opened and a young woman, with a pretty white cap on her head and wearing a white apron, came in, holding by the hand a sweet little morsel of a girl with a face as clear as a pearl and hair like flax. Poly came bounding in ahead of them as full of joy as he could hold. He made a dozen funny leaps and stood on his hind legs looking first at Toby, then at his companions, as much as to say, "Here she is, Toby; this is Helen. Helen, this is my friend Toby." He must have been saying this for he was barking with every breath and certainly that meant something.

Mary, the nurse, brought Helen up close to the manger, and the little girl's eyes nearly popped out of her head. "May I pat him?" she asked, timidly.

"Sure, an' ye may," said the nurse. "Wait, darlint"—and she ran to the end of the barn and brought a little box which she placed in front of the manger so that Helen could stand on it and thus reach the pony's outstretched nose; but before Helen could step on it Poly gave two leaps and by using the box as a step he landed, in the second jump, right in the feed box and there he sat as happy as a lark, looking about him with all the keen pleasure of one who plans out a pleasant surprise and then looks on to see the result.

Little Helen patted the pony's nose and pulled his topknot and Toby thought he never had felt so soft

a hand or looked into such pretty eyes. Then the nurse brought the baby into the stall and Toby's cup of joy was full. He showed it, too, by throwing his head and stamping his feet and switching his long tail, and acting so strangely that Mary cried out, "Och, an' ye little scamp! An' don't ye want visitors? An' this to yer new mistress? Fer shame on ye!"

Mary was just a little afraid, but as she had set out to put Helen on the pony's back, she persevered. She stepped forward very carefully, then backed a little, then approached a little nearer, all the time scolding and coaxing, until finally she got baby astraddle of the pony and Toby was actually so happy that he threw his head around sidewise to see. This so scared Mary and Helen that Mary nearly let go of Helen and Helen let out a cry that scared Toby, while Poly fell off the feed box in his eagerness to mend matters. In another minute, Mary and Helen and Poly were making a dash for the house, and poor Toby was left to wonder what it was all about and to wish—and wish—and wish that he was not a pony and could, like Poly, run into the house with them, and not have to stay cooped up in a dark, lonesome barn.

That afternoon Mr. Potter came with a tall, dull-looking boy of about eighteen years. Toby heard Mr. Potter say to the boy that he was to take good care of the pony, feed and water him regularly, and see that he had enough exercise and good clean bedding at night. The boy had with him a set of pony harness, the mountings of which glittered like real silver.

When Mr. Potter left, the boy looked about the barn curiously, and finally went up in the haymow, where Toby suspected he fell asleep, for he did not come down till nearly night time when Toby was nearly starved.

After supper the boy left the barn, and later returned with another boy. It was now dark. The two boys stole into the barn quietly. "What are they going to do?" thought Toby. Toby could not hear what they said for they talked in whispers, and occasionally went to the door and peeped out. Finally the boy whom Mr. Potter had engaged to take care of Toby, whose name was Dan, said to the other boy, "You keep a lookout for the old man, while I hitch up."

Toby now knew there was mischief afoot; but what could he do? Dan got the harness and threw it on Toby's back. The pony stamped his feet hard, hoping to attract attention in the house.

"Stop that, you little beggar," said Dan, at the same time kicking one of the pony's shins with his rough boot. It hurt, and Toby switched his tail. He didn't intend to do it, but some of the hairs cut across Dan's face.

"You measly little cur," he almost shouted, then struck the pony in the side with his doubled fist.

Toby was now jumping about in the liveliest sort of a way, but with all his efforts he could bring no assistance and was at the mercy of Dan. The harness was new and stiff. The boy jabbed the bit in

Toby's mouth and forced the harness in place, not noting or caring that it needed adjusting to the pony's size. He forced the collar over the pony's head so roughly that Toby thought surely he would lose an eye. Then he tightened the bellyband till the poor little animal felt like crying out from the pain.

Thus all smarting and aching from the rough treatment, he was led out of the barn and backed up to an old heavy buggy which must have come from somebody's back yard. In a few minutes the pony was fastened tight into the shafts and the boys jumped into the buggy, grabbed up the reins, jerked the pony's mouth till it almost bled, and struck him with the ends of the lines, the buckle making a cruel wound in the soft skin.

Toby was beside himself. He ran, and ran, and at every jump Dan and his friend jerked and yelled, and the old buggy swayed from side to side like a drunken man.

The pony soon began to tire of the furious gait and slackened his pace. "Here, you lazy dog, get out o' this! G'lang," and Dan struck him another fierce blow. The pony jumped with the pain and nearly spilled the boys out of the old buggy, but this only served to anger Dan, who lashed Toby at every step till the little fellow was ready to drop with pain and fatigue.

The boys had driven out into the country and were just entering the town on their return when, passing a light that shone out from a drug store window, they heard a rough voice call out, "Stop! Give me them reins," and in an instant Abe Porter, the village marshal, grasped the reins from Dan's hands and brought Toby to a standstill.

"Here, you boys, what do you mean? Whose buggy is this? Well, I swan! I believe it's Widow Wright's; and whose nag is it?"

"It's Mr. Potter's new pony," said Dan, tremblingly.

The marshal gave a low whistle of surprise. "Mr. Potter's, eh? And who told you you could drive him at this time of night hitched to this heavy old rig?"

"Mr. Potter said I was to give the pony exercise," answered Dan, thinking he saw a way out of the dilemma.

"Well, he's gettin' it an' no mistake," said the marshal. "Just drive to Mr. Potter's and put the pony up and we'll see about this in the morning."

The marshal took a seat between the two now thoroughly frightened boys and drove to the barn, where Toby was soon left alone, and oh, how he wished again he was not a pony. "If only I was a little boy, or even if I was a dog like Poly, I could be happy; but who could be happy when he has to live all alone and be abused by a cruel stable boy, and hurt with new harness, and struck with a buckle and driven nearly to death!"

Thus thinking, Toby changed position again on the board floor to ease his aching legs and fell at last into a pony sleep.

(To be continued.)

## Fun and Profit in Trapping—A TRUE STORY—J. A. Newton

(Began in November Number.)

### A BEAR WE DIDN'T GET.

Tom then suggested that it was time that we went to see if "old brownie" had been back, and also the other "varmint" around the Indian's shack.

"Yes," I replied, "our traps have now been out two nights, and the sooner we start the better."

So having put our guns in good shape, and taking along some bait for the traps, we set forth. On reaching the place where we had set our trap for the big bear we discovered right off that he had been into the trap, and had underbrushed about half an acre in chewing things that bothered him when trying to escape; finally he had eaten up the drag we had the trap fastened to, and walked away on his hind feet, carrying the trap clear of the ground and all obstructions. But the old chap must have finally gotten provoked with the pain caused by the vise-like grip of the trap's jaws, and the persistency of its hold, for upon coming to a large seasoned log he had brought down the trap with mighty force (although the trap weighed about forty pounds), breaking the bed-piece, one jaw, and scattering the remnants of his late fetters all over the ground. The pan of the trap flew where we could never find it.

An exclamation of surprise burst from both of us on seeing this ruin. "Gee whiz!" exclaimed Tom, "ain't that a corker? I guess we'll have to arrest him for disorderly conduct." We both felt rather blue, at thus seeing the destruction of a trap worth fifteen dollars.

"I'll follow him as long as I've got a leg left to limp on," muttered Tom. "I'm with you, Tom," I replied.

So we struck up a dog trot, on the trail, the bear making for the big swamp before mentioned, which was evidently his lair.

"We must get up with him before he makes the swamp," I suggested, "or all the men and dogs in the State couldn't get him out of there."

The trail was very fresh, looking as though the bear might be sighted almost any time. He did not appear to be traveling very fast, as he was tired from his exertions while in the trap, and his foot was undoubtedly rather sore, also. We got within half a mile of the swamp, and although we had kept up a trot all the way, had not succeeded in catching a glimpse of our game.

"I guess he has beaten us," said Tom, disconsolately.

"Oh, I don't know," I replied; "maybe you'll get a chance to plunk a ball into him yet."

The words were no sooner out of my mouth than there came four rifle shots out of the swamp, and in a few seconds as many more, and then three shots all in quick succession, followed by a great cheering and hurrahing.

"That settles our bear, Tom," I panted, as I stopped running and slowed down to a walk. "I wouldn't wonder," said he. "There's probably a gang of deer hunters in here now and 'old brownie' has run into them in trying to get away from us."

"Well, at any rate, let's keep on and get a sight of him, if he is laid out," I said; "I'm glad that someone stopped him, any way, if he wasn't for us."

"Yes, it's some satisfaction, of course, but I wouldn't care so much if he hadn't have busted that trap," Tom growled. "I didn't suppose there was a bear in America that could have smashed it."

We soon came up to the hunters (four of them), and they were standing around a huge brown body, leaning on their guns and viewing it from different points. They claimed to hail from Youngstown,

Ohio; said they had reached Hillman three days before. They had come to hunt deer, and had already killed seven. While watching on two or three deer runways leading to the swamp, they had spied our bear, and had all cut loose on him with Winchester and Marlin rifles, and he had to go down under such a withering fire.

The best judge of large game in the party estimated that the bear would weigh six hundred pounds or better.

Thus we lost our bear but not our spirits. We had been doing very well, during our stay in this section, much better than is usual with amateurs in trapping, though our experience in hunting and trapping small game in the settlements was of great value to us here.

As we still had plenty of time to return to the lake and visit our wolf and fox traps, before nightfall, we decided to do so. The first traps we had to visit were those near the carcass of the deer which we had killed and hung up, and not far from where "old brownie" had been caught in our trap. In one of these traps we found a handsome red fox, but the others were not sprung.

On arriving at the Indian hut we saw that all of the traps had been sprung; two of them held wolves, and another claimed an old red fox—so old, in fact, that his coat was quite faded. The rest of the numerous foxes and wolves that frequented the Indian's lodge had gone free, with the exception of the trap which had been set in the doorway. This had been sprung by a wolf and carried off, dragging the clog after it, and leaving a broad trail. The brush was thick and it had not gone far before getting so entangled that there was no escape. We came up to him—a large, gaunt fellow, and he was evidently resigned to his fate, for he was making no further

effort to escape, and in fact he could not move much, the chain was so tightly wound up.

He was rewarded for his carelessness in getting fast, by a shot through the head from my revolver. Having skinned our game, and used the carcasses for bait, we reset the traps and started for camp, keeping along the shores of the lake.

"It has been long enough now since the Indian was drowned for his body to rise and float, hasn't it, Tom?" I asked, as we walked along keeping our eyes on the edge of the water.

"It has been long enough, if this were warm weather," he replied, "but when the water is cold gases form slowly in a body, and it may not rise until spring; also I've been told many times that Michigan possesses lakes which never give up their dead. It is said that those who drown in Lake Superior never rise. The reason for this must be that there is some peculiarity in the quality of the water."

We hurried along, as it was getting well toward sunset, and we were wolfishly hungry. We came to the Indian's deadfalls which had been reset by us, and took out of them two more mink; one of them being the largest we had yet caught, and the other about the smallest.

The weather had grown much warmer since morning and the sky was heavily overcast, and now scattering snowflakes came falling slowly, and there was every appearance of another snowstorm. By ten o'clock that evening it was snowing heavily, and we went to bed with the feeling that our trapping for that season was about over.

#### PREPARATIONS FOR OUR RETURN.

We arose in the morning and found that the old snow had received an addition of about a foot more of "the beautiful," and it was snowing hard still.

"I believe," said Tom, "that we had better begin making preparations to pull out of this, bag and baggage, before the snow gets so deep that a team can't get in here to haul us out." I replied that I was in favor of the same thing, especially as game would not travel in deep snow to an extent to make it profitable to remain longer.

"I wish, though, that we had a couple more deer," said Tom, "but if we don't get any more there will be that many more left for another year."

"We might have gotten that many, and more, too," I replied, "if we had only been hunting, and with no traps to bother us."

"Yes, Jack, I know it, but there has been four times as much money in trapping. I'll tell you what I propose," he suddenly exclaimed, "as it is storming hard, I think we had better stay in to-day and skin our wolves (as I see they have thawed out), and tomorrow go and pull up all the traps we can and bring in our dead deer. Then finish taking up the traps, and let one of us strike out for town to get a team."

"I don't know but that it will take two teams to haul all of our stuff," I suggested, and after thinking it over we agreed that two teams would be necessary.

In accordance with this arrangement we spent the next two days taking up our traps and bringing in the deer. However, instead of bringing in one deer we brought in three, for the deer were all now making for the swamps for the purpose of obtaining food and shelter, and while we were taking up the traps they frequently passed us on the runways, heading for the great swamp. If we had desired to slaughter them we might have killed a dozen, but not knowing what luck we might have in getting them out to the railroad, we were not anxious to kill the full number allowed each hunter by the game laws.

I killed another fine large doe with the shot gun, while Tom laid out a mammoth old buck, possessing a magnificent pair of antlers. In pulling up our traps we were able to add to the list of game a wild-cat found in the bear trap; he was dead from pain and exposure to the cold. After the traps were all taken up we found that we also had two more red foxes and seven mink.

That evening, as our game and traps were all in camp, nothing remained except to decide who should make the journey to town in order to employ teams for taking us out of the country where our time had been so pleasantly and profitably spent. As was usual with us in such cases we drew cuts to see which should start on the trip the following morning; this time it fell to Tom, while I was to remain and watch our property, in order to prevent depredations from foes, either wild or civilized.

"I guess I won't carry my old gun," said Tom, when about to start. "It is heavy and the snow deep; however, I might take the shotgun along for company." So, having left his gun with me, and remarking that he probably wouldn't be back until sometime the day following, he struck out. He intended going to Hillman, which was the nearest town, and we had been told the best route to take by the deer hunters. As the town was not over eight or ten miles away he anticipated no difficulty in finding it.

I spent the balance of the day in taking the fur off from the boards, packing it in bales, and making as

many preparations for leaving as possible. When the day finally wore away, and it began to get dark, I became somewhat lonesome and fidgety, as this was the first night it had ever been my lot to pass alone in the wilds.

As is usual, under such circumstances, my mind dwelt on everything calculated to increase my nervousness and loneliness, such as my grandmother's ghost stories about haunted houses, and thoughts of the dead Indian, until I could distinctly feel my hair rise.

It must have been considerably after midnight before I conquered my nervousness and fell asleep; how long I slept I do not know, but I suddenly found myself awake and sitting bolt upright, with a very certain consciousness that I heard a warwhoop of the departed Indian; it was still ringing in my ears. Suddenly it rang out again, loud and clear, but this time it did not frighten me, as I knew that it proceeded from one of those little screech owls that had located in a tree right over the tent; it must have come there for my special benefit, as we had heard



And a little farther on killed another.

none here before. My heart, which before had been pounding against my ribs, so as to be plainly heard, now resumed its normal action and I soon fell asleep, and slept until daybreak.

#### A STRANGE SORT OF ANIMAL.

I did not look for Tom's return the next day, as the snow was so deep, and consequently very slow traveling; it would probably be late in the day when he reached town, and it would take most of the next day to find teamsters and make a bargain with them. After breakfast I took the rifle and started off on a little tramp to pass away the time. I went down the south bank of the Cedar, with no definite idea of where I was going. Two large partridges rose up at my feet with a loud whir-r-r; I downed one of them, and a little farther on killed another. I thought that if I could kill two more I would return to camp, so traveled on. On going down into a little valley between two knolls I came across the trail of some animal which we had not seen before since the snow came. It was a trail as large as that made by a fox, but the animal traveled by hopping like a mink.

I thought of stories of all kinds of animals, of which I had heard trappers tell, and finally came to

the conclusion that this must be the track of a fisher. As I had nothing pressing to look after, I decided to follow the trail and see where it went, if it did not lead out of the neighborhood entirely. I must have followed it about three miles, I should judge, in a straight southwesterly direction, and was about making up my mind to let whatever the animal was go and return on my tracks, when the track suddenly came to an end at the foot of a large pine stub, and I therefore knew the game must be inside.

I could see no hole on the side and concluded the entrance must be at the top. But what good would that do me? The stub was far too large to climb and if I had had our axe I could not have chopped it down before nightfall, for it was nearly four feet in diameter. All at once I thought of a scheme. I had heard that a fisher is a rather uneasy animal, and knew that the crest of the stub must be decayed, so that if a bullet were sent through it some of the rotten wood would fall inside and perhaps stir up the game so that it would show itself. So taking careful aim, I sent a ball right through the top, and immediately placed a new cartridge in the gun and stepped behind a tree.

I did not have to wait more than a minute before I saw a good-sized head peering from the hole. I waited as much as five minutes, thinking that perhaps the animal possessing the head would crawl out still farther, but as it did not, and being afraid that it might draw back I decided to chance it and shoot anyway. The side of the head was toward me, and taking the most careful aim, I fired. At the crack of the rifle an animal as large as a fox, but considerably longer, came sailing down and away from the stub. I had hit him squarely in the ear, the ball passing clean through his head. After giving a few spasmodic kicks it lay still.

I had always supposed that a fisher was a coal-black animal, but this one was grayish, on the tips of its fur, and dark down in toward the hide.

To say that I was well pleased but feebly expresses it; I had a new species of fur to add to our catch, and knew that its value must be four or five dollars, but most of all I was gratified at the success of my scheme for drawing him out of his retreat.

It was near night when I returned to camp, and after getting a good supply of fuel for the night, cooking my supper, and skinning and stretching the hide of my fisher, it was bedtime again.

#### OUR RETURN.

Nothing happened during the forenoon of the next day, and in the middle of the afternoon two teams, with sleighs and their drivers, piloted by Tom, drove into camp. Tom had been unable to employ any one at Hillman, so had been obliged to go to Alpena, which was a long, hard journey through the snow.

We felled some dry trees and built a huge fire as night came on, to keep the horses comfortable, and Tom and I and the two teamsters all bunked together to pass the night.

In the morning, one of our teamsters, who was an old resident, set our minds at rest some, as regarded the Indian. We had asked him if he knew anything about him, after having told our story, and he replied: "The Indian you say was drowned was a solitary freak, known among the settlers and lumbermen as 'lone Jim.' He often appeared suddenly in the trapping season, and as suddenly departed, no one knew where, until another trapping season, came around. Sometimes he would skip one season and come the next. Last year he was not here, which accounts for there being so much game where you are this fall; he was a good trapper and used to get a pile of fur, but he trapped mostly with deadfalls. There is a story going that he murdered one of his own people, for which his tribe cast him out, and he became a hermit. Some say that it affected his mind, and that he was quite 'loony' at times. It was either that which caused him to meddle with your traps, or else he calculated to make a haul and skip out. He never had the name before of being thievish. You need not be at all backward about keeping anything you found belonging to him, or to claim his property."

Little remains to be told except that we shipped our goods home, and kept on to Detroit with our furs and game. After having detached the scalps of the wolves, in order to obtain the State bounty, we sold the result of our efforts for a sum large enough so that we were enabled to lift a mortgage on our father's farm, that had been hanging over his head for years, which it gave us great pleasure to do. Of course the net profits of our trip were not what they would have been had we not been obliged to expend so much in preparing for it, but a snug little sum remained for all that. We now have our outfit, so that we will not have to go to much expense hereafter, and we expect to go again each year, leaving so as to begin trapping on November first. It is our intention to go next time into the wilds of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan or Northern Wisconsin, which offer good inducements to the trapper.

(The End.)



# A Case of Mistaken Identity—L. M. Montgomery



URNHAM and I had arranged to watch in the barn for oat stealers that night. In common with many other Danford farmers we had suffered all winter from sundry raids on our oat bins.

We strongly suspected the Lackeys of being thieves. Luke Lackey's brood of lazy, hulking boys was the plague of the village. But we had no proof of their guilt, so we hoped to catch them red-handed.

It was in early March. That day a raw, northeast wind was blowing up over the ice, with the threat of a snowstorm in its breath. In the afternoon father started for Selkirk, ten miles distant, with a load of pork for market. As the road

was in very bad condition, owing to several recent thaws, he decided to go by the ice, although it was rumored to be getting very unsafe.

During the day the wind came around to the north-west and the indications of a storm passed away, but the night was very dark. We expected father back by nine, but at half-past nine, when Burn and I went out to the barn, he had not come. We did not feel anxious, however; very likely, we thought, as it had cleared up, father would come by the road and in that case would be at least two hours late.

The barn was quite a long distance from the house. We decided to crawl into the dark corner between the wheat bin and the wall, close to the oat room door. Then, if an oat stealer came, we would let him go into the oat room and while he was scooping up the oats we could slip from our hiding-place, shut the door, and shoot the bar into place. Our thief would then be snugly caged, for the only window in the oat room was a small round one high up near the ceiling.

We arranged the bar in readiness, put out our lantern and crept in behind the wheat bin.

The time passed slowly. The night was cold and we grew chill and cramped. At about twelve, as we thought—later we discovered that it was only eleven—we decided that nobody was coming after oats that night.

"Let us go in," I said, shivering. Then I started. "What's that?"

A door had opened and shut gently. Then we heard footsteps crossing the floor. Directly across from our lair was the window in the front of the barn. As the form of the midnight intruder paused at the oat room door it stood out dimly against the faint square of light—the figure of a tall, muffled-up man. Luke Lackey himself!

The next minute he had passed through the door and closed it behind him. This was better luck than we had hoped for. We rose softly and without the least noise shot the strong wooden bar into place.

Burn gave a soundless chuckle.

"Not a squeak, Milt," he whispered; "just let him find out for himself how snugly he is caged."

We tiptoed away, slipped out of the side-door and ran down to the house. As we went in the clock struck eleven.

Mother was watching at the window looking out on the bay. She turned at our entrance and said in a troubled voice:

"Boys, your father has not got back yet. What can be the matter?"

Burn and I grew sober instantly. Eleven o'clock and father not back! All remembrance of Luke Lackey went out of our heads like a flash.

"You stay with mother, Milt," said Burn. "I'll run over to Uncle Sam's. Father may have called there on his way home."

When Burn came back with Uncle Sam the latter looked very much alarmed.

"What's this, Mary? Robert not home yet! That's strange. But he may have come around by the road."

"Even so he would have had time to be home long before this," answered mother. "No, Samuel, I'm convinced that Robert has got in the ice."

"Not a bit of it," returned Uncle Sam with assumed confidence. "Robert is too old a hand on the ice to get trapped. Still, we'll start off and see if we can find him. I've got my mare and cutter right here—just got home from the Corners when Burnham came in. Burn, you'd better stay with your mother and Milton will come with me. We'll meet your father or pull him out of a spring hole if he has got into one."

In a short time uncle and I were on the ice.

"Keep a sharp lookout on your side, Milton," said uncle. "Halloo every few minutes. I don't like the look of things I must say. Robert was foolish to go by the ice. I told him so when he left. We'll have to look out we don't get in ourselves. Lucky the moon's just up. Hall-o-o-o!"

The tones of uncle's powerful voice rang far out over the glimmering whiteness of the bay and echoed back to us, in mocking, elf-like intonations, from the distant islets. But no answering human voice responded.

We kept a sharp watch and shouted every few minutes. Once the mare put her foot through a bit of rotten ice, but uncle pulled her up quickly and we got over it in safety. It was about six miles across and we took an hour to make it. On the farther side we roused up the inhabitants of a little shanty to inquire, but could learn nothing. Three miles up the road we got our first trace of father.

"Robert Stearns?" said the gaunt farmer whom we had roused from his hard-earned slumbers. "Yes, he passed here about eight o'clock or maybe half-past. Said he intended crossing from Glover's Point.

with a face as brown and wrinkled as a walnut shell. Aunt Meg had also come over to keep mother company. We hung about restlessly, waiting for the dawn, while old Si told numberless anecdotes about hairbreadth escapes on the ice, none of which tended to cheer us much.

At last the first faint ashen light of morning was whitening over the dim world.

"Now, Milton," said Uncle Sam, as he gulped down the steaming hot cup of tea which Aunt Meg handed him, "Si and Burn and I will go this time. We'll not come back without news one way or the other. There isn't much doubt but that your father has got into the ice, but it's just as likely he's got out again. Men get into the ice every week of the winter. We'll probably find him getting dried at some house along shore. You stay here and look after your mother and tend to the stock when it gets clear daylight."

I suppose it was uncle's mention of the stock that reminded me of the unfortunate oat stealer shut up in the barn all that cold winter night.

I had forgotten Luke Lackey completely. It seemed a lifetime since Burn and I had imprisoned him. My start of recollection seemed to touch the same spring in Burn's memory.

"I declare, Milt, what about Luke Lackey? I'd clean forgotten him. He'll be half frozen."

"Luke Lackey? What's this?" cried Uncle Sam impatiently.

In a few words as possible we told our story.

"The man will be half dead with cold," said uncle. "I should think he has been punished enough. We must go and let him out, of course. A few minutes more or less now can't make any difference."

We all hastened to the barn. The great building was silent and still. We hurried to the oat room door, slipped back the bar and opened it.

A figure, sitting on an inverted half-bushel measure, rose stiffly up. Burn held the lantern aloft and its light fell over the prisoner.

It was—father!

Burn dropped the lantern promptly and it went out, leaving us in gloom. Si Warren said, "Well, I am blessed," with tremendous emphasis, and Uncle Sam muttered something that sounded like "Thank the Lord!"

The next thing I remember clearly is that we were all outside in the white light, with father in the center of the group, all talking and explaining at once, while mother and Aunt Meg came running up the yard.

Afterwards, while father was thawing himself out at the fire, the rest of us stopped talking and gave him a chance to say something.

He had been detained at Selkirk longer than he had expected, so that it was dark when he reached the ice. He had intended to cross from Glover's Point, but at the last moment changed his mind and came around by the road.

This kept him so late that it was nearly eleven when he reached home. He had no bells and had come across the fields by a road that passed neither the house nor the barn, which accounted for our not having heard him. He had driven directly to the carriage house, about half way between, left the sleigh there and then stabled the horse. Finally he went to the barn for some oats. He had forgotten all about oat

stealers and our self-appointed police duty, but remembered both when he found himself securely imprisoned. He shouted himself hoarse for a while, but Burn and I were both out of hearing—for, as I have said, the barn was a long distance from the house and nobody had gone near the former the whole night.

"At last I resigned myself to spending the night in jail," said father. "I thought I might manage to escape freezing and supposed I would be found sometime."

"We took you for Luke Lackey," said Burn, "and then we got such a fright that it went clean out of our heads."

"And here we've been driving over the ice like mad half the night," said Uncle Sam, "thinking you were at the bottom of the bay—and you locked up in the barn the whole time for stealing your own oats!"

"Well, there's not much harm done, I hope, beyond the loss of our night's sleep," said father cheerfully. "Only, next time make sure of your thief, boys. You haven't caught him yet."

And we never did. But no more of our oats disappeared, for the story got out and the guilty persons took warning thereby. Burn and I haven't heard the last of it to this day, and every time old Si Warren sees us he asks us if we have been stalking oat stealers since.



It was—father!

I told him 'twasn't safe. There's a dozen oyster beds near that route. Sure's you live he's got in."

It looked like it, indeed.

"We must go back home," said Uncle Sam slowly. He may have gone around by the road after all and be home this very minute. If not we'll rouse the neighbors and search for him. Cheer up, Milt."

It was all very well for Uncle Sam to say, "cheer up," but I could not do it. A horrible dread was upon me as we drove back over the silent, pitiless expanse of ice. Through the darkness I seemed to see a vision of my father struggling in the black, icy waters that were closing over his head.

When we reached home mother and Burn rushed wildly out and we knew father was not there. I groaned aloud.

"None of that, Milton!" said uncle sternly. "This is no time to give up. No, Mary, we saw nothing of him—but Saul Peterby at the Seven Mile farm says he intended to cross from Glover's Point. We can't do anything until daylight Burnham and I will go over to the Corners and get Si Warren. He knows the exact whereabouts of every oyster-bed in the bay. Warm yourself well, Milton. You are chilled through."

In half an hour Uncle Sam and Burn were back with Si Warren, a weather-beaten old oysterman,



## PART ONE.

In a noon edition, the "Post-Telegram" announced that a talented member of its staff would shortly embark for Manila, and that its readers would therefore receive clear and direct reports from the troubled ground. In no place that the edition reached was the announcement read with such interest as in the editorial rooms of its rival—the "Star-Record." Edwin Glover, managing editor of the latter paper, was leaving the office for lunch, when a copy of the "Post-Telegram" was handed to him, with a trained eye he scanned the front page and noted the aggressive movement conceived in the office of the opposition. He wiggled hastily out of his light overcoat and dropped into a chair at the desk forgetting his lunch. Mechanically he glanced at the clock. It was a quarter past twelve.

Meanwhile at one of the reporter's desks a tall young fellow sat bending over the announcement of the "Post-Telegram." With intense interest he read every line. After hesitating for a moment, he arose from his desk and sought the managing editor.

"What is it, Brit?" Glover asked hurriedly. "I'm very busy just this minute."

"The 'P. T.' is sending Kirby to the Philippines," the tall young man said concisely. "I suppose you will be sending someone. I wanted to ask, sir, if I might be that one."

"Why, Brit," the older man said gently, smiling a little; "you certainly have not thought the matter over a great deal, or you wouldn't ask this. You are—how old?"

"Nineteen, sir."

"And an assignment of this kind is the biggest a newspaper can give. A man of judgment and resource and caution, and above all, long newspaper experience is needed. I like your pluck, Britton, in wasting no time—in dashing in here before the ink is dry on the 'P. T.' announcement, but you must agree with me that barely a year's newspaper experience is not enough equipment for a man to represent a great paper on a great island ten thousand miles away, where they're making history. \* \* \* By the way, my boy, you must understand that this is no reflection on your ability. The city editor gives me excellent reports of you; he says you are working hard and earnestly and cleverly. The time will come, Brit, when there won't be any assignment too big for you, but just now the 'Star-Record' needs you here. \* \* \* Send in Blake if he's in the editorial rooms. Find him if he isn't. I want him right off."

No one will ever know the disappointment in John Britton's mind as he walked out of the office of the managing editor. The ambition of his life was to be a war correspondent. He knew the fiber of the scant regular army as it exists in times of peace. He had infinite trust in the volunteer. He understood military terms and formations. In so far as concerned these details, his equipment was better than that of any other man in the office—but he was only nineteen. Brit was too fair-minded to doubt the judgment and the justice of his managing editor, even though he was hurt deeply. He had great confidence

"Trooper Stork" will appear in three parts, the first of which is given in this number. The author of the story was the youngest by five years of any of the American war correspondents in the Philippines in the early days of the war. He is really an American boy writing for American boys.

THE AMERICAN BOY congratulates itself on being able to present to its readers this stirring tale based, as it is, upon fact, and written especially for its pages by a trained newspaper correspondent.

in himself, but greater confidence in Mr. Glover.

Meanwhile important activities were apparent in the office of the "Star-Record." Minor assignments were handled with a touch and go that afternoon. Blake had been found and in two minutes consented to represent his paper in the hostile field. A messenger was sent to his home for a photograph. Another reporter wrote a sketch of Blake's brilliant newspaper career. The artists upstairs were reproducing his picture. "Star-Record" representatives visited the various Pacific steamship offices and ascertained the sailing dates, and one of these dates was chosen for Blake's departure. The management of the paper had been consulted and "brought around" to realize the necessity of great expenditure. Blake himself, immaculate and unruffled, stood in a telephone booth, telling his wife what the afternoon had wrought.

The four o'clock edition of the "Star-Record" contained a picture of Blake's handsome face, a sketch of his stirring young life, for he was not yet thirty, a description of his mission to the Philippines and of his peculiar aptness for the commission. It must be acknowledged that the "Post-Telegram" had a "scoop" upon the matter, but it was of small consequence since it appeared in the noon edition, which is sold only on the streets; and, after all, the public is not so vitally interested in scoops as are its servants, the editors.

At home that night, Brit endeavored to appear happy as usual, but his mother was not deceived. Upon hearing the story, the good woman was silently thankful that it was not her boy who was to be sent away. Moreover, she was proud of the words Mr. Glover had spoken. The young reporter could not read as usual that evening. When he sought his room it was not to sleep. There was no envy in his heart for Blake; indeed, the "Star-Record's" chosen representative was Brit's ideal—a polished gentleman, a brilliant newspaper man, and a loyal friend. The truth is Brit was fighting the fever of longing to be at the heart of the matter in Luzon. He loved his profession and had showed exceptional promise, but just now he felt that he could not exist apart from the turmoil of his time. Early the next morning, he telephoned the office that he would be late and walked resolutely to the recruiting office. Two hours passed before he was examined, and then he was refused.

"Though you are a trifle under weight for your height, I would let you go through," the doctor said, "but you are also short on chest expansion. I'm sorry for you seem to be in excellent physical condition. He held open the door of the private office.

Brit's head swam dizzily. The pain of that refusal was greater than the disappointment of the day before, because it seemed a last chance. The day at the office was long and hard, but gradually out of the dark and bitter hopelessness in his mind, a ray of light came. That afternoon Brit went home, carrying various paraphernalia designed to increase the chest expansion. Without explaining his intentions, he began the work of development. Being wearied to the bone, he slept well that night, but before daylight the next morning, he was out for a long run. He returned perspiring, plunged his body into cool water, and felt like eating a course dinner instead of the light breakfast to which he was accustomed.

Days passed. Blake departed without noise as was his way. He took leave of Brit affectionately and carried away the secret which was so dear to the heart of the young reporter. \* \* \* Six weeks dragged by before Brit felt sure of himself. Then he reported once more to the recruiting office with an ample chest expansion, and Uncle Sam accepted the offering, assigning the recruit to Troop K, —th Cavalry.

The revelations and partings which followed are not necessary to the narrative of John Britton. There were tears from the brave mother, for John was all she had; and at times, tears from the eyes of a strong lad do not make any the less man of him. Much as Brit might be forced to suffer, he knew that his mother must suffer more; for while he was to ride in the midst of action and excitement, she could only yearn and wait.

"It will train me for my work, mother," he said. "I feel that it will do me great good. I'll think of you always and write to you often and take fine care of myself."

As mothers have done since the beginning of wars, Mrs. Britton bore up bravely. The boys of the "Star-Record" congratulated him, for Brit was well-liked.

The city editor spoke with exceeding kindness, and Mr. Glover had the following to say: "As I have told you before Brit, I like your pluck. I'm sorry that when we needed a man to send in the interests of the paper, you were not quite ready; but you will be apart from Blake most of the time and will see things from a different standpoint. Mail us a letter whenever you can. And when you come back, you will, of course, buckle down to your desk in the other room. Remember at all times that the 'Star-Record' is a friend of yours. I need not tell you to be game. Good-bye, my boy."

As the train pulled out from the depot, Brit threw kisses to his mother, and he felt in his aching heart, that no young man had ever started out with mightier incentives to win against any odds.

Between the decks of the transport where the hammocks were swung, the air was very foul at night. Twenty days at sea, and the food was not fit for men. It was in the early days when the transportation system had not been brought down to a fine point. Brit was in the midst of very sick and disgusted regular army men, and the ill-tempered mutterings which he heard were a revelation to him. There was real suffering among the eight hundred landsmen assigned to various regiments to control a land of aliens and heat and mystery. The ship was taking the northern Pacific route, which is shorter than the due west line, but the pounding icy winds which sweep past the Aleutian Islands, added to their misery.

To Brit the most enduring wound came with a realization of his position. Upon the white bridge and wind-swept upper decks walked the handsomely attired officers, living upon luxuries of the land, and sleeping in clean, warm, airy cabins. Brit and the other men below helped to keep the bridge and upper decks white. Except in the line of such duties these places were forbidden ground. A commonplace greeting from him to one of the officers would have been received as an insult, and punished by the pressure of military law. In his heart Brit knew that such discipline was necessary. Long before he had entered the regular army he knew that these conditions existed, but the actual fact was a blow to him. His sensitive nature required the balance of a strong heart to endure the discrimination between officer and man, but he choked back the rebellion, did what he was told to do, and did it the best he could. His was a voluntary enlistment. Indeed he had trained hard and long to be accepted, and he determined that the promptings of his pride should not mar his service. Privates in the regular army could not be treated the same as cub reporters on the "Star-Record." Brit accepted the inevitable, though sick from the sea and sick from his thoughts, and in doing so he showed himself a man, and builded better than he knew.

When at last after thirty two miserable days at sea, the low mist-hung city of Manila was sighted from the harbor, Private Britton was able to say honestly that he did not regret the step he had taken. He was astonished to note the change in the demeanor of the men. Out of sullen looks and sullen growlings their spirits had risen to a cheer. There was laughter on the lower deck now. The growing heat of morning had a pleasant touch after the continued northern gales. The landsmen had something substantial to look forward to—long marches if necessary and harsh war in all probability; but at all events solid ground to tread upon. With a light heart and a big blanket-roll, Brit stepped from the lighter to the stone pier at the edge of the Rio Pasig, in the midst of dark little men and tanned American troops, and the astonishing scenes of an ancient Oriental city.

At noon a tired and irritable officer in the military headquarters examined his papers. Suddenly he looked up at Brit who was standing wearily by his desk.

"Stand at attention, sir!" snapped the officer, and the recruit sprang into military attitude.

"Troop K, —th Cavalry," resumed the other, "is in Paranaque, about ten miles south on the lines. You will proceed there as quickly as possible and report to your troop commander. The road is patrolled, and you can inquire along the way."

In the middle of the afternoon Brit passed through San Pedro Macati, a little barrio four miles south of Manila, where, only three weeks before, a desperate battle occurred. It was heavily garrisoned now, however. The road to Paranaque was straight ahead. Two men approached Brit. He did not notice that

they were officers, but moved toward them with bowed head. A hand grasped his shoulder.

"What do you mean, sir," one of the officers questioned angrily, "by passing an officer without saluting?"

"Pardon me, I did not notice, sir," Brit replied, explaining that he was a recruit.

After that the tall young soldier fresh from the States went his way, very sore in heart. The afternoon sun beat down mercilessly upon the trail. The blanket-roll was leaden and seemed a magnet for the heat rays. Already his feet were blistered cruelly from the heavy army shoes. He had been equipped in woolen instead of khaki, and the blue clothing, soggy from perspiration, seemed to stifle him. Twice he had been rebuked by officers. The enlisted men whom he passed on the trail either replied savagely to his questions or jested at his height. A group of native women swinging by with their burdens upon their heads stared at him insolently and laughed loudly when he was beyond them. The torrid sun dizzied his brain with its cruel pressure. The whole world appeared to be arraigned against this tired, suffering recruit, and every fiber of his stout heart was needed to keep poor Brit upon his feet—to keep his eyes dry and his jaw firm.

The swift-falling twilight of the tropics was sweeping over the land, when the tall stranger staggering forward, heard a bugle call in the distance and the whinnying of many horses. A few minutes later he was halted by a sentry who was armed with a carbine.

"I'm a recruit for Troop K," Brit said confusedly. "Will you please tell me where I am to find the troop commander?"

The light of a candle was shining through the open door of a tiny bamboo hut in the distance. The sentry directed Brit thither. "Come in," responded a deep voice from within when the recruit knocked.

Captain Wendon, commanding Troop K, sat before a low table, holding a quart tin cup of steaming coffee in his hand. He was a large man with a dark and strangely handsome face.

"I reached Manila from the States this morning, sir, and had orders to report to you at once," Brit said, not forgetting to stand at attention.

Captain Wendon read the sheets and commanded his orderly to call Corporal Redden. In a moment a muscular young trooper with a good-natured face and a narrow yellow stripe upon his sleeve, entered.

"Corporal," said the Captain, "this is Private Britton, here to join the troop. Give him some supper and a blanket, and tomorrow put him on a horse and let him hold a carbine for a while."

The smell of coffee and bacon and horses mingled in the hot night air. Camp fires dotted the ground everywhere. The hoarse undertone of men's voices; the activity, about the fires; the long picket-line of horses munching at their forage; the black saddles and arms lying in uniform rows upon the ground; the mystery of a tropical night—all these things made a deep impression upon the fagged and foot-sore recruit. He could hardly believe that he was to be one of these strange, strong men of the horse. The Corporal halted suddenly in the midst of a little squad.

"This is Britton, a rookie, fellows," Redden said. "He's been assigned to our squad."

"Hullo, Stork," one little trooper observed, and the others laughed.

Instinctively Brit felt that the name would stick to him. Corporal Redden gave him coffee and bacon and later a blanket. The men asked impossible questions and told him all manner of impossible things—until the tired stranger was on the point of rising in fury against the whole squad. At last "taps" sounded and the men rolled themselves in their blankets and were silent.

Later in the night, Brit was awakened by the crash of a rifle. The bullet flew high over the camp. Another followed. The men of the squad only grunted a little and turned over. The horses snorted at the sound of the shots and pulled at their halter-shanks. A sentry walking up and down the picket-line repeated in a low voice, so as not to disturb the men:

"Whoa, boys—whoa, boys!"

And Brit, lying stiff and sore under the torrid stars, in the midst of Uncle Sam's troopers, realized that he was at the front for a purpose; and he wondered if he could ever get so used to hostile firing that shots above his night camp would hardly wake him up.

"Well, Stork, are you played?" Corporal Redden asked kindly.

It was late in the afternoon of the second day after John Britton, the recruit, had joined Troop K in Paranaque. He had not expected a life of ease in the

cavalry, but his body was filled with pains that he had never known before. He was not accustomed to the saddle and the first hour on a rough mount achieved a triumph of misery. Bruised from repeated falls and chafed into bleeding, poor Brit sought his blanket for an hour's rest.

"I'm tired of thinking of what I've got to learn," he answered, smiling.

"He'll only last a couple of days more, Corporal," observed Private Devlin, author of the name "Stork." "They'll be sending him back to Manila with the other 'cold feet.'"

The hard day had weakened Brit's grasp on self-control. A dull unreasoning anger possessed him.

"They'll make him dog-robber to some farmer lieutenant of volunteers," Devlin resumed, and the troopers laughed. Brit sat straight up on his bunk. His face was flushed.

"I don't know what you've got against me, young man," he said slowly, addressing Devlin. "but I'll tell you right here that when I quit this troop it'll be because I'm discharged or no longer air-tight. If you

groaning from the pain in every muscle. He wished that he had not lost his temper with Devlin—a soldier who had been tried and found worthy.

The virtues of Captain Wendon's troop had been well-proven, and the gallantry of its leader was thoroughly understood. The outfit had been three months in the field, starting out with ninety men, and was now reduced to fifty five—a small number indeed, but soldiers all, each individual having triumphed over hostile fire, tropical fever and the extreme of human fatigue. A few had fallen in action, and the troop spoke their names in voices hushed and reverent; others were lying in Manila hospitals with wounds, and these were honorary members of Troop K now; others had proven physically unfit for the strain of harsh marches, and were condemned with little comment like the cavalry horse that has spent his best days; still others, very few, had lacked the fine quality of grit which is needed to face a hostile fire. Saddest of all was the lot of this small portion—taunted by charges of cowardice from their fellows, given the most menial and degrading duties to perform, even beaten with blows, until they either sickened or deserted and the troop gained its point in being rid of their presence. There is no place in the regular army for a man who has been found wanting under fire.

Brit passed a week of fearful training. Many moments his powerful determination wavered under the stress of suffering, but at last he felt that he was beginning to gain. His saddle wounds were not laid open so easily. The maddening fatigue smote him later, later each day. Instead of blindly trusting to fate when he mounted his gaunt bay gelding, he began to feel a control over the beast. Many incomprehensible things in the troop were made clear; the growling of the men proved to be harmless nothings; the jokes which he believed at first to be conceived with vicious intent, proved only good-natured contrivings—army-old jokes which every recruit must experience; his horse changed from a despot into a servant; his wounds became callouses; his muscles hardened; his face tanned; every fiber of useless flesh upon his body was ridden away; he was hungry from dawn to dark; the troop became used to him and forgot to make him miserable. And at last, a courier rode out from Manila with orders.

Taps sounded two hours earlier than usual the night that the orders came. A spirit of unrest was felt throughout the little cavalry camp. The horses were uneasy at the change in routine. The humor about the fires was unnatural and the laughter seemed forced—until the voice of Captain Wendon straightened out the matter.

"You men will turn in as quickly as possible to-night, for the troop will pull out on the south trail at three o'clock to-morrow morning. Mules with ammunition and rations are on the way now from Manila. To-morrow night at this time we will camp in Mindang, over fifty miles south."

Captain Wendon had sealed orders for the colonel of an infantry regiment bivouacked in the town he mentioned.

"I say, Stork!" Corporal Redden called, a half hour later, after the men had been issued rations and ammunition, "can you stand a tough 'hike' over hot mountains. The Captain proposed sending you back to Manila, but I told him you were game, and would work out better in the field. Now, you've got to stand by me, Stork; if you fall down I'll catch blazes, and we're going to do some tall hiking."

Here was a friend. Brit wrung his hand.

The stars were shining wonderfully bright and near, when the bugler sounded first call. The recruit saddled, while his horse was feeding, leaving the cinch loose; after which he cooked bacon and coffee, packed his saddlebags and blanket-roll and formed into line with the others. At three the command "Forward" was given, and the troop rode out of Paranaque in the starlight, behind the fearless and hard-riding Captain Wendon.

(To be continued.)



"I wanted to ask, sir, if I might be that one."

can do better than that, you're a wonder, that's all. I know I'm soft and sore and haven't got any more seat in a saddle than a kitten, but I'm going to get one the way you did—by being bumped and skinned—or, perhaps, you never had to learn anything!"

Even at the time, Brit was conscious that he would be sorry for his words.

"I guess that'll hold you, Devlin," Corporal Redden said, grinning. "If I remember right, you were once about the most hopeless proposition of a rookie that ever came to K."

"I remember it better'n you, Corporal," Devlin said good-naturedly; then turning to the recruit, he added: "Say, Stork, I didn't mean nothin' in particular. I was the measliest kind of a rook once—only I got three months in the bull-ring at San Anton' before they let me use the same towel that a soldier dried on. Guess I must have been sore because you're gettin' off so easy."

"Am I getting off easy?" Brit asked, smiling. "I feel so stiff that I ought to be labeled, 'Glass in this Package—Handle with Care.'" He rolled over gently,

into line with the others. At three the command "Forward" was given, and the troop rode out of Paranaque in the starlight, behind the fearless and hard-riding Captain Wendon.

## TO AGENTS

Agents will find pleasant and remunerative employment in soliciting subscriptions for THE AMERICAN BOY. There is no one who may not feel proud to represent as thoroughly instructive and entertaining a paper as THE AMERICAN BOY—a paper that appeals to all that is good in boys and strives to help them and forward their best interests. One who assists in spreading the name and the fame of THE AMERICAN BOY is not only helping the publishers but is helping himself and helping a good cause, namely, the elevation of boy kind. We want some one—a man or a woman preferred—to thoroughly represent THE AMERICAN BOY in every community. You can do it, and do it well if you try. Address, THE PUBLISHERS

# Working My Way Around the World—*Harry Steele Morrison* "The Boy Traveler."

## PART V.

IN A TYPHOON—GOOD TIMES IN JAPAN—HOME AGAIN.



A JAPANESE PAGODA.

WHILE in the Philippines I was able to add somewhat to the small store of money with which I had set out from New York to make a trip around the world, and as my expenses were very low, I was soon satisfied that I could make a trip to Hong Kong and through Japan and still arrive in the United States with more money than I had upon leaving. Up to the time that I arrived in Japan I could not be sure that I would be able to visit the Mikado's kingdom, for rather than not accomplish my purpose of

working my way around, I would have deprived myself of that pleasure. But I discovered that it would be a simple matter for me to earn my passage across the Pacific, and as I had saved quite a little money from my wages as a sailor from New York, I determined to use some of it in seeing Japan.

The only thing I didn't like about the trip was the fact that I would have to pass through the China Sea, which is a favorite resort of typhoons, especially during the month of October. Several times I had been told that my long trip would not be complete unless I passed through one of these dreadful storms, but I always replied that I would prefer to escape an adventure so exciting. I was sick enough during a little blow on the Atlantic, and I knew very well that I would most likely collapse entirely if I found myself pitched about in a typhoon; so it was with a little reluctance that I sailed out of Manila Bay one Monday morning and started for Hong Kong.

During the first day out I listened to the sailors' descriptions of storms they had seen in the China Sea in October, so when the sky became overcast on the third day, and a strong wind came from the north-east, I felt sure that a typhoon must be coming; and my intuitions were correct. In a surprisingly few hours the decks were being washed by angry waves, which knocked the vessel every way and literally scared the passengers half to death. The hatches were closed, and everyone was obliged to remain below deck. None could tell what was happening outside, but we knew by the motion of the ship what the waves must be like, and the noise of the wind and water was deafening. We had to stand up to eat, for it was dangerous to sit down at the tables, and, of course, it was impossible to sleep.

One good thing about typhoons is that they don't usually last long. This one was soon over and gone, and when we were allowed on deck again there was no evidence that there had been a storm, except that some of the chairs were missing and a large section of hand-railing had been carried overboard. The captain said that it had been a ripper, and we thought so ourselves, from the way we had been shaken up. When I wrote about it in my journal the next night I recorded that it had been a very exciting experience while it lasted. But it isn't at all necessary to go around the world to secure the sensation of being in a typhoon. One can get almost the same feeling by "shooting the chutes" at any summer park.

After a storm at sea it seemed good to be at anchor in the fine harbor of Hong Kong, and I was glad indeed to get ashore. There wasn't anything much to see, except a great many Chinese and several fine buildings constructed in the English style. Everything looked much like what I had seen in Singapore, and after making the short trip up the river to Canton, I felt that there was no reason why I should delay starting for Nagasaki, in Japan.

Nagasaki harbor is considered to be the third finest in all the world, and when I saw it first I wondered if any could possibly be more beautiful. It is long and narrow, and surrounded by high, terraced hills and dotted with tiny green islands. The water is deep enough to float the largest steamers and at the time of my visit I counted warships belonging to four European nations, besides the "Brooklyn," of the United States Navy. I was delighted to observe that the American ship was by far the finest looking of them all, and I'm sure she could vanquish any one of the foreigners in a fight. The British ship I saw was not so fast as the Brooklyn, and the German cruiser was not so strongly armed.

The city of Nagasaki looked very attractive from the harbor, with its thousands of red-tiled cottages extending up the hillsides, and its principal thoroughfares crowded with jinrickshas and crowds of people. I was in a fever to get ashore and see all the interesting things at close range and as soon as the dignified little health officers had been on board, I entered a sampan and was rowed to the landing stage. I had no trouble in passing my few belongings through the custom house, and then I looked for a ricksha to take me about the town. Of course there were dozens of them anxious for the job, and I had a hard time deciding which would serve me best. All the little Japs looked as if they would exert themselves to please, and I liked the appearance of the rickshas better than those I had seen in Colombo and Singapore; they looked more natural with Japanese surroundings.

My first impressions were all pleasant, for the day was a beautiful one. The sun was shining bright, chrysanthemums were blooming on the hillsides, and the fresh autumn air seemed refreshing after the heat in the Philippines. Everything seemed to be looking its best. I always had an idea that Japan could not be in reality as picturesque as it seemed in illustrated books of travel, but in this opinion I was very much mistaken. The quaint little Japs, in high, wooden shoes and kimonos, were just as charming as they had seemed in pictures, and the street scenes were just as interesting. There weren't as many bright-colored costumes in evidence as I had expected to see, but this didn't cause me any disappointment, for naturally they would wear dark clothing in the streets. Both men and women were dressed chiefly in brown and blue and gray, reserving the blues and pinks for indoor wear. The babies were all attired in brilliant colors, but most of them

other, policemen went along with brooms and rearranged the sand. There was music at the head of the procession, and as the carriages passed the baby was held up at one of the windows so that he could be seen by the people. Everyone cheered the future



*Harry Steele Morrison*

Mikado, who looked more frightened than pleased at the reception given him.

They say there is every possible arrangement for the baby's comfort and happiness in the palace where he lives, but I'm sure the little prince is to be pitied when we consider that he will grow up without knowing a mother's love and care. Of course the lady appointed to care for him will see that he comes to no harm, for it is to her interest to do so. When he cuts his first tooth she will receive five thousand dollars from the Mikado, and when he learns to walk she will be given ten thousand more. In the meantime she lives in regal style at the palace, with no expense whatever, so I suppose she is certainly the best paid nurse in all the world.

When the little prince is five years old his studies will begin, and from that time on he will live an active, busy life, for his father, the Crown Prince, is determined that his son shall be the equal in education of any prince in Europe. Japan ranks even now as one of the great powers of the world, so this mite of a baby whom I saw in the street will perhaps live to be one of the greatest of rulers.

I was glad to find, in going about Japan, that the people have by no means discarded all their quaint old customs for the inventions of Europe and America, and that they still continue some of their ancient celebrations. I was so fortunate as to be present in one city at the time of an annual harvest festival, and I wouldn't have missed the experience for a great

deal. While the festival was going on I could imagine myself visiting in the Japan of a hundred years ago, before the foreigners had arrived to build the railway and the telegraph. It would be hard to imagine any ceremonies more unusual than those I witnessed in one of the Buddhist Temples. The celebration continued for three days, but I couldn't see that there was any difference in the day's proceedings. There were street processions in all parts of the city at all times of the day, and in the evenings there were fireworks and thousands of colored lanterns in every busy thoroughfare. Shops and houses were beautifully decorated with flags and autumn leaves and colored streamers. The entire population was in holiday attire and seemed to be out for enjoyment. The Japanese are noted for being a cheerful people, but on this occasion everyone was especially happy and I never saw so many smiling faces. I was informed that this festival is more like our Christmas than any other in the Japanese calendar. It is a sort of Thanksgiving, too, for the harvests just completed, and by offerings to Buddha the people hope to insure good crops for next year.

Many of the processions which I saw were composed principally of floats bearing artificial fruit trees in full blossom, sheaves of wheat and oats, and fac-similes of apples, grapes, etc. Accompanying the floats were dancing-girls and wrestlers and theatrical performers, who were engaged to perform before the gods in the temple. They were all wonderfully interesting to me, for though I had seen Japanese actors in Paris and New York, these were different. Some of them wore masks painted red and green, and looked hideous.

I became very curious as to one company I saw and determined to follow the parade up to the temple.

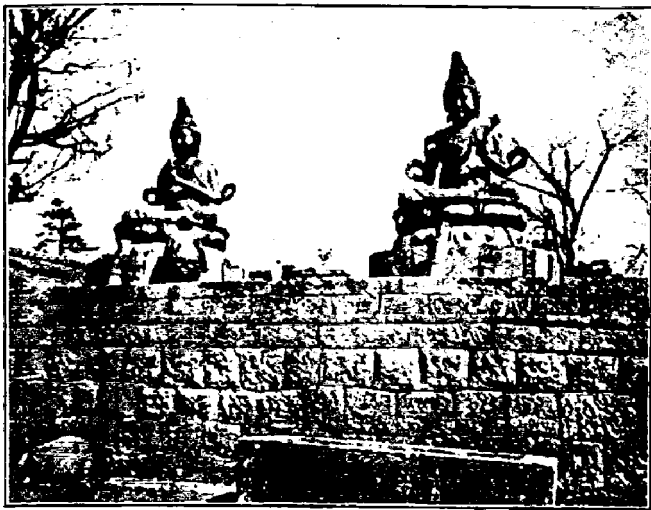


A JAPANESE LADIES ORCHESTRA.

were being carried on their mothers' backs, so they didn't have a chance to get dirty. With their shaved heads, almond eyes, and blank expression of countenance, they looked for all the world like the Japanese dolls we see in the store windows at Christmas time. I often wondered, in Japan, how the babies could be comfortably carried on their mothers' backs. They are constantly in an upright position, and they have no chance to lie down when they are tired. Sometimes they are carried about by their older brothers or sisters, and, when these grow thoughtless and run or jump, the babies have a hard time of it. I suppose they are used to jolts, however, though I imagine they would welcome a ride in a good American baby carriage. The babies are almost the most interesting things I saw in Japan, and I never tired of watching them. They are shy of strangers, and especially of those with red hair, so I never ventured to take one in my arms, though I was often tempted to do so.

I saw one baby in Japan who was having a very good time indeed. He is the grandson of the Mikado and direct heir to the Japanese throne. He does not live with his mother and father, but has been placed in charge of a lady of the court, who is handsomely paid by the government for her care of him. She keeps him in a great palace in a little town near Tokio, and I happened to be there on the day when the little prince was brought out from the capital. There was great rejoicing on the part of the townspeople over this bit of royalty who had come to grow up in their midst, and on the day of his arrival the streets through which he was to pass were shut off from all traffic. Clean, white sand was spread over the black earth, and every time any person was obliged to cross from one side of a street to the

Had I known the result of this effort to investigate things I would never have allowed my curiosity to run away with me. It proved to be an embarrassing experience. The streets through which the performers passed were crowded with people, and when I ordered my ricksha man to fall in after the procession I noticed that the Japs were looking at me with broad grins on their faces. I wondered at this, for there are many foreigners in Japan, and it couldn't be my



JAPANESE GODS.

dress which was exciting their merriment. They nudged one another as I went along, and I felt decidedly uncomfortable as the subject of so much attention. After a while I happened to lift my hat from my head, and I knew then by the laughter that my red hair had caused all the excitement. The Japs were evidently unused to any hair except black and gray, and mine was a great curiosity. I think they looked at me more than at the performers who were going to the temple. I took care not to remove my hat again, and was tempted to turn down a side street and avoid the crowd, but I decided to go on to the temple, in spite of the small boys who yelled at me.

I enjoyed the performance before the Buddhist gods, and found it different from anything I had ever read about. There were wrestling bouts and singing and dancing, and a play by the actors which I couldn't understand at all. There was a great crowd in attendance, and I couldn't help thinking that the public was getting more enjoyment from the festival than were the gods.

At night the entire city was like a fairyland. Boys and girls had a lively time, running about with col-

ored lanterns on long poles, and throwing confetti into people's faces. The Japanese children are full of mischief when they are turned loose, and they certainly know a lot of tricks to play upon one another. In several open squares I noticed booths for the sale of dolls, rubber balloons, and other toys, very similar to those American children love to receive at Christmas time, only everything was Japanese. There were little tea sets and miniature bamboo houses for the girls, and hoops and tops for the boys. I bought a few trinkets myself and found that everything was very low in price, so that even the poorest children could have some kind of toy at the festival time.

Of course there could be no celebration without music, and I think the music of Japan is even more weird than that of the Mohammedans in Egypt. There seemed to be no brass instruments at all, just drums and fifes, and the latter were of every conceivable tone. One company of musicians was stationed at the great temple on the hill, and as I mounted the steps to go there I almost shivered at the sound. The temple was brilliantly lighted with candles, and from its terrace I obtained a glorious view of the city below, with its lights and music and swarming streets. As I remember that picture it seems like some dream, so different from my American surroundings. I left that city in a day or two, and a few days later saw my last of Japan, but I will always have with me the memory of those festival days when everything was bright and pleasing. One of my most pleasant recollections will be of the Japanese boys and girls in their gay kimonos and high, wooden shoes, running about with lanterns of every imaginable shape.

I think I will hereafter be willing to believe everything good I read about Japan, and no picture of Japanese scenery and street life will be too exaggerated for me to accept. I do not think that anyone could describe too well the charm of the country and the people. The last foreign country I visited on my trip around the world was also the most fascinating, and I will always be glad that I became a sailor, if only to visit Japan.

I had arranged while in Manila to secure my passage from Japan to San Francisco by assisting a government clerk with his work, and I had a more pleasant time on my voyage across the Pacific than I had experienced as master-at-arms. The work was light, and fortunately I wasn't seasick again, so that I was able to enjoy life. I learned, however, that one cannot judge the character of the Pacific Ocean by its name, for it was rough all the way across and at times the waves were almost dangerous.

What most interested me during the trip was the experience we had of living one day over twice. To preserve the equality of time, ships sailing east over

the one hundred and eightieth meridian find it necessary to live one day over again without changing the calendar date, and vessels sailing in the opposite direction skip one day. We had on our ship two Saturdays in succession, and I couldn't help thinking how much certain schoolboys of my acquaintance would like to go east across the meridian at the end of every week. I had the unique experience of going to bed on Saturday night, only to get up again on Saturday morning. Both days had the same date in the monthly calendar, but some of the passengers couldn't possibly get the matter straightened out in their minds. One old lady insisted that the second Saturday was in reality a Sunday, and she was horrified to see us playing games on that day. According to her calculation we were due to arrive in San Francisco on Tuesday, and when she discovered it was only Monday, she wasn't at all pleased. I think she is probably worrying yet over the difference in time between Japan and America.

I could scarcely remain aboard the steamer an hour, when I went on deck one morning and found that we were anchored in San Francisco Bay. It did seem good to think that America was there before me,



THE OLIVE HOUSE, YOUNG MORRISON'S FIRST VIEW OF HIS NATIVE LAND ON HIS RETURN FROM HIS TRIP.

and I made up my mind that it was worth while to go abroad, if only to experience the joy of getting back again to the United States. I visited four continents and a great many countries on my trip, but I saw no place where so many people were happy and contented as in our own dear land. We live in "God's Country" sure enough, and it should be the ambition of all of us to live so as to keep it always "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

(The End.)

## Some Boys I've Seen—Alice M. Guernsey

One boy I have seen I would not recommend for any position whatever. He is bright and energetic, he has winning manners, but he is dishonest.

What does he do? He cheats in little, mean ways—and thinks it's smart. He writes a note on the corner of a newspaper and mails it at newspaper rates; he holds his railroad trip ticket in such a way that when the conductor punches it the boy gets three rides where he should have but two, and then he boasts of "getting the better" of the railroad; he borrowed a pencil when he entered an office on trial, and the pencil went away in his pocket. He has no keen sense of honor, he has lost his self-respect, and, worse still, he does not know it.

I saw a small boy stealing a ride on the back of a street car. "Not much harm in that?" Well, it is cheating, that's all.

"John," said a lady in the office where John was employed, "don't you live near the corner of Fifth street and West avenue?" Yes, he did. "Then will you take this parcel around there on your way home?"

John did not quite dare to say "No," but he grumbled out after the lady had turned away, "There's no money in working overtime." He never knew that one listener might have recommended him for a better position, nor that his surly remark lost him the chance.

"What he wants", two men were talking of a third, "is a truck that will come right up to the job and load itself." Tom was that kind of a boy. He would do his work—yes, but in a grudging sort of a way, and never in the way he was told to do it if he could possibly devise another. Unless constantly called to order, he would tip back his chair, in his leisure moments, put his feet on top of the table and drum with his fingers. Tom lost his place after a very short trial, and so will every boy who takes no pains to do as he is told or to be courteous.

Then there was Jimmie. Jimmie met me one freezing cold night when I was waiting on the street corner for my car. He pulled up his thin little jacket—I could see a cotton waist under it, and stuck his hands into his pockets. "That's a brave little fellow," I said to myself.

"Waiting for the cars?" he called. Then he danced toward me and held out a key. "See," he cried, "I unlock the cars with this," and his eyes shone. He saw that I understood his bit of cheery fun, and I think he must have known that I like boys. Jimmie is a philosopher.

"Across the lake? Take you over for one cent. Just as cheap as the bridge."

"No, thank you. I want to go down to the pavilion."

"Take you down there for five cents."

"All right! That's cheaper than walking," and I stepped into the boat, leaned back at mine ease on the cushioned seat, and watched the young oarsman. He couldn't have been more than twelve years old. He had a frank, clear face, and he managed the oars as if used to them.

The camera in my hand gave the clue for opening conversation, and I soon learned that he owned one and could use it, too. But he had discovered that "it costs a good deal to keep up a camera," and, being fond of music, had agreed to a proposal by his mother to change it for a mandolin.

Of course he rode a wheel. "Can you swim?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! Mother wouldn't let me go out with the boat if I couldn't."

Our ride was all too short for the talk with the active young American who had an eye for business, who believed in his mother, and whose mother trusted him.

Coming from an office to which business occasionally calls me, I met a newsboy with the evening papers under his arm. Selecting one from the big bundle and folding it with care as he spoke, he said, "Mail and Express?" in the confident tone of one who knew what the answer would be.

Smiling assent and taking out my purse, I asked, "How did you know I wanted a Mail and Express?"

"Oh, you've bought it from me two or three times," he replied quickly.

"Well, you remember me better than I do you," I said.

"It's worth while to remember your customers," was his answer.

One of these days that boy will be a treasure to an employer, and his customers will come again and again, to buy of him something more valuable than the daily papers.



**Good Times in California.**

Saticoy, Cal.

Editor THE AMERICAN BOY:  
Dear Sir—Thinking a line from us boys in the far west, bordering on the grand old Pacific, might be worthy of your notice, and as we are subscribers and readers of the valuable publication known as THE AMERICAN BOY, it is with pleasure that we give you this article, hoping that it may find its way into the columns of the above-mentioned journal. The fore part of April of last year Rev. F. V. Fisher organized a regiment of cadets known as the Ventura Co. Cadets, comprising six companies, aggregating one hundred and twenty five members, viz.: Company A of Santa Paula, Company B of Saticoy, Company C of Ventura, Company D of Bordsdale, Company E of Ajai, and Company F of Oxnord, officered as follows: J. B. Beardsley, commander of Co. A; M. S. McGee, Co. B; Mendeth Alvord, Co. C; Arthur Wingert, Co. D; Rev. Thomas C. Marshall, Co. E; T. M. Boyd, Co. F. This regiment is made up of boys ranging from twelve years to eighteen years of age. The battalion officers (commissioned staff) are: Major F. V. Fisher, Adjutant D. A. Webster, Chaplain Rev. C. N. Queen, Surgeon G. E. ApLynn, Quartermaster J. B. Fox, Commissary D. W. Huffman, Aide-de-camp J. E. Lowes, Ordnance Officer L. Henry. After having numerous drills, etc., a bugle and drum corps was added to the regiment and on June 10th the different companies met at Nordhoff, where they went into camp for three days. Afterward we were arranged in full marching order and marched twenty two miles onto a government reserve known as Pine Mountain, which has an elevation of 7,000 feet above



the sea level, among the beautiful pines of California, from which a most excellent view can be had on a clear day of the Pacific ocean, thirty miles distant, and about fifteen different towns of note. We camped there for ten days and then returned to our starting point at Nordhoff, and from there to our respective homes. The entire trip consumed eighteen days and a most delightful time we had. Our little company of Saticoy boys forming Company B had our pictures taken by my father. I will enclose one and wish you could print the cut in your paper. When we reached Nordhoff on our outward trip we were presented with a handsome silk flag by United States Senator Thomas R. Bard, of Ventura, Cal., which we dearly love and will defend her stars and stripes wherever we may be. Our march from Nordhoff to Pine Mountain was a hard one, being over rugged mountains and chasms, but not a boy swerved from his duty. We had to carry our blankets, our twenty two rifles and two days' rations. Elmer Kilson, my twelve-year-old brother, was about the smallest in our company; he was third sergeant. I held no office, but was just an ordinary soldier, "a private." We did our own cooking and some of our meals were a little stale. Sometimes our hot cakes were rather brown and sometimes our coffee rather weak; but we had a good supply of hard tack, which tasted mighty good. I tell you, and with pure, sparkling mountain water we relished it very much. We all wore uniforms, which we had made to order, regular khaki suits, comprising hat, coat, trousers and leggings, at Nordhoff. We had a competition drill on our outward trip to see which was the best drilled company, and which was to bear the flag to our camping grounds. The Saticoy, Company B, had the honor of bearing the colors from Saticoy to Nordhoff, and the Santa Paulas, Company A, from Nordhoff to Pine Mountain. These two companies were just even as to their drilling, but Santa Paulas, Company A, had the largest company. Now, Mr. Editor, will you please trim this letter up, if it needs trimming, and we will look for it to appear in the columns of THE AMERICAN BOY.—Yours truly, Louie and Elmer Kilson, Co. B, Ventura Co. Cadets.

Here is some fun: Stand on your right foot, hold your left foot behind your back and in your right hand, grasping your right ear with your left hand. Have a newspaper or some other object on the ground, or at the height of some six inches from the ground. Hop toward it, and do your utmost to catch it in your teeth and raise it. Let several attempt to do it at the same time, and there will be fun.

Tom Parkin, Kansas City, Mo., suggests as a good game for a rainy day ten pins. "If you haven't the ten pins," says he, "use large nails, standing them on end, and large marbles for balls."

Frank B. Bleakley, Minneapolis, Minn., has sent to Ernest B. Fry, of Rochester, N. Y., plans for a twelve foot iceboat, in answer to the latter's request recently published.

**Silhouette-ograph, or Homemade Moving Pictures.**

(Copyright, 1901, by Frank Verbeck.)

**DIRECTIONS**—To produce the moving pictures, cut out the figures with a sharp-pointed knife or scissors. Then in a piece of pasteboard (the top of a box will do) cut a hole about 7x9 inches and



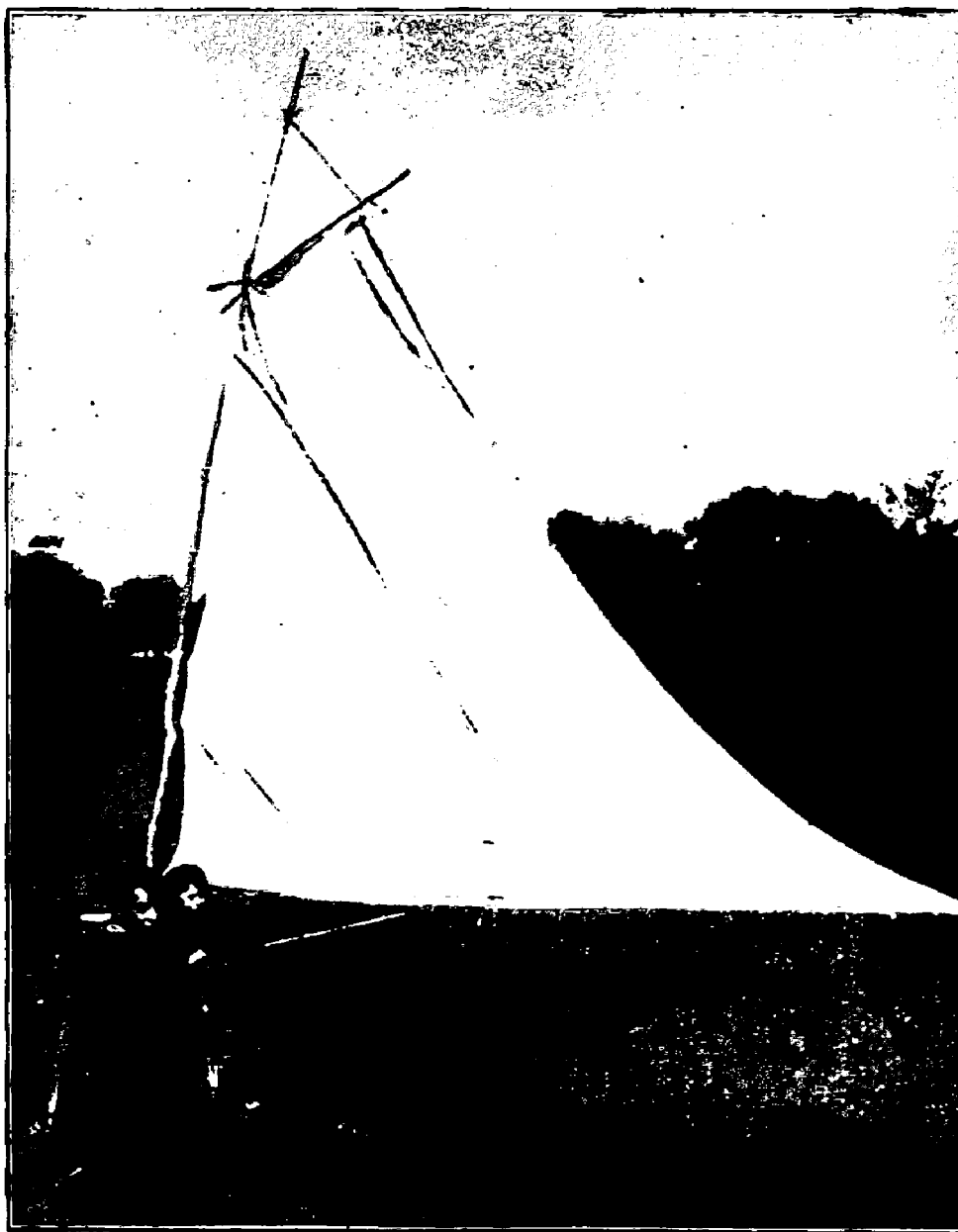
paste over the hole a sheet of unruled writing paper. This produces the frame for the shadows, as shown in small diagram.

Next paste the cut out figures on one side of the framed letter paper, pasting only at the spots indicated by the arrows. Let the spot pasted be the size of half a finger nail. The rest of the cut out figure will stand about one-quarter of an

inch away from the framed writing paper, thus casting a shadow upon it.

After the frame and picture are prepared, hold them before a lighted candle, lamp or gas, with the pasted pictures toward the light. Move the frame rapidly or slowly up, down, backward, forward, sidewise, in every direction. The shadows change as the position changes, resulting in innumerable moving pictures.

After the pictures as shown in the illustration have been tried, other combinations may be formed by removing a bear and substituting the monkey or the parrot, and by continually interchanging them with the figures in the pictures to come in the remainder of the series, an endless number of combinations may be secured. There will be plenty of fun in these moving pictures for both young and old.



**An Ingenious Sail Wagon.**

Woodruff Halsey, an Elizabeth (N. J.) boy has constructed a sail wagon which he has named "The Columbia." The picture shows Woodruff and his little brother Frederick seated in the wagon and spinning over a path through the fields. The wagon is steered by a rudder affixed to the fore axle. Woodruff has developed considerable dexterity in turning, tacking, making long and short legs, reaching, and other maneuvers that are supposed to belong exclusively to yachting. The sail is fifteen feet high and ten feet wide, and is made out of old sheets. The boom is made from a clothes pole that has done duty in the back yard. The bowsprit and spritpole were cut from saplings in the woods. The mast is stepped in a soap box and securely nailed. The speed of the land boat is not very great on the earth roads, but when a macadam or asphalt street is reached rapid speed is attained. The wheels of the boat were taken from a bicycle and are pneumatic tired. Woodruff is captain of the craft and it took him weeks to learn how to sail it after and across the wind, but he has mastered it all.

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# THE BOYS LIBRARY

## Reviews of Boys' Books

**RAB AND HIS FRIENDS** and other Stories of Dogs. By John Brown, M. D., with Introduction by Thomas E. Balliet. It is a good many years since we first had the delight of reading Dr. Brown's little book, yet we experience almost the same feelings of affection for the honest, true and tender-hearted Rab, the homely, faithful Toby, the mischievous Jack, the petted and happy little Duchie and the other friends who are introduced to us. To any boy who loves animals, and especially dogs, the histories of these faithful canine friends will be a source of the greatest pleasure. Dr. Brown loved dogs, as Mr. Balliet says in his introduction, "with an enthusiasm to be found nowhere else in all dog literature. He knew intimately all a cur means when he winks his eye or wags his tail, so that the whole barking race—terrier, mastiff, spaniel and the rest—find in him an affectionate and interested friend." The many illustrations throughout the pages simply complete a book which we are sure all parents will be pleased to see in the hands of their boys. We by no means overlook the lessons of kindness and sympathy and love for animals which the book teaches. Heath's Home and School Classics. In cloth cover twenty cents, paper ten cents. D. C. Heath & Co.

**THE ROSE AND THE RING.** By W. M. Thackeray, with Introduction by Edward Everett Hale. Dr. Hale writes regarding the author's love for children: "It is in 'The Rose and the Ring' that it bubbles out in the full frolic of his fun and imagination. Much as he enjoyed good work with the pen, it seems as if this little book must have been his pet among all. No boy or girl reads it, no man or woman, without asking for more as eagerly as poor little Oliver did. In the exuberance of its rollicking absurdities it would be only ridiculous to try to trace plan or motive except the wish to amuse the reader, young or old, and his certainty that he could do so." The little story was written at Christmas time in Rome for the purpose of entertaining and amusing some English children who resided there, and it has continued to be a source of delight and amusement to thousands of boys and girls since that time. Messrs. Heath could not have placed a worthier book in their Home and School Classics. One hundred and twenty eight pages, beautifully illustrated; handsome cloth cover twenty five cents, paper cover 15 cents. D. C. Heath & Co.

**THE CROFTON BOYS.** By Harriet Martineau. Edited by William Elliot Griffis. To parents who have the welfare of their boys at heart, and who desire to place before them all the helpful, healthful and inspiring influences they can, this little book will be found to be of great assistance. The boys, of whom Miss Martineau writes were real, true-hearted, fun-loving boys who hated dishonesty, lying and all kinds of meanness, and who, although thoughtless sometimes, were invariably found on the side of honesty and right. Many years have passed since the book was written, but it has charmed and pleased thousands of boys, and we are sure that the present careful and painstaking volume, as edited by Mr. Griffis, will not lose its attractiveness. The illustrations by Mr. A. F. Schmitt will be found very appropriate. Heath's Home and School Classics. Handsome cloth cover; one hundred and seventy three pages; thirty cents. D. C. Heath & Co.

**THE LIFE AND STRANGE ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE OF YORK, MARINER.** By Daniel Defoe, with Introduction by Edward Everett Hale. We pity and sympathize with the man or woman who never read Robinson Crusoe. It was one of our earliest and richest possessions, and how we devoured it again and again, never tiring of the wonderful scenes and adventures on the desert island. Crusoe's fertility of resource, his shooting, hunting and fishing excursions, and, above all, his man Friday, the faithful black. No wonder the book has been printed in almost every language, even in Latin and Greek, and has been published in every conceivable form. We think we need hardly say anything regarding the literary merit of the work nor of the rare simplicity of its language. These have been written of times without number. It is sufficient to add that this edition loses nothing by the admirable introduction of Edward Everett Hale. The purpose of the publishers would have been greatly defeated if Robinson Crusoe had not formed a part of their school classics. Bound in handsome cloth cover, and with many suitable illustrations by E. C. Brock and D. L. Munro. Three hundred and sixty six pages. Price sixty cents. D. C. Heath & Co.

**THE ELF-ERRANT.** By Moira O'Neill. Fairy stories have been an attraction and

delight to the young folks of all ages and all climes, and nowhere are the "little-folks" more at home than in the land of the shamrock. The author of this book has already published a book of poetry, and, although she has taken to prose in the present volume, there runs through it a fine poetic feeling. The little English fairy, Rose Red, found himself suddenly far away across the channel from his own home and country, in a strange land and among strange fairies. The strangers are very kind and very hospitable, but their ways and manners are so different from Rose Red's experience that he is not inclined at first to be at all sociable. Finally, however, the continued kindness of the Irish fairies, among whom are Trefoil, Seed o'Valour, Breath o'Clover and many others melt away his stiffness and dignity, until on his departure for his own land again, mounted between the wings of a swallow, he acknowledged to dear little Speedwell that he loved them. The different characteristics of Irish and English character which are so skillfully drawn out serve only to enhance the reader's delight in the story. It is a book for little ones, but the older members of the family will find a great deal of pleasure in it. The book is nicely and appropriately illustrated by W. E. F. Britten. Bound in handsome cloth cover. Price one dollar and twenty five cents. The Macmillan Co.

**CHAPTERS ON ANIMALS.** By Phillip Gilbert Hamerton; edited by Prof. W. P. Trent of Columbia College. What boy does not love a dog or horse? Of course, there are boys who, without thinking, are often mean and even cruel to the kindly, faithful, dumb animals, but to the kindly disposed, manly boys, and such, no doubt, are the readers of this little volume, the love for animals is part of nature. Mr. Hamerton spent many years of his life among the beautiful glens and hills of Scotland with his horses and dogs and cats, and knew them intimately. One of his reasons for writing this book is that, "Having been in the habit of loving and observing animals, as people do who live much in the country, I thought that possibly some of my observations, however trifling in themselves, might interest others whose tastes are similar to my own." It is a book that cannot fail to interest its readers no matter of what age, but the young especially will not only read it with interest, but find it to be of splendid educational value. The many illustrations given of pictures of animals from paintings by celebrated artists will be studied with sympathetic delight. The book contains 88 pages and forms one of Heath's Home and School Classics. Cloth twenty five cents, or paper cover fifteen cents. D. C. Heath & Co.

**WASTENOT, WANTNOT AND OTHER STORIES.** By Maria Edgeworth, Jane Taylor and Mrs. Barbauld; edited by M. V. O'Shea. Among the cherished memories of the grandparents of the American boys and girls of to-day were the delightful hours spent in the reading of stories such as this little book contains. Story books were not nearly so plentiful in 1802 as they are in 1902, and so they were not liable to be skimmed over and thrown aside, but were read and re-read again and again until the characters of the stories became almost real persons to the readers. We remember with what delight we listened to these stories, and how we resolved to grow up strong and brave and honest and helpful just like Ben. Many of these resolves have, during the passing years and the rubbing up against the hard granite of the world, not amounted to much, but to-day the very remembrance of these resolutions touches the soft spots which still hold us, and does us good. This is not a sickly, sentimental, goody-goody book, but the stories are natural, wholesome and inspiring and cannot fail to draw out the good and pure impulses which are part of every right feeling boy and girl. It is a book well worth a place in Heath's Home and School Classics. Printed in large type and the thirty two illustrations by W. P. Bodwell add to its value as a teacher. Eighty one pages. Bound in cloth twenty cents, paper cover ten cents. D. C. Heath & Co.

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A Model Office Boy.

WRITTEN BY M. BERGTON, SAN FRANCISCO CAL., AN OFFICE BOY.

"WANTED: Bright lad for office. Must write a fair hand. References required. Address Box —, Bulletin."

How often one comes across such notices. What are the requirements of a youth who would fill such a position? He must write a fair hand, this much the advertisement states, but no more.

If he gets an interview with the employer (which few applicants are so fortunate as to accomplish) the lad is likely to be asked such questions as these: "Ever work before? If so, why did you leave your position?"

"What salary do you expect?" "Are you afraid of work?" "Live with your parents?" He will probably be told that he is expected to do general office work, file and copy letters, etc.

To many boys this would mean "a snap." But business men do not want boys who are looking for snaps, and soon learn to distinguish that sort from the kind who mean to use every minute to the employer's advantage.

The young fellow who expects to run a few errands and read the rest of the day will likely be doing the same thing twenty years from now, though he may have had hopes of becoming a member of the firm at some time in the future. This is the boy who slides stealthily out of the back door when he knows that he is needed in front, or lolls on the street corners because he may not be on a hurry message. One may pick out this kind of youth any day, but the good boy is not nearly so common.

Business men soon learn the value of a good, honest, quick-witted young fellow, and are ready to take him into their employ even though they may not have any particular use for him at the time. One of the best ways for getting a good boy is by offering small pay to begin with, and a good chance for advancement. The worthless fellow will not accept such conditions, as he considers himself worth more money, and thinks only of to-day; while a good boy will be willing to start in with less in order to learn a business.

One of the first requirements a boy applying for a position should have is a neat appearance, as a first impression is lasting. He should be businesslike and sharp. He should be always on the lookout during his leisure moments to learn something new about the business with which he is connected.

A boy, no matter how nor where employed, should be in full control of his powers, and should know what his business is, so as to be able to answer all questions which may be put to him. But he must be discreet enough to know when and how to ask them, wording them in the most concise manner possible, so as not to waste his employer's time. Above all he should not be afraid to ask questions when he does not fully understand. Business men respect such a boy.

The Rangers Athletic Club, Bay City, Mich.

The Rangers Athletic Club, of Bay City, Mich., was organized about a year ago. During the summer and fall of 1901 it did fine work at baseball and football. The club meets every two weeks at the home of the president. It has a gymnasium. Dues are ten cents a month. The middle one of the boys standing is Murray Davis,



the football captain, and on his left is James Harold Nelson, president. At the right end of the row of boys who are sitting is Fred Baird, treasurer, and at the left end Charles Martindale, manager. The president writes us that he thinks THE AMERICAN BOY is the best boys' paper in the world.

A School Museum.

Leonard Shanks, Post Falls, Idaho, tells how he and some of his boy friends started a museum at school. An unoccupied room in the school building has been divided into six departments for the purposes of the museum. The principal of the school appointed one officer over each department. The departments are: (1) Curios; (2) Physiology, which includes bones and teeth of animals; (3) Botany, which includes plants of all kinds; (4) Conchology, which includes the various kinds of shells; (5) Mineralogy, which includes all kinds of rocks, and (6) Ornithology, which includes birds and birds' eggs.

The boys raised some money by subscription and then gave to the general public a baseball spelling contest, and with the money raised in that way they purchased a microscope, a prism, two books, three small glasses, three slides, and one prepared object to be used in the museum.

BOYS IN THE HOME, CHURCH AND SCHOOL

Another Boy Preacher.

Benjamin C. Harris, Jersey, Ga., sends us the photograph from which the accompanying picture is made, and our readers can look at the face and form of another boy preacher, Metz Joyner by name. This boy was ten years old last November and has been preaching. It is said, about two and one half years. He was born in Butts County, Ga., and shortly afterwards removed with his parents to Texas, and from there to the Indian Territory, where he was "converted" and began to preach. While the family lived in the west the father died, and then the mother returned to Georgia with her son. The boy is at present in school at Florilla, Ga.



"Housework" for Boys.

Fred List, Honesdale, Pa., has a word to say in regard to Roy Means' letter, which appeared in the January number. He thinks Roy is entirely wrong in saying that housework is not for boys. He says he has helped at housework from the time he was ten years old, and he is now nearly a man. In addition to doing this, he says he drives a delivery wagon for his brother, goes to night school three nights in the week, takes two piano lessons a week, goes to choir practice twice a week, and sings in the choir on Sundays. He says he is proud of being able to do housework. He thinks no American boy need be ashamed to do whatever is honorable and is helpful to his parents.

A Y. M. C. A. Boy Congress.

An unknown friend sends us a description of a "Y. M. C. A. Congress" that was held at Waco, Tex. "In the fall of the year 1899," he says, "the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Waco called a meeting of boys and men to form a senate and house of representatives. Then men organized the senate and the boys the house. Bills are presented, discussed and passed or rejected just as in the National Congress. In the first term Bert Davis and Adrian Moore were Speakers. Bert Davis was killed soon after his taking the chair as Speaker by the accidental discharge of a gun while he was hunting. The Congress is now holding its second term, and Blair Gilmer is acting as Speaker of the House. The sessions are well attended, and the debates are very interesting. The boys are divided into parties. A Roberts' Rules of Order governs the meetings. Meetings are held Saturday nights at the Y. M. C. A. rooms."

The Power of Example.

John G. Bragaw, Washington, N. C., writes us that he was greatly impressed with our editor's words in the September issue of the paper where he speaks of the mission of THE AMERICAN BOY. "No more worthy cause," says he, "can you advocate, and you are right in saying that in the solution of the boy problem lies the solution of all great problems of society. It is appalling to note how very few men seem to remember their boy experiences, the temptations they were exposed to, how little was required to make or mar their future. Just one small apparently insignificant act makes an impression sometimes for good or evil that remains through life. On the playground, where men and boys mingle it seems not to occur to the average man to be more careful in his language than if he were talking to men whose habits and conduct are already settled. A man should be as pure and correct in his manner of speech with boys as he is with women."

Connecticut Y. M. C. A. Boys.

Casimir F. Ackerman, Naugatuck, Conn., sends us an account of the second annual conference of the Boys' Departments of the Y. M. C. A. of Connecticut, which took place at Naugatuck, Dec. 27-28 last. It was attended by over one hundred boys from various cities and towns in the state. Many prominent members of the Association were present, among them the State Secretary and the secretaries of boys' departments of several cities. Interesting papers were read on "Why a Boy Should Exercise in the Gymnasium," "The Savings Department a Help to Boys," "What a Boy Can Do to Help Others at a Social Gathering," and "What Boys Should Do For the Association." An interesting address was delivered by a clergyman on "The Growing Boy, His Friends and His Enemies," in which the speaker declared this to be the golden age for boys. He pointed out the importance

of realizing the value of small things, and said that the boy's enemies were self-indulgence, moral weakness and laziness. He also urged the cultivation of habits of industry and good character.

A "Working Boys" Club in Chicago.

A Working Boys' Club has been opened at 517 West Adams street, Chicago, Ill., where kind friends of the working boys have leased a house and furnished it. It is established in connection with the Champlin Home for Boys, which occupies the house next door to the one leased for the club. The Working Boys' Club, however, is to be an independent and self-supporting institution, with Rev. John Chatlin in charge. Its purpose is to furnish a good home for boys who are working but earn small wages, the expenses to the boy being from two dollars and fifty cents to three dollars and fifty cents a week. Study classes, musicales, lectures and other entertainments will be planned. The club begins with a membership of twelve. The house is furnished with a dozen beds and bedding, and other furniture is promised. Hundreds of boys go to Chicago from the country every year to earn their livelihood. They know little of city life; they do not realize how hard it is to live on two or three dollars a week, nor do they know how to choose their entertainments. In a word, these boys need care where somebody will be responsible for their welfare. In the Working Boys' Club they will find entertainment and society—in fact, will become one of a big, happy family.

A Little Friend's Death.

Little Norbert Weber, one of the many friends of THE AMERICAN BOY, died of appendicitis at his home in Perham, Minn., Aug. 25, 1901, after an illness of three days. Norbert was eleven years old at the time of his death. He was a true American boy. He loved to fish, row and swim. His death cast a gloom over the entire community, as he was a handsome boy, wise beyond his years, kind and gentle, of quiet manners and modest air. His father tells us that he was a great lover of THE AMERICAN BOY, and that on the very day before his death he asked three times if the paper had not come, as he wished to see it.



NORBERT WEBER.

A Warning.

The mother of Roy Hill, who was drowned January 5, 1901, at Escanaba, Mich., at the age of twelve, writes us under date of December 8 last: "As my son was so much in love with THE AMERICAN BOY I wish it continued in his name." The mother then calls our attention to an account of the death of Roy as given in an Escanaba paper, and says: "As the time is again present when such dangers are open to our boys, I wish the editor would kindly warn them."



ROY HILL, at age of eight.

On the day of his death Roy, while skating on the bay near Escanaba, skated into a crack in the ice, about twelve feet wide, which had partly frozen over, but was not strong enough to bear his weight. Two or three of his companions saw him go down and hastened to his assistance. As the boy had got eight feet away from the edge of the solid ice his friends could not reach him. Nothing daunted, however, James McKilligan, an eighteen-year-old boy, without a moment's hesitation, pulled off his skates, jumped into the water and succeeded in getting hold of Roy as he was sinking for the last time. The boys on the ice were helpless and could render no assistance. The cold water caused a cramp in the arm of the heroic lad who risked his life to save that of another, and forced him to loosen his hold, and Roy sank. Young McKilligan was rescued by Fred Olmstead, Jr., and Carl Rathfon, who pulled off their sweaters, and by tying their sleeves together, made a line by which they drew the boy from the water. A flat-bottomed boat was secured from the shore and men rigged up grappling hooks, with which they found the body of Roy. The little lad was exceptionally skillful with his pencil in sketching, and was for his age a good pianist. Young McKilligan received a gold medal at the hands of the Board of Education of Escanaba. The photograph from which our picture was made was taken when Roy was eight years old.

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# Familiar Talks With Boys—H. R. Wells

Questions from Boys Will be Welcomed.

Rock Island, Ill., Nov. 14, 1901.

Dear Sir:—  
I was just reading in the November number that which I do not think is very sensible to put in a paper like this about a boy who made a speech against the socialist. I should think if that boy or you knew what a socialist was you would know something too. One thing I will tell you is this, that a socialist is not the same as an anarchist in any way. Now as I read that the boy says a working man cannot live unless he earned millions for the rich, I don't see no sense in that. All a working man wants is what is coming to him and he wants a happier life. Now, for example, take the editor. Say he was a working man and only got nine dollars a week, how would he get along with that if he had a big family as some have? By the time he paid his bills and a few clothes he would have nothing left. He wants pleasure just as well as the rich do. A socialist is not like that devilish anarchist.

Yours truly,  
RICHARD

My Friend Richard:—

In answering your letter, you will let me say in all kindness that you have taken the article to which you refer as a thrust at socialism, when in reality it was against one of the worst foes of socialism—the noisy, street-corner agitator. Do you suppose he could give an intelligent definition of socialism? Isn't his speech largely a recitation of the workingman's hardships and wrongs, real and imaginary, and ranting against his employer and the government? Does he give any clear idea of how socialism will help matters?

There is a saying, "Pray to be delivered from your friends," which means that unwise, injudicious, or insincere friends often do one more harm than do avowed enemies. Every organization has to contend with the misrepresentations of such friends, who profess or pretend to be its supporters.

People who have grievances are preyed upon by their own sufferings and by imposters who can describe them so well as to give the impression that they really want to relieve them, and make their victims believe that they can and will cure them; but following such leaders only adds the bitterness of discontent and distrust to the real burdens.

You declare so vehemently that socialists are not anarchists; and yet, do you know, a great many anarchists claim to be socialists? This of itself arrays many people against socialism, although unjustly, perhaps.

Let us look for a moment into the subject, therefore, you and I and our boy friends, and see if we can give intelligent answers to the questions: What is socialism? What is anarchy? What is the difference between them?

Socialism aims to establish co-operative production and distribution instead of competitive wage earning and competitive capitalism. By such co-operative industry, its followers believe, repression will be lifted from the hearts and minds of men, wealth will be distributed more evenly, labor will be light and wholesome, and each will freely contribute to increase his own happiness as well as that of others. Human nature will assume a new and higher character in a society in which the surroundings will be such that life will not as to-day be a constant pressure of want, and human beings will have an opportunity of attaining to a higher level of physical, mental and moral development than the world has ever seen. The Golden Age, indeed, of human society.

Anarchy aims to overthrow all government, although anarchists govern their converts with an iron hand, compelling them to commit such horrible deeds as was the slaying of our president. This is a doctrine of wholesale destruction.

The difference lies in that the socialist wishes to avoid inequality by increasing state interference, the anarchist, by abolishing it. Socialists hold that you cannot have equality or co-operative production without a state to enforce it; anarchists believe that this would involve tyranny. They want property held by communistic associations, formed freely, without political compulsion. As to the means by which this result is to be accomplished different groups of anarchists do not agree. Some disclaim violence and believe in the power of moral principles; others, more numerous and influential, seek revolution for its own sake and hold that after this is accomplished there will be time enough to consider what to do next.

Anarchy is therefore not to be regarded as a complete system, well conceived, but as a dangerous form of agitation.

You can see, therefore, despite the wide difference between them, that it is easy for a socialist to fall into the faults of the anarchist, particularly in the matter of being an agitator, and what harm is done the cause when such ranting and consequent riots are resorted to in the name of socialism. The task its adherents should really set themselves, and attempt to accomplish by dignified discussion and writing, is to convince the dominant classes in every country that such a transformation is desirable and inevitable, and to educate and organize the producing classes so that they may intelligently take advantage of their opportunities.

No true American citizen, boy or man, will say or will listen to another who declares that it is impossible to earn an honest living in this country. If it seems so poor a place, why do these agitators, the greater number of whom are foreigners, come to this country and stay here.

We admit and regret the wrongs and hardships of the laboring people; and did it ever strike you that even an editor may

be a laboring man, working harder and far longer hours than the man in the snop or in the ditch? Many an editor knows from long and hard struggles whereof he speaks when he says there is much for a laboring man to endure and contend with; but for all that there is no country where there is less oppression, and there has been no time when there has been more encouragement and better opportunity than our own country and the present time, wherein the laborer who is industrious and right minded may succeed in living comfortably and happily.

You see, I am not asking you to be satisfied with things just as they are; but there is a noble and an ignoble discontent: The first is with our own attainments and our surroundings, where it is possible for us to better them. Such discontent leads to improvement. The second is discontent with everything and everyone outside of ourselves; we hold ourselves to be blameless and the rest of the world all wrong. This kind of discontent breeds envy, malice, prejudice and injustice. Let us learn to judge fairly both ourselves and others.

Mr. H. R. Wells, Detroit, Mich.:

Dear Sir—I read your answer to the boy who wanted to fit himself for something better than helper in a pottery. Now, that's what I am, and I thought I'd try your advice, too, about going to a night school. But it is so far over to that part of the city where the school is, and it kept me up and out so late, coming all that way home, I'd be so tired next morning I could hardly get up; so I thought I'd have to give it up though I hated to awfully. I was just getting good and interested. I happened to say this to our time-keeper; he's just a young man; I felt, somehow, he'd understand, and he did, for he told me how he'd had to give up his college course in his last year and take a position because his money run out. "But," I said to him, "you must know a lot already." And he said: "The more one learns the more he sees ahead of him to learn. I'm only at the beginning, but I know enough to help you, and if you like to come to my rooms of an evening I'll be glad to do it."

Wasn't that great of him, and wasn't I glad? But that isn't all. I'd been talking to the other boys and got them in the notion to study evenings to fit themselves to earn more money instead of spending what little they had in wrong ways and places, and Mr. Hide, that's the time-

keeper, said I should bring as many as his room would hold, but we didn't feel like letting him teach so many of us for nothing, and we couldn't all get into his room, so we agreed to each pay a small sum that altogether makes a snug little pile for him and will help him get back to college next year; and then we asked our foreman if we couldn't meet in the big room over the office. It's always warm, and we could furnish lights, and he got us permission from the company and extra tables and chairs, and more'n that he invited all the men and boys, whether they wanted to study or not, to spend their evenings in a kind of reading room he fitted up at the back with a lot of books and magazines for them. Some of them, after they got in, made up their minds if wouldn't hurt them to know a little more readin' and ritin' and 'rithmetic and went at it kind ashamed and awkward at first, and it did look funny to see great big men with beards spelling out words any little boy ought to know, and they're as tickled as little boys too when they begin to get along. It just does you good to see how pleased they are when they can begin to read the papers and books.

I tell you we're glad for your idea of night school that led up to our kind of one, for it's just splendid.

CHAS. McCULLOUGH.

Dear Charles:—

It hardly needs saying that the editor is glad to hear of the great success of your kind of a night school. It is an improvement on the ordinary kind, for each one of you, besides helping himself is also helping others. I hope and expect that you will be able to take Mr. Hide's place when he goes back to school.

Chicago, Jan'y 5, 1902.

H. R. Wells:

Dear Sir—I am about to enter upon a business that will bring to me, I hope, a good many stamps, as the remittances will be small and people will want to send stamps instead of coin. Now the thing I want to know is when you have a lot of stamps how can you get rid of them? Can you get cash for them at the postoffice? Please advise me in the columns of THE AMERICAN BOY.

My Dear Boy:

I am glad to tell you that I think you would not have any trouble in converting postage stamps into money. The postoffice will not buy them, but almost any large business house that has occasion to use many stamps in its correspondence will be glad to buy them from you, if the stamps are in good shape. I have often disposed in this way of postage received.

I wish you success in your undertaking and hope to hear further.

George Garrett, Ada, O., says THE AMERICAN BOY has been a great help to him in his work and his play, and that he is trying hard to make something of himself. He gets a dollar a week for work that he does mornings and evenings. George earned his way to the Pan-American Exposition by tending a neighbor's horse.



WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA Y. M. C. A. BOYS' CAMP, SLIPPERY ROCK, PA.

## THE AMERICAN BOY "SHUT-INS."

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-SOCIETY.

W. G. Stover, Grandville, Mich., proposes that the boys who belong to the "Shut-in" Society of THE AMERICAN BOY shall have a paper devoted to their interests. He wants other members of the society to correspond with him regarding it.

### Names of Shut-Ins Received Since Issue of January Number.

Robert Hall, Frank Bennett, Master Harold Bradley, David Duck, Clyde Holliday, Charley Funk, Riley Chambers, Harry Walters, Don Kennedy, Master Harrie Johnson, James Sawyer, Leslie N. Maddocks, Frank Crowell, Avery Hart, Heruert Roth, Master Pierce, Oscar Fry, Lyell Richardson, Eddie Colby, Leon Holmes, Floyd Vangorden, Bruce Simpson, Stephen Traudt, Jr., Ernest Avery, Willie G. Lattie, Ellsworth Helms, Robert Seanor, Bud Potts, Albert L. Dawe, Joe Maher, Ethmer Reece, Frank Plinkinton, George Williams, Harry McNally, Ralph Graham, E. Burr Babbitt, Alex. Hultgren.

### What God Gives a Boy.

A body to keep clean and healthy, as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love and kindness and charity and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief or temptation or sin.

A pair of lips to speak true, kind, brave words.

A pair of ears to hear music of bird, tree and human voice, but not to give heed to what the serpent says or to what dishonors God or his mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good and the true—God's finger-print in flower and field and snowflake.—Young Crusader.

### Stanley E. Nichols.

We present herewith a picture of Stanley E. Nichols, of San Luis, Obispo, Cal., one of our shut-ins. The young man is fond of reading and the collecting of curios, especially shells. He has studied them so much that he can give the names of most of those found on the Pacific coast. There is a Shell Club at San Luis Obispo, and most



of the young man's shells have been contributed by the Club or sent him by friends. He is one of the large number of our shut-ins who, notwithstanding the fact that they cannot engage in the sports and occupations of boys generally, are yet cheerful and contented because their minds are occupied.

AIRGUN  
FOUNTAIN PEN

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We give the premiums illustrated and many others for selling our NEW GOLD EYE NEEDLES at 25c. a package. They are of Best Quality and Quick Sellers. With every two packages we give FREE A SILVER ALUMINUM THIMBLE. Send no money in advance. Just name and address, letter or postal, ordering two dozen needle papers and one dozen thimbles. We send them at once postpaid with Large Premium List. When sold send us \$1.20 and we will send premium which you select and are entitled to. Write today and get extra present FREE. PEERLESS MFG. CO., Greenville, Pa., Box 245.

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CAMERA OUTFIT

**2.00** **A BARGAIN**

Jewelers ask \$10 to \$15 for gold filled watches that look no better and keep no better time than this Double Hunter Robly engraved gold plate case. Diamond set ruby jeweled works, screw wind and stem set, an accurate-to-the-second timekeeper. SEND NO MONEY with this ad and send it to us with your name and address and we will send the watch to you by express. The amount is at your option and if as represented, pay express agent our special reduced price \$2.00 and express charge and it is yours. Watches also wanted. LADY'S GENTS. A guarantee for five years with every watch. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 352-356 Dearborn St. CHICAGO.

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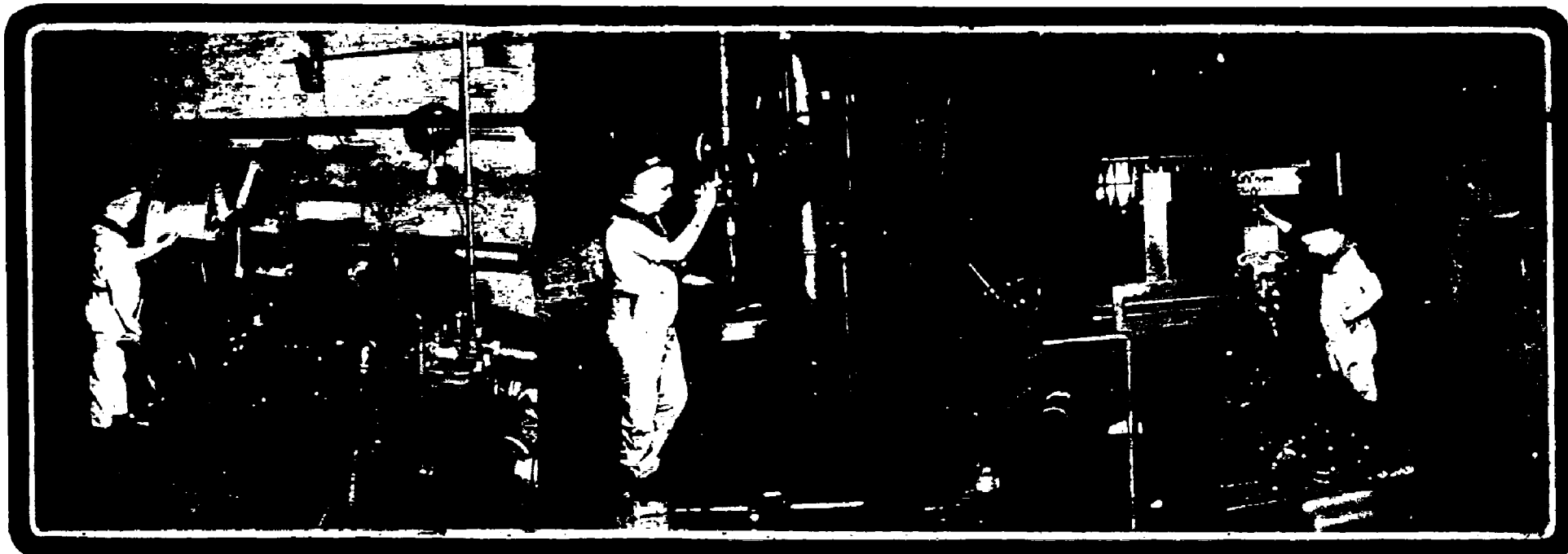
**GLOBE NOVELTY CO.,** Dept. 35, GEORGETOWN, E. I.

**FREE GOLD WATCH**

This watch has American movement fully warranted to keep correct time. The case is Solid Gold Filled, equal in appearance to a Gold Filled Watch warranted 20 years. We give it FREE to Boys and Girls or anyone for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Send your address and we will send the jewelry postpaid, when sold send us the \$2 and we will positively send you the watch and chain.

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**TRICKS** Jewelry, Humorous and Instructive Books. Useful articles and agents' latest novelties. Large illustrated catalogue and our unique collection of songs and jokes FREE. E. Frankson Co., Baltimore, Md.



**A Little Machinist.**

In the very first number of THE AMERICAN BOY, issued in November, 1899, there appeared a picture of Verne A. Trask, three years and four months old, and Marjorie Trask, nineteen months old, sitting on a little tandem bicycle, the whole making a picture of the smallest tandem riders on the smallest tandem machine perhaps ever seen.



VERNE A. TRASK.

In this issue of THE AMERICAN BOY we present the picture of Verne as a machinist in the shop of his father, Charles A. Trask, a builder of special machinery. Verne is now five years old, and nothing suits him more than the privilege of donning his overalls and working in the shop. We show him running a drill, a planer, and a lathe in which is a pulley weighing over half a ton. The carriage on the lathe weighs about 800 pounds, but he can run it back and forth without help. He knows what all the handles are for and can operate them. He is an inquisitive little fellow and wants to know the whys and wherefores and ins and outs of every part of the machinery in his father's shop. He is indeed a little "mechanical crank." One day a friend of Mr. Trask's came into the shop and seeing Verne standing on a chair planing a piece of iron in the shaper, the little fellow, dressed in his overalls, and his hands as black as those of the men, watched him a while, and then said: "Trask, is that boy fourteen years old?" Mr. Trask answered, "No, not yet." The friend then said, "I shall have to report you to the factory inspector." If he made the report Verne never heard anything from it, for he still continues "learning the trade." We shall expect to live to hear the name of Verne A. Trask as that of a great machinist and inventor.

**Beecher's Boyishness.**

The following story is an amusing anecdote of a great man who loved children and shared their fun. Dr. E. K. Cressey of Brooklyn Hills, L. I., says that one day, when he was a small boy, his mother left the house, cautioning him and his brothers to be quiet and not romp while she was gone. Presently Mr. Beecher arrived to make a call upon the Cresseys, and found no one to receive him but demure looking boys. A flash of anticipation came into his eyes

as he joyously told his young hosts to prepare for the romp of their lives. "But mamma told us we mustn't romp," protested the future doctor of philosophy. "I'll take all the responsibility," replied the great preacher. When Mrs. Cressey neared the house on her return she heard indications of a small riot. Filled with indignation at this unheard-of rebellion in her little republic, she rushed into the house with words of rebuke trembling on her tongue. At the door she paused petrified. Henry Ward Beecher was flat on his back on the floor, with a parcel of young Indians apparently dancing a ghost dance on his prostrate form and emitting shrill yells. The appearance of the avenger instantly froze into silent consternation all the rebels except the arch insurgent. Climbing to his feet the unabashed clergyman said: "Mrs. Cressey, I promised my friends here to take all the responsibility for this outbreak, and I am ready to take whatever is due them. You may begin at once." But for once there was an infraction of the laws in the Cressey household that was not punished.

**An Ingenious Landlord.**

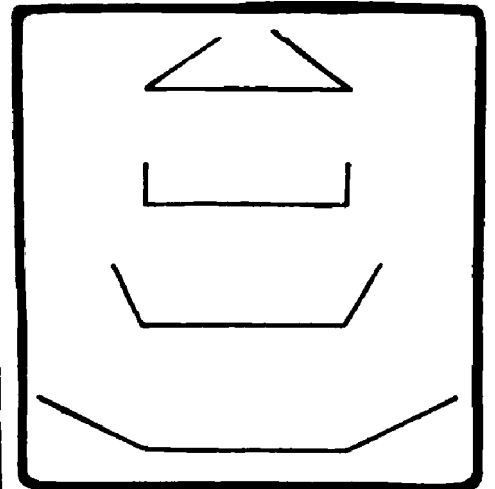
A landlord has twelve rooms in his hotel. Thirteen travelers came along and each wanted a room. This is to tell you how the landlord succeeded in putting thirteen men in twelve rooms and giving to each a room by himself: First, he put two men in room number one; then he said, "Now you number three go into room number two; you number four go into room number three; you number five go into room number four; you number six go into room number five; you number seven go into room number six; you number eight go into room number seven; you number nine go into room number eight; you number ten go into room number nine; you number eleven go into room number ten; you number twelve go into room number eleven. Now one of you men that I put into room number one come out and go into room number twelve."

**The Bottle and the Cork.**

A bottle and a cork cost one dollar and ten cents. The bottle cost one dollar more than the cork cost. How much did the cork cost? One dollar will be paid to the first one who, on a postal card, gives us the right answer.

**Not What They Seem.**

You would think at first glance that the horizontal lines in the diagram were not of the same length, but, as a matter of fact, they are.



fact, they are. The short lines running at various angles lead the vision astray, and make you think that what you are looking at is different from what it actually is.

**THE BOY'S POULTRY YARD**

A. E. Sewell, Beaver Dam, Wis., sends a plan for a henhouse. Plans were also submitted by Raymond Farramore, Somerville, N. J., together with some very excellent pencil drawings of animals. Ralph C. Warne, Chicago, Ill., says that a good way of keeping lice from poultry is to put evergreen branches in the coop. Master Malcolm Warren, Northampton, Mass., sends a very readable article regarding his experience in raising poultry, but as the points he has brought out have been referred to in these pages we are unable to give space to it. R. H. Valentine, Stafford Springs, Conn., writes of his experience in raising pigeons. He bought a pair of white fantails at one dollar and then added a few homers. He kept them in good health with the aid of the book, "Pigeon Keeping for Amateurs," sold by The Sprague Publishing Company, Detroit. His worst enemies were the rats that stole the birds' eggs and also stole the young birds. He taught his fantails to do tricks. He bought a lot of common pigeons for squab breeding, and is engaged now most of his time in teaching his homers. Guy P. Felty, Connellsville, Pa., says: When I was eleven years old my father bought me a pair of white rabbits. I made a house and a yard for them to play in. After a few months these two reared a family of five, but once or twice they got out of the yard and peeled the bark off some of our valuable trees, and then I had to get rid of them. I bought a pair of pigeons, and a pair of tumbler were given to me as well as a pair of white fantails. As we moved later to a place where I couldn't take care of them I had to dispose of them. I now have a fox terrier dog that I think more of than any pet I ever had. I am training him every day. I have also a pair of parlor doves that wake us up early in the morning by their cooing.

**A Cheap, Warm Henhouse.**

C. Cecil Starring, Huron, S. D., answers the inquiry of Carroll F. Parker, Wakefield, Mass., who asked in a recent number of THE AMERICAN BOY how to make a henhouse. He sends a description taken from the Dakota Farmer, and written by G. Paul Pitt, Watertown, S. D. It is as follows: If you want to build a warm henhouse dig a pit two and one half feet deep and put six inches of ashes on the floor, then lay your sills, sixteen by ten feet of two by fours. Make house ten feet high in front and four feet behind, like a shed roof. Slant front in about two feet, so the light from the windows can strike fowls. The windows should be two and one half by five feet and one foot apart. The door should be two and one half by five feet and one foot from the window on the east. Make hole for fowls to enter between the windows, one foot square with a hanging door. Three feet from the top may be put a floor with a trap-door to enter from below; this may be used as a pigeon loft. The entry holes for pigeons should be on the east end. The house should be made of matched lumber, tar-papered, sided and the roof should be shingled. A small wooden ventilator, a dropping board, roosts, nest boxes, and feed and water dishes should be provided. This henhouse ought to hold one hundred and twenty five chickens or hens. Put good laying chickens in this kind of a henhouse and see the benefit of a good, warm coop.

**My First Poultry Enterprise.**

In the early spring, three years ago, I endeavored to go into the poultry business on a small scale. As a start, I bought a white Leghorn rooster and two hens from some people who were going away. I put them in an old outhouse for a few days and got along very well until July, when we intended to leave our place and go to

the country for the summer, so I sold one hen and the rooster and kept one hen, which was setting on eight eggs. Just about three days before we left seven chicks left their shells. We intended to leave them to the tender mercies of the people who rented the house for the summer. About a week afterward we heard that a cat had killed all the chicks, so the caretakers had the hen for dinner one Sunday. Now we have one rooster and four hens, all black Minorcas, and intend to buy a hen to set on some of their eggs. We had two pairs of Blue Rock pigeons and one pair disappeared about two days ago, much to our sorrow, as that was our beginning.—F. W. Perry, New Rochelle, N. Y.

**The WOODEN HEN**  
A high-class self-regulating incubator on a small scale. Fifty egg capacity. Heat, moisture and ventilation automatically and perfectly controlled. Price only \$6.00. Send for the Wooden Hen Book; mailed free, together with a book about the EXCELSIOR INCUBATOR, to those who name this paper. GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Illinois.

**CYPHERS INCUBATOR**, World's Standard Hatcher. Used on 28 Gov. Experiment Stations in U. S., Canada, Australia and New Zealand, also by America's leading poultrymen and thousands of others. Gold medal and highest award at Pan-American, Oct. 1901. 32-page circular free. Complete catalogue, 100 pages, \$11 in., mailed for 50c. Ask nearest office for book No. 103. CYPHERS INCUBATOR COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Boston, Mass., New York, N. Y.

**A MILLION TESTIMONIALS** DON'T CONVINCE 30 DAYS TRIAL WILL. Our 50 egg compartment hatcher have advantages over all other incubators. Hantams at \$6, \$9.50 and \$15 for 50, 100 and 200 egg sizes. Hatch every good egg. Send 2 cents for No. 19 catalogue. BUCKEYE INCUBATOR CO., Springfield, Ohio.

**SEE THE 1902 NOXALL.** It has all the latest improvements 200 Egg incubator and brooder combined. \$15.00. See for catalogue. Price list and circular free. NOXALL INCUBATOR CO., QUINCY, ILL.

**GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE** of prize winning poultry for 1902, printed in colors. Illustrates and describes 50 Varieties of Poultry; gives reasonable prices of eggs and stock. Many hints to poultry raisers. Send 10c in silver or stamps for this noted book. B. H. GREIDER, Florida, Fla.

**DON'T SET HENS** the same old way when our new plan bears it 10 times. 100 Egg Hatcher costs only \$2. Over 40,000 in use. 1000th issue. 5000 copies wanted for 1902. Write for Big Poultry Catalogue and 10 Egg Formula FREE if you write today. Natural Hen Incubator Co., 2104, Columbus, Neb.

**POULTRY PAPER**, illustrated, 20 pages, 25 cents per year. 4 months trial 10 cents. Sample Free. 64-page practical poultry book free to yearly subscribers. Book alone 10 cents. Catalogue of poultry books free. Poultry Advertiser, Syracuse, N. Y.

**\$5 INCUBATORS FREE** 50 EGG SIZE. Self-regulating. Guaranteed for 2 years. Hatches every good egg. Send for catalogue No. 15. Sell six and get one free. INVINCIBLE HATCHER CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

**POULTRYMEN FREE TO ALL** the new edition of our immense catalogue, telling all about the famous Peritan Chick Food. A mine of information issued by the world's greatest poultry plant. The Peritan Poultry Farms, Box 557E, Stamford, Ct.

**MINORCAS, HANDSOMEST HENS** LAY more and larger eggs than any others. Send for large catalogue. HOMING PIGEONS, \$2.00 PER PAIR. G. NORTHP, Box B., RACEVILLE, N. Y.





**ARBOR DAY IN NEW YORK.**

The children in 10,251 schools planted 299,616 trees last year.

**HAIRPINS.**

It is said that a hairpin can be used for more useful purposes than any other one thing. We have recently seen an item in a newspaper to the effect that several pairs of pigeons that a scientist has been observing in Paris have raised their young in nests made entirely of hairpins collected on the paths of the Luxembourg.

**THE HEAVIEST BIRD THAT FLIES.**

The gray buzzard is said to be the heaviest bird that flies, the young males, when food is plentiful, weighing nearly forty pounds. The bird is nearly extinct.

The largest nest built by any kind of bird is that built by the mound bird, an Australian fowl. It makes mounds sometimes one hundred and fifty feet in circumference, in which it buries its eggs five feet deep.

**WHEN CHILDREN BEGIN TO WALK.**

Experiments upon one thousand, two hundred and twenty children show that ninety five and five tenths per cent begin to walk under the age of twenty four months; a little over half begin under fourteen months; one third begin under twelve months; ten per cent begin under ten months. Three babies out of the whole number began to walk under eight months.

**WHAT MACHINERY DOES.**

In 1855 it required four hours and thirty four minutes of the time of a laborer to do the plowing, harrowing, etc., that went to the producing of a bushel of corn, and the price of that labor was nearly thirty six cents. Machines have reduced the time of the laborer to about thirty four minutes and the cost of it to about ten and one half cents.

**THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN NORTH AMERICA**

Mt. Logan is the highest peak in North America that has ever been climbed, but there is a higher peak that has not been climbed. It lies in sixty three and one half degrees of north latitude and in one hundred and fifty five degrees of west longitude. It has been called Mt. McKinley. Its altitude is twenty thousand, two hundred and twenty six feet—several hundred feet higher than Mt. Logan. This mountain will probably remain unclimbed for many years, owing to its remoteness, and the difficulties of the ascent.

**SPRINKLING ROADS WITH OIL.**

They are trying the experiment in California of sprinkling streets and highways with crude oil, in order to control the dust. It is said that the cost is less than the ordinary water system, giving to the roads a hard, smooth surface. The use of the method in one city reduced the expense of street sprinkling from \$1,200 a year to \$740 a year. On country roads a hundred barrels of oil to the mile a year maintains a highway like asphalt.

Oil companies spray the petroleum on roads for one dollar a year.

**FACTS ABOUT FLAGS.**

1. To "strike the flag" is to lower the colors in submission.
2. Flags are used as the symbol of rank and command, the officers using them being called "flag officers." Such flags are square, to distinguish them from other banners.
3. A "flag of truce" is a white flag, displayed to an enemy to indicate a desire for parley or consultation.
4. The white flag is a sign of peace. After a battle parties from both sides often go out to the field to rescue the wounded or bury the dead under the protection of the white flag.
5. The red flag is a sign of defiance and is often used by revolutionists. In our service it is a mark of danger, and shows a vessel to be receiving or discharging her powder.
6. The black flag is a sign of piracy.
7. The yellow flag shows a vessel to be in quarantine or is a sign of a contagious disease.
8. A flag at half mast means mourning. Fishing and other vessels return with the flag at half mast to announce the loss or death of some of their crew.
9. Dipping the flag is lowering it slightly, then hoisting it again to salute a vessel or fort. If the President of the United States goes aboard, the American flag is carried in the bow of his barge or hoisted at the mast of the vessel on board of which he is.—The New Education.

## FOR BOYS TO THINK ABOUT

**A RING TO WEAR WHEN WRITING.**

An exceedingly simple device an English workman has just invented, whereby writing or drawing is made easier. The complete apparatus consists of a ring, which carries a small steel ball, so placed as to revolve freely in any direction. With the ring on one's little finger so that the little ball is at the point of contact with the paper, almost every bit of friction in the movement of the hand upon the writing or drawing material is removed. Doubtless, the novelists will be the first to take advantage of this easy writing ring, though many of us would prefer that writing be made no easier for them; we have more books written and published than can ever hope to be read, and the output is constantly increasing.

**THE SMALLEST ENGINE.**

The smallest engine ever made has been completed. It is a horizontal engine, and can stand on a ten cent piece. One has to look through a microscope to see plainly its various parts. It runs as accurately as the best engine ever built. It is made of gold, silver, copper and steel. The band of the fly wheel is solid gold. The length of the main shaft, which is of steel, is five sixteenths of an inch. The diameter of the fly wheel is seven sixteenths of an inch. The outside diameter of the cylinder, which is sheathed with ebony, is three sixteenths of an inch, and the bore of the cylinder is five sixty fourths of an inch. The diameter of the piston rod is less than two sixty fourths of an inch. The weight of the engine is three pennyweights. It is run by compressed air.

**NEW SAFETY LAMP FOR MINERS.**

A young New York electrician, M. R. Hutchinson, has recently invented a device which ought to prove a special boon to miners. It is an electric lamp and is to be carried in the cap just as an ordinary miner's lamp is carried, the electric current to be supplied from a storage battery. The battery is less than three pounds in weight and is good for eight to ten hours' steady work. It may be carried in a pocket. Indeed, Mr. Hutchinson has built the batteries in such shape that they fit snugly into a pocket. The practical result of the use of such a lamp as this is that the danger of death from fire damp is removed, the valuable oxygen of the air is not burned up as it is by the use of an ordinary lamp, the whole apparatus is clear and compact, moreover the light given is much better than that of any other device used in this way. The lamp should be introduced into every mine where men are obliged to work far away from light and good air. The device should also find a place in cave exploring, well digging or any underground work.

**HOW MATCHES ARE MADE.**

The raw material consists of a special chosen for the straightness of its grain grade of sawn lumber, the wood being its freedom from knots. The lumber costs from twenty five dollars to as high as fifty dollars per thousand, board measure. The rough lumber when delivered to the works is peeled, split, and stacked to dry. The split wood is then sawn crosswise of the grain into two inch lengths, and the splints are cut from these blocks in a specially designed planing machine, which consists of a double row of circular knives, the knives being placed one above another and thirty two in number in each row. As the knife makes two hundred and fifty strokes a minute, the capacity of each machine, allowing for time lost in picking up a fresh block, is nearly a million splints per hour. The splints are then dried by hot air, gathered up by boys and placed in the hopper of a cleaning machine, where all slivers or broken fragments are separated out. The splints are then taken to a straightening machine, where they are shaken down until they arrange themselves side by side in long parallel rows, just as cordwood is arranged and stacked by the wood cutter. They are then picked up and put in "holders," little boxes four inches deep, two inches wide, and fifteen inches in length. They are then taken to what is called the match-making machine, which finishes the match in one continuous operation, dipping it in paraffin wax, tipping it with phosphorus, drying it out and delivering it ready for shipment, the whole operation taking just thirty two minutes.

The machine may be described as an endless belt six hundred feet in length, known as the carrier, which extends up and down the length of a room, passing at each turn over end sprockets. The belt travels with an intermittent motion at the rate of nine inches a stroke, and thirty strokes a minute. Each link of the belt consists of a set of transverse slats known as a block, and in each block are placed four hundred splints. After the splints have been inserted no further handling is necessary. Five boys operate the machine.

The older match-making machines required twenty five men each to operate them.

**HOW FAST BIRDS FLY.**

There is usually much exaggeration indulged in when we talk of the speed of birds and their flight. This is because figures have been given on superficial observation. The carrier pigeon has been credited with as high as one hundred and ten miles an hour, and it is now agreed that he is entitled to rate at about fifty. The swallow has been credited with one hundred and eighty miles an hour, but he must be cut down to sixty five. The teal duck is entitled to rate at fifty miles an hour; the mallard five miles slower; the canvasback ranks with the mallard, while both of these are five miles ahead of the wild goose and eider duck. Small birds appear to fly more rapidly than the large ones and have deceived many observers. The hummingbird does not fly as fast as many awkward appearing large birds.

**SUCCESS OF COLLEGE GRADUATES.**

The boys in the public schools who are looking to the future and asking the question, "Does a college education pay?" may find an answer in the showing made by a book which has just come from the press, entitled "Who's Who in America?" This volume is printed each year, as a reference book on the notable people of the hour in our country.

Out of nine thousand, seven hundred and sixty men, more or less eminent in various callings, five thousand, seven hundred and seventy five went to college or to one of the military academies, and four thousand, eight hundred and ten graduated. This is not a bad argument in favor of a college education, is it?

Twenty years from now, when the publishers make a book on "Who's Who in America?" you may be pretty sure that there will be included in the list a larger number of boys and girls of to-day who go to college than there will be of those who stay away from those institutions.

Only one-fifth of one per cent. of the inhabitants of the United States are college-bred men. Yet they furnish thirty per cent of our congressmen, fifty per cent of the presidents and seventy per cent of the supreme court judges. The higher professions are practically monopolized by college men. This is a mere illustration, but it goes far in showing the fallacy of any statement which tends to belittle the value of college training.

**HARNESSING HURRICANES.**

In southern California an ingenious inventor has constructed a huge combination of lenses and reflectors whereby the heat of the sun is made to run machinery, pump water and do other hard labor. In various part of the world inventors have built machines to utilize the wave motions of the ocean. The next thing, you will be saying, someone will have harnessed cyclones and made them do man's work. Fancy my telling you that that very thing has already been done. At least, so an inventor claims. According to this man, Prof. B. B. Britts, his machine is far superior to any other means of using natural forces. The secret of the construction of his contrivance is carefully guarded, but, as soon as the patents are thoroughly established, he promises to give a public exhibition with the first stiff breeze that comes along. One of the most remarkable claims of the inventor is that his apparatus is applicable to locomotives, and that it will displace electricity and compressed air in propelling street cars. All sorts of locomotion or navigation are possible, says Prof. Britts, and he promises to make steam power a thing of the past.



**THE FLAG'S DEFENDER.**  
He is small but he means business.  
(Photograph by A. L. Ward, Taunton, Mass.)



# 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.



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 (1901) Nos. of this Paper. It is sent free.

## Suggestion for February Program for Companies of the Order of The American Boy.

Let the Captain of the Company assign to the members of the Company one or more of the following questions which they are to answer orally or in writing at the Company meeting. This will put every boy in the Company on his mettle to learn all he can about the subject concerning which he is asked. At the meeting, after each boy has answered his question or questions, there should be an opportunity given for any one to ask him questions, with the understanding that no question is to be asked that does not concern the subject. This meeting will prove of great interest to grown people, and we suggest that the Companies make it an open meeting and invite their parents and friends. A Company may enliven its program with music, declamations, etc. The questions are as follows:

- What is the salary of the President of the United States?
- Who determines what the salary should be?
- In the event of the removal, death, resignation or inability of the President to act as President, who succeeds him?
- In the event of the removal, death, resignation or inability of the Vice-President, who succeeds?
- What is the general nature of the business of the State Department?
- Of the Treasury Department?
- Of the War Department?
- Of the Department of Justice?
- Of the Post Office Department?
- Of the Navy Department?
- Of the Interior Department?
- Of the Department of Agriculture?
- Of what is the Cabinet composed?
- Who selects the Cabinet, and how is the Cabinet appointed?
- What salary does a Cabinet officer receive?
- Who makes the laws?
- What has the President to do with law making?
- Can anything become a law without the President's approving it?
- Can Congress make a law where the President opposes it?
- Who appoints or elects the Judges of the United States Courts?
- For how long is their term of office?
- How may they be removed?
- How many members are there of the Supreme Court of the United States?
- What are the salaries of the Supreme Court members?
- Does the Chief Justice of the United States ever preside over the United States Senate?
- How many Senators from each state?
- By whom are the Senators elected?
- For how long?
- At what age is a man eligible to a seat in the Senate?
- The salary of a Senator?
- Who chooses the presiding officer of the Senate?
- What special powers have the Senate?
- How many members at present of the House of Representatives?
- By whom are they elected?
- For how long?
- At what age does a man become eligible to a seat in the House?
- What is a Representative's salary?
- What is the presiding officer's title, and what is his salary?
- What special powers has the House of Representatives?
- For how long is a term of Congress?
- When does it commence?
- What decides what general powers Congress has?

## Another Suggestion for February Program.

As George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, James Russell Lowell, Henry W. Longfellow and Charles Dickens were born in February, it will prove interesting and

profitable to make the February program a Birthday program. Let the Captain select five members and distribute among them the names of the five great men born in this month and let each prepare a five-minute address or paper on his subject. Then other members of the Company can read or declaim selections from the writings of these men. There will always be found some grown person among the friends of the boys who will be glad to aid them in finding selections. Perhaps some one may be found who has sufficient information on the subject to give the boys a talk on the boys in the writings of Dickens. We can think of no more interesting address before boys than this would prove to be in the hands of some one who knows Dickens and knows boys.

## Football Kick—Senior and Junior Championships.

The November AMERICAN BOY Field Day contests resulted in the Football Kick Senior Championship going to Rudolph L. Marshall, Trenton, N. J., 49 yards, 1 foot, 10 1/2 inches, and the Junior Championship to Ira Wilson, Baldwin, Kas., 31 yards, 15 inches.

## Chief Good Thunder.

Forest V. King, of Chief Good Thunder Company, No. 4, Redwood Falls, Minn., has written a little poem on "Chief Good Thunder." We cannot print it all, but here are several of the verses:

Good Thunder was a redskin,  
With dark but kindly face;  
He lived a life so noble—  
A model for his race.  
He always did his duty,  
No matter when nor where;  
And when his light was over,  
Great glory he did share.  
He fought the hostile redskins,  
Chief of a friendly tribe;  
And ne'er did he forsake his trust  
For any threat or bribe.



TORONTO COMPANY No. 1 IN CAMP AT MIMICO CANADA.

Photo by Art F. Vey, Toronto.

## New Companies Organized

- Isaac A. Fancher Company, No. 10, Division of Michigan, Mt. Pleasant, Mich., Captain Harry Smith.
- Mark Twain Company, No. 11, Division of Michigan, Battle Creek, Mich., Captain Lester Parish.
- Benjamin Lundy Company, No. 12, Division of Ohio, St. Clairsville, O., Captain Walter J. Clark.
- Olivet Company, No. 13, Division of Michigan, Olivet, Mich., Captain John W. Fowler.
- Ethan Allen Company, No. 14, Division of Michigan, Gooding, Mich., Captain R. Frank Gooding.
- Robert Dale Owen Company, No. 4, Division of Indiana, Stewartsville, Ind., Captain Louis Demberger.
- Capital City Company, No. 12, Division of Michigan, Lansing, Mich., Captain Edward Place.
- Col. C. W. Fisher Company, No. 13, Division of Ohio, Bucyrus, O., Captain Jay Fitzmaurice.
- McKinley Company, No. 15, Division of Michigan, Quincy, Mich., Captain Norman G. Kohl.
- Fort Ticonderoga Company, No. 14, Division of New York, Ticonderoga, N. Y., Captain Burnell Dandurand.
- De Soto Company, No. 2, Division of Missouri, Stanberry, Mo., Captain Carl Carothers.

## Degrees Conferred.

Degrees are conferred on the following boys: E. E. Amick, Bunceton, Mo. one degree for good work in behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY and the Order; Louis Demberger, Stewartsville, Ind., one degree for good work in behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY and the Order; Edward Anderson, Trent, Wash., one degree for unusual musical skill; Frank Arbes, Trent, Wash., one degree for purity of conversation and habits.

We want the boys of the Order to make suggestions to us regarding programs and other work suited to the Companies. For every suggestion that seems to us new and worthy of adoption we will pay fifty cents. Now, boys, think.



TORONTO COMPANY No. 1, ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY. IN CAMP AT MIMICO, CANADA.

## The Banner Company.

The largest Company of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY ever organized is the Isaac A. Fancher Company, No. 10 of Mt. Pleasant, Mich. Isaac A. Fancher was one of the old settlers of the county of which Mt. Pleasant is the county seat. The Captain is Harry Smith; First Lieutenant, Walter Getchell; Second Lieutenant, Howard Jeffords; Secretary, Ross Fleury; Corresponding Secretary, Leo Garvey; Treasurer, Ned Kellogg; Librarian, H. Ward. The total membership of the Company at organization on or about January 8 was thirty five.

## Daniel Boone Company No. 1, of Missouri.

From the Bunceton (Mo.) TRIBUNE. In the beginning, we will explain by way of introduction that the Order of the American Boy is a boys' organization, originated and organized under the auspices of THE AMERICAN BOY, the only paper published in this country exclusively for boys. In any locality furnishing five subscriptions to this publication a charter is granted under which the boys can organize a Company. Early in the year five of Bunceton's bright boys who like to read and who have a great deal of the true American boy ambition in their make-up.

**FREE** **FREE**

## 4 PRIZES FREE

Send name and address. We will mail you 15 packages Perfume to sell at 10c each. Return us the \$1.50 and we will send you free 1 Solid Gold Shell Ring, 1 Chain Bracelet, 1 Scarf Pin and 1 genuine full sized Hard Rubber Velvet Point Fountain Pen. You get the Watch for securing 10 agents. Address Mutual Supply Co., 420 Burns Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

## A PRIZE OF \$5.00

to the boy or girl sending us the Best Advertisement for

## Merritt's Lustre Wool Petticoats

We will give \$5.00 for the best advertisement written and arranged by any one not over 18 years old. The object of the advertisement is to induce readers to buy through the mail (with privilege of returning if not satisfactory) one or more of Merritt's Lustre Wool Petticoats. We will act as judges in the contest. In addition to this we will pay \$1.00 for any ad. we may see besides the first prize. Competition closes March 1, 1902. Write us for full particulars on contest, and information about the good qualities and prices of Merritt's Lustre Wool Petticoats.

GEO. MERRITT & CO.

801 W. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

"The Most Plain and Practical Book Published."

## HEALTH AND STRENGTH

Or Every Man His Own Physical Director.

Drills and Exercises by the best known authorities on Physical Education. A book that every person should read. Endorsed by the leading Physical Directors in the country. PRICE, 25 CENTS BY MAIL.

PUBLISHED BY

HARRY C. HOFFMAN,

Physical Director U. S. A. Harrisburg, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

A chance for any enterprising young man.

## WE HELP YOUNG MEN

to help themselves by selling our new Dark Chamber Viewscope and our special series of Original Stereoscopic Photographs, from all parts of the world. Our latest subjects include many from Buffalo, Washington and Canton, connected with the late President McKinley, thousands of new views from Europe, China, Japan and the Philippines. They are fast sellers. Now is the best time for successful work. We offer a money making opportunity for earnest workers. Experience not necessary. Write at once for particulars. GRIFFITH & GRIFFITH, Dept. F, 2906 Diamond St., Philadelphia.

## I WANT BOYS AND GIRLS



to sell U. S. MAP GAMES. 53 card maps of U. S. possessions. PLAYS OVER 50 GAMES. Latest and best. Agents' make BIG WAGES. Write quick. Send 25 cents in stamps for sample, etc.

JAMES M. POWERS, Pub.,

Henry, Ill.

One complete map of all U. S. possessions FREE with each game.

**\$25 \$10 \$5**

## Three Cash Prizes

for best answers to ten questions in U. S. History. Send 30 cents for instruction Game and get particulars. HISTORICAL GAME COMPANY, 406 Odd Fellows Temple, Philadelphia.

## LEARN MAGIC



We teach you by mail absolutely FREE. Send two stamps for particulars and instructions for performing two very clever tricks. Ravenswood Magical Co. Dept. A, Ravenswood Sta., Chicago, Ill.

LADIES—\$100.00 a Month Guaranteed.—To open branch offices in your homes. Handle Sub Agents for our Electrical Appliances. New invention Will instantly remove wrinkles and all facial blemishes. Develop or reduce any part of the body. Cure Obesity. Write to us for sample and agency. The L. Willard Preston Co., 56 5th Ave., Chicago.

## GOLD FISH

The most beautiful and least troublesome of pets. Send for free circular to THE HONNEER AQUARIUM MFG. CO., Racine, Wis., and learn all about home Aquariums and how to have perfect success with fish.

## STRIKING BAG FREE



Sell 25 Jewelry articles at 10 cents each—send money and we ship bag at once. Outfit mailed free. We trust you. The Peterson Co., 172 N. Humboldt St., Chicago, Ill.

Every company of the Order of The American Boy is entitled to the use of four free libraries a year. Cost of packing and delivery is all that needs to be paid.





# The Boy Photographer

Edited by Judson Grenell



ALL READY! LOOK PLEASANT!

## Indexing Negatives.

As good a way as any for the amateur photographer to index his negatives is to place each one in a separate envelope of suitable size, and then mark plainly on the right side of the envelope the number and all there is to be said regarding it. Then they will not get scratched by handling. If, added to this, a little index book be kept giving the subject and number of the negative—the index being arranged alphabetically by subjects—it will be no trouble at all to strike the negative wanted the first time. It is even a good idea to "cross index" the subjects; that is, a negative might be under the subject "portraits," and again under the name of the person as "John Smith." A good manila envelope can be obtained very cheap. Tear off the flap, and there you are, ready for use. Try a few and see how it works. Experience will show you many improvements in taking care of valuable negatives.

## The Very Best Plates to be Obtained.

A correspondent wants to know what are "the very best plates on the market." It all depends what you want to do with them. For some things a slow plate is better than a fast one, as in making interiors where plenty of time can be given. One reason is that a fast plate should be correctly timed to within a few seconds, while a slow plate allows great latitude. Then there is the orthochromatic and the isochromatic plates, and the backed plate, and the double-coated plate. The backed plate prevents halation, the "isos" and the "orthos" gives color values, and the double-coated allows the taking of interiors with the camera facing the light. Unless one has plenty of time and money it is best to stick to one kind of plate and one way of manipulation. To be sure, the very best effect cannot always be obtained in this way, but in the long run there will be fewer failures. Cramer, Hammer, Stanley, Seed, Monroe, Carbutt—these and others make good plates, particularly if the photographer uses the developer advised by the manufacturer.

## How to Use Flashlights.

More flashlight pictures are under-exposed. As a rule the amateur does not use enough powder. Take a room, say fifteen by twenty five feet, and it will take several boxes of powder to get enough illumination to make a satisfactory picture. But several things can be done that will greatly help out. One is a good big reflector back of the flashlight, or whatever is used to burn the powder on. If a light wall is directly back of the camera it greatly helps, but if the object being photographed is close to the wall while the camera is in the middle of the room, the chances are that it will not be satisfactory. Hold the receptacle containing the powder considerably higher than the lens; and if the object being photographed is still life, flash the powder on both sides of the camera, so as to cut out all unnecessary shadows. One flash must follow another very quickly, or the smoke will spoil the effect. Be sure and keep your hands away from the powder when it ignites. It makes a bad burn, and it is very aggravating to have sore hands for a week or two and be unable to do any developing. When making a group try to so dispose of the sitters that none are looking directly at the flashlight, for some people wink so quickly that when the negative is developed it will be found that some of them look as if they were asleep. Begin your development as for an under-exposed plate, and the chances are that you will be right.

## A New Device for Developing Films.

Even the staid old-timers that could never quite come to using film cameras are carrying around one of the pocket editions when out for the day. I saw a funny-looking little glass trough in the dark room of one of these fellows the other evening, and a few questions cleared up matters. He was using a pocket camera, and so he got a few strips of glass at the glazier's and made this trough. Two long strips formed the sides, one long narrow strip and two shorter lengths formed the bottom and ends. These, cemented together, surface to surface, formed a trough long enough to take half the spool, as deep as the film was wide and as wide as the thickness of the strips of glass used for the bottom and ends. The film is put in as one would slide a card into an envelope, and the trough being transparent, development can be watched by holding the whole thing up to the ruby light. The glazier is glad to get rid of these strips, and a request will cause him to save you out just what you want. The cement my friend used is made as follows:

Twenty four parts of fish glue and five parts of whiting are dissolved in thirty two parts of water glass (silicate of soda), and well mixed in a mortar. Apply this to the surfaces to be united, binding the parts well together by means of a clamp or cord, and dry in a warm place. This cement is also excellent for broken dishes, flower pots and the like, so that what is not used in making the trough may be turned to good service in the household.—Camera Craft.

## Photographic Notes.

Many a print is spoiled by toning in too strong a light.

The developer should be stronger in cold than in warm weather.

The reducing of a very thick negative is a delicate operation that does not pay if the same subject can be duplicated without too much trouble.

For amateurs who do not have many prints to mount, it is about as cheap to buy a small pot of paste from some photographic supply house as to make one's own paste, if time is worth anything.

With snow on the ground, it is safest to "stoop down" and take a quick snap, except when the shadows are deep. Then expose for the shadows, and manipulate for the high lights in the development.

When the emulsion on a plate is soft, it can be quickly hardened by plunging it for a couple of minutes in a forty per cent solution of formaldehyde. It is then comparatively safe to dry it with artificial heat.

In mounting it is well to remember that a dark print will not look well on a light-colored mount. Let the mount correspond with the tone of the print. Be careful and not have the mount the more brilliant of the combination.



Second Prize Photo, by Willie Watson, 10 Euclid Ave., Toronto.

## Some Good Pictures.

Among the pictures received by THE AMERICAN BOY during the past month, those worthy of mention have been sent in by Philip Willmarth, Racine, Wis.; K. F. Blair, Canandaigua, N. Y.; C. V. Runyon, Clarksville, Tenn.; J. W. McClaran, Jackson, Tenn.; Irving Eldredge, Sawyers Bar, Cal.; James M. White, Elizabeth, N. J.; Geo. W. Copeland, Pottstown, Pa.; Frank L. Venning, Chicago, Ill.; Clopton Matthews, Waco, Texas; Ralph Newland, Palo Alto, Cal.; Charles Henry, Venango, Pa., and Frank Lemons, Delray, Mich. This last sends an excellent picture of cows "Waiting for the gate to open." Kenneth E. Blair's snow pictures look over-exposed in the printing, but the negative with the grand clouds ought, with the right kind of manipulation, make a prize picture. Charley Henry's pig-butcher scenes are excellent photographs, but there is nothing artistic in the scene. The "swans" of Ralph Newland makes a fine picture. "A country apple butter boiling" is excellent. The only fault with Charley Runyon's pictures is the printing. Either the developer or the fixing bath was "off." In fact, commendatory words might be said of most of the work sent in, though all of it could be improved in some direction.



A PICTURE OF TWO STONES, NEAR PALMYRA, ME.

Taken by Lewis A. Elliott, of Lincoln, Me., age twelve. The stone on top resembles a duck. By careful inspection of the big rock you will see an elephant's head, a guinea fowl, a footprint and a thumb and finger.

## Value of Photography.

Photography has rendered valuable service in modern education, and has brought within the reach of all much that is best in the world of art.—A. Gaylord Slocum, Pres. Kalamazoo College, Mich.

## Correct Exposures.

There is no rule as to correct exposures that will apply to the whole country. In a general way it can be said that exposures in winter should be much longer than in summer. For February make the exposures twice as long as you would in June, July or August, excepting when there is snow on the ground, when the brightness of the day has much to do with getting just the right time. Do not change from rapid to slow plates, or you will get all mixed up on time.

## Patents on Films.

The Eastman Kodak Co., of Rochester, N. Y., has issued a circular stating that the Goodwin patent for films was litigated in the patent office clearly in the company's favor, and that Goodwin never had a workable patent for making a transparent film. "Certainly," says the circular, "we have never used any process except the one he disclaimed under oath." The matter has been brought up, in the opinion of the Eastman Company, by the persons who have recently acquired an interest in the Goodwin patent for the purpose of unloading it on the Eastman corporation.

## A Freak Negative.

Some time ago the writer, on taking a negative out of the water in which it was washing, found it full of indentations, just as if it had gone through a sieve of the smallpox, with the consequent effect of being "marked for life." It was a mystery at the time how the accident happened, and while the negative was not altogether spoiled it was not what it should be. A recent issue of Western Camera Notes solves the mystery. The trouble was caused by too great a difference between the temperature of the fixing bath and the wash water. This will cause frilling on some plates, and this honeycomb appearance on others. Dissolving hypo in water will make it ice cold, and time should be given to allow it to take up some of the heat of the room, so that there will be no such great difference between the temperature of the chemicals. It is said that a negative fixed in an old, much-used hypo bath will sometimes show the same markings if dried in a damp, warm place.

## Printing on Silk.

A correspondent wishes to know if the following formula is suitable for printing on silk? Can any of the amateur photographers who read THE AMERICAN BOY give him the desired information? Address your replies to Edgar Winton, Merced, Cal., or send them in to this department. Here is the formula:

Boiling water..... 50 oz.  
Chloride of ammonium..... 50 gr.  
Iceland moss..... 30 gr.

When nearly cold, filter and immerse the silk for 15 minutes. Then sensitize for 15 minutes in an acid 20-grain silver bath, and when dry stretch over cardboard. Print deeper than usual. Tone in the following:

Water ..... 20 oz.  
Acetate of soda..... 2 drachms  
Chloride of gold..... 3 grains  
Common whiting a few grains.

What is meant by an acid 20 gr. silver bath?

## Answers to Correspondents.

Gene Morrill—Pinky whites on aristo-platino are sometimes produced by toning in too strong a light.

Walter Hough—Films are better for cloud pictures than the cheaper quality of plates. For the best effects it is doubtless a good thing to buy an expensive plate, and to use a ray filter.

Ralph Thorpe—Rotograph paper is manipulated the same as velox. It is very sensitive to light, and can be exposed only a few seconds. Develop as you would a plate, with the developer recommended by the makers of the paper. The tones are black.

Stephen Scott—To use a four by five plate in a five by seven camera you must buy a "kit," which is a frame five by seven, in the center of which is a hold, four by five. Or, you can buy a Warnica adjustable plate holder, which can be made to hold any sized plate smaller than the plate holder itself.

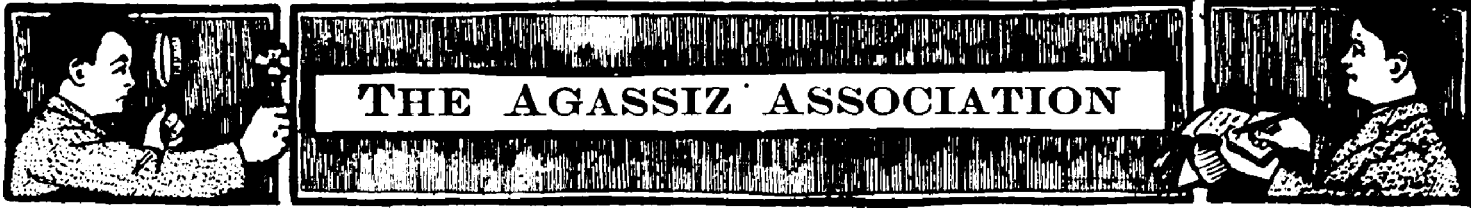
W. H. Douglass—A good toning bath for Sollo paper can be made of one grain of gold to every forty eight ounces of water, neutralized with a saturated solution of borax, which can be ascertained when a piece of red litmus paper begins to turn blue. You will get better results by using boiled or distilled water.

Wm. T. Pickering—Some developers last longer than others. The chances are that any mixture two years old has lost its developing qualities. However, it will do no particular harm to try it, rinsing the plate, if nothing comes of the experiment, before flowing it with fresh developer. Pyro developer ages fast; rodinal will last several months.

George Harris—Any smooth paper makes a photograph from which a half-tone can be made. If the negative is of good contrast, aristo-platino, portrait velox or platinum can be used. If the negative is thin, use some glossy paper, and print under tissue paper. One way to get a "sepia" tone on aristo-platino is not to print too dark nor tone in gold too far; then put in an alum bath before fixing.

Harry Yates—Eastman's pyro developer is good for the plate you mention; but why not try the developer recommended by the manufacturer of the plate? They know best. It is not safe to expose Velox paper by sunlight, as there is danger of over-exposure. Blue print paper will give blue prints only. If properly printed it makes a nice-looking print. You have made some mistake in the operation. The acid hypo you mention is green when dissolved, but my advice is to use plain hypo for fixing plates, making it fresh every time.





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 1892. Short notes of personal observations are particularly desired for use in the A. A. department. Send illustrations when convenient. Questions are invited. Address: H. H. BALLARD, Pittsfield, Mass.

We are delighted by the way new chapters of the A. A. are organizing. This reminds us that we ought to print a list of all THE AMERICAN BOY chapters, with their addresses, so that they may begin to correspond and exchange specimens. The following chapters have been added to our roll since we adopted THE AMERICAN BOY for our official organ:

- No. Place and Address. 35. Curran, Mich.—Mrs. Ida Pattee. 243. Livermore, Colo.—Mrs. Belle Olson. 92. Ridgewood, N. J.—Mrs. A. Fitzhugh, Box 182. 124. New York, N. Y. (H.)—Basil D. Hall, 700 Park Ave. 250. Baltimore, Md. (B.)—Miss Ella Hollis, State Normal School. 286. Portage, Wis.—Miss Charlotte Epstein. 824. Fall River, Mass.—J. B. Richards, Box 332. 257. North Chatham, N. Y.—Walter E. Bain, Jr. 34. New Bedford, Mass.—Geo. P. Clifford, 15 South Emerson St. 109. Philadelphia, Pa.—Lewis Wright, 1716 Marston St. 26. Marlon, N. Y.—Samuel F. Cook. 97. Greenville, O.—Robert Boice. 438. New York, N. Y.—W. L. Norden, 120 W. Forty Sixth St. 135. Placentia, Cal.—James G. Stafford, Rural Box 32.

There are also two new chapters, one in Philadelphia and one in Highland Falls, N. Y., whose numbers and addresses will be given later.

Our offer of free admission to the A. A. as well as a Handbook and Charter free to all new chapters is still open, and we hope many more of our young friends will take prompt advantage of it.

We are especially glad to find that THE AMERICAN BOY interests the AMERICAN GIRL as well, and to note that among our new chapters and corresponding members the girls are well represented.

The Praying Mantis.

The mantis is of a pale green color. When waiting for its victims, as shown in Fig. 2, but more or less hidden by the foliage, it probably looks to other insects to be a part of the plant. I had noticed an especially fine specimen of the thistle butterfly (Pyrausta Cardui) frequenting one particular flower. Finally, as I approached,



I saw it struggling violently in the grip of a mantis, but it succeeded in tearing loose, and escaped with the loss of half its hinder wings. The collector often takes butterflies having badly torn wings. This observation shows how such damage may occur.

The mantis seizes its prey with its fore-legs, which are armed with a double row of spines, and shut together like the jaws of a carnivorous animal. Its head is set upon a long, flexible neck, so that unlike other insects it is able to turn it in any direction without otherwise moving.—G. M. Dodge, Louisiana, Mo.

Fly's Foot.

Being greatly interested in natural history, and desiring to become a member of the Agassiz Association, I send this description of a fly's leg and foot which I observed with my microscope.



The leg is thickly covered with hairs, and the foot is a flat pad (a), in shape something like the foot of a camel. The leg has a joint (b), and that also is covered with short hairs.—Dewey Mason, Marlon, Wayne Co., New York.

The Myrtle Leaf.

While reading the September number of THE AMERICAN BOY I noticed that one of your correspondents asking why a myrtle leaf appeared to be filled with pinholes when held up to the light. This is because the stomata in the myrtle, as also in the ivy, are very noticeable. When the transpiration stream reaches the intercellular spaces of the leaves the water is given off through the stomata, leaving behind it the mineral substances that it contained in solution. These constitute the mineral food of the plant and help it to manufacture

its carbon food. Thus we see that the stomata are necessary to allow the plant to get rid of superfluous water. In plants that stand erect these stomata open on the under surface of the leaves, while in the leaves of plants that lie flat on the surface of the water, like those of the water lily, the stomata are on the upper surface of the leaves. Each stoma is made up of two guard cells, which open and close according to the condition of the atmosphere around the plant.—Hilda Bollow, Milwaukee, Wis.

Another Explanation.

The little "pinholes" in the myrtle leaf are chlorophyll bodies, which, examined under the microscope, are found to be colored green, and inclosed in a band. Valentine Reinbeck, 705 East One Hundred and Thirty Fourth St., New York City.

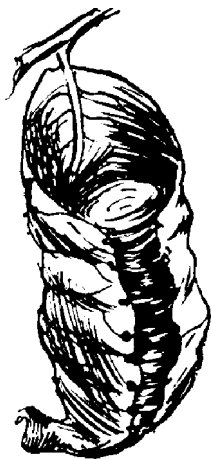
(The two foregoing answers to the pinhole question are exceedingly interesting, as illustrating the difficulties that lie thick in the pathway of knowledge. How often we are led to doubt whether we know anything at all! We think we know pretty well, until somebody suddenly asks us a direct question, and then, all at once, we hesitate, and answer indefinitely, or partially, or not at all, or wrong! Now, either of the answers given above, taken by itself, reads well, and seems likely enough, but when the two come side by side they seem to look suspiciously at one another. Are both right?—or which?—or neither? Membership and a badge for the final solution!—Ed.)

The Tailor Bird.

We have a very interesting bird called the tailor bird in our compound. It is not only a tailor, but a spinner and weaver as well. It spins its thread by twisting in its beak spiders' webs, bits of cotton, and little ends of wool. It takes a large leaf



at the end of a slender twig, pierces two rows of holes along the two edges of the leaf, and then passes a stout thread from one side to the other alternately. Thus the flat leaf is turned into a horn, in which it weaves its nest with soft cotton. These threads are knotted at the ends. It uses the leaf at the end of a twig in order to have its nest out of the way of monkeys, snakes, etc.



There are some ant-builders on our mango trees. They make their nests by gumming together several leaves. They are very fierce, and their bite inflicts a painful wound.

We have a gigantic, hairy, ferocious spider whose name I would like to know. It eats flies, insects, lizards and small birds. Its web is strong enough to entangle a bird. One seized a lizard five inches long just behind its shoulder, and ate it up in spite of its violent struggles. It is actually able to kill even a muskrat. I would like to know the name of a spider which dwells in the flower of our pitcher plant. This flower is a death trap. It is brightly colored and sweet with honey on its upper edge. The walls are smooth and waxy, so that no insect can gain a hold upon them. The bottom of the pitcher is filled with a liquid which digests the unfortunate insects which fall into it; but this spider has made it its home. It can stay there in safety by spinning a little web over the waxy part. If alarmed, the spider drops into the liquid, which is not injurious to it. It escapes by means of the thread it spun as it fell.—John Smeal Belchambers, 7 Traffic Bungalow, Dacca, Bengal, India.

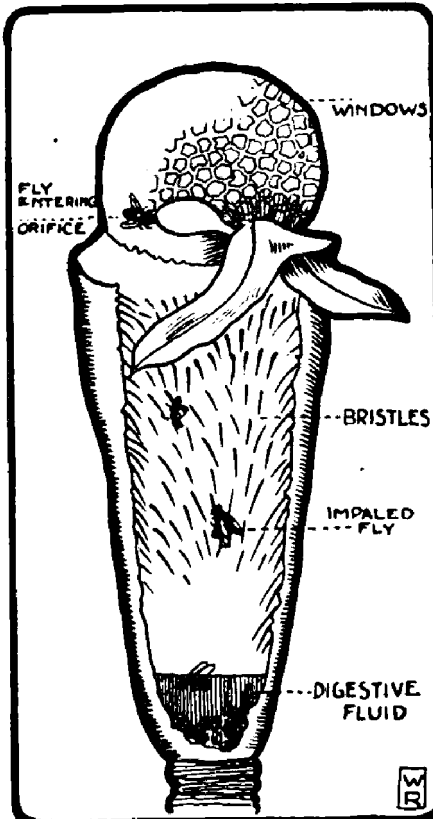
A Carnivorous Plant.

Last summer, while traveling through the Sierra Nevada mountains, I came across a wonderful curiosity in the plant line known as the California pitcher plant, which is one of the most ingenious traps

for insects in the plant kingdom. The leaves of this plant are hollow tubes, in shape not unlike a cornucopia. The insect when alighting upon one of these hooded



tubes suddenly discovers on the under side a round opening, which he concludes is a fine shelter from rain or cold weather, and, attracted by a trail of honey, with which the plant is besmeared, he enters the arched interior—the little transparent skylights in the dome illuminating his way as he slips down into the tubular chamber. When his hunger is satisfied he attempts



to retrace his steps; but becomes bewildered by the dazzling light coming in through the windows and loses sight of the door in the floor by which he entered. In his eagerness to escape he flies upwards, bumping his stupid head against the roof, and, plunging downward into the tube, he struggles to rise again, but countless stiff bristles, pointing downwards, intercept his progress and prick his body with every movement. At last in an exhausted state he drops to the bottom of the tube, where there is a small pool of digestive juices which the plant secretes, and by which it obtains nourishment from the bodies of hapless insects. Even wasps, butterflies and grasshoppers sometimes fall victims to the plant's voracious appetite.—William S. Rice, Manheim, Pa.

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# George Washington the Boy—Minerva Spencer Handy



THE BIRTHPLACE OF WASHINGTON.

We all know a great deal about George Washington, the man, the soldier, the statesman, and the President, but very little of George Washington, the boy. His boyhood will prove interesting, and at the same time helpful to boys who are striving to make something of themselves.

George Washington was born on a plantation of twelve hundred acres called Wakefield, in Westmoreland County, Virginia, sixty five miles below Washington city, on the Potomac. His parents were Augustine and Mary Ball Washington. The house was one story high in front and a story and a half high in the rear, with the low, sloping roof common to buildings of two centuries ago. It had four rooms on each floor. George's father, grandfather and great-grandfather lived at Wakefield, and there George spent his boyhood, until the house was destroyed by fire, when the family removed to Ferry Farm.

Mary Ball, Washington's mother, was a mother worthy of her splendid son. She had spent some years of her girlhood at the home of her brother, Joseph Ball, at Cookham, in Berkshire, England, where Augustine Washington, George's father, happening to be in England upon affairs connected with his property, met her. She was regarded as a belle and beauty, and had many admirers in Virginia as well as in England. Augustine Washington was considered one of the handsomest men of his day, and was a widower, with two boys, at the time of his marriage to Mary Ball. Twelve years later Mary Washington was left a widow, with five children, George, Betty, Samuel, John and Charles, and two step-sons. George was her idol, and although an undemonstrative woman, she could not look at his graceful figure, and handsome boyish face without showing in her looks her love and pride.

George evidently merited his mother's love, for he was in all things a dutiful and upright son. Even for that time, when children were most respectful to their parents, he was remarkably deferential to them. His father's death, and the placing of the honors of the oldest son upon him, made him even more manly and dignified. We are told that at fifteen George was a splendid specimen of young manhood. Life in the open air, healthy, athletic exercise, clean, wholesome living, had added their charms to the splendid physique and graceful manners he had inherited from his father. At fifteen he was head of the household at Ferry Farm, read family prayers night and morning, presided at the table, played the part of host to all visitors, was obeyed by his brothers, worshiped by his sister, and consulted by his mother, herself an admirable manager and woman of business.

When Lord Fairfax, an old acquaintance of Mrs. Washington's in her English days, called at Ferry Farm to renew his association with her, he was visibly impressed with George, whom he subsequently came to love.

When introduced to his mother's distinguished visitor, George presented a most pleasing appearance. He had dressed himself in his best, in honor of his guest, wearing a coat and knee breeches of dark blue cloth, woven and dyed at home. His waistcoat was of white brocade, made from his



mother's wedding gown. His shoe buckles and knee buckles were very elegant ones of paste, having been his father's. His blonde hair was made into a club and tied with a black ribbon, while under his arm he carried a smart three-cornered hat, for the hat played a prominent part in the ceremonious bows of the period. His dog, a beautiful long-eared setter, Rattler, was always at his side, while crouching somewhere near was the black boy Billy, who adored George, and would defy Mrs. Washington's threats and frowns and the beatings of Uncle Jasper and Aunt Sukey, to be near his young master.

George seems to have had few faults. We know him as truthful, punctual, systematic, executive, tender and brave. To his mother he was an ideal son. At one time he was given a commission on board His Majesty's ship the "Bellona." He obtained it through his half-brother Laurence and his friend, Admiral Vernon. When his mother was apprised of it she and her son had a serious half hour. George was courteous but determined, and politely but firmly refused to give up his commission. It was the dearest wish of his heart. His mother, ever self controlled and strong in her reserve, broke down and pleaded with her son to give up the sea. George in a flash saw the mother-love and was overpowered. He waited a minute to subdue the ache in his heart before he replied, "Mother, I will give up my commission."

George always had a passion for things military, and learned much of French military tactics from Lord Fairfax's body-guard, Lance, while visiting Lord Fairfax at Greenaway Court, in Virginia. He used to plan and map out ways and means by which the French and Indian difficulties might be settled, and Lord Fairfax looked proudly on the resolute boy as the latter sketched out what he would do.

Lance also taught George to fence, and the future great man afterwards admitted that in addition to mastering the gentlemanly art, he mastered something more important—the art of controlling his temper. He soon found that courage, swiftness, dexterity were all necessary, but that the man with the uncontrolled temper was always defeated. He once said to Lance, "Ever since I was a little boy I have never lost my temper before my mother or any women. It would be ungentlemanly." To this Lance replied, "Well, son, go a little farther. If you can do so out of respect for your mother, then out of respect for yourself, always keep your temper." Control it George did ever after.

Life at Greenaway Court was filled with just such sports as boys dearly love—hunting, fishing, riding, association with two old soldiers who delighted in telling their adventures to the eagerly listening boy beside them, and a little real defending of themselves against the Indians, who attacked the house one night. George was a natural woodsman and hunter. No art or craft of the woods, known to white man or Indian, was unknown to him, and his knowledge always resulted in a full game bag whenever he allowed himself a day in the woods. At Greenaway Court George had much of his favorite sport, and on one occasion shot a big black bear, measuring over five feet from snout to tail. Lance, who had learned the art of curing in the woods, soon had the pelt in excellent condition to be presented to George's mother.

George Washington at Greenaway Court was the natural boy; at Mount Vernon, where his half-brother Laurence lived, and where George and Betty spent Christmas holidays, he was the George of polite society. George was a gentleman everywhere and under all circumstances, not because he had no temptations to be otherwise, but because he was a gentleman at heart and soul.

Billy, the faithful black boy, who accompanied George everywhere, preferred the life at Mount Vernon, for, as he said, "Dee aint no injuns at Mount Vernon, and de black folks git jes as good wittles in de kitchen as de white folks—tuckey an graby, an all de puddin' dats lef' over, plenty of lasses, and heaps o'oo tings."

Laurence Washington and his pretty young wife, Anne Fairfax, were devoted to George, while Mildred, their little girl, adored him. Here, the Christmas after his first visit to Lord Fairfax, when he was sixteen, George took his place as a man,

(Continued on Page 127)



THE FATE OF THE MODERN GEORGE.



New puzzles to be printed and answers to the Tangles should be addressed to Uncle Tangler, care AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich. Erval J. Newcomer, Palo Alto, California, wins the cash prize for best list of answers to the December Tangles. He answered every one of the thirteen Tangles correctly to a word. The contest was very close, the following coming within a single word or a single definition of equaling the prize-winner's record: Ralph W. Gibbs, Lawrence Abbey, Hubert Wagner, Leslie Jones, Daniel Borge, Kent B. Stiles, Arthur Elliott, Stanley D. White, Allen O'iver, Edward Blaine Reime, and W. L. Snyder, while many other commendable lists show earnest effort. In the Railroad Tangle, No. 60, the answer "Boston & Maine" was not counted as incorrect to No. 18, though that railroad is not so commonly spoken of as the "B. & M." as is the "Burlington & Missouri River R. R. in Neb.," which road, because of its length of name, is seldom called anything else. The prize for the best lot of new puzzles received by Jan. 15 is awarded to Paul Luther, Glen Elynn, Ill., who contributed eleven very carefully prepared Tangles. The new puzzles my nephews and nieces are making and sending in for publication are nearly all of high quality, and are showing improvement with every effort. It was very difficult to decide between the puzzles contributed by the prize winner and those received from Clarence Reece (please send answer to that Tangled Map), Renel Morean, John E. Murray, Curtiss Bernier, Kent B. Stiles, Geo. Kump, Chas. E. John-

son, Lot Armin, Hiram Randall, Henry W. Hall and Floyd Allport. Lot Armin and others are hereby informed that it is not necessary to draw illustrated puzzles. Indicate your ideas by words or pictures as suits you best, and our artist will do the rest. An interesting book for boys will be given as the prize for the best lot of new puzzles received by Feb. 15, and the announcement of this award will appear in the next issue. Two dollars cash will be given for the best list of answers to this month's Tangles received by Feb. 25. Announcement of this award will be made in the April number. In addition to the names appearing above, answers or new puzzles or both have been received from the following: Roscoe Randall, Almon Bushnell, Heman H. Smith, J. Percy Kimball, J. W. Dawson, Charles H. Russell, Lawrence H. Hill, Walter E. Severance, Ralph W. Hollinger, Frank Rellly, Austin G. Marsh, Courser Millman, Clarke Thomas, Charles Henry Mowrey, George Booth, Carl A. Gies, Percy Gould, V. K. Bucher, Ch. Phil. Hexom, Harold R. Norris, E. W. Gilson, Carl Bergschneider, F. L. Sawyer, John H. Seamane, Le Roy Tourtelot, Frank Wissler, Richard J. Bonorden, Ray I. Cole, C. E. Cosand, Latham E. McDougal, Merlin Sisson, Charles C. Grote, Charles Riley, De Witt Gilles, Wm. L. Mlner, Howard V. Smith, Robert T. Shepardon, Eldon D. Sticker, Orisa Hardie, William J. Potts, Willie S. Harrah, Norman T. Vandivort, W. Clark Mason, Francis W. Du Bois, Wm. M. Moran, C. D. Martin, Bartlett Dorr, W. Brewster Afford, Arthur Davis, R. Gordon Gilholm, Freddie Long, M. Shannon Fife, Lillian and Marlan Cotrel, R. N. Beare, Carl Jones, Chester H. Pierce, Emil Tosby, Wayne Burnham, "Latham's Father," Clyde Underwood, George R. Carlson, Alfred Brown, Elbert M. Moffatt, Raymond Trackwell, W. P. Olmsted, August Cambre, Walter Kenney, Bruce Woolson, Ralph C. Cope, Clayton A. Yarnell, Dorothy Washington, Duke Horn-ton, Morris Gillespie, Marion P. Stear, Harold G. Dixon, Edward S. Rainsberger, Sidney Lanier, Frederick R. Koelz, Guy Parmenter, Harry R. Stephenson, Alves D. Dick and Chas. Long. Names of those sending in answers to January Tangles will be reported in the March issue.

6. And a Porto Rican village captured without violence. These places six, when you have guessed, just write them side by side; Their initials name an Admiral who's known both far and wide. -Harry B. Lohmeyer. 21. ILLUSTRATED REBUS. Lines quoted by Attorney Rayner in his address in Rear Admiral Schley's behalf: ROME, VIENNA. 150 NEW YORK, PARIS. BOSTON. LONDON. BERLIN. RB 5000 WHICH the 5000th -Navalite.

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Answers to January Tangles.

1. (1) Washington. (2) New York. (3) Leadville. (4) Carson City. (5) Buffalo. (6) Defiance. (7) Chicago (chick, caw, go). (8) Milwaukee (mill, walk, key). (9) Lincoln. (10) Green Bay. (11) Indianapolis (Indian, apples). (12) Des Moines. (13) Los Angeles. (14) San Antonio. (15) Raleigh. (16) Blamarck (17) Baltimore (ball, tie, more). (18) Cleveland (cleave, land). 2. A, at, tea, tame, steam, stream, mastery, masterly. 3. Be honest (B on nest). Be independent (B in D pendant). Be on hand. Be on time. Be backward in nought. Be polite (B, PO light). Be truthful. Be above suspicion. Be industrious (B in DUSTRIOUS). 4. A r C ol A B I A me D E l I sh A J a N ha M Abcl, Caln, Adam. 5. T O T A L P L I N G L P A R T Y L 6. From 1901 subtract 1800 and 53; the remainder is 43, President Roosevelt's age. 7. "Tread softly and speak low. For the old year lies a-dying." LL. D Odell. Gates. Tafty. Toady. New York. Plclades. Harrison. 8. Banana, apple, fig, pear, orange, peach, grape, plum, cherry, currant. 9. (1) Adam. (2) Peter. (3) William. (4) Harold. (5) Lee. (6) Herbert. (7) Roy. (8) John. (9) Edward. (10) Henry. (11) James. (12) Alfred. (13) Earl. (14) Albert. (15) Thomas. (16) Daniel. 10. Begin at the ninth letter; every fourth letter will form the following quotation from Shakespeare: "He is well paid that is well satisfied." 11. "In all distresses of our friends We first consult our private ends." (Inn) (awl) (501) (DI'S) (tresses) o (four Friends) WE (First consul) T our (pry) (5v) (eight) (Ends). 12. (1) Oliver Twist. (2) Paul Dombey. (3) Bill Sykes. (4) Dolly Varden. (5) Susan Nipper. (6) Florence Dombey. (7) Captain Cuttle. (8) Ralph Nlckelby. (9) Barnaby Rudge. (10) David Copperfield. (11) Martin Chuzzlewit. (12) John Browdie. (13) Noah Claypole. 13 (1) Iowa. (2) Ohio. (3) Wisconsin. (4) Minnesota. (5) Michigan. (6) Arkansas (7) Delaware (8) Connecticut (9) Illinois (10) New York. (11) North Carolina (12) Kentucky. (13) Maine (14) Massachusetts (15) Mississippi. (16) Pennsylvania (17) Virginia. (18) North Carolina (19) South Carolina. (20) Florida. (21) New Hampshire (22) Vermont. (23) Louisiana. (24) Kansas. (25) Texas. (26) Colorado (27) Indiana (28) Virginia. (29) Kentucky (30) Massachusetts

of the Plains. 11. Queen City. 12. Crescent City. 13. Electric City. 14. Bluff City. 15. Falls City. 16. Gate City. 17. Spring City. 18. Witch City. 19. Mound City. 20. City of Churches. 21. Monumental City. 22. Empire City. 23. Garden City. 24. Quaker City. 25. Smoky City. 26. City of Magnificent Distances. 27. City of the Straits. 28. City of Rocks. 29. Flour City. 30. Flower City. 31. Forest City. 32. Classic City. 33. Key City. 34. Golden Gate. 35. Phoenix City. -Lot W. Armin.

15. ENIGMA. We stay the rapid river's course; Your goods we guard from theft or force; We crown thee, fair ones, and impart A charm to bind the lover's heart. -Leslie A. Galloway. 16. CHANGED HEADINGS. First, I call you to church; change my head and I become successively: A place of torment; a sharp outcry; a place of refuge; to vend; not ailing; a small apartment; a small valley; a hide; a character in "Old Curiosity Shop;" what grandma used to call jelly. -Court Cooper. 17. ARBOREAL CHESS. Find the names of twelve trees in the following by the king's move in chess. The letters may be used more than once: N E P I O I P L L W B O A M B I K R S A F R C H Y -Dwight Z. Norton. 18. CONCEALED WORD SQUARE. One word is hidden in each sentence: 1. "John, stop; Latin class," the teacher said. 2. Always roll a new ball in the dirt before pitching it. 3. Is Mr. Grant sick with pneumonia or la grippe? 4. The best established theories are often unpracticable. -Kent B. Stiles. 19. DIAGONAL ACROSTIC. Each word is composed of 7 letters. The diagonal from the upper left hand corner to the lower right hand corner spells the name of a month: 1 A short spear. 2 A cave in Kentucky. 3 Any large ferocious animal. 4 An idea. 5 A large island. 6 A place of retreat. 7 An important study. -Daniel Borge. 20. ACROSTIC. 1. The name of a harbor where we won a naval battle; 2. An island on whose shores cannon once did roar and rattle; 3. Next, a city, long blockaded, and by famine sore dismayed. 4. Some mid Pacific islands where Old Glory's now displayed; 5. A hamlet once defended by a stout barbed wire fence;

22. GEOGRAPHICAL TANGLE. In how many places in the United States do four states or territories come together at one common point? Give the names of the states that thus meet. -Typo. 23. RHYMING BLANKS. Fill the blanks with words that rhyme, no word being repeated: I had a friend, his name was —, But now he is my greatest —; Many good times to him I —; I went with him to many a —, And often on the lake we'd —, And take some other boat in —, My sweetheart called me her best —, And buttons on my coat would —, Or darn my stockings at the —, But now, black-a-day and —, I find my cake with her is —, I asked her once in accents —, To marry me; she answered —, And showed a ring with a —, Which was my friend's, as I well —, And since receiving this bitter —, I let my tears continue to —, But this seems never to end, and —, I guess I'll stop and let it —. -Oswald Krueger. 24. ANAGRAMS. Three deceased presidents and two living American heroes: 1. March on in a ball. 2. Fame glides ajar. 3. N. Y. kill Wm. I'mallice. 4. Runts drink coffee. 5. Ye wed, George. -Kent B. Stiles. 25. DIAGONAL SQUARE. 1 . . . 2 . . . 3 . . . 4 . . . 5 . . . 6 . . . 7 . . . 8 . . . 9 1 to 3 a sailor. 4 to 6 a scoundrel. 7 to 9 a material body. 1 to 7 well-known. 2 to 8 one interested in the study of the earth. 3 to 9 to repeat. 1 to 9 one of the alkaloids of opium. 3 to 7 bitterly hostile. 2 to 4 one that goes. 2 to 6 a fabled spirit. 4 to 8 a resting place. 6 to 8 a proclamation. F L SAWYER. 26. DOUBLE DIAMOND. Read across: 1. A letter in letter. 2. To putrefy. 3. A city official. 4. Haggard. 5. A letter in letter. Read down: 1. A letter in rhyme. 2. Uncooked. 3. Kingly. 4. A weight. 5. A letter in rhyme. -Elwood Stanford. 27. LETTER CHARADE. Three A's, three O's, three N's, two P's; One T, R, L, B and two E's; Now mix them well and set them right; A great man's name will come to light. -N. B. W. 28. POETICAL FRACTIONS. Add one-seventh Ophelia, one-fourth Malvolto, one-eighth Rosalind, one-fourth Iago, one-third Hamlet, two-ninths Cymbeline and one-sixth Juliet, and get a celebrated poem by Longfellow. Just a Little Sermon. "One ought every day," said the great poet, Goethe, "at least to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it were possible, to speak a few reasonable words." This wholesome advice, thinks the Chicago Post, is worth the trying. So little good comes from melancholy, turning over past troubles, crossing unbuild bridges and musing on the shortness of life, that we wonder why more sensible folk do not abandon the gloomy way once and forever and brighten up a little. The other day a man stole a set of harness, and the detectives were helpless because he left no trace behind.

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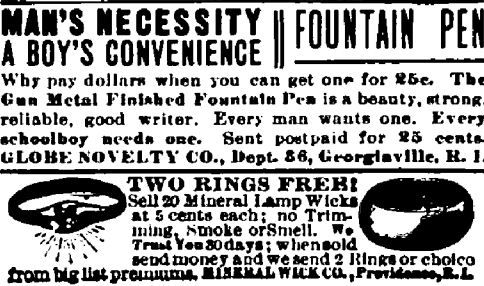


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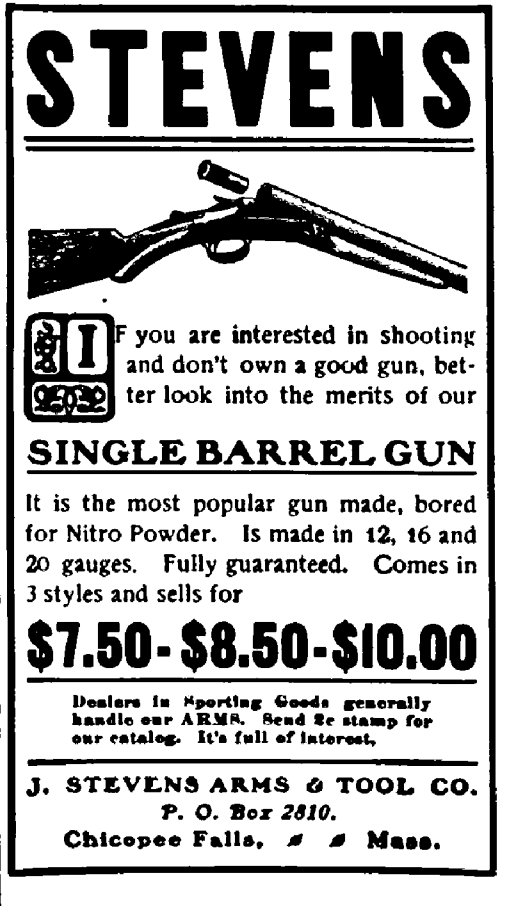
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(Begin on Page 123.)

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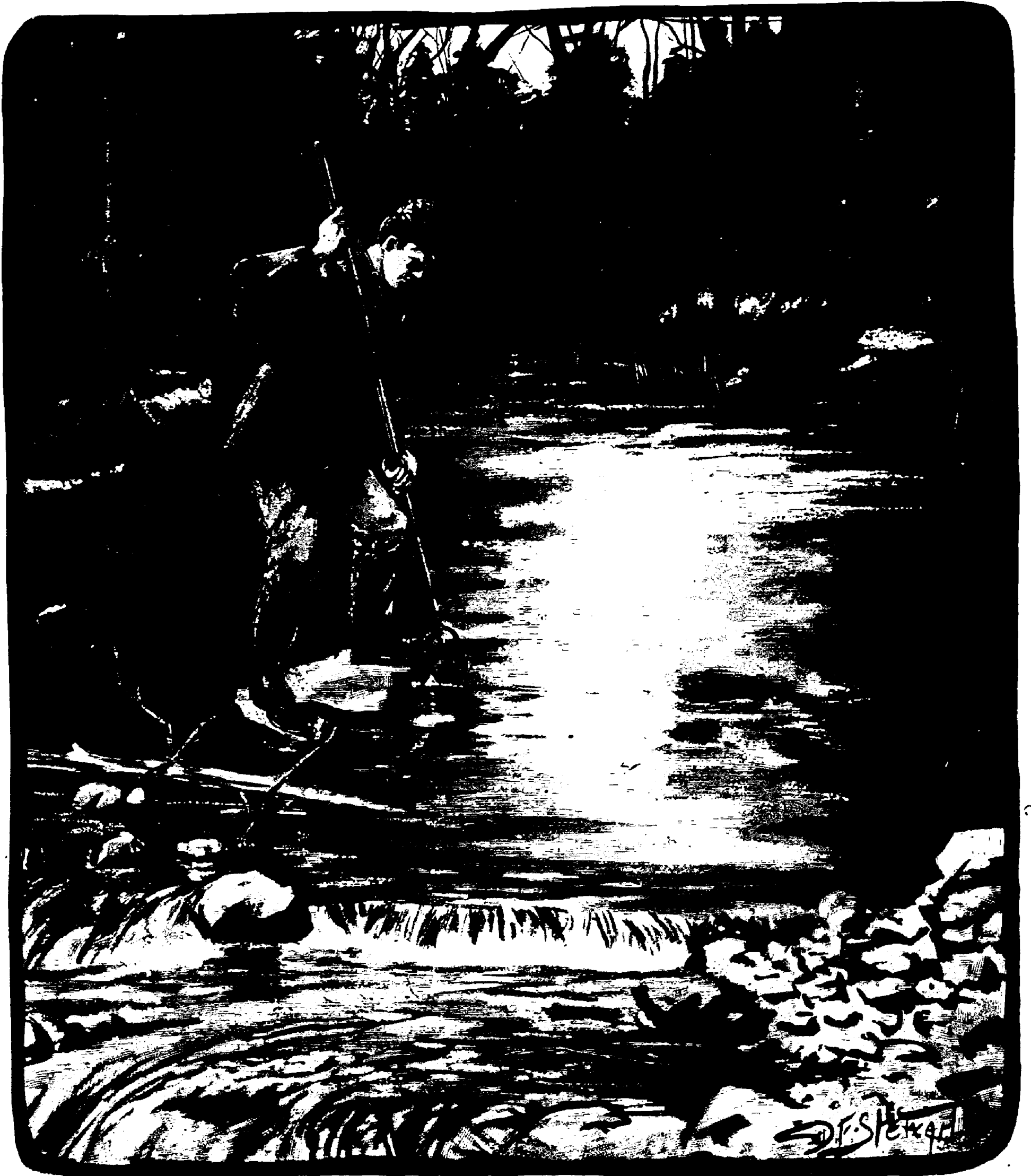
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PRICE, \$1.00 A YEAR  
10 Cents a Copy



# A School Lockout—D. B. Robinson

It was years ago, but I remember it as well as if it were yesterday.

Our teacher was Edward Blanton, who had come from some place in New York and had located in our section of the South for his health, and was trying to pay expenses by teaching the public school in our district. He was a good teacher, but some of us boys thought that he put on too many airs, for he held himself aloof from our games and never seemed to be interested in anything that we were doing unless we happened to be in a wrestle, a quarrel, or a fight. These things he was mortally opposed to.

Now, if there is anything that a schoolboy enjoys more than poking his absent-minded neighbor with a pin in study time, it is wrestling. One day, right under the very eyes of the teacher eight of us boys engaged in a regular old-fashioned, rough-and-tumble wrestle; and just as the affair was getting thoroughly interesting the bell rang and we had to break away. The teacher said nothing about it till after the roll was called; then the wrestlers were requested to stand in front of the teacher's desk. "All except those boys who are standing are excused," he said, and in a very few moments the teacher was left alone with eight very serious looking boys. I confess I felt uncomfortably shaky and my heart was thumping harder than necessary. I looked at Bill Simpson, the oldest of the fellows, but he was chewing a splinter and seemed to be intensely interested in the map that hung on the wall in front of us.

"Boys," said the teacher in a voice that sounded like the crack of doom, and drawing from its hiding place a tough black-gum about five feet long, "you are aware that your violation of rules at recess this afternoon makes it necessary for me to perform a very unpleasant duty, and I hope that such necessity will not occur again." Without saying another word he began on Bill Simpson and went through the entire list, finishing up with Frank King, the youngest and smallest of all of us. I can feel the sting of that black-gum now as it struck my legs that were covered only with linen trousers.

"Never mind, boys," said Bill Simpson trying to look cheerful but failing; "we'll get even with him the last day of school; we'll make him treat us all then or we'll baptize that broad-cloth of his in John Cain's duck pond."

"D'ye really mean it?" asked Benjie Smith a little doubtfully.

"Of course I mean it," Bill replied. "If he doesn't treat he'll go to the bottom of the pond, sure."

"I'm with you Bill, and here is my hand on it," said Ben.

"And mine, too," we all cried in chorus.

So it was on that September evening, about six weeks before the close of the term, that we eight entered into a solemn compact to take revenge on the teacher for our licking by making him treat the whole school or give him a cold bath in the duck pond. We were all pledged to secrecy and Bill Simpson was made chief director.

We met on a Friday evening five weeks later to discuss plans.

"I have a plan, boys," said Bill, as we all seated ourselves on the hay in John Cain's barn loft.

"Let's hear it," said Jack Baker.

"My plan is this: On next Thursday evening after school, Tom Cain, who carries the key and makes fires in the morning, and I will fasten down the window sashes and lock the schoolhouse door and we'll not open it to Mr. Blanton till he agrees to treat. We'll give him till noon to make up his mind, and if he still refuses we'll take him to the pond. What do you say?"

"Capital!" exclaimed several.

"That won't do," said one, "because there are two keys and Mr. Blanton keeps one himself."

This caused Bill to sit and chew a hay straw for a minute or two in silence. At last, turning to me, he said: "Dan Robinson, you must get that key." Had he said "You must go to the North Pole," I would not have been more astonished.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Just what I say," said Bill, quietly; "you must get that key. It's easy enough. Mr. Blanton boards at Uncle Mat Hawkins' and you can go part way with him on an evening. Just leave something in the schoolhouse on purpose, and before you leave him to go home you can suddenly remember what you have left and ask him for the key, promising to return it the next day."

"I'll do it," I said.

Then we tried to decide what we should have him treat us to, and finally decided by a vote that it should be apples and cider. Simpson made a speech exhorting all to firmness and secrecy, and then we adjourned to meet at the schoolhouse the next Thursday evening.

The succeeding week was one of subdued excitement. Going home on Thursday evening, just before reaching the place where I turned to go through the field, I said to Mr. Blanton, "Please, sir, I have left my dinner basket; I want to go back and get it; will you let me have your key? I'll return it tomorrow." Smilingly he handed me the key, saying, "Be careful not to lose it." I was elated at my success and hurried back to the schoolhouse, where I found the other boys busily engaged in fastening down the window sashes.

After the sashes were all made tight and the door fastened we started for home, agreeing to meet at the schoolhouse by sunrise the next morning.

"How in the name of wonder did you get in, Mr. Blanton?" asked Tom Cain.

"O, that was easy enough; by way of the keyhole. I'm a wizard, you see," and he quietly pulled down and fastened the sash, remarking, "It's a little too early for school yet, so you may play a while longer while I write some letters; I'll ring the bell when I want you."

The rain was falling in torrents and we were drenched to the skin, and there we stood feeling very much like the fellow that sawed the limb off between himself and the tree. Then we made a break for Mr. Cain's barn that stood not far away, where we remained till the sun broke out and the clouds cleared away. Then the school bell rang and we took up a mournful procession towards the schoolhouse. On entering, we found that some visitors were seated on the platform with Mr. Blanton, who was looking as calm and serene as if nothing had happened. He called the roll and read the program for the day, and spoke a few words of welcome to the visitors. Just as the school choir was singing the closing lines of a song Mr. Cain stole softly in with a large basket on his arm and set it down on a bench near the door. Shortly afterwards Doctor Simpson came in with another basket which he placed alongside of Mr. Cain's. Following him came Mr. Wilson and Parson Smith, each bending under a huge basket. What could it mean?

When ten o'clock, the hour for morning recess arrived, Mr. Blanton stepped from behind a screen onto the rostrum with a basket in each hand. Beckoning to two of the male visitors, he handed each a basket, saying, "Please pass this around," and to our utter surprise the baskets were filled with the nicest of candies, raisins and figs. After the treat Doctor Simpson arose and said: "Mr. Blanton, we patrons of the school heartily appreciate the good service that you have rendered us as teacher, and we desire to show our appreciation by taking dinner with you and the pupils to-day. Some of the dinner is already here and the remainder will be in shortly. We have prepared a place on the playground where we will enjoy a feast the best that can be found in this school district."

Mr. Blanton was entirely unprepared for this and replied with some emotion: "You have my permission, Doctor Simpson, and I—I fear that I have no words adequate to express my thanks."

A long table was constructed on the playground and loaded with good things to eat. We eight boys found trouble in doing full justice to the meal as we were sorely troubled at this turn of affairs; but after dinner Bill Simpson stepped up to Mr. Blanton, in the face of all the company, and, holding out his hand, said: "Master, I am truly sorry for the part that I took in trying to keep you out, and I am glad we did not succeed. Will you forgive me?"

There were big tears in Bill's eyes and a perceptible quaver in his voice. This was a signal for Bill's comrades, and we all went forward and asked Mr. Blanton's pardon.

"Now, boys," said Mr. Blanton, facetiously, "the next time you lock the teacher out don't neglect to secure all the keys in the district."

"And I want to say to them," said John Cain, "that the next time they hold a conference in my barn they should be sure that they are the only ones there."



"Good morning, boys, . . . you are rather early."

Punctual to the minute we were all on the school grounds by sun-up of the eventful day. We had hoped that there would be a rain, and it looked very much as if our hopes were to be realized. We had some time to wait before time for school to begin so we got into a game of ball. No sooner had the game got well started than the rain came, and we made a dash for the schoolhouse, thinking that we would enter and lock the door after us. "Christopher Columbus!" exclaimed Simpson; "I can't open the door. I wonder if there is anything wrong with the lock?"

The key turned as smoothly and as easily as ever, but the door refused to yield. The rain was now pouring in sheets. "Bust it," cried Ben Smith, but he didn't finish the sentence, for at that moment a sash in the front window was raised and to our utter consternation the teacher was looking out at us.

"Good morning, boys," he called out, pleasantly. "You are rather early this morning." Had a bomb-shell exploded among us we could hardly have been more surprised.

"Beat!" uttered Simpson, hanging his head and turning around on his heel.

## TO AGENTS

Agents will find pleasant and remunerative employment in soliciting subscriptions for THE AMERICAN BOY. There is no one who may not feel proud to represent as thoroughly instructive and entertaining a paper as THE AMERICAN BOY—a paper that appeals to all that is good in boys and strives to help them and forward their best interests. One who assists in spreading the name and the fame of THE AMERICAN BOY is not only helping the publishers but is helping himself and helping a good cause, namely, the elevation of boy kind. We want some one—a man or a woman preferred—to thoroughly represent THE AMERICAN BOY in every community. You can do it, and do it well if you try. Address, THE PUBLISHERS.

# Cuthbert's Rattler—Edgar D. Price

"Cuthbert!"

The droning of the humble bees in the late honey-suckle on the farmhouse porch was the only reply.

"Cuthbert, you answer me!" There was menace in the tones and a boy's muffled voice promptly replied from the loft over the carriage house:

"Yes'm, I'll be there in a minit!"

"Bless me!" exclaimed good Mrs. Dilts, "he's always a-fiddlin' at some patent contraption or other with no pertickler results; although I will say his settin' hen breaker, with a little alterin' bids fair to do the trick. Here, you scamp, with your father's second cousin a-comin', you let me call an' call when you're to go to Dodd's groc'ry for me 'fore you meet the train!"

"I've just invented something," said the boy; "would you—"

"You hook up Prince jest as fast as the law'll let you," said the busy woman. "I haven't time to look at inventions now. Here's a list of things I want, an' when the train comes in, you look for a young man named Adolph—that's a good sissy name for you—an'—oh, dear! There's a rattlesnake som'eres close by, an' I'm as 'fraid as death of 'em!"

"There's a rattlesnake som'eres close by, an' I'm as 'fraid as death of 'em!"



Sure enough, from near the carriage house was heard the warning "chirr-r-r-r" of a big rattlesnake. A smile forced its way over Cuthbert's features at the sound and he turned hastily to hide it.

"Cutty," said his mother, coaxingly, "jest holler to your pappy in the lower cornfield as you go by, an' have him come in an' kill that feller, will ye? I dassen't go in the barnyard till he's been done for, an' I need eggs."

"Yes'm," said Cuthbert obediently, with a strong desire to choke.

At the end of the lane the boy met a wandering dealer in old clothes.

"Young shentleman," said the merchant, eyeing the long, sunny stretch to the house; "do you know if your respaged mother would like a bargain in fine tablecloths to-day for some old clo'es of no possible use?"

"Can't say," answered the youth shortly, for he did not fancy the man's looks; "guess you'll have to trudge in and ask her yourself," giving Prince the whip.

Mrs. Dilts and Grandma Amory were hard at work polishing the family silver when the peddler came quietly into the dooryard.

"Good afternoon, laties," he said, "haf you any old clo'es of no possible use—Cracious!" Then his eye rested on the silver. "What peautiful old-fashion silver dishes you haf—maype a hundred years old."

"Two hundred, more like," said Mrs. Dilts, briskly rubbing away. "They was old when grandma, here, was a young woman—no, I hain't got no old clothes to swap for no red tablecloths," she said in changed tones, for she had seen in the man's face a look which alarmed her. "Git on, now," she ordered, as the peddler persisted in showing his wares, "or I'll have my husband put ye off the place. An' say, there's a rattlesnake close by here, som'eres, too!"

"Rattlesnake!" cried the peddler, and in a jiffy he was off.

The sun was setting when Cuthbert returned from the depot with Cousin Adolph. Cousin Adolph was a lathy young man with a glib tongue who at once made himself quite at home. At the supper table he ate voraciously and discoursed on his life at a distant seminary. He would soon graduate and be an unworthy preacher of the Word, he said, with up-turned eyes, at the same time dexterously forking a third piece of cake. The family silver, glittering with much rubbing, attracted his attention.

"Rare old pattern, that, Aunt Kate," he said, familiarly; "worth a mint of money, I dessay?"

"We've bin offered as high as two hunderd an' fifty dollars for it," said Mrs. Dilts, proudly, "but the money ain't made that could buy it!"

"Quite right, quite right," assented Cousin Adolph, heartily; "sell the stock off the place first? I hope you have a safe place to lock it up, for I can tell you that old silver like that is rare bait for burglars!"

"I generally leave it out, but I guess for to-night I'll put it in the fireplace cubberd," said the good lady, a remembrance of the covetous peddler of the afternoon lingering in her mind.

The family was about to retire when a messenger came in haste from a neighboring farm with word that they had a sick horse, and asked that Mr. Dilts come over. Mr. Dilts had considerable veterinary skill and loved animals, so he went at once.

"If it's colic, I'm good for all night," he said, "but I guess Cousin Adolph and Cuthbert can protect you—and keep an eye on the family plate."

"Lock up good, Cutty," said his mother; "I'm nervous about a peddler that was here to-day." In addition to the simple bolts and bars of a farmhouse Cuthbert arranged a contrivance of his own which he slipped out to the carriage house for; and after seeing Cousin Adolph settled in the guest chamber, he sleepily tumbled into bed.

The house sank into silence. Outside, the katydids kept up their unending controversy. An hour—two—three, passed, when Mrs. Dilts suddenly woke oppressed by a feeling that all was not well. Sitting up in bed she listened intently and was sure that she heard footsteps in the dining room below. Silently stepping into the hallway she suppressed a shriek at the sight of a dim figure.

"Hs-h-h-h! It's me—Cutty," whispered the figure. "Say, ma, it's a burglar, sure 'nuff; shall I wake Cousin Adolph?"

"Yes, yes, do," said the alarmed woman.

Easier said than done. The door of the guest chamber was locked on the inside and they dared not knock.

"It's the peddler a-burgling," whispered Mrs. Dilts, wringing her hands. "Oh, my precious silver! He's found it in the cubberd; oh, dear; oh, dear!"

"Go back to bed, ma," ordered Cuthbert, as silently he stepped to the head of the stairs. In a moment there was a diversion in the dining room. Clear and shrill came a sickening sound, the chirr-r-r-r of an angry rattlesnake before it strikes. A moment of silence and again, "chirr-r-r-r!" There was a frightened exclamation, and throwing prudence to the winds, the burglar let fly an article in the direction of the noise.

At the crash, Mrs. Dilts covered her head with the bed-clothes. Strangely enough, grandma and Cousin Adolph slept on all unmindful. Again and again sounded the terrible rattle, and the noise of the hanging lamp as it fell to the floor told the anxious boy in the hallway that the intruder had taken to the table top for safety.

"Treed!" exclaimed Cuthbert, with unspeakable satisfaction; "and now to keep him there till pap comes home"—and the rattler gave out his spiteful challenge again.

Slowly, oh, so slowly, the hours crept on until the noise of wheels in the lane told them that the neighbor was bringing Mr. Dilts home. Springing to the

window, Mrs. Dilts called to her husband the astounding news. The two men dashed to the barn and returned, armed for the fray. They paused at the door at the sound of Mrs. Dilts' voice:

"The snake! I forgot the snake!" she wailed; "there's a monster rattler in there with the burglar—"

"Go on, Pap," cut in Cuthbert's clear tones; "that snake's a fake!" Then there was a great crashing of glass as the burglar recklessly threw himself at the nearest window. A short, sharp struggle and he was the panting captive of the two farmers. The precious silver, done up for ready transportation, was evidence of the fellow's guilt.

Tremblingly, Mrs. Dilts dressed and descended to the disordered dining room.

"To think that that peddler would have took my silver two hundred years old, and most prob'ly a-melted it," she said as she descended the stairs—"Goodness sakes! it's Cousin Adolph!"

Sure enough, for the first time the captors noticed that the midnight disturber was none other than the sound-sleeping cousin!

"Sorry to make it unpleasant for kin, I'm sure," said the farmer, grimly; "but we're going to give you a ride over to the county jail, just the same, Cousin Adolph."

Cousin Adolph ground his teeth.

"See here, Cuthbert," said the farmer on his return, "was that rattler out by the carriage house yesterday a fake, too? For if it was I owe you a warming for calling me out of the field on a fool's errand! Let's see your contraption."

Cuthbert brought it. "You see, Pap," he explained, "it's a kind of winch with a wound-up spring and a trigger. You hitch ma's smoothing iron on with a string and pull the trigger—"

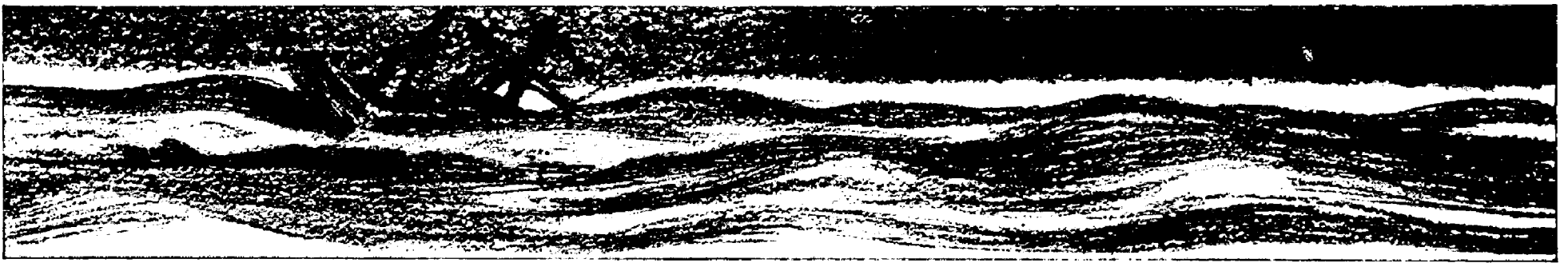
"Chirr-r-r-r!"

Mr. Dilts jumped. "Gracious! but that's a good imitation! What are you going to do with it, Cutty?"

"Guess I'll patent it as a burglar-catcher," said Cuthbert with a grin.



A short, sharp struggle and he was the panting captive of the two farmers.



## A Night in the North—Frank Baird

The early March in Newfoundland is far from spring-like, but it is then the sealing fleet starts northward.

The Newfoundland boy whose heart does not beat quicker at the prospect of getting into the north on a sealing trip is rare.

For some years Ralph Steel had listened eagerly to the tales that returned hunters had told of great ice fields, of towering bergs, of climbing polar bears, of giant walruses and countless herds of seals. He knew there was danger. More than once a steamer had come back into the very port where he lived with but half her crew. But this did not daunt him; it rather appealed to his strong, warm blood. Season after season, Ralph had renewed his pleadings with his father to take him north in the "Newfield." Captain Steel had each time hesitated; but the year Ralph was eighteen he consented.

The "Newfield" had been out some ten days. Inch by inch she was fighting her way well up into the white, forbidding north. She was provisioned for four months, had a crew of thirty seven men, and was well fitted with sealing apparatus. Seals brought a good price in the market and the hopes of the crew were correspondingly high.

One day Ralph heard old Matt Wells and Jim Mason talking:

"Good prospec' this year," Matt said; "best I've known for years. Wouldn't wonder but we'll go down with a big pack. By the way we're gettin' north now," he added, glancing up towards the north star.

"Yes," Jim said; "we ort to run into 'harps' before two days now." He paused for a moment to smoke.

"Them's not bad seals either," he said.

The prospect stirred Ralph. He moved nearer.

"Why are they called harps?" he asked.

"There's a black mark the shape of a harp on their sides," Old Matt said, "that gives them their name."

Ralph was silent for a moment. A great lump of ice bumped against the steamer's bow. Jim was looking off northward.

"Matt," he said; "what's that?"

"That's ice, sure." Then he raised his voice to something like a roar.

"Bill," he said, "get up to the crow's nest."

Five minutes later Bill Wheeler, from his station well up the mast, was scanning the sea on every side. The ship rolled, and the wind blew stiffly.

Everything had suddenly taken on an air of expectancy. Sealing is exciting and men like it.

Bill was reporting to the deck below:

"It's ice, all right, cap'n," he said; "big fiel', too. Runs well to the no'th an' east."

Ralph's spirits rose at the words. He went below and brought up his "gaff." The ice, however, was still fully ten miles off; but he brandished the club as though he were already among the seals. Some of the crew laughed.

Three days later, Ralph with twenty of the crew were some distance from the ship when they suddenly came upon a large herd of seals. Up to this time few seals had been taken; but luck had now suddenly turned good.

The aim of the seal hunter is always to get between the seal and the water. Then the heavy gaff is made use of to stun the victim. Ralph had not seen the process before. Instead of engaging in the killing something prompted him to hesitate. A seal, when cornered, often utters a cry almost like that of a child. This pleading went straight to Ralph's heart, for, boy though he was, he had a tender, sympathetic nature. Once he had raised his club to strike, but his victim lifted its pretty, dog-like head, uttered a cry—and he could not do it. The next moment the seal darted past him, and there was a plumping sound in the icy water.

It was noon of the short northern day when the seals were discovered. The morning had been threatening; but once among the seals all else was forgotten. The first snowflakes were unnoticed. Indeed a storm was well in progress when old Matt straightened up and looked about him.

"Boys," he said, "it's time we was goin'."

And it was, high time. "We'll come for the seals in the mornin'," he added later.

Ralph said little. Since the cruel shock he had received he had experienced little pleasure. It had come to him as he followed Matt through the storm, and since, as he shivered in the shelter of the ice-mound, that it was surely wrong to kill seals as he had seen the men do it. God made them; they were His creatures, just as men were. They did no harm; they deserved no punishment. Surely it was all wrong, fearfully wrong, to fall upon and kill anything in that way.

The wind howled over the ice and the snow swished furiously in every direction. Now and then it eddied strongly into the faces of the crouching crew. Something must be done.

"Anybody got matches?" Matt asked.

The men fumbled in their pockets and drew out whatever they could find. Ralph had no matches, but instead, he drew out his small flute. He had not noticed it, as it lay in his pocket, when leaving the ship.

"What's that?" Matt inquired. Then he quickly sprang forward. "That thing," he said, "may save us."

Ralph could not understand. Matches were found, but where was the wood—the material for a fire?

Near where the men were there was a fissure in the ice. Taking one other man with him, Matt went towards this. The wooden clubs, or gaffs, had been left behind with the seals by all except Matt himself, who, being older than the others, had brought his along for use as a staff. He handed this to the man with him.

"Now, no miss this time," he said, gruffly.

He drew back a little where he might not be in full view from the water; then he raised the small flute to his lips. Now it is a fact not generally known, yet it has been verified more than once, that seals are strangely attracted by the sound of music. It may be mere curiosity on the part of the little animals—a desire to investigate; but they are sure to come towards music if they hear it.

The sweet sound of the flute went out on the gale. Matt stooped lower and blew louder. In a few moments there was a stirring in the water, and a silky black nose appeared. Then a body worked itself over the edge of the ice towards the sound. Matt suddenly stopped.

"Now!" he roared. "Now!"

In an instant the man with the gaff was upon the seal, and it was killed. A pang of horror shot through Ralph as the blow fell. And what did it all mean anyway; what was Matt doing? That was soon to be made clear.

Matt drew the carcass to the shelter of the hummock of ice. With his knife he quickly slit it into long, fatty strips. He arranged a few of the small, oily pieces, carefully; then he touched a match to them. Instantly there was a faint blue blaze and a little later there was a strong, warm fire.

The long, wild night wore slowly towards morning. Many serious thoughts came to the men's minds. Would they yet be saved? Perhaps the ship would be driven far south in the storm; perhaps caught and crushed in the ice. They had known of these things happening. To Ralph, the thought of danger, mingled with the thought of the wrong dumb animals suffer at the hands of men. True, it was a strange place to think upon such things; but the mind is strange in its workings.

The next day the storm cleared. The men found the "Newfield," and in due time they went south with a rich cargo.

Now, whenever Ralph Steel is tempted to be cruel or unkind there comes to his ears the beseeching, child-like cry of a little seal in the far north. He went a long distance for a single lesson; he suffered some in the learning of it, but after all it was worth while.



His victim lifted its pretty, dog-like head.

The men started to return to the ship. Why they had not started sooner was a puzzle to every man in the crew. But regrets were useless, so the men were quiet. A snowstorm anywhere is unpleasant, but a snowstorm on an Arctic ice floe is almost beyond words to describe. The snow smothers and stifles; it cuts into the face like ground-up glass. One's footing becomes insecure. The pulsing wind roars and sings like a hurricane at sea. It is impossible to make headway.

The men soon realized the greatness of their mistake. This was no ordinary storm; it was a hurricane. Then it was bitterly cold. True, Matt had a small compass, he knew the general direction of the ship; but that was not enough. It was the sudden fury of the storm that concerned him. The ship was at least three miles away; and the men, that they might more actively work, were but lightly clad.

They wandered on in the blinding gale until they came to a great hummock of ice. The south side of this afforded some shelter.

"We must stay here a while anyway," Matt said; "perhaps till morning; till it lets up some anyway."

But the men had no sooner stopped than they realized a new danger. The cold had become intense. Might they not freeze? If to go on was danger, to stay was danger also. A realization of their terrible situation was full upon them.

# A Grandmotherly Lark—Minna Stanwood



**G**RANDMA DEERING stood at the parlor window with a brave smile on her face, waving her hand valiantly while they all drove off. "They all" were her son John Deering, his wife Emmeline, and their four children. They were going to the State Fair at Miller's Grove. They had not asked grandma to go, nor even whether she wanted to go; but they had said, laughingly, as they packed themselves and the big lunch basket into the carriage, "It's lucky grandma isn't going, because there wouldn't be room in the 'democrat'."

During the weeks that the air and the conversation had been so full of "Fair," grandma would not admit, even to herself, that she wanted to go; but somehow those words, "It's lucky grandma isn't going," struck a chord that vibrated strangely.

When the last little fluttering handkerchief had disappeared around the corner, grandma turned from the window with a sigh. The whole, long day was before her. She looked about the cosy parlor in which were many things brought from her own housekeeping in the old-fashioned place where she had reared her children. There was her husband's picture, oil-painted, in an oval gilt frame, and under it the wreath which had lain on his coffin. Emmeline had had the wreath waxed and mounted for her mother-in-law. There was her husband's solid mahogany easy chair which Emmeline had cushioned with that bright colored velvet. It had been hard, so hard, to break up that old home, and the wisdom of doing it was not clear to grandma even now. To be sure, she was all alone. Jennie and Laura were married and living in a distant State, and John and Emmeline did not care to live in the old house.

Yes, she was all alone, but still she was strong. Strong enough, at least, to look out for herself and do her own work in her own leisurely fashion. She had never been a rusher like Emmeline. But John and Emmeline said she got tired; or rather, Emmeline said so and John agreed. But what if she did get tired? Didn't she have all the time she wanted to rest? Vain questioning and useless logic when Emmeline had made up her mind.

Grandma came to John's and brought some of her things, but she never could tell whether it was pain or pleasure she felt at seeing them there in that new-style parlor. It was like Emmeline's brisk conscientiousness to put them there to show that John's mother was welcome to the best. Yes, Emmeline meant to be real kind, only— There was a sudden loud knocking at the back of the house. Grandma stood transfixed. The knocking was repeated.

"It most seems as if it was a warnin' to me for bein' so unthankful for all my mercies," she murmured, nervously. "I wonder who it can be. Everybody knows it's Fair day and they're all gone."

"Hi, hi, hi! Hi, hi, hi!"

Grandma Deering almost doubted her own ears, but she hurried out to the back door. "Is that you Bob?" she inquired, cautiously.

Reassuring response came in a boy's hearty imperative. "Course it is. Open the door, quick!"

When this was done, a sturdy figure in a golf rig took a flying jump and landed in the middle of the kitchen, making the empty kettle on the cold stove hop with surprise, and causing Emmeline's row of bright tins standing primly on the dresser, to slide down with simultaneous protest.

"Bob, Bob," laughed grandma, as she ran to set up the covers, "you stop your capers. What did you come back for?"

"You!" The lad took two strides nearer the dresser, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and watched to see the effect of this piece of news.

The effect it had was to twist grandma about in a hurry, to set a stare of incredulity in her brown eyes, and dash quite a pretty shade of pink into her cheeks. "Me? Me?"

"You!" beamed the young fellow, in supreme enjoyment of the scene.

"Me?" Grandma repeated the word wonderingly, with a vague feeling that this must be one of Bob's jokes. The steady gray eyes looked honest, though.

"Yes, you, you, you! You wanted to go to the Fair. I saw it in your eyes when we all drove off, and I just said to myself, 'She shan't stay there alone, all day, not if I know it, so I came back for you.'"

The pink flush deepened into crimson. "I didn't mean anybody should know. I'd—I'd just as lief stay home. What will your mother say?"

"O, she won't say anything. I just told them that I'd got to go back to the house for something, and that they needn't wait because I'd go on the electric." Bob took his hands out of his pockets, and straightened his broad shoulders with the air of a capitalist. He hadn't been bell boy in the big hotel all summer for nothing.

"And was I what you came back for?" Grandma put the question tremulously. It was all so strange, so very strange.

"You see," the big boy was twirling his plaid cap by the button now and looking decidedly shy. It wasn't so very easy for a fellow to come to the point and reveal himself, after all. "You see, there was an awfully nice old lady—I—I mean a lady at the hotel this summer, and she somehow made me think of

ference between herself and that other most modern of grandmas, and asked, anxiously, "Do you suppose you could be ready for that half past nine electric?"

Grandma rose confidently, but suddenly her enthusiasm failed. "But the money, Bob," she said, humbly. "I haven't any."

"Well, I have," returned the boy, promptly. "I haven't been working all summer for nothing. I guess a fellow with seventy five dollars in his inside pocket, so to speak, can afford a quarter or so to take his grandmother to the Fair. Now, hustle!"

The assurance that the money was forthcoming, and Bob's assumption of masculine gruffness, made grandma laugh. She scuttled across the kitchen as gleefully as if her last birthday had not ticked off "sixty nine." Upstairs—shall I tell it? O, yes, I might as well—up stairs she looked at herself in the glass for as much as two minutes. Then she pulled the wavy white hair down around her temples and ears in soft full curves, observed that there was pink in her cheeks and, yes, red in the lips that smiled at the glass, and noted that her figure was slender. Why, she was as slender as Flossy, her granddaughter, and about her size. Would she dare? Didn't that other grandmother do it?

"Land of the living!" Bob Deering took his teeth out of a huge slice of gingerbread to make the exclamation, and then whistled shrilly.

The girl in the blue golf skirt and pink shirt waist with the becoming black velvet stock, put her blue and white straw outing hat the least bit to one side, and laughed. "Do I look nice?"

"Nice? I should say you did!" The reply was prompt, and the steady eyes did not belie the words.

"And—and—do I look as young as that other grandmother?"

"I should say you did! Younger! Why, you don't look a day over sixteen!"

Grandma Deering laughed aloud. Why, how many times had she laughed out loud within the last half hour? "Now, Bob, that's altogether too much," she declared. "But, do you know, I feel young. Why, it wouldn't surprise me one bit to hear somebody say 'There's Debby Haskell goin' to the Fair with Bob Deering.'" Then she added, wistfully, "You look just the way he used to when we went to school together."

Bob gave his grandmother a queer look. He had learned several things since he jumped out of that carriage a few minutes before. One was, that hearts stay young, if bodies do grow old.

"Are we walking too fast for you?" he asked, kindly, as they hurried down street.

"No, oh no, not a bit," responded grandma, radiant but breathless. "I didn't know—I never thought of such a thing as me ever enjoyin' anything again, except my victuals."

She was walking along as lightly as a girl, in her short skirt. The soft September air falling upon her face, the sight of the fields and the trees and the bright blue sky, the sense of freedom and adventure, filled her with a sort of ecstasy. "I'm ever so much obliged to you, Bob," she said, shyly, looking up.

He looked down, caught the exultation of her mood, and nodded his head, con-

fidently. "I knew you were the girl for a lark. Hi, hi, hi! Wait a minute!" Bob ran to head off the electric car that was whizzing along the highway at right angles.

The motorman and conductor, yes, and all the passengers smiled at the pair who clambered aboard. It was a nice smile, too. Perhaps they did not know all the story, but they could see that there was a boy whose heart was in the right place. All the world loves a loving heart.

Such a gay, laughing, chattering crowd! How they did push and rush, to be sure! At the entrance to the grounds grandma Deering slipped a timid hand around Bob's arm. It had been so long, so very long, since she had been out of Emmeline's prim parlor except to Sunday morning meeting, that she was frightened. But Bob put a strong, friendly hand over hers, and said, kindly, "Now, don't you be afraid, Grandma. I'll take care of you, I guess. I know just where to find the folks."

Across the grounds where the people from "Dover way" were wont to gather, the Deerings, just arrived, were folding the carriage dusters and disposing of their lunch baskets. One of the five year old twins was the first to see the pair slowly sauntering along.

"Mamma! mamma!" she exclaimed. "There's Bob and somebody with him. Somebody that looks like Flossie."

(Continued on Page 143.)



"Do I look nice?"

you—only she was different, somehow. She had a grandson, too, about my age, and they were great chums. They used to go off together on some lark or other every day. She always wore a short skirt and a shirt waist, except when she went down to dinner, and she went out in all kinds of weather, just like the girls. I heard some of the ladies talking about her, out on the piazza one day, and they said she was a school teacher and that she was educating that grandson. My, but he thought a heap of her!"

Bob stopped and looked bashfully at his grandmother. She was sitting with her hands clasped on the kitchen table, looking at the boy, and drinking in every word he said. Her brown eyes were shining with a new light.

"And did that grandmother have white hair?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes, she did, but it wasn't curly like yours," nodded Bob.

"And was she wrinkled?"

"Some. As much as you, I guess. You aren't hardly wrinkled any." Bob made a brave attempt to look his grandmother squarely in the eye when he said that. "Anyhow, she wasn't as pretty as you, only she seemed more—more—well, used to things, you know." Then Bob gave over trying to make this meek little home-keeping body understand the dif-

# TOBY: A Story for "Little" Boys—Roberts Silvey

**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.**— Freddy Potter, to the annoyance of his father, goes romping about the house making believe he is a pony. Mr. Potter remonstrates with the boy, but to no avail; he still persists in being a pony. Freddy Potter is lost; a reward is offered and searching parties go in all directions, but he can not be found. A few days later a strange pony appears near the Potter house and Mr. Potter puts him in the barn, determined to keep him until the real owner calls for him. The pony gets the name of Toby and makes the acquaintance of little Helen and Poly the dog. Dan the stable boy plays a hard trick on Toby by taking him out for a wild drive at night, which might have ended in the pony's death had the village marshal not interfered.

## CHAPTER VI.

When Toby awakened the next morning he felt very stiff and sore. To make matters worse, nobody came to give him his breakfast, for the stable boy was afraid to put in an appearance, fearing the punishment he deserved for the escapade of the night before, and Mr. Potter, thinking the stable boy would attend to his duties, ate his breakfast and immediately went to his office.

Toby tried to get some nourishment by biting the edges of his feed box and the manger, but this was pretty cold and hard comfort and he soon gave it up, a little ashamed to see what ugly marks his teeth had made on what was before that a very nice feed box and manger.

"Oh," thought Toby, "did anyone ever have such a hard time! Here I am, stiff and sore, and hungry, and lonesome, and no one cares, and I can't do anything but wait and stamp my feet and chew these boards. Even Poly has forgotten me. I suppose he is having a happy time in the house playing with that bright-eyed little girl. If he is lonesome he can go and find company, and if he is hungry he can bark and tag the cook around till she gives him something. Oh, I'd a thousand times rather be a dog than a pony. I can't think of anything more miserable than the fix I'm in."

Just then some rough boys in passing the barn threw a rock against the door, scaring Toby so that his legs shook. Then a mouse ran across the floor, and Toby was in such a weak, nervous state from all his experiences of the past few days that he jumped. Poor Toby! He was having a hard time of it.

About ten o'clock that morning the village marshal went to Mr. Potter's office and told him the story of the stable boy's cruel treatment of the pony. Mr. Potter was surprised and grieved, and determined to discharge the boy when he went home at noon. But somehow, about an hour later he found himself so worried about Toby, and thinking of Toby always brought to mind his lost boy Freddy, that he rose from his desk, put on his hat, and telling his clerk that he would not be back till the afternoon, started for home. The thought that came to him a little later that perhaps the boy's guilty conscience would not permit him to return to work, caused him to quicken his pace.

So it was that just before noon Mr. Potter entered the barn to find Toby a most forlorn sight, and so it was that Toby nearly got a reputation for biting, so eagerly did he poke his nose over the manger and try to eat up Mr. Potter; yet he meant nothing more than to express his joy, but being only a pony he was in great danger of being misunderstood.

The first thing Mr. Potter did was to fetch a pail of cool water, and oh, how good it tasted to Toby, as he gulped it down in big swallows. Then the kind master gave him a generous meal and, while Toby ate it, the man went into the stall and examined all the cruel marks on Toby's back and sides and legs. It was a good thing the stable boy was

not there to hear what Mr. Potter said about him, and I am not sure that Mr. Potter would have stopped at words had the boy really been present.

Mr. Potter remained in the barn a long time, nor did he leave till he had done everything possible for Toby, and, to Toby's great joy, when he did go he left Poly in the barn. When bedtime came Poly and Toby lay down together in the soft straw bed Mr. Potter had fixed, and at Toby's request Poly told over again the story of little Freddy Potter who was lost. And thus it was that when Toby fell asleep he had forgotten his own troubles in his sorrow for his master.

## CHAPTER VII.

During the following week a pretty phaeton was brought into the Potter barn and a new stable boy came; he was, in fact, a kind-hearted old man who constantly talked to himself and spent most of his time currying Toby, cleaning the phaeton and the harness though the former never had got a real good chance to get dirty.

But with all his garrulousness the old fellow never said a word to Toby, but if Poly came within ten yards of the barn, Dick, as Mr. Potter called the man, flew at the dog like a mother hen at a prowling cat. He was so particular that when Toby was through with his morning washing and curryings and had his mane and tail all done up in curl papers, the little fellow felt too stuck up for anything, and was almost afraid to switch his tail for fear the knots would come untied. Then again he wished he was a dog, and once he said he would rather run away at night on a lark with Dan than be kept in such a strait-jacket by Dick.

But he couldn't help feeling proud when dressed in his pretty harness and hitched to the shiny new phaeton, himself all glistening after an hour's rubbing, he stopped before the Potter house and Dick helped in little Helen and took his seat beside her. Oh, what a vision of loveliness the little girl was! Her feet moved so lightly and quickly you couldn't see them. Her face was almost concealed, too, behind a wealth of silken hair that curled and ran riot all over her head and neck, and just opened enough in front to show two sparkling fountains of fun and a mouth that tempted even a pony.

"Be careful of her, Dick," called Mr. Potter as they drove away, and Toby's heart almost stopped. "Does he think I would harm that little angel? Must a pony bear everything and can he never tell what he thinks? Must I do this service, the proudest of my life, and be under suspicion all the time?"

Dick kept a tight line on Toby, for the pony soon recovered from his gloomy feelings and wanted to show his pleasure in being out by running and once in a while taking what looked a little like a hop, skip and jump. He heard the merry laugh of the little girl and he heard Poly's joyous bark and he was happy. Particularly so was he when he discovered from the gentle tug on the line and the sweet voice of the little girl, that she was driving.

"Get up, Toby," and Toby did get up as fast as his little legs could carry him. A little pull at the lines and Toby threw his head in the air, and shook his mane, and switched his tail, to show his eagerness to do the fairy driver's bidding.

Everybody stopped to see the pretty sight and Toby was as happy and proud as he could be.

Though tired and warm on the return to the Potter home, Toby regretted that it must all come to an end and Helen must leave him and he himself go away into the lonesome barn.

This was to be the first of many such good times,

but they all served only to make Toby all the more discontented, for it made the long hours in the barn all the longer and all the more hateful to him.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Then came a time when several days elapsed and no one but Dick came to see Toby. No, Poly was with him; for some strange reason Poly was kept locked in the barn day and night. Mr. Potter didn't come near the barn, nor did Helen, nor the nurse.

One night Toby was awakened suddenly from a troubled sleep by some one quickly opening and shutting the barn door. He didn't know what time it was, but he thought it must be after midnight. In the light of the lantern the person carried he recognized Mr. Potter. The man's face was white and set. He said not a word, but putting down the lantern, he went at once to the harness, took it from the hook, and proceeded quickly to put it on Toby. Toby thought Mr. Potter's hands trembled. What did it mean? The late hour, the white face, the silent, quick, nervous movements of the man? Poly, too, had awakened and was now standing in the feed box looking questioningly at his master.

"Something's wrong," whispered Toby to Poly.

"I'm sure there is," answered Poly.

"Somebody's sick," suggested Toby.

"It's Mrs. Potter," said Poly.

"Or maybe little Helen," faintly rejoined Toby.

Poly just shook his head doubtfully.

In a few minutes Poly and Toby were in the barn yard and Toby was hitched to the phaeton. Mr. Potter jumped in and took the whip, but he didn't strike; he didn't need to. Toby knew something was happening, and that something must be done quickly. Away he went, Poly running by his side. Up one street, around a corner, down another street, across a common, and down another street, till he stopped, panting, before a house he had never seen before.

Mr. Potter jumped out before the phaeton had fairly stopped, ran to the door and rang the bell. A window opened and Poly and Toby, with both ears open, heard the words, "Helen"—"sick"—"quick," enough to convince them that Helen, the golden-haired little girl, was dangerously ill.

Toby wanted to cry, to say something, to do something, but he couldn't. He wanted to help the big man who paced up and down the walk during the few minutes that elapsed before the doctor's appearance, but he couldn't.

When the doctor appeared the two men entered the phaeton. Toby turned so suddenly that the vehicle nearly upset and then he ran as he had never ran before, Poly racing on ahead, as if he could do some good by getting home first.

In front of the Potter house Toby stopped. Mr. Potter tied the pony to the hitching post and the two men disappeared in the house. For a long time he watched the lights in the windows. It was dreadful—this suspense. Toby was trembling. Tears trickled down his nose. Even Poly had left him and had found an entrance into the house. Then with a big effort to restrain himself he cried out:

"Oh, if I were only a boy! Wouldn't I love my father and my mother and—my little sister Helen!"

And there, sitting bolt upright in bed by the side of his rosy-cheeked sister Helen, who was sound asleep, was Freddy Potter, who had never been lost at all but had fallen to sleep the night before, so full of the idea that he was a pony that he actually became one in his dreams. And he never afterwards wished to be a pony.

## A Boys' Relief Society.

INEZ REDDING.

In one of the schools of a large city in Massachusetts, it so happens that some of the pupils are from wealthy families while the remainder come from the homes of the very poor. Attendance at school up to the age of fourteen years is compulsory, but it used to be often the case that children were kept from school because they actually did not have sufficient clothing to attend.

There came a day when Sammy Long, one of the very poorest boys, but withal a very bright boy, and a great favorite with all the pupils, was absent, because he had neither shoes nor stockings. A thoughtful teacher without mentioning the name, although every pupil knew who was meant, said that she regretted that again pupils were kept from their work for lack of shoes, and suggested that if some of the boys had a pair of partly worn ones which could be spared that they should be brought to her. The next morning nearly every boy brought a pair of shoes, some two or three pairs; some brought rubbers and still others brought stockings, although neither of these articles were asked for. The teacher was in a dilemma. What to do with the accumulation of footwear she did not know. It was placed



THE CROSS ROADS BLACKSMITH.

First Prize Photo in last month's contest, by Matthew H. Tardy, 2221 4th Ave., Birmingham, Ala.

temporarily in a small closet and, at the noon recess, the teacher wrapped two pairs of shoes of different sizes in a paper and went to the home of the missing boy. One pair fitted and the boy appeared at school in the afternoon. At the close of the afternoon session there came timid appeals from children for a pair of shoes for a smaller brother, or a sister, and in a few days the pile had disappeared.

The larger boys talked the matter over, and as a result formed themselves into a relief society. They were given permission to use one of the closets in the basement for keeping clothing, and that club is doing as good work as any charitable organization in the city. They bring their own cast-off garments and those of the different members of the family. Their weekly dues enable the committee on repairs to have boots and clothes mended. The committee on solicitation work untiringly to find a needed garment which they cannot supply from the stock on hand. The committee on investigation look up all cases where clothing is asked and will not supply it where parents are able to do so. They often in their rounds of investigation find cases of need which they assist, or report to some working charitable society, although their object is simply to clothe the boys of their own district so that they may come to school neatly clad. The boys enjoy this work as much as they enjoy ball or golf and it has had a most excellent influence on the school.

PEGGING AND PLAY.

EVELYN M. WOOD-LOVEJOY:

A shoemaker sat on his work bench along  
With his pegs and his well-filled tray,  
And rat-a-tat-tat were the words of his song,  
Rhythmic timed by the hammer's quick play.

"Oh, I should be wild," said his rosy-cheeked boy,  
"To keep pegging like you all the day."  
The shoemaker smiled with no trace of annoy,  
And surprisingly wise did then say:—

"It's when the sun shines, as you've heard it oft  
said,  
You have the right time to make hay;  
No gold from the mines you will get, my dear Ned,  
If you don't keep on pegging away.

"When problems are hard, and your lessons are  
dry,  
And the fields all invite you to play,  
Don't books then discard, but determine to try;  
It is best to keep pegging away.

"When mother's voice calls to do this or do that,  
Though you feel much inclined to say nay,  
Throw down the base ball, drop quickly the bat,  
It is best to keep pegging away.



"When Duty is nigh, although Pleasure should smile,  
And endeavor to lead you astray,  
From tempter swift fly, remember the while,  
It is best to keep pegging away."

The shoemaker's boy, with Apollo's own eyes,  
Now stood still out of very dismay;  
A look of regret intermixed with surprise  
O'er his bright bonnie face now held away.

He fingered the awl, slowly let the round pegs  
Run in long, lazy streamlets away;  
Then winking his eye and stiffening his legs,  
He bravely began thus to say:

"Yes, father, you're right; I'll surely give heed  
To your words full of wisdom always;  
I'll work with my might, when I'm told there is need,  
And I won't ask a thing for my pay.

"But when the work's done, and the sky is all blue,  
And the birds chitter-chatter so gay,  
Then I want some good fun, and now, Father, don't  
you?  
Let us both run out doors for a play."



The Pioneer American Ostrich Farmer

Few lives equal in interest that of Edwin Cawston, the California ostrich farmer. Not over twenty years ago he was a clerk, occupied with trifling duties in a broker's office in London, England; now he is the proprietor of one of the largest ostrich farms in America and the pioneer of this peculiar industry in the United States. His life reads like a romance. A hundred years hence, among the few names that will be familiar to the students of the history of that strange African exotic, the *Struthio camelus*, none will be more prominent than that of Edwin Cawston, for he is the introducer of a great branch of commerce to the American shores and the first to establish the culture of this strange cross between a bird and reptile among the varied industries of the United States. The day, indeed, is not far distant when, in consequence of his initial enterprise, the several million dollars now annually leaving this country for the London markets to purchase feathers for America's fair daughters, will remain at home and be expended upon the product of the American ostrich.

Not content with the dull routine of a stock broker's office young Cawston thirsted to see the wide world. Contrary to the advice of experienced and successful brothers, who knew well the value of continual and close application, in the face of the most alluring prospects in his native land, he wandered away to the boundless west. Traveling in the United States his eye caught, in Harper's Monthly, an account of the African ostrich farms and the immense profits resulting to British commerce by the cultivation of ostriches in South Africa. To his youthful and enterprising mind the question immediately arose: why not cultivate this valuable feather-yielding biped upon the rolling meadows of Arizona and the endless mesas that surround the rugged heights of California? Putting his thoughts into action and availing himself of his income of five thousand dollars a year, he immediately set sail for



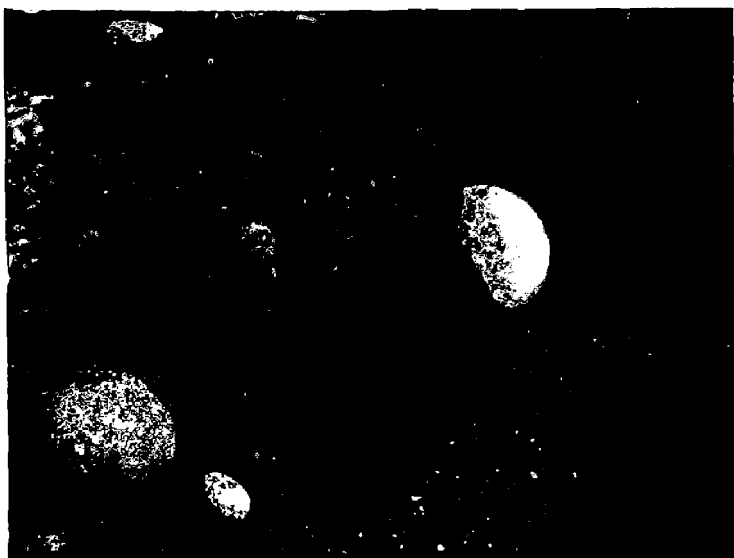
EDWIN CAWSTON,  
THE PIONEER AMERICAN OSTRICH FARMER.

the loss from seasickness, want of appetite and broken necks amounting to six. He exhibited his collection of ostriches on one of the streets of Los Angeles, Southern California, for a period, and finally removed them to a small village named Norwalk, some sixteen miles away. One by one these ostriches passed away, the change of climate being too severe for their African constitutions. Before the exodus of the entire shipload the anxious heart of the pioneer was gratified by the presence of a number of ostrich chicks, native sons of the Golden State, hatched at the Norwalk farm. These fortunately thrive and are the ancestors of that vast collection that will at some future day cover the hills of California and the plains of Arizona with their progeny.

Mr. Cawston has lived to see the fruition of his efforts, investment, and enterprise and still devotes his entire time to the interests of his farm, ever studying problems of interest in the development of his strange poultry. He has succeeded, after infinite patience and at a great expense, in perfecting successful incubation by artificial means. Now and then, according to the season of the year his incubators are filled with over two thousand dollars worth of ostrich chicks, while in his experiments upon the adult ostriches he has found that the best fed and cared for birds are the most frequent layers. Through his careful management a most successful result has been achieved, for, whereas in the case of other California ostrich farms, quite a loss occurs by reason of the frailty of the chicks, Mr. Cawston loses a very trifling percentage.

Mr. Cawston was raised an English aristocrat. The influence of youth still remains and he has been thought distant by some, but below the imperial courtesy and English breeding beats an extremely kind heart. With his wife, a beautiful daughter of the City of the Angels, he has recently been touring in old England, revisiting his relatives and the scenes of his youth.

Natal, and in due time arrived, an ostrich hunter, off the coast of Africa. The government of the Cape Colony had just passed an almost prohibitory law, fixing an export duty of five hundred dollars upon every live ostrich removed from the state. Young Cawston arrived just before the government of Natal imitated that of the Cape, and soon had fifty two ostriches safely ensconced in the hold of the "Krona," a Swedish sailing barque, which he chartered for their transfer, and very soon was en route with his curiosities and a large amount of provender for the United States. Totally inexperienced in business, though an ex-college student and member of Old Charterhouse, he nevertheless mounted the tops of successive failures to ultimate success; but the way was hard, expensive and thorny. He arrived in due time at Galveston, Texas, with forty six active specimens of these children of the desert,





**SYNOPSIS OF PART I.**—The "Post-Telegram" sends a correspondent to the Philippines. John Britton, a young man working on the rival paper, the "Star-Record," learns of it and asks the managing editor, Mr. Glover, that he be sent to represent the "Star-Record." The managing editor tells the boy he is too young and inexperienced, and forthwith sends Blake, an old reporter. John Britton, known as "Brit," filled with disappointment, determines to enlist and go to the Philippines as a soldier. On examination he is found to be short on chest expansion. Nothing daunted, he sets to work and by systematic exercise gets himself into shape so that he is acceptable and is soon one of Uncle Sam's men aboard a transport on the way to the Philippines. After reaching Manila, he finds, with some difficulty, Cavalry Troop K to which he has been assigned. His first unhappy experience is with the fellows of his troop, particularly Private Devlin, who gives him the nickname of "Stork" because of his long legs. Brit passes days of fearful training in the saddle under the burning heat. At last orders come and at the command of Captain Wendon Troop K strikes out from Paranaque on the south trail for a hurried march to Mindang fifty miles away.

#### PART TWO.

After their long rest in Paranaque, the troop horses were in fine condition and pulled at their bits. The men laughed and chatted merrily. But the heat grew with the light, and by the middle of the forenoon the men were sweating and the horses plodded along without spending any extra effort. Before noon Brit wondered what the men about him were made of—eight steady hours in the saddle, yet they neither lounged nor squirmed. The troopers kept their mouths shut, so that the sharp white dust from the trail might not get into their throats and cause a demand for water when the streams were far apart.

Brit noticed that the men who had made him miserable before, smiled at him now. He saw how lean and strong and self-controlled they were—saw with what quiet mastery they rode, how they saved their horses, how fearlessly they pushed onward, onward into the enemy's country. The recruit was chafed from shoulder to knee. The heavy holster containing his six-shooter had worn the skin from his thigh; the butt of his carbine pounded cruelly against his hip; the hundred rounds of Krag ammunition in his belt, bound him like a hot ton chain. Worst of all, the saddle was a seat of thorns. The old wounds reopened and the salt sweat scalded the flesh. Brit thought of the kindness of Corporal Redden, and remembered his promise to stick in the saddle and make good. And he did stick in the saddle, though dizzy from the terrific heat of midday and almost fainting from pain.

Horses and all plunged into Laguna de Bay at noon. Then the men cooked bacon, filled canteens, and once more struck out to the south. Through the big town of Binan, the troop rode at a gallop. Not a native was seen, yet when the last nipa shack was passed, a bell rang in the church-tower behind. The Captain raised his hand and the bugler played, "Halt."

"Load carbines, men," was the command.

Brit was deeply impressed by the realism of the moment. The bell in Binan was still ringing. Little Devlin, riding at Brit's right, was wiping the dust out of his Krag magazine, as he explained coolly:

"You see, Stork, there are armed natives ahead and

"Trooper Stork" will appear in three parts, the first of which was given in the February number. The author of the story was the youngest by five years of any of the American war correspondents in the Philippines in the early days of the war. He is really an American boy writing for American boys.

THE AMERICAN BOY congratulates itself on being able to present to its readers this stirring tale based, as it is, upon fact, and written especially for its pages by a trained newspaper correspondent.

behind. The ones behind hid while we was passin' through the town, and now they're lettin' the fellows ahead know we're comin'. We'll get a fight before dark."

Brit swallowed with difficulty. He was afraid to speak lest his voice should tremble and betray him. He had dreamed of a moment like this, but the reality was different. He prayed that he would not be less brave than the others. Here were fifty five men advancing against a whole rebel province—the marvel of it! They were pushing on steadily, surely, cautiously, yet without a trace of fear. And back in Binan, the bell was calling rebels to the trail from far and near.

On, on through the flaming afternoon—not a living thing on the trail ahead or behind. An hour or more passed. The troop ran through the unclean town of Silang—no life, no sound save the scraping of the hoofs upon the trail. Ahead were the mountains. The bell in the Silang church-tower clanged a signal. The fatigue, the mystery, the unseen, yet present foe—all these proved a harsh trial to the nerves of the recruit.

And there was a changed look upon the faces of the men. The suspense was beginning to tell. A trooper in front laughed discordantly. Another near him growled, "Shut up!" Brit heard Corporal Redden mutter, "I wish they'd hurry up and do something," and he voiced the sentiments of all.

An almost uncontrollable impulse was in the mind of the recruit. He wanted to lean forward and bury his head in his horse's mane. The shame of the thought made the blood rise in his face. Only Captain Wendon was unmoved. Silently he pushed forward at the head of his men.

Another hour passed. The rising trail was strewn with rocks. Brit felt that he had grown old in the thirteen hours since he had ridden with the others out of Paranaque. He no longer concealed his fears. He had not believed that war was like this. The thought of being shot was not such an awful thing, but the delay was killing. Little Devlin, upon whom he had directed words of anger, said quietly:

"It ain't so bad as it looks, Stork. We'll get mixed up in a fight all right, but these people can't shoot. You'll forget all about bein' scared when the crackin' begins. I was scared stiff when I first rode into a scrap."

The words were unstudied, but they were just what Brit needed. He was hurt to the heart because he had misjudged the little trooper. He felt that he must say something: "Thanks, Devlin," he muttered huskily. "This waiting is a little harder than I thought it would be. It gets my nerve badly; but, say, I'm sorry I got mad at you—that time—you joshed me. I was sore, and tired, and I'm sorry."

"That's all right, Stork—that's what made me like you."

"Pi-n-g-ng-ng-g!"

The weird brief song of a Mauser flew over the heads of the men—a message from some high, secret place four hundred yards away. The sound had a wonderful effect upon the troop. The men yelled; every horse snorted and jerked his tired head upward; Brit ducked and the troopers about him laughed.

"See that your carbines are right, men," the Captain shouted. Another long silence followed. The shadows from the men and horses on the left grew long and ungainly. A few shots sped above the troop, but no damage was done. For two hours, the trail had led into the heights. Now, the foremost troopers were standing still before a rocky declivity. Far below was a marvelously beautiful little valley, a quarter of a mile square. Straight across, the trail mounted up the rocks on the opposite side, and in the shadowy light of the late afternoon, numerous white figures could be seen commanding it. The voice of Wendon came from the front file:

"We've got to go through that hostile party yonder, men. Lead your horses down this bank. Keep under cover as much as possible when below. Then we'll charge up the trail. Should there be any wounded in the command, remember that they must be carried into Mindang. If any trooper be dismounted, remember that some horse must carry double. Come on."

The dismounted troop in single file was making its way down the bank, when a hundred shots crashed from the body of insurgents across the valley, where white coats were swarming. Mighty thoughts were in Brit's mind, but the strain of waiting and the

## WILL DEVINGTON COMFORT

agony of the trail was passed. Some of the troopers laughed, a few swore, many were silent, but all advanced unflinchingly into the rebel's position. One well-aimed shot at long range knocked down a troop horse. Brit turned his face away when the trooper ended his beast's misery with a six-shooter. Then the latter transferred his saddle-bags to the nearest mount and walked on as before. Little Devlin was bleeding from a grazed cheek and laughing about it. It was the first blood shed by a trooper that day. Brit prayed that he might do the right thing in the action to come. The up-grade was reached. The firing from above was deafening.

"Now, men, prepare to charge!" yelled the Captain. "Go through those fellows like you did at San Fernando. And leave no wounded behind!"

"Like San Fernando, fellows!" the non-coms repeated.

The troop yelled, spurred their horses, and up the steep slope in a magnificent charge rode the fifty five with Wendon at their head. \* \* \* The rebels fled to the jungle and lay concealed to fire. Up, up, yelling, firing, and spurring deep, dashed gallant K. Brit was in the air. His arms seemed to act without mental promptings. He emptied his carbine into the jungle just below the smoke-clouds. Through the very center of the Filipino's position the troop plunged. \* \* \* There were horses upon the ground, screaming from death-wounds. A soldier wearing the yellow stripes of a cavalry corporal lay upon the trail. The words of the Captain ran through Brit's head:

"Leave no wounded behind!"

Little Devlin was tugging at the bit of his plunging mount.

"Come on, Stork," he shouted, "it's up to us to get old Redden."

Devlin's horse was fighting the will of his rider. Old Buster wanted to race on with the troop. Brit veered his mount toward Redden. Buster followed. The two youngsters, hanging on for dear life to their bridle-reins, bent over the form of the Corporal. Vaguely from behind, Brit heard the Captain shout, "Halt!" The word gave him courage. The troop would not leave them.

Suddenly, the gaunt gelding which he had ridden all that day, dropped shaking on the trail. The troop was waiting twenty yards ahead. With Devlin's aid, Brit lifted Corporal Redden to the saddle on old Buster.

"Now, grab his tail!" little Devlin ordered, at the same moment, giving the horse a stinging slap. And thus clinging to old Buster's tail, the two were towed into the midst of their fellows, while the Corporal, dazed from a bad wound, clutched at the pommel of the saddle.

Then for the first time, Brit noticed that there was a hole in the left sleeve of his blue shirt near the shoulder; and stricken with a sudden faintness at the sight, he sank to the ground.

There were other wounded. Two hours later, the broken troop rode into Mindang, and Brit was lifted from beside Devlin on old Buster—after sixteen hours—his first day in the field. He was unconscious for a long time, and when he opened his eyes, he was in a little bamboo shack, dimly lit with a candle, and Blake, the war correspondent of the "Star-Record," was bending over him.

"Brit, my boy, I'm awfully glad to see you!" Blake exclaimed.

"Thanks, Blake, it's like being back in the office of the "Star-Record" to see you. How long have you been with the infantry outfit?"

"Two weeks, Brit."

"Why don't you ride with the cavalry?" the recruit asked, and his eyes were shining. "Sixty miles we covered by the trail—rode through the fighting men of a whole province, and not a trooper was afraid—except me. It's glorious service—the cavalry!"

"Troop K won't be in the saddle again for a few days, my boy. Sixty miles, and an ugly fight is a hard day's work for even a troop of cavalry. I'll ride with you when you pull out again—that is, if you go back toward Manila. I've got to get off some despatches and letters or Kirby, of the "Post-Telegram," will be getting the scoop on me. How does your arm feel?"

"Just a little stiff and sore," Brit replied. "The bullet didn't touch the bone. I'll be as good as ever in a couple of days. Really the matter with me, Blake, is that I'm in need of a new covering. You see, my saddle is harder than I am, and all the grinding of the sixty miles wore on the softer metal."

At this moment little Devlin, with a patch on his



cheek, entered the shack. He was as lively after the terrible ride as he had been in the resting camp at Paranaque.

"If you want to see a bit of clear game, Blake," Brit said, "look upon my friend Devlin. I would never have gone back after poor Redden if Dev hadn't dragged me. His spirits rise under fire, just as mine droop. I'm proud of being a friend of Devlin's."

"And so am I, sir," the correspondent said, offering his hand to the gallant little private. \* \* \* A tall figure darkened the doorway of the shack. Devlin sprang to attention.

"How are you feeling, my man?" Captain Wendon asked gently, addressing Brit.

"Fine, sir," the recruit answered, conscious of an embarrassment he would not have felt in the presence of the President, during his "Star-Record" days.

"I am glad of that. You and Private Devlin deserve much credit for your conduct during the engagement."

"May I ask, sir, how Corporal Redden is?" Brit questioned. His face was very red.

"Corporal Redden is badly wounded, but he will live," the officer replied.

Little Devlin stood at attention, stiff as a carbine and as serious. Captain Wendon turned to the correspondent:

"I would be very glad, Mr. Blake," he said, "to have you try pot-luck with me at any time. We'll likely be in Mindang three or four days."

"Thank you very much, Captain," Blake replied, as the officer retired.

Little Devlin unjointed himself with the remark that he would have been a frozen soldier, had he been forced to stand at attention much longer. "Say," he resumed, addressing Blake. "Did you hear Stork jolly the Captain along? I wouldn't have dared do that—not unless I was dopey from a fever."

"How's Blinn?" Brit asked, mentioning a trooper who had been wounded.

Devlin was silent for a full moment. His face was turned out into the dark.

"You'll be ridin' Blinn's horse next hike, Stork—or old Stonie's—listen!"

For a second time that night, taps, the sad, the beautiful, sounded. Little Devlin snatched his campaign hat from his head and stood erect again until the last note from the bugle had died away.

"They're a-buryin' Blinn and Stonie now," he said softly.

Nobody spoke for a moment. Much sentiment was wrapped up in little Trooper Devlin—a soldier born, brave and enduring, uneducated but soft-hearted. Brit understood this, and Blake, the man of experience and tender sympathies, saw the rough virtues in the nature of the boy soldier. Moreover, he had the gift of making the world see the methods and motives of the men he studied. He asked many questions. Meanwhile Devlin had visited the picket line to assure himself that old Buster was faring well, and was now rolled up in his blankets on the floor of the little Mindang shack.

"How is Kirby getting along?" Brit asked, drowsily.

"You know Kirby?" the other replied. "He's a hard worker and a good reporter, but rather unscrupulous in dealing with the craft—that is he'd do most anything to get a scoop for the "Post-Telegram." I have to keep my eyes open; and you know by this time that Luzon is a pretty big place for one man to watch."

"Where is he now?" Brit mumbled.

"I left him just as he was starting for one of the northern provinces. He's secretive about his intentions, so I asked no questions. \* \* \* Forgive me, my boy, you're half dead for sleep, and I've been prodding you with questions, forgetting that you've done wonders to-day."

There was no reply. The troop surgeon came in and found his patient sleeping. With a whispered word of cheer to Blake, the busy man went out into the dark once more. \* \* \* Then the war correspondent fixed the candle firmly in the floor and sprawled down beside it. For hours he wrote. Mosquitoes hummed about his head and hands, but he did not notice. Brit breathed heavily and Little Devlin snored, but Blake did not hear. Perspiration stood out in great drops from his brow, for the torrid night was insufferably hot. The writer was too busy to mind. He wrote of a marvelous ride and of a harsh little battle—about a tall recruit named "Stork," and his little bunkie, Devlin—two columns and a half in all. The east had yielded up the dawn before he

sorted the pages and folded them carefully. Then he drew a blanket over him and slept.

That story written in Mindang was destined to become a reportorial classic in the office of the "Star-Record"—destined to be copied by great newspapers all over a great nation—not only because it was brilliantly told, but for another reason which will soon be known.

\* \* \*

The sealed orders which Captain Wendon brought to the infantry colonel in Mindang, caused the latter's regiment to break camp before dawn the following morning and march southward. It was necessary for Troop K to rest a few days in the town. Two troopers had been killed outright during the charge up the cliffs. Blinn and Stone died of their wounds after reaching Mindang. Of the remaining four wounded, Corporal Redden was the most serious case, and Private Britton the least. So Troop K had only forty seven men fit for duty on the morning that the infantry marched out of the town.



"My men," he said quietly, "we have done some hard service together."

Mindang was in the heart of a hostile province. The invasion of American troops had caused the entire population to flee to the surrounding jungles. A day of dreadful heat and menacing silence passed. In the twilight, natives began to fire from the outskirts of the town. Captain Wendon ordered the troop, horses and all, into the ancient stone church—one of those mammoth cathedral ruins built in forgotten decades. These mark every ten square miles in Luzon.

The structure served admirably for a fortress, having no fixtures whatsoever except the altar. The natives kneel upon the stone pavement during their devotions. In this great, gloomy vault of stone, the horses of K Troop were picketed, and the men made their bunks in the semi-darkness. Rice forage for the horses was stored in the chapel; the wounded were made comfortable and sentries were placed at the doors. All this was no desecration. The natives themselves turn their churches into forts in times of tribal war. Troop K, with its wounded, could ill afford to stand out in the open for the fire of gather-

ing hostiles. Running water was obtainable in the chapel. When it was dark Captain Wendon addressed the troop as follows:

"We've only got three days' rations to a man and we may be here a week. The insurgents are increasing. To-morrow or perhaps to-night they'll cut off our water supply. So we must work. Fill every vessel you can find with water. Let the horses drink as much as they will and look to your rations. Our wounded could not stand a charge through the lines outside, so we must have patience. Wash your horses' feet and limbs."

Neither Brit nor Blake slept that night. At intervals the insurgents fired through the walls. The horses, unused to closed quarters, were frightened much more than if they had been tethered in the open. The poor beasts plunged and kicked and had to be watched constantly lest they should injure themselves. The troop surgeon forced Brit to remain in his cot, but Blake assisted in a thousand ways and made himself a favorite with officer and man.

About noon of the second day, the water supply was cut off. Everything available had been filled, but even so the supply did not exceed one hundred gallons—little more than enough for one "watering" for fifty horses. Late in the afternoon of the same day a sentry was wounded, and deep gloom fell with the night over the little cavalry command. There seemed no hope ahead. The troopers ate only enough to keep their hunger on edge. They dared not drink their fill lest to-morrow they madden with thirst. The thought of insufficient food and water caused the suffering to increase infinitely. The men whispered that a charge must be made through the hostile cordon. The fring outside decreased. The natives were content to wait until hunger and thirst drove their prey to the trails.

Captain Wendon walked among his men constantly. Brit was sure that he never slept. The face of this iron-hearted leader was haggard now, as no fearful march had ever made it. He had a word of pity, a word of cheer, a word of warning for each trooper. There was no hope of being reinforced, no hope of the natives leaving their game—yet Captain Wendon held his troop in the torture-chamber for the sake of the wounded. A commander with less courage would have had mutiny in his ranks. The rice fodder was getting low. Constantly the horses whinnied and pawed the stones for water. It was most pitiful. The night passed in thirst and hunger.

In the fourth dawn, the horses were watered for the last time. They were allowed only to dip their heads into the shallow stone reservoir. They fought the will of the troopers who endeavored to force them back to the picket line. Late in the afternoon, Brit and Blake saw little Devlin lift his mount's head and pour half the precious contents of his canteen down old Buster's throat. The recruit shut his eyes. Blake, breathing quickly, made an entry in his notebook.

The throats of the men were too parched to utter words. For the first time in his life, Brit felt the supreme of human suffering—famine for water in a torrid land. The memory of his first battle, his wound, his anguish in the saddle were trifles compared to this. Like the other troopers, his face assumed a sullen look and his mind upbraided his Captain for not ordering a dash through the Filipino ranks for water. He knew that care of the wounded is a sacred duty to any military command, but he was not quite himself, nor is any man, in the thrall of thirst. In the twilight, Captain Wendon stepped into the center of the church and raised his hand. Never before had the men seen his face so white or thin.

"My men," he said, quietly, "we have done some hard service together lately, and you've shown the mettle of men. I thank you. Don't cheer. It would put the insurgents on their guard. To-night, when it is darker, we will charge through the enemy on the eastern trail. At the first river a mile from here, we must not pause, being such a small party. Spur your horses through the stream, and the fire of the Filipinos will help you, I fear. A mile farther on is the second stream. At this I hope to water horses and fill canteens. I need hardly add, my men, that no wounded must be left behind."

Never before did twilight linger so interminably, but at last it was dark and a column of twos was formed in the ancient church. The wounded were placed upon the horses best prepared to carry double.

(Continued on Page 138.)



We had been for some time in Paris, and felt that we were anxious for a change of scene, so I said to my friend Jack, "Why not go to Oberammergau and see the famous Passion Play? We have been reading about it for a long time, and now is a good time for us to visit it." Jack was willing, so we at once made preparations for our journey. It didn't take us long to plan the trip. Most people go from Paris to Oberammergau by way of the great German city of Munich, but we had all the time we needed and decided to go in a much more interesting way. We would travel from Paris to Basle, in Switzerland, by train, from there we would walk to Zurich, from Zurich go to Innsbruck, in Austria, and from Innsbruck walk over the Tyrolean Alps to the famous village which was our destination. Jack was delighted with this plan and so was I. He had never been in the Alps before and was anxious to see them, and while it would not be a new experience to me, I was very anxious to again enjoy the beautiful scenery of Switzerland and the Tyrol.

We carried with us from Paris just a little luggage as we could possibly get along with, and these few belongings we carried in bags which we strapped on our backs. In this way we would be able to walk without having anything to carry. People stared at this queer arrangement on our way to Basle, but as soon as we were in Switzerland it was accepted as quite the ordinary thing and we were no longer objects of curiosity. We were very glad indeed to leave the hot, dusty train to walk in the fresh air over the mountains, and before we started out from Basle I told Jack that it would be a good plan for us to take a bath in the good old river Rhine. "I'm with you there," he said, so we took a good swim before beginning our long pedestrian journey.

The road from Basle to Zurich was not particularly interesting, and we covered it in as quick time as possible. The mountains were not as high as we knew we would find in the Tyrol, and the villages through which we passed were not so picturesque. From Zurich to Innsbruck the scenery became more beautiful with every mile. Great mountains rose on every side of us, and our road lay through a quiet green valley, along the banks of a clear mountain stream. Many of the mountain peaks were covered with snow, and those which weren't were green with innumerable fir trees. We both thought it the most magnificent scenery we had ever seen, and were almost afraid to leave it for fear that we might not come to any other so beautiful.

But when we finally reached Innsbruck, we found our mistake. That city seemed almost wholly surrounded by snowy Alps, and we said to each other that nothing could possibly be more charming than this location. The city itself was wonderfully interesting on account of its great age. The buildings seemed hundreds of years old, and some of the streets had been built with arcades, something we had not seen before on the continent of Europe. The old church was built centuries ago, and we found it most interesting to read of the great historical events which had taken place within this town which seemed so quiet. We would have liked to remain in Innsbruck several days, but we found that in order to reach Oberammergau for the next Sunday's performance of the Passion Play we would have to start off as soon as possible. We had many miles of mountain road ahead of us, and we couldn't be sure of the exact time it would take us to cover the distance.

In Innsbruck we purchased some "alpenstocks" to help us in our mountain climbing. They are long poles of hardwood with sharp iron points, and by sticking them into the earth one is helped greatly in going up an incline. We found them invaluable on our tour. We made a bad beginning on leaving Innsbruck by starting in the wrong direction. I told Jack that I thought we were going wrong, but he said, "No, I am sure we are going west." We learned our mistake when we were about four miles out of town, and then we had to retrace all that distance. The next start we made I inquired about every hundred yards whether we were right, and finally decided that we were. For some time, then, our road lay back in the direction from which we had come, that is, toward Zurich. We passed through two quaint little villages which we had visited before,

and then it was time for us to take the northern road for Oberammergau. But to our disgust there seemed no way of crossing the swift mountain stream which lay between us and that road. We looked all up and down for a bridge, but not one was in sight, and we were beginning to think that we would have to again return to Innsbruck, when I saw on the river bank some monks with a boat. "Perhaps they'll take us across," said I to Jack, but he was so very much shocked with the appearance of the monks that he wouldn't hear of crossing with them in a boat. They were dressed all in black, with shaved heads, and with moccasins, or sandals, rather, on their feet. They certainly weren't pleasant to look upon, but we simply had to get across the river, and this seemed our only chance. "You'll have to come," I said to Jack, "or I'll leave you behind." And Jack came.

I went up to the monks and motioned to the boat and then at the opposite shore. We couldn't speak the Austrian-German, but they seemed to understand my signs, and the largest of them nodded his head and signed for us to enter the boat. There were five of them altogether, the large one, and four who seemed to be boys not much older than myself. The older one never spoke a word while we were crossing, but we found that one of the boys could speak a little English, and with him we carried on quite a conversation. He told us that the great gray building we could see built on the rocks across the river was one of the oldest monasteries in Austria, and that it had been in the hands of this same order of monks for centuries. It certainly looked to be a very old building, and reminded me very much of the pictures I had seen so often of castles in the Alps. There was only one entrance to the enclosure, and this lay up a steep cliff, so it isn't likely that any army could destroy the old building. The boy with whom we were talking said that we could take dinner in the monastery if we cared to, and that we would have a chance to explore it. Jack nudged me not to accept, but I thought this an excellent opportunity to see what one of these old monasteries was really like, and told the boy that we would be very glad to accept the invitation. It seemed that these boys were studying to become monks themselves.

When we reached the other side of the river we had to climb the road up the cliff, and when we at last stood within the courtyard everything seemed

very cold and bare. There was a great iron gate, and then an iron door, and there appeared to be no windows at all in the building itself. But we were soon shown around the corner, and there we saw before us a green plateau on the mountain, with vegetables and grain growing in great abundance. Our boy friend told us that the monks raised all their own food and were not at all dependent upon outside support. Our dinner was soon announced, and we supposed that we would sit down with a roomful of monks, but to my disappointment we were obliged to eat alone. We saw no other persons than those with whom we had crossed the river, and the boy told us that the rest of the monks were busy upstairs or in the fields. "We never eat at noon," he said. I was burning with curiosity to see through the upstairs of the building, but he didn't offer to take us, and when we had finished our dinner we started off again. I offered to pay for the meal but the boy wouldn't hear of it. "We're always glad," he said, "to accommodate strangers who are passing over the mountains." We thought this very nice indeed, and I said to Jack that I hoped we would come to some more monasteries on our way. But we didn't.

From the monastery our road led straight up among the high mountains, and we found our afternoon's climbing very tiresome indeed. If it had been less beautiful about us I am sure we would have been tempted to give up walking for the day, but the scenery was so magnificent that we kept climbing up and ever up, coming always upon a view still more enchanting. We were in the most beautiful district of Europe. On every side towered the high Alps, and far, far below us we could see the green valley, dotted with little villages. By evening we had attained a very great height, the highest on our road, the little guide book said, so when we came to a quaint little "gasthaus" on the mountain side, we decided to put up there for the night. And we slept very soundly that night, for we were tired and footsore and the fresh mountain air was conducive to sleep. We awoke in the morning greatly refreshed, and our second day's walk was not so tiresome.

We were fortunate early in the morning of this second day, in meeting three boys from Vienna who were also going to Oberammergau. They, too, had learned a little English at school, and we managed to get along very well in conversation. We found it much better walking with companions than alone. In the first place we walked faster when there was a party, because we all followed the leader, and then we had a more pleasant time of it. The boys were jolly fellows and before the day was over we felt as if we had known them always. They were very curious to know about America, and were apparently sur-



THE VILLAGE OF OBERAMMERGAU. THEATRE IN BACKGROUND.

prised to meet anyone from such a far-off place. This was only natural in them, because few Americans care to walk from Innsbruck to Oberammergau over the mountains.

Our second day passed rather uneventfully. The only adventure was when one of the boys undertook to milk a cow we met along the road and was kicked over backwards for his impudence. He was not discouraged by this mishap, however, and when we later came to a whole drove of cows he succeeded in getting enough milk for all of us to drink, and we were very glad to have it. We slept the second night in a little mountain village, and early the next morning we were out on the road to Oberammergau. We were anxious to reach the village by midday if possible, because we had heard that a great crowd was expected for the Play on Sunday, and we were afraid that there would be no tickets left. We hurried along at a great pace, and to our great joy we saw the tower of the village church shortly before twelve o'clock. We trooped into the main street with our bags and mountain poles, and hurried to the information office to inquire for tickets. At first the man told us there were none left, but when we said that we had walked all the way from Zurich and from Vienna, he relented and finally handed us out five good seats at two marks each. This settled, Jack and I started out to find lodgings. The other boys had friends with whom they were going to stay, so we had to part company.

We were successful in getting very cheap accommodation in a white cottage which seemed to us the cleanest place we had ever been in. It was kept by a kind old lady who said she had never been out of Oberammergau and we thought her very nice indeed. All the village people were different from the people we had seen elsewhere. They dressed differently, acted differently and seemed altogether of a different nature from their German and Austrian neighbors. No doubt the deep religious spirit which has been in the place for centuries past has left its impress upon the inhabitants, and they have lived more or less the characters which they are accustomed to take every ten years in the Passion Play. Certainly they seemed to have very sweet natures, and if any



THE MOST IMPRESSIVE SCENE IN THE PASSION PLAY.

people on earth could present the Passion Play in a satisfactory manner, Jack and I decided these were the ones. There was a crowd of some three thousand visitors in the town by Saturday evening, and on Sunday morning about fifteen hundred more came from Munich and the neighboring villages. Every house in the place was taxed to its utmost to ac-

commodate the crowd, and it was announced long before six o'clock on Saturday that not a seat of any kind was to be had for the great performance. So we boys didn't get into town any too soon. At six o'clock on Sunday morning we were up and had eaten our breakfast, and attended service at six o'clock in the handsome old church which we had first seen when entering the village. At half past seven, the booming of cannon announced that the Play was about to begin in the theatre, and at eight o'clock, when the performance opened, there was not a vacant seat in that vast auditorium. Jack and I sat almost spellbound throughout the morning. The whole production was so much grander and more impressive than we had expected it would be that we were speechless. We saw pass before our eyes as in a dream all the great events we had read of time and again at Sunday school, and it seemed scarcely possible that it was only acting as everything was so real. We saw Adam and Eve expelled from the Garden of Eden, and we saw Isaac about to be given as a sacrifice by Abraham on the mountain. We saw Moses in the wilderness, and Joseph sold into slavery by his brothers. We saw also all the events in Christ's life, from the Triumphal entry into Jerusalem to the Ascension, and undoubtedly we will never again see anything so impressive. We sat there and saw Christ crucified, with the two thieves, one on either side, and we saw the angel roll away the stone from the grave on the third day, when He rose again. Before the Play was half finished we were convinced that we were witnessing what is the greatest drama the world has seen, and we were impressed accordingly. The performance lasted from eight in the morning until half past five in the evening, with an interval at noon for dinner, but notwithstanding its great length we felt no weariness and were rather sorry when the curtain went down for the last time. The next morning it seemed as if it must have been a dream, it was all so true to our ideas of bible history, and when we started off for Munich we were glad that we had been to Oberammergau, though we had to cover more than sixty miles of mountain road on foot to get there.

## The True Story of "Casabianca"—Louise Jamison

Perhaps some, among the many of us, who have read Mrs. Heman's familiar poem, "Casabianca," are disposed to regard the father of its hero as strangely unreasoning and unfeeling. To command a son to remain upon the burning deck until he bids him leave is not what might be expected of a tender parent. A new light, however, has lately been thrown upon this incident.

In his "Heroic Happenings," Mr. Elbridge Brooks gives us what he calls the real story of "Casabianca." It came to him almost direct from one of the Casabianca family—a man proud of the heroes who had shed so much lustre upon his name.

The family is native to Corsica, an island "whose history has been as rugged as its hills, and whose people have been as changeful as its broken coast line." For fully a hundred years Corsica has been a French possession, and the birthplace of many men and women famous in French history. Here, in 1769, in the little port of Vescovato, was born a boy, Giacomo de Casabianca, the hero of the "burning deck" of the warship Orient. The Orient was the flagship of the expedition which set sail from France on the 19th of May, 1798, for the invasion of Egypt and the possession of that "highway to India," which for generations had been the bone of contention between the great nations of Europe.

England had seized the Cape of Good Hope, and France determined to conquer and colonize Egypt, the overland route to the east. The naval and military expedition numbered thirty thousand men. It was under command of the young General Napoleon Bonaparte, who was a passenger on the frigate Orient. On the Orient, also, were Admiral Brueys, the commander of the naval portion of the expedition, Louis de Casabianca, its captain, and the latter's young son, Giacomo, a midshipman. Giacomo was a young man of nineteen, brave and aspiring. Proud of a record which had made his father one of the most courageous and efficient officers in the French navy, his one idea was to make for himself an equally brilliant one, and so uphold the name his father had already so greatly honored.

But alas for an enthusiasm and desire so soon to end in death! In the path of the French lay England's great sea fighter, Nelson.

The army disembarked at Alexandria, and with Napoleon, destined to become one of the greatest

conquerors of modern times, was soon marching towards the Pyramids.

Admiral Brueys, in full command of the French squadron, now prepared for his encounter with the English. They met in a spacious bay, fifteen miles northeast of Alexandria, at one of the many mouths of the Nile. The French admiral thought his position impregnable. Before him lay the open sea, behind him the coast batteries, while between his ships and the shore stretched a line of shoals, upon which any venturesome warship must surely go to wreck.

But unfortunately for his calculations, Nelson was his adversary; and to Nelson no obstacle seemed unsurmountable. Before nightfall this determined man had attempted and accomplished the dangerous feat of piloting his squadron over the shoals, and stealing up the channel with but one ship aground.

Thus attacked, from seaward and landward, and between two fires, the French fleet was doomed. But, notwithstanding the certainty of defeat, the French sailors fought, as the sailors of France have ever fought, valiantly.

Ship after ship was overpowered, however, and when the morning of the 2nd of August dawned, "The Battle of the Nile," as it was ever after called, had broken the naval power of France, and made Nelson famous.

In the thickest of the fight rode the French flagship Orient. But her admiral had fallen early in the engagement, a victim of his own over-confidence. "Unfortunate Brueys, what have you done?" So sighed Napoleon, when tidings of the terrible defeat were brought to him.

But though Brueys had fallen his ship still defied her foes: Around her the fight was hot and furious; but above the din and roar, the black smoke and splintering broadsides, still floated the tricolor of France. With each broadside the chance of victory grew less, until that last terrible one from Nelson's Vanguard tore into the Orient, and stretched her captain, dangerously wounded, upon the deck.

The fate of the splendid ship was sealed. Flames were bursting from every part of it. Above and below destruction threatened, and death walked swiftly on. There was but one thing to do—abandon her.

With a heavy heart the captain realized this, but the faithful sailors of France, fighting with the valor of desperation, still served their guns, and poured out hot defiance, until their captain gave his last order:

"You have done nobly, my children, for the honor of the Republic, and the valor of the French name. All is lost now. Save yourselves."

Through the portholes of the Orient, their only way of escape, wounded and not wounded, threw themselves into the sea, while those but lately their enemies now became friends in the noble work of rescue.

It was then that the young Giacomo Casabianca, supporting the wounded form of his father, said: "Come, my father, we, too, must save ourselves. See the English boats are taking our men from the water."

"No," was the answer. "Do you leap overboard, my son. I cannot desert my ship. My place is upon her deck."

"Then 'tis mine, also," replied the sailor son. "The name of Casabianca has never known a craven or a coward; in Giacomo's veins flows the blood of heroes. He can be no less. His father refuses to desert his ship. His son stands by his side."

No blind obedience, this calling aloud upon an absent parent:

"Say, father, say, if yet my task be done."

It is the free will and choice, unhesitatingly electing to share his father's honor in death, as he had proudly admired and sought to emulate his fame and his honor in life.

The end came speedily. "Jump for your lives," came the cry of the English rescuers; and, "My captain, save yourself," from the sailors who loved him. The only answer was an explosion and a great burst of flame.

Thus, hand in hand, in that last heroic moment, those great and noble sons of Corsica went down to death—with their gallant ship.

### The Austin Clean City Brigade.

Two thousand school children of Austin, a suburb of Chicago, have been organized into a clean city brigade. Grown people are training them, and will give medals for meritorious work. A brown button with the words "Clean City Brigade" is the badge of the Order. The plan is to teach the young people to pick up loose paper from the streets, remove stray cans, and refrain from throwing refuse of any kind where it can be blown into the streets.

# The Boy With an Aim—James Buckham

When I was a boy the sport of archery, or shooting with a bow and arrow, was more practiced than it is now, and of course my companions and I had our bows and arrows, usually homemade, and spent a good share of our playtime with these safe and fascinating weapons. It was the best sort of fun, because it was healthy, instructive, and a good training for eyes, muscles and nerves. It took us on



long, wholesome tramps through woods and fields, made us familiar with many wild birds and animals, and developed a skill and a command of our physical powers that proved most helpful in after life.

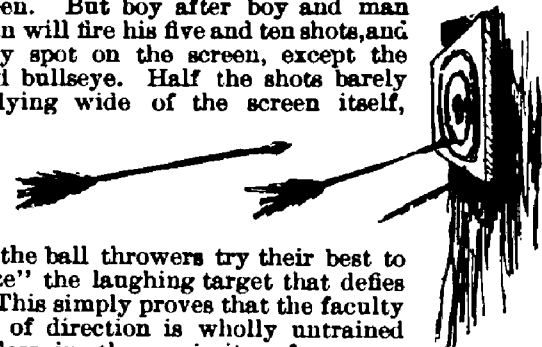
A good shot with a bow and arrow will find that the education he has given his eye in the judging of distances, the command he has obtained over his nerves and muscles, and the patient training of what might be called the sense of direction, will enable him to do a great many useful things with more skill and certainty than he otherwise could. Strange as it may seem, I believe that a boy who intends to follow any mechanical calling could not do better as a beginning than to

spend some part of his youthful playtime in becoming an expert shot with a bow and arrow. A boy who can hit with his arrow nine times out of ten a cent stuck in a split stick, at twenty paces, has acquired a physical skill and self-command that will soon put him at the front in mechanical operations requiring a trained eye, steady nerves and nice judgment. This physical expertness counts for a great deal in draughtsmanship, in modeling, in the use of tools, in surveying, bridge building, architecture, engineering, shipbuilding and a thousand other operations.

In this unfamiliar and yet practical application of the phrase, I think it would be well for every boy to cultivate in his playtime the faculty of aim. It need not necessarily be with a bow and arrow, or any other shooting instrument for that matter, but in some way let the active, enterprising boy try to educate and perfect his physical sense of direction. Let him go through with some kind of training that will enable him to hit things with skill and precision. In later life, it will be worth to him many times the effort and attention he gives to it now, especially should he devote himself to skilled manual work of any kind.

I have often observed how poorly trained are the eye and hand of the average boy—and man, too—by watching those amusing exhibitions at fairs and on circus grounds, where a negro sits behind a screen, with his head sticking through a hole in it, and invites people to throw baseballs at him, at so much a shot. It is not a very elevating pastime, to be sure, but it is wonderfully funny and instructive. One would suppose that, at the short distance the balls are thrown, it would be easy enough to hit the head thrust through the canvas, or at least the big hole in

the screen. But boy after boy and man after man will fire his five and ten shots, and hit every spot on the screen, except the animated bullseye. Half the shots barely escape flying wide of the screen itself,



and yet the ball throwers try their best to "paralyze" the laughing target that defies them. This simply proves that the faculty or sense of direction is wholly untrained and useless in the majority of persons. Nine boys or men out of ten have no power to make their muscles obey the will and the eye. Does it not stand to reason that in mechanical work where success depends upon the delicate, true, prompt working together of eye and hand such a poor sense of aim will be a great drawback? How can you expect a draughtsman or a mechanic to perform a nicely calculated piece of work, when his muscles and his brain are so at odds, and his judgment of distance and direction so wretchedly poor?

Surely, it would pay every boy to devote an hour or two a day to teaching his hands how to obey his eyes. It would pay him to have an aim, in this purely physical sense, before making his start in life. Every little advantage counts in the sharp, eager struggle for success which modern competition necessitates; and if a boy can, with no loss of health or pleasure, turn any part of his playtime to account in making himself a better workman by-and-by, he ought to do it willingly and gladly.

# The Story of the Smithsonian—Margaret Buchanan Yeates

If an intelligent foreigner were to ask some American boy to tell him exactly what the Smithsonian Institution is, and what it does, could that boy give him a satisfactory reply? Perhaps in some cases the boy might respond as a schoolmate of mine often used to do in reciting a lesson: "I know the answer to that question but I can't jes' 'zactly say it."

The boy might, however, and quite correctly, make some such statement as this: "The Smithsonian Institution is an organization whose business it is to study all sources of useful and scientific knowledge and to publish what it thus learns so that any one who wishes can have the benefit of it."

But suppose the intelligent foreigner should say in his turn: "That answer is too vague; I understand it, but it does not tell me enough; I would like to know how this Institution began; who pays its expenses; where it is situated; what branches of science it has investigated; what practical good it has done; and where a private citizen can learn something of its proceedings."

Then I think the American boy would be glad to be able to go back to the beginning and tell the foreigner all about it.

Seventy one years ago—in 1830—there died in Italy an English gentleman named James Smithson, and when his will was read it was found that—after the death of a nephew who was his heir—his entire fortune of more than half a million dollars was bequeathed to the United States of America. And Mr. Smithson further stated in his will that he gave this money to our country for the purpose of founding "in the city of Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." These are the words of the will.

Mr. Smithson, who was one of the most distinguished scientists of that time, and a man of much learning, never visited the United States, and no one knows why he left his money to us instead of to his native land.

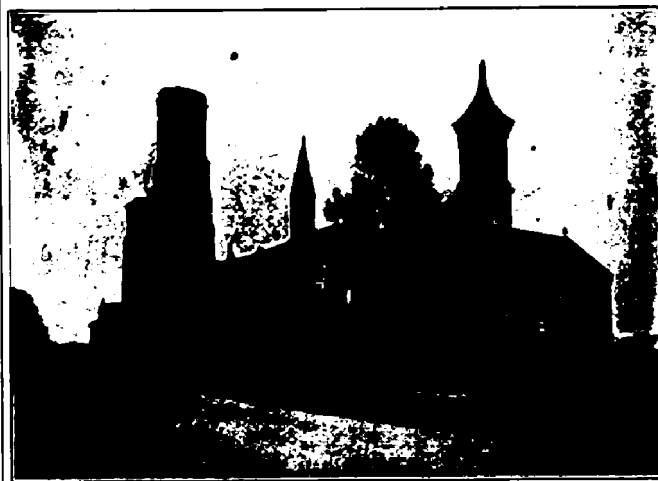
The nephew died in 1835. Congress accepted the legacy, and sent Hon. Richard Rush to England to take possession of the money, which he brought home three years later and deposited in the mint at Philadelphia.

The next thing to do was to find out the best plan for doing what our generous friend wished, but this was not quite as easy as it seemed. It was, of course, the duty of Congress to determine what was to be done with the gift, and our statesmen discussed it for eight long years before they reached a decision. Among the schemes suggested were schools of different kinds, a great library, a publishing house, a chemical laboratory, and an astronomical observatory, and one or two gentlemen angrily insisted on sending the money back to England.

After much discussion, however, the following plan was adopted: Congress appointed a number of gentlemen holding the highest positions in the United States government to constitute during their terms of office an "Establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," and gave the Establishment the task of keeping a general oversight

of the new organization. At the same time Congress selected certain other gentlemen, most of them also officers of the government, to conduct the practical business of the Institution, under the official title of the "Board of Regents." The members of this board are really the managers of the Institution. Then Congress loaned the money to the United States Treasury at six per cent interest, and gave the Board of Regents the power to use this interest for erecting a building and to begin the work of the Institution.

It is of interest to know that the gentlemen who form the "Establishment" of the Smithsonian Institution are the President and Vice-President of the United States, members of the Cabinet, Chief Justice,



THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

Commissioner of Patents and any others whom these may choose to elect. The Board of Regents consists of the Vice-President, Chief Justice, three Senators, three Congressmen, and six other persons whom Congress appoints.

The first Board of Regents selected a site in the southern portion of the city of Washington and erected a beautiful and picturesque building of brown sandstone from the Seneca quarries in Maryland. This building is the home and headquarters of the Institution, and there all persons connected with it have their offices and workrooms. Its main halls are also used for the exhibition of some of the collections belonging to the National Museum.

Having completed the building, the Board of Regents then—in 1846—elected Professor Joseph Henry, of Princeton College, New Jersey, to take charge of the scientific labors of the new organization under the title of the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and employed suitable men to assist him. They also about this time began to form a library, a museum, an art gallery, and to open correspondence with the leading scientific societies at home and abroad.

Professor Henry outlined a plan for the work of the Institution, a "Programme of Organization," as

it is called, and so wisely and skillfully was this plan devised that it has ever since been the basis of the work of the Institution.

Thus in 1846, sixteen years after the death of Mr. Smithson, was the Smithsonian Institution established and its work begun.

As has been stated, this work is the "increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," and for this purpose men of the highest attainments and widest experience have been employed by the Institution to study and investigate those branches of science and learning in which they are most proficient. Some of the sciences which have thus been studied and are now receiving attention are anthropology, astronomy, meteorology, biology, chemistry, magnetics, electricity, mathematics, physics, geology, and many others.

Especial attention has been given to the history and natural features of our own country; our animals, fish and birds; our climate; our flowers and trees; our rocks and ores; the various tribes of North American Indians and the relics left on our continent by those curious old people, the cave dwellers and mound builders; so the study of geography, natural history, climatology, botany, mineralogy, ethnology—almost too many to mention—has received from the Smithsonian Institution such encouragement and assistance as could nowhere else have been found.

The Institution also increases the store of general knowledge by helping men all over the country in their scientific labors, supplying them with books, specimens and apparatus, and in some instances grants of money have been made. Then, too, it answers every year thousands of letters asking for information on various subjects.

This system of correspondence and exchange has indeed grown to be one of the important features of the Smithsonian Institution and includes every civilized country in the world, no matter how remote. Letters, books, and other scientific materials are constantly received from learned men and societies everywhere, and our own materials and contributions to knowledge are sent out in return.

Some of the most practical and popular work of the Institution is in establishing the Weather Bureau, whose skill in foretelling storms and other changes in the weather is constantly saving lives and property all along our coast; the Fish Commission, which is adding to our food supply by protecting and increasing our stock of fish; in looking after our great Zoological Park, which will one day be the finest in the world; also in assisting and developing the National Museum—a means of education within itself; and in establishing the Bureau of Ethnology, one of its most interesting and valuable features. The Astro-Physical Observatory also belongs to the Smithsonian Institution.

Most of the organizations just mentioned no longer belong to the Smithsonian, but are now vigorous enough to have a separate existence of their own.

The Smithsonian Institution is generous and keeps none of the treasures it collects except those books and materials needed in the progress of its work. It





A LESSON IN SHADOWGRAPHY.

Boys in Games and Sport

Ski-ing as a Winter Sport.

American boys know very little about jumping and running on a ski, and yet it is one of the most fascinating of sports.

The ski is formed by a narrow piece of wood curved upward at the toe. A little behind the center are straps or fastenings for the foot.

To become an expert in this sport requires time and practice, particularly if one wants to become an expert at jump-



ing. Annual ski races are held near Christiania the second week in February. There are cross country races and leaping contests.

President Roosevelt Makes 850 Poor Boys Happy by Sending a Hearty Letter to the New York Juvenile Asylum.

President Roosevelt was invited to attend the semi-annual reception of the New York Juvenile Asylum last November.

"My Dear Young Friends—Your letter pleased and touched me greatly. I wish I could come with Colonel Vrooman to see you.

"Every one of you has just the same chance that is open to any manly, self-respecting American boy who starts in life with the resolution to do his duty well to others and to himself.

This letter was received with cheers from the eight hundred and fifty children in-

mates of the Juvenile Asylum at One Hundred and Seventy Fifth Street and Amsterdam Avenue at the semi-annual reception.

President Morney William, in telling of the history of the asylum, said that of the thirty seven thousand children who had been educated there, about eighty per cent had prospered and become useful citizens.

The National Boys' Club Association.

The third annual report of the National Boys' Club Association shows a remarkable success in that branch of work. Two years ago, according to the report of President James L. Dudley, of Springfield, Mass., the association was able to report but one club in actual operation.

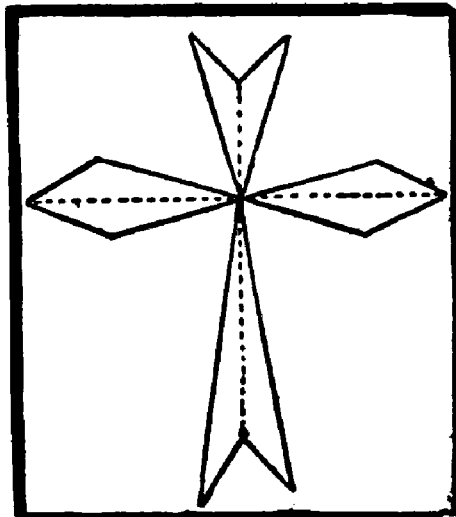
These clubs have a membership of about seven thousand and are more or less in close touch through local committees with the association which decides on all matters pertaining to their welfare.

The association hopes to establish clubs in every large city of the country, and also an official paper to keep the clubs in touch with each other.

A Good "Time" for the Boys.

It has always been the habit of the Newark (N. J.) Evening News to remember their newsboys and carriers on Christmas by the gift of candy, nuts and a pocket knife each.

On last Christmas day the gift was more expensive, being in the form of a good serviceable watch which the boys could use as well as admire.



A New Illusion.

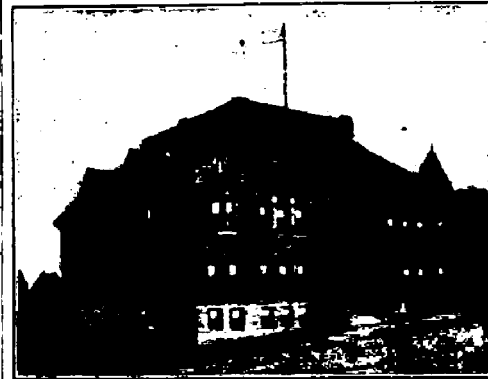
P. J. Glauz, an engineer of the United States lighthouse department, stationed on the Pacific coast, has discovered a new and interesting optical illusion.

You would think to look at it that it was

longer than it was broad. As a matter of fact the horizontal measurement along the dotted line is about one-sixth longer than the vertical dotted line.

Some Famous Boys' Clubs.

The Boys' Club of New York was perhaps the first boys' club in America that deserved the name. Jacob Rills describes its origin in his famous book.



THE BOYS' CLUB BUILDING, FALL RIVER, MASS.

Another famous club for boys is the Boys' Club, of Fall River, Mass., of which Thomas Chew is superintendent.

The Good Will Club for Boys at Hartford, Conn., was founded some years ago by Mrs. Mary Hall, and is still under her supervision.

The Boys' Brotherhood, of Philadelphia, of which Dr. Edwin J. Houston is president, is a flourishing club, having its own house.

Twisters.

Read the following aloud, repeating the shorter ones quickly a few times in succession: Six thick thistle-sticks. Flesh of freshly-fried flying fish.

Sport With an Egg.

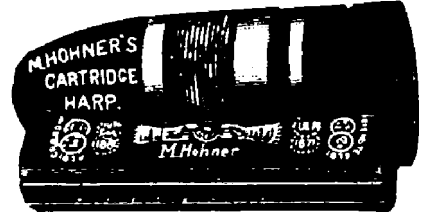
Put some quicksilver in a quill and seal the quill at both ends with good hard wax. Roast or boil an egg and take off a small bit of the shell of the narrow end.

Another egg trick is that of putting an egg inside a bottle. Soak an egg in strong vinegar until its shell becomes quite soft.

You cannot spin an egg unless you have prepared the egg in advance in the following way. Boil the egg hard. Take it in the finger and thumb and spin it on the large end.

5,000,000 "Hohner" Harmonicas

SOLD EVERY YEAR. Hohner's Greatest Novelty:

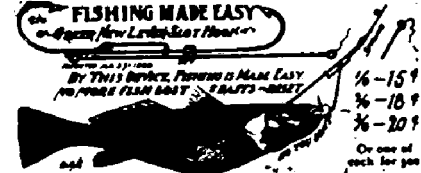


CARTRIDGE HARP.

consisting of cartridge shell and a detachable "Hohner" Harmonica produces all effects from the softest tremolo to the most melodious tone. Price, 50 cents, by all leading dealers.

M. HOHNER, 354 Broadway, New York.

NEVER LOSE A FISH



The best Fish Hook on earth for Sea, Lake and River fishing. No losing bait. No coming home without your largest fish.

Musical Handkerchief. Funniest Novelty ever invented. Place the Handkerchief to your nose and blow. The result is startling.

MAGIC LANTERNS. STEREOPTICONS and VIEWS for Public Exhibitions, Church Entertainments, for illustrating sermons.

Our Leading Bicycle. High grade 102 model, up-to-date in size, design and trimmings.

X-RAY ELECTROSCOPE. Wonder of the age. See your fellow, best girl, or any object through at a distance.

GOO GOO--THE WINKING EYE. winks at every girl on the street (if you want it to). This is an elegant lapel button.

BOY'S TELEPHONE. A perfect little instrument. Can be distinctly heard at quite long distances.

MUT-LE. Every boy wants one quick. New, exciting game for old and young.

\$3.00 CANFIELD COASTER BRAKE. Booklet free. Fits any hub. Anyone can apply it.

Advertisements Here Pay

# The Whipping Boy of Olden Time

"Who for false quantities was whipped at school"

by JOHN DE MORGAN



"Who for false quantities was whipped at school." —Dryden.

In all the early schools of the old world whipping was a favorite mode of punishment. From the foundation of the schools to the present time boys have been whipped for all sorts of offenses against discipline as well as for dilatoriness and laxity in study.

In the "Old Foundation" schools of England, schools in which the children of kings, princes, nobles and merchants studied side by side, a provision was made for "whipping boys," the rich boys being allowed to pay another to act as substitute to receive the corporal punishment his misdeeds had merited.

In the grammar school at Stratford, where Shakespeare received his education, it was the custom to engage a whipping boy for a month, several of the richer boys clubbing together to pay the substitute. In another of the grammar schools a boy who had been whipped on three successive days was appointed "whipping boy," and could be engaged by anyone condemned to receive a whipping.

In the days of Henry VIII., when his son Edward was being educated, a special whipping boy was provided to take the castigation which the prince might incur by his misdeeds. This whipping boy was Barnaby Fitz Patrick, the son of an Irish feudal chief known as Lord of Upper Ossory. Barnaby had been taken from his home and held as a hostage for the good behavior of his father, and as a mark of special favor was given the position of "whipping boy" to Prince Edward. Barnaby studied at the same school and made great progress in his studies, though, like all other boys, he was in trouble at times and then had to bear the punishment for his own misdeeds as well as the more frequent whippings incurred by his prince. Edward became very fond of the whipping boy and the two were inseparable companions. When Edward came to the throne he remembered the boy whose back had been so often scarred for the prince's offenses, and conferred on him estates and honor. The whipping boy founded the aristocratic family from which the lords of Castletown are directly descended.

Prince Charles, son of Charles I., had a whipping boy named Will Murray, who had to endure a very large number of whippings, for Charles loved pleasure better than study. After the death of Cromwell, when Charles II. came to the throne, he sent for Will Murray and laughingly reminded him of the many castigations he had received in place of his sovereign. The whipping boy replied that he had no regrets for he had willingly become the prince's substitute. Charles gave the whipping boy some very valuable estates and made him Lord Huntingtower and Earl of Dysart. Will Murray had no son, but Charles continued the honors to his daughter and her heirs, and gave her in marriage, first, to Sir Lionel Tollemache, and after his death to the Earl of Lauderdale, the descendants of whose brother are now the Earls of Lauderdale. The descendants of her first husband founded the house of the Earl of Dysart.

Whipping, however, was not restricted to young children, schoolboys and girls. It is said of Dr. Potter, of Trinity College, Oxford, that he flogged a collegian who had reached the age of 22 and was wearing a sword by his side. Dr. Samuel Johnson, in his "Memoirs of Milton," says: "I am ashamed to relate what I fear is true, that John Milton was one of the last students in either university that suffered the public indignity of corporal correction." It is generally believed that Johnson himself was publicly scourged at Oxford when he was at college.

Through the example set at the schools

and colleges, whipping became almost a national institution. There is a story told of Shrewsbury grammar school that all the students were whipped on the first Monday in each month, not for any offense then committed but as a punishment for any misdeed which had not been found out. Whether the story is true as regards a public school, it is certain that the principle was carried out in many families. Thomas Tegg, the celebrated publisher and bookseller, relates, in a very interesting autobiography, that every market day his master, to whom he had been apprenticed, got drunk, and when he returned home he beat all of his apprentices. "I have done nothing to deserve a whipping," said Tegg on one occasion. "You young rascal," replied the master, "you may want it when I am busy, so I will give it to you now."

In some of the English schools, and in many families it was customary to whip all the boys at the time of the execution of a criminal, in order that the awful lesson of the gallows might be impressed on their memories. The executions became so frequent, for capital punishment was meted out for minor crimes, that the practice of whipping fell into disfavor, because, as one head master said, "the boys would have no time for lessons."

Whipping boys were known in the schools early in the nineteenth century, and, though not officially recognized, there are boys in the public schools of England who, for some reward or special favor, will still receive the punishment merited by another.

### Can You Solve It?

Can you arrange nineteen trees in nine rows of five trees each? If so, let us see how you do it.

For the first correct answer received we will give one dollar.

### An Afternoon Outing.

EDWARD SHERRY.

Eighteen Bridgeport, Conn., boys gathered at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium on a Saturday afternoon last October on the invitation of the department secretary to go on a tramp into the fields and woods for chestnuts, walnuts, etc. After walking about a mile and a half it began to rain. As we never turn back for a little thing like that, we stopped in the woods near by under some tall oaks till the rain was over. Then coming away we observed just over the brow of the hill two of the most beautiful rainbows which we ever saw. One was just above the other. In both the colors were very apparent. They formed half circles inclosing the hill. The sight was well worth the slight wetting we received. All would be willing to get wet again if we only might see those rainbows.

After pursuing our journey for about a mile farther we left the road for the woods where, after a few minutes, we came to a large walnut tree, where we found two fellows gathering nuts. They did not like having their fun interrupted, but it was plain to be seen that there were enough nuts for all, several bushels being on the ground. These fellows advised us not to go into a certain lot as we would be driven off. This advice was considered by us as a bluff, and had the effect of making us desirous to visit that place. We were not long in finding the lot and, as we expected, there were some large chestnut trees loaded with nuts, a few of which we easily knocked off in the next few minutes. We were busily picking up the nuts by the handfuls when some boy hollered out, "Here come the dogs!" All looked instantly towards the supposed dogs. Some thought they saw two men running after us, so began to run themselves. This led all to jump over the first wall in order to be in another lot. Our enemies soon appeared to be two small boys with a nice tame shepherd dog. The two boys seemed very much excited, and waved furiously their two revolvers in the air, which evidently were loaded with blanks as we knew by the sound. Instead of running away as they expected us to do, we talked with them a little while, played with the dog, and apologized for anything we did that was not right. Our two new friends insisted that we must have seen the sign, "no trespassing," but we assured them we did not. It was finally learned that the sign they referred to was on the bars just back of their home, which was about a half mile beyond where we were, and in another direction. After thanking them for the chestnuts we had collected on their premises, and for their warm reception of us, we left for home weighted down with walnuts and chestnuts.

Just a little way from home, a kind friend treated the crowd to pumpkin pie, after which we separated for our different homes with our minds and pockets full of the experiences of our Saturday afternoon outing.

### Good Times in Florida.

Leicester B. Sawyer, Tibbals, Fla., says: We have now been in Florida for three years and like the state very much. We live on one of the banks of the Indian River and have our own wharf and row-boat and sailboat. We spear fish, two persons go together, one poling the boat and the other spearing. We hang the lantern on the bow of the boat, and the fish, attracted by the light, come toward the boat and we spear them. We have got as much as forty pounds of fish in two or three hours. We live in the pineapple belt and we have two acres of pineapple plants. We can pick roses every day down here. I carry the mail from the post office to the railroad station twice a day, so you see I am one of the workers, too."

### SOME OF OUR BOYS.



No. 5—THE DISCONTENTED BOY.



No. 6—THE CONTENTED BOY.

### A Grandmotherly Lark.

(Continued from page 133.)

Flossie turned quickly, stared at the person who looked like her, and shrieked, "Why, it's grandma!"

Then there was a rush. And if grandma Deering had been having any doubts about her welcome, she was speedily relieved of them.

After explanations, and a relay of cookies, the children bore their grandmother off to see the sights. Although she had visited many fairs in her life, she was sure that she saw more funny things and more curious things that day than she had ever seen before. She had almost forgotten that gypsy camps, shooting galleries, millita bands, dancing bears, abnormal vegetables, and vainglorious prize cattle were objects of such breathless interest. She was glad to see things through the eager eyes of the little children who took her so joyously into their happiness and she caught their hands with a closeness that surprised them, but which meant to her that she would keep in their lives for whatever of love and sympathy and helpfulness she could give and get.

It was a very tired but thoroughly happy grandma whom Bob helped into the democrat that night, and it is quite certain that he heard, although he never pretended to, a whispered voice, which said, "I'm ever so much obliged to you, Bob. It was a lovely lark."

An Evenly Balanced Wheel

For 1902

### Pierce Cushion Frame CYCLES

Both chain and chainless models are equipped with a spring fork, the sides of which are formed of two leaves of spring steel. This does for the front what the cushion does for the rear, creating a perfectly balanced wheel. The result is a luxurious vehicle, the equivalent of the coach of the wealthy. Send for catalog descriptive of these special features.

THE GEO. N. PIERCE CO.  
Buffalo, Boston, New York, Denver.

BOYS ANY BOY CAN MAKE THESE BOATS

How I made Brass Mounted MODEL ROW BOATS With Spoon Oars for 25 cents, and sold them for \$3.00.

Full description with full sized designs for 25c. Silver.

W. BENNETT,  
37 St. Louis Square, Montreal.  
Mention AMERICAN BOY.

New Surprise Clown

You Press the Ball—The Clown Does the Rest.

This illustration represents our latest improved surprise novelty and it is a wonder! You fill the ball with water, then show your friends the pin, when they look at it you press the ball. Enough said; you know your business. Can be worn on coat or vest. To introduce them, price 15 cents, 3 for 25 cents, post paid, with our large Catalogue. Address,

MOORE BROS., Dept. K,  
100 N. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

Only \$12.85 for \$35 Sporting Manner Rifle with box of FREE Cartridges.

Selected rifles from the lot of Mausers captured at Santiago, altered into 6-shot Sporting Rifles and fitted with the new gun-length of barrel 28 inches. Range over two miles, penetration through 1/2 in. steel plate. Best and most powerful rifle made. Limited number for sale. On receipt of \$2.50, bal. \$10.35, C.O.D., and express charge when you receive and examine the gun. An opportunity will be given one person in each town to get one free if they will organize a club for us. Kirtland Bros. & Co., 396 Broadway, N. Y.

A TRIAL FREE. MORROW COASTER BRAKE

The most useful and labor-saving device ever applied to a Bicycle.

We will attach it to any Bicycle for \$4.50. Write for free trial offer and complete 1902 catalogue of Bicycles and Sundries.

SUTCLIFFE & CO., Louisville, Ky.

WONDERFUL OFFER.

In order to obtain new customers we make this great special offer.

17 GAMES Dominoes, Chess, Checker Board with men, 50 Conundrums and Riddles, Game of Anticross, Myrtle Age Table, Parlor Games, 18 Magic Tricks, "Secret of Ventriloquism," 274 Autograph Album Vases, Telegraph Alphabet, Pack of Comic Conversation Cards and others, also our Bargain Catalogue. Send 10c. for postage. Address,

D. S. NATHAN & MFG. CO., Richmond, Ind.

FUN 20 red-hot jokes, 30 popular songs, 40 new puzzles, 60 tricks in magic, 100 funny riddles, 67 games, 20 money-making games, 8 funny stories, etc. All for 10c.

AMSTONG, HALL & CO., MANHATTAN, MINN.

A Boy's Visit to an Alligator Farm.

T. E. WHITEHEAD.

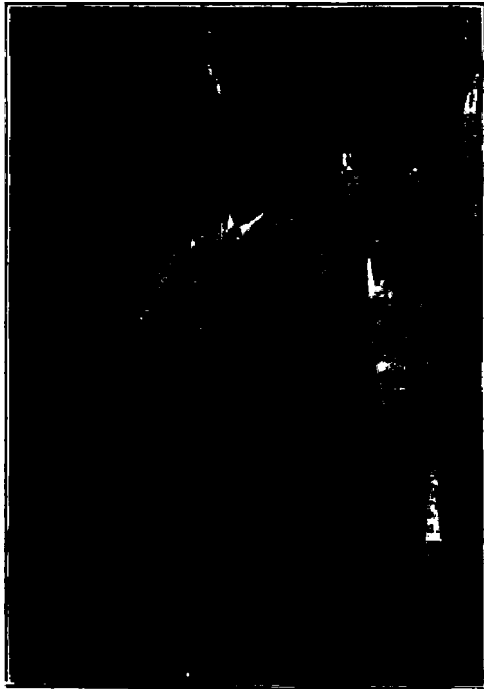
I venture to say that very few readers of THE AMERICAN BOY have ever seen an alligator farm, and that many have not seen an alligator in the wild state, possessing all its strength and ferocity.

When I was in Florida I read an advertisement to the effect that "Alligator Joe" could capture an alligator with no other weapon than a rope. I could scarcely believe that a man could subdue one of those huge twelve foot reptiles. I decided to witness the exhibition and see if it was true. The next day I mounted my wheel and started for the alligator farm, which is about three miles south of West Palm Beach.

After going through the jungle for a ways I came upon the alligator farm and paid twenty five cents to gain admission. It was well worth the money. I saw many curious things, among them a cane made from the backbone of a shark. On the farm was a large pool in which were from twelve to fifteen large alligators, the smallest being eight feet long and the largest fourteen feet long. They seemed to me to be perfectly motionless lying there upon the sand, not moving a muscle. Some one threw a stick into the water and every one

Alligator Joe had lassoed his victim. The struggle now began, the alligator pulling and gnawing at the rope, diving under water, writhing and kicking until the pool fairly boiled. The spectators drew back and gave the performers plenty of room. Joe had caught too many alligators to let this one fool him. He steadily pulled the gator toward him, then stopped for an instant and let the rope get slack. The alligator thought that he was free and relaxed his muscles for an instant, but that instant was enough, for Alligator Joe gave a jerk that fairly pulled the alligator out of the water before he could recover himself. The big animal tugged and fought to get back into his element, but his strength was useless when matched against the skill of Alligator Joe. Then the gator tried new tactics, rushing toward his foe with mouth wide open, but Joe was equal to him and with a quick side jump placed his foot on the alligator's nose, pressed his jaws together and quickly slipped the noose over his mouth. Then

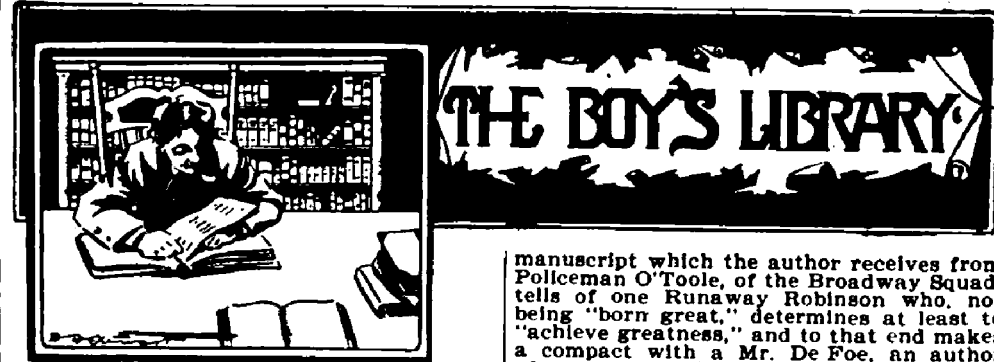
the alligator gave up, though he continued to lash his tail with great vehemence. To my great surprise the man then deliberately jumped on the alligator's back and rode him as he would a horse, the creature seeming perfectly docile. Then Joe dismounted and made a peculiar noise with his mouth and nose, whereupon the alligator closed his eyes and was soon fast asleep. "Now," said Joe, "the only thing that will wake him up is the jingle of money. If some one of you will throw money on the sand he will wake up." As no one seemed to want the alligator to wake up, Joe gave him a kick in the side which seemed as effective for that purpose as money would have been. The man then drove the animal back toward the water, cut the rope that bound his mouth, sprang out of the pen and closed the gate. The alligator slid into the water and tried to hide himself as if he was ashamed that he had been conquered. Joe says that the Indians eat alligator meat, but I don't think that I would relish it; would you?



"ALLIGATOR JOE."

of the big fellows slid into the pool and disappeared quicker than you could say Jack Robinson. In another pool I saw other crocodiles sunning themselves. There was still another pool that was inhabited by but one alligator. He was such a bad one that they kept him apart from the rest of the gators. As I stood watching him I thought how pleased he would be to have me for lunch. I would scarcely be large enough for his dinner.

Soon a large, heavy-set, muscular man came up to this pool, opened the gate and stood fearlessly before his alligatorship. The big animal saw him and no doubt thought what a nice dinner he would make. Just as he was dreaming of his dinner, however, there was a whirr of a rope and



Reviews of Boys' Books

ISAAC PITMAN'S SHORTHAND INSTRUCTOR. Twentieth Century edition. In these days of rapidity of change in almost everything, when inventions and discoveries of a decade ago are treated as ancient and obsolete. It is somewhat remarkable to find an educational system which is more than half a century old, yet shows marked superiority over its younger and presumably up-to-date competitors. When Isaac Pitman in 1837 gave to the world his system of shorthand it was complete and practical in every detail. The Twentieth Century Instructor is the result of sixty years' testing of that system. The advantages claimed for Isaac Pitman's shorthand are many, and that they are fully substantiated one has only to glance over the many testimonials in its favor from court, newspaper and congressional reporters, as well as teachers, writers and others who make daily use of phonography. The improvements made in this edition, especially those enabling the student to become early in his study conversant with full word signs and sentences, as well as the casting aside of cumbersome and comparatively useless matter to the present day stenographer will greatly lessen the hitherto perplexing and troublesome difficulties encountered in learning shorthand. To those who must apply themselves without a teacher this book cannot be surpassed in its clearness and simplicity of instruction, while the teacher will be delighted by the freedom which it gives him from long and uninteresting details. The work is handsomely gotten up in cloth, gilt lettered, 276 pages. Price \$1.50. Isaac Pitman & Sons, publishers.

RUNAWAY ROBINSON. By Charles M. Snyder. The purpose of the author in writing this book was, we apprehend, solely to amuse the reader, and that he has succeeded in doing admirably. It might be called a revised, up-to-date rendition of "Robinson Crusoe" with additions. The

manuscript which the author receives from Policeman O'Toole, of the Broadway Squad, tells of one Runaway Robinson who, not being "born great," determines at least to "achieve greatness," and to that end makes a compact with a Mr. De Foe, an author of some reputation, whereby the former is to run away and undertake the duties of special correspondent, and the latter to publish his adventures. These adventures, the countries he visits, not willingly sometimes, his hairbreadth escapes, the strange creatures he fraternizes with, especially his "Man Friday," and their ability to talk, not only in prose but in verse, and the thousand and one ridiculous and amusing situations in which he is placed, are fully chronicled. The rhymes have a Gilbertian comic opera swing about them which will fix them in the memory of the young reader, something like Mark Twain's "Punch in the presence of the passenger." It is a clean, wholesome book which parents can have no fear in placing in the hands of their children. George R. Brill's illustrations, with which the book abounds, serve to heighten the jollity and rollicking humor. The type is large and clear, paragraphs short and crisp, paper good, handsome cloth cover. Price —. Drexel Biddle, publisher.

GOD SAVE KING ALFRED. By the Rev. E. Gilliat, M. A., author of "In Lincoln Green," "Forest Outlaws." The celebration of the millenary of Alfred the Great last year brought out quite a number of books describing that particular period of English history. The work under consideration is one of the best of these. It is written in a manner well calculated to interest and instruct the boys of to-day. It tells of the life of the Darling of Old England, not as a boy, but as the deliverer of his people, as the state-builder, the earnest, devoted patriot, as the man whose wisdom, justice and piety laid the foundation of England's greatness. To young people also the love story of Atheling and the fair Egwina will appeal with sympathetic force. There are stirring events described, scenes of war with the cruel Danes, both on land and sea, battles and forays, scenes of treachery on the part of the foe and of great magnanimity and kingly generosity on the part of the deliverer of Anglekin. Of the other characters and incidents in the book, the reader will surely rejoice with the gentle Lady Elfrida in the discovery of her long lost son, Athelstane, in the person of the young lad Olaf taken prisoner from the Danes. The appropriate illustrations by Gutzon Borglum complete a book which boys and girls, and older folks will read with delighted interest. As to the mechanical part of the work it is sufficient to state that the publishers are Macmillan & Co. 422 pages; price \$2.00.

CLASSIFIED INDIAN CLUB EXERCISES AND DRILLS. For the Gymnasium, School Room and Individual. By A. K. Jones, physical director of the Y. M. C. A., Nashville, Tennessee. We take pleasure in commending this little manual to our readers, believing that a careful following of its instructions will make for health, strength and a vigorous manhood. The booklet contains only about seventy pages, yet Mr. Jones's system is comprehensively and thoroughly set forth, and free from those technicalities which so confuse and exasperate ordinary readers. Gymnasium directors and other teachers of athletics all over the country have given the Manual hearty and unqualified approbation, and are using it in their classes. It is in neat, usable form. Price 75 cents.

The Dull Boy.

Who is the "dull boy?" asks an exchange. To the Greek professor, he is the boy who cannot learn Greek. To the whole literary or classical faculty, he is the poor fool whose brains will only absorb facts of physics and chemistry. To the witty man, he is that awful creature who sits solemn over the latest joke or epigram. To the serious man he is the laughing jackass who persists in treating life as a comedy. In brief, the "dull boy" is the square peg whom somebody is trying to fit into a round hole.

THE BEST PAPER IN AMERICA 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 beyond question 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 forty pages to the month. Its editor is WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, Pres. of Sprague Correspondence School of Law; asst. editor is GRIFITH OGDEN ELLIOTT, Vice-Prin. of that school. It treats of all current events in the law and political world from the standpoint of the lawyer. Its departments, "Questions Answered and Difficulties Solved for Students of Law," and "The Self Examiner," 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 three pages to get at the substance of what he wants to know. It is so 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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This little book answers at a glance the intricate questions of Parliamentary Law, without diagrams or reference marks to confuse or mislead. It is so small it can be concealed in one hand, and referred to during a meeting without attracting attention. It contains about 22 pages, and measures 2 1/4 x 4 inches. It uses a system of abbreviations, condensing parliamentary rules into the smallest space. 25 CENTS, POSTPAID.

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Don't stay in a subordinate position. By studying with us you can soon increase your salary. Catalogue and full particulars sent free.

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IF YOU SHOOT a rifle, pistol or shotgun you'll make a Bull's Eye by sending three 2c stamps for the new Ideal Handbook, No. 13, 128 pages. Free. Latest Encyclopedia of Arms, Powder, Shot and Bullets. Mention "The American Boy." Ideal Mfg. Co., New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.

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Chinese Boy Prisoners.

MAX BENNETT THASHER.

Imagine two football teams of Chinamen struggling over the ball, with their eighteen queues waving wildly in the air. What a convenient handle to catch hold of, one of those long, slim braids of hair would be, if the owner were just slipping past one to make a touchdown! And yet just such a funny sight as that has been seen many times of late in some of the towns along the northern border of the United States.

According to what is known as the Geary act, or Chinese exclusion law, Chinese are allowed to come into this country to live only under restrictions which are so severe that efforts are constantly being made by would-be immigrants to evade the law. Every little while Chinamen are detected trying to cross the line from Canada into the United States, are arrested, and are held until it can be decided whether or not they have a right to come into this country.

In northern New York State alone there are frequently as many as six hundred Chinamen under arrest at one time. While they are being detained the prisoners are confined in the county jail at the shire town of the county through which they tried to enter into this country. As they are very tractable prisoners, and never make any effort to escape, they are given many privileges and are allowed a great deal of freedom about the jail and its grounds.

Sometimes it is necessary to keep the prisoners several weeks before their cases come up for trial, and that their health may not suffer under the confinement they are encouraged to exercise in the open air as much as possible. Among the American sports that they have taken a fancy to nothing has seemed to please them so much as football, and on fine days they will spend hours tumbling over each other in football games that are as highly exciting as they are thoroughly unscientific. More than once it has happened that a player has got so hopelessly tangled up in his queue that his fellows have had to come to his relief.

Among the immigrants who would come to this country in this way are some Chinese boys, as young even as twelve years. I recently visited a jail in northern New York in which there were at the time one hundred and thirty Chinese prisoners. Among them were the boys whose pictures accompany this article. The Chinese prisoners in this town had been so disturbed at the many efforts made to photograph them that the sheriff who had them in charge was finally obliged to promise them that they should not be troubled in that way. He had to issue an order that no one with a camera be allowed to come near the jail, before the prisoners could be made to come out into the open air to take the exercise that their health demanded. As hardly any one of the prisoners speak English, and those who are able to act as interpreters are not able to speak fluently, it has been impossible to decide whether the aversion to being photographed comes from superstition or merely from the natural timidity of strangers in a strange land. The pictures used with this article are almost the only ones which have been secured, and these were got only because the man who took them had had occasion to go to the jail so frequently on official business that the prisoners had come to feel acquainted with him and to like him.

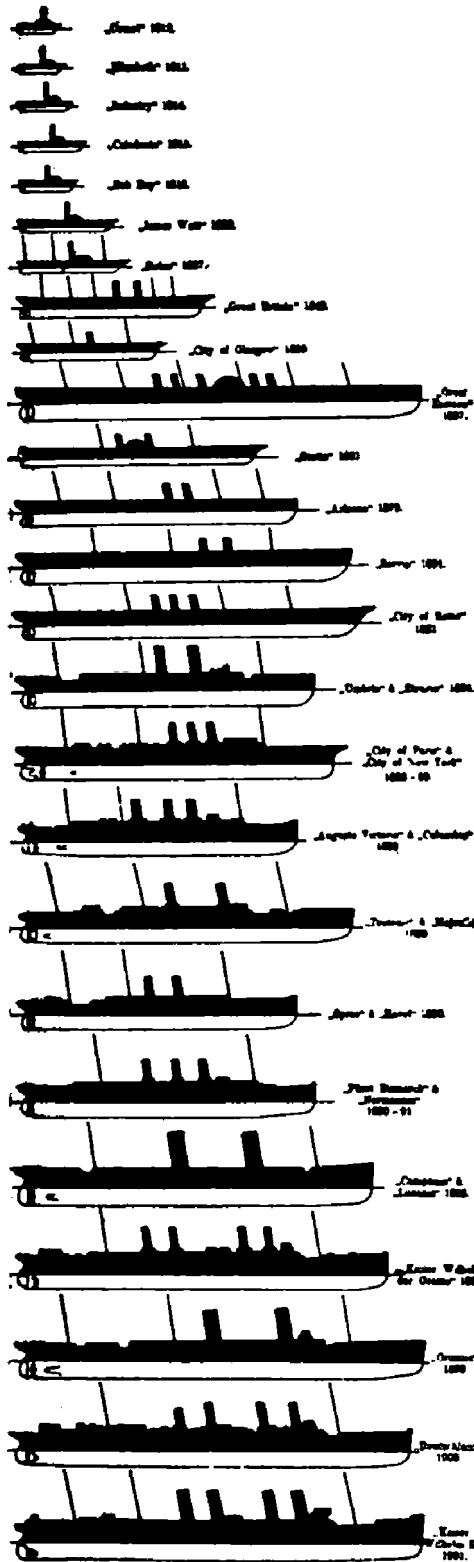
While these prisoners are crowded, the Federal government allows the county a certain sum each week for their board. They cook their own food. The things they ask for more than anything else are rice, cabbage and pork, and occasionally chickens. Individuals frequently have boxes of strange and mysterious-looking groceries, sweetmeats and relishes sent up to them from the Chinese colonies on Mott street in New York, and on Harrison avenue in Boston.

Although with so many Chinese in the jail it is necessary to crowd them, they seem cheerful and happy, and never quarrel. They do not seem to care how disorderly are the rooms in which they live, but they are scrupulously neat about their persons and clothing. The sheriff told me that while it was too often the case that he had to drive some of his ordinary prisoners to take a bath, the Chinese bathed so regularly and so often, and washed their clothing so frequently, that it had been necessary to provide additional accommodations for them for these purposes.

Eventually a good many of those detained in this way are allowed to enter the country. Those who cannot comply with the law are sent back—deported is the word used—to China.

BOYS IN THE HOME, CHURCH AND SCHOOL

Steamship Construction.



A CHART OF PROGRESS IN STEAMSHIP CONSTRUCTION; 1902-1907.

(Scale: 1 = 4,000.)

—From The Engineering News, New York.

It is not the boy who is surrounded by the best implements and tools that ingenuity can manufacture, but an Eli Whitney making a cotton gin in a cellar in the south with the simplest tools, or a Cunard whittling the model of a ship with a jack-knife, that makes great industrial discoveries.—"Success."

Good Security.

"Mister, do you lend money here?" asked an earnest young voice at the office door. The lawyer turned away from his desk, confronted a clear-eyed, poorly-dressed lad of twelve years, and studied him keenly for a minute. "Sometimes we do—on good security," he said gravely.

The little fellow explained that he had a chance "to buy out a boy that's cryin' papers." He had half the money required, but he needed to borrow the other fifteen cents.

"What security can you offer?" asked the lawyer. The boy's brown hand sought his pocket and drew out a paper, carefully folded in a bit of calico. It was a cheaply printed pledge against the use of intoxicating liquor and tobacco.

As respectfully as if it had been the deed to a farm, the lawyer examined it, accepted it, and handed over the required sum.

A friend who had watched the transaction with silent amusement, laughed as the young borrower departed.

"You think that I know nothing about him," smiled the lawyer. "I know that he came manfully, in what he supposed to be a business way, and tried to negotiate a loan instead of begging the money. I know that he has been under good influences, or he would not have signed that pledge; and that he does not hold it lightly, or he would not have cared for it so carefully. I agree with him that the one who keeps himself from such things has a character to offer as a security."—Christian Observer.

School Boys and Cigarettes.

Willis Brown, field organizer of the Anti-Cigarette League, reports that in the seventh and eighth grades of a school in Columbus, Ohio, out of forty one boys, thirty six had used or were smoking cigarettes; out of thirty five boys in the fifth and sixth grades there were twenty six smokers. In the third and fourth grades, composed of boys from eight to twelve years of age, there were only eleven out of fifty three who were non-smokers. Of the whole number of one hundred and twenty nine boys over eighty two per cent were cigarette users, more or less. This school, it may be said, is attended by Jews, Italians, Poles and colored boys.

In another school where the pupils come from better homes of the community, the statistics are equally startling. In the first-eighth and second-eighth grades, out of thirty three boys only two had not smoked cigarettes. In the first and second-seventh grades there were only two non-smokers in fifty three boys; in the sixth and fifth grades, nine non-smokers in fifty nine boys; and in the fourth and second-fifth grades, nineteen non-smokers in fifty three boys. In the total of one hundred and ninety eight boys over eighty three per cent smoked the cigarette.

In Fort Wayne, Ind., in a school in the best residence portion of the city, seventy one per cent of the boys smoked cigarettes more or less. In the Liberty Grammar School of Pittsburg, Pa., fourteen out of fifty five were non-smokers.

How to Reach the Heart of a Boy.

- 1. Study his parentage and home influences.
2. Observe closely his likes and dislikes, aptitudes, temper, companions, reading.
3. Converse with him often in a friendly way.
4. Ask him about his purposes and ambitions.
5. Lend him books.
6. Interest yourself in his sports.
7. Speak to him of lessons in the lives of good men.
8. Tell him of your struggles in boyhood or girlhood with adverse circumstances.
9. In brief, be his friend; when he leaves school and the neighborhood, keep yourself informed as to his whereabouts by corresponding with him.—Western School Journal.

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A Wizard Boy Violinist.

Florizel Reuter hails from Davenport, Iowa. He is only nine years old, yet such wondrously touching, soul-stirring music does he wring from a three quarter-size violin, that the greatest musicians of Europe sit spellbound when he draws his little bow across the strings.

Everywhere audiences fill his arms with palm branches, crown his long, golden curls with laurel, and fill his pockets with boxes of candy. Sometimes Florizel does not know what to do with the palm and laurel, but he always finds a place for the candy! The first toy Florizel ever had was a tiny violin, given him when he was three years old. When not playing with the children in the neighborhood of his western home, he had great fun making the tiny violin talk. They grew to be fast friends, and when Florizel was six years old, so amazing was the ease and expression with which he played the most difficult violin music that his proud mother took him to Chicago. Florizel never went to school like other boys, but studied at home with his mother.

He never forgets anything that he reads or hears. Books or stories that you or any other boy or girl might study for months or hear repeated every day and forget in a year, Florizel can repeat word for word after one reading or one recitation. All the fairies seem to have been present at Florizel's birth. For not only is his mind stored with wonderful gifts, but his body is strong and supple. One day three of the world's greatest violin players happened to be in Chicago, and Florizel was brought to play before them. They were astonished. "He is a wonder!" cried Ysaye, "and I predict for him a brilliant career." But Florizel and his mother were poor, and his father, a gifted violinist, had gone away and left them when Florizel was a little baby. How could the little boy study with great masters when he or his devoted mother had no money?

The fairies who hovered round Florizel's cradle did not desert him. They sent a godmother in the guise of the gentle wife of the Secretary of the United States Treasury, Mrs. Lyman J. Gage. Two years ago, when Florizel was seven, Mrs. Gage sent Florizel to Europe to study with Henri Marteau, head of the violin school in the Conservatory of Music at Geneva, Switzerland. Before they sailed Florizel played before President and Mrs. McKinley in the red room of the White House. Florizel was dressed as a page of the first empire, in white velvet trunks, white silk stockings and slippers, full embroidered vest and loose coat of brocade. When the President entered the room with Mrs. McKinley on his arm, Florizel with courtly dignity made a low bow to the President, then dropping upon his knees, he raised to his lips the hand of Mrs. McKinley, who rewarded him by taking him into her arms and giving him a good kiss. Florizel had not been long abroad when his fairy godmother died, and her husband, the Secretary of the Treasury, knowing how she loved the

boy, has continued to pay for Florizel's violin lessons.

And he has been richly rewarded, for Florizel's master declares that he has the most marvelous violin talent he ever heard. He now plays 24 caprices of Paganini by heart, a thing that only one violin master of the world was ever known to do. Last spring, at his first public concert in Switzerland, the entire orchestra sprang from their seats on to the stage when Florizel had finished the Paganini solo and embraced him. Paganini was the greatest violinist that ever lived. His music is so difficult that it is now hardly ever heard on concert programs, but Florizel plays it as easily as you might play marbles or tennis. Florizel sometimes pretends he is one of the heroes of a Wagner opera. He knows the text of all Wagner's operas by heart. He will take a curtain from window or door, a piece of drapery from the mantel, and wrapping it about him like a toga, will grasp an old sword, and flourishing it, play the part of Siegfried forging the magic sword. Florizel has a little blackboard in his study at Geneva. Much of his time is spent at it, not adding sums or making multiplication tables, but composing original music.

"I occupied a room on the same floor with Florizel," said to me a gentleman who spent the summer in Switzerland. "One day his mother went sightseeing, and left Florizel to practice. For a long time there was a deadly silence, then the door of my room opened and in walked Florizel, violin under arm and sheet of music in hand.

"I have composed a cadenza for my concerto," he said, "Would you like to be the first to hear it?"

"I should indeed," was the reply.

When he had finished playing the composition, the astonished gentleman cried: "Splendid! Did you do that, Florizel?"

"Yes, sir, I just composed it. Isn't it good for a little boy?" he said as simply as might any child, proud of reciting a well-learned lesson. Last September Florizel earned his first money—three hundred dollars—at four concerts.

Florizel returned to the United States in February and immediately began a tour through the principal American cities. One of his first appearances was before the President and Mrs. Roosevelt in the White House, where he was received with unbounded enthusiasm. His opening concert in New York was in Carnegie Hall, where an immense American audience had a chance to learn that what the old world says of the little wizard violinist is true.

Harry J. Coleman, manager of the art department of the Evening Journal, New York City, is but nineteen years old. He joined the Journal staff as a sketch artist at the age of sixteen.

Will G. Loucks, Pastor of the Christian Church of Lockland, O., writes that the boys of his Sunday School have organized "The Boys' Purity Club," and that they have already found heroes among their number.

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**THE BOY'S POULTRY YARD**

**Poultry Pointers.**

Ducks and geese need no grain when they have plenty of grass.

Chickens fatten faster on cooked food than on raw because it is more easily digested.

When soft feed is given to either young or old fowls, it should never be thrown on the ground.

When closely confined, the loose grain fed to fowls should be scattered among litter of some kind, so that they can scratch it out.

There is nothing so bad for the health and well-being of poultry as confining them in close quarters and preventing them from taking needed exercise.

One of the most important items to insure success in the hatching of chickens in winter is to get the eggs from a flock of healthy and vigorous fowls.

There is better health among roving fowls because they get the food that is best for digestion and get the necessary grit to help the gizzard do its work.

When necessary to administer medicine by placing it in the drinking water, keep the birds from drink for several hours. They are then thirsty and more apt to get a good swallow.

**Boys and Poultry.**

A boy recently asked in these columns how to keep the hens from eating their eggs. Edward Moore, of Galesburg, Ill., says: Fill an egg with a paste of strong mustard and red pepper and place it in the nest. If the hen gets one taste of it she will not desire another.

Donald Rigg, Kidder, Mo., ten years old, received five dollars from his grandfather with which he bought a half interest in some chickens. He is also the owner of a pony. The pony had a colt that brought forty dollars. Twenty five dollars of this Donald invested in calves, which are now worth fifty dollars. This boy has a bank account of sixty dollars.

Last year Lancel Dunn, Sparta, Mich., twelve years of age and living on a big farm, bought a setting of Brahma eggs from which were hatched five chicks—four hens and a rooster. He sold two of the hens and kept the remainder. The rooster grew to be two feet high and to weigh eight and one half pounds. He made one dollar and twenty cents out of his chickens last year and has two hens left. He is now going into the business on a larger scale. This boy also has a garden.

Byron T. Jones, of Wadena, Minn., writes his experiences in raising poultry. He says: I bought five good-looking hens and a good cock from a man who was going to Washington. I built a small henhouse, about six by six, and fixed up the remnants of what had once been a large poultry yard. From these five hens my brother and myself raised fifty chicks and made a good profit. I have tried it several years and have always had good luck. Have not had much luck, however, with incubators. Last year I only got ten chicks out of two hundred eggs.

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## FOR BOYS TO THINK ABOUT

### A STEAMER'S PROFIT ON ONE TRIP.

The following estimate of profits of one trip of the White Star steamship Oceanic from Liverpool to New York was published lately in London as from an authentic source:

#### RECEIPTS.

400 saloon passengers, \$110 to \$750 per berth	\$ 81,004 50
260 second cabin passengers, \$50 to \$57.50 per berth	13,975 00
1,039 steerage passengers, at \$29 50 each	30,650 50
<b>Total receipts from passengers</b>	<b>\$125,630 00</b>

#### EXPENSES.

Coal, 2,100 tons, at \$3	\$ 6,300 00
Engineering department	6,000 00
Victualing department	10,900 00
Wear and tear	2,500 00
Sailing department	1,800 00
Pilotage in New York Harbor	131 76
Pilotage from Liverpool and Queenstown	100 00
Tugs at \$10 an hour for docking, stevedoring, Custom House, longshoremen, wireless telegraph system and miscellaneous	8,168 24
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$35,000 00</b>

Deducting the expenses from the receipts there is an apparent profit exceeding ninety thousand dollars on the trip.

This, moreover, takes no account of receipts from cargo. On the trip given two thousand tons only of the ship's six thousand tons capacity was filled by shipments of woollens, dry goods, cutlery, hides, etc. The receipts from mails and the Government subsidy paid on the ship as a naval auxiliary must also be added to the profits.

### MUSIC THAT CANNOT BE HEARD.

Vibrations in the air reaching the ear drum produce sound. The slower the vibrations the deeper the sound. The deepest audible sound in a musical instrument is that of the great thirty two foot pipe of the organ of St. Paul's, London, which gives sixteen vibrations a second. It rolls through the sacred edifice like distant thunder. This is probably the deepest sound that the human ear can catch. We may say, somewhat unscientifically, to be sure, that there are sounds that the human ear cannot hear. The cataract of Niagara produces a note with eight vibrations. You cannot hear the note, but it can be recorded by delicate instruments. The volcanic eruption of Krakaton pro-

duced five vibrations a second, which were registered by meteorological instruments in the different parts of the world.

### MORE FIREMEN THAN SOLDIERS.

There are more firemen in the United States than there are soldiers in Uncle Sam's army. In New York City alone there are 6,100 firemen, including 1,200 volunteer firemen. There are 1,200 in Chicago, 800 in Philadelphia, 700 in Boston, 400 in Baltimore, 500 in Buffalo, 480 in Detroit, 500 in St. Louis, 400 in Pittsburg, 430 in San Francisco, 300 in New Orleans and 250 in Washington. There are 65,000 paid firemen in the United States and from 100,000 to 150,000 volunteer firemen.

### TALL STRUCTURES MOVE.

The great arm of the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor actually beckons a welcome to the steamers that come up the bay. Tall office buildings bend their heads, and the big Brooklyn bridge lifts itself and lets itself down every day; all from the influence of the sun. A solemn piece of granite a mile high would nod its head slightly just as the sunflower does. The Washington Monument has leaned at times as much as four inches at the top. The dome of the Capitol Building at Washington moves in an ellipse. It starts moving in the morning as soon as the rays of the sun begin to act upon it, and slowly, as the day advances, the topmost point of the dome moves in a curve until sundown, making one half of the ellipse in the day and the other half in the night.

### PRUNES.

California is literally full of prunes, having seventy two thousand acres of bearing prune trees and raising in the year 1900 one hundred and forty thousand pounds of fruit. We are enabled to give a short account of the prune industry by copying the substance of an article in "The Four-Track News," published by the Passenger Department of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad.

The average cash-value yield of prunes at three cents a pound would be one hundred and fifty dollars an acre gross, which, with due allowance for labor, interest, etc., ought to net the owner one hundred and fifteen dollars an acre.

Prune groves are objects of surpassing beauty, either in their white spring robes or in their autumn raiment when the ripening fruit is purpleing amid the green foliage.

The bulk of the California product is known as the French prune, while in Oregon, Washington and Idaho the Italian prune, which is larger than the French, abounds. Prunes run from thirty to the pound up to one hundred and twenty. They are packed for market in twenty five and fifty pound boxes lined with paper.

Professor Hanson, of the Cooper Medical College of San Francisco, says a pound of prunes is equivalent as food to a gallon of milk and costs but a quarter as much. It is equivalent to a pound of bread,

but is far more healthful. Neither fresh meat, fish, milk nor eggs furnish the same aggregate of nutritive elements as compared with prunes.

### A JUMBO PLOW.

The Michigan Central Railroad has a jumbo plow on its northern division in Michigan. The plow is forty two feet in length, eleven feet high, and weighs seventy thousand, four hundred pounds. It is ten feet wide and has extensive wings. When the wings on both sides are extended a track can be cleared sixteen feet in width. The snow is lifted and thrown from thirty to sixty feet. It is said that it will clear snow from a track while moving along at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

### A SPEEDY AGE.

This is a speedy age. In 1865 Dexter, the famous trotter, made a mile in 2:18 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and astonished the world. In 1891 Sunol took ten seconds off that record, and the eyes of the world opened wider yet. Last year Cresceus dropped the record to 2:02 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Today we are looking for the two-minute horse, and he is not far away.

The pacer has reached 1:59 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Star Pointer's brilliant record; Salvador has run a mile in 1:35 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and the two-minute trotter is now confidently expected.

### WORMS.

The worm's home is a hole of long halls dug in the ground. These halls are lined with a kind of glue from the worm's body, the glue making the walls firm so they will not fall in. The halls are not very deep underground, and when the weather is cold or dry the worms dig deeper. In winter worms plug up the doors of their houses, and this is done often by dragging into it a plant stem that will fit it. They carry into their homes leaves and stalks to eat, and they bring out and throw away things which they do not like. Worms usually come out of their holes at night or in wet weather. If they get far from their homes they cannot find their way back; then they make a new hole. Each worm lives alone. In the evening or early morning, or during rain, you will often find worms with their heads stuck out of their doors. They do not come out when the sun is shining bright, as the heat dries worms up very fast and kills them. Birds know the habits of worms and search for them at sunrise or after sunset, or while it is raining. A worm will die in one day in dry air, but will live for weeks under water. Young worms know as well how to build their houses and carry things in and out of them as do old worms.

### FACTS REGARDING UNIVERSITY ATTENDANCE AND TEACHERS.

University statistics for 1901 show that Harvard had the greatest attendance, 5,575 students, followed in order by Columbia, 4,422; Michigan, 3,816; Chicago, 3,727; California, 3,640; Minnesota, 3,536; Cornell, 3,216; Wisconsin, 2,812; Yale, 2,680; Pennsylvania, 2,530; North Western, 2,365; Indiana, 1,965; Kingston, 1,362; Stanford, 1,228; Johns Hopkins, 655.

Harvard had 495 teachers, followed in order by Columbia with 466; Cornell, 387; Yale, 290; Pennsylvania, 270; Minnesota, 260; California, 250; North Western, 244; Michigan, 239; Chicago, 202, and last of all, Indiana with seventy eight.

### THE DEATH RATE LOWERING.

In the ten years from 1890 to 1900 there was a diminution of something like ten per cent of the death rate. In 1890 the average longevity in the United States was 31.1 years; in 1900 it was 35.2 years. In 1894 245 persons died of consumption out of every 10,000; in 1900 only 190.

The main causes of the change are perfect hygiene of towns and the progress of medicine. While diphtheria, bronchitis, typhoid and cholera infantum decreased, pneumonia increased.

### POPULAR ERRORS.

It is generally thought that the presence or absence of forests has an influence on the amount of rainfall. Professor Gannett, of the United States Geological Survey, declares this to be an error. He says the situation is really this; want of rain prevents the growth of trees; want of trees does not prevent rain.

It is generally thought that floods in our rivers are more frequent now than formerly. The same authority says that floods are no greater or more frequent now than in the past.

Boys at one time and generally now are taught that the mild climate of the northwest coast of America is due to the Japan current. The Gulf Stream is supposed to have the same influence on the western coasts of Europe. Professor Gannett says that no trace of the Japan current reaches the shores of North America, and that the Gulf Stream disappears as a current long before the British Isles are reached.

### A GIANT SYCAMORE.

What was once the largest sycamore tree between the Alleghenys and the Rockies stands at the edge of the corporation line of Sandusky, Ohio. It has cast a shadow over four acres. It was a favorite meeting place of the Wyandotte Indians, and later was a great picnicking rendezvous for Sunday schools.

### PENSION MONEY.

Not all of Uncle Sam's pension money is spent in the United States. Four hundred and twenty seven of his pensioners live in Ireland, 328 in England, 102 in Scotland, thirteen in Wales, 610 in Germany, seventy two in France, nine in Russia, forty five in Norway, twenty seven in Denmark, seven in Spain, six in Portugal, thirty three in Italy, seven in Turkey and thirteen in Africa.

### THE GREATEST POWER-PRODUCING PLANT.

It is generally thought that Niagara's power-producing plant is the greatest in the country; but not so. There is a larger system at Massena, in northern New York. A canal has been dug deflecting a stream from the St. Lawrence river two hundred and sixty five feet wide and twenty five feet deep. The canal is three miles long and empties into the De Grasse River, a tributary of the St. Lawrence. One thousand men have been working night and day on the plant for four years. It has cost five million dollars. The charge for the use of the power is thirteen dollars per year per horsepower against twenty three dollars at Niagara.

### UNCLE SAM'S NEW MONEY VAULT.

A wonderful new money vault has just been completed by Uncle Sam for the National Treasury in Washington. It will store ninety million dollars in money. It is twelve feet square and its walls rise to the height of twelve feet. It is lined with Bessemer steel plates, three eighths of an inch thick, securely fastened by means of huge screws and bolts to a framework of steel which is built into the masonry. There are six thousand steel pigeonholes and there is not an inch of inflammable material.

The new vault can be entered only through the old vault. Two special guards do sentry duty over it. The doors of the vault are practically impregnable. The building itself is guarded by about seventy watchmen, working in three reliefs and patrolling the entire building at all hours of the day and night. Each watchman while on duty sends a report every half hour to the captain of the watch, who is continually in communication with the Washington Chief of Police, the commandant at Fort Meyer, and the commandant of the Washington Arsenal. In various parts of the building are sufficient weapons to arm over one thousand men, together with quantities of ammunition. Should anybody attempt to intimidate the Treasurer, Assistant Treasurer or Cashier all he would have to do would be to press a button in order to bring an armed force to his assistance in less than thirty seconds.

By six o'clock every evening all the doors of the Treasury building are closed. Everybody is gone save the watchmen, and the keys are delivered to the captain of the watch. Outside the building are watchmen stationed in watch houses so placed as to command a view of every foot of the exterior of the building and its approaches.



DRYING PRUNES IN THE SUN, IN THE SANTA CLARA VALLEY, NEAR SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

The Mother of the Bowery Boys.

Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, of New York City, is known as the mother of the Bowery boys. She has earned this title by her rescue work among the boys in the slums of New York. Hosts of boys make their way to the great city of New York in a spirit of adventure or to get work. Many of them are motherless, and some of them homeless. Reaching New York they find it hard work to keep from starving, and many are driven even to picking a meager existence from refuse barrels. The inevitable consequence in the case of thousands of these boys every year is that they yield to temptation and drift into the ranks of the criminals. Mrs. Bird works upon the principle that the only hold that can be had upon the boys of this class is by endearing them to her and her associates by kindness, and making them feel that they belong to the big family at the Bowery Mission. At least one night of every week she gathers them into the Bowery Mission for an evening of song and story. At certain times of the year entertainments and dinners are furnished and the boys are given a peep into a world to which throughout the greater part of the year they are strangers. It is a beautiful sight to see the hundreds of hungry boys seated at long, attractive tables with snow-white tablecloths laden with good things to eat. Their table talk is very amusing. One sober-faced fellow said to his pal by his side at one of these dinners, "Say, Jim, them's genoine turkeys; no fake in this Bowery grub." Another, looking suspiciously at the green tops of the celery, said: "Bob, look at the red-headed fellow; he's eatin' them roots."

MRS. SARAH J. BIRD.

One boy was asked where he lived. He replied, "Well, you see, I don't live nowhere, since I went to that excursion to Boston with my father and mother and that day I lost them. That was a year ago, and they don't advertise me and so they don't find me." Talking to the boys one day about the Thanksgiving supper that was to follow, Mrs. Bird said that she was getting a little anxious about where she would get the turkeys, as the boys were increasing in numbers so fast; "but," she added, "perhaps some of you don't like turkey?" No one but those familiar with a Bowery audience could imagine the outburst of groans and "O my's" which followed the suggestion. The Christian Herald, of New York City, has on several occasions assisted Mrs. Bird in her work of love at times when money was needed to give the boys a good time. The Christian Herald and Mrs. Bird can contribute to no worthier cause than the uplifting of the Bowery boys of New York.

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The East and the West.



The three big states of Washington, Oregon and California occupy 317,420 square miles, but they contain only 2,416,692 people. The one little state of Massachusetts occupies only 8,040 square miles, but it contains 2,805,346 people.

Made Money Selling Pictures.

Two boys, sons of W. F. Skiff, of Salem, Ore., made nearly one hundred dollars in the three weeks preceding January 2, selling photographs of a Southern Pacific train wreck that happened at Salem December 7. One of the boys made the pictures and the other sold them.

Advertisement for First National Bank. Text: 'FIRST NATIONAL BANK ANY BOY CAN OPEN A BANK ACCOUNT'. Includes an illustration of a boy in a suit holding a newspaper labeled 'The Saturday Evening Post'. Text below: 'Any wide-awake boy can earn enough money in a few weeks, by selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, to start a bank account. The work can be done after school on Friday and on Saturday, and will only take a few hours each week. The work is easy. The pay is good. We will provide the capital to start by sending 10 copies free the first week. These can be sold for 5 cents each, and will supply the capital to order papers for the next week at the wholesale rate. Thousands of boys are selling The Saturday Evening Post all over the country, and are making lots of money. We have issued a booklet containing photographs of some of the most successful. Write for a copy. State if you wish to begin at once selling papers and we will mail the 10 copies free. \$200.00 In Extra Cash Prizes will be distributed next month among boys selling 15 or more copies weekly. Circulation Bureau, The Curtis Publishing Company, Phila., Pa.'

Boys as Money Makers and Money Savers

Cleaning and Pressing, as a Business.

There are hundreds of towns and small cities where a boy or young man can do a good business in cleaning and pressing clothes. In Morristown, N. J., Kelsey B. Gould began by circulating attractive printed matter and arranging to serve his customers on yearly contracts. After a while he provided dress suit cases for his customers, and clothes were collected and delivered by uniformed messenger boys. Calls were made regularly every week. The business requires very little capital, and any bright boy with push can make a success of it.

Sells Papers.

Maurice Gogle, of Middleville, Mich., is eleven years old and has supported himself since his eighth year selling papers. His father died when he was seven. He is an agent for the Grand Rapids Evening Press, and has so much work to do that he employs a boy to help him. He works every evening delivering papers and collects on Saturdays. Besides, he helps around the house, splits all the wood, and helps to take care of his baby sister. Last year he made eighty dollars clear, and bought himself a wheel, all the clothes he needed, and books, besides putting twenty dollars in the bank. He expects to do better this year. Still, he finds enough time for sport.

These facts do not come from the boy himself, but from one of his elders who knows him. This is the sort of a boy we delight in honoring.

Bootblacks by Appointment.

An enterprise has been started in New York that might flourish in smaller places. It proposes to send around bootblacks regularly from house to house as chimney sweepers were sent in olden times. The circular reads: "We will send a responsible boy to your house any day or hour convenient to you to look after your shoes, clean, shine and polish, and put in new shoestrings when necessary. Our boys will not be paid in coin by our patrons, but by coupons which are sold direct from our offices to our subscribers in books of ten, twenty and forty coupons."

This may be suggestive to our quick-witted boys leading to the establishment of a good business.

A Rainy Day Money Maker.

The New York Times tells of a boy who makes money on rainy days by furnishing protection from the rain to persons caught out without umbrellas. As soon as school is out on a rainy day he takes his umbrella to the foot of the stairs leading up to one of the elevated railway stations, and as people come down the stairs he offers to them the use of his umbrella at the rate of three blocks for five cents for one person. He makes quite a neat little sum every rainy day. He says he could make more money if he could supply rubbers, but that feet vary so much in size that he would have to carry a store with him.

Boys, Be Honest.

How One Boy is Making Money.

Edwin Bower Hesser, eight years old and an invalid, lives at 741 Wendoer Avenue, New York City. His father is able only to provide the actual necessities for his family. This boy, young as he is, not only pays his own tuition at the private school but that of his sister, who is three years old. In the kindergarten class, and besides this is able to give his mother many little comforts. Something over a year ago he obtained the agency for a publication and is selling more than three hundred copies a week. He is also the agent for a manufacturer of punching bags, and his sales of these average about one a week. He also collects tinfoil, going among his friends and the tobacconists in his neighborhood. They give him the tinfoil and he sells it.

Thrift of Country Boys.

As a rule boys who live on a farm or in a country town are much more thrifty and economical than city reared boys. Much of this is due to the fact that, in the city, there are hundreds of devices to catch the pennies of boys. There are nickel-in-the-slot machines fruit and candy stands, and all sorts of contrivances to induce a boy to part with his small coins, says Success. These temptations do not exist to any great extent in the country. There is a great difference

In the way the country boy and the city boy look at a nickel. The country boy sees much more in the coin than the city boy; he sees greater possibilities—the nickel is possessed of a charm. He carries his change in his pocket, counts it over and wonders what he will do with it when he gets his first dollar. His parents instill into him, from babyhood the importance of saving his money and putting it in a bank. The city boy, as a rule, gets his money easier and parts with it as easily.

GOOD FOR BOYS AS WELL AS FOR MEN. YOU GO INTO BUSINESS ON OUR CAPITAL.

BIG PROFITS. SMALL INVESTMENT. WE EXTEND YOU CREDIT. Only few dollars down, balance monthly payments. The BIG PROFIT you can make and our confidence in the business prompts us to make this very liberal offer. None of your time required except a few minutes evenings. Locate our Newly Patented Mechanical Salesmen in public places and they'll MAKE BIG MONEY for you. Hundreds are doing it. So can you. Men, women and children patronize the machines and get Shelled, Roasted, Buttered and Salted Peanuts, Nutritious, Delicious and Appetizing. Everybody likes them. Nearly all profit. GREATEST MONEY MAKER KNOWN. Machines return cost in four weeks. Try one machine and you'll be sure to order more. Write today and we'll tell you all about our installment plan. ENTERPRISE VENDING MACHINE CO., Dept. JK 55 Franklin St. CHICAGO, 2-9 Warren St., New York.



AGENTS WANTED to sell "Schley and Mastings," by Geo. E. Graham.

Autograph introduced by Rear Admiral Schley. True story of Mastings told exactly as it occurred for the First Time by the only eye-witnesses of the fight. No subject before the public interests everybody as this story of Admiral Schley. The American people demand full recognition of the Hero of Mastings. Book selling like wildfire. Price \$1.50 to \$2.75, according to binding. Liberal commissions. Outfit and books ready. Send seven 2-c. stamps for complete outfit. Act quick. Big money for you. W. B. CONKEY & CO., Sole Publishers, CHICAGO.

BOYS OWN STOCK

In a real company, one that will give you work in their BOYS' BUYING AGENCY. We are doing a high grade mail order business, and want to increase it with the aid of boys of good character. Send us your name and get particulars. Little Leaders' Co., P. O. Box 1869, New York City.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY Invest 1 cent 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 vouch 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 \$700 to \$1,000

J. L. NICHOLS & CO., Naperville, Ills.

BOYS EARN MONEY!!

We will start you in business. We publish an old and well known Poultry Paper. It sells easily. We will send copies each month to boys who will hustle to sell them. With application send letter of recommendation from your teacher. Sell books 5 cents each and send us half the proceeds. POULTRY MONTHLY, Albany, N. Y.

WE WANT Boys and Girls

To sell our Garden and Flower Seeds. No money required. We start you and pay you cash. Write at once for particulars.

H. L. HOLMES, Seedsman, HARRISBURG, Penna.

\$2,000,000 waiting to be gathered in by the boys and girls of America. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope for particulars, and state what county or county town you want reserved for you. (We reserve large cities.) Wherewithal Book Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

A WINNER How to make Chewing Gum. It pays big money. Two firms sell \$100,000,000 worth. We send you the formula FREE with our Novelty Catalogue for 2c. stamp. QUEEN CITY SPECIALTY CO., A. CENTRALIA, ILLA.

BOYS MAKE MONEY sell TIO German Hair sample bottles, circulars with your name on, exclusive agency your county. Send name and two references. Dpt. C, Ernst-Amaden Co., Wetherbee Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MOTHERS Send stamp for a sheet of Mending Tissue and list of Syringes and articles for ladies. Every woman needs them. F. H. YOUNG & CO., Dept. A. B., Toledo, Ohio.

BOYS WANTED to do little work for big pay. Send name on postal for particulars. No canvassing. Address N. B. Co., Box 155, Warren, O.

BOYS you can make from \$1 to \$3 any day after school selling a new staple article which SELLS ON NIGHT to every household. Write for particulars. Edward C. Hart & Co., 59 Dearborn St., Chicago.

HATCH'S BLUING On receipt of 75 cts. I will mail 10 pkgs. of the Best Household Bluing, on which you can make \$1.00 at 10c. each. L. W. HATCH, 47 Slocum Ave., Hartford, Conn.

BOYS You can always have spending money. Pleasant and profitable employment. Send 10c. for sample and particulars. PAUL M. FRED CO., Canton, Ind.

Agent's Outfit Free.—"Raccoon" Neumag Grater—only perfect grater. Send for large catalog new goods. Fast sellers, free. RICHARDSON MFG. CO. Dept. 12, Bath, N.Y.

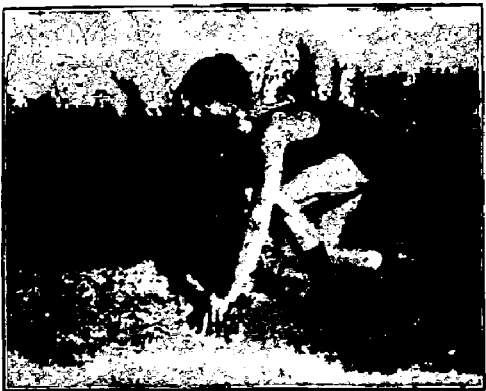
BOYS and GIRLS Can make big money and valuable premiums selling our goods. A postal will bring particulars. Specialty Importing and Mfg. Co., Canton, Ohio.

\$50 A MONTH DISTRIBUTING SAMPLES EARNED stamp. International Distributing Bureau, 150 Nassau St., New York.

WANTED BOYS AND GIRLS everywhere to copy letters at home, good pay, steady work, no canvassing. Address: MANAGER, X & B, BOX 144, CLEVELAND, OHIO.







HARRY L. POTTS, LITTLETON, COOL.

Harry L. Potts, Littleton, Col., is Captain of the Thomas A. Edison Company, No. 3, Division of Colorado, ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY.

Why Not a Study Club?

We permit the suggestion that some one or more of the Companies of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY devote their time and attention to science, having as their object the promotion of an interest in science and a knowledge of scientific subjects. No doubt some teacher or enthusiastic student in the town where the Company is located can be induced to take the superintendence of the work. Programs may consist of papers and experiments. For instance, the meeting for April might be the study of some particular form of animal life, care being taken that the program does not cover too wide a range. A subject that would prove interesting, partly because so little is known about it, would be earthworms, or, take the subject "Muskrats." The leader might assign to one boy the study of the habits of the animal, to another boy the varieties, to another its use as food, to another ways of hunting it, etc. Such a program would cause every member of the club to investigate for himself, and it is fair to say that after an evening devoted to the subject no member of the club would thereafter be ignorant in this particular at least. Or, the club might take up the study of the locomotive, or any other useful machine or invention. Visits might be made by the club, under the guidance of some one who can give instruction on the subject, to a factory where the machine or invention under discussion is used. The club could easily obtain lectures from men and women in the community who are experts along the lines that are being studied. It would not be long before a Company would gather together a scientific library, and if it were in earnest it might even go so far as to have a laboratory. In good weather it could prosecute its studies in the fields and woods.

If there are Companies of the Order looking for a field of entertainment and instruction, let them form themselves into a photographic club, going out together and taking views and afterwards comparing them. Photographers in the town will be glad to lend assistance, and occasionally appear before the club to give instruction. Prizes could be offered for the best work. Public exhibitions could be given and very much done to awaken interest and inspire better work in this field of effort.

More "Yells."

Herman A. Greenberg, St. Paul, Minn., sends the following:

Zis Boom, Zis Boom,
Zis Boom Bah,
American Boy, American Boy,
Rah, Rah, Rah!
Are we winners? Well, I guess,
American Boy, American Boy,
Yes, Yes, Yes.

Howard Corddry, Snow Hill, Md.:

One zip! Two zip! Three zip!
Yah!
A. B! A. B!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Hyde Forbes, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Rigger, gigger, pull the trigger,
Sis, boom, bah,
American Boy, American Boy,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

The following is submitted by a subscriber at Tipton, Ind.:

Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!
We belong to THE AMERICAN BOY.
That's no lie! That's no bluff,
O. A. B. That's the stuff.

The following yell has been adopted by General Sam Houston Company, No. 2, Comanche, Tex.:

One, two, three, listen to the noise,
We are the General Sam Houston boys,
Victory forever will be our cry,
V-I-C-T-O-R-Y.

J. Lawrence Hirshland, Reading, Pa. sends the following:

Boom-a-rack-a,
Boom-a-rack-a,
Bis, bum, la,
A. B. A. B. Rah! Rah! Rah!
Bum-a-rack-a,
Bum-a-rack-a,
Bis, bum, la,
American Boy, Rah, Rah, Rah!

Theodore E. Weldon, Gilroy, Cal.:

American Boy, Rah, Rah, Rah!
Rah, Rah, Rah!
Zip! Boom! Ah!
American Boys! American Boys!
Ha! Ha! Ha!

Willis Miner, Waukon, Ia.:

Rua Rah, Rua Rah,
Who are we?
We are American boys,
Don't you see?

Jay Southill, Captain of Mt. Shasta Company, No. 6, Anderson, Cal., sends the following:

Whang! Bang!
Zip! Boom! Ah!
Hallaboo! Hallaboo!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Who are! Who are! Who are we?
We are! We are! The A. B. C.

Minerva, Ohio, Feb'y 6, 1902. The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs: We received Library No. 1 today, and we think the books are fine. Yours for M. M. M. M., ROY HOLMES HAINES.



GENERAL SAM HOUSTON COMPANY No. 2, DIVISION OF TEXAS, OMANCHE, TEXAS. The boys wear ribbon badges pinned on with the regulation Order pins, the badges bearing the name "G. H. S. Co. No. 2." The company's charter, nicely framed, is shown in the foreground. See item under "Company News."

Suit of BOYS STYLISH CLOTHING Given Away Absolutely FREE. Having purchased from a large clothing manufacturer their entire 1902 stock of boys' fine quality stylish woolen suits at almost our own price, we are going to give them away for the next 30 days in order to advertise our enormous business. These suits are made of fine and serviceable woolen cloth for spring wear. They come in handsome patterns, cut and trimmed in the swiftest up-to-date style and will fit as perfectly as if made to order, sizes are for boys from 5 to 15 years. We will send one of these boys suits free to any honest boy for selling 20 of our SILVER ALUMINUM THIMBLES at 10 cents each. We give a package of best quality Gold Eyed Needles free with each thimble to help you make quick sales. Simply send us your name and address and we will send the Thimbles and Needles by return mail, postpaid. Go among your friends and sell them, when they are sold send us the \$2.00 you receive for them and we will send you this fine suit of clothing the very day we receive your remittance. Write to-day. We Trust You. AGENTS' SUPPLY CO., 79 Dearborn St., Dept. 331, CHICAGO.

EARN A ROMAN DIVAN with automatic adjustment, the latest and most popular thing in parlor furniture, without paying out a cent, by taking orders for the celebrated NIAGARA EXTRACTS, PERFUMES and TOILET PREPARATIONS from your neighbors and friends. ONLY A FEW HOURS SPARE TIME REQUIRED. Our goods are absolutely the best of their kind, and cannot be bought for less anywhere. We are the only firm in the world making its own goods and its own premiums, and can guarantee absolutely unequalled values. We send the premium right along with the goods, and without a cent in advance from you, and allow you 30 days in which to sell the goods. FREE. To show what we mean by quality we will send on request a sample package of Niagara Talcum Powder with our new catalogue of hundreds of premiums easily earned. Write to-day. S. A. COOK & COMPANY, 5 COOK BLDG., MEDINA, N. Y.

A 50c HAT FOR BOYS Satisfaction guaranteed upon receipt of 50c in cash, postal order or stamp, we will send either of these hats by mail to any address. If the hat is not satisfactory it can be returned and money will be refunded. We give as reference the First National Bank of Middletown, New York. Our object is to deal direct with the wearer of the hat and give good value so that a buyer of one hat will want another. In ordering give head size, color and number desired. Boys Hat No. 2. In smooth finish. Colors, Black, Brown, Maple, Steel, Pearl. Boys Hat No. 4. In soft rough finish. Colors, Gray Mix, Black Mix, Brown Mix. MIDDLETOWN HAT CO., 52 Mill St., MIDDLETOWN, N. J.

THIS HANDSOME BUFFALO EXPRESS TRAIN FREE. BOYS you can get this fine metal Train Free for selling only one dozen of our MENDING TIME at 10c each. Sells in nearly every house. Write to-day and we will send you the goods by mail, when sold, send us the money (\$1.20) and we will send you this train, consisting of engine, tender and three Pullman coaches, all handsomely painted in colors, securely packed in a wooden box and sent all charges paid. It is made of cast metal (not tin), and is a perfect model of the famous Buffalo Express. Address The Farge Mfg. Co., Ellwood City, Pa.

What a Boy Can Do to Help at a Social Gathering. The following points were made by W. Lacey Wells at a state meeting of the Connecticut Y. M. C. A. in answer to the question, "What can a boy do to help others at a social gathering?" Boys of the Order should take some of these suggestions to heart: One way is to be willing to take some part in the program and not ask to be excused. Sing, play an instrument, or do what you can. Sit near the front and pay attention to the program. Don't take a back seat and make fun of those who take part. Help the bashful boys by looking after them and making them feel at home. Introduce them to others, and put yourself out a little to help them have a good time. Don't go off in a corner with your special chum and break the party up into groups, but keep everything moving and everybody interested. Be a gentleman at all times.

Five Kinds of Members. In every Company there will be found five classes of members: Those who want to appear on programs, but are generous enough not to press their claims; those who want to be on every program and say so; those who want to be on programs but like to appear as if they did not want to; those who do not want to; those who refuse absolutely. In making up a program look after the first class first. Hold down the second class or they will monopolize the benefits. The third class can best be handled by appointing them without solicitation. The last two classes serve to provide an audience. The last class is harmful because of the bad effect of their example. Addison, Mich., Jan'y 14, 1902. Wm. C. Sprague, Detroit, Mich.: Dear Sir: We received Library No. 6 this morning and were much pleased with it. I think that every Company should have one. Yours for M. M. M. M., LEWIS PETTIT, Captain Wolverine Company, No. 8.

WE ARE SELLING. Battery Hanging Lamps, \$10.00. Telephone, complete, 5.95. Electric Door Bells, 1.00. Electric Carriage Light, 8.00. Battery Fan Motor, 5.95. Electric Hand Lanterns, 3.00. Pocket Flash Lights, 1.50. Miniature Electric Lamps, .40. 25 Medical Batteries, 2.95. Genuine Electric Belts, 1.00. \$12 Belt with Suspensory, 2.50. Genuine Electric Insoles, .25. Telegraph Outfits, 2.25. Battery Motors from \$1 to 22.00. Battery Table Lamps, 2.00. Necktie Lights, 75c. to 2.00. 24 Bicycle Electric Lights, 2.75. Electric Cap Lights, 1.75. Electric Railway, 2.80. Battery Student Lamp, 4.00. Dry Batteries, per dozen, 3.25. All Electrical Books at low prices. We undersell all on Everything Electrical. OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, CLEVELAND, O. Headquarters for Electric Novelties and Supplies. Agents wanted. Send for New Catalogue just out.

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# The Boy Photographer

Edited by Judson Grenell



ALL READY! LOOK PLEASANT!

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. Write on the back of the photograph its title, with a description of the picture, and the full name and address of the contestant, who in every case must be the artist who took the picture.

## White Skies and Full Exposures.

A correspondent hesitates to give full exposures, fearing too great density in his skies. The gentleman has fallen into a very common error. While under-exposure will give a thin deposit in the sky portion of his negatives, the depth of this deposit increasing with an increase of exposure; it only does so up to a certain point. With full exposure for an average landscape, I think he will find the sky deposit quite thin, as would be any other over-exposed part of the negative. The sky is virtually over-exposed when the landscape, unless very open and well lighted, is fully timed. —Western Camera Notes.

## Holding Back the Sky in Developing.

A correspondent is having trouble with his developing. He has tried to hold back the sky portion of his negatives by tilting up the tray so that the developer only covered the landscape portion, giving the sky an occasional wash of the developer. If it is understood that it is the air as well as the solution that causes the effect which we call development, says F. J. Clute, in Western Camera Notes, he will see that he is really holding back the foreground and forcing the sky by this practice. If he will remove the plate from the tray and wash it free from developer under the tap, he can then return it to the tray and flow the solution over the landscape portion only, with some hopes of saving his clouds and avoiding the streaks and markings that his former method gave him. Occasionally give a rinse under the tap, as the sky portion may, even after the first wash, contain enough developer to cause markings if the surface absorption be at all uneven.

## The Camera Versus the Rifle.

Theodore Roosevelt, in the introduction he has written to A. G. Wallihan's forthcoming book, "Camera Shots at Big Game," considers the photography of wild animals as a sport and lauds the camera shot above the rifle shot. He says: "More and more as it becomes necessary to preserve the game, let us hope that the camera will largely supplant the rifle. It is an excellent thing to have a nation proficient in marksmanship, and it is highly undesirable that the rifle should be wholly laid by. But the shot is, after all, only a small part of the free life of the wilderness. The chief attractions lie in the physical hardihood for which the life calls, the sense of limitless freedom which it brings, and the remoteness and wild charm and beauty of primitive nature. All this we get exactly as much in hunting with

the camera as in hunting with the rifle, and of the two the former is the kind of sport which calls for the higher degree of skill, patience, resolution and knowledge of the life history of the animal sought."

## Photographing a Rattler.

A very enthusiastic photographer must be E. W. Brunsen, of Santa Barbara, Cal., for he recently made some remarkable negatives while on a tramp through the hills. They are pictures of a huge rattlesnake, which he killed after using it as a very live "subject." The snake was coiled when first seen, and Mr. Brunsen found that he was perilously near it. Having his camera with him, he at once snapped the reptile as it lay coiled in the brush. Then it showed fight, and he was able to get it into the sun, where he succeeded in getting within four feet of it to make a second exposure. The negative shows the snake slightly moving about, the head and the rattles are a blur from the rapidity with which they were wiggling. A friend made a third snap after the reptile was dead. It was then stretched out, and measured almost the length of Mr. Brunsen's body. Making the picture was a perilous undertaking. The photographer was within striking distance of the snake while focusing his instrument, and while making the exposure. It took courage to get as close to the snake as did Mr. Brunsen.

## To Remove Stains.

The following recipes for removing stains of different kinds are from Gloppi's "Dizionario fotografico."  
**Pyrogallic acid:** Rinse the hands in dilute citric or hydrochloric acid and wash with soap. Oxalic acid, chloride of lime. Very dilute nitric acid.  
**Silver nitrate on hands:** Rub the moist hands with table salt, then wash in a solution of hypo.  
**Iron:** Chloride of lime, then water and ammonia. Oxalic acid and potassium carbonate in solution successively.  
**Rust:** Dilute sulphuric acid. Dilute hydrochloric acid, then soap. Solution of 1000 cc water, 10 g zinc chloride 3 g tartaric acid, 2 g corrosive sublimate.  
**Ink:** Five per cent solution of permanganate of potash, followed by dilute sulphuric acid. Chloride of lime. Oxalic acid.  
**Printing ink:** Olive oil and potash.  
**Resins:** Absolute alcohol.  
**Varnish:** Turpentine, benzine.  
**Iron on cloth:** Oxalic acid, then five per cent sodium carbonate solution.  
**Nitrate of silver on negatives:** Dilute solution of potassium cyanide (poison).  
**Fly specks on prints:** Soap-dissolved in alcohol.

## When is a Plate Fixed?

The last word has not yet been said on this subject, which is an important one. Mr. Chapman Jones, an authority in photography, does not agree with the Philadelphia Photographic Society which came to one conclusion, and advised a certain line of action. He advises against the addition of alum to the fixing bath, as likely to lead to trouble. Alum is injurious, he says, because it decomposes the hypo as well as makes the fixing and washing slower. The writer's advice to amateurs is to



"FUN AT THE BLACKSMITH SHOP."  
First Prize Photo, by H. Conyers, Urbana, Ohio.

use fresh hypo with each batch of plates. The hypo itself, when fresh, is a hardener, and with a little care in handling there is no danger of the plates frilling, though some makes are worse than others. But the amateur should always rinse his developed plate in clear water before putting it in the fixing bath. By so doing he will get a much clearer plate.

To those who insist on using a hardener in the fixing bath, the following formula is recommended:

Hypo, 1 pound; sodium sulphite, crystal, 1 ounce; sodium carbonate, crystal, ¼ ounce; water, 4 pints.

## Improving a Developer.

West Casco, Jan. 18, 1902.  
 To the Editor: I have been trying a developer that I think is O. K. It has made some fine negatives, but sometimes in drying leaves a mottled appearance and lines on the film, no matter how much care is taken in fixing and washing. I think it is something in the formula, and would discard it if it was not ahead of anything I have ever tried, and would like your opinion on a possible remedy. I send you the formula:

No. 1—Water, 8 ounces; oxalic acid, ½ ounce; pyro, ½ ounce; metol, ¼ ounce; bromide potassium, 8 grains.  
 No. 2—Water, 32 ounces; sulphite of soda (crystals), 4 ounces; carbonate of soda, 2 ounces.

To develop take—One part No. 1, 5 parts No. 2.  
 MILTON CARTER.

Use two or three drops of sulphuric acid instead of the oxalic acid, and perhaps the trouble will disappear. The acid is simply for the purpose of preventing the pyro decomposing. Sometimes lines on negatives are made by using too harsh a brush when dusting them off while loading.

## An Excellent Lot of Pictures.

Many photographs of more than average merit have been sent in to THE AMERICAN BOY the past month. Whether on glossy or dull-surfaced paper, they showed about all the detail necessary, without intruding minuteness too prominently. Artists insist that there is such a thing

as too great a sharpness, but this is a point about which amateur photographers need not worry themselves. The photo of C. A. Penhale, "Feeding Pigeons in Front of the Cathedral of San Marco, Venice," in which may be seen one pigeon right on Mrs. Penhale's hand, is clever. "Wading in the Creek," by George Downes, Dongmont, Col., is excellent photography. "Engine Train Wreck" and "Capitol Building," by Seymour Skiff, Salem, Oregon, ought to find a ready market at home. "A Day Dream," by Matthews H. Tardy, Birmingham, Ala., is beautiful outdoor photography. Other pictures having merit were also sent in by J. Adelbert Pierce, Revere, Mass.; Clarence Young, Newport, R. I.; A. Kleinert, San Francisco, Cal.; Wm. M. Anderson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Lawrence Kilgers, Pennsdale, Pa.; John K. Holcomb, Wolverine, Mich.; Bevis S. Crozier, Vallecita, Cal.; Herbert H. Post, Westbury Station, Long Island, N. Y.; Leo Aloysius Hudson, New York City, and Clarence E. Goodhue, Seattle, Wash.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Bernard Manning, and a score of others—For the blue powders write to the Wayne Chemical Co., Germantown, Pa.

Wilbur M. Krise—Thanks for the idea about putting a gloss on a picture; but the best way is to use a ferrotype plate.

Albert T. Baker—Keep to your 4x5 another year at least. Your work does not show that you have exhausted the possibilities of your present camera.

Samuel Clements—The only safe way in development is to keep the tray covered during the early stages at least. It takes very little extra light to fog a plate.

Adolph Duffner—Solio paper can be printed in any light strong enough to catch the shadows; but the trouble is that only sunlight will do this in any satisfactory length of time.

Kenneth E. Blair—The data you send is too meager to say just what is the trouble with the print. If the negative is a good one, it is possible that the developer for the paper was defective.

Henry L. Robinson—No startling announcements have been made this year as to improvements in cameras; so if you can get a 1901 design very cheap, it is perfectly safe to buy it without being "stuck."

O. A. S., Fergus Falls, Minn.—The print looks as if the negative had been over-timed and under-developed. The dark sky shows that the negative is thin, otherwise the sky would have come out white. Try developing longer.

John Dellisle—The double coated plates will stand a long exposure; in fact, it is necessary to give them this to obtain correct results. If the plate is both double coated and "backed" it will make the best indoor picture obtainable.

## What to Aim At.

If an amateur takes to film after having used plates for any length of time, the one danger he needs to guard against most is that of under-development. It may be stated, as a general rule, that film, especially roll film, requires to be carried much further in development than plates. The appearance of the image on roll film is most misleading to those who have not had any experience in handling it. Probably on account of the thinness of the support, the image seems to gain strength very quickly, and to be ripe for removal to the fixing bath long before such is really the case. Unless in a case of excessive over-exposure, it is not easy to over-develop a film negative, and in any case it is undoubtedly true that the amount of over-development which would almost ruin a plate will not have any very detrimental effect on a film. If the amateur carries out development to a point when the back of the film seems to be nearly black, he will find that he has not prolonged the process too much. The fixing bath will clear up the darkest looking negative.—The Traveler.



"IN YE OLDEN TIMES."  
Second Prize Photo, by Leroy O. Arnold, Hiram, Ohio.



The Boy Candy Maker

PRACTICAL CANDY MAKING  
LEARNED AT HOME,

BY CANDY MAKER.

(Begun in January.)

In the January number of this paper we gave a description of the kinds of sugar used in candy making, and in the February number we enumerated the tools necessary in the making of candies. Let us now consider whence come the ingredients that make up the tempting sweets.

First, as to glucose. The standard brands of glucose are made from Indian corn. The corn is converted into a thick, transparent syrup of almost water clearness. It is sold in kegs and barrels. It is not sweet to the taste like sugar; still there is a trace of sweetness about it. Some candy makers use it liberally as a substitute for sugar, as it is usually about one third the price of sugar and offers a temptation to firms who are trying to sell their candies cheap and obtain trade thereby. So there are many candies in the market that can be bought at wholesale for less money per pound than the raw material of good candy would cost. For instance, gum drops can be had as low as four cents a pound, when sugar alone costs five and one half cents per pound. As a rule, it is better to buy candy at from twenty cents a pound retail up to sixty cents than to buy the bargain candy at ten cents a pound or less. When the price of the goods is cut below a certain figure there is something wrong somewhere. This is true of other things besides candy. Good glucose is pure and wholesome, and is an absolute necessity in the making of some kinds of candy to bring out the desired effect.

Before glucose came into use cream of tartar was used for "cutting the grain," or to reduce the strength of the sugar while boiling; otherwise the sugar boiling would be a complete failure. Common baking powder is used to make candy foam as in "molasses gingerbread." Pure cream of tartar is made from the acid found in grapes.

Citric acid crystals, or fruit acid, is acid extracted largely from the lemon. Acetic acid is the stronger acid of pure cider vinegar. The citric or fruit acid is used largely to acidify lemon drops or fruit tablets, one of the first confections known in the history of candy making.

The flavors and extracts used most largely in candy making are wintergreen, peppermint, lemon, orange, lime fruit, anise, cinnamon, sassafras, clove, ginger and rose.

Pure oil of wintergreen is very expensive, so it is often made from black birch. Oil of peppermint is largely imported from European countries, where it is distilled and placed in small copper flasks for shipment. Lemon, orange and lime fruit oils are extracted from the peel of the fruits which give them their names. In opening an orange you can detect by smell and sight the oil oozing from the pores of the golden rind. The best oils are known as "hand expressed."

Oil of anise is extracted from aniseed; oil of cinnamon from cinnamon bark; sassafras from the bark of sassafras root; cloves from the whole cloves as you find them; ginger from the ginger root; rose from roses in full bloom, but as there is very little oil in one rose it takes a huge pile of them to produce a single ounce, so it is a very high priced oil.

The seeds used in candy are caraway, cardamom and coriander. Then there is licorice root, used in many ways for flavoring. In making lozenges, cough drops, etc., the licorice is ground to flour and added to the candy during the process of making. Charcoal made from willow twigs and reduced to the finest powder is used for black cough drops; also for charcoal tablets. Vanilla beans in their finest grades come from Mexico. They are of a rich chocolate color, nearly a foot in length and about the thickness of a lead pencil. They come neatly tied in bundles and wrapped in tinfoil, costing many dollars a pound. The extract is made by cutting the beans up into short strips and macerating them in alcohol several weeks, during which time the delicate flavor of vanilla is extracted, costing something like sixteen dollars a gallon, but imitation vanillas are sold as low as five dollars a gallon. These are made from Tonka beans. Vanilla flavoring is produced chemically also from minerals.

Nut candies are always in favor. Possibly the most extensively used nut is the coconut, which comes from tropical climes, the best coming from Carthagena and San Blas. Those from Carthagena are the easiest to shell and are thick, solid, meaty nuts, full of new milk and brimming with other good qualities. The coconuts as found on the fruit stands are shipped from the tropics in bags or sacks containing a hundred nuts each and are quoted in the market at so much a thousand,

usually from twenty five dollars to forty dollars, according to quality. The candy maker clips off the shell a little at a time until the kernel drops out whole. This kind of work is usually done in candy factories by boys. Then the kernel is pared as a potato is with a spokeshave. The snow-white ovals that result are cut in quarters and the rich milk saved to enliven some kinds of candy. The quarters are held against the knives of a revolving coconut cutter and reduced to threads, or granulated. Now they are ready to be made into candy.

Another popular nut meat is the so-called English walnut. There is a vast difference in the flavor and eating qualities of these nuts, depending upon the localities from which they come. Various kinds of English walnuts go under the name of "grenobles," "chaberts," "mayettes," "bordeaux" and "Californias." The grenobles and California walnuts are preferred on account of their sweetness of flavor. They are very desirable for cresting chocolate bonbons and for use in caramels and fudge.

Peanuts grown in our Southern States are popular candy nuts. Virginia produces the best. They are usually packed for shipment, a hundred pounds in a sack, and it takes many millions of bushels annually to supply the demand in this country alone. They come in three grades, numbered one, two and three. They also come shelled in the same number of grades packed in bags of one hundred or more pounds. The largest peanuts are known as Virginias, and the tiny ones are known as Spanish. The smaller are the richer of the two. Always buy the number one's when they are obtainable.

Pecan nuts, both imported and the Texas variety, are in great favor. Then there are Brazils, or "sheep toes," filberts, hickories, almonds from Sicily, Italy and California, butternuts, black walnuts, and pistachio nuts.

Now we come to dates and figs from the land of sunshine and palms. The glossiest and sweetest dates come from Persia, packed beautifully in sixty five pound caddies. They are of a golden maple color. Then there are the Fard dates, which are darker colored. Stuffed dates are quite the thing nowadays. To stuff them, slit them down the side, remove the pit and fill them with peanut cheese, mashed figs, pineapple mince, walnut conserve, or tropical marmalade. Try chopping some dates and walnut meats very fine, making a mince-meat of them, and stuffing them into slit dates. You will find them very delicious.

The finest figs come from Turkey; others come from Italy and California. The California fruit doesn't carry the foreign air of nicety. Then there are basket-washed and polished figs.

Then there are fresh fruits as well as dried and preserved ones, such as sugar plums, orange, lemon, pineapple and strawberry juices, and the like. There are small oranges from the Mediterranean ports, including the bloods and Jamaicas, and honey oranges from Havana. There are the beautiful Washington naval oranges from California, and the Indian Rivers from sunny Florida. There are raisins and prunes from France, Spain and California.

As to chocolate, it would be difficult to single out as best any particular brand, of which there are many. The kind known as medallion, made in Boston, is probably as near perfection as any. Chocolate or coconut beans only thrive in the extreme tropics, as a good breeze from a fan would chill them almost enough to retard their growth, so sensitive are the plants. Chocolates for confectioners' use are run into ten pound bricks or slabs, one hundred pounds to the case. Then there are the "liquor chocolates," so-called, or "bitter chocolates."

Sweet cream, maple sugar and honey are luxuries the candy maker cannot do without.

You will see that there is no end to the combinations that a candy maker has at his disposal.

Now, a word of advice. Whatever you make, make well. Let cheap materials alone. Study the subject both in the work-room by practical application of what you have learned and by reading all that you can obtain on the subject. Of course you will converse with candy makers whenever you can. By learning what I have written you will be able to converse with the candy maker in such a way as will interest him and gain for you many points in exchange.

We have now described the material and the tools. Let us make a batch of candy maker's fudge. The fudge is no more than a batch of caramels turned back to grain. Probably the expression, "Oh fudge" arose from the fact that some amateur tried to make a batch of caramels of the cookbook variety, and not understanding the true principle stirred the batch at a time when it should not have been stirred, and the mass turned back to sugar, or "grained." The disgruntled operator exclaimed, "Oh fudge," but the grainy batch tasted good so out went the new discovery.

Use a round-bottomed copper kettle, or if you haven't one use a five quart granite ironware saucepan. Pour a quart of sweet dairy cream into the clean kettle. Do not put any water into it; otherwise the cream will curdle when the sugar is added. Add

four pounds of good granulated sugar and set the pan over a blue flame or coal fire. Stir the mixture slowly with a wooden spoon until it begins to boil. Now either add one-half pound of crystal H glucose or a half teaspoonful of pure cream of tartar. Continue the stirring slowly just to keep the syrup from catching to the bottom of the kettle and burning. Have a slow fire, not a flashy hot one, and boil the mass for perhaps three minutes. Then dip a little of it out with a spoon and drop it into a bowl or saucer of cold water. If it forms a sort of gum drop when pinched between the thumb and finger it is in the "soft boil" just where you want it. If you put a candy maker's thermometer in the mixture it will show 235 degrees or thereabouts. Now remove the kettle from the fire and set it aside where the mixture may remain quiet for a few minutes, say from five to ten. Put a tablespoonful of vanilla in it now and it will be vanilla fudge. Put in a pound of finely-chopped nut meats and it will be vanilla nut fudge.

Suppose we want to make chocolate nut fudge. We have been melting a quarter of a pound of chocolate. Now we turn this into the syrup, and after it pour in a pound of chopped nut meats and a half teaspoonful of table salt. Stir the mixture, and in a very short time it will begin to thicken and look cloudy. We should have in readiness a marble slab, or something that takes its place, on which to prepare the candies. A sheet of buttered manila paper is first laid on the slab, and then the iron bars are put on its four sides to form the hollow square as described in a previous article. While the mass is still thin enough to pour, lift the kettle and empty the contents evenly over the space between the bars. You will find that the mixture has been partly turned back to grain by agitation, and it will be wholly turned by the operation of pouring it onto the marble. In a few minutes it will become hard enough to check off in squares, and when thoroughly cold may be broken up in chunks for selling or serving.

Publishing a High School Paper.

HARVEY M. WHIPPLE.

Editor of Port Huron (Mich.) High School Comment.

A high school paper, encouraged by teachers who gladly welcome any method of literary training, and supported by the subscriptions of several hundred students, is not uncommon in our city schools.

Such papers are generally managed and edited by suitable persons elected by the students from their own members. Their contents usually consist of poems and essays, athletic notes, "personals," "roasts" and the opinions and observations of the editor. Such a paper reflects credit on the school in proportion to the ability displayed by its editors.

THREE PAPERS.

It is seldom that one high school in a city of twenty thousand people finds room for three papers. In Port Huron we have a paper representing the seniors, another devoted to the interests of the Juniors, and a third supported largely by the two lower classes. The first mentioned is in its second year, while the others first appeared at the beginning of the school year last September. The "Tin Horn," the senior paper, has the advantage in age and position. "Comment," the junior publication, stands on about an equal footing with "Critic." As may be imagined the rivalry which exists stimulates the efforts of all three.

These three papers are supported almost wholly by their advertising patrons.

BUSINESS METHODS.

Business men in Port Huron are very liberal and always ready to aid with their advertising what they deem a worthy institution in connection with the High School. The support of three papers is rather a burden, however, so it is a continual hustle on the part of the three rival publishers to be first in the field. One of the schemes to capture the business man's money is worthy of mention: The "Tin Horn" publisher turned the paper over to the class, and several of the girls most likely to captivate the merchants were put on the trail of the ads; it is needless to say the paper was the largest of the year.

After every possible ad has been secured it is known exactly how much can be expended on the "issue." I have so fixed my "rates" that one page of advertising pays for the printing of four pages, thus making possible a paper three fourths of which is reading matter.

If I had undertaken to place my paper upon a paying basis I could never have succeeded. That sounds very unbusinesslike. But the average high school paper is not a valuable advertising medium, so that its financial support is a matter of mere sentiment. This being the case, it behooves a high school publisher to turn the beneficence of the advertisers not to his own pecuniary gain, but to the issuing of a paper that will be a credit to the school. Again, if money making is the design in publishing a paper, it becomes necessary to have a smaller proportion of reading matter, and also to do away with many little extravagances in the get up that contribute greatly to the paper's attractiveness. However, a publisher who has the whole field to himself may make his paper pay. But with two rival papers I had to do my "level best" to insure satisfaction and make ends meet.

CONTENTS AND ATTRACTIVENESS.

A pretty, attractive cover gets many a buyer. Beauty creates a favorable impression, and first impressions are important. A paper should be neat in appearance. The "make up" should be novel if possible. The headings should be "taking." If it is the object of a paper to display

the literary attainments of the school the editor must exercise the utmost care in selecting its contents. But the editor may maintain a certain standard of excellence that should mark the "literary" paper and yet, without appearing undignified, enter into the lighter spirit of school life, breathe the atmosphere of mild frivolities, interest itself deeply in the sports and other necessary adjuncts of the school, and thus represent, in a broader, truer sense, the school as a whole, thereby developing not the literary talent alone, but also a livelier school spirit and a deeper loyalty to Alma Mater.

The best students of our schools do not fancy the merely "literary" high school paper. That no doubt explains the success, thus far, of our three papers. Class meetings, sports and suggestions for the improving of our school are given ample space; beyond that the effort is to amuse. Blundering in recitations, funny incidents and ridiculous situations come up for a laugh. Anything of too personal a nature, that might offend, is seldom printed. Everyone comes in for a "roast," not even the faculty being wholly exempt, but a general good feeling prevails, and it may be that this mild ridicule has good results.

If a lively, pleasing presentation of the lighter side of school life makes a brighter, more earnest student, then the school paper has accomplished a worthy purpose if it merely amuses.

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NEW Sample Boyles ENVELOPE, 500. Price 50c. 916 CARDS and 1 Acquisitioe Card, Standard Base Color, etc. All for 5 Cents. CROWE CARD CO., 514, Columbus, Ohio.

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TELL US

The month in which you were born and we will send you free of charge one of our lovely Gold laid Pins set with your Birth Stone; also our large illustrated booklet of Enameled Jewelry. Empress Jewelry Co., Dept. - Providence, R. I.

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BOYS, BOYS, 6 mo. trial sub. to THE YANKEE, "a boy's paper," 10c. silver. Your name in our Agents' Directory FREE. THE YANKEE PUB. CO., Baker's Summit, Pa. "Nuf sed."

# 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 1876. Incorporated in 1892.

Short notes of personal observations are particularly desired for use in the A. A. department. Send illustrations when convenient. Questions are invited.

Address H. H. BALLARD, Pittsfield, Mass.

### WELCOME.

Six new chapters organized since Jan. 1. Hurrah! To each and every one we offer most hearty welcome. The members' addresses of the new chapters follow:

- 163—Chicago, Ill., C. Lawrence Teevdale Pres., 414 Sixtieth Place.
- 164—Portsmouth, O., Lawrence R. Patterson Pres.
- 228—Philadelphia, Pa., F. Horace B. Austin Pres., 2319 N. Bowler St.
- 235—Meriden, Conn., B. Walter B. Wilkinson, 707 Broad St.
- 144—Alta, Cal., William W. Price Pres.
- 178—Rhineclander, Wis., Josephine Quinlin Pres.

### CHAPTER NUMBERS.

There has been some inquiry about our method of assigning numbers to new chapters. As shown in the list given above, the numbers do not follow one another in regular order. The Agassiz Association is now twenty seven years old. In the beginning numbers were given in regular succession. As the society increased, we found, after a few years, that we had organized nearly one thousand chapters. Each chapter is required to send us a report of its progress and doings, at least once a year. These annual reports naturally became due one year from the organization of each chapter. Hence as most chapters were started in the late winter or early spring, we were flooded with reports at that season, and in the fall months experienced a dearth.

We also found out that the average life of a chapter was about four years, although some have continued to thrive ever since we organized them. This left vacant members on our roll.

To remedy both difficulties, we divided our chapters into ten hundreds, or centuries, chapters 1—100 constituting the first century, etc., and we made a rule that the chapters of each century should all send in their annual reports in a certain month, without regard to the date of their organization. Chapters of the first century report in January, those of the second century in February and so on until July. Then we omit August and September, the vacation months, and make reports of the eighth century due on October 1, the ninth century on November 1, and the tenth on December 1.

Whenever, for any reason, a chapter disbands, its number is declared vacant. Then, when a new chapter forms, it is assigned to a vacant place in whatever century seems to need it most. Perhaps one of these months we shall find room to print our entire register of chapters.

### CHAPTER NAMES.

Chapters are named from the town or city in which they are organized. A second chapter in the same town is further designated by the letter B, a third by the letter C, and so on.

Besides this, many chapters have been pleased to adopt a special name for reasons of sentiment or good taste. Thus in the list above, Chapter 235 is the "Goodenough" Chapter, named from a favorite Professor; 144 is the "Agassiz Hall" Chapter, from the name of the School which is its home, and No. 178 is the "Kodak" Chapter, and we hope that it will send us some good photographs later on.

### AS TO LETTERS.

The fewer rules the better. But one or two things are necessary in a correspondence as large as ours, and, indeed, in all correspondence with editors and publishers. You are to write on only one side of the sheet. You are to use paper of uniform size, ordinary commercial note, or letter size, not larger. You are never to send manuscript rolled; and if you can send it flat and unfolded it is best. Pictures should be either photographs or drawings in India ink, if possible, as such have the best chance of being printed. But any rude pencil sketch is better than nothing. A two-cent stamp should always be inclosed for reply, and finally, strange as it may seem, you are much more likely to receive a reply if you write your name and address plainly.

Now let us open our mail-bag!

### Cotocala.

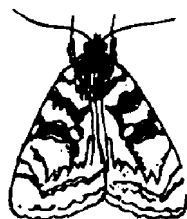
By G. M. Dodge.

Cotocala is the name of a large genus of noctuid moths numerously represented in North America, although rarely seen owing to their nocturnal habits; they are quite abundant and may be found in summer, at rest on the shady side of the trunks of trees in the daytime, or under sheds and porches. From twenty to forty or even more species may probably be found in any given locality in the United States.

The fore wings are beautifully marbled with black, brown and white. The hind wings are crossed by black bands on a yellow, red or orange ground. A few species have the hind wings entire black or with white fringes, while *Cotocala relicta* has the hind wings black with a central white band. Some kinds are less than two inches in expanse and others measure nearly four inches. These moths begin to fly soon after sunset, and if molasses has been spread thinly on posts or trees they are often attracted in large numbers, and may be observed with the aid of a lantern. While feeding they may be readily captured in wide-mouthed bottles or glass jars, previously charged with chloroform or cyanide of potassium. When properly mounted they make a beautiful collection that may be kept indefinitely.



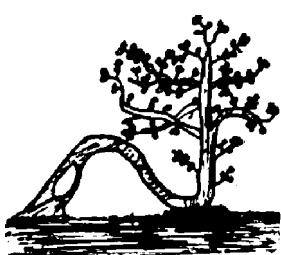
low, red or orange ground. A few species have the hind wings entire black or with white fringes, while *Cotocala relicta* has the hind wings black with a central white band. Some kinds are less than two inches in expanse and others measure nearly four inches. These moths begin to fly soon after sunset, and if molasses has been spread thinly on posts or trees they are often attracted in large numbers, and may be observed with the aid of a lantern. While feeding they may be readily captured in wide-mouthed bottles or glass jars, previously charged with chloroform or cyanide of potassium. When properly mounted they make a beautiful collection that may be kept indefinitely.



### Ant-Lion or Doodle-Bug.

I have noticed in THE AMERICAN BOY two sketches about the ant-lion. In Texas we call this bug a Doodle-bug. It lives in the sand. You can call them out by saying doodle, doodle. Doodle is pronounced du-del.—Brooks C. Grant, Denton, Texas.

### A Peculiar Tree.



I send you a drawing of a healthy tree with a large hole about two feet from the ground. It is large enough for a man to crawl through. The other end rests on a rock.—Josie White, Norwich, O.

### A Plum Tree.

This plum tree is five years old. In the latter part of Spring my father tied a piece of common string to some of the branches and drew them together into the shape shown in the picture. We also have an apple tree in our yard which is about one hundred years old. It is hollow all the way through, but still bears good-sized russets. My father witnessed a very peculiar spider and hornet



fight. They were both about the same size. One would sting the other, and then that one would sting back. They fought about ten minutes, and then went away in different directions, more dead than alive.—Walter P. Wilkinson, 707 Broad St., Meriden, Conn.

### Flying Ants.

One day last summer a neighbor tore up an old crossing and laid the planks in a pile. In the evening while a friend and I stood talking near it, we noticed some red "flying ants" were coming out of a small crack. At first they came several at a time and at last only one at a time, until almost a hundred had flown away. Had they been sleeping, or what?—Carl N. Quarnberg, Box 368, Vancouver, Washington.

## FREE TO ALL

WE give away these elegant Musical Instruments, each finely made, for selling 20 cards of our NEW SILVER ALUMINUM HAIR PINS at 10c. a card—full dozen on each card. NO MONEY REQUIRED, WE TRUST YOU WITH THE GOODS. Just send your name and address and we will send the hair pins and all instructions by mail POSTPAID. Sell them among your friends at 10c. a card and send us the \$2 you get for them. We will send you any of these musical instruments FREE same day we get the money. We give Watches, Cameras, wearing apparel and 100 other articles for selling \$2 worth of our goods. All in catalog sent with goods. Address Central Supply Co., Dept. 34, Milwaukee, Wis.

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AMERICAN ZITHER

CONCERT MUSIC BOX

FULL SIZE VIOLIN AND OUTFIT

HIGH GRADE BANJO

MILITARY DRUM

### Another Letter from India.

7 Traffic Bungalow, Dacca, Bengal, India. Dear Mr. Ballard:

A friend, who read my letter, published by you in THE AMERICAN BOY for October, says that Fig. 2 is the male and Fig. 3 is the female of a bird called "quail" by the Hindus; but he does not know its English name.

They both look alike when young. The female, being a sweet singer, is caged. The bird called "quail" in English and "buggarie" in Hindustani, is a different bird altogether, being small and speckled. It



is one of the small game of our jungles. My friend asked why crows do not feed their young for about nine or ten days after they are born, but allow other birds to do it. He thinks they are afraid of them until they get a little black about them. Please explain this point.

A snake looks at its prey, and the prey cannot escape. Is it paralyzed? A snake looked at my friend, who was drawn to it. He said he could not help himself. Was he fascinated? A snake looked at a monkey, which was drawn right into its mouth. My friend said it was by suction. I think it is mesmerism.

About 218 children are killed by our wolves every year. Sometimes one of them is adopted by the mother wolf. Many wolf-boys have been seen and rescued. One of these boys was seen to play with two wolf cubs after his rescue.

In the hot weather our tanks and nullahs dry up, and the mud of the bottom is turned into baked clay, which is full of fish, for they come up as soon as the monsoon brings rain. How do they live?

We have a perch called the "climber of

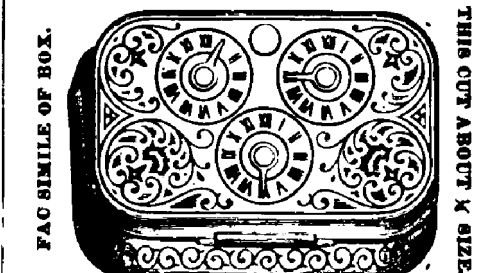


trees," which climbs up the banks of the drying tanks, and walks along the roads on its fins, hunting for water. The Hindus say it can climb trees. The snake-headed mullet also can live out of water, and actually drowns if kept under water for a long time. The carp, however, can swim under water, but must also get out or it will drown. Sincerely yours—John Smeal Belchambers.

### Not a Suicide.

In the November number of THE AMERICAN BOY I noticed the article by Gary Roddy, of Greeley, Colo., in which he said that he thought the suspended goldfinch either committed suicide or else was put there by some other being. I do not agree with him. I think that doubtless the bird was taking this string of hair to its nest and became entangled in it, then when alighting the string became entangled with the branch. So it starved to death and then toppled off the limb, and thus it was suspended in the air. (The name of the sender was not written on this article.)

### NEW AND USEFUL INVENTION THE SECRET LOCK BOX.



A Pocket Bank Safe for Money, Memorandums, Keypasses and articles of value designed to be kept strictly private, provided with a patent Bank Lock. It can be locked upon any one of thousands of combinations, and can only be opened by one knowing the combination, which can be changed as often as you please. Made of Brass, Nickel-plated and beautifully engraved. Sent by mail, carefully packed, postage prepaid, upon receipt of 50c. cash or postage stamps. THE DIAL LOCK CO., Room 102, No. 150 Nassau St., NEW YORK CITY.

AIRGUN

FOUNTAIN PEN

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We give the premiums illustrated and many others for selling our NEW GOLD EYE NEEDLES at 2c. a package. They are of Best Quality and Quick Sellers. With every two packages we give FREE A SILVER ALUMINUM THIMBLE. Send no money in advance, just name and address, letter or postal, ordering two dozen needle papers and one dozen thimbles. We send them at once postpaid with Large Premium List. When sold send us \$1.25 and we will send premium which you select and are entitled to. Write today and get extra present FREE. PEERLESS MFG. CO., Greenville, Pa., Box 276.

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### Complete Theatre FREE

Has a heavy slotted wooden STAGE, 18 inches wide and 12 inches from footlights to back scene; roll-up CURTAIN; complete sets of COLORED SLIDING SCENERY; Actors in colored costumes; a Book of the Play, with Dialogue and directions. Also Doll House, Steam Engines, Fountain Pens, Printing Presses, etc., given for selling our attractive Jewelry Novelties for us at 10c. each. Write to-day and we mail you 12 fast sellers. When sold, send money and we send Premium you select and are entitled to. THE HARRY ALLEN CO., Dept. C, Saginaw, W. S., Mich.

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If not, hurry up and send us your name and address, so we can tell you how to do it. Address: PARAGON PRINTING & PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1055 Broad-Exchange Building, NEW YORK.

### A Watch or Fountain Pen Free

We give a WATCH for selling 15 of our Novelties, or FOUNTAIN PEN for selling 12 at 10 cents each among your friends. Write to-day for the goods, cost you nothing to try it. Catalogue free. NYKKA MFG. CO., 1928 S. 6th St., PHILADELPHIA, PA., Dept. D.

### SCHEMES FOR MUSTERS—A new publication

check full of up-to-date money-making schemes particularly valuable to the young man desiring to increase his income during spare time. Sample copy, 10c. postpaid. SEND TODAY. You never received a dime to better advantage in your life. THE REK CO., TACOMA, W. S.

### FREE DANCING SKELETON. Amusing. All can have one.

Send two 2-cent stamps. Smith Novelty Co., 1186 W. Superior St., CHICAGO.

The American Boy ROLL OF HONOR

The publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY will publish under this head, from month to month, the names of boys, who, in any field of honorable effort have earned distinction, whether in school work, home work, office, factory or farm work, money making pursuits, sports, or any other department of boy activity; acts of heroism, self-sacrifice, manly effort for others will here find recognition, thus giving inspiration to thousands of boys.

Every Boy Can Have Honorable Distinction in 1902.

ARCHIE KAY, age 7, New York City. Saved the life of a playmate January 17th. OSCAR BELA, Chicago, Ill. As elevator boy, saved the lives of many people, January 18th. JAMES HORTON, Philadelphia. Saved lives by stopping a runaway horse, January 22d.

James Horton, a twelve year old Philadelphia boy, by pluck and presence of mind, saved the lives of several persons on January 22. While the boy was standing on the street corner a team of horses took fright at a locomotive whistle. They dashed up the street just as a car was coming from the opposite direction and a collision seemed inevitable. The boy took in the situation at a glance, and leaping forward grasped the bridle of the nearest horse. The animals continued their wild run, the boy hanging from the bridle. Just as they reached the car the boy gave a vigorous tug, causing the horses to swerve to the left and missing the car by a few feet. The horses finally came to a stop without any serious damage being done. The passengers in the car attempted to reward the lad, but he blushing declined their offers.



LEADING CORNETTIST OF THE CIRCLEVILLE CADET BAND.

Oscar Bela, elevator boy at the La Strain Hotel, Chicago, by operating his car while flames were destroying the building, carried to safety all the guests on the upper floors. The boy made five trips with the fire raging on all sides of the elevator shaft, and abandoned the car only after he had made sure that no one remained in the building. On his last trip he rescued an aged paralytic who lived on the top floor.

Archie Kay, New York City, seven years old, saved a companion's life, January 17, at a small skating pond. Just before dusk the crowd on the pond was so large that the ice cracked. The skaters rushed for safety, and all escaped except Johnny Campbell, who fell in seven feet of water. He cried



CIRCLEVILLE (OHIO) CADET BAND.

for help, but all the children ran away excepting Archie Kay. Slowly creeping along, Archie lay on his stomach when dangerous ice was reached and worked his way to the hole, where he caught Johnny by the hands. Men then came and dragged both boys to safety. Johnny's father has presented Archie with a fine gold watch.

Farmer Brown—What is your son Rube studying for at Harvard? Farmer Greene—Studying for. Why, I jes' got a letter from the faculty asking what he wasn't studying for!—Puck.

The sun travels forty thousand times as fast as an express train.

Every industrious person should try his hand at something, and, if he does not succeed, he should try both hands.

At a recent service the choir got into trouble, and while confusion reigned, the organ suddenly stopped. The situation was not relieved when a hoarse whisper came from behind the organ and floated out into the auditorium. It said: "Sing like t'under! De bellers is busted!"

Winners of Prizes.

The prize for first correct solution of the Bottle and Cork puzzle described in our February number goes to John F. Reardon, Jr., St. Louis, Mo. Up to and including February 15, there were received in our office 1,882 answers to this puzzle, and answers were then coming at the rate of thirty to fifty a day. The prize for the Floral Love Story goes to Charles H. Moore, St. Paul, Minn. He was the only one who gave a correct solution.

THE AMERICAN BOY "SHUT-INS." 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-SOCIETY.

B. McCall Barbour, Edinburgh, Scotland, has asked us for a list of our shut-ins, that he may send the entire list his little publication entitled "Bits for Our Boys," saying, "I have thought it may help to cheer their lonely hours, and with this in view shall count it a joy to supply copies."

When letters are received regarding shut-ins we write the shut-in direct, and not the sender. People sending in names of shut-ins may be sure that we do not ignore their letters.

Parties sending in names of shut-ins should sign name and address in full. No attention will be paid to letters signed "A friend," "A neighbor," etc.

The offer to shut-ins applies to boys and young men under twenty.

Names of Shut-ins Received Since the Issue of the February Number.

- Jerome Yarbrough, D. Orvill Portner, Edward Ungerlight, Howard Hagerty, Lars Solrud, Wayne Beaty, Joseph Hanes, Eugene Smith, John Allen, Homer H. Harvey, Bruce Simpson, Walter Kennedy, Master Willie Robinson, Raymond Beach, Early Cantrell, Ted W. Nonnamaker, F. F. Sparks, Fred Schaefer, Percival G. Ashcroft, Jack Martin, Wilber Belville, Lester Miner, Maurice Abbott, James Riley, Jr., Henry Knight, Alexander Walsh, Ollie Davis, Willie Dibble, Freddie Speet, J. W. Dawson, Harry Ross, Hays C. Shellito, George Drager, Madison Vroom, Otho S. Holloway, Charlie Greene, A. V. Reynolds, Sterling J. Crawford, Zalnon F. Webber, Freddie Strobel, Johnny Tice, Willie Dewhurst, Donald Avery, Henry Bercaw, John A. Logan, Charles Schaefer, Clarence McLefresh, Willis Maloy.

A Game for Our Shut-Ins.

The players—one or more on a side—sit in a front window looking out on the sidewalk at a time when quite a few people should be passing by. The passing people are sort of animated playing cards. All persons going in one direction count for one side; those going in the opposite direction count for the opponents. The winning score is fifty points.

A boy or girl counts two points. A man or woman counts one each. A lame person adds five to the score, a fat man counts fifteen and a red-haired girl is good for twenty points. A short man with a taller woman going by together is game. Every dog passing by takes one from the score; so that a man or woman with a dog counts nothing.

A passing policeman gives you minus five. A man wearing a silk hat counts three. A nursemaid with child counts five. Three men or three women passing by together count minus three.

Try the game and see if you do not think it good fun. To aid you in the playing, cut out the following table for reference till you have memorized the rules:

RULES FOR GAME OF THE PASSING PEOPLE.

- Man or woman counts one. Boy or girl counts two. Lame person counts five. Fat man counts fifteen. Red-haired girl counts twenty. Short man with tall woman counts fifty, or game. A dog counts minus one. Silk hat counts three. Policeman counts minus five. Nurse maid with child counts five. Three men or three women together counts minus three.

BUTTON-HOLE SEARCH LIGHT 1.0 Electric, vent pocket, coat or cap, 25 cents, postpaid. Agents wanted. ERICK CO., ENGLEWOOD, ILL.

LEARN TO FIRE A LOCOMOTIVE THOROUGH INSTRUCTION AT HOME - ONLY \$5.00. Railroads want strong, educated young men. \$4000 PAY, and chance for promotion to Engineer. Recommendation for and help to employment on proper qualification. Full particulars on request. The Railway Educational Association Station B 1, Brooklyn, New York.

GOLF HOSE FREE! with every pair of Highwater Adjustable Trousers (with simple, practical, economical. Make long pants short; short pants long. Give the appearance of neat fitting Golf or Bicycle Pants, protect trousers from becoming shapeless and keep them in perfect condition. Made of fine covert cloth in latest pattern. Adjustable buttons one side; patent insert of pure Para Gum Elastic other side insuring perfect fit. Simplicity itself. Wear these cuffs and you are ready for any outdoor sport. Take them off and you are ready for every indoor occupation. To introduce these trouser cuffs, we will send with every pair, a pair of Golf Hose ABSOLUTELY FREE. Price for Trousers Cuffs, per pair 50c, prepaid. Tribune Specialty Co., 467 Pine St., Providence, R. I.

FREE Waltham Watches, Chain, Gold Rings, Silver Ware, Stevens Rifle, Shot Guns, Cameras, or any other article you may desire, or liberal Cash Commission if you prefer for distributing our Teas and Coffees among your friends. We pay freight. We give the most valuable premiums, and the best cash commissions. The superior quality of our Coffees and Teas makes regular customers from trial orders, insuring success to agents. Write to-day for premium list and terms giving full particulars. Mention this paper. J. A. ROSS & CO., 178 DEVONSHIRE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

SKIRT DANCING NECKTIE PIN. This new novelty is to be worn in either the scarf or lapel of coat. It is only necessary to jerk the string and she kicks like the original article, keeping exact time to slow or fast music to the surprise of your friends. Price 10 cents with our mammoth catalogue. If you are looking for a good novelty, here is one: It is worth five times the price we ask for it. WHITEIRON MFG. CO., Dept. 26, 264 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

A GOLD WATCH FREE This Elegant Solid Gold Filled Watch (Ladies or Gent's style) if mailed upon return of fully GUARANTEED American Standard watch to give you a C. E. Tool or watch. Send your name and address and we will send you 10 pieces of jewelry (valued at \$1.00) in gift as well as your free watch. Please send us your watch to be tested. We will not refund your money if you do not like it. Write to-day for full particulars. C. E. Tool, Harleyville, N. Y.



New puzzles to be printed and answers to the Tangles should be addressed to Uncle Tangler, care AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich.

Wayne Burnham, 407 Salem street, Rockford, Ill., wins the cash prize for best list of answers to the January Tangles. It was a high honor indeed to win this contest and answer every Tangle correctly in competition with so many who came within a single definition of absolute correctness, as the long list appended of those entitled to honorable mention will attest.

Tangle No. 1, "The attitude of the Boers toward England," received many diverse interpretations. The original answer was defiance, but some of the following, received as answering the question, could hardly be considered incorrect: Independence, Marshall, Warren, Warsaw, Mobile, Concord, Licking, Superior, Council Bluffs, Baton Rouge, Boston, Salem, Trenton and La Crosse.

In the "Few B's for Boys," "be independent" was variously interpreted: Be tidy, be guarded, be fast to do, be tide; while "be backward in nought" was the occasion for the following miscellaneous guesses, some of them very good, too: Be wrong in nothing, be reflective, be backward in erring, be obedient, be around, be in order, be before, be backward in circles, be hopeful, be backward in company, be careless, be curious, be in hope, be right, be backward in flattering, be not forward, be jovial, be in the circle, be in a good circle, be innocent, be on watch.

Sharper eyes than your Uncle's found "crab apple" and "cantaleup" in No. 8 in addition to the ten fruits required; and in No. 9 Asa and West as well as Lee appear in (5), and in (9) Ward as surely as Edward.

In No. 13 Georgia and North Carolina were admissible as defining "the corn cracker state" as well as Kentucky, though the latter has the preponderance of authority in its favor.

Mary Elizabeth Stone, Ontario, California, wins the prize for best lot of new puzzles to be printed. When my nieces commence winning prizes then must my nephews look to their laurels indeed! We make no distinction in our awards between the boys and the girls, of course, merit alone being the qualification considered.

Now a word about honesty. It is hard to believe that the anxiety to win the prizes given for contributions to this department would tempt any of our bright Tangles into appropriating another's work as their own, but your Uncle is forced to acknowledge that in a very few instances this has been attempted. That

is dishonest, and shall be discouraged every way in our power. We haven't seen every good puzzle that was ever printed, though we have seen a good many of them, and if any copied puzzles slip by our watchfulness and find their way into this department as original we want the help of your eyes and memories to locate them. Some in sending in puzzles translated from foreign languages, or that have been printed years ago have accompanied them by the statement that such was the fact. We appreciate that courtesy. Any puzzles sent us as original that we know to be stolen are consigned to the waste basket instantaneously.

The increased number of subscribers to THE AMERICAN BOY, compelling the publishers to go to press earlier than formerly, both awards of prizes will hereafter be announced in the second issue following the prize offer. Thus the May issue will contain particulars of the awards of the following:

Two dollars cash will be given for the best list of answers to this month's Tangles received by March 25.

A valuable book is offered as the prize for best lot of new puzzles received by March 25.

HONORABLE MENTION.

The following are entitled to special mention for the excellence of their answers to the January Tangles:

Burton F. Jennings, Will H. Sampson, Erval J. Newcomer, Louis B. Fassett, Horace C. Towner, Edward B. Reimel, Ronald Wylie, Lawrence H. Hill, Edward Langdon Fernald, Charles A. Lufburrow, Theo. G. Meyer, Harold Leslie, Frank M. Field, F. L. Sawyer, W. L. Snyder, Arthur Crouch, Karl Keffer, Jr., Gordon Andrews, Bruno Dietz, John Seamans, Clark Dixon, Ernest V. Wenzell, James T. Lindsley, Harold R. Norris, Raymond C. Bass, Geo. T. Colman, John Lewis Brautigam, William Potts, De Witt Gilles, Gladwyn Le Sueur, Robert A. Abbott, R. Gordon Gilholm, Leicester B. Sawyer, Russell Wilson, Chas. Riley, Hiram Randall.

In addition to the above and the prize winners previously mentioned, the following sent in answers to the January Tangles or contributed new puzzles prior to our going to press:

Dee Vose, Ashley L. Norwood, Glenn W. Bugbee, Allie Clifford, Clyde Curtiss, Joseph H. Groff, Edwin Rackaway, W. R. Murphy, Edward S. Rainsberger, Howard C. Keck, Frank H. Murray, Arthur H. Myer, Archie Ross, Lot Armin, Edward K. Shelton, Russell G. Davidson, Volney K. Bucher, N. J. Trevillyan, Wm. M. Moran, H. Raymond Lewis, Stanley S. Fracker, Chester Caldabaugh, F. M. Sawyer, Stanley B. Walte, R. N. Beare, Lester H. Fay, Carl Bauman, W. T. Faulkner, Clay Johnson, Elliott T. Whitfield, Edward L. Nichols, Lloyd McKechnie, Roy Jeffries, Clarence E. Higley, Wm. E. Wilbur, Harris Roberts, Hjalmar E. Hedine, Eldon Stichel, Bert Wilbur, L. W. Grimm, S. Luther Gilbert, Edith and Willie G. Craig, Isaac Heyward Peck, L. Weaver, Ed. Smithson, R. C. Parlett, Geo. Clark Newman, John F. Reed, Jr., and others from Royersford, Pa., Howell, Mich., Cornwall and other places who forgot to sign their names.

Contributors of new puzzles whose names do not appear above will be considered in the contest closing March 25.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO. Dept. H Worcester, Mass., U.S.A. 12.16 and 20 Barrels The High Grade Single Gun Catalog on request

BLANKS.

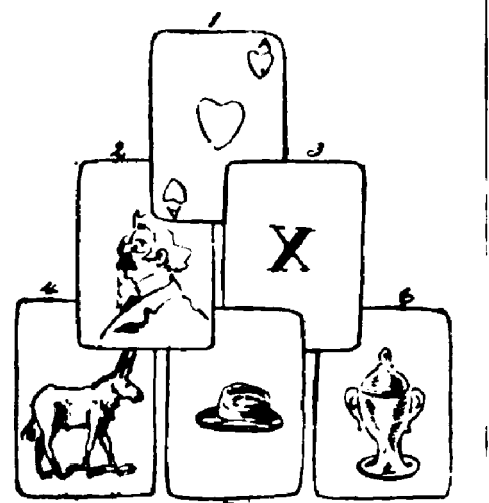
Fill the blanks with words pronounced alike but spelled differently:

- 1. The — escaped the fox by a —. 2. Don't try to — a — with a — of scissors. 3. The wind — in her — eyes. 4. The carpenter used his — in — sight. —John E. Murray. 5. When her husband — with pneumonia she — all her dresses black. 6. It was quite — that Mr. — should — and tell us all about the Masonic —. 7. He was arrested for stealing a — of hay, but is now out on —. 8. He drank so much — that something began to — him. 9. Mrs. — declares these hats are not the latest —. —Kent B. Stiles. 10. There can be no — for the man who — on Sunday and — on the people the rest of the week. 11. The engineer — the warning signal because of the dense —. 12. The man who — ale will sometimes — his fingers. 13. We all declared the battle — was the grandest painting we had ever —. 14. When — Henry visits America his very foot — will be watched by detectives. —Harold Mortimer.

NEW YORK STATE TANGLE.

Take the first letter of each of the largest five cities in New York State and the central letter of the seventh largest city in the same state, and arrange the six letters thus found into a word expressing what one must possess to correctly solve this Tangle. —John E. Murray.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

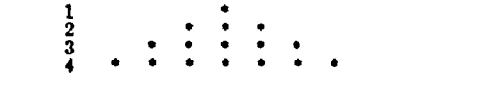


The pictures are answered by words of uniform length. The central letters of the words, placed in their order as numbered, give the name of an ancient statesman, general and author: —M. Moe.

DIAMOND.

1. A consonant in Schley. 2. Came together. 3. An artificial waterway. 4. Pertaining to war. 5. Doomed. 6. Infected. 7. Delicate fabrics of thread. 8. Conducted. 9. A consonant in Dewey. —Renel Morean.

DOUBLE PYRAMID



APPEAR LONE EASTER

Arrange the above sixteen letters into a pyramid of words that can be read across and down, and are defined as follows: Across: 1. A vowel am I, in pastime and play. 2. A beverage, brewed in the olden way. 3. I'm a delightful musical play. 4. And I am a gift you'd enjoy each day. Down: I am a letter in preacher and pew. I'm a conjunction, of letters two. I am a Simian, seen at the Zoo. And I am the plural of number two. You'll know I'm "before" when I come to view. An article I that you can't misconstrue. While I am in sweetmeat and chocolate too. —Curtiss Bernier.

OHIO DIAGONAL.

Each word contains 10 letters, and is found on the map of Ohio. The diagonal letters from the upper left hand corner to the lower right hand corner spell the name of a county on the Ohio river named for a famous American: 1. The county seat of Clinton county. 2. The county seat of Muskingum county. 3. A county named after an Indian tribe. 4. A town of 129 people in Marion county. 5. The second largest city in the state. 6.

PATRIOTIC REBUS.

What is said of a certain great American: —Floyd Allport.



CURTAILMENT.

The queen's little daughter went hippity hop Down to the post office, up to the shop; But one of her letters fell down on the ground, And presto! she vanished from sight and from sound; While just in the place where from vision she'd slipped Her two little brothers hopptly skipped. —Paul Luther.

CHANGED HEADINGS.

First I am a body of fresh water. Change my head and I become successively: To appropriate; to manufacture; a process of cooking; a garden implement; final cause or purpose; a sweet food; a false report; a masculine nickname; to arouse from sleep. —Chas. E. Johnson.

ENIGMA.

Whole, I am a word of five letters and am indispensably necessary to the comfort of man. By kindness my whole is 1, 2, 5; my 3, 2, 1 is to cut grass; 3, 4, 5 is a companion for my whole; 5, 2, 1 is a favorable time for solving this Tangle; 2, 1, 5 is to possess by right; 3, 4, 1 is a fowl's crop; 1, 4, 5 is pale; 3, 2, 4, 5 is an expression of pain. —Leslie A. Galloway.

COLLEGE CHESS.

Reading by the king's move in chess, which is one square up, down, right, left or diagonally, find the names of 16 American colleges in the following, using the letters as often as needed:

A grid of letters for a word search puzzle. The letters are: G O P R I A P T, A C H B N N O I, M I N R C E L S, G H E O T H B D, Y A L T W N W O, N U L I S E I V, T S M A I W R A, R E H B O A H D.

—Kent B. Stiles.

PREFIXED BLANKS.

Prefix the syllable "ex" to the word required for the first blank to obtain the word for the second blank: 1. There is — evidence of his guilt, and I think they should make an — of him. 2. I could — many instances of cruelty which would — your liveliest sympathy. 3. He — the pulpit when he — his theories. 4. I own a canvas — several yards in —. 5. I think — must be difficult to make a graceful — under such circumstances. —Hexom.

NUMERICAL POT-POURRI.

Transpose fifty one and one hundred and four, and get courteous. 2. Transpose one thousand and five hundred and one, and get obscure. 3. Transpose five hundred and fifty one, and get a cover. 4. Transpose fifty one and one thousand and nothing, and get to toll. 5. Transpose five hundred and fifty and one thousand and one, and get gentle. —Old Sol.

Answers to February Tangles.

- 14. (1) New York. (2) Boston. (3) Milwaukee. (4) New Haven. (5) Lowell. (6) Duluth. (7) Pittsburg. (8) Chicago. (9) Philadelphia. (10) Denver. (11) Cincinnati. (12) New Orleans. (13) Buffalo. (14) Hannibal, Mo. (15) Louisville. (16) Keokuk, Ia. (17) Waukesha, Wis. (18) Salem, Mass. (19) St. Louis. (20) Brooklyn. (21) Baltimore. (22) New York. (23) Chicago. (24) Philadelphia. (25) Pittsburg. (26) Washington. (27) Detroit. (28) Nashville. (29) Rochester (and Minneapolis). (30) Springfield, Ill. (31) Portland, Me., Rockford, Ill., and Cleveland. (32) Evanston, Ill. (33) Vicksburg. (34) San Francisco. (35) Chicago.

- 15. Locks.
- 16. Bell, hell, yell, fell, tell, sell, well, cell, dell, pell, Nell, jell.

- 17. Pine, oak, maple, ash, willow, poplar, elm, larch, birch, fir, apple, bay, palm. (Thirteen in all.)

- 18. P L A T, L A N E, A N T S, T E S T

- 19. Javelin, Mammoth, monster, thought, Ireland, nunnerY, history

- January. 20. Santlago, Cuba, Havana, Ladrones, El Caney, Yauco

- Schley. 21. "Seven cities claimed great Homer dead Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

- (Seven cities) (150=CL) (alm) (500=D) (grate) (hoe) (1000=M) R (500=D) E (500=D) through WHICH) TH (eel) (4=lv in G) (home) R B (egg) (500=D) H (I's) (bread.)

- 22. In but one place. The four states and territories are Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona.

- 23. I had a friend, his name was Joe, But now he is my greatest foe; Many good times to him I owe; I went with him to many a show, And often on the lake we'd row And take some other boat in tow. My sweetheart called me her best beau, And buttons on my coat would sew, Or darn my stockings at the toe. But now, alack-a-day and woe, I find my cake with her is dough, I asked her once, in accents low, To marry me; she answered "no," And showed a ring with a cameo, Which was my friend's, as I well know. And since receiving this bitter blow I let my tears continue to flow. But this seems never to end, and so I guess I'll stop and let it go.

- 24. (1) Abraham Lincoln. (2) James A. Garfield. (3) William McKinley. (4) Frederick Funston. (5) George Dewey.

- 25. NAVIGATOR, OA OEE AE, T E R O N I, O E C L C I T, R E P R O B A T E, I O R G T D R, O O I I A, U S S C I N T, S U B S T A N C E

- 26. R O T, M A Y O R, W A N L

- 27. Napoleon Bonaparte.
- 28. Evangeline.

NEW TANGLES.

- 29. INITIAL BIBLE VERSES. From the book of Proverbs; the letters given being the initials of the required words, the numerals indicating the number of letters in each word: 1. T3 W6 F4 W4 N2 M3 P8. B3 T3 R9 A3 B4 A2 A1 L4. 2. A1 S4 A6 T7 A4 W5. B3 G8 W6 S4 U2 A5. 3. A1 M5 H5 D5 G4 L4 A1 M8. B3 A1 B6 S6 D5 T3 B5. 4. W6 M6 M4 F7. B3 T3 P4 I2 S9 F4 H3 N9. —Parson Queer.



ABE FAYER, A Fourteen Year Old Philadelphia Boy With a Talent for Drawing; also Two of His Pictures.



Trooper Stork.

(From page 156.)

Brit, on duty once more, was in the seat with Devlin, Blake, being a civilian, was to ride in advance with the Captain.

The great door was swung open, and Troop K, hungry, mad with thirst, carrying its wounded, charged out in the hostile horde.

Brit clung with his good hand, to the mane of his mount, as he saw the others do. To him it did not seem that any one could live in the terrible fire which flashed out of the wooded places on either side of the trail.

"Don't let 'em drink, yet!" yelled the Captain. "We'll be out of range in the next river. Use your spurs!"

There was confusion unutterable in the shallow river—shouts of men and groans, too, screams of plunging horses, frenzied for water, rebelling against the bit which held their heads high.

Men and horses were in the stream—men and horses drank alike—in the direct and greedy way of the thirst-maddened. No, there was one who had not yet drunk.

"Oh, Blake!" he shouted, fearing he knew not what.

"Yes, Brit, my boy," came the reply faintly.

And Blake had not yet drunk. He was lying in the dark on the bank of the river.

"It's somewhere here," Blake answered, weakly, guiding Brit's hand to his right breast.

Brit held a canteen to the lips of his friend, and he felt that his own heart was breaking.

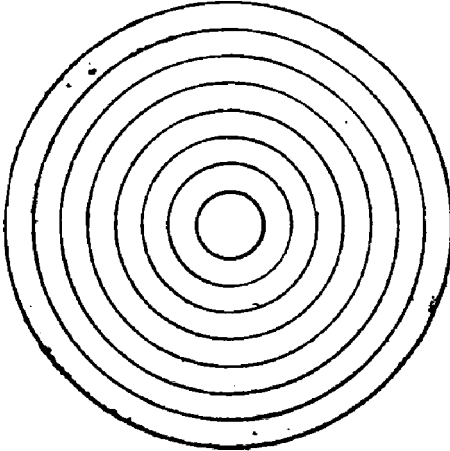
(To be continued.)

Has Seen a White Colt.

Under the head of "Nuts to Crack" we asked the question in a recent number, "Did you ever see a white colt?"

Jesse Reddington, Bement, O., writes that while he and two other boys were riding in the hills of Idaho they ran across a mare and a colt, and that the colt was as white as snow, while the mother was coal black.

An Optical Illusion.

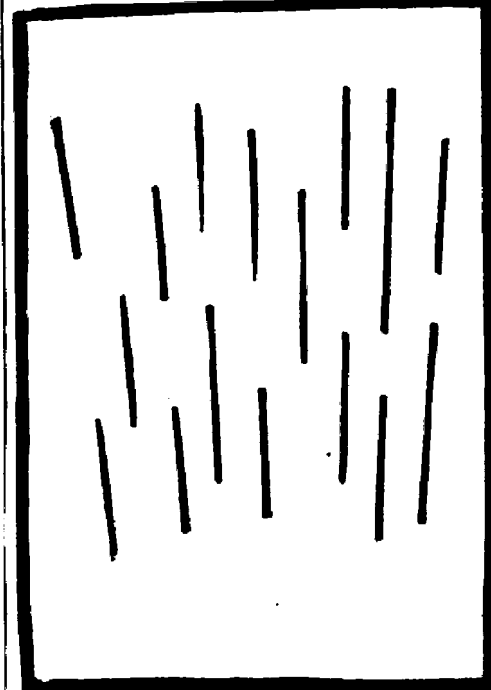


Give the page on which the accompanying design appears a circular movement. The result will be that the circles seem to describe a complete revolution.

How Do the Pins Stand?

These seem to be ordinary straight lines, but, according to M. Henri Copin, they are a good deal more than that.

"These lines," he says, "are not vertical, but slightly oblique, and they converge toward the centre at the bottom of a page. If we place them in front of us and look



at them we see nothing unusual, but if we bend down in such a manner that our eyes, so to speak, skim over the paper and then look at them we shall see that they bear a close resemblance to needles which have been stuck perpendicularly into a sheet of paper, just as pins are stuck through the bodies of dead insects."

The Boy's Garden

"Making a Good Ready."

FRANK H. SWEET.

I wonder how many of the young people who read this article are going to have flower gardens the coming season. Gardening is fascinating work, and it is healthful, helpful work.

The first thing to do is to spade up the soil in spring. This should not be done while the ground is still heavy with water from melting snows and early rains.

And do not be in too great a hurry to sow seed after you have completed preliminary work in your beds. At the north we are pretty sure to have periods of cold, wet weather until after the first of May.

Just Like the Boys on Boston Common a Century Ago.

Nearly 3,000 schoolboys and girls marched to the Cleveland (O.) City Hall a few weeks ago to "demand their rights" in the city parks.

A Young College Samson.

Arthur Tyng, still in his teens, is probably the strongest young Samson in the college world. He recently bettered the intercollegiate strength record by nearly 300 points.

"The church and the gymnasium should stand side by side," says Ian MacLaren. We are not sure but what it would be still better if one were inside the other.

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WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE,  
EDITOR.

GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS,  
ASSISTANT EDITOR.

### March.

March is named for the old Roman Mars or God of War. It was the first month of the Roman year, and March 1 was the New Year's day of Rome. As late as 1750 the legal year in England began March 25. March is the first month of spring in the Northern Hemisphere, and the first month of autumn in the Southern. On March 21 the day and night are equal in length the world over.

The owl is the first bird to nest in our northern woods. The white, snowy owl of the winter goes northward in March. Now the birds of the north that have been spending the winter in the south are getting restless and are looking forward to a return to their summer homes.

"Stormy March has come at last  
With wind and cloud and stormy skies."  
—Bryant.



Two American Boys.

Here is a photograph of two American boys, with one of whom our readers are familiar. The other, Edward Watt, lives on a ranch seventy miles from San Francisco. He says in a letter to the editor, "I never lose a chance to mention THE AMERICAN BOY to my friends. We have no snow out here, but we manage to get a little fun in winter just the same. We do our coasting by sliding down steep hills on the grass. We have over 600 chickens on our place. I like your articles about boys pushing their way in the world, and I hope to make my mark some day, too."

### A Belated Christmas Present.

The editor of THE AMERICAN BOY received a belated Christmas present in the shape of a card wishing him a happy Christmas sent by a boy reader of THE AMERICAN BOY living at Calcutta, India. John Smeal Belchambers.

THE AMERICAN BOY has a circle of friends that literally stretches around the earth.



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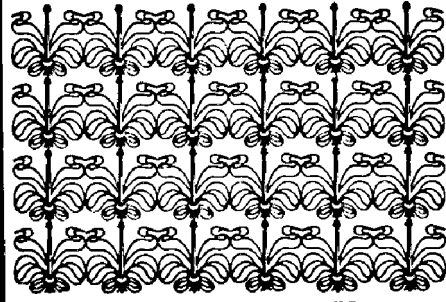
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—H. C. Warnack

**Side Tracked**

—Frank H. Sweet

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—George Whitfield D'Vys

**The "Pony" Express**

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**In the Days of Paul Revere**

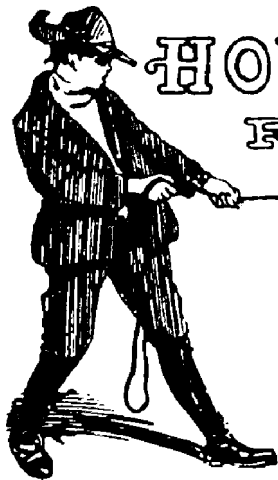
—J. L. Harbour

### DEPARTMENT HEADS:

Animals, Poultry, Garden, Puzzles, Photography, Printing, Money Making, Games, With the Boys, The Church and Home, Curio Collecting, For Boys to Think About, Library, The Shut-in Society, The Agassiz Association, The Order of The American Boy.

# HOW THE BOYS EARNED A COW

R. G. ROBINSON



"I wish you'd brought that snake in alive, Tom, instead of killing it. With a little trouble you could have captured it easily."

"Thanks, Will; but I'm not in that line of business. I had no earthly use for it, living or dead—or rather had less use for it living, and was glad to bruise its

head effectually. There is no manner of doubt in my mind that the only good rattler is a dead one."

"Well, I would willingly pay twenty five dollars for a live one six feet long or more, while your dead one is no good at all for my use."

"And what may that be, Will? I didn't know you were in the show business,—or, are you going to set up as a serpent charmer and compete with the Hindoos in the cobra act?"

"No; but I have always been interested in toxicology, and if possible want to take home a large rattler to experiment with. The poison of a rattler is supposed to become more noxious with age; that is, it is more virulent and deadly in old snakes, and they are the very ones that are hardest to get for experimental purposes. Size, of course, is our only indication of age, and few men care to attempt the capture of a large one; though, really, it isn't very difficult or dangerous, if a man only goes about it right."

"I would call a magazine rifle and forty paces about right," said Tom. "But I thought age was told by the number of rattles."

"There's a pretty widely accepted theory to that effect," answered Will; "but in every day use or 'accidents by flood and field' the rattles get broken off, so that a very large snake may have only two or three, while a smaller one, that has been careful or more fortunate, may have a dozen."

"Well, I won't undertake to catch you one, either big or little, but you can tell me how it is done; I may have an opportunity to enlighten some native who will risk his life for your money. I've seen several around here who looked as if they'd commit suicide for five dollars or less."

"I only know by hearsay, but am told it is easily done by pinning the creature's head down with a forked stick and slipping a noosed cord over its head, by which it can be dragged along. In the Pennsylvania mountains there are men who catch snakes for their oil—'rattlesnake oil' being a standard remedy—and they become so expert, or rather bold, that they do not hesitate, after pinning the head down, to grasp the snake by the neck and thrust it into a sack."

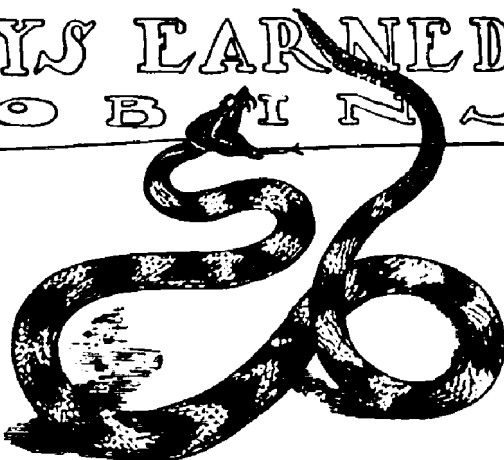
"Yes, but rattlers don't grow seven feet long and five or six inches in diameter in Pennsylvania! It may be easy enough, when you know how, but I never expect to know how."

"Well, I'll certainly make the attempt if I am ever lucky enough to have a chance; meantime my offer stands. Some man poorer or braver than you may earn the money."

The speakers were Will Orison and Tom Clute, who had been college mates, and were spending the winter at Hotel Punta Gorda, Punta Gorda, South Florida.

The conversation took place on the hotel piazza, in the evening twilight, and had one unknown but most attentive listener, Jake Somers, who had been at the hotel trying to sell a string of fish. Fish were so plentiful, however, that the best brought only a few cents each, and twenty five dollars was more money than Jake had ever seen at one time.

The Somers family, father, mother, and half a dozen young children, lived in a cabin down the bay. They had come from "ol' Georgy" on account of "pap's" health, he having weak lungs. His life had been prolonged, no doubt, but money and strength had dwindled away, until now the family was supported chiefly by Jake and Bob, sturdy youngsters, eight and ten years old, who worked the garden, peddled fish, ran errands, caught bait for the hotel guests, and in one way or another earned a good many pennies, but not enough for luxuries or to give the sick man, whose life was slowly ebbing, many comforts.



Perhaps their greatest deprivation was doing without milk and butter, which had been abundant in the old home. They had hoped to have a cow, possibly two or three, and sell milk and butter to the hotel people. But a cow would cost twenty five dollars, and in pap's failing strength they had been afraid

pap and mam'll be scar't into fits. But if catching a measly snake'll get us a cow, let's do it, and not say anything till we fetch her home. What bothers me, though, is about that fork't stick, and pressing

it on the critter's head. Unless the stick's powerful long, what's to hinder the snake from striking? And 'spose the stick was to slip just as you went to put the noose on, and let its head come loose—there'd be the mischief to pay! We'll have to study up a better way'n that, at least for boys!"

"Let's make a trap for him, Jake," said Bob.

"But if we caught one in a trap, how could we ever get him out?"

"We could take him to town in the trap, and let the man get him out to suit hisself. We could give him trap, snake and all, for twenty five dollars."

"Yes, but snakes ain't liable to go into traps, you know; they's sharp. Don't you remember the preacher talking only last Sunday about being 'wise as serpents?' Anyways, this snake man's liable to cut out from here, or some one else may get him a snake, and I'm thinking if we're going to yearn that money, we've just got to find the snake and catch him the best we can. Study on it, Bob; and to-morrow, being Saturday, we'll go gopher hunting, 'thout mam's suspicioning anything; and if we find a snake that'll give us milk and butter, why, we've just got to take him in, that's all!"

The next morning the boys were up early, and Jake had a plan ready: "I've got a way to do it, Bob, and its just as easy! The main thing's to find a snake of a twenty five dollar size. If we can run across the one we saw last summer, he'd be big a plenty."

"Yes, but we couldn't hold his head down with no fork't stick, Jake. A grown up man couldn't hardly do it!"

"That ain't my plan, Bob. You know how a rattler does when he is riled. How he flings hisself into a coil, with his head raised to strike! Well, my plan's just to take a long fishing line and make a loop in the middle; then find the snake and rile him; then you holding one end of the line, we'll just drap the loop over his head, and there he'll be! All we'll have to do then'll be to pull on the line and draw the loop around his neck, and I can walk right into town leading him, you following behind and holding him back from running onto me or off sideways."

"Yes, but what's to hinder him from choking to death, Jake?"

"I've thought that out, too. We'll make a small, tight loop, just big enough for the line to slip through easy, then tie a knot in the line to catch on the loop so's the noose can't draw more'n so tight around his neck, and when we let up pulling the noose'll give a little, enough to give him

breath 'thout our letting it loose enough for his head to get out."

"Well, that sure ought to do! Anyways, we can but try it, Jake, if so be's we find the snake."

"Mum's the word, then! We'll do up the chores, and start about ten o'clock, when snakes'll be sunning themselves."

At the hour appointed, armed with forty feet of heavy cotton cord, noosed as described, and a gopher sack, the boys started for the scrub—a bit of white sand desert covered with scrub oak, rosemary, saw palmetto and stunted shrubs, where, if anywhere, snakes could be found, where Bob had seen the recent trail, and where, a few months before, the boys had seen, as Jake expressed it, "the father of all the rattlers." It was a good place, too, for gophers—in fact, Florida gophers and rattlesnakes are the best of friends, and often live together in the same burrow.

Before reaching the scrub, by way of weapons, they cut stout saplings nine or ten feet long, with which they beat the bushes and palmettoes as they walked slowly through, twenty five or thirty steps apart, stopping frequently to listen for the "singing" of a rattler, which would follow his being disturbed.



The proudest and happiest boys in the country.

to spare so much at first, and later did not have it.

The hope lingered, however, and the children still talked of the perfectly luxurious time they would have with a mug of milk a piece at meals, and of the delicacies—sugar, syrup, etc.—that could be bought with the butter they would sell.

Only that morning at breakfast, "mam" had said, "Oh, if we only had a cow! How many nice things I could fix for pap! They'd make him better, I know."

When Jake heard Will Orison's offer, he went home thinking about it. Twenty five dollars for a rattlesnake! Why couldn't he catch one? He wasn't afraid—that much he knew—but even if he could find the snake, was he strong enough to hold a big one down with a forked stick and slip a noose over its head?

He didn't dare speak of it to his mother, knowing he would be forbidden even to think of it. He talked it over that night with Bob, however, the eight year old brother, and, as he expected, found him "grit enough" to help make the attempt. Moreover, that very day Bob had seen the "trail" of a monster snake in the scrub, a mile or so away.

"We must keep mummer'n catfish about it, Bob, or

At last Bob was rewarded by a loud singing just in front of him, and in a bit of open ground saw the biggest rattler he had ever seen, unless, as was probable, it was the same one they had seen some months before.

"Here he is, Jake," he cried; "come quick!"  
 "I hear him. Don't let him get away, Bob!"  
 "He ain't a trying to, Jake. He's sure waiting, and ready to fight right now."

Jake hurried up, and there in front of Bob was the great snake, coiled for battle, with its warning rattles sounding furiously. It was beautiful in markings of gray and gold and black, and glared at the boys fearlessly, as if conscious that it carried death for a hundred men.

"He don't need any riling, do he, Bob?"  
 "No, Jake, he don't, and we'd better get him tied pretty quick, or he'll be after us."

"Well, I'll stand here, while you take this end of the line and go around him; then soon's I give the word, just drap the loop over his head."

So Bob walked around, lifting the line over the low bushes, till he got opposite Jake, when the loop dangled directly over the snake's head, as it turned to watch first one and then the other. Watching their chance, when they got it just right, Jake cried, "Now, Bob, drap her easy," and the loop was landed successfully. "Now pull, Bob, hard and steady!"—and the next instant, with the cord tight around its neck, the monster was struggling fiercely.

"Hold fast, Bob! Don't let him come this way!"  
 "Hold fast y'erself, Jake, and don't let him get onto me," answered Bob.

For awhile the boys had all they could do to hold the snake where it was, and at the same time keep it from fouling the line in the bushes. But the noose was tight enough to put considerable check on its breathing, and after ten minutes or so of fierce struggle it quieted down and lay quite limp and exhausted.

"I'm afraid he's going to die, Jake," said Bob.  
 "No, he's just tuckered out. Loosen up a little on the line, so's he can get some breath; and soon's he begins to come to, I'll move towards town, and you

just hold the line tight enough to keep him from running onto me when I ain't a looking."

"All right, Jake. All I ask is that you don't let him jerk the line a loose and come back at me."

In a few minutes signs of returning activity appeared, and Jake started off, dragging the struggling, writhing creature.

As an inert mass it would have been a heavy drag, but with its struggles and twistings around bushes and trees and frequent stops for it to get breath, progress was slow. Shortly after noon, however, the boys entered the town and took their way down the one long street, where all who met them turned back in a procession that followed to the hotel, in front of which they halted; and Jake called out, "Mister, here's y'er snake!"

"Why, bless my soul, Will, look what those boys have got!" exclaimed Tom Clute.

"Looks like a young boa constrictor from here," said Will; "and not so very young, either! Come on, let's see it closer," and they joined the wide circle that showed no disposition to crowd on the boys, for now, with the line relaxed, the snake had recovered breath and strength, and angry and excited was coiled for striking, while its fierce rattling left no doubt as to what it was.

"That's your snake, Will; the one you were wishing for, only he is bigger."

"Where did you catch him, boys?"

"Caught him in the scrub, and brought him in for that twenty five dollars you were talking about the other night," said Jake.

"You don't really mean to say that you kids captured that snake by yourselves?"

"Yes, sir, we did; Bob and me. I heard you say you would give twenty five dollars for one more'n six foot long—which this one is—and Bob and me just determined to yeern that money. So, mister, here's y'er snake, if you'll just take him and give us the money."

"You're in for it, Will; no doubt of that! You see what comes of making rash offers in the dark. Of course, you've no earthly use for the beast, and can't

carry it away with you alive. Get your gun and kill it; the hide will be worth the price, in evidence of the pluckiest thing I have ever known a couple of boys to do. I wouldn't have tackled that thing out in the scrub for twenty five thousand dollars."

"Well, but, Tom, I wasn't joking in the least and will willingly pay the money; you'll see, too, that I'll take the snake home alive. Boys, just hold him until I come back!"

And running over to the tin shop, he was lucky in finding a good sized pine box, over which he had a piece of wire netting nailed, leaving a flap that could be turned back at one corner. Returning with this improvised cage, he said, "Now, boys, the question is how we are going to get him into this?"

"We can pull him about till he's all tuckered out," said Jake, and then two of you what's stronger'n us, can lift him by the string and drap him into the box, having a board ready to clap over the hole soon's he's in."

That course was followed; and when limp and "tuckered out," his length was measured and found to be seven feet three inches.

When he had been safely caged, Will took the boys to his room in the hotel and got their story from them—all about the sick father and the family longing for a cow; and how they had determined to "yeern" the twenty five dollars, and take the cow home as a surprise.

"And do you know where a cow can be had?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir!" answered Jake. "Mr. Jones has a herd, and will let us have a good one for twenty five dollars."

"Well, we will go together and see Mr. Jones," said Will. And taking the boys back to the piazza he told their simple story to the guests, and finished by saying: "The boys deserve the best cow in Florida, and I am going to see that they get the best one that can be bought in Punta Gorda."

That evening, about milking time, Jake and Bob marched home driving a beautiful cow and young calf, the proudest and happiest boys in the county.

## The Kid in Camp—Henry C. Warnack

The kid walked into a cheap restaurant at the foot of Seventeenth street, Denver, and ordered a ten cent supper. When the frowsy waiter came in with the order the boy shut his eyes to make up his mind that the meal was good. He was direct from one of the most perfectly ordered little homes in New Orleans, and the finest catering in the blustering Colorado city would not have compensated for the loss of the chef of the Louisiana home. His going away had cost him a silent inward struggle for a year and had left a youthful, widowed mother in tears. The father had been dead for many years and the boy felt he must do something for his mother beyond providing the bare necessities. His ambition was kindled into a flame by his dreams and his knowledge, through reading, of the golden West; consequently he had slipped away quietly after a tearful good-bye, and a dozen promises that he would write often, bound for the land of his dreams.

One night a little later found him spending one of his few remaining ten cent pieces for supper in a



"Hello, sonny, up against it proper?"

dingy second-class Denver restaurant. By his side was an ill-scented, soiled specimen of humanity whose garb and manners proclaimed him to be a member of that great army of men which overflows and overrides the West; for the tramp thrives in the sunset land as nowhere in the world.

Remarking the boy's appearance the tramp sang out: "Hello, sonny, up against it proper?" The boy nodded. "Huntin' work?" questioned the tramp.

"I am going to work on the Union Pacific to-morrow," said the boy.

The tramp laughed hoarsely and immoderately. "Going to ship with a graft for the U. P., eh, kid? Why, you couldn't fetch a one mule cart through one of them cuts. Besides—" and he lowered his voice warningly; "ye have to work twelve days or ye get no pay."

"I expect to work all winter," the kid replied.

The tramp stared in wide-eyed amazement. Work all winter! The thought paralyzed him. After bolting a few mouthfuls of food he broke out:

"I say, kid, why don't you spud?"  
 "Do what?" queried the boy.

"Spud," said the tramp. "Go to Greely and pick spuds."

"What's that?"

"Why, spuds is spuds. Potatoes. You pick in the Greely country for three weeks and get a dollar and a half a day and board. That would stake you for the winter. I'm going myself in the morning."

The kid reported at the labor agent's office at half past five o'clock next morning. He thought as he went that the stars never looked so large or so few. Through the gray of the dawn he saw the dim outline of the snow covered Rocky Mountains. He breathed deeply of the rare air of which it seemed he could never get enough, and he made a mental comparison of the clear dawn at Denver and that through the mists and fogs along the banks of the Mississippi.

At the labor agent's office he was surprised to meet in the waiting crowd his restaurant acquaintance of the night before.

"I thought you were going to Greely," said the kid with boyish frankness. "Hist!" exclaimed the tramp, "I am, but I joins the graft for Laramie and Aspen and I drops at Greely. I ride de cushions instead of de rods, see?"

There was no time for more talk. The agent promptly marched the collected crowd to the Union depot at the foot of Seventeenth street. At the depot they found other grafts of laborers to be shipped to various camps along the U. P., and there was much pulling and hauling of the men on the part of the labor agents, each assuring the men that his particular camp possessed the cleverest, cleanest outfit on the line.

The kid watched the canvassing of the "rustlers" with interest. When they came to Greely he was surprised to see a dozen of the men who were pledged to the various railway camps drop off the car as the train rolled out of the station. The same thing happened at other stations in the great potato district. Work of a few days without responsibility was what these men were looking for. Many of them slunk away at stations where no work was in prospect. They were simply worthless tramps taking advantage of a chance for a free ride over a road that needed and would have gladly employed thousands of men.

By the time the kid's train arrived at Cheyenne,

the border city between Colorado and Wyoming, the coach of laborers was cleared of the worst element and the ride to Laramie was made in more comfort. The new graft was met at Laramie by a wagon from Donovan's outfit, and they were soon at the grader's camp.

The boy had scarcely arrived when men gathered about him and looked him over as if he were a pony.



Without a word the kid wrote the order.

"Little Broncho," some of them called him at first, but that was soon dropped and they never knew him by any other name than that of the Kid.

The kid took to the hardships of railroad camp life with all the grace of his sunny French nature. The men laughed at the idea of his "skinning" with a wheeler. Old Donovan, as the boys called him, though in reality he wasn't above forty, looked him over keenly and turned abruptly away, but a close observer would have noticed a change in the sternly-set features and a softer light in the piercing gray eyes. Later the commissary clerk came to the kid and told him that the old man had ordered him to be assistant clerk.

The little commissary clerk was very happy. Every morning he scampered away for a ride on Frosty, the night mare, who was white as sea foam. He hadn't been in camp a week until he was everybody's friend and favorite. He wrote letters for the illiterate, broke eggs for the cook's overworked "flunky," sympathized with the man who believed all the world was "down on him," and in short entered into and filled the busy camp's little heart world with his sunny nature. Bluff Jack Stallman would have contested for the kid's rights with the last drop of his blood. Stallman, who had never been friendly with a soul at camp, never lost a chance to spend a

minute with the kid and gradually his harsh nature softened under the kid's influence.

Saturday night brought the men in for orders on their month's pay. The kid watched them with a sense of pain. He knew what it meant. Those poor fellows had worked in stormy Wyoming all week and were now placing the last cent of their week's wages on the poker game which ran all night long and all of Sunday in one of the sleeping tents.

One by one the men came in for their orders, Stallman among the rest. Some played only part of their wages, others played the whole of it in a lump. When Stallman's turn came the kid looked up in his face and asked gently, "You, too, Jack?"

"Yes, give me five dollars," replied the big fellow with a shamefaced air. Without a word the kid wrote the order. A few minutes later Stallman came back. "Five more," he said, "as soon as I get on to their game, I'll win."

"Don't do it, Jack," pleaded the kid. "I wouldn't say this to the other men, but you are my friend. Every week you work hard and every Saturday night it goes to the wind. I know it is your own, Jack, to do as you choose, but don't throw it away. A good life is a happy life, Jack, and it's made up just one day at a time. You are true to Donovan six days in the week, Jack. Be true to yourself on the seventh. Start to-night to be a happy man. Kill your worst enemy, the passion for play, right here to-night."

Stallman looked at the kid earnestly for a second, the kid returning the look, bravely and quietly, while in the mind of Stallman there was a contest between grim determination and wavering irresolution. Finally, realizing all it meant to him, the better element in his nature awakened and he said in a husky voice, "Kid, I'll do it, here's my hand on it." The big fellow hurried out of the commissary and into the sleeping tent where the game was in progress. "All them can fool their money away as wants to," he said in a loud voice, "but I'll never buck another game," and he kept his word.

It leaked out that the kid was at the bottom of Stallman's resolve, and at breakfast next morning somebody called out, "Little preacher, will you hold services to-day?" Before the men could laugh, the kid called back in his clear boyish voice: "Yes, I'm going to preach in the sleeping tent at ten o'clock."

"Well, you're not," said one of the gamblers angrily.

"He will if he wants to," thundered Stallman, "and I'm here to tell ye it's dead men as tries to stop him or says a word in meetin'."

At ten o'clock the game tent was crowded. All the players pushed back their cards except those at one table. They played on silently until the kid began to sing, then with a scowl they turned from the rough table on which they played and faced the kid. They acted the part of wisdom for Stallman was making his way to the table that very minute.

At the sound of the kid's voice the men pricked up their ears. It was not a hymn he was singing at all, but a touching little ballad, the first words of each stanza being, "Write a letter home to mother." The lines of the song brought before every one of those rough men the patient mother of childhood and her pale careworn face of later years, the gentle, loving mother to whose life of care and sacrifice they had added such a load of care, such a world of grief. Loud and clear the sweet-voiced singer pleaded for mother at home and many a teardrop consecrated the ground of the erstwhile gaming tent.

When the kid said, "Let us pray, men," every head was bowed.

"O, Lord," he prayed, "if we should die to-day, we would not be prepared. A life that won't do to die by, won't do to live by. Help us to get right with ourselves and with Thee. Bless those we love at home, bless and care for them. Amen."

It was just a half-minute prayer. He wanted to say only enough to be remembered. Then he arose to speak. "Men of Camp Donovan," he began, "I am a child and cannot advise you, but truth is truth from any source, and this is truth. You cannot be happy without a purpose in life. You must try to be something. Every man in camp can work steady, save his money, and be somebody. You can't go to church on Sunday, but you can wash your clothes, bathe yourselves, and write home. If you do that before dinner and haven't anything to read or occupy your time, go to work. Don't stop doing something. Say to yourselves all day, 'I'm going to be somebody,' and try to think clean, manly thoughts. That's all the sermon I've got. The meeting is closed."

The kid walked out of the tent followed by the men. Not a set of fours remained at the gaming tables. Next Saturday night when the kid announced a singing in the sleeping tent, it was filled to overflowing, and for two hours they sang all the songs of their boyhood.

This was the first singing but by no means the last. Long after the day when the kid's bright face was seen in the camps no more, the men still gathered and sang on Saturday nights, and the outgoing mail on Monday morning was laden with letters home.

One day soon after that first Sabbath effort the kid appeared before Mr. Donovan and asked if he could have a team and wagon over Sunday. Mr. Donovan granted the request without a question. Saturday

night at supper he asked for a volunteer to accompany him to Laramie. "Deep Dave," a great silent chap, contested for the privilege with Stallman. It ended by their both going. Neither knew on what mission they went. Late that afternoon they returned with two heavy boxes. Their surprise was as great as that of the men of the camp when the opening of the boxes proved them each to contain one hundred volumes of standard works of all kinds. No one ever knew from whence these books came. They say that the kid told Frosty, the night mare, but the wise little pony kept her secret well.

The kid had been in camp six weeks now and knew every animal in the barn including the working stock. The men had never admired him as much as when one day after brute force had been used in vain to move a pair of balky mules out of an awkward cut, the kid took the lines in his hand and calling to the animals by name, drove them out of the difficult hole with as much ease as if they had been in the open.

The first cloud in the kid's camp life came one day through fault of others. One of the men drew his



Donovan . . . sat looking into the sweet, quiet face.

time and was about to clear camp. He was one of those men equally dishonest and embittered and he chose the commissary as his means of "evening up" as he termed it. Not knowing that the man had given over his work and seeing no intimation of a settlement on the books the kid let him have a considerable bill of goods. The fault was the head clerk's in his failure to enter the settlement immediately, but the kid bore the blame and paid for the mistake in silence.

Next afternoon while the head clerk was timing the men on the works farthest from camp a fearful storm of sleet and snow came up. Remembering that the clerk was without mackintosh or overcoat and beyond hope of shelter, the kid armed himself with the clerk's heaviest great coat and jumping on Frosty rode through the storm to the works. The clerk was profoundly grateful and when an hour later, after the storm, the kid was stricken with congestive chills, he rode full speed to Laramie for a physician. The camp was breathless in anxiety and suspense, and when the doctor announced that the little patient was beyond help of medical skill those big burly fellows cast their pride to the winds and wept like children.

All the night Donovan sat at his bedside. Looking up piteously into the man's rough face, the little fellow's lips tremblingly whispered, "Tell my mother—tell my mother—" But the little life was too far spent to frame the message he desired to send. With a sigh of weakness he turned his hot, flushed face upon the pillow, and as Donovan bent over him, stroking his brow, he heard him again softly repeat, "Tell my mother;" then with a smile of utter contentment and perfect peace he passed away.

Donovan ordered the men, almost sternly, to leave the room where the dead child lay and then sat looking into the sweet, quiet face, alone for an hour.

Suddenly he started. Something—was it the angel spirit of the child?—told him why the boy's face had ever so fascinated and influenced him. The child was the living image of one he had known in the sunny South in his young manhood. It all came back to him. He remembered how when she had refused him because he was not all he should have been, he had left in anger and had gone out of her life and the life of his home. That she loved him, he knew, but his pride could not accept her gentle rebuke, and he had left hope of her behind and gone West.

Tears rained down his furrowed cheeks. For his boyhood sweetheart's sake, as well as his own, he told himself, he would find from the child's effects who his mother was and send the remains home—send the remains of her dead boy and write her a letter, telling her all the boy had been to the men in his camp, and what a comfort to him in particular.

With this in view he opened the little trunk and gently as a woman, lifted the clothing. He drew up startled. Why had he not known this before?

There on the top of the neatly folded clothing lay the picture of the boy's mother and the picture was that of Donovan's sweetheart as well! He opened a locket which he carried, and gazed yearningly first at the miniature it contained and then at the picture he had found in the trunk. The latter was of one a little older—only a little, and she was robed in a widow's sable gown—that was the only change.

He pressed a kiss reverently upon the photograph, and then on the still white brow of the little sleeper. His strong attachment for the manly little fellow was now fully explained.

Four days later Donovan was standing before a little cottage in a New Orleans suburb on a two-fold mission, and out of the night of sorrow for these two, there dawned a beautiful day.

## Side-Tracked.

FRANK H. SWEET.

It is not always the boy of great opportunities whose work is best, nor the physically strong, courageous deed that is most far-reaching. There are opportunities everywhere and at all times, and they are just as significant to the weak as to the strong, and to the child as to the man. It is not the opportunity, but the use of it that counts.

I have in mind a South Florida boy whose big, earnest eyes were looking into the future for opportunities before he was twelve. His father was an engineer on the East Coast Railway, and his mother at one time had been a teacher in one of the Jacksonville graded schools. Robert was an only child, and at that time was strong and imaginative, and already beginning to chafe at the confinement of his years. He had read "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and most of Scott's novels, and was familiar with the deeds of the "Knights of the Round Table," and he longed for an arena in which to emulate some of their deeds of chivalry. In the school he kept easily at the head of his classes, and on the playground was a leader who had a reputation for starting novel games, and introducing daring feats of courage and endurance.

At one time he had an ambition of being an engineer like his father, and of controlling the great, throbbing iron horse on its journeys back and forth through the wide stretches of open land and forests. Then the building of the palatial hotels on the east coast brought down a class of people he had never met before—men and women who talked familiarly of the things of which he had only dreamed; whose talk was like the books he loved, and who had apparently been everywhere. Even their low, well-modulated voices had a peculiar charm for him, and he listened to one and another, and asked questions, and in the end resolved to learn all he could in his school, and after that go to larger ones until he knew as much as these people. Then he would know all about the world, and would be able to choose a calling that would offer all the opportunities he longed for.

And thus one day had come a misunderstanding at the little station where he lived. The station master, who was also freight and express and ticket agent, and telegraph operator and switch-tender, had failed to connect the main track for the through express after switching off the down freight. Robert was standing near the switch when he heard the rumble of the approaching express, and the whole direful possibilities flashed over him. There was no time to call the station master, for a few seconds of that deafening rumble and the express would flash by, and then—

Fortunately he was familiar with the switch, and fortunately also he was strong. A weak grasp would have been useless on that great bar of iron.

A quick spring, and a sudden exerting of all his strength, and the through express flashed by and was soon lost in the distance.

But there had been no time to look out for himself, and when the brakeman of the freight train, headed by the white-faced station master, rushed forward, he was lying by the track, bruised and unconscious.

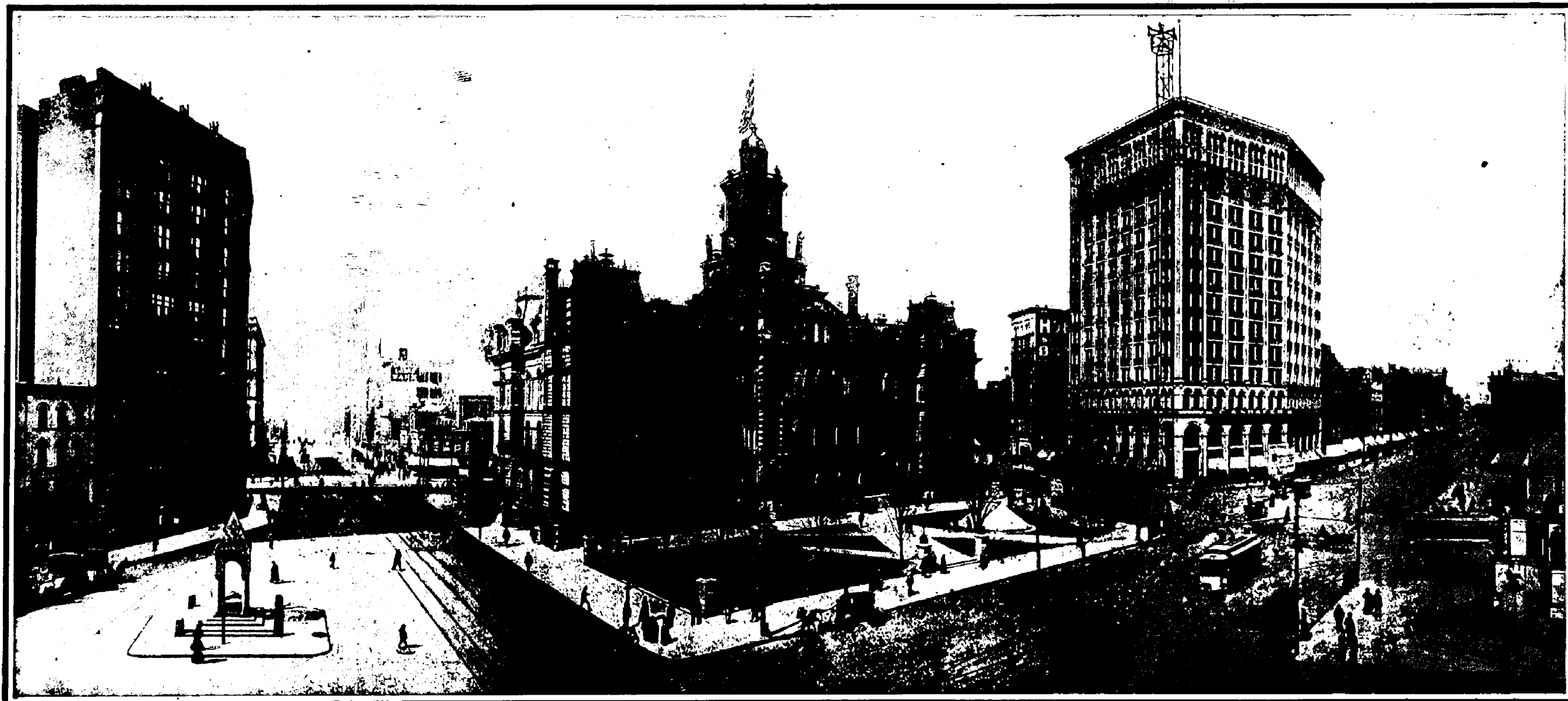
They took him across to his mother and sent for a doctor, and when he recovered consciousness it was to learn that all his dreams of physical prowess in the world must be put away, for he had no legs.

For weeks there was a look in the big eyes which sometimes made his mother turn aside and catch her breath; and then gradually the eyes began to grow stronger and more thoughtful, with a returning of their old earnestness of purpose. One day he looked at her with an odd little grimace.

"There's no use fretting over what can't be helped, mother," he said, with a brave attempt at cheerfulness. "I'm side-tracked," as father would say. Suppose you bring my school books and put them on the bed. I will keep up my studies and reading just the same. Perhaps some other road is waiting for me."

And who can doubt there is? As the days go by, bringing the old-time eagerness and enthusiasm into the thoughtful eyes, who shall dare say the time is not coming when men will concede it was good that this boy lived?

## The Campus Martius—The Business Centre of Detroit.



Hammond Building.

Fort Street.

Post Office.

City Hall.

Woodward Avenue.

Majestic Building.  
The American Boy Office, 7th Floor.

Soldiers' Monument.

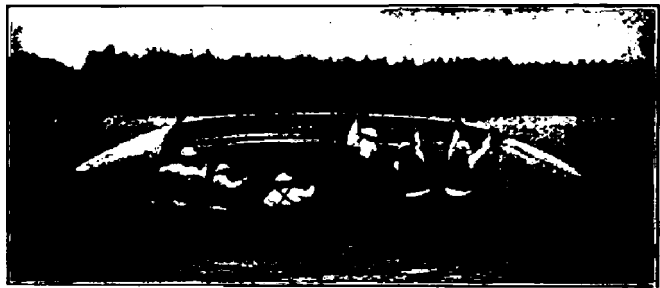
## The New Home of The American Boy.

In July, 1899, we moved from the Telephone Building, a handsome office building in Detroit, where we occupied the whole of the third floor, into the new Majestic Building, the largest and finest office building in Michigan, shown on the right in the accompanying picture. Here we occupied eight large rooms on the thirteenth floor, and here THE AMERICAN BOY was born three months later. So fresh was the air and so bright the sunshine, in its birthplace above the smoke and dust and din of the city, THE AMERICAN BOY grew like a sunflower under spring showers, and other rooms were needed to accommodate all the help required to care for him. Thus it came about that in two years' time the eight rooms had expanded to sixteen. But it soon became evident that THE AMERICAN BOY needed a domicile especially adapted to his needs, and the result was the fitting up of a new home on the seventh floor of the same building comprising nearly half the entire floor and covering 5,000 square feet of floor space. The youngster now has one of the finest appointed office homes to be found anywhere, embracing a large general workroom, lighted, when necessary, by clusters of incandescent lights in the ceiling; its walls and columns decorated in blue and gold; a pretty font in the centre supplying iced water; two vaults, one of which contains 250 square feet; private toilet rooms; and for the officers, editors, proofreaders, artists and bookkeepers private offices supplied with all the appointments of a modern business establishment.

The latch string is always out to the friends of THE AMERICAN BOY.

**THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING COMPANY.**

# The Young Surfman—George Whitfield D'Vys



OVERTURNING THE SURF BOAT.

My heart leaped with joy as I read the paper tacked upon the mill gates:

NOTICE! Employees are hereby notified that owing to repairs to be made, these gates will not be opened, Tuesday, 26th inst. Work will be resumed Wednesday, as usual, per order.

THADDEUS SCRIBNER, Agent.

Boating and fishing are my hobbies, but on this unexpected holiday I decided to visit historic Boston, as I had long had a desire to stand upon the "sacred soil of Bunker Hill" and beneath the elm under which Washington stood when he took command of the American army.

So the early train bore me to Boston, and soon I was roaming through Faneuil Hall, "the Cradle of Liberty." I entered the Old North Church, from the high steeple of which was swung the lantern that speeded Paul Revere on his ride of warning to the farmers, "The British are marching to Concord, to destroy our stores!" I boarded "Old Ironsides" and I climbed the monument at Bunker Hill. I visited the old State House where Hancock and Samuel Adams denounced British aggression.

I entered the Old South Church, whose walls shook with plaudits for the twenty townsmen, who, disguised as Indians, quietly boarded tea-laden vessels and threw overboard the contents of the tea chests.

On to Lexington! Here I saw a mammoth soul-stirring painting, "The Dawn of Liberty." I stood where Captain Parker stood with his minute men. As the British soldiers advanced, in the early morning of that ever memorable nineteenth day of April, 1775, Parker cried, "If they want a war, let it begin here." "Disperse, ye rebels!" cried the British, but Parker stood firm, the Britons fired, and the war was actually begun.

On to Concord! My heart filled to overflowing, for here

"The embattled farmers stood  
And fired the shot, heard round the world."

My soul thrilled with patriotism as I roamed that battleground. Here is that wonderful statue, "The Minute Man." In his quaint costume, he leans upon his plough, gazing afar, with expectant look, as he grasps firmly in his right hand his old flintlock musket. That figure in bronze melted me; none could doubt his loyalty. At a minute's notice he was ready to protect his country. Impulsively, I sang aloud:

"Our father's God, to Thee  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee, we sing;  
Long may our land be bright,  
With freedom's holy light  
Protect us, by Thy might,  
Great God, our King!"

"Bravo, lad! Bravo! God bless our country and you also." I looked up, startled and confused. Before me was a robust old fellow who gripped my hand warmly, as he declared, "That song is the real thing. And so you are a Yankee lad. What have you done for Uncle Sam? something, I wager. Your soul is shining through your eyes with love for the old flag."

"Nothing," I replied meekly. "Uncle Sam has needed just such big fellows as I am, but I stayed folding bales of cotton cloth in a mill, because I couldn't go, still I am young yet, and another chance may come."

"Why did you say 'I couldn't go?' What prevented?"

"My mother's illness."

"And now?"

"She is dead. But the war is over. My father was on the Vincennes during the blockade at New Orleans in the sixties, and none can know how I longed to join the Naval brigade that went to fight the Spaniards." He again clasped my hand. "I understand. Any home ties now, lad?"

"None sir! As I said before, I am a mill hand. I am from Manchester, New Hampshire."

"I see you are a strong lad, and I wager you have

The writer of "The Young Surfman" is a resident of Somerville, Mass. Some five years ago he was helplessly crippled by accident and then gave his attention to writing. He has been successful, his work appearing in many well-known publications. His talents take wide range, from comic songs to novels and short stories. Mr. D'Vys is forty two years of age and comes from a long line of seafaring adventurers. His father was a mariner with a remarkable career. His mother traveled the world over and was a talented writer.

a clear head, and a clean heart! Aye, and a stout one, too. Am I right?"

"I hope so," I replied.

"I warrant it," said he; "I like you, lad, and did from the moment I heard your song. Yes, I like you, and when an old sailor says that, he means it."

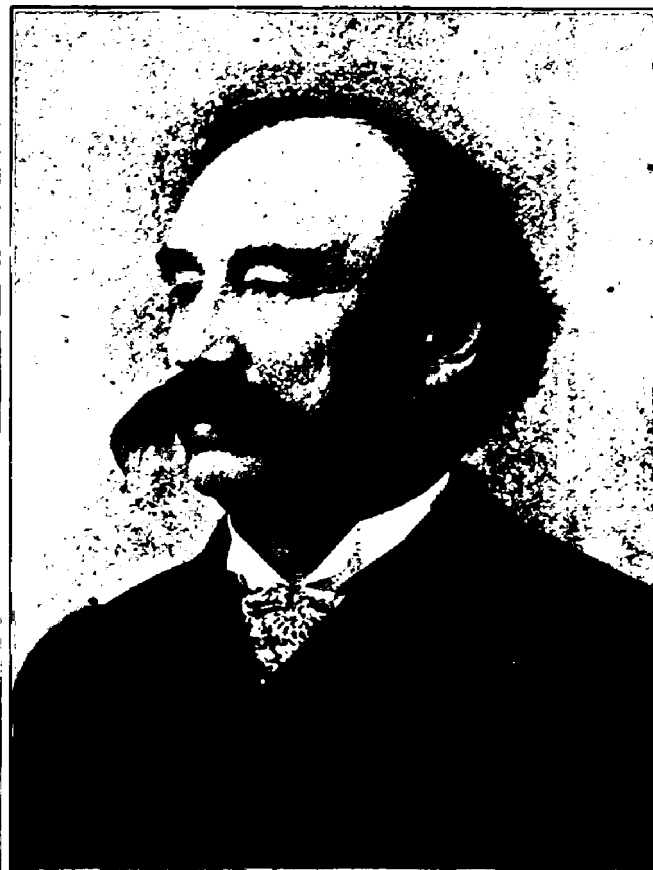
"I certainly thank you, sir. Are you a seaman?" I asked.

"I have been. Have you ever heard of life-saving stations?"

"In a general way, yes, sir."

"Well, lad, I am Captain Hurd, keeper of such a station down on the coast, with a crew of eight men in the winter; now, there are but two, as June and July is our 'off season.' I am in Concord, to-day, because one of my brave men rode a bicycle into a stone wall—he, too, a man that could steer a boat in the wildest surf. Poor fellow; he will never return to duty! Lad, how would such work suit you? Say nothing! I guessed it; but it is a life of peril. You have no idea of the hardships and the responsibility."

That I might file with the Civil Service men an application for the grade of surfman, we were soon speeding to Boston.



SUMNER I. KIMBALL,

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE, AND KNOWN AS "FATHER OF THE SERVICE."

"Is this our country's service?" I asked.

"Assuredly so," he replied. "During the last war did not the government rely on us to watch lest the enemy approach? We protect her revenue; we protect her commerce, and the lives of her citizens. And as for smuggling there would be a deal more but for these stations. The service of to-day extends over nearly nine thousand miles of sea and lake coast, and is a thoroughly equipped and disciplined organization of two hundred and twenty five stations manned by trained crews. Fitness and merit is the one consideration in the retention of the men. The government gives us all the modern appliances for life-saving along the coast; it provides us comfortable quarters to live in, and pays us our compensation."

"Who is at the head of the organization?"

"Sumner I. Kimball, and if any one man deserves the gratitude of mankind and the nation it is he. Since 1871 he has devoted his best energies to maintain the service at the highest standard. Long life to Kimball!"

The following day I took the examination, which had for its object the ascertainment of my qualifications for the position. Experience is the criterion for admission, but a word from Captain Hurd stood me instead.

I passed, and was at once installed in my new home far up behind the sand hills, with the mighty ocean all about, the captain telling his companions that "salt water, salt air and an old salt's diet, will take the fresh water look out of him in one month."

August and September were spent "getting ready." Repairs were made, the winter's stores laid in, boats and tackle put in prime order, and always the training, the daily drill, with each man knowing his particular work just as does the brave fire laddie when the conflagration rages.

I began where the unfortunate bicyclist left off, taking his place in the mess-room, his quarters, his turn at patrolling the three mile strip of beach, and his watch at the lookout tower.

"Constant vigilance," was the order.

I learned the code of signals, for few mariners passed us without some inquiry, and, though they were miles at sea, our tiny bits of color would answer them. Aiding stranded vessels, quelling fires in ships, collecting and protecting wreckage until taken by revenue officers, and watching for and detecting smugglers kept us busy "fine days."

A finer body of men, or one more faithful and obedient to the summons of duty, could nowhere be found. The thought that I was one of them, imbued me with a spirit I had never previously known. Bodily strength I surely had, and I determined when duty called to prove my manhood.

Much of the work done demanded downright heroism, as the force seemed to possess a passion for rescuing shipwrecked mariners, neither hurricane nor raging sea daunting them! Many were the wrecks along our coast and many a rescued seaman found shelter at our station.

Each storm had for us its own adventures, but one in particular is vividly impressed upon me—the storm that ended my career as a surfman.

From sunset it had raged in fearful fury with a howling wind and a tremendous sea! Through the spray, the midnight surfman on patrol discovered the towering masts of a great schooner which had gone ashore just off the head. He burned his coston signal, which told those on board the craft that her position was known; then he hurried on to notify the station. Soon the crew, with surfboats, mortars, and apparatus, was on the beach in a position opposite the stranded vessel.

A northeast gale was driving a rough sea, in great breakers, over the bars. The mortar gun was soon shotted and placed in position. The flash lit up the seething waters and the hull was seen as the great three-master rolled and strained as if to tear her decks out; she was stuck hard and fast in a boiling surf that washed her from deck to trucks.

The first shot with the life-line fell short, but at the second the line was fired over the battered craft. Her men caught it, and immediately made it fast, but in such a way that it could not be worked from shore.

Hours rolled by, the schooner was in danger of breaking up, yet the line could not be worked.

Wigwagging and signaling by the International code was tried, but to no avail, as the crew did not understand. Every sea broke with tremendous force upon the doomed vessel, and at daylight we saw the men had taken to the rigging, and were working desperately to clear the line, but this task was not done until eight o'clock, when, after seven hours of struggling, they made it fast to the masthead.

"Now, boys, all together," cried Captain Hurd, and in a jiffy a big hawser was run out with the breeches buoy affixed.

Three hundred yards of raging sea was between us and the masthead of that schooner, but quickly the buoy spanned it, and as it was dangling at the mast-head fifty feet in the air a sailor was seen to tumble into it. "Heave!" yelled Captain Hurd, and down the long slope of our hawser, as fast as eight men could pull it, the buoy came in, but the sag in the hawser struck the sea about one hundred yards from shore, when buoy and man were submerged! "Pull, men, pull! Run for your lives!" yelled Captain Hurd to us, and with tightened grip upon that hawser the crew dashed over the sands pulling swiftly in the buoy with its human freight.

Despite our exertions the poor sailor was half drowned from his long stay under the water. We took him out, and prompt attendance and the hot fire at the station soon brought him round. He reported the stranded vessel as the Nettie Ann, with fourteen men aboard.

One by one his shipmates had to go through the same terrible experience of a long bath in the rolling, boiling surf, which in addition to the long night of exposure must have proved fatal but for the care and the dry clothes received at the station. Worn and wearied as were our men by the long hours of arduous labor, the thought of the good work being done spurred us to do our utmost, and man after man was rescued from the Nettie Ann by our speedy dashes across the beach.

The thirteenth man taken from the buoy reported the captain of the schooner still on board and hanging to the rigging, too helpless to even attempt to reach the breeches buoy. His message was, "Give me up, I am done for!"

There was a hasty consultation. Captain Hurd deemed it useless to launch the lifeboat. But a human life was at stake! A helpless man was in peril!

The next moment I was in the buoy, a long submersion followed, the buoy sped swiftly up the hawser to the masthead. I soon reached the benumbed, frozen and helpless man. With difficulty I succeeded in taking him from his perilous position and placed him in the buoy. A great shout came to me from the shore as the buoy which had so truly proven its priceless value speeded down the slope to the shore with its precious freight. Fourteen men had been rescued, and it was with gladdened heart I thought



# The "Pony" Express—Morris Wade



It was a happy day for Dennis and Mary Ann Murphy when they found themselves in possession of money enough to carry them back to "dear ould Oireland," and to establish them comfortably for life on what they called

their "native sile." They had never taken kindly to life in America, and for years they had toiled and saved with but one end in view, and that was their final return to "ould County Cor-r-r-k."

The people of Westham were not glad to have Dennis and Mary Ann depart for their native land, for there was no one else in Westham who could "do up" all sorts of feminine washable apparel as Mary Ann Murphy could, and Dennis was the best "odd job" man in the town. When he cut the grass on a lawn or cleaned windows or carpets the work was done to the satisfaction of the most particular of his patrons, and the housewives in the town said that they did not know what they were to do without the help of Mary Ann on special occasions.

"O'ill be sorry to lave yeez," Mary Ann had said to her patrons, "but Dinns an' me have niver felt aisy or at home in America although we're not sayin' that the Americans are not as good as the Oirish. But we've a longin' to lay our bones in our native sile, an' we ain't iver got over our first homesickness for the land av the shamrock, an' so we've our passage ingaged for the tinth day av Siptimber."

With this end in view the Murphys had begun to dispose of their belongings early in September. Their two clean, fat pigs had gone to the butcher and their cow had suffered the same fate. Their hens had been sold to different ones of their neighbors and the only live stock they had left consisted of an unusually large billy goat that Dennis had named Pony for the reason, perhaps, that even when he was but a little kid Dennis had intended that the goat should, in his maturity, take the place of a horse and be useful to Dennis in his work. He had made a stout little cart for the goat, and it had been very useful in drawing burdens. It was so strong when fully grown that it could draw a large trunk to the railroad station, and Dennis had carried on quite an express business with the help of Pony.

When it became known that Dennis was to leave Westham there was considerable conjecture in regard to the disposition he must make of Pony. He was the only goat in the town, and he had been a source of no little fun to the boys of Westham. Three of these boys got together one day after school, and one of them, Gilbert Dilloway, said to the other two.

"I've got a scheme on hand that I'll let you two fellers into, if you say so. There's money in it."

"Then I'm with you, said Fred Fyfe. "I'm bound to be a millionaire some day, and I can't begin too early to accomplish my ambition."

"I'm not grasping enough to want a million," said Lute Dryden. "Eight or nine hundred thousand will make me comfortable, and I have three dollars and sixty nine cents to invest in anything that will be dead sure to bring me in that amount."

"My scheme won't bring in any such dividends as that," replied Gilbert. "But I honestly believe that us fellers can invest ten dollars in a way that will bring us in some money and a lot of fun."

"Oh, if there's to be a lot of fun with it I'll be willing to accept half a million instead of seven or eight hundred thousand as my share of the proceeds," said Lute. "What's your scheme?"

"Well, you know that old Dennis Murphy has a goat?"

"I ought to know it, for he butted me head over heels one day last week," said Fred.

"Well, you know that Dennis and his wife are going back to 'the ould sod' and they offer to sell the goat and its little wagon for ten dollars. I have the

refusal of it at that price until to-morrow night. Now, my scheme is for us three boys to buy the goat and carry on an express business with it and have no end of fun beside. We can each put up three and a third dollars with which to buy the goat, and then we can share the profits and the fun, for each of us will own one third of the goat."

"Well, I don't want the front third of him for my share if he is going to butt me over every time I go within ten rods of him," said Fred.

"Well, I don't want the rear third, for he kicked me over into old Murphy's watering trough one day," said Lute.

"Come, now, let's talk real business," said Gilbert.

"I mean real business."

"So does Pony when he comes at you head first."

"If we treat him all right he'll treat us the same way."

"Then I will never beat my goat,  
Nor never give him pain;  
Poor fellow, I'll be kind to him,  
And he'll not butt me again."

said Fred distorting a popular school book poem to suit the occasion. Gilbert ignored the interruption and said:

"Old Dennis tells me that he has made as much as three dollars some weeks carrying on an express business with Pony. And you know that it does not cost much of anything to feed a goat for it will eat anything."

"I know that," replied Fred, "for one day when Dennis had Pony at our house carting off dead leaves from the lawn, the goat dined on a pair of stockings and a pair of my mother's best pillow slips with half a yard of our new garden hose for dessert. Oh, yes! Pony will eat just anything."

Fred and Lute were really very much taken with Gilbert's scheme, and the result of the conference was that the three boys went out to Dennis Murphy's place that evening after school and bought Pony and his cart.

"He's gintle as a lamb if yez'll only trate him roight," said Dennis. "Wan can't blame him for kickin' an' buttin' whin he's put upon. He's a knowin' baste, is Pony. Trate him loike a gintlemin an' he'll behave as wan. But O'ill tell ye de troot—he's the devil's own whin he sets out to be thot same, ain't yeez, Pony?"

He stroked the back of the goat lovingly as he spoke, and Pony responded with an affirmative shake of his head and a playful butting of Dennis that caused the old Irishman to say:

"O'ill take your word for it, Pony. Lave off provin' it in anny other way."

The three boys lived in the same block in Westham and the homes of Gilbert and Fred were side by side. There was a small barn on the Fyfe lot and Mr. Fyfe gave Fred permission to keep the goat in the barn although he had not approved very heartily of the purchase of Pony, and Mrs. Fyfe had said:

"What on earth do you want of anything so horrid as a goat?"

"Oh, a goat's fine" declared Fred. "I know they don't smell so very good, but they're good fun, and we are going to make big money with our goat."

Gilbert had said that they must make a "regular business" of their proposed expressage plans, and with this end in view Lute, who had a small printing press, printed several hundred cards like the following to be distributed in the town:

The undersigned desire to inform the citizens of Westham that they are prepared to carry packages, hand baggage, ordinary size trunks and other articles to and from the railroad station at the lowest rates. Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed. Expressing of all kinds in any part of the town.

G. A. DILLOWAY,

F. H. FYFE,

L. R. T. DRYDEN.

The boys felt as if they were really "in business" when they saw these cards and had distributed them around the town, and they were eager to receive their first order. Gilbert, who, as the originator of the scheme, regarded himself as the "head of the firm," said to his partners:

"I wouldn't be surprised if we built up such a business that we will have to get a horse and wagon before long, and keep Pony just for the lighter work."

Pony had not taken very kindly to his new quarters in the Fyfe barn. He had had the free run of the house as well as of the yard and stable when he had belonged to Dennis Murphy, and he had usually reclined on the floor close to the

table when Dennis and Mary Ann were at their meals, and they had fed him almost as bountifully as they had fed themselves. Pony disapproved of a diet of hay and grain, and one day when the stable door and the barnyard gate had been left ajar he had wandered forth and had suddenly appeared in the kitchen of the Fyfe home just as Ann, the brawny maid of all work, was taking up the dinner.

"The saints above" shrieked Ann, when she saw the goat. "Out av me clane kitchen, ye dirty baste! Out wid yeez."

She set down the tureen of mashed potatoes she held and seized the broom from its nail near the door. The conflict that ensued was short and spirited, and it ended in Ann climbing into the kitchen sink from which coign of vantage she made thrusts at the goat while she cried at the top of her voice:

"Out wid yeez! Take your dirty nose from thim potatoes! Lave that roast bafe alone, ye vile baste! Howly mither! there goes the plather in a dozen pieces! Murther! Polace! Fire! Some wan kill the baste!"

This brought the Fyfe family to the kitchen door, and Mr. Fyfe ran into the kitchen armed with a chair. He ran out again when Pony lowered his head with a dangerous light in his eye and charged on his assailant. Fred ran into the kitchen crying out:

"Get out of here, Pony, out with you!"

But it was Fred who got out assisted materially by the goat, who butted him into the hall so violently that Fred landed on all fours. Pony then returned to his dinner. Ann nearly had a spasm when the goat put his fore feet on the kitchen table and devoured a lemon pie that had been a triumph of her culinary skill. Mr. Fyfe now came into the kitchen with a heavy cane with which he battled so fiercely that Pony was compelled to retreat, which he did with very bad grace.

This reprehensible conduct came near costing Pony his comfortable quarters in the Fyfe barn, for Mr. Fyfe said to Fred:

"I have a mind to shoot the creature even if you have three dollars invested in him, and I will do it if he ever makes any more such trouble as this about the place! You keep him shut up mighty close if you want to keep him at all, and you get your money out of him as soon as you can, and then let him go."

"He'll lave or I will," said Ann Sullivan, sullenly, as she cleared up the wreckage in the kitchen, but the gift of one of Mrs. Fyfe's old gowns made her change her mind, and she remained on condition that "thot dirty baste kape his own side av the fence!"

A stout chain attached at one end to a staple and at the other end to a collar around Pony's neck helped him to comply with this condition, and he invaded the Fyfe kitchen no more.

One morning Miss Philinda Sawyer found one of the business cards printed by Lute



Lowered his head and knocked Fred sprawling under the table.



under her door. She picked up the card, adjusted her glasses in her usual precise way and read the announcement on the card.

"Well, I am glad that there is some one else to carry our parcels and trunks for us now that old Dennis Murphy has gone," said Miss Philinda to herself. "I was wondering this very morning how we were to get along without him, and I am still wondering how I am to get along without Mrs. Murphy on Mondays, when I have had her for so many years."

Miss Philinda was an extremely prim and precise maiden lady well along in years. Everything about her indicated painstaking care regarding her personal appearance, and her house was so tidy and so prim that some of her friends feared to visit her lest they displace a book or turn up the corner of a rug, or, more unpardonable than anything else, they might "track in dirt" or carry a fly in with them. Had they done any of these things Miss Philinda would not have been glad to have seen them. The mat on the piazza in front of Miss Sawyer's door had on it in red letters "Wipe Your Feet," and, as if this were not enough, Miss Philinda always answered the bell with a brush broom in her hand with which she flecked off possible particles of dust before she admitted her callers. She had even been known to carry slippers to the door in extremely muddy weather, and when trunks or any other articles of baggage had been taken from her house by old Dennis she had laid strips of old carpet on every foot of the floor on which he was likely to step. She had been known to spend two hours in pursuit of a single fly, and once she had quite scandalized her friends and had greatly embarrassed herself in church by almost unconsciously rising in her seat and clapping her hands loudly together in her efforts to kill a fly that had darted before her while the sermon was being delivered. Force of habit had caused her to forget her surroundings, and she sank back in her pew crimson with mortification that aroused little sympathy.

The very next day after finding the card under her door Miss Philinda sent a postal to Gilbert Diloway asking him to call at her house as soon as possible for a parcel to be carried to the express office. Gilbert received the postal in the evening and he and his partners resolved to call for the parcel the next morning. It rained all of that night and it was still drizzling and the streets were very muddy when Gilbert and Fred set off for Miss Sawyer's house with Pony hitched to the little cart. Lute had caught a severe cold, and his mother would not allow him to go out in the rain. It was still raining when Gilbert rang Miss Philinda's doorbell. When she came to the door she opened it but a few inches and asked:

"What do you want, boys?"

"We have come for the parcel you wanted taken to the express office."

Miss Sawyer opened the door a little wider and saw the goat and cart in front of the house.

"Oh, so you are the boys who have bought old Dennis Murphy's goat and are going to take his place as expressmen, are you?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Fred politely.

"Well, I'm sorry you came on such a dreadful morning. Your feet must be all over mud, and the parcel I have for you is away up on the third floor of my house. It is really a small trunk that I have filled with things to send to a poor missionary in the far west. It will take both of you to carry it down to the cart."

She opened the door still wider and glanced at the feet of the young expressmen. Lifting up her hands in horror, she said:

"Dear me, sirs! How muddy your feet are! Really I'll have to ask you to slip off your shoes before you come into the house. I hope you won't mind."

Fred suddenly remembered that the greater part of the heel of one of his socks was gone, and that he had not told his mother about it the night before, and Gilbert recalled with a blush the fact that there were holes in the toes of both of his socks.

"And your coats are so wet you'd better slip them off and leave them here on the porch," added Miss Sawyer. "I am afraid that a drop of water might spot my carpet. I'll go and get some strips of carpet to lay down before you come in."

"Of all the fuss-pudges that ever was!" said Gilbert in an undertone as he stooped to untie his shoestrings when Miss Philinda had gone. "If she asks us to take off any more of our things I'll throw up the job for I have nothing else on but my shirt and trousers. Before I'd be as fussy as she is!"

Having laid strips of carpet in the hall Miss Sawyer said to the boys:

"Now, you can follow me," and she led the way upstairs.

The boys had left the gate open and no sooner had they disappeared within the house than Pony conceived the idea of entering the yard in pursuit of anything he could find to satisfy his omnivorous and insatiable appetite.

Up the gravel walk went the goat with the little cart behind him. He found nothing eatable on the walk, and when he reached the two or three steps leading up to the porch and the front door he saw to his satisfaction that the door was wide open, the boys having neglected to close it behind them. Pony

spent no time in trying to decide whether or not it would be in good form for him to enter the house uninvited, but he mounted the steps dragging the little cart after him with perfect ease. It was still easier for the wet, muddy and bedraggled goat to pull the cart after him as he walked in at the open door, the muddy wheels of the cart leaving a well-defined imprint behind them. The doors of the house were high and wide—so wide that a larger cart than the one Pony drew would easily have passed through them.

The goat first entered Miss Philinda's immaculate parlor, and after nibbling a bit of fringe from a hassock and finding it unsatisfactory proceeded to eat a small lace tidy from the back of a chair. Finding this as unsatisfying as the fringe the goat pushed its way between the chenille portieres that separated the parlor from the dining room. Here was a more promising field. Miss Philinda had breakfasted very late that morning, and the remains of her breakfast were still on the table. They were not there very long after the arrival of Pony in the dining room. He stood with his fore feet on the breakfast table and emptied all of the dishes, leaving his hoof prints on the cloth as he went from side to side of the table.

Once in the attic with the boys it occurred to Miss Sawyer that she would have Gilbert and Fred move some trunks that she had wanted moved from one room to another, and thus it happened that they were on the third floor of the house some ten or twelve minutes, which was long enough for Pony to make a tour of the lower part of the house. He had gone from the dining room into Miss Philinda's sitting room where he had upset her work basket and tangled himself and the cart up with a pair of lace curtains. Eating himself free from this entanglement he had gone into the kitchen, and he was in the

sued for this! There goes another dish! If I don't fix that creature!"

The sight that met the eyes of the boys and Miss Sawyer when they reached the kitchen door was one that none of them are likely to forget in this life. Miss Philinda said afterward that it "made her blood run cold," but it must have run warm again very soon, for in a moment she was pouring forth vials of wrath on the goat and the boys in the most impartial manner.

Pony backed out of the pantry with his head covered with flour, and the contents of a bowl of milk dripping from him. Gilbert said afterward that Pony did look "dreadfully comical," but it was not a time for the boys to indulge in laughter about anything. Pony shook his head in a threatening way as if to say "I dare you half-way!" Miss Philinda was about to accept the challenge and go all of the way with an iron poker in her hand when Fred said:

"Bert and I will get him out. He is ugly when strangers try to drive him."

He was "ugly" enough when the boys tried to drive him or lead him away from his feast of good things. He lowered his head and knocked Fred sprawling under the table, but before he could make a second attack he found Gilbert hanging on to his tail. Fred jumped to his feet and grasped hold of the collar, and the two boys jerked and belabored the goat into submission. They got him out by the back door of the kitchen. A flight of eight or nine wooden steps led from this door to the ground and Pony and the cart and the boys went down the steps in a heap, the unsympathetic Miss Philinda calling out after them:

"It serves you just right! Clear out, all of you! I shan't let you take that trunk or anything else for me! And your folks shall hear about this!"

It seemed to the discomfited Gilbert and Fred that not only their "folks" but that every boy in Westham knew all about it before night. And the boys, in the merciless way common to many boys, harped on it with all sorts of variations until Fred and Gilbert did not like to venture abroad, and they took Pony to task in the most severe way for the trouble he had brought upon them.

Miss Sawyer brought in a bill of damages amounting to nearly ten dollars, and the boys had to sell the goat and wagon to an Irish vegetable gardener to pay the bill.

"There won't be any more goats mixed up with my next business venture," said Gilbert bitterly when they had seen the last of Pony.

"Nor with mine," said Fred. "A partner like Pony would knock the foundation from under the best laid business structure."

"But he did look dreadfully funny when he came out of that pantry," said Gilbert, with a broad grin.



The pictures of the animal heads are the work of Arthur Simplot, a Dubuque (Ia.) boy, who sends his drawings to us to show, as he says, in what other way besides reading THE AMERICAN BOY he employs his time. Arthur cannot attend school, as he is not well, and he says, "If it were not for your paper I do not know what I would do."

pantry with his head in the flour barrel when Miss Philinda and the boys came down stairs.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Miss Philinda, from half way up the lower flight of stairs. "Just look at the mud! And see how that strip of carpet is all wadded up! And mud on my parlor carpet! For pity's sake, what does it mean?"

Gilbert paled as he glanced across the trunk toward Fred. Their eyes met and neither of them were surprised when they saw that Pony and the cart were missing. A trail of mud made by the wheels across the porch gave them what Gilbert called the "shivers." They shivered still more when they heard a sound of breaking crockery in the rear of the house.

"Bless my soul!" almost shrieked Miss Philinda. "Who is it or what is it in my kitchen? I'm frightened to death!"

"You needn't be, ma'am," replied Gilbert weakly. "I guess that it is only our goat."

"Only your goat, boy? Do you mean to tell me that that goat has come into the house and is in my kitchen?"

"I'm afraid so, ma'am."

"Well, he'll get out of there in double-quick time!" exclaimed Miss Sawyer with rising ire. "If I don't hustle the nasty beast out of my house!"

"Wait a minute, ma'am," said Gilbert as he and Fred set the trunk down in the hall. "He'll be apt to butt you out if you go in there."

"Butt me out of my own kitchen? Well, of all the impudence! Just see my parlor! Somebody will be

## Washington's Rules of Behavior.

(Written When Thirteen Years Old.)

When you speak of God or His attributes let it be seriously, in reverence. Honor and obey your natural parents although they are poor.

In your apparel be modest and endeavor to accommodate nature rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to time and place.

Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promises.

Be not tedious in discourse; make not many digressions nor repeat often the same manner of discourse.

Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

Be not apt to relate news if you know not the truth thereof. In discoursing of things you have heard, name not your author always. A secret discover not.

Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

Sleep not when others speak; sit not when others stand; speak not when you should hold your peace; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on any one.

Read no letters, books or papers in company, but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave.

Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat.

Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear and answer; and be not pensive when it is time to converse.

Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he be your enemy.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire—conscience.



**SYNOPSIS OF PART I.**—The "Post-Telegram" sends a correspondent to the Philippines. John Britton, a young man working on the rival paper, the "Star-Record," learns of it and asks the managing editor, Mr. Glover, that he be sent to represent the "Star-Record." The managing editor tells the boy he is too young and inexperienced, and forthwith sends Blake, an old reporter. John Britton, known as "Brit," filled with disappointment, determines to enlist and go to the Philippines as a soldier. On examination he is found to be short on chest expansion. Nothing daunted, he sets to work and by systematic exercise gets himself into shape so that he is acceptable and is soon one of Uncle Sam's men aboard a transport on the way to the Philippines. After reaching Manila, he finds, with some difficulty, Cavalry Troop K to which he has been assigned. His first unhappy experience is with the fellows of his troop, particularly Private Devlin, who gives him the nickname of "Stork" because of his long legs. Brit passes days of fearful training in the saddle under the burning heat. At last orders come and at the command of Captain Wendon Troop K strikes out from Paranaque on the south trail for a hurried march to Mindang fifty miles away.

**SYNOPSIS OF PART II.**—The hurried ride under the burning tropical sun causes Brit intolerable suffering, but he heroically sticks to the saddle. The clanging of a church bell as the troop passes through Binan brings intimation of the enemy's watchfulness. Devlin explains the situation and prophesies a fight before dark. The afternoon slowly passes, and the silence and mystery and uncertainty of the enemy's movements becomes a terrible strain on Brit's nerves. A shot is heard and Troop K prepares for action. With instructions from the Captain to leave no wounded behind the troop charges the enemy in the face of a storm of bullets. Corporal Redden falls from his horse wounded and Brit and Devlin manage to bring him to safety. Brit also is wounded, and is carried unconscious into Mindang. When he recovers he is in the hospital, and his friend Blake, the "Star-Record's" war correspondent, is bending over him. Captain Wendon praises Brit and Devlin for their gallantry. The enemy lay siege to Mindang and Troop K, both men and horses, take up quarters in the old stone church. Food and water become scarce, and men and horses suffer severely. At length Captain Wendon decides to fight his way through the enemy. In the darkness Troop K, hungry, mad with thirst and carrying its wounded, charges furiously through the surrounding hordes, amid a terrible storm of bullets. When a halt is called, Brit finds that Blake is seriously wounded.

### PART THREE.

Before Troop K rode into Naig, after charging through the terrible cordon of insurgents, many of the horses were carrying double. Captain Wendon sat erect in his saddle at the head of his men, but his face was white as ashes. Not until dawn did the troopers learn that their leader was carrying an ugly shoulder-wound. Sergeant Kifer, a fifteen year soldier, had fallen in the second river. Three troopers had been wounded. Corporal Redden stood the ride well, though delirious at intervals. Once more little Devlin had emerged from harsh action unscathed. His willing hands were steadying the limp form of the "Star-Record's" correspondent. Poor Blake had only ridden once with the cavalry.

"Steady, Buster, old boy—step easy," little Devlin repeated through the long night. "We've got to handle Stork's friend with gloves 'cause he's a white man, and he's sick."

Brit, riding beside Devlin as usual, heard these words and was grateful. \* \* \* The crisis in his life was at hand. It seemed ages ago since he rode out of Paranaque, yet in reality only one short week had passed. He had been wounded in service. Two never-to-be-forgotten cavalry charges had occurred—memories that would thrill him and all the sur-

"Trooper Stork" appears in three parts, the first of which was given in the February number. The author of the story was the youngest by five years of any of the American war correspondents in the Philippines in the early days of the war. He is really an American boy writing for American boys.

THE AMERICAN BOY congratulates itself on being able to present to its readers this stirring tale based, as it is, upon fact, and written especially for its pages by a trained newspaper correspondent.

vivors while life lasted. He had ridden and fought with the others. So far, his superiors could only say, "Well done." But there were greater tasks ahead—they appeared to him vaguely—like the spires of Naig, seen far ahead through the early dawn.

The substance of the whole matter was that Blake, the beloved correspondent of the "Star-Record," was sorely wounded. In itself this grave incident was one of the saddest that Brit ever bore. And behind the sorrow was the startling fact that the "Star-Record" was without a representative in Luzon; while Kirby, a man of great resources and few scruples, was active in behalf of the "Post-Telegram." Brit felt that he could help very little, chained as he was by military regulations. He might write letter after letter, which would be eagerly printed by the "Star-Record," but letters require a month in transmission. Meanwhile Kirby would keep constantly in touch with the cable, and despatch, as they presented themselves, the issues of the campaign. Even if the troop were allowed to rest in Manila, Brit's time would not belong to the "Star-Record" since he was an enlisted man.



MAJOR-GENERAL H. W. LAWTON.  
KILLED IN BATTLE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The troop rode into Naig amid the cheers of an infantry battalion. This town is connected with Manila both by wire and steamer. Blake was placed with the wounded of the command in comfortable quarters. Brit stood by while an infantry surgeon-major made an examination.

"The ball passed through the right lung, making a serious though not necessarily a fatal wound. The patient will be confined several months. With the good constitution which he seems to have and good care, he ought to recover."

In the middle of the afternoon Blake opened his eyes, smiled at Brit and whispered:

"In my haversack there is a bundle of letters. Mail them to the "Star-Record." Then cable the following, which concerns you: 'Blakendon—wilful—andrea—Britton—fortunate—imperial—Washington.' That's the 'Star-Record' private code. Then write a mailed story of the fight last night—write a corker, signing your own name, and cable twenty five words. I'll show you the cipher. Then write to my wife saying that the 'Star-Record' will exaggerate my wound—that I'm O. K.—only out of the running for a few days. You'll find in the haversack papers that'll make any telegraph operator serve you. That'll be enough for one day."

Blake smiled, closed his eyes, having exerted a marvelous will-power, and endangered his life for the "Star-Record."

Private Britton started upon his new tasks. He mailed Blake's letters, which included the story of

the ride to Mindang from Paranaque, and the parts which Devlin and Stork had in the fight. He despatched a brief story of the engagement by cipher and also the personal cable, via Naig by telegram to Manila. The operator O. K'd, the message upon reading the wounded correspondent's credentials. Then Britton wrote the details for the mailed story, working with furious energy, forgetting the pain in his arm, forgetting even the cavalry. He drew a dramatic picture of the scene in the Mindang church—of Blake's greatness and his fall. When taps sounded that night, the work was finished and mailed, and Brit was conscious that Kirby could have done no more.

A week passed in Naig. Brit combined the duties of a trooper and a correspondent and did both well. The condition of Blake and Corporal Redden was at least satisfactory. Finally, the wounded were placed upon the hospital ship Solace, and Brit rode with his troop to Manila, carrying in his saddlebags Blake's credentials, and in his mind many orders and ideas. Troop K was stationed in San Pedro Macati. The regulations became irksome. Special permission was required by soldiers desiring to go to the city, four miles away. Though there were constant rumors of great happenings on the north and south lines, Brit was unable to get at the heart of the truth in order to cable messages. Even if he secured permission to go to Manila, he could not present himself at headquarters for military routine, being an enlisted man. He heard that General Lawton was to leave for an important expedition in a few days, and that many correspondents were to accompany him. The new troop-commander understood Brit's position and piled duties upon him. Three days passed in which Brit was not allowed to leave San Pedro Macati. He was in great trouble, although realizing that he was doing his very best. He mailed many letters descriptive of the life, the land, and the natives; but in so far as concerned the actual news, the "Star-Record" fared but ill.

One morning he was called into the orderly room. He expected new assignments of duty, and almost fainted when he opened a cablegram from the "Star-Record" and deciphered the following: "Your discharge cabled. Take Blake's place. Watch Lawton. Glover."

"Well, Stork, you didn't stay with us long," the troop clerk said. "Your paper has evidently fixed up matters for you in Washington. The order for the discharge came by cable this morning and the papers are being made out. I'm sorry you're going to leave us."

Brit was now a civilian—a social equal to generals—a war correspondent. Quickly he recovered from the intelligence, and the responsibilities of his new position appeared. The cipher cable which Blake dictated, had done the business. Leaving the orderly room, he ran into little Devlin, who would not believe the news.

"But here's the cablegram," Brit said.

"Stork," the other remarked slowly, and there was an ominous tremble in his voice, "I've a good mind to lick you."

Instead, the little trooper ran to the picket-line where old Buster was tethered—as he always did in a trying moment. When he finally shook hands, Brit saw tears in his bunkie's eyes, and he promised that he would often ride with Troop K.

Rain began as Brit started for the city. He exulted in the achievement of his ambition, though saddened that the great change should be accomplished at the cost of Blake's suffering. After all, there was a lonely place in his heart when he thought of brave little Devlin standing at old Buster's head trying to conceal his sorrow at the parting.

In the city Brit was informed that General Lawton would lead an expedition into the Maraquina Valley, starting on the following morning. He obtained permission to accompany the column, took possession of Blake's room on the Escolta, as he had been told to do, purchased a civilian outfit, and looked well to the needs of his pony. The rains increased although it was in the midst of the dry season.

Early in the evening, Brit was called down town to attend some trivial detail. He was standing near the Bridge of Spain when a troop of cavalry pounded past through the mud and water. He was on the alert in an instant. At headquarters, a civilian clerk confided that the horsemen were General Lawton and his bodyguard.

"But the expedition was not to start until morning," Brit said hastily.

"The brigade has been on the trail three hours," replied the clerk. "The General will overtake them."

He started out to-night to give a bunch of press correspondents the slip. He likes newspaper men all right, but says they are a bother in the field."

The "Star-Record" had cabled him to watch Lawton. He must overtake the brigade. A half hour later he was on the trail of the troops, having lunched, saddled, and equipped himself for a night's ride through the rain. He passed the sentries at Santa Mesa, and would have lost the trail had it not been for the instinct of his pony. Two hours passed. Lawton must have ridden rapidly, he thought. \* \* \* The pony quickened his pace and whinnied. From ahead came an answering neigh. American horses would not reply to a Filipino pony. Brit feared that he had run into a party of rebels who were trailing the American column. He drew up. The sounds ahead were from a single mount. He could hear the sucking of the hoofs as they lifted and settled into the soft mire. He would not go back. He hailed the horseman ahead.

"Hello," the answer returned timidly.

Brit galloped forward and a moment afterward was shaking hands with Kirby, of the "Post-Telegram," who, like Brit, had learned of the General's change in plans by accident. Each was glad of the other's company during the lonely and dangerous ride, yet each knew that there would be silent war when the column was reached. Kirby was not the man to aid another in the pursuit of material.

Farther, farther into the enemy's country and through a heavy rain-storm, rode the newspaper men. The increasing distance from Manila was a menace, since the trail was new to American troops and unpatrolled. Kirby grew nervous and irritable and finally suggested that the two go back to Manila. Brit indignantly refused. Strength came to him with the other's weakness. He felt that the "Star-Record" would not suffer if personal courage only was needed.

It was after one o'clock that a soaked and straggling infantry battalion was reached. Kirby suddenly changed into a capable and controlled correspondent. Slowly Brit made his way forward toward the head of the column, and there rode General Lawton, a giant shadow on a giant mount. His favorite troop rode behind him, and about him rode his aides, the trumpeters, and the orderlies.

Without a moment's respite, the rain pounded down. The trail was a shallow river thick with mud. The troop horses struggled in the deep ruts; while the infantrymen, hampered by soggy blanket-rolls and heavy rifles, their shoulders bound by stifling ponchos—were indeed to be pitied. That march was fearful, but the indomitable General followed his scouts and would not call a halt. A portion of the trail was nothing more than a rice dyke, barely a foot wide and spongy from the rain. The cavalry wore these dykes to the clay, leaving them slippery as glass; and in the blackness of the night, the infantrymen would be precipitated waist-deep into the swimming rice fields. Many, indeed, were the blanket-rolls and haversacks which the maddened foot soldiers threw away that dreadful night.

In the wan light of a raining dawn, the scouts paused before the Maraquina river. Opposite was the ancient town of San Mateo—nothing more than a series of low gray stone ruins. The column halted. For the first time Brit saw the features of the gallant General. A calm, stern face beneath the white helmet of torrid service; gray hair and gray mustache; a commanding figure clad in a great, yellow oilskin slicker—such was this man who hardly raised his voice, yet held twenty-five hundred men in the hollow of his hand.

In an open place in the midst of his aides and orderlies, the General took position and directed his troops, placing them in the wooded growth along the river. Many of the men were munching water-soaked hardtack. Fires were impossible and without their coffee, the soldiers were in an ugly mood. Though there were sandwiches in his haversack, Brit could not eat. His body was chilled from the continued rain, but his head burned. \* \* \* Shots rang hungrily from behind the ruins across the river. The hostile force was concealed. The voice of the General was heard.

Standing out in the open, near the river's edge, he ordered his men to keep under cover. That was Lawton's way. Deliberately as a man would arrange checkers upon a board, the General formed his forces for an advance. Meanwhile the insurgents across the river had picked him out as the dreaded leader of the invaders. The Filipino officers commanded their men to fire only at him. As yet there was little or no answering fire from the Americans, and the enemy took courage. Many heads could be seen through the rain, bobbing up and down behind the stone walls.

In the midst of a terrific fire, Lawton stood un-

moved. Two orderlies were flattened on the ground about him. The sleeve of the General's slicker was torn by a bullet. He had been under worse fire a score of times. He had grown gray under fire.

A lieutenant ran out to draw his superior to cover. He seized the General's sleeve and tried to draw him back. The lieutenant staggered and dropped to the wet ground. The General leaned over the fallen body—spoke a few words—and sank beside the man who would have drawn him to a place of safety.

All this Brit saw as one dazed and dreaming. A great and appalling silence pervaded the American camp. Then came cries from over the river—cries of exultation! A soldier dashed into the river, hundreds followed. The idol of the regular army man had fallen. Only one thing remained to do—avenge his death. Such was the realization. The brigade sprang to the task. San Mateo was cleaned out swiftly—as if by flood and fire.

And Brit was untethering his pony. A mighty man had fallen. The world—the "Star-Record" must know! There were no wires to Manila—sixteen miles away, and the trail was running mud, and rebel-haunted! It might be twelve hours before the brigade started for Manila. The "Star-Record" must not wait twelve hours. There was heat in Brit's brain and chills in his body—yet he saw the great opportunity. He must seize it—dangers notwithstanding. He leaped into the saddle.



Brit laughed and waved his hat, conscious that his action was unnatural.

"Where are you going?" a voice behind questioned. Brit turned. Kirby was looking at him queerly. "Back to the cable office in Manila." "The natives will eat you before you go two miles." "They'll have to have better ponies than mine," Brit answered.

Leaving Kirby of the "Post-Telegram" in a state of great excitement and greater discomfiture, Brit rode out of the American lines on the Maraquina River. He could hear the firing and frenzied cries of the soldiers across in San Mateo. He could see the trail ahead, marked clearly as a river bed. There was no danger of missing the way, but there was danger from insurgents.

Brit was burning with fever and shaking with chills, both in a moment; yet he realized that as great an opportunity as ever presented itself to a correspondent, was within reach. There were no wires to Manila. The brigade would spend hours in San Mateo. They would march back slowly carrying their dead. Then correspondents would fight for the cable. The wires would become congested. Brit would avoid all these things. Only two newspaper men had been present during the most tragic moment in the history of the American campaigns in the Philippines. Kirby of the "Post-Telegram" saw the opportunity, but failed to act upon it. Britton of the "Star-Record" had lost not a moment—was riding along through the rain over a rebel-haunted trail.

Great dangers would be involved, but never yet was a splendid opportunity seized without sacrifice.

The tough pony which poor Blake had once ridden splashed gamely through the mud and water. The sound of firing grew faint. Brit was unfamiliar with the tropical fever, and did not understand why certain thoughts recurred so stubbornly to his mind. \* \* \* The grandeur of Lawton's last moments, the tragedy of his fall; the rush of the maddened soldiers into the swollen river—these thoughts moved in a circle. The story he would cable to the "Star-Record" formed in his mind—even to the structure of the sentences. He wearied of it, but his brain could contain no other thing. He repeated the stirring narrative to the pony, meanwhile urging the nervy little beast forward.

Slipping over rice dykes where an American cavalry horse would have had to pick his way, the native pony was forced to trot; and where the trail was level, Brit made his mount gallop, splashing sheets of water in every direction. Ahead was an open field and a native shack. Natives were probably inside. The sight of a habitation brought a certain realization of peril, but Brit spurred his pony through the area. This was a most reckless act. Had it not been for the fever he would have taken a roundabout way through the jungle. The shack seemed deserted. It was behind him now, yet he was uneasy. Should he be forced to retreat, that shack stood in his way.

\* \* \* But he would not retreat! The rider shut his teeth together angrily. The "Star-Record" would scoop the world on this event, and he would enable them to do it.

He had been over an hour upon the way. Half the distance to Manila must be covered, he thought. Brit had passed the whole night in the saddle, yet he did not feel tired.

"Something's the matter with me," he muttered. "I'm not tired, not hungry, but I'm freezing and burning. Come on, boy."

He spurred the pony forward, conscious that it was cruel on such a trail, but the necessity was great. Every moment counted. Another open field—another shack—and two natives were standing out in the rain. They were looking away from him.

Brit was panting now. The natives were likely armed. He pulled the pony down to a walk, and veered off the trail into the jungle on the left. The undergrowth was very dense. He dismounted and led his pony. Through the thick foliage he could catch a glimpse now and then of the natives—three now—and one of them had a rifle in his hands. They were standing in a listening attitude.

Brit waded as softly as possible through the knee-deep water of the jungle. He was beyond the shack. He hated to waste so much time. A little farther on—then he leaped upon the pony and gained the trail. Yells came from behind. A bullet whizzed by his head—then another.

The natives increased to a half dozen. They were pursuing him on foot. Brit laughed and waved his hat, conscious that his action was unnatural. Once more his fevered mind grappled with the message that would soon be on the way to the "Star-Record." A third bullet zipped by. Brit ducked and did not attempt to see who fired the shot.

Fifteen minutes later, he had passed through Maraquina Camp, and was riding like mad upon a trail patrolled by American troops. The danger of the ride was over, but there were miles still. Through Santa Mesa upon a spent pony! Through the streets of Manila—into the Escolta. The pony veered into his quarters, refused to travel another step. Brit flung the reins to a native coachboy, and dashed into the street again. Americans and Filipinos alike gazed at him wonderingly.

A carometa was hailed. In words half-Spanish, Brit commanded the driver to speed to the cable office in Malate, three miles away—offering ten Mexican dollars for haste. People drive fast in Manila. No comment was aroused by the madly careening little carriage as it sped through the rainy, stone-paved streets. Across the Bridge of Spain, past the Luneta was driven the boy who had news to stir the world. And this boy, drenched to the skin, flighty from fever, had just covered a trail alone that would have been dangerous for a squad of cavalry.

In the tumbling carometa, Brit wrote as if for his life. The first page of copy was completed and translated into the "Star-Record's" secret code. He was beginning upon the second page when the carriage jerked up in front of the cable office. The native driver had done well. He was ordered to wait.

The wires were not rushed, for which fact Brit praised heaven. He handed a page of cipher to the operator, and had the satisfaction of seeing the latter pass it on the wires immediately. Meanwhile the correspondent was preparing more and the mes-

sage was being handled in Hong Kong and pushed over the continent toward Great Britain.

Brit wrote of the gloomy dawn—of the white-haired idol of the regular army man standing boldly out in the rain and directing his followers—of the shouts and firing across the swollen river—of the idol's fall, the rage of his men and their vengeance. He wrote of the "Star-Record's" representative, carrying the news over a dangerous trail—how the same correspondent now sending a cipher cable in Manila was the only man in the big city who knew the news. Without wasting a single word, yet sparing none that would enhance the value of the story, Brit filled page after page. He worked slowly now, because copy was piling upon the operator, and he wanted to hold the Hong Kong wire as long as possible. There was no necessity, however. The story was finished, and no word came from San Mateo.

Only a few people were on the streets. These hurried to and fro through the rain. The American soldiers remained in garrison. The big Oriental city was silent and rain-swept. One fever-stricken American might have shocked every soul, but he withheld his secret.

Two hours passed. The special to the "Star-Record" had crossed the Atlantic, and was being handled in New York. The great intelligence in cipher flashed over the wires, like an ordinary bit of news. The operator in the "Star-Record" office pounded his typewriter wearily, while the sounder clicked in his ear. The telegraph editor received the first page of copy, announced a Philippine despatch from Britton, and hurried into the office of Mr. Glover, the Managing Editor. On the way, he caught the significance of the first line. Then he ran.

"Exclusive story from Brit in Manila—Lawton killed!" he whispered, excitedly.

Mr. Glover, usually the coolest of men, whitened and dashed into the composing room. The latter department was cleared of all routine. Local happenings were cast aside. Every word of the cable was a sentence; every sentence a paragraph. The operator still was busy with the despatch. As the words were translated, Brit's action became more and more of a marvel. Fifteen minutes after the first line of the message reached the "Star-Record" office, an edition was in the streets. Wires to big cities revealed the fact that the intelligence was nowhere known. The cable cost six hundred dollars. In thirty minutes the "Star-Record" realized three times that sum from great newspapers, for the rights of the story. The "Post-Telegram" appeared upon the streets with Brit's wire copied almost word for word. Mr. Glover laughed.

"Not a line from Kirby!" he exclaimed.

Minutes, hours passed, and the wonder increased. The United States was dependent upon the "Star-Record" for news of the great event—dependent and willing to pay. The "Post-Telegram," unable to connect with Kirby, began to murmur denials. A deathly silence settled upon the "Star-Record" office. If the story were untrue, the calamity would be dire indeed.

"If it isn't true, Brit's insane with fever," Mr. Glover told one of the directors, "and if it is true, he has turned the trick of a wizard."

• • •

Meanwhile, back in Manila, a wild-eyed boy was haunting the cable office in Malate. Four hours had passed, and still not a word from San Mateo. One of the K troopers hailed him.

"Hullo, Stork," the soldier said. "Say, you ought to go to bed. You're full of fever."

"Am I?" Brit replied strangely. "I thought something was the matter with me. Have you heard from Captain Wendon?"

"He was brought ashore from the Solace this morning—him and that civilian friend of yours—they're in the First Reserve Hospital!"

Brit jumped into the carometa and was driven to the hospital. The soldier thought him crazy. Blake listened to the story and took the sick boy's hand.

"You've done the biggest piece of newspaper work in years," he said. "Go back to the cable office and fire twenty words more. Glover'll think it's a dream if you don't reassure him. Dwell upon your ride—the chances you took—the shots—the pony giving out, and all that. Sign my name. Then come back here and lie down. You're ill."

Brit did as he was told. Dark was settling upon the city when the message was finished. The correspondent ordered the driver to take him back to Blake. His task was completed. Three horses were racing toward him. On the last mount was Kirby of the "Post-Telegram." Brit smiled and remembered no more.

The despatch signed "Blake" was all that the "Star-Record" needed. Mr. Glover sent a reporter to Mrs. Britton to tell her of the great achievement of her son.

After the tragedy quiet settled upon Luzon. The blow seemed to take the heart out of the regular army. Not until the body was brought into Manila did the rains cease. Three days of terrible rains in the dry season—and in the midst of this unseasonable storm, occurred the worst blow American arms received in the Philippines. Brit burned with fever for ten days, but the beautiful weather, cooled by a breeze from Japan, set him right.

Thirty five days after the famous cable special, a transport crawled into Manila harbor with mail. Among many letters which Brit received, one from the "Star-Record," and another from his mother were dearest of all. The first read as follows:

"My Dear Brit—The 'Star-Record' will not recover for many days from the startling Lawton cable, nor from your splendid energy and daring which made possible the greatest scoop of years. For eight hours every great newspaper in the United States was at our feet. When at last, the other correspondents awoke and began to burn the cable, their stories tallied in every particular with yours—though none compared in vividness. The 'Star-Record' is very grateful to you. A substantial token of its gratitude has been made out in your mother's name. Meanwhile, until other arrangements can be made, draw upon Blake for all you need.

"Poor, brave Blake! The nature of his wound seems to make necessary his return. I have written him to board a transport as soon as he is able to travel and join his wife. When he is fit for service again, and you are eager to return to God's country,

I will have him relieve you. Meanwhile, be assured that I am immensely proud of you.

"Very sincerely yours,

"EDWIN GLOVER."

The second letter was from the hungry mother-heart, and dearer to Brit than mountains of gold. It begged him to take no more great chances. It was full of love and pride and prayers for his safety. Brit had done great things, yet he was merely a boy after all. He was alone with his treasures in the room on the Escolta. Tears came into his eyes. His heart was filled with joy in possessing such a mother and such a friend as the "Star-Record." Later in the day he sought Blake.

"I'll be able to travel in a couple of weeks," the wounded correspondent said. "The 'Star-Record' will not suffer."

"I'll do my best, but I'm only a child compared to you," Brit replied.

"The world thinks differently," Blake observed, smiling.

There was no misunderstanding between these two. Through years of consistent and clever labor, the older man had achieved his name. The boy had only to continue as he had begun. They parted after the strong hand-clasp of true friendship. Brit called upon Corporal Redden, and found the brave soldier on the road to perfect recovery. In a few brief days Redden had shown himself a man, inasmuch that he had been kind to a suffering boy. Brit would never forget.

The next day, little Devlin dashed into Brit's room on a run and jump and tackled his old bunkie like a star college-end.

"We pull out for the south lines again tomorrow, Stork," he announced. "There's goin' to be more doin's. Captain Wendon is back to the troop, all healed up and crazy to be in the saddle again. Your paper'll fire you if you miss this hike."

"I won't miss it," Brit said, joyfully. "We'll bunk together under the stars as we used to. It seems years since I was a trooper in K."

"A rookie in K, you mean!" little Devlin corrected.

Early the next morning Brit rode out to San Pedro Macati and was thrilled again to hear the whinnying of the troop horses, waiting for their nosebags. The boys called him "Stork," and greeted him royally. Captain Wendon shook hands with him, saying:

"You made a good soldier, Britton, and I've heard, a good correspondent. I am glad to have you ride with us."

Brit flushed like a girl. He was standing at attention. Captain Wendon laughed.

"You don't have to stand in the position of a soldier, now, my boy."

"I do to you, sir," Brit replied.

Little Devlin was cinching a shiny saddle upon old Buster. He was too busy even to grin, for there was riding and charges and firing ahead—and little Devlin was a soldier born.

The troop formed in twos. Captain Wendon raised his hand. The bugler sounded, "forward."

Brit, in the set with Devlin, was tingling with memories and hopes. At a half-trot, gallant K pounded out of San Pedro Macati on the south trail.

"Oh, the glorious cavalry!" Brit muttered.

[The End.]

## The Rise of a Boys' Club—Inez Redding

A deaconess of a large city church became deeply troubled on account of the untidy condition of the homes and clothing of the poor people whom she visited. As a result, classes were opened in the vestry of the church for the benefit of the children in these homes. Girls and boys were admitted, but only such as were not in any way connected with other churches. The pastor visited the classes one afternoon and on coming out of the church found a small boy on the steps, who said: "Say, mister, couldn't you do something for us boys? A man ought to know that boys want a good time as well as girls. Them women in there don't seem to think there's anybody in the world but girls!" The pastor could not let the boy go without a word of encouragement, so he said, "Can't you boys start a club of your own?"

It was perhaps two months later that the same urchin accosted the pastor on the street, assured him that the club was started, and asked most pleadingly that he come down to their club room. A few days later, the pastor visited the club room. The room itself was only the shed connected with a very miserable tenement, but for this room the boys paid fifteen cents a week, for, as they proudly said, they wanted to be self-supporting. On opening the door one stepped on an old rug, and, looking across the small apartment, saw on a paper on the opposite wall these admonitions: "Wipe your feet. Close the door. Hang up your hat." A row of nails had been placed along one side of the room, so that the latter injunction might be obeyed. Soap boxes, obtained from a grocer in payment for doing light work, were used for seats. A fairly good lamp, bought at a second-hand store, gave the necessary light. Two

battered chairs were in the room and these were intended for visitors. There were few rules for the governing of the club, one of them being that no boy should swear in the club room—and this among boys from homes where oaths were habitual.

A begrimed pack of cards, an old backgammon board with buttons for "men," a box of dominoes, and a set of boxing gloves, one of which was a baseball mit, constituted their games, but these were put away carefully each night, as was each book of the library which consisted of four volumes, one being "Black Beauty," and another a most hair-raising Indian tale. During the summer the boys had one outing at the beach a few miles distant, paying the five cent fare on the electric one way and walking the other.

The story of the club was told by the man who visited them. Others became interested. Small donations found their way to the shabby room. At length there came a day when there was a call for a meeting of the men and women of the city who were interested in forming a boys' club. At this meeting the Mayor of the city presided. At the next meeting the secretary of the State League of Boys' Clubs was invited to address the meeting; and thus finally interest was aroused.

To-day the boys' club of that city numbers eight hundred and fifty members. It is no longer "self-supporting," but no boy can visit the club rooms to enjoy the privileges of the club unless he is a member. The members are almost entirely poor boys and of varied tastes. It has cost about fifteen hundred dollars to run this club for a year, but the number of juvenile offenders in the local court room has rapidly decreased, and the improvement in some of the

homes from which these boys come is very noticeable.

An old-fashioned two story house in the older part of the city was secured for a club house. It is open every evening, and every morning, when the public schools are not in session, excepting Sundays. There is an average of about two hundred boys present every evening. They have a well selected library of one hundred books, a variety of games and magazines and, what is quite important, a number of bath tubs. Only one person connected with the club receives pay for his work. He is there always when the rooms are open and at other times he visits the homes of the boys. The work of keeping the building clean is done by the boys. Any disputes which may arise are settled by a committee appointed from the boys, and from their decision there is no appeal. The design of the club is to offer boys a place of resort other than the street; to promote morality, industry, thrift, temperance, cleanliness and good citizenship. Its work is entirely non-sectarian in character.

A committee of fourteen citizens looks after the management of the club and one or more of the committee are at the house each evening, although the running of the club is almost entirely in the hands of the boys themselves. There are reading classes, scrap books, stamp collections, a military drill, a tourist class that takes long and interesting imaginary journeys, a football team, and a penny savings bank.

The citizens who have contributed to the support of this club are well pleased with the results. Boys with better homes eagerly note the good times these boys are having, and it is quite probable that in the near future they, too, will have a club house.

# Roy's First of April Invitation—Adele E. Thompson



"I call that pretty good," and Jack Winch leaned back, pen in hand, and looked at the paper on the table before him.

"Yes," answered Will Milton, his companion, with a glance over his shoulder, "that J is a capital imitation of the old man's. But what if he should find you out in it?"

"Oh, there's no danger of that, and won't Roy be tickled when he gets it? An invitation to dinner with Mr. Reuben Jenner! My, but he'll be puffed up."

"Mebby Roy'll suspect it ain't all right," suggested Will.

"No he won't. Roy's awful fresh; he don't know yet that folks in the city aren't just as they are in the little country village he came from; it'll never enter his head that it's anything queer for old Jenner to ask him up to dinner with him; Roy hasn't caught on yet that we're no more to him than the dirt we sweep out."

"I should think he would by this time," and Will's forehead puckered in a scowl.

"Well, you know the old man has been sick at home almost all the time since Roy came; he hasn't as you may say made his acquaintance yet. Why, only to-day he was saying that he was so sorry for Mr. Jenner and hoped his rheumatism would get better so he could get out soon. My, I hope it'll stick to him like a brother. Miller is bad enough, but he isn't such a screw as old Jenner."

"Mebby Roy'll change his opinion by to-morrow night."

"I shouldn't wonder. But wouldn't I like to be there when he walks in as large as life to accept his invitation, and then see the old man come down on him. 'Invitation! What invitation? I sent you no invitation.' I guess it'll take some of the stiffening out of him."

"It's the best April fool joke we've thought of," responded Will, and they both tittered at the picture Jack's words had called up.

It was the evening before the first of April, and on the table before them were preparations for some of the practical jokes with which they were planning to usher in the day; a neat package of sawdust, an old pocketbook filled to plumpness with paper, some placards to fasten to the unwary. But the crowning stroke of wit in their opinion was the note they had just written to Roy Felton, the latest comer in the big dry goods store, inviting him to dinner the next evening with Mr. Reuben Jenner, their employer.

"I only hope he won't remember it's the first of April," said Will.

"I'll risk that, and I primed him up to-day, told him how kind to his clerks Mr. Jenner was, and how much they all thought of him," and with a poke of Jack's elbow, the two boys went off into another fit of laughter. "And, mind now," admonished Jack, "that you don't try a single trick on him, or mention the day. I'll slip the letter in with the noon mail so he won't have very long to think about it."

The next morning Roy stood as usual at his place at the bundle counter, where Jack was also stationed. He was a trifle paler than when he came three months before, and there was a wistful look in his eyes that day. "Fresh," Jack had called him, and the term was apt, for he was fresh and innocent of heart; the city ways were strange and city life unfamiliar to the country-bred lad; he knew that the other boys often ridiculed him, and not seldom he felt bewildered and out of tune with much about him. Jack and Will both saw his unusually sober look and nudged one another as opportunity afforded, and when in the early afternoon a letter was handed him, Jack had to turn his head away to hide his grin. Roy looked at the unfamiliar writing a moment before opening, then, as he read, a gleam of pleasure crossed his face.

"Got a letter, have you?" queried Jack. But Roy only answered, "Yes," and put it in his pocket, at which Jack tossed the bundle he had just wrapped

with such force at Will, who was passing, that the floorwalker sharply reprovved them both.

Meantime, in his big house a little out of the smoke and noise of the busy streets Mr. Reuben Jenner sat, while the afternoon of that April day softly melted into twilight. A true April day it had been, with showers and wind shaking the limbs of the maples red with their unfolding leaf buds, and sunshine that had laid golden fingers on the crocus already dotting the green of the fresh springing grass.

But Mr. Jenner had paid little heed to the beauty outside as he bent over a table littered with papers and account books, or scowled at a rheumatic twinge. A grave, stern old man he was, who, in the years that he had lived alone in his big house, had grown out of touch with any world save that of business; a hard man, as the boys had said, counting those in his employ simply as cogs in the great machine that turned for his benefit.

Then as the twilight was deepening into purple shadows the iron gate opened and a light boyish step came up the walk. To Roy, still homesick for the country, the spread of green lawn, the breath of the

of which seven dogs had been insistently urged upon him. It was not strange, therefore, that he was in an exasperated frame of mind with April fool jokes. At once he realized that Roy's presence was the result of another, and in a moment more the sharp, sarcastic words that Jack and Will had anticipated would have been uttered.

But Roy knew nothing of this as he continued, "It was kinder even than you knew, for this is my birthday, and—and," his clear boyish voice breaking a little, "I never was away from home before."

They were simple, homely words, but they brought back to the heart of Reuben Jenner the remembrance of the time when he, too, had come up from a country home and been a homesick lad in a strange city. That was many years before. In his busy later life it was not often he recalled that boy, but as the picture came before him now the lines smoothed out of his forehead, as in a voice very different from what he had intended, he said: "Sit down, my boy," and ringing the bell for James gave him a whispered direction to lay covers for two.

And Roy never once realized the strangeness of it; he felt honored, as when Captain Folsom, the magnate of his own village, asked him to his house, and his young sympathy went out to the lonely old man in his stately big house, as had he been older or more worldly wise it might not have done. So he made inquiry after Mr. Jenner's rheumatism, and in his bright boy fashion gave him items of the day's happenings at the store.

At first Reuben Jenner had listened with a grim amusement at the idea of being entertained by one of his bundle boys. Then as he looked at the fresh young face the thought of that other boy of so long ago would come to him, and by a curious fancy it would seem to him that it was to him he was really talking. Then as the talk drifted around to Roy himself and the boy, with frank simplicity told of the fatherless home, of brother Ben, who was old enough to manage the little farm, and of the self-helpful purpose and ambition that had brought him to the city. Mr. Jenner, almost before he knew it, was responding with reminiscences of the other boy, his life on the farm, and the struggles through which he at last had won a foothold for himself.

A just man to his employers Reuben Jenner had prided himself on being, but between him and them there had been a great gulf fixed; now, however, there came to him a sudden realization that was almost like a discovery, that he was not one apart from these young men and boys, but one of them in the fellowship of experience; and with it was linked the thought that it well might be that he owed something to them as well as they to him, a something not computed on the dollar basis. These were new thoughts, thoughts that opened possibilities and involved consequences and made him a trifle absent-minded.

Roy thought he was tired and rose to go; but the old man laid a detaining hand on his shoulder. "Wait a moment. You spoke of an invitation; have you it with you?"

"Yes, sir," drawing an envelope from his pocket. He took it and read the brief note with a smile and a frown—a smile at the clumsy attempt to imitate his writing, a frown for the audacity of the attempt. Several things did not escape his keen eye; that it was written on one of his office letter heads, that it bore no stamp, and that the writing, with all its disguise, was an unformed hand. "Some of the boys, very likely at the same counter with him," was his mental comment. But fortunately for the culprits his mood was a softer one than two hours before. "It was only a boy trick. I'll let it pass."

Then, turning to Roy, Mr. Jenner said, "I tell you because you may find it out. I did not write this; some one has played an April fool on you. But never mind," as Roy's face reddened with confusion and shame, "no harm has been done and I am glad you came. You have given me a pleasant evening, and, without knowing it, some ideas that may bear fruit later."

"Billy, I think I shall faint," exclaimed Jack, as he drew the other aside the next day at the noon hour. "What do you think? Roy stayed and took dinner with the old man last night."

"He did!"

"And though we didn't know it, yesterday was Roy's birthday, and he gave him a book; fact, I saw it. And he thinks he's the nicest gentleman he ever saw."

Will whistled, "Does he know?"

"He doesn't let on if he does. That isn't all; Mr. Jenner was down to the store this morning, and Tom Corlett heard him tell Miller that he didn't think the boys' lunch room down in the basement was very pleasant, and to fix up a good one for them on the third floor."

Will's eyes grew round. "He did? Well, I feel faint, too."

(Continued on Page 182.)



"Some one has played an April fool on you."

opening buds, the starry flowers, was a pleasure of itself. Accustomed to the social equality of his home village he had accepted the invitation in the unquestioning spirit that Jack had anticipated, and to the dignified butler who opened the door he said simply, "I am expected."

During the weeks he had been so much confined at home messengers on errands of business had been common, and opening the library door James announced, "A boy from the store to see you, Mr. Jenner."

Roy had taken time to run around to his boarding house to brush his hair and make himself neat. The brisk walk had brought a flush to his cheek, and there was the light of pleased anticipation in his eyes as crossing the room to where the erect figure sat in the armchair he said, "It was such a surprise to get your invitation out here this evening, Mr. Jenner; it was so kind of you."

Mr. Reuben Jenner's brows knit. Of course, he knew that he had sent no invitation to the boy at the bundle counter; more than that he knew, what Roy did not, that in all these years no clerk in his great store had ever been a guest at his table; and if Roy was unmindful of the day Mr. Jenner was well aware of it, for James had returned from market with his coat adorned with paper streamers, a bogus express package had been handed in, and a card, "Dog Wanted," had been hung on his gate, in consequence

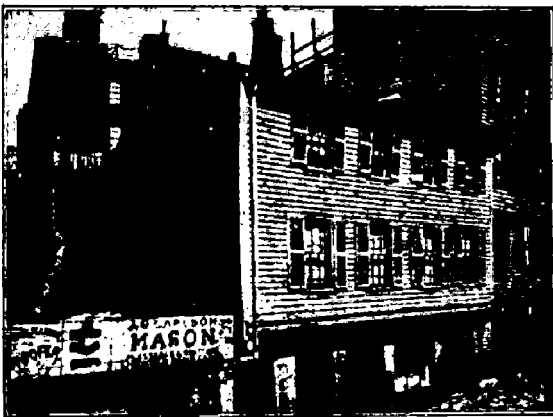
# IN THE DAYS OF Paul Revere



"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world."

Every American boy should know how Ralph Waldo Emerson came to write this famous verse and the full significance of the stirring lines, for they have to do with one of the most important events in the history of our nation. To understand their meaning one must go back in our country's history more than one hundred and twenty five years, back to the troublous times of the Revolution when Paul Revere set forth on the ride that has kept his memory green for more than a century and that has given him a permanent place in the history of the nation. One must go back to the nineteenth day of April in the year 1775, which was the day when "The shot heard round the world" was really fired.

The events of the weeks and months preceding the firing of this shot had made it certain that the time would come when the Revolutionists would have to fire many shots to secure what they knew to be their just rights. The obnoxious "Britishers" had become more and more exacting and unjust in their demands, and the spirit of rebellion had been in the air as well as in the hearts of the people for a long time. The Patriots had been preparing for action for a long time before the fateful nineteenth day of April, and Paul Revere had ridden from Boston out to Lexington, a distance of twelve miles, on the sixteenth to carry messages from General Warren to Hancock and Adams regarding the suspicious movements of General Gage which indicated that the British general was planning to make a secret expedition to Concord to seize the war-stores there and



HOME OF PAUL REVERE IN BOSTON, STILL STANDING.

capture Hancock and Adams. But of Revere's famous ride you shall hear later.

We all know how "taxation without representation" combined with many petty tyrannies and offensive laws had finally led up to a determination on the part of the Patriots to break away entirely from

the rule and control of the mother country. General Gage and his troops were in and around Boston to compel the Patriots to submit to the dictates of the King and his parliament. There had been some minor encounters between the British and the Patriots, but all that had happened was but mere child's play compared to that which was to come after that "Shot heard round the world" had been fired."

If you should ever visit Boston you may see the old North Church, from the steeple of which hung the signal lanterns that told Paul Revere that watchers had discovered that the British were about to move toward Lexington and Concord. You may go over the very road over which Revere galloped on his way to give warning to Hancock and Adams and to the Patriots to prepare for the oncoming of the foe. It was on the night of the eighteenth of April in the year 1775 that Paul Revere rode out from Boston to Lexington. Thomas Richardson and Josiah Bentley were the two loyal friends who rowed Revere across the narrow Charles River separating Boston from Charlestown. This was about five minutes before the orders of Gage forbidding any one to leave Boston that night were carried into effect. When those orders were in force Revere was galloping away in the darkness toward Lexington. Longfellow has told us in the following lines about that crossing of the Charles River:

"Then he said 'Good night!' and with muffled oar  
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war;  
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar  
Across the moon like a prison bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide."



SAM'L ADAMS AND JOHN HANCOCK WERE SLEEPING IN THIS HOUSE, KNOWN AS "THE HANCOCK HOUSE," WHEN AROUSED BY PAUL REVERE.

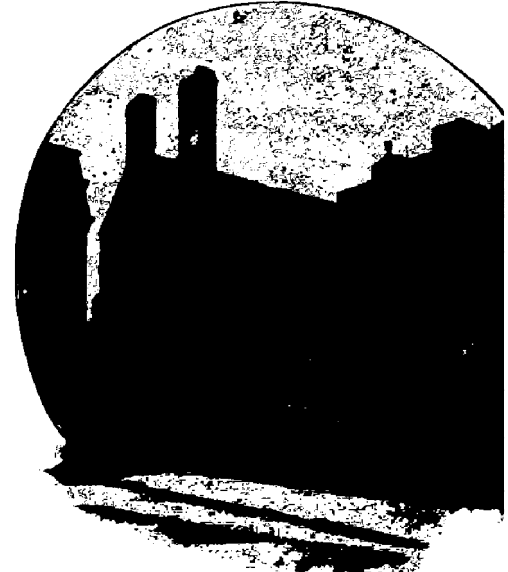
It was midnight when Paul Revere rode swiftly into Lexington. While passing through Cambridge he met two British officers who tried to capture him, one of them pursuing him for some distance. This episode caused Revere to change his course, which was fortunate for him, for had he kept on the road he had at first taken he would probably have come upon the British soldiers who had left Boston in advance of Revere and were marching toward Lexington.

Escaping from the two British officers Revere rode on swiftly to the little town of Medford, where he tarried long enough to arouse the captain of the minutemen. Then the midnight rider, his heart throbbing wildly because of his country's peril, hurried on to Lexington tarrying for an instant at some of the lonely farm houses to tell the sleeping inmates that the Redcoats were coming. When he reached Lexington Paul Revere rode to the house in which John Hancock and Samuel Adams were sleeping and told them his important news before riding on to arouse the people of Concord. Dawes, who had reached Lexington by this time, now joined Revere and rode on with him to Concord.

One may still see in Lexington the old belfry in which was the bell whose warning peal aroused the people from their slumbers and sent the men hurrying for their guns. By two o'clock the minutemen were in battle array and the whole town was on the alert. Scouts were sent down the road leading to Boston to return with warning if they saw the Redcoats coming. The messengers returned with the news that they could see no sign of the enemy and the waiting people began to think that, after all, the alarm had been a false one. Some of the men returned to their arms with the understanding that they were to report for duty at the beat of the drum. Others repaired to the old Buckman Tavern, which is

still standing, and waited there for news of the Redcoats.

In the meantime Paul Revere had been captured by the British. He and Dawes and a patriot named Prescott who had joined them, were galloping along the road toward Concord. They were riding together with Revere in advance of his comrades, when he saw two men in the road ahead of him. Revere drew rein and by the time Prescott and Dawes had joined him they were surrounded by four Britishers. The three patriots tried to ride on and Dawes and Prescott made their escape, but Revere was captured by six British officers who suddenly



ROBERT NEWMAN HOUSE, BOSTON.

Rear view showing where Paul Revere emerged and returned after hanging the lanterns in the church tower.

dashed out from the woods. One of the officers put his pistol to Revere's head and threatened to blow his brains out if he did not tell who he was and answer truthfully all of the questions the officer asked him. Speaking of this event afterward, Paul Revere said: "I told him that I was a man of truth; that he had stopped me on the highway and made me a prisoner, I knew not by what right; that I would tell him the truth; that I was not afraid."

Revere told his captors boldly that he had alarmed the country and that the people were armed and ready to fight. The British and Revere then started toward Lexington. When near the town the sound of guns was heard and one of the British officers compelled Revere to give up his good horse and mount an old, worn-out horse belonging to the officer. Then Revere was told that he might go. He made his way to the house in which Hancock and Adams were in Lexington and told his story. It was known that the British were especially anxious to effect the capture of Hancock and Adams and they were urged to seek a place of greater safety. They stoutly refused at first, but were finally made to see that it would be for the public good for them to keep out of the hands of the enemy. They, therefore sought greater security in what is now the town of Burlington, Revere and two other men escorting them in safety and then returning to Lexington in time to take part in the famous battle.

In the meantime the British, eight hundred strong, were headed toward Lexington and Concord, but long before they reached the scene of the battle the ringing of bells and the arrival of scouts told them that the people had been told of the coming of the enemy and were arming for defense.



STATUE OF THE MINUTEMAN, CONCORD.

A part of the British troops had been sent on to capture the bridges at Concord. Several messengers sent out from Lexington by the Provincials were captured. The last messenger sent out from Lexington was a man named Thaddeus Bowman, and when he suddenly came face to face with the British he wheeled about so suddenly and rode away so swiftly that it was impossible to effect his capture, and he was soon back in Lexington with the exciting information that the British were near at hand.

Captain Parker, who was in charge of the minutemen at Lexington, at once gave orders for the alarm guns to be fired and the drums to be beaten. The minutemen speedily responded and were soon formed in two ranks across the Lexington Green, there being about sixty men in arms with about fifty spectators, some of whom were also armed. On came the British and it was then that Captain Parker gave utterance to the memorable words:

"Stand your ground! Don't fire unless fired upon! But if they mean to have a war, let it begin here!"

The visitor to Lexington may see a granite boulder bearing these words, and it



UNITARIAN CHURCH, CONCORD.

In this church the first Provincial Congress was held, October 14, 1774, of which John Hancock was President. In this assembly were made those stirring speeches by Hancock, Adams, and other patriots, which did so much to hasten the events of the Revolution.

stands on the spot on which Captain Parker stood when the words were spoken. The British have always claimed that the minutemen fired first, while it has been as steadily maintained by the minutemen that the British were the first to fire. The evidence supports the claim of the minutemen.

When the British troops drew near they commanded the Provincials to "Disperse ye rebels! Villains, disperse!" Of course the Provincials did not heed this command although it was repeated with still greater fury, whereupon a few guns

Provincials until they now numbered about four hundred and fifty men. It was determined to drive away the British guard at the bridge. The attempt to do this brought on the battle at the bridge in which one British soldier was killed and nine wounded, while the Provincials lost two men and two more were wounded. The British then gave up the attempt to hold the bridge and fled toward the village, the Provincials following them across the bridge and some distance toward the town.

I have not space in which to tell of how the plucky minutemen charged on the British and sent them hurrying and scurrying from Concord back to Boston. The chief interest centers in the conflict on Lexington Green and at the Old North Bridge where one may find monuments commemorating these stirring events. There are many other landmarks in the shape of tablets or monuments or carved boulders telling where important events occurred in connection with the first bold and determined resistance to British oppression. There is no more interesting historic ground in America than the battlegrounds of Lexington and Concord, although the loss of life was so small. It was the beginning of the struggle for the independence that the boys and girls of to-day are taught to cherish so fondly. It was the beginning of many things that have made our country worthy of the respect and admiration of other great countries and that have given us the right to call it "The land of the free and the home of the brave."

### A BRAVE AMERICAN BOY.

Those who think that the American boy of to-day has not the courage and the patriotism of the boys of long ago have only to read the story of young Arthur Venville to know that, when the opportunity comes or the emergency arises, the boy of to-day will stand to his guns with all the splendid courage and the patriotism of the boy of any day.

Away out near Portland, Oregon, in the town of Sellwood, there was last year erected a monument to the memory of a boy with the blood of a hero in his veins. One will not find in all the annals of history a more thrilling or touching account of simple and yet splendid courage than is furnished in the

brief story of young Arthur Venville. Although of English birth Arthur Venville was brought to America before he was a year old, and he has always regarded himself as an American boy, and he reached the age of seventeen years with as much love for America and American institutions in his heart as if he had been born on American soil. When he was but seven years old his father died leaving Mrs. Venville with two or three little girls younger than Arthur, but, young as he was, the little lad promised his dying father that he would take care of his mother and sisters.

Compelled to leave school, the boy was at work in a shop before he was twelve years old, and four years ago, when his health began to fail, he enlisted as an apprentice in the navy, sending his mother

every penny of his earnings that he could possibly spare.

When the gunboat Yorktown went to the Philippines in 1899 young Venville was on board. In April the Yorktown was sent to Baler Bay for some Spanish prisoners. Arthur Venville was with the party that went on shore to reconnoiter when the boat reached Baler Bay. When the little launch was about to land there suddenly came, without the least warning, a heavy fire from the shore. Bullets fell like hailstones around the party in the little boat. Several of the men fell dead and others were wounded, and there was consternation in the boat. Lieutenant Gillmore, who was in charge of the party, tells of the splendid heroism of Arthur Venville in the face of this peril that menaced the rest of the party. It was the first time that the young apprentice had ever been under fire, but he was as cool as any man of the party. Lieutenant Gillmore says:

"Having no other weapon than a revolver, which was useless at that range, I reached for the rifle dropped by one of the dead. It had been hit in the lock and the clip was jammed in. Venville attempted

to fix it. A bullet suddenly went through the flesh of his neck.

"Mr. Gillmore, I am hit," he said, but he continued working at the rifle.

"A second shot ploughed its way through the boy's breast and came out at his armpit.

"I'm hit again, Mr. Gillmore," he said.

"He was still trying to pull out the jammed clip, when a ball cut a furrow in the left side of his head.

"Mr. Gillmore, they've hit me again!" he said.



WHERE THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT, AT THE OLD NORTH BRIDGE IN CONCORD.

"He wiped the blood from his brown eyes with his coat sleeve, and then returned to his task as calmly as if it were only a mosquito that had stung him. It was not three minutes until a ball crashed into his ankle, inflicting a painful hurt. There was just a slight quiver in the lad's voice as he looked up to me and said:

"Mr. Gillmore, I'm hit once more, but I have fixed the gun, sir."

It is sorrowful to read that this brave young fellow was taken prisoner and that he was killed by the order of an insurgent general. Do you wonder that a monument has been erected to the memory of such a hero as this? Had there been a national appeal for funds for such a monument I am sure that thousands of American boys would have been glad to have contributed to it. Although but eighteen years old at the time of his death Arthur Venville displayed a degree of courage and fidelity to duty unsurpassed by any man in the face of a like peril, and it is well that our American boys should know this brief but sorrowful history of the noble young fellow to whom God has given His benediction and His peace.



OLD NORTH CHURCH, BOSTON, IN THE BELFRY OF WHICH PAUL REVERE'S SIGNAL LANTERNS WERE HUNG.

were fired by the British, but the guns were not pointed toward the minutemen. The minutemen still refusing to disperse, a promiscuous firing suddenly began and the battle was on. Captain Parker finally gave the order for his men to disperse, but not until eight of them were lying dead on the field of battle and ten were wounded. The British did not suffer the loss of a single man and they assembled on the Green and gave three triumphant huzzas before marching on to Concord.

Paul Revere and his companion had been to the Hancock house to get a small trunk containing important papers belonging to John Hancock. They left Lexington with the trunk just as the British appeared, and as they rode on to Concord they could hear the noise of battle in their rear. One may see in the State House in Boston the gun carried by Captain Parker at the battle of Lexington and also the first gun captured from the British in the Revolution.

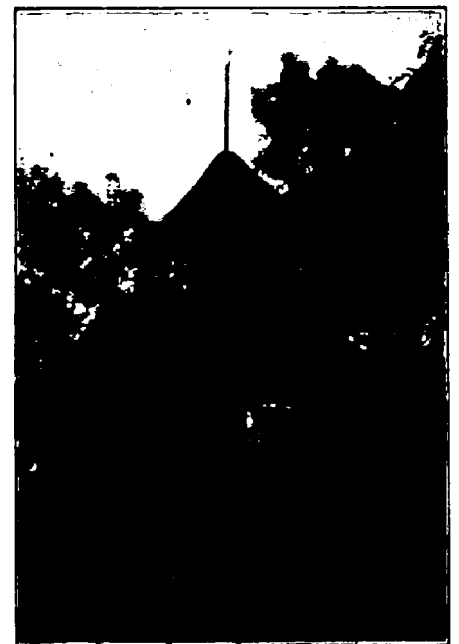
In Lexington one may see the old Hancock-Clarke house with a tablet on one end bearing these words:

Built 1698. Enlarged 1744.  
Residence of  
Rev. John Hancock, 55 years,  
and of his successor,  
Rev. Jonas Clarke, 50 years.  
Here Samuel Adams and John Hancock were sleeping  
when aroused by  
Paul Revere, April 17, 1775.

After leaving Lexington the British hastened on to



LINE OF THE MINUTEMEN, APRIL 19, 1775.



OLD BELFRY IN LEXINGTON IN WHICH HUNG THE BELL THAT WAS RUNG TO ALARM THE PUBLIC ON THE NIGHT OF PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.



WEST SIDE BOYS' OLUB, (CLEVELAND (OHIO) Y. M. C. A.—READING ROOM.



ELEMENTARY SENIOR GYMNASIUM CLASS.

## With the Boys

**W. A. Donnelly**, 2244 Sybert St., Philadelphia, Pa., wants to know how to make a cheap, reliable incubator holding from a dozen to fifty eggs, with details as to how to regulate it.—**Edward Stotler**, Washington, D. C., thinks we ought to print some matter regarding "national questions," such as the Isthmian Canal, Chinese Exclusion, etc., instead of the light stories. Edward must remember that we are seeking to please fully 100,000 boys. He will find enough heavy reading in other parts of the paper than the story part, we are sure.—**M. H. Bolles**, Kortright, N. Y., says he is glad to see how other boys are making their living; that it teaches him something. He wants to know if we have any children. Certainly we have; otherwise how could we edit and publish a paper for boys? He assures us that he is going to take THE AMERICAN BOY all his life.—**Clyde Dorsey**, Mt. Corey, O., is a typical American boy. He is in the freshman grade in the High School. He has a part Esquimaux dog, some bantams and fan-tail pigeons, and raised 250 chickens and attended to a garden last summer. He is anxious to get some tumblers and other kinds of pigeons. He also has some relics, among them 100 arrowheads, three Indian hammers, and shells from various places, besides other curios. He has a camera and takes pictures, but he thinks the money required for the making of good pictures too much to warrant his doing a great deal in photography.—**R. C. McCaslin, Jr.**, Homestead, Pa., sends a story on "How James Won the Gold Medal," which he thinks might well fill a corner of the paper. We are sorry to have to tell him there are too many people trying to fill corners in THE AMERICAN BOY. There

don't seem to be "corners" enough.—**Lloyd Frost**, St. Louisville, O., wants to see plans for making a hutch in which to keep Belgian hares, and would like to know how to feed and raise them in order to make money.—**Callie L. Bushnell**, Farley, Ia., stopped a team of runaway bronchos by jumping into the sled to which they were hitched and grabbing the lines. He thinks his name ought to go on the Roll of Honor. He is entitled to full credit for what he did, but his action hardly meets the requirements of the Roll of Honor.—**James I. Finnie**, Clinton, Mass., belongs to the Columbia Cadets along with about thirty other boys. The cadets were organized four years ago. He earned the money for his subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY by giving an exhibition at the Worcester East Fair of an electrical apparatus which he made himself. James is fourteen years old. Surely THE AMERICAN BOY will do him more good by his having earned the money that he paid for it.—**Eugene J. Devo**, 7110 Stewart Ave., Chicago, Ill., says that his brother has a small electric motor with two sal-ammoniac batteries which are not powerful enough to run the motor. He was told to use bichromate of potassium, sulphuric acid and water, instead of the regular sal-ammoniac solution, but it did not give the proper proportions. He wants to know what proportions to use. We are not up on the subject. Perhaps some of our readers can help him. Eugene would like to know if any reader can supply him with an April, 1900, number of THE AMERICAN BOY, and at what price?—**George Dowling**, St. Regis, Mont., says that he got THE AMERICAN BOY as a birthday present, and that ten dollars couldn't have

bought him a better one. George belongs to the Lumbermen's Brass Band, playing the snare drum. He says in the spring the big bull trout come up the river that runs by St. Regis, and he is going to catch a lot next summer and send pictures of them to THE AMERICAN BOY. He has an engine and a watermill, having made the watermill himself. Attached to the mill is a saw with which he can cut bark boards. George says he is going to have his name on the Roll of Honor by next spring.—**H. Austin**, Vancouver, B. C., says he is small for his age, so he exercises on the punching bag and with a set of boxing gloves. He would like to know the ways of exercising.—**J. Frank Bradley**, Saugatuck, Conn., wants to know the best way to clean ink rollers. See article by Will S. Knox in this number.—**E. Nelson**, Northfield, Minn., has found an Indian relic and wants to know the name of it. It is of dark, reddish stone—not pipestone—about three and one half inches long. It is neatly made, perfect and straight, with a groove in it around the larger end. It gradually narrows from the grooved end to the other end and has a large, wide groove lengthwise. Do any of our curio collectors recognize it?—**Roy Monroe**, is at the head of his grade in school and has developed into quite a story writer.—**George Henry Hale**, Thermopolis, Wyo., thinks some of the boys would like to hear from the "Wild and Woolly West," so he tells about his town, which he says is a thriving one of 600 inhabitants though only four years old. It is near the Big Horn Hot Springs. The springs, he says, are wonderful, and the waters will cure rheumatism. The biggest of the springs is at the foot of Monument Hill. The hot water from the springs falls into Big Horn River, the falls being about seventy feet high. George sends us a picture of the springs, but it is not good enough to reproduce.—**Dwight B. Ross**, Willow St., San Jose, Cal., wants to know how to play the game "Swinging Bowling," which he says is a new German game just being introduced into this country.—**Ralph C. Burnham**, Woodstock, Ohio, wants to see a chess column in THE AMERICAN BOY. We are sorry there is not room for it.—**George M. Bennett**, Batesville, Ark., is another boy who is interested in chess. He wants to know how to play the game. Perhaps if he will write Ralph C. Burnham the latter may tell him how, or refer him to an instruction book. George keeps poultry, selling the eggs to his mother at twenty cents a dozen, his mother settling with him at the end of every month. He has a horse that is very knowing. We cannot begin to tell all the horse's tricks that the boy describes. Here is one: In the summer when the dining-room windows are open the horse hears the bell for breakfast and comes and pokes his head into one of the windows. He patiently waits till the blessing is said; then he stretches his head as far into the window as he can for something to eat. George says his horse will chew chewing gum as long as it is sweet and will then let it drop from his mouth.—**George W. Blackburn**, Chicago, was ill for two or three weeks and had to stay in the house. While sitting in front of the grate one day he wrote a poem on "Our Friend the Grate," and this he sends to THE AMERICAN BOY. We cannot publish it all, but here is the last stanza:

O if that hearth could but relate  
The many scenes before it played,  
Full many a smile it would create,  
On many a cheek a blush portray,  
Perhaps on some the tear of Fate  
Recalled the death of loving mate.

—**Russell O. Webster**, Newton, Wis., says that since his letter was published in a recent number of THE AMERICAN BOY he has received letters from Kansas, South Carolina and Virginia and has answered them. He says rattlesnakes are getting to

be so troublesome in his neighborhood that the county has put a bounty of fifty cents each on them. He says that the boys hunt them for pleasure as well as for the bounty, though it is dangerous. He hunts rattlesnakes with his shotgun. A short time ago he trapped a badger. The badger is the state emblem, you know, of Wisconsin. Russell is not an idle boy by any means, as may be seen from his saying, "We have forty one spring calves, and I do my share of feeding and also of milking." Russell sends a picture of himself with two of his pets, a cow and dog. The photograph is too dim for reproduction in these pages.—**A Reader** says that cooking is not necessarily women's work, and that there are thousands of men employed in cooking in the big cities, some of them drawing immense wages. He thinks any boy can learn to be a good cook in two years' time. He has not been to a cooking school but has learned at home, having worked four years.—**Thomas Davis**, Spangle, Wash., sends us an article on "Woman's Rights." Something about "boys' rights" would have been more to the point.—**Floyd C. Adams**, Willis Creek, Ohio, writes us a very complimentary letter and tells us that his sister likes to read the paper also. We are sure that Floyd's sister is not the only sister who is reading the pages of THE AMERICAN BOY with pleasure and, we trust, with profit.—**Milton M. Turner, Jr.**, Fredonia, N. Y., would like to know how to tip arrows.—**Arnaldo T. Schooley**, a twelve year old Denver boy, is a page in the State Senate of Colorado. He has a high grade in his school, and while attending to his duties as page, for which he receives two dollars a day, is keeping up his studies. The boy has been quite a traveler, having traveled from California to Pennsylvania several times. Members of the Senate frequently remark on the earnestness and dispatch with which he performs his duties.—**Walter H. Scott**, 40 I Street N. W., Washington, D. C., wants to know where he can purchase a small, safe motor that can be used in a flat-bottom skiff thirteen feet long?—**Elliott A. Beatty**, Loveland, Col., writes a long letter from his far western home which we would like to print in full, but cannot spare the room. He says: Loveland is sixty nine miles north of Denver on a river which winds through the mountains. It is 5,200 feet above the sea level in the midst of most beautiful scenery. Near it is Bald Mountain, from the top of which may be seen the plains stretching for hundreds of miles to the east, to the south Denver, and to the north Cheyenne. You can look down from the mountain and see thirty seven lakes. The mountain has no trees on it. Six hours ride beyond Bald Mountain is the "Great Divide," which is 11,000 feet above the sea level and is covered with pine trees. If the boys of the east knew how nice the climate of Colorado is they would want to leave the hot cities in vacation time and visit Colorado. We raise sugar beets here. The yield is about twenty tons to the acre. The valley is watered from the snows which melt on the mountains.—**Warren L. Eldred**, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends us a copy of "The Puritan," published by the Young People's League of the Puritan Sunday School of Brooklyn, New York, of which he is associate editor.—**Ray McClain**, West Newton, Pa., wants to know how to make a good sled. By the time our description could be published in THE AMERICAN BOY it would be April and the snows would have gone. Perhaps next winter he will find what he wants in the pages of THE AMERICAN BOY.—**Edward H. Clayton**, Bayonne, N. J., writes something about carrier pigeons. He says when the female carrier lays her first egg it should be removed immediately and the dummy egg put in its place. When she lays the other egg the dummy should be removed and the first egg replaced. The two will then hatch together. If this course is not taken one egg will hatch forty eight



ARNALDE T. SCHOOLEY  
MAYNARD WILLIAMS.

FLOYD C. ADAMS.  
ROY MONROE.

GEORGE W. BLACKBURN.  
BOLON RHODES.





IN THE PLUNGE.



"AT HOME."

hours ahead of the other one, and the mother will give the first all of her attention, crowding the younger and weaker one out of the nest.—**Solan O. Rhodes**, Irwindale, Cal., fourteen years old, has cleared off about an acre of land on his father's farm and will plant it to potatoes and onions. When he harvests his crop he is going to report to us his success. He cleared his land in the two weeks since vacation and has been plowing it on Saturdays.—**Arthur Engler**, Fremont, Ohio, tells us of an eight year old boy preacher, Harry Harris, who began preaching about a year ago and has read the bible through four times.—**William Schill**, A-Sixth Grade, Gillies School, Detroit, is a little boy with literary talent. He received the Junior degree button for an essay submitted to The Detroit Journal and printed in that paper January 11 last. He is also a newsboy with an eye to the future, being one of the boys who was enabled to start a bank account through the liberality of Gen. R. A. Alger, who gave one dollar each to 250 newsboys with the understanding that they were to start a savings account. He was one of the nine who saved the largest amount of money between January 14, 1901, and January 14, 1902, the amount of his deposit on the latter date being thirty two dollars and twenty four cents.—**Chester B. Sisking**, Decatur, Ill., age ten, in a contest among the advanced Juniors in the Y. M. C. A. Saturday afternoon, January 11 last, made a good performance on the horizontal bar. He made the underswing of the horizontal bar over crossbar, the height being five feet, seven inches.—**Maynard Williams**, Exeter, N. H., was one of many young boys who traveled many miles alone to visit the Pan-American Exposition last summer. His parents rightly thought that the money spent in sending the boy to the Exposition would be well spent. He was only thirteen years and one month old, but was self-reliant and had had several years' experience in city life. He started from Exeter with fifteen dollars, and after seeing the Exposition returned to his home with a little money in his pocket. Maynard thinks he might be trusted to go to the St. Louis Exposition, and we agree with him. He has written an essay, giving his experiences and entered it in an essay contest in the High School, for which money prizes are offered. We shall be glad to know that he received one of them.

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## BOYS IN THE HOME, CHURCH AND SCHOOL

### Knights of Valor.

To Superintendent E. J. Robinson and Mrs. L. L. Hunter, of Tidouet, Penn., the country is indebted for a noble organization for school boys, known as Knights of Valor, of which this is the pledge:

"Believing that self-respect, culture and courtesy are elements of true chivalry, and that an evil habit is the enemy of true manliness and a noble life, I hereby associate myself with the order of Knights of Valor in a crusade against the use of tobacco, and I do pledge myself for one year to abstain from the use of tobacco and intoxicants."

Each society has a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and marshal, who hold office for six months. The teachers should all be members of the order, and attend as regularly as possible. An evening thus spent is as valuable to the boys as the time spent in preparation for a lesson in arithmetic. It is a part of the plan to have light refreshments served as often as may be by some adult temperance society, the Y. P. S. C. E., or some other church or social organization of the place. The success lies in making it a social success.

### Bumptious Boys.

Colonel Curtis Guild, Jr., in an address before the Old School Boys of Boston at Young's Hotel recently said some wholesome things. Among them the following: "The trouble with boys these days is that they smoke cigarettes, go to the variety shows, and try to be bumptious generally, with penwipers on their heads. Where are the good old days of the hoops? Show me the boy that knows the difference between an alley and a tooser, an agate and a chinee? Where is the peg top now? Where is the boy that chalks corners and plays hockey, and where can you find the boys that coast the long coast on Boston common? Where, indeed, where are the good old winters?"

### Lost by Twenty Minutes.

A young man, the son of an old friend of Mr. Vanderbilt's, once solicited his influence in aiding him to secure a certain very desirable clerkship in a railroad office. Mr. Vanderbilt, who liked the young man and believed in his ability, agreed to help him. "Be here tomorrow morning at ten o'clock," he said, "and I will go with you to see the president of the road and say a good word for you." The next morning at twenty minutes after ten, the young man appeared in the anteroom of Mr. Vanderbilt's office. He was informed that Mr. Vanderbilt had left fifteen minutes before to attend a meeting. A few days later he called on Mr. Vanderbilt, and said, with a shade of annoyance in his tone: "Why Mr. Vanderbilt, I was here just after ten." "But the appointment was at ten," replied Mr. Vanderbilt. "It was only a matter of fifteen or twenty minutes," said the young man. "Well," answered Mr. Vanderbilt, "the twenty minutes in your case have lost you your position, for the appointment was made the very day on which you were to have met me."—The Boy's Lantern.

### The Possibilities in a Boy.

(From the Phillistine.)

I have a profound respect for boys. Grimy, ragged, tousled boys in the street often attract me strangely. A boy is a man in the cocoon—you do not know what it is going to become—his life is big with possibilities. He may make or unmake kings, change boundary lines between states, write books that will mould characters, or invent machines that will revolutionize the commerce of the world. Every man was a boy—it seems strange, but it is really so. Wouldn't you like to turn time backward and see Abraham Lincoln at twelve, when he had never worn a pair of boots? the lank, lean, yellow, hungry boy, hungry for love, hungry for learning, tramping off through the woods for twenty miles to borrow a book, and spelling it out crouching before the glare of the burning logs.

Then there was that Corsican boy, one of a goodly brood, who weighed only fifty pounds when ten years old, who was thin and pale and perverse and had tantrums and had to be sent supperless to bed or locked in a dark closet because he wouldn't "mind." Who would have thought that he would have mastered every phase of warfare at twenty six, and when the exchequer of France was in dire confusion would say, "The finances? I will arrange them."

Distinctly and vividly I remember a squat, freckled boy who was born in the "Patch" and used to pick up coal along railroad tracks in Buffalo. A few months ago I had a motion to make before the Court of Appeals at Rochester. That boy from the "Patch" was the Judge who wrote the opinion granting my petition. Be patient with the boys. You are dealing with soul-stuff. Destiny waits just around the corner.

Be patient with the boys!

### A Boys' Bible Class.

Bible class teachers have had more or less trouble with boys. The difficulty lies usually in the method of teaching and the lack of tact and ingenuity on the part of the teacher. There is a boys' bible class in London, Ont., that testifies to the amount of good boys can accomplish when their energies are properly directed. The average attendance for a year in this class has been eighteen, and it is an important factor in the church to which it belongs, not only for the good, healthy tone of the class, but also for its practical work. The Sunday school puts its entertainments in the charge of this class. The boys go camping every summer, and have a first-class baseball team and literary society. The success of the class is due to the loyalty of the boys themselves and the zeal of their teacher—a little man whom the boys familiarly call "Daddy." The boy who writes us this account of the class says, in characteristic boy fashion: "This shows that boys can be manly and useful and still have just a 'dilly' time."

It is not the boy who is surrounded with great laboratories and elaborate apparatus, but some Michael Faraday who, in the attic of an apothecary shop, experiments with a can of water and an old syringe, who becomes eminent.—"Success."

## SUCCESS FOR BOYS



All Successful Men prepared in youth for the opportunities they grasped in later years. Your opportunity lies in the future, but the time to prepare for it is now. We can qualify you by mail, in spare time, and at small expense for employment and advancement in Mechanical, Electrical, or Civil Engineering; Architecture; Business, etc. Circular free. State position desired.

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## Educational Notice.

A subscriber of ours, a prominent business man of Boston, writes that he will be very glad to hear from any ambitious reader of "THE AMERICAN BOY" who desires to study Mechanical, Electrical, Steam or Textile Engineering and has not the opportunity to attend school. This gentleman, whose name is withheld at his request, has at his disposal a few scholarships in a well known educational institution for home study; the only expense being the actual cost of instruction papers and postage. Write to W. L. R., Box 8787, Boston, Mass. for particulars if you are ambitious and in earnest.

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### A TRIAL MONTH FREE

The St. Louis Watchmaking School, Dept. A, 208 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo., will teach Watchmaking by correspondence **FREE** of charge, the first month, for the purpose of securing a few representative students in all parts of the country. **WRITE FOR PARTICULARS.**

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JUNIORS.



WINTER SPORT.

### Some Good Dogs for Boys.

FRANK H. SWEET.

A boy loves a dog. That goes without saying. And if the boy happens to be bright, wide-awake, energetic, and in the country, he and his dog are very likely to be inseparable. It does not matter whether the dog be of patrician blood, or merely a mongrel, the boy loves it, and the two will go off on long tramps through the woods and across the fields, chasing squirrels and rabbits and investigating woodchuck holes and promising brush heaps. And yet if the dog be quick of eye and mind, instant to grasp and eager to carry out his master's almost unspoken wishes—as is characteristic of the best breeds—the companionship will be that much more sympathetic and delightful and "chummy." They go in swimming together, lie upon the bank for hours perhaps, exchanging comments and experiences, the boy with his tongue, and the dog with his eyes and tail, and occasional inquiring or confirmatory barks. It would not do to tell the boy that his dog does not understand every word he says. He would treat such an insinuation with the scorn it deserves, for he knows that the dog knows.

As a rule, the boy who is in quest of a dog does not know what he wants, except that it is to be an animal with four legs and wagging tail and snapping eyes, who will be ever ready to race or hunt or play with him whenever he is in the mood. But in this, as in most cases, it is best to get the best. In seeking a dog, let the boy choose one that will be more than a mere follower, eager and willing though the dog may be. What he wants is a companion and friend, loving, keen of comprehension, alert, ready to interpose its own life in case of emergency, and able to do a little reasoning on its own account.

The Newfoundlands are showy, obedient, tractable and the best water dogs. They can swim with a boy's or man's arm around the neck, giving support. They must have freedom and be taught manners, but should never be cowed.

The character of the true Newfoundland dog is one that will bear the strictest investigation, and lucky indeed is the boy who can get a puppy of the right type, and who can afford to keep him well and train him aright. The training is not a training for tricks, but a training that will bring out all the animal's best qualities and turn them into use.

The dog never needs punishment. Indeed, he never deserves it, and being extraordinarily wise, he must have a very poor opinion indeed of any boy that would raise either stick or whip to beat him. You may beat a puppy if you want to spoil and cow him for life. Not otherwise, and it is most cowardly so to do. As regards the full-grown Newfoundland, few boys would dare to ill-use him.

This breed of dog should be gently taught to fetch and carry, to walk at heel, to lie down when told and take charge of property, and to swim—he should first be enticed to go into the water during play, and neither force nor hurry must be used. If well fed and treated, he will gradually develop traits of character, of which the owner can take advantage to teach him to do almost anything that a dog can do.

In eighteen months the Newfoundland should have developed into a perfect gentleman of a dog; if he has not done so it is the fault of the trainer, not the dog. In general appearance he should be large, from twenty six to thirty inches in height, jet black, massive all over, long in body, showing great strength of neck and limb and loin with a straight, long coat and plentifully haired legs.

The collies are also excellent boys' dogs and are not deceitful, as some believe. They are very handsome, faithful and kind, loving their owners, if kind to them, with an affection which nothing but death can ex-

tinguish. They are teachable and tractable if their education is begun very young, and if they have a fault, it is caused by their quick-wittedness and wisdom. Sometimes the collie is apt to jump at conclusions, and when the conclusion happens to be a neighbor's cat it is awkward. But the collie is extremely willing to please, and of no other dog can it be said with so much truth: "He is precisely what his master makes him." He is a very popular dog, is altogether wise and gentle in his ways, and is a good guard of person or property.

The ordinary Norfolk spaniel, white, brown and ticked, will make a very desirable dog for a boy, especially for the country. They are gentle, lovable and companionable, seldom quarrel and fight, and will root around hedgerows, trees, copse or meadow all day long. They are as much at home in the water as out of it. Moreover, the Norfolk spaniel has the advantage of being so cheap that any boy may own one. They are most useful and serviceable country dogs, and at the same time very loving and gentle. The faces of some beam with intelligence and beauty, and, if kept well groomed, they cannot fail to be favorites, not only with the owners themselves, but with their friends. And this latter is saying a good deal.

The terrier brotherhood may be called the boys' dogs par excellence. Given gentle treatment, a good bed and good feeding, and talked to rationally, they will do anything for their young master, and would even fight or die for him, if need be. If a boy wants to know anything at all about dogs, he should be conversant with this type, of which there are the Irish, Scotch and English terriers, with Bedlingtons, Airdales and bull terriers.

As to feed and kennel, no boy, or man or woman either, has a right to own so faithful a companion as a dog who does not do all he or she can for his comfort, whether outdoors or in.

Indoor dogs may be allowed to sleep in any corner they choose, but there ought to be a piece of thick matting put down for them—not on a stone floor—and this should be kept very clean, often brushed, and sometimes washed and disinfected. Outdoor kennels should be protected from the weather and the sun. The door should be in front, not in the end, as in the old-fashioned barrel arrangement, and there should be no leakage. The bedding would best be wheaten straw in summer and oat straw in winter. Shavings of pine may do, but not hay, because that harbors insects.

Feed regularly at about the same hour every day, the rule to be a small breakfast, followed by a walk, and a generous dinner followed by a long ramble. And it need hardly be added that pure water, fresh every morning and evening, is indispensable, winter and summer, if dogs are to be kept in the best of health.

Try, if possible, in all your dealings with your pet, to imagine yourself in his place. Do not forget that your dog has feelings, moral as well as physical; that he will become exceedingly fond of you if you treat him with kindness and consideration. Never worry nor bully a dog, and never beat him. If you cannot manage him without harshness, you have no right to own so noble an animal. Teach him obedience and cleanliness by firmness and persuasion. The uplifted finger of rebuke, or the absence of a loving master's smile, showing the dog he has committed a fault, is greater punishment for him than blows from cane or whip could be.

Cropping ears, docking tails and lifting

dogs roughly are barbarous cruelties. The first two practices are on a par with that of cutting a bird's tongue to make it talk.

### The Training of Tip.

ALICE BROWN.



HE performance was over and Professor Gentry, of Gentry's Dog and Pony Show, requested the audience to remain a few moments while he said a few words:

"Now, boys, you have all seen what my dogs can do. Will you be surprised when I tell you that some of your dogs can do the same things? Now, then, I am coming here again in six months. If any of you can, by that time, train a dog to stand on its head, play dead

or dance, I will give him fifty dollars for the dog.

"I took notice that you were particularly pleased with the little dog that played the part of a policeman. Eighteen months ago I bought him from a little boy. I paid seventy five dollars for him, but now five hundred dollars could not buy him. Your dog may be as easy to train as he was; try it.

"Here are some little pamphlets telling you how to care for and train dogs; they are only five cents apiece; who'll buy?"

The boys of Belltown raised a great shout when Tom Bowen stepped forward and handed the Professor a nickel. Tom's dog had the reputation of being the nearest to a good-for-nothing in town; but Tom loved him and believed in him when no one else did. He acknowledged that the animal was no bird dog, although its mother had been a famous setter; neither was he a watch dog; and he was mortally afraid of cats—a fault which, all boys know, places a dog away down below par. Tom's brother Ned owned a magnificent maltese, which answered to the musical name of Muzlah. If Tip possessed a pet aversion, it certainly was this same Muzlah. When the table scraps were scraped out into an old pan, he stood afar off until the mighty Muzlah ate all the choice bits and all the plainer fare that he could hold.

Then—if there were any left—he would be permitted to slink up and carry the remaining bits behind the woodpile.

When Tom went home from the show, he called Tip, and the two repaired to the hayloft, where the dog was duly informed of what was in store for him. A rusty red tail wagged acquiescence and the training of Tip was begun.

Tom made a secret bargain with his mother, consequently the price of a new pair of pants was in his pocket next morning. As Tom and Ned started for school, Ned was not long in discovering a good-sized patch on the seat of Tom's trousers. "I say, Tom! what's up? How came you with those old breeches on? Didn't father get you any new ones?"

Tom shook his head, ran his hand back over the patched part of his apparel, and said, "Oh, that's all right! I can't see it, you know." When Tom reached the play-

ground, he was made the butt of much good-natured fun. However, the thought of what his purse contained and its purpose comforted him.

Thereafter, for weeks, Tip was fed on fresh meat in the hayloft, while, outside, Muzlah whined pitifully. No one knew excepting Tom and Tip what went on in that hayloft. The mother had a pretty good idea; but, you, know, moth-



Tip went through the ordeal right bravely.

ers never give you away.

Tom wore patched clothes to school all winter, and was always on the lookout for small jobs, whereby he might earn a nickel, or, perchance, a dime. The butcher down on the corner got all of Tom's earnings, and Tip waxed fat on the best the butcher had.

At last Spring came, and with it Prof. Gentry's show. With beating heart Tom took Tip around to the tent specified for candidates. How relieved he was when he found that the trial was to be made before no one but the kind-faced professor himself! Tip went through the ordeal right bravely, and was locked up with a porterhouse steak, while Tom went in to witness the afternoon performance.

After it was over, Prof. Gentry announced that he had bought one Belltown dog from Master Thomas Bowen, who would come forward and show what the dog could do and then receive his fifty dollars.

What an excitement there was among the boys, as Tom took a seat on the platform and began playing a lively tune on a French harp. The red curtains parted and in rushed Tip. After a gesture from Tom, he raised himself on his hind legs and began to dance. That was all; but he did it well.

How the crowd cheered as Tom pocketed the fifty dollars. Then he went behind the curtains with Tip to bid him a long farewell.

When he came out of the back entrance Ned, who was waiting for him, looked a moment at his suspiciously wet eyes and exclaimed:

"Don't be a goose, Tom; you're rich enough to buy a hundred dogs!"

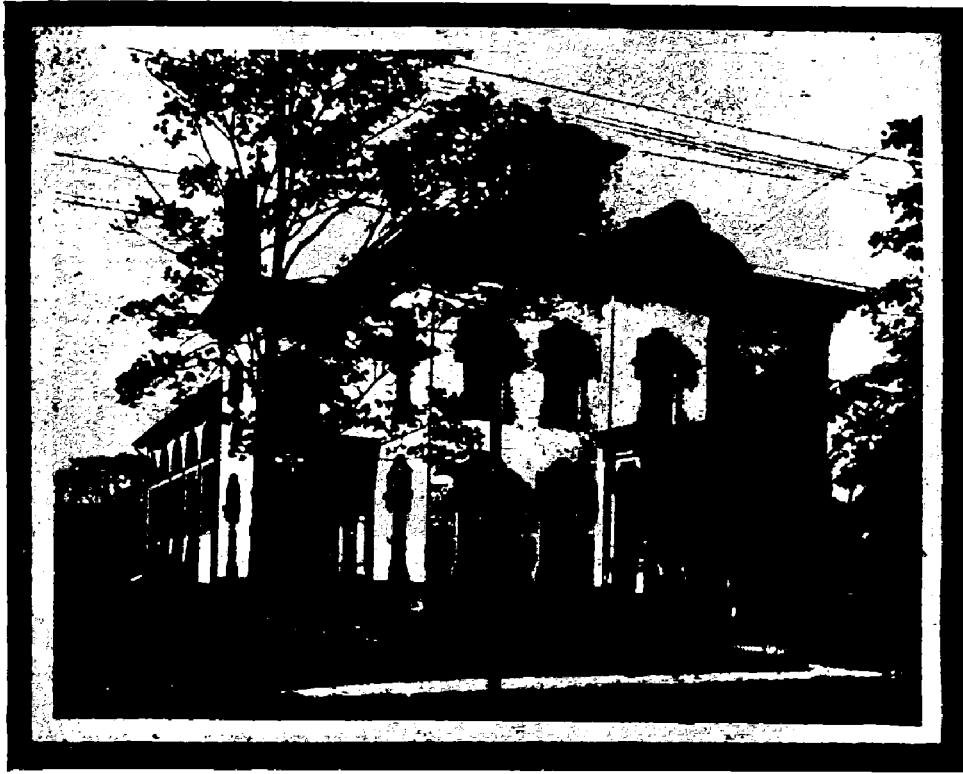
### THE WONDERFUL DOUBLE THROAT

Only genuine Bird Call and Prairie Whistle, with which you can imitate any bird or animal. Ask your friends by making them believe you are a Yellowthroat. The instrument is concealed in the neck of the neck and attention is impossible. If ladies are ever invited to a dance and see them grab their skirts and clutch a chair. Boys, if you like fun, send 10c. for this instrument with full instructions. Catalogue of tricks, novelties and books for stamp. Address, H. W. HARDESTY & CO., 1130-A Central Ave., NEWPORT, KY.

### Every American BOY or GIRL

should have a FOX TERRIER PUPPY, a most interesting and useful pet. Write NEVADA FOX TERRIER KENNELS, NEVADA, MISSOURI.

**BELGIAN HARES** \$1.000 per year in your back yard, town or country. Booklet and list free. SHADY GROVE STOCK FARM, Warren, Ohio.



CLUB PROPERTY.



GAME ROOM.

# 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 1856. Incorporated in 1892.

Short notes of personal observations are particularly desired for use in the A. A. department. Send illustrations when convenient. Questions are invited.

Address H. H. BALLARD, Pittsfield, Mass.

### Welcome Again.

We thought we had made a good record last month with six new chapters, but now we have to report that during February thirteen new Chapters have been successfully organized and admitted into the AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION. We hope that all our present Chapters and members will write them letters of cordial welcome. One of the great advantages of our society is the opportunity it offers our young friends of making pleasant and helpful acquaintances in distant states, and of exchanging specimens that, common in one place, are rare in other places. The following list contains the addresses of the new Chapters:

- 351—Concord, Mass., A. L. Dakin.
- 256—Unionville, O., M. C. Goddard.
- 254—Dexter, N. Y., Laura Patrick.
- 253—Fitzgerrell, Ill., Guy W. Fitzgerrell.
- 294—Crystal Falls, Mich., Charles G. Rogers.
- 333—Valetta, Ontario, Hamston Nowy.
- 391—Carleton, Mich., Mrs. Vina M. Richardson, Box 167.
- 491—East Peru, Ia., Claude Shearer.
- 419—Socorro, New Mexico, Charles Hill.
- 417—Binghamton, N. Y. (C), Fred D. Seward.
- 294—Brooklyn, N. Y. (E), Anthony M. Hubner, 453 Sixth St.
- 293—Goldfield, Ia., Scott A. McEachron.
- 282—Alliance, O., Lloyd Nesbitt.

Since our special offer of a free Hand Book, free admission, and free charter was made three months ago, twenty two new chapters have been formed, representing all sections of the United States. There are yet many from whom we wish to hear, and particularly those who have applied for a free Hand Book with the avowed intention of forming a Chapter. We have sent fifty six books under this free offer, and from thirty four of them have heard nothing. Doubtless, many have been delayed in perfecting their organization and will apply for their charters later. In order to encourage them as much as possible we will, in their case, extend the time of free admission until May 1. That is, all those boys who have already received our Hand Book, but have not as yet reported the organization of a Chapter, may have until May 1 to complete their organization and report it.

In order to give every one a fair chance, we will receive individual members without the customary entrance fee, until May 1. After that date the fee will again be fifty cents. Now is your chance, boys!

### A Dog's Dream.

Florence, Colo.

Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, Pittsfield, Mass.

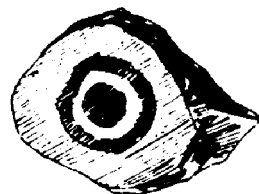
Dear Sir:—One warm day I noticed my dog fast asleep at the south side of the house. He appeared to be dreaming. He was moving his legs vigorously, as if he were running, and from time to time he gave a whining bark. He became more and more excited in his dream. He sprang to his feet and began to walk, but bumped his head against the wall and woke up. He looked sheepishly about for a moment and walked away. He was evidently dreaming of his old sport of rabbit hunting.—F.

[Has any one else observed a dog or other animal dreaming?]

### Curious Stone.

I am greatly interested in the Agassiz Association, so I send you a rude sketch of a stone I found one day when I was hunting.

The underside of the stone is round and rough, and also the same color as any other stone would be, but the top is in the form of a circle, which is white and very smooth. The circle in the middle is composed of three colors, the first ring being of a dark color and the next white. The large circle is of a light pink color and the spot in the center is the same as that of the outer edge. Can any reader of THE AMERICAN BOY tell me of what formation this stone is?—Walter Cass Newberry, Mt. Pleasant, Mich.



### Horsetail and Shell.

One day as George Polzin was walking along State Street, just south of Seventy Fifth Street, he found a "horsetail" that



had grown into an empty snail shell and pushed it up off the ground. Has any one else ever found one?—Edwin Hand, Jr., 706 West Seventieth St., Chicago, Ill.

### Lacewing Fly.

I can tell Dale Noland what those little bulbs are which he saw on the cherry leaf last spring, and are shown on page twenty eight of the November AMERICAN BOY. They are the eggs of the lacewing fly.

When the eggs hatch, the grub crawls down and eats any plant lice it can find, and if its brothers or sisters come down before it crawls away he eats them. That is why the old lacewing fly lays its eggs on the stem.

The grub eats all the lice it can find. I have one of the mature flies, "the golden-eyed lacewing fly," in my collection. It is a pale green, with wings like lace and golden eyes, and a very slim body with long antennae or horns. The fly is our friend and should not be hurt.—Archer B. Stuart (10 years), Auburn, Cal.

### Tadpoles.

Sammie Cook, of Marion, N. Y., says that he had some frogs' eggs. He watched them grow into tadpoles. They then grew bigger and bigger, and their legs began to grow, while their tails grew shorter, being absorbed into their bodies. By and by they became frogs, and thus ended the tale of the pollywog.

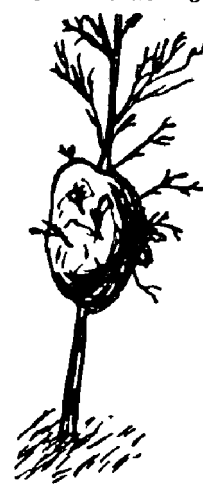
(This is much more likely than that the tails dropped off in pieces according to our correspondent in January number of AMERICAN BOY.—Ed.)

### Double Apple.

When I was out in the country one day in September I saw something I thought was interesting. It was a double apple. One a full grown one, and the other a partly grown one. The small one was partly buried in the big one, and the queerest thing was that it had a russet colored diamond directly under it. The two apples had only one stem.—Clyde Stewart, 17 Capitol St., Augusta, Me.

### Curious Wasp's Nest.

Some time ago while hunting I saw ahead of me, on a small oak, a large, light-colored bunch, which on closer examination proved to be a large wasp's nest, built in such a manner that the stem or body of the tree passed directly through the centre of the nest. On the outside of the nest were two large oak leaves which were fastened to a branch which came out of the left side of the nest. Taken all in all it was a peculiar and pretty sight. I secured it, and now have it in my possession. It is three and a half feet in circumference, and is the largest of a series of nests which I have collected.—Orville Tobias, Hastings, Barry County, Mich.



### Instructions for Collecting Plants.

1. Collect plants when in blossom and, if possible, when also bearing fruits. If fruits and flowers are not both present, collect specimens of the same plants at different times.
2. Take the whole plant, root, stem, leaves and flower. If too large for this, take branches containing flowers and seeds, some of the typical leaves from the base and stem and pieces of the root.
3. When pressed the specimen should not be more than 15 inches long. Some plants longer than this may be doubled up, or cut into two or three parts.
4. To press and dry. Spread smoothly on a sheet of paper, put another paper over and put between blotting or felt paper. Pile them up alternately, driers and plants, and place a board and weight on top. The driers between should be changed each day until the plants are dry enough not to mold or lose their color.
5. Be sure to label each plant by writing on a slip of paper to be put with it, its name, if known, place and date collected, from dry or damp ground, name of collector, etc.
6. They may be sent by mail or express safely by putting a bundle of the shoots of specimens between heavy cardboard and wrapping securely.

**My Chance** WE WILL SEND YOU 5 packages of our Gold Hot Press Market Powders to sell at 10c each and 10 packages of Breath Confections to sell at 5c each! These are very fine goods and rapid sellers; the Pencil we send FREE with Goods. When the 15 pkgs. are sold, send us \$1.00, we will then send you extra a Gold finished Fountain Pen. NO CHARGE. Remember we do not want any money until goods are sold.

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**New Surprise Clown**

You Press the Ball—The Clown Does the Rest.

This illustration represents our latest improved surprise novelty and it is a wonder! You fill the ball with water, then show your friends the pin, when they look at it you press the ball. Enough said; you know your business. Can be worn on coat or vest. To introduce them, price 15 Cents, 3 for 35 cents, post paid, with our large Catalogue. Address:

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120 N. Washenaw Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

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Improve your spare time by studying shorthand. This will give you a business education before you go out in the world, and enable you to obtain a much better position. We teach by mail and our course is specially arranged to enable boys to prepare for actual work. Send for catalogue and one lesson, free. Improve your opportunities by commencing now.

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TO SEE our Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and circulars of latest useful specialties, novelties and books. Mailed free. Write to-day. **HOME SUPPLY CO.,** New Market, Cleveland, O.

Upon receipt of 10 cents, we will mail to any address, Combination Hat Mirror and Mark, also credit coupon for 10 cents, which will be accepted as cash, on any purchase made from us. Mention this paper.

**ELECTRIC FLASH-LIGHT LAMP**

**WONDERFUL INVENTION.**

Entirely new. Practical 15 candle power lamp. Not a toy. Always ready. Non-Explosive. No kerosene or gasoline used. 3 Lights a life-time. Sample not possible on receipt of 25 cents. 3 for 50 cents postpaid.

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Positions Secured. Catalogue Free.

**BOYS and GIRLS** who did not send for our Novelty Catalogue last month should do so at once. It will cost you nothing and you will be interested in its contents. Address: **Dent 26, National Mercantile & Mfg. Co., Richmond, Ind.**

**ALUMINUM COMB** is the most economical—never breaks, easily cleaned, always looks new and bright. This 4-in. aluminum comb with coarse and fine teeth in a handsome leatherette case, sent post paid for 5 cents in coin. **ROY BAUDABAUGH, Collins, Ohio.**

**PLAY POOL AT HOME,** with our miniature table, \$2.00. Full description for stamp. Write to-day. **COFFEY, W. V. ELY CO., 805 S. Ann St., BALTIMORE, MD.**

SETS OF COINS CHEAP - ETC., (ALL DIFFERENT)

8 Oriental... 8 Old India... 8 Italy (1800-1800)... 8 Holland (before 1700)... 8 Canada, tokens, etc...

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50 U.S. STAMPS FOR 2 cts. Kolona Stamp Co., Dayton, O. I'll send you 8 var. Brit. Coins & my pkt. pr. list.

STAMPS 10c, no two alike and genuine. Costa Rica, Honduras, Mexico, etc., and an ALBUM for 10c only.

5 PHILIPPINE STAMPS, 2 CENTS. Different, unused, genuine, catalogue value 15c.

STAMPS 102 different genuine Luban, Perno, China Zambesia, etc., with album, only 10c.

500 Foreign Stamps, 10c. 104 all diff. from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc., with album, 40c.

OUR 75% COMMISSION OFFER on our 50% approval sheets is still going on. GOOD AGENTS WANTED.

THE IMPERIAL STAMP ALBUM has places for only 80 cents, post free. Price list FREE.

500 Stamps finely mixed only 10c; 50 all diff. 5c; 100 diff. Corea, Mexico, etc., 10c.

FREE! A stamp worth 12c, given to all new applicants for approval sheets.

JAPAN Big Wedding Stamp FREE to all who apply for sheets at 50c om.

VENEZUELA 1898 issue, 5 for 10c, catalogued at 75c; 7 others that catalogue at \$1.15, for 25c.

FREE 100 varieties foreign stamps for names and addresses of 3 collectors.

\$7 FOR ONLY 4 CENTS. \$1 green, \$1 gray, \$1 olive, \$2 gray and \$2 olive, U.S. Documentaries.

STAMPS in album & cata. Free. Agts. 50% and prices. 103 In-China, U.S. worth 25c, Agts. 50%; World Album, illust., 18c.

4 large United States cents, 10c; postage, 6c. 8 foreign cents, 15c; postage, 4c.

THE BOY STAMP COLLECTOR

Stamps As an Investment.

A copy of the 10 cent St. Louis Postmasters' provisional stamp was sold at auction in 1870 for \$2, and is now priced by Scott's catalogue at \$200.

Columns could be written of the rapid advance in the prices of stamps, that once common and cheap are now valued at \$25 and upwards.

Answers to Questions Asked.

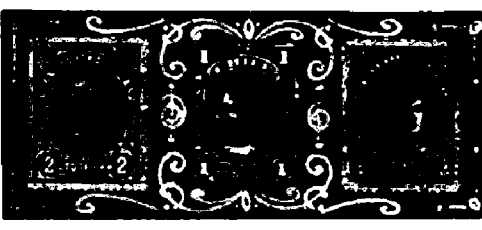
A. M. Columbus-The 5s de Peso on the 5 cent U. S. with the spelling "Cupa" instead of Cuba is catalogued at 60 cents either used or unused.

T. O'D., Naugatuck-There is no 1c de peso black issued in the Philippines in 1898-99. We are unable to give the values of the other stamps you mention as you fail to give the country.

E. P. P.-We do not know of any stamps of Madagascar with the inscription "British Inland Mail." The British Consular Service issued stamps in Madagascar in 1884.

C. W., Honolulu, H. I.-The New South Wales Consumptives' Home issue consisted of two stamps of the one penny and two pence values.

The 5, 10 and 15 centavos of the 1862 issue of the Argentine Republic are catalogued at 40 cents, \$2.50 and \$5 respectively for used copies.



Here is a copy of the much talked of four cent value of Newfoundland with portrait of the Duchess of Cornwall.

Bulgaria has issued a fine new portrait series with portrait of King Ferdinand. The figures of value in the upper corners are uniformly in black ink and are evidently separately printed from ordinary type.

1st. purple, portrait oval, dark green. 2nd. green, " " dark blue. 3rd. orange, " " slate.

A fifty cent value has been added to the current series of Chili. It is of a red brown color. We reproduce the illustration of the type and add a complete list of the values already issued:

- 1 centavo, green. 2 centavos, red. 5 centavos, blue. 10 centavos, mauve. 30 centavos, orange. 50 centavos, brown-red.

The Boy Coin Collector.

Where Coins Are Made.

You can tell where an American coin of twenty five cents or over was made by looking at it. There are four places of coinage in the country-Philadelphia, San Francisco, New Orleans, and Carson City, Nev.

Number Thirteen in Coins.

The commonest of all our silver coins is the twenty five cent piece. In the words "quarter dollar" are thirteen letters.

The Numismatic Sphinx.

Harold B. Smith, Conneautville, Pa.-The Canadian "Bank tokens" are common. Your cents, if in good condition, are worth from five to ten cents each.

Albert J. Thompson, Ossian, Iowa.-The half cent of 1835 is worth five cents. Three cent pieces were issued in both silver and nickel in 1872.

H. Alden Bunker, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.-The silver of Puerto Rico is attracting some attention among American collectors owing to the annexation of that island to our domain.

John L. Aney, Worcester, N. Y.-With all the care exercised by our mint officials, mistruck, odd and curious pieces are sometimes found in circulation.

Frank E. Ryan, Ft. Covington, N. Y.-Your rubbings are from a store card, which has a value only with certain collectors of such pieces, and a Canadian Wellington token of 1812.

Lawrence J. Whiteford, Jr., Barnard, Mo.- (1) Spanish 8 reals of Charles IV., struck in 1801 at Mexico; (2) Spanish 2 reals of Charles III., 1786.

Roy Taylor, Rockford, Mich.-No. 1 is a Washington medal. Size 3 engraved by David Binn. It is noted and illustrated in a work by James Ross Snowden.

A. T. Ellis, Somerville, Mass.-France, Louis XII. (1715-74), 1769, 1 ecu, worth \$2.50. Spain, Charles IV., 8 reals struck in Mexico 1790.

Howard Kresge, Duryea, Pa.-Nos. 1, 2 and 7 are common war tokens of the Civil War. No. 3, dime 1833, twenty five cents; No. 4, twenty cent piece of 1875, face value only.

Eugene Lutes, Elizabeth, N. J.-Your rubbing is from a common store card of Gustavus Lindenmuller, 1863. A half cent of 1835 is worth fifteen cents.

Lew A. Reid, Clyde, Kan.-The drawing you send is from a bill on the Pocasset Bank of Rhode Island. It is a specimen of the many thousand "broken bank" bills that have been handed down to us from the "wild cat" period.

INDIAN RELICS! 1 doz. Arrows, 25c; Stone Axe, 40c; Stone Chert, 40c; Bell Pistle, 50c; Fish Spear, 10c; War Point, 10c; Flint Knife, 15c; Flint Drill, 20c.

FREE 8 uncancelled old issue U. S. revenues FREE to all ordering from any of our advertisements. Have you ever seen one? United States 1898 is documentary green, 2 3/4 by 1 1/2 inches with large Liberty head, printed on parlor car tickets.

NO! We do not give away stamps and supplies to secure your trade. Our prices alone, suffice to make you a steady customer. Try a selection of our sheets, at 60%.

100 PAN-AMERICAN 10c SOUVENIR STAMPS. All the Buildings-Four Colors. F.A. Busch & Co., 525 Mooney Bldg, Buffalo, N.Y.

60% APPROVAL SHEETS. Commission mixed 1000 17c; 40 var. France, 2c; 100 var. 1c to 5c each; 15c; 500 var. \$1.00; 1000 Hinges, 5c.

FREE 20 varieties of U. S. Revenues, '68 to '98, cat. 21c. For the names and addresses of two collectors, postage 2c extra; 20 Paris Exposition stamps, 10c; stamp manager, 20 animal stamps, only 10c.

60% Discount allowed from our approval sheets. Reference required. Collections bought. PHILATELIC EXCHANGE, Box 72, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FREE 50 HUNGARIAN STAMPS for 10c-Genuine, beautiful colored Hungarian stamps, all different for only 10 cents.

1000 FAULTLESS HINGES and 100 FOREIGN STAMPS, CHINA, Etc. AMERICAN STAMP COMPANY, ROGERS, ARK.

50% Below Catalogue. Beginners as well as more advanced collectors can be suited with my stamp approval books; 6000 varieties.

FREE 25 FOREIGN STAMPS to all who apply for our Approval Sheets to sell or buy at 50 per cent. commission.

GIFT In rare stamps (besides 50 per cent. commission) on all sales of over 25 cts. from our approval sheets.

A NICARAGUA 2 peso stamp, catalogued at 15 cts. free to those who enclose a two-cent stamp when applying for approval sheets; 60% discount. Price list free.

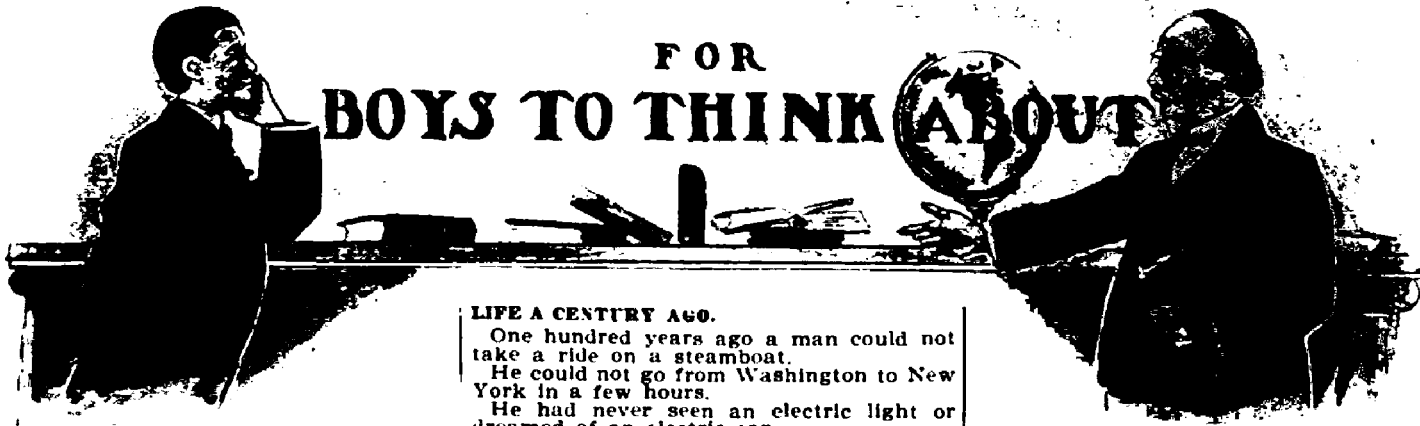
500 VAL. GENUINE FOREIGN free for selling 12 bottles tooth powder, 50 var. 5c, 100 var. 8c. Sheets, 60%. List free.

THE AMERICAN BOY has a larger constituency of young Stamp and Curio buyers and sellers than has any other paper in America.

THE NUMISMATIST VOL. XIII. \$1.00 PER ANNUM. The only illustrated monthly magazine devoted to coin and their collecting published on the American continent.

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BEAUTIFUL SHELLS, CORALS BUTTERFLIES, EGGS, CURIOS. Lists FREE. E. H. SHORT, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.



FOR BOYS TO THINK ABOUT

LIFE A CENTURY AGO.

One hundred years ago a man could not take a ride on a steamboat. He could not go from Washington to New York in a few hours. He had never seen an electric light or dreamed of an electric car. He could not send a telegram. He couldn't talk through the telephone, and he had never heard of the hello girl. He could not ride a bicycle. He could not call in a stenographer and dictate a letter. He had never received a typewritten communication. He had never heard of the germ theory or worried over bacilli and bacteria. He never looked pleasant before a photographer or had his picture taken. He never heard a phonograph talk or saw a kinetoscope turn out a prize fight. He never saw through a Webster's unabridged dictionary with the aid of a Roentgen ray. He had never taken a ride in an elevator. He had never imagined such a thing as a typesetting machine or a typewriter. He had never used anything but a wooden plough. He had never seen his wife using a sewing machine. He couldn't take an anesthetic and have his leg cut off without feeling it. He had never purchased a ten cent magazine, which would have been regarded as a miracle of art. He could not buy a paper for a cent and learn everything that had happened the day before all over the world. He had never seen a McCormick reaper or a self-blinding harvester. He had never crossed an iron bridge. In short, there were several things that he could not do, and several things that he did not know.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

SAFE AND UNSAFE PARTS OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.



LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

The tract of land known in 1803 as Louisiana, and which was purchased by President Jefferson from France, comprised the territory now included in Louisiana, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota and parts of Minnesota, Montana, Wyoming and Colorado—an area seven times as large as Great Britain and Ireland. The price paid was \$15,000,000, and there was much opposition in America to its purchase.

It is a curious fact that St. Louis and the state of Missouri is spending \$15,000,000 on a show to be held in St. Louis in 1903 to celebrate the purchase. The great tract represents a taxable value of \$6,800,000,000, and embraces some of the greatest cities in our country.

JEWELERS' SIGNS.

H. B. Conyers, jeweler, Urbana, Ohio, calls the editor's attention to a statement made in our January number with reference to dummy clocks used by jewelers as signs.

In this statement we gave the reason why the hands always point to eighteen minutes past eight. We said in the item that since the assassination of President Lincoln all clocks have been marked at the time stated to record the time of day at which the President was shot. Mr. Conyers disputes this, and refers to Nicolay and Hay's "Life of Lincoln." Volume X., pages 301-302, where the authors say, "Booth went to the theater a few minutes before ten o'clock. The moon was to rise at ten, and Booth had selected this hour so the light of the moon would help him to escape. A few minutes past ten Booth fired the shot. The next day, April 15, twenty two minutes after seven, the President died." Then he goes on to say that beyond a doubt as early as the beginning of the nineteenth century watchmakers in the New England States had their clocks read as they do at the present time. He suggests that the reason for the placing of the hands thus is that they then stand at the same distance from the figure XII., and almost at right angles, thus looking better.

Letters That Are of Little Value.

It is my judgment that the first thing a young man starting life should do is to master the groundwork of his chosen calling, as taught by actual practice. No matter how highly educated he may be, when he makes a beginning, away from college, he ought to bear in mind that he has as much to learn that books do not contain, and professors never teach, as was imparted to him at his alma mater.

Letters of recommendation are of little value. It has grown to be the case that an individual is "sized up" for what he shows himself to be, and not according to some other person's written estimate. It really takes a year or two of hard knocks and rebuffs to bring a young fellow, who thinks his sheepskin is all he needs to a point where he can properly estimate himself. When he reaches that stage, he will begin to get on in the world.—F. Augustus Heinz, in "Success."

He Interested the Boys.

It is stated that the Cheyennes of Oklahoma were induced to take up farming by strategy. An Indian agent offered to give a calf to every boy who for three months would help him to milk his cows. It is said that the braves laughed at the boys who did this "squaws" work, but three boys stuck to it and got their calves. Then nine more boys volunteered, says Youth's Companion. Then the agent asked them to help him plow, offering them all the corn they could grow. The boys accepted and raised 3,000 bushels of corn, which they converted into 35 steers, every boy at the agency being anxious to get a herd of his own. The fathers and mothers now became interested and as a result the formerly wild Cheyennes have become the most industrious farmers.

Some farmers may find here a suggestion how to interest his boys in farm life. Who was the wise agent? He illustrated the proverb: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

SHIPPING GOLD TO EUROPE.

Suppose that you want to send a million dollars in gold to London. You can get the metal by collecting it from banks and stores and individuals in return for silver dollars, or silver certificates or gold coin, notes, or any form of money bearing the United States stamp. When you have collected your million dollars in gold coin you will find, if you weigh it, that you really have many dollars less than a million for each one of the coins having been used to some extent is slightly worn. This may be hardly noticeable on any one coin, but when all are weighed the discrepancy is visible. This discrepancy will be noticed when the coin reaches London, as it will be immediately weighed after it reaches there. There are only a few places where you can get a million dollars in gold coin that has not been worn, and those are at the United States Treasury or one of its sub-stations. Even in one of these places you may get less than a million dollars, for while the mint must do its best to make coins that contain exactly nine hundred parts gold and one hundred parts copper, some little leeway is allowed, and coins that have a little less gold, say eight hundred and ninety nine and one half parts, are accepted as legal coins. All that the Government guarantees, therefore, is that its gold coins are within one half of one per cent of their actual value. The Treasury will not retire from circulation a gold coin that is worn so much that less than eight hundred and ninety eight parts of gold remain. Coins far below that in value are in circulation, but if they were to be taken to the Sub-Treasury the Government would not allow the full value for them. Many coins having barely eight hundred and ninety eight parts gold are reissued by the Treasury, so that in one million dollars one would get coins averaging about fifteen hundred less than a million dollars.

When we have got our million dollars in gold coin we will put the kegs of gold on a truck and haul them to the steamship wharf. They will probably be taken from some bank, and along with them will go a bank clerk, a watchman and a policeman. At the wharf the bank clerk will receive a bill of lading for the gold, and then the responsibility rests with the steamship company. The kegs of gold are placed in the strong room of a ship, which has steel walls and is about thirty feet square by nine feet, locked with a combination lock. The agent of the ship, the captain and the steward witness the placing of the gold in the room, which is closed and locked with a key in addition to the combination lock, and the captain keeps the key. The room is in a place where sailors are constantly passing and repassing, and it is never opened until the ship reaches the other side, but every day at noon the door is examined to see that it has not been tampered with.

THE POPE'S MAIL.

The Pope receives more letters and newspapers each day than any other person in the world, the average number being from 20,000 to 22,000. It requires the work of thirty five secretaries to read them. The President of the United States receives daily about 1,400 letters and between 3,000 and 4,000 newspapers, pamphlets and books. The King of England receives about 1,000 letters a day and from 2,000 to 3,000 newspapers, etc. The Czar receives 650 letters daily, the King of Italy 500, and the Queen of Holland between 100 and 150, all of which she is said to read herself.

UNCLE SAM'S FAMILY.

The United States and its dependencies have a population of 84,233,069. The United States proper figures 75,994,575. The Philippines are estimated at 6,961,339. Porto Rico 663,243, Hawaii 154,001, Alaska 63,392, Guam 9,000, and American Samoa 6,100.

There are but three countries which now have a greater population than the United States—China, the British Empire and the Russian Empire.

THE TREMENDOUS VOLUME OF OUR TRADE.

A year ago our railroads had in use more than one million, three hundred thousand freight cars. Recently one of the great trunk lines placed an order, to handle its coal traffic alone, for thirteen thousand pressed steel cars. One of the smaller roads recently ordered forty locomotives and two thousand cars.

THE LONGEST RAILWAY RUN.

The longest railway run without a stop is that from Paddington, England, to Exeter, England, 194 miles. The next longest is from Paris to Calais, 187 1/2 miles. The longest run in the United States is from New York to Troy, 148 miles.

Advertisement for Hohner Harmonicas, featuring an image of a harmonica and text: "5,000,000 'Hohner' Harmonicas SOLD EVERY YEAR. Hohner's Greatest Novelty: CARTRIDGE HARP. consisting of cartridge shell and a detachable 'Hohner' Harmonica produces all effects from the softest tremolo to the most melodious tone. Price, 50 cents, by all leading dealers. The 'Hohner' Harmonica (or mouth organ) is the most popular instrument made, because any one can play almost any tune on it with very little practice, and no end of enjoyment may be derived from its music. Professionals in all parts of the world prefer 'Hohner' Harmonicas to any other make, for their quality of tone and durable construction. If your dealer does not keep the 'Hohner' Harmonica, don't purchase another make, but send his name and address and write for a circular. M. HOHNER, 354 Broadway, New York."

Advertisement for Ohio Electric Works, featuring an image of a lamp and a list of electrical products: "WE ARE SELLING Battery Hanging Lamps, \$10.00; Telephone, complete, 6.55; Electric Door Bells, 1.00; Electric Carriage Light, 9.95; Battery Fan Motor, 6.95; Electric Hand Lamps, 2.00; Pocket Flash Lights, 1.50; Miniature Electric Lamps, .40; 25 Medical Batteries, 8.95; Genuine Electric Belts, 1.00; \$12 Belt with Suspensory, 2.50; Genuine Electric Insulators, .25; Telegraph Outfits, 2.25; Battery Motors from \$1 to 12.00; Battery Table Lamps, 5.00; Night Lights, 75 cts. to 2.00; 25 Bicycle Electric Lights, 2.75; Electric Cap Lights, 1.75; Electric Railway, 1.50; Battery Student Lamp, 4.00; Dry Batteries, per dozen, 3.25; All Electrical Books at low prices. We undertake all on Everything Electrical. OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS CLEVELAND, O. Headquarters for Electric Novelties and Supplies. Agents wanted. Send for New Catalogue just out."

Advertisement for Comfort Medicine Co., featuring an image of a bottle and text: "TWO RINGS FREE Send name and address no money, and we will mail you two boxes of Comfort Cough Tablets. Will cure a cough in one day. Sell them for 10 cents a box. Send us the 10¢ and we will mail you these two beautiful SOLID GOLD laid Rings. Will wear a lifetime. No money required till tablets are sold. We take back all not sold. COMFORT MEDICINE CO., Providence, R. I."

Advertisement for Funny Faces, featuring an image of a face stamp and text: "FUNNY FACES These and 1000 more just as funny may be made with our new FUNNY FACE STAMP OUTFIT. Price complete with a big box of various features, 10 CENTS, and our Big Catalogue. Address The J.W. Mayer Co., 622 Racine Av. Chicago"

Advertisement for S. A. Cook & Company, featuring an image of a chair and text: "Premiums Worth \$12 FREE for selling only \$12 worth of the celebrated Niagara Extracts, Perfumes and Toilet Preparations. You save 50 per cent. by buying direct from the manufacturers. We ship the premium with the goods without a cent in advance, and allow 30 days in which to sell the goods. The Niagara Preparations are famous for their strength and purity, and sell easily, or perhaps you can use the whole case in your own home. Remember, we send any premium you may choose from our catalogue right with the goods you order. The premium is your profit. Our furniture is made in our own factory and is fully guaranteed. We are the only firm in the world making its own goods and premiums and are thus enabled to give astonishing values. FREE A Sample package of Niagara Talcum Powder with our New Catalogue of a hundred useful premiums easily earned. S. A. COOK & COMPANY, 5 Cook Bldg., Medina, N. Y."

Advertisement for Middletown Hat Co., featuring an image of a hat and text: "A 50c HAT FOR BOYS Satisfaction guaranteed upon receipt of 50c in cash, postal order or stamp, we will send either of these hats by mail to any address. If the hat is not satisfactory it can be returned and money will be refunded. We give as reference the First National Bank of Middletown, New York. Our object is to deal direct with the wearer of the hat and give good value so that a buyer of one hat will want another. In ordering give head size, color and number desired. MIDDLETOWN HAT CO., 52 Mill St., MIDDLETOWN, N. Y."

Roy's First of April Invitation.

(Begun on Page 173.)

"Better wait, for there's more yet. Tom heard him ask Miller what kind of help Roy Felton was in the store. And, of course, Miller said that he was a regular old man, stuck to his work like wax, and all that, so then he said there was more help needed at the white goods counter and he might give Roy a place there, and that when a boy did his work well and showed an interest in it he would help him along."

There was a moment's silence and then Will grinned. "Well, Jack, what do you think of our April fool joke on Roy now?" "I think that instead of being on Roy it's on us."

The Magic of Numbers.

There are some very curious things to be noticed about numbers, so curious that some have declared that there is "a magic" in figures, and that each numeral is symbolic of something else.

Take a piece of paper and put down the figures 122857 and multiply by 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 and you will find that the same figures occur in the answer, only the positions are changed. For example, 122857 multiplied by 2 equals 245714, the same figures exactly, and if you will commence reading them at 1 the figures will follow in the same rotation. Suppose you multiply by 4, the answer will be 511428, the same result as before. But if you multiply 122857 by 7 the result is a row of 9s, for the answer would be 999999. This is a curious fact and may help you to spend a pleasant hour.

Ask a friend to open a book at random and select and mark any word within the first 10 lines, and within the 10th from the end of the line. Now, letting your friend do the figuring, proceed to discover through the "magic" of numbers the location of the word selected. Ask him to double the number of the page and multiply the sum by 5 and then add 20.

Then ask him to add the number of the line. Then to that add 5, and multiply the sum by 10. To the answer add the number of the word in the line. Subtract from this sum 250, and let him tell you the result. You will be able to tell him the page chosen, the number of the line and the number of the word in the line, for the remainder will indicate in the unit column the number of the word; in the 10 column the number of the line, and the remaining figures the number of the page.

To give an illustration of this, suppose your friend selects the 6th word of the 6th line on page 33, he would work it out in this fashion: 33 multiplied by 2 equals 66, multiplied by 5 equals 330, add 20 equals 350, to this add 6, the number of the line, and 5, making 361, multiply by 10 and you get 3610, add 6, the number of the word in the line, and then subtract 250, and the answer will be 3366, the first two figures 33 will be the number of the page, the next figures the number of the line and the last figure the number of the word.

Another interesting and curious problem in the magic of numbers relates to the English system of counting money. You know that 12 pence make one shilling and 20 shillings one pound. Now put down any number of pounds, not more than 12, any number of shillings not more than 20, and any number of pence under 12. Under the pounds put the number of pence, under the shillings the number of shillings and under the pence the number of pounds, thus reversing the line; then subtract, reverse the line again, add together, and the result will be £12 18s 11d, whatever numbers you may have selected.

To illustrate, suppose we take £9 16s 7d, reverse this and you have £7 16s 9d, subtract, and reverse again and add.

£9 16s 7d  
7 16 9

£1 19s 10d  
10 19 1

£12 18s 11d

No matter what combination of figures you take, the answer will always be the same.

BOYS ANY BOY CAN MAKE THESE BOATS How I made Brass Mounted MODEL ROW BOATS With Spoon Oars for 25 cents, and sold them for \$3.00. Full description with full sized designs for age. Silver. W. BENNET, 37 St. Louis Square, Montreal. Mention AMERICAN BOY.

150 GAMES, TRICKS AND PUZZLES, With full instructions. Hours of fun, mystery and amusement for young and old. "What shall we do to-night?" This is just what you want. Make fun, make mystery, make money. With each order we tell you how to get a complete library free. Also send you 2 big, illustrated catalogues, all for 10c, postpaid. Send your order at once. A. B. JAYCUM SUPPLY COMPANY, 265 W. 51st Street, NEW YORK.

Musical Handkerchief Funniest Novelty ever invented. Place the handkerchief to your nose and blow. The result is startling, the ladies scream and your male friends will think they have heard the whistle of a steam calliope. Creates bushes of fun and laughter. Sent complete, for 10 Cents with our Mammoth Catalogue. Handkerchief alone is worth the price. NEW ERA NOVELTY CO., 305 New Era Building, Chicago, Ill.

Boys in Games and Sport

The Vanishing Ball.

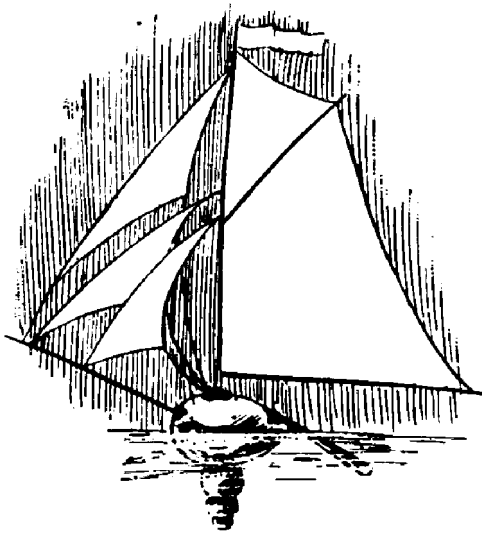
With a sharp penknife whittle a large cork in the form of a ball about an inch in diameter. Take a human hair and form a loop in it about one and one-half inches long, affixing the ends to the ball with a little wax, or better still, by forcing the ends into the cork. Now pass the forefinger of your right hand through the hair loop, letting the ball lie on the palm when you show it. Place your left hand over the right, and at the same time separate the forefinger from the second of your right. Quickly push the ball with the thumb of the right hand between the open fingers. The ball falls at the back of the hand, which you keep in such position that the company cannot see the ball hanging behind. Remove the left hand closed as if it contained the ball. Then open the hand and show it empty. With a little dexterity you may with a quick jerk throw the ball over your hand from the back into the palm and show that it has returned. For this you must make a movement as if catching it in the air. Now break off the hair and give the ball to the company for examination.

The Mesmerized Hat.

Provide yourself with an old hat and an ordinary black pin bent in the shape of the letter C. Put the hat on a table, crown upwards, and secrete the pin in your right hand. You will borrow the hat from somebody in the audience. On receiving it, take it in your left hand, and while walking to the table place the right hand inside and quickly push the point of the pin up through the crown and stand the hat on the table. You make a few passes over the hat as if you were mesmerizing it. Lay your left hand flat on the hat. Slip your second finger in the hook and slowly lift the hat from the table. After this bring the hat to the table, remove the hand, and in returning the hat you can easily withdraw the pin.

An Eggshell Yacht.

The New York Herald describes a yacht that can be made from an empty eggshell, a few sticks, and some tissue paper. Empty an eggshell by boring a small hole in each end of it with a sharp blade of a penknife and then blow out its contents with your mouth. Then plug up both holes with seal-



ing wax and attach to it a keel made of coins fastened together with sealing wax. Unless otherwise specified, make all fastenings with sealing wax.

Now whittle out two delicate sticks for mast and topmast, one ten inches in length, the other seven inches, and join them together. Whittle out another stick twelve inches in length for the gaff; also a bowsprit, seven inches long. Fasten these in place as shown in the illustration. Cut out sails of tissue paper in the shape shown in the picture. Attach mainsail and topsail to spars and mast with mucilage, fastening pieces to these to hold jibs in position. Finally place the little wooden rudder in position, attach a tissue paper pennant to the tip of the topmast, and the yacht is complete.

A Home-made Magic Lantern.

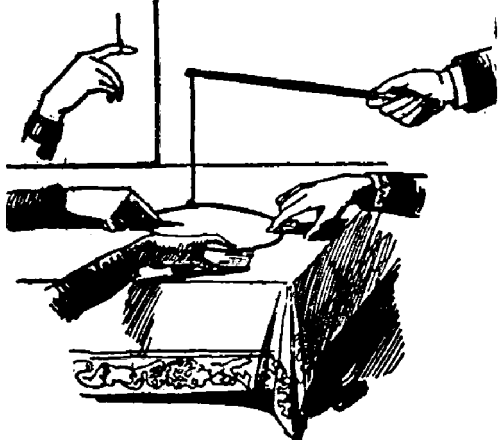
Stretch a white cloth against a wall in a darkened room. Set a lighted candle opposite to it on the table, with a book or a similar object intervening, so that the light will not directly strike the cloth. Hold a mirror sidewise before the candle in such an angle that the reflection of it will be thrown on the cloth. Hold a paper figure between the candle and the mirror, and the mirror will reflect it on the cloth. By moving the figure forward between the candle and the mirror the figure will appear to walk more or less leisurely. Several figures may be used at the same time. Other motions will readily suggest themselves to the imaginative mind. The figures as they appear on the white cloth will be silhouettes.

The Game of Fishpond.

The New York Herald describes an amusing little parlor game which needs no materials and is warranted to create fun.

The pond is a portion of the table bounded by a silpnoose and the fishes are the fingers of the players.

The noose is fastened to a rod held by



the fisherman. At an unexpected moment the fisherman cries, "Out of the pond!" and at the same instant raises the rod quickly, thus drawing up the noose and catching such fishes as have not been nimble enough to escape to dry land.

The captured fishes must pay forfeits to be released.

The Flying Thimble.

Have a thimble which easily fits your forefinger. Show the thimble on the forefinger of your right hand and lay the finger with thimble on the palm of your left, which you then close. Now withdraw the finger minus the thimble. The company will naturally imagine that it is in the left hand, but on opening it they are astonished to see it empty. The secret is that you do not place the thimble in the left hand at all, but in the act of laying the forefinger of the right hand on the left you quickly bend the finger and leave the thimble secreted between the ball of your thumb and the root of the forefinger—only placing the bare finger in the left. This you instantly close; and then withdraw the forefinger. You can eventually produce the thimble from your pocket or show it again on the tip of the forefinger by a reverse movement.

A Sled Propeller.

Strother A. Briggs, Minier, Ill., thinks he has found a way of propelling a sled on ice. He says: Take a broomstick and saw it off to the length of thirty three inches; then with a gimlet the size of a tenpenny nail bore a hole in each end of the stick. Drive a tenpenny nail in at each end till only one inch projects. Cut off the heads of the nails and sharpen them with a file. Whittle off the ends of the stick. Now sit on the sled and use the stick as a double paddle.

The Waverly Baseball Team, Worcester, Mass.



The Waverly Baseball Team, Worcester, Mass., a year or two ago won the championship of Worcester County in that State. At that time the average age of the players was fourteen years. The names of the players are: W. Kelly, manager, first base; D. Gleason, catcher; G. Harney, pitcher; D. Doyle, second base; H. Kelly, shortstop; F. McGrath, third base; W. Harney, right field; F. O'Leary, left field; D. Miller, center field; George Connors, substitute.

SAFE to use SIMPLE in construction SHOOTS STRAIGHT H & R REVOLVER Write for Catalogue H Harrington & Richardson Arms Co. WORCESTER, MASS.

NEVER LOSE A FISH FISHING MADE EASY Greer Lever Fish Hook Co., Room 521 Austell Building, ATLANTA, GA.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED 1902 Models, \$9 to \$15 MEAD CYCLE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

BASE BALL Supplies direct to Clubs and Players at Lowest Wholesale Prices SUTCLIFFE & CO., Louisville, Ky.

Our Leading Bicycle \$9.95 SUTCLIFFE & CO., Louisville, Ky.

FOUR TOOLS IN ONE. BLOOMFIELD MFG. CO., Box 60 Bloomfield, Ind.

BOY'S TELEPHONE A perfect little instrument. Price only 10 cents, postpaid. Address National Supply Co., Box 755 B, Bridgeport, Conn.

100 Magic Tricks, 10c. Catalog Games, Speakers, etc. Free. A. B. STEELE, 2212 Beach Ave., Baltimore, Md.

\$3.00 CANFIELD COASTER BRAKE Booklet free. Fits any hub. Anyone can apply it. Address Canfield Brake Co., Corning, N. Y.

HERRMAN'S BLACK ART OR MAGIC AND WITCHCRAFT Price \$2.50, by mail, postpaid. HENRY J. WERMAN, 105 Park Row, N. Y. City.

FREE Pan-American Electric Lamp to every purchaser of Highwater Adjustable Trower Cans. Keep trousers neat and clean. Price 50 cents. MORRIS SPECIALTY CO., GLENCOE, ILL.



# 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.



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 (1901) Nos. of this Paper. It is sent free.

### Shall We Have a Pennant?

It has been suggested to us that THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY should have a pennant that can be used in connection with the American flag on daily occasions, and particularly at the time of the monthly Field Day contests, and in camps. We are ready for suggestions. Send us a sketch of the pennant you would like to see adopted.

### A Division Commander for Washington.

J. Conrad Stegner, of Trent, Wash., a young man of fine character, has been selected as Commander of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY for the Division of Washington for one year, his term of office beginning the first day of April, 1902. Mr. Stegner is of pleasing address and well educated. He is an officer of the National Guard of Washington—the youngest officer in his Regiment. He is thoroughly interested in THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY and will be of great assistance to the Order in the State of Washington.

### Basket Ball Poetry.

The following verses were written by Walter Tubesing, of the Remanache Company, No. 3, Division of Minnesota, Red Wing, Minn., on the occasion of a basket ball match game between the "Juniors" and the American Boys:

A sharp blast from the whistle,  
A scramble for the ball,  
A neatly thrown basket,  
Is the order in our hall.

But when we meet those Juniors  
There is sure to be great joy,  
It will be a grand old victory  
For THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY.

### Michigan Takes the Lead.

Up to March 12 twenty two companies had been organized in Michigan, the native state of THE AMERICAN BOY. Ohio stands second with sixteen companies, and New York third with fifteen.

### New Companies Organized

Toledo Company, No. 4, Division of Iowa, Toledo, Iowa, Capt. Lee Jackson.  
Santa Fe Company, No. 3, Division of Kansas, Chase, Kas., Captain Coy A. Seaward.  
Calvin Pearl Titus Company, No. 3, Division of Iowa, Garrison, Ia., Captain Walter Baum.  
Dan S. Root Company, No. 20, Division of Michigan, Belding, Mich., Captain Bert Curtis.  
Oregonian Company, No. 2, Division of Oregon, Albany, Ore., Captain Earle M. Fronk.  
Thomas A. Edison Company, No. 16, Division of Ohio, Celina, O., Captain Elmer Stubbs.  
Young American Company, No. 15, Division of Ohio, Tiffin, O., Captain Elmer E. Baldurf.  
Metropolitan Company, No. 14, Division of Ohio, Coshocton, O., Captain James Swihart.  
Lone Star Juniors Company, No. 4, Division of Texas, Ennis, Tex., Captain Bascom A. Turk.  
Gazelle Company, No. 22, Division of Michigan, St. Joseph, Mich., Captain Chester O'Hara.  
Moose Island Company, No. 4, Division of

Maine, Eastport, Me., Captain Wendell Holmes.  
Black Hawk Company, No. 8, Division of Wisconsin, Sheboygan, Wis., Captain Arno Stehn.  
The Geyser City Company, No. 5, Division of Texas, Waco, Tex., Captain Albert B. Newman.  
Speaker Henderson Company, No. 5, Division of Iowa, Glenwood, Ia., Captain Henry Dean.  
Liberty Athletic Company, No. 13, Division of Illinois, Jerseyville, Ill., Captain Maurice Cory.  
Black Hawk Company, No. 12, Division of Illinois, Rock Island, Ill., Captain Walter Oepenbergh.  
George W. Steele Company, No. 6, Division of Indiana, Swazee, Ind., Captain Bret Harte Hawkins.  
Phillip D. Armour Company, No. 15, Division of New York, Oneida, N. Y., Captain John B. Arthur.  
Clarksville Company, No. 1, Division of Tennessee, Clarksville, Tenn., Captain Homer N. Morrow.  
Graysharbor Company, No. 4, Division of Washington, Aberdeen, Wash., Captain Arthur Beardsley.  
Lincoln P. Goodhue Company, No. 13, Division of Illinois, Chicago, Ill., Captain Horace E. Potter.



ADELBERT WALLACE.  
Captain Des Moines Valley Co., No. 5, Jackson, Minn.

General William R. Shafter Company, No. 23, Division of Michigan, Galesburg, Mich., Captain J. I. Blake.  
Paul Revere Company, No. 8, Division of Massachusetts, Saugus, Mass., Captain John R. Labaree.  
Howard West Company, No. 19, Division of Michigan, Williamston, Mich., Captain George A. Maher.  
Andrew Carnegie Company, No. 2, Division of Arkansas, Hot Springs, Ark., Captain Earl Housley.  
Pere Marquette Company, No. 21, Division of Michigan, St. Ignace, Mich., Captain Herbert Hotchkiss.  
Albert J. Beveridge Company, No. 5, Division of Indiana, Bicknell, Ind., Captain Bruce C. Kixmiller.  
Gopher Athletic Company, No. 6, Division of Minnesota, Winona, Minn., Captain Randolph H. Smith.  
Theodore Roosevelt Company, No. 8, Division of Nebraska, Bradshaw, Neb., Captain Ernest A. Morrison.  
Fort Boreman Company, No. 2, Division of West Virginia, Parkersburg, W. Va., Captain Harry W. Auberle.  
Cheyenne Valley Company, No. 4, Division of North Dakota, Valley City, N. D., Captain Eugene Swarthout.  
Companies reported to us since March 17 will be noticed in our May number.

### Charters Need No Renewing.

Company charters do not have to be renewed from year to year. Once a company has a charter it is legally organized and authorized to act as a component part of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY until, by action of the executive officers, the charter is withdrawn. We receive letters from time to time asking for new charters, our correspondents assuming that, because the year has run out, therefore the charter needs to be renewed. A charter is good till it is called in.

### Company News.

Moose Island Company, No. 4, Eastport, Me., holds its meetings every Friday.  
Gen. Sam Houston Company, No. 2, Division of Texas, Comanche, Tex., has a fine new library.  
Sheyenne Valley Company, No. 4, Division of Dakota, Valley City, N. D., holds its meetings every Saturday.  
Mt. Shasta Company, No. 6, Anderson, Cal., has had its charter framed and the Captain writes us they are very proud of it.  
Gopher Athletic Company, No. 6, Division of Minnesota, Winona, Minn., is chiefly interested in athletics. This Company has engaged in a number of bowling matches and has won every game.  
Santa Fe Company, No. 3, Division of Kansas, Chase, Kas., has adopted the proposed Constitution and By-Laws, with a few slight changes. This Company holds its meetings every Friday evening.  
Pere Marquette Company, No. 21, St. Ignace, Mich., is interested in athletics and debating. At its last meeting it appointed a program committee of three to prepare programs, etc., for the meetings.  
Des Moines Valley Company No. 5, Division of Minnesota, Jackson, Minn., held its first meeting on Saturday afternoon, February 1. Dues, two cents a week. The Captain promises us a picture of his company soon.  
Winfield Scott Schley Company, No. 11, Woodstock, Ill., holds its meetings in alphabetical order at the homes of the members. At its first meeting it adopted the proposed constitution and by-laws with a few minor changes.  
Major Fraze Company, No. 1, Park River, N. D., held its election of officers January 20, with the following result: Harry Hosford was elected Captain, Iver Wambem Vice-Captain, Emil Borgeson Secretary, and Lars Wambem Treasurer.  
Toledo Company, No. 4, Toledo, Iowa, holds its meetings every Wednesday evening. The following officers were elected at its last meeting: Captain, Earle Forney; Vice-Captain, Daniel Connell; Secretary, Arlo Soth; Treasurer, Robert Ward.  
Eden Junior Volunteer Company, No. 10, Eden, N. Y., at a recent meeting elected the following officers: Captain, Harry S. Carter; Vice-Captain, Howard Hill; Treasurer, Luther Landon; Secretary, Merrill H. Ryther; Sergeant-at-Arms, William E. Eckhardt.  
Lone Star Company, No. 1, Ennis, Texas, at a recent meeting elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Captain, John Cabanis; Vice-Captain, Melvin Shelton; Secretary, Floyd Dunkerley; Treasurer, Harville Armstrong; Librarian, Curtis B. Knighten.  
Paul Revere Company, No. 8, Saugus, Mass., is very much interested in athletics. They have a bowling alley upstairs in the barn at the Captain's home and play basket ball downstairs, and are starting a gymnasium. They already have a striking bag and have sent for an exerciser.  
Cuban Athletic Company, No. 7, Division of New York, Cuba, N. Y., held its election of officers February 18. The following is the result: William Leach was elected Captain, Raymond Quin Vice-Captain, Lawrence Sisson Secretary, Carlos Lacy Treasurer, and Conly Morgan Librarian.  
Chief Goodthunder Company, No. 4, Division of Minnesota, Redwood Fall, Minn., is chiefly interested in stamp and curio collecting. It has a stamp album, and each member has contributed several stamps. On January 18 four of the members skated down the river to an old Indian burying ground in search of relics.  
Thomas A. Edison Company, No. 16, Division of Ohio, Celina, O., recently elected the following officers: Captain, Elmer Stubbs; Vice-Captain, Lowell Zenger; Secretary, Charley Ellis; Treasurer, John Hatery. The Company colors are red, white and blue. The Captain has promised us a picture of his Company.  
Thomas A. Edison Company, No. 3, Division of Colorado, Littleton, Colo., held its election of officers recently. The following is the result: Ellis Gunther was elected Captain, Bert Sargent Vice-Captain, Harry L. Potts, Secretary, Clyde Herrick Treasurer, Mackey Henthorne Librarian, Leslie Jull Chief Sergeant-at-Arms, Jesse Midkirk Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms.  
Gazelle Company, No. 22, Division of Michigan, St. Joseph, Mich., was named in honor of the yacht "Gazelle," a story regarding which appeared in several numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY under the title, "The Cruise of the Yacht Gazelle." This Company holds its meetings at the homes of the various members. Dues ten cents per month, payable at the last meeting in each month.  
Tecumseh Company, No. 3, Blenheim, Ont., holds its meetings at the homes of the different members. At its recent meeting certain rules of conduct and discipline

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For 1902

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were enforced. The boys have a tent in which they will hold their meetings as soon as the weather will permit, and they also expect to take their tent and go on a two weeks' camping expedition this summer. They will have an outdoor gymnasium.

Toronto Company, No. 1, Toronto, Ont., enjoyed a sleigh ride the evening of February 11. Following is a copy of the card sent out: O. A. B. popular sleighing party. Drive around the city Tuesday, February 11, 1902. Sleighs leave 6 Shuter street at 7:30 p. m. Tickets 25 cents. Committee: L. Warnica, 6 Shuter street; Geo. Devana, Arlington hotel; Chas. Pargeter, 66 Lansdowne avenue. A lady friend of the boys recently presented the company with one dollar and fifty cents as a token of her esteem.

Robert Dale Owen Company, No. 4, Stewartsville, Ind., holds its meetings every Friday evening at the home of the Captain, where they have a nicely furnished room. This company is principally interested in outdoor sports and athletics and improvement along general instructive lines. It holds monthly contests, the last one having been won by Jacob Schettler, he having made a handsome wood engraving of the O. A. B. emblem. This company would like to correspond with other companies of the order.

Ogiethorpe Company, No. 1, Culloden, Ga., holds its meetings every Friday evening at 7 o'clock at the home of the Captain, where they have fitted up a nice room for this purpose. This Company is chiefly interested in curio collecting. They have a curio corner in their room in which may be found Indian relics, sea shells, gold, silver and lead ores, and other relics. They have about one hundred arrowheads and pieces of Indian pottery, and have sea shells from Maine, Georgia, South Carolina, and other states, besides a large collection of birds' eggs. They have a nice bookcase and a library of twenty five books, and are working to increase their library. The boys hope to raise money enough to pay their expenses for a week at the coast next summer.

Chief Goodthunder Company, No. 4, Redwood Falls, Minn., held a debate the evening of February 11. Subject, Resolved, That a bad man does more harm than a bad book. Librarian King and Smith Tiffany took the affirmative, and Secretary Warner and Rolland Lutz the negative. The question was decided in favor of the affirmative. On the evening of February 26 another meeting was held at which the program suggested in the February number was carried out, each member taking five of the questions and answers. The following fines have been imposed by this Company: One cent per word for the use of profane language; one cent per day for every day over two weeks that a library book is kept without renewing; one cent for every ten minutes' tardiness, and a fine of five cents for absence without an excuse.

River View Company, No. 1, Division of California, Rio Vista, Cal., makes a very full report. We would like to print it entire, but have not the space. The present membership is seven, two having joined since the date of the charter. Twenty regular meetings and one special meeting have been held during the year ending February 18, 1902. This Company has fifteen books in its library and one hundred and six papers. The monthly dues were five cents during the first year and are now ten cents. Meetings are held every other Saturday at 1:15 p. m., at the home of the Captain. The Company had a picnic May 18, 1901, and

has had two banquets, one August 31, and the other December 23, 1901. The present officers are, Percy Foord, Captain and Librarian; Harry Lauritzen, Secretary; Herman Lund, Treasurer; Emil Drouin, Sergeant-at-Arms. The Company has adopted red, white and blue as colors. A magic lantern entertainment has been planned for the purpose of raising money to buy books for their library.

Black Hawk Company, No. 12, Division of Illinois, Rock Island, Ill., has adopted the Constitution suggested by the Executive Officers of the Order, excepting that in Article IV, they provide for four officers, namely: Captain Vice-Captain, Secretary and Treasurer; Article V, they have omitted, as they have no library; Article VII, has been adopted entire, with the exception of the words, "at the next regular meeting." The suggested By-Laws have also been accepted, excepting that one-third of the members present in voting shall be sufficient to exclude an applicant from membership. Article V, provides for an initiation fee of fifteen cents. Another By-Law requires that letters of interest to the Company received by the officers or members shall be read to the members at its regular meetings. Other By-Laws provide for a fee of five cents for absence from the meetings without a good excuse, and a fine of one cent each for every profane word used during the Company meetings, and another small fine for the use of slang during meetings.

More Yells Suggested.

- Leland Light, Scotland, Ill.: Hurrah, Hurrah. Zip, Boom, Bah. American Boy, American Boy, U. S. A.
Lucius Foster, Marshfield, Wis.: Hi, yi, Ki yi. Zis, Boom, Bah! American Boy, American Boy, Rah! Rah!
Charles Ewing Lofland, Jr., Oskaloosa, Iowa: Boom-ar, Boom-ar, The-A.-B.-rar. Boom-ar, Boom-ar, That's who we are.
Arthur J. Bryant, Middleboro, Mass.: Ki, yi, ark it. Ki, yi, ark it. Boomeranga, Boomeranga, Sia, boom, bah. AMERICAN BOY, Rah, Rah, Rah!
Rollin Perkins, Lawrence, Kas.: A. B., Rah, Rah, Rah. A. B., Rah, Rah, Rah, Hoorah, Hoorah. American Boy, Rah, Rah, Rah!
Lee E. Whitmore, Terre Haute, Ind.: Boomasaw, Boomasaw, Boomasaw, Bang. Rippesaw, Rippesaw, We're the Gang; Hippety, Hippety, Hippety Hoy. M. M. M. and THE AMERICAN BOY.
Rasmund Wales, New York City, N. Y.: Who do I yell for? I yell for THE AMERICAN BOY. I yell, yell, yell for THE AMERICAN BOY. AMERICAN BOY, AMERICAN BOY, I yell, yell, AMERICAN BOY.
T. Parkinson Mitchell, Baltimore, Md.: Rip, Rap, Rip Rap, Rip, Rap, Rah. AMERICAN BOY, AMERICAN BOY, Zis, Boom, Bah!

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have been sold for every mile of railway trackage in the world. Sold by every jeweler in the land; guaranteed by the world's greatest watch works.

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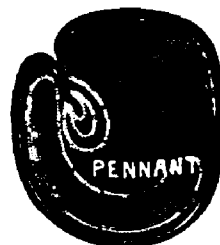
Wilkie Munde, Silverton, Colo.: Sis Boom Bah, Sis Boom Bah, A. B., A. B., Rah, Rah, Rah! A. B., A. B., Hulaballoo Bala!

Books Received for Review.

- NOT WITHOUT HONOR—William D. Moffat (Arnold & Co.).
YOUNG BARBARIANS—Jan Maclaren (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.25 net).
THE FIRST CAPTURE—Harry Castlemon (The Saalfeld Publishing Co., \$1.00).
CAPTAIN OF THE CREW—Ralph H. Harbour (Appleton & Co., \$1.20 net).
WITH BOBS AND KRUGER—Frederic W. Unger (Henry T. Coates & Co., \$2.00).
SEA KINGS AND NAVAL HEROES—Hartwell James (Henry Altemus Co., 50 cents).
THREE YOUNG RANCHMEN—Captain Ralph Bonehill (The Saalfeld Publishing Co., \$1.00).
NAKED TRUTHS AND VEILED ILLUSIONS—Minna T. Antrim (Henry Altemus Co., 50 cents).
THE AMERICAN GIRL'S HANDY BOOK—Lina Beard and Adella B. Beard (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.00).
THE OUTDOOR HANDY BOOK, for Playground, Field and Forest—D. C. Beard (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.00).
HERO TALES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY—Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge (The Century Company).

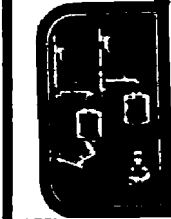
It is said that fifty per cent of porters in the far eastern countries, who are accustomed to carrying heavy loads; become humpbacked, and the growth is of an exactly similar character to the camel's humps. The same writer says that the camel owes his humps entirely to man and the burdens that have been put upon him.

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Boys' Catchers' Mitt, well padded with croquet pad, thumb attached double stitched throughout. Any boy can catch as well as a National League catcher by using this mitt. The deep hollow prevents the ball from slipping. Special price \$2.00, postpaid. Two mitts to one address 50c. A. CAERN MFG. CO., Medinah Temple, Chicago.

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ELECTRIC BUTTON. You press the button—the button will do the rest. Expose the button to your friend, he will be sure to push it and get a shock never to be forgotten. It's the greatest fun maker out. Price 10c., 2 for \$20. Postpaid, with Bir Bargain Catalog. Address A. F. Ketsman, Dept. 8, 187 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

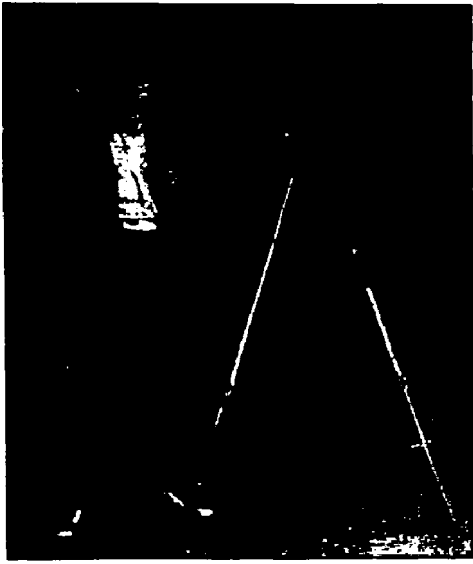
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ACCORDING TO MUCH THAT WE READ NOWADAYS YOUNG PEOPLE ARE TAKING THE PLACES OF THEIR ELDERS IN BUSINESS AND SPORT.

# The Boy Photographer

Edited by Judson Grenell



ALL READY! LOOK PLEASANT!

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. Write on the back of the photograph its title, with a description of the picture, and the full name and address of the contestant, who in every case must be the artist who took the picture.

## Photographic Notes.

A good figure in the foreground will be the making of many a picture.

The new Brownie two dollar camera is a big improvement over the dollar affair.

With ordinary plates leave the plate in the developer until the image begins to appear on the back.

There is "money in wrecks," if the photographer is prompt in getting the picture to the local paper.

Keep your eyes open for funny street scenes, this summer, and send your prints to your local papers.

Ray filters can be used to advantage in summer as well as in winter, but the exposure must be very much prolonged.

Now that warm weather is in sight, remember to fix plates in fresh hypo. If this is done there will be little or no frilling.

Always keep in the dark room a ten per cent solution of bromide of potassium for over-exposed plates. A few drops in the developer will often save a negative. Be careful when using caustic soda. It gives some people sore hands.

It is not well to leave plates too long in the plateholders before using them. No matter how seemingly tight they are, they are not so safe as in the boxes in which they come from the factory. If, after an outing, there are unexposed plates still in the plate holders, the best way is to take them out and put them back in the original packages, unless they are to be used in a very few days. In that case stick them in some dark, dry corner.

## A Valuable Pointer.

Some say that pyro should be dissolved in plain cold water, but it has been lately shown that it keeps much better in solution if dissolved in hot water, and it is much less discolored if the water contains the preservative, sulphite or nitric acid, as the case may be, before the pyro is dissolved in it.—Exchange.

## Getting Cloud Effects.

Putting in clouds in lantern slides is greatly facilitated if the following method is adopted: After placing the plate upon the negative in the frame, hold it up to the light and roughly trace the outline of the horizon with a brush charged with Indian ink or caramel blacking. Close the frame up and expose without drying. Now place the plate on the sky negative in the frame, and the traced line will enable the correct

position to be got at once. Hold up the frame to the light again, trace on the sky negative another line a little below the one on the plate. Then expose again, vignetting the sky into the landscape by moving a piece of card up and down. The card must cover the bottom portion, and should be roughly cut to the shape of the line traced. It should not be moved far either above or below it. Of course, the exposure for the sky and landscape negative will have to be ascertained first.—Photography.

## Disappointed Photographers.

How beautiful the picture looks as it appears upon the ground glass. The colors are brilliant, and the reds, greens and yellows look even brighter than the blues or pinks. So the amateur makes the exposure, and carefully develops, only to be bitterly disappointed with the result. In the print it is difficult, if not impossible, to see the difference between the brilliant yellow and the dull green; both are dark. The reds look like the blacks, and, wonderful to behold, the dark blues are quite light. So there are patches of light where shadows were expected, and patches of black where it was thought would be brightness.

The trouble is with the amateur as much as with the plates. Certain colors, unless special plates are used, invariably photograph dark, and if the photographer will only keep this in mind, and expose accordingly, he will have better luck. That is why it is almost impossible to get a satisfactory snap-shot in the woods. The greens, even when they vary in shade, all take dark, and a snap does not give the light time to act on the film.

Let the manipulator look through some medium that shows him how the plate will look when developed—a pair of smoked glasses, or a piece of colored glass, for example—and he will see the non-actinic colors reduced to their true photographic value. Thus he will not expect so much. With proper exposure and proper development, however, it is possible to get the color value of many shades, but, after all, with the smoked glasses many scenes will be rejected as not sufficiently promising, and the result will be fewer disappointments.

## The Camera in the Garden.

The best preparation for gardening is to go afield and see the things that grow there. Take photographs in order to focus your attention on specific objects, to concentrate your observation, to train your artistic sense. An ardent admirer of nature once told me that he never knew nature until he purchased a camera. If you have a camera, stop taking pictures of your friends and the making of mere souvenirs, and try the photographing of plants and animals and small landscapes. Notice that the ground glass of your camera concentrates and limits your landscape. The border-pieces frame it. Always see how your picture looks on the ground glass before you make your ex-



"HOMEWARD BOUND."  
First Prize Photo, H. Conyers, Urbana, Ohio.

posure. Move your camera until you have an artistic composition—one that will have a pictorial or picturesque character. Avoid snap-shots for such work as this. Take your time. At the end of a year, tell me if you are not a nature-lover.—Country Life in America.

## Excuse Will Not Do.

When an irate man catches you taking a snap-shot at him it is no use for you to hold up your camera and say you didn't know it was loaded.—Photographic Times.



"AN ALGONQUIN INDIAN BOY."  
Second Prize Photo, Clifford Marshall, Owen Sound, Can.

## A Photographic Luncheon.

Social functions help to keep photographic clubs together, and it is a good plan to make these affairs as peculiarly photographic as possible. At one of these not long ago the hostess surprised her guests in a very delightful way by lighting the room with ruby lanterns. The menus were printed on dry plates, and the guests found before them what looked like a box of dry plates, a jar of paste, a tin pan of platinum paper, a small glass tube labeled with skull and crossbones, and a couple of graduates. The box of dry plates turned out to be escalloped oysters; the paste jar contained Saratoga chips; the tin cans celery, and the glass tubes salt; while the wine came from a great jar labeled "stock solution," and was drunk from the graduates. Welsh rarebits came in porcelain developing trays, and coffee in porcelain jars.

## Sketching Upon Sensitized Plates.

There is a method I have not noticed published, and that is the writing or making a sketch upon an exposed plate. An ordinary plate is taken and exposed to the light for a second or two to thoroughly change it. The ink is then made up of a strong developer, and the film written or drawn upon, when, of course, reduction of the silver rapidly takes place as you write. Afterward, the plate may be fixed and washed in the usual way.—Photographic News.

## A Remedy for Metallic Spots on Negatives.

Being continually developing in a large way, I have no doubt the following will interest many. Very often of late years, when I have had occasion to mix a fresh fixing bath (for negatives), it has been my ill-fortune to find, when taking the negatives (that are fixed) from the bath, to be completely covered with small violet spots.

## Answers to Correspondents.

George Hemingway—In your next snow picture use a small stop and a quick snap.  
C. E. Batzley—Try Solio paper, or, if you are sufficiently advanced, you might use Velox.

Burt M. Fuhrer—You will have trouble copying a tintype in a 4x5 camera, unless it is a long focus affair. The length of exposure depends on the copy, the light, the plate, etc. Suppose you try five seconds with a small stop, and if undertimed give the next one more time.

John W. Dougherty—A thin plate is caused by not leaving it long enough in the developer. Wait until the image is plainly seen on the back of the plate, and if it has been correctly timed it will be good and dense—perhaps too much so. Over-exposure makes a flat negative, and no amount of developing will give it a "snappy" appearance.

Harold Lowdermilk—To make an exposure with an ordinary plate and a ray filter the exposure must be 75 times longer than without the ray filter. With "ortho" or "iso" plates the time is only slightly lengthened. But then some ray filters are darker than others, so that it is impossible to give any explicit directions as to their use. The only way is to expose a plate, and judge from the result whether to increase or shorten the exposure.



"A LETTER TO GRANDMA."  
Photo by Arthur W. Scott, Renville, Minn.

## Many Excellent Photographs.

Arthur Van Winkle sends "A Day in the Woods," printed on Metalotype paper, and it is evident the negative is about perfect. Walter Stumph's "An American Boy's Home," has good definition, but the print should have been cut square with the house; as it is, it looks as if the house was falling over. Paul Miller's hunting scene, "S-t-e-a-d-y," is a fine bit of photography, but the actions of the dogs should have indicated that the game was in sight. James A. Ball sends a bit of "Detroit Scenery to be Proud Of," being a view of Belle Isle, the reflections in the water coming out finely. Matthew H. Yardy's "An Afternoon Nap; O. H. Sev's "The Cattle's Retreat;" Alex. Tarnoski's "Learning His Lesson;" Paul Grau's "A Missouri Monarch;" George A. Ferguson's "The First Smoke;" James Griswold's "My Father," and Walter Oberndorf's group are all good. J. Raymond Welch's "After the Fire," ought to find a market at home, providing it was taken during or immediately after the catastrophe. J. Ward, in "Playmates," did well to get so many pets on the same plate, particularly as the cat, the rabbits, the dog and the pussy "posed" quite naturally.

## To Avoid Pyro Stains on the Fingers.

Wash the hands in a diluted solution of citric acid, and when dry, rub well with glycerine. With this treatment the pyro will have no effect on the hands.—Exchange.

## Photographic Impressions on Ivory.

Suitable as prints for miniature paintings can be made by applying following solution with a brush:

Silver Nitrate .....	3 grammes.
Nitrate Uranium .....	30 grammes.
Alcohol .....	100 C. C.
Distilled Water .....	10 C. C.

The Ivory plate is then dried in the dark and exposed in daylight under a negative in a printing frame. After the print is sufficiently strong fix the following:

Water .....	100 C. C.
Nitric Acid .....	5 C. C.

After which wash in several changes of pure water, then dry. It is necessary, of course, that the Ivory be thoroughly clean, as the slightest fatty or moist spots will give spotty pictures. A good method for cleaning the surface is to scrub it with a common scrubbing brush, using a solution of unslacked lime, after which thoroughly wash and dry.—Professional Pointer.

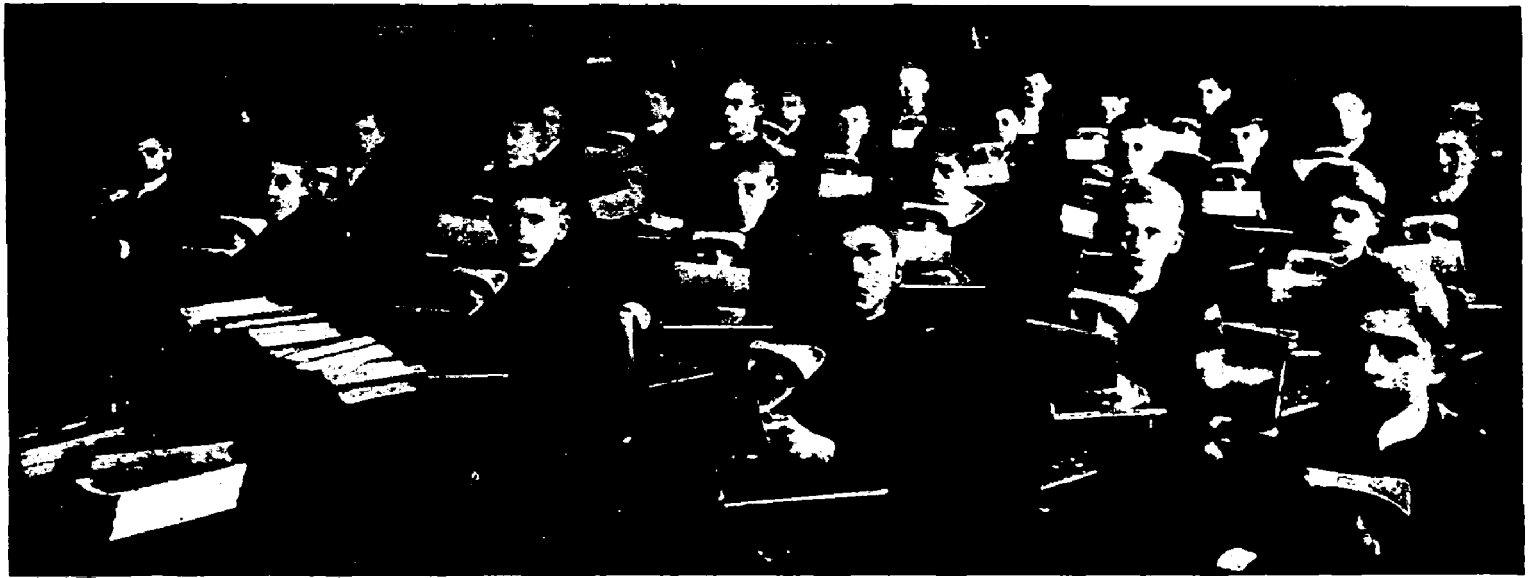




LET THE BOY WORK TO PLAY

I wish only to say that the joy of sport lies in the work it involves—the amount of physical and mental heat it releases—the skill, courage and endurance called out. The youth who wound his winter socks into a baseball, and shaped out his bow and arrows had, I am sure, all the fun there was to be had in the field of sports. It is so in everything. Let your boy cut his trout-pole in the woods, hunt his grasshopper and fly in the grasslands, and he will not be far behind the trained fisherman, who has basket, rod, reel and the latest fly, in the aptness with which he will tickle the nose of the fastidious trout. Buy him rod and reel if you like, but if you cannot, do not waste any pity on him for his deprivation. Far from being an object of commiseration, he is more likely to smile as he sees the handsomely-equipped fisherman pass unheeding over the fallen trunk under which lurks the two-round trout destined to his own basket.

So also in boating. Let your boy build himself up in the arts as far as he may—mast-scrapping, sail-mending, painting. Let him search the intricacies of the hold for the hidden leak, and only call in the artisan when ribs are "nail-sick."—Harper's Bazar.



The Stereograph in the Evening School.

A paper called the Stereoscopic Photograph, published by Underwood and Underwood, of New York, presents an interesting article on "The Stereograph in the Evening School," by Frank C. Cornish, of London, England. He says evening schools in cities are growing more popular year by year. They are largely attended by working boys who desire to better their conditions. Most of these boys are determined little fellows, blessed with more than average pluck. The great difficulty in teaching these boys is

that they have so little time out of school in which to prepare their lessons. Resourceful men have to be employed for the teaching of this kind of schools, and some strange means have to be employed to stimulate the interest. The writer of the article says that he was invited to give a series of talks to an evening class in an English town. He wanted to give the English boys an idea of boy life in the United States. He began by putting in the hands of each two boys in the same seat a stereoscope and a stereograph. By means of pictures he

awakened the keenest interest and got the undivided attention of every boy. The writer believes that greater efficiency may be gained in evening schools if they are equipped with stereoscopes and stereoscopic photographs. Three or four subjects are enough for a single lesson. The stereograph has the advantage of the stereopticon lantern, in that the latter is used only in darkened rooms, and is expensive.

It would not be strange if the stereograph would sometime form a permanent feature of our educational system.

THE AMERICAN BOY "SHUT-INS."

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-SOCIETY.

No Dues.

Occasionally a boy writes in that he would like to join THE AMERICAN BOY SHUT-IN SOCIETY, and asks for rules, fee, object, etc. We do not know how we can make plainer the requirements for admission to this Society. Absolutely the only requirement is that the boy be a shut-in, and the definition of a shut-in is given in plain terms in the heading of this department. There are no fees, no due, no rules or requirements of any kind other than those stated in the heading, and hence no expense attendant upon membership.

Names of "Shut-Ins" Received Within Thirty Days.

John Hayden, Christy Pritchett, Samuel L. Yeomans, Oscar E. Johnson, Russel Sharp, George Griffith, Robert Isaac Pravis, Bob Hall, Brooks Stell, James Recheley, Earl Lauder, Ned Carion, J. Louis McCluney, Master Eddie Champlin, Master Frank Laidlaw, Murray B. Morse, Master Sam Jones, Willie Simpson, Russell Kelly, Roy Aminick, A. V. Reynolds, Leroy Howard, Will L. Farmer, Samuel Abshire, Charles D. Parker, Vannie Ball, Wilbur D. Boyd, Benjamin Billick, Shirley S. Gilles, Herbert Wynne, Lyman Benson, Price Phillips, Joe Connor Porter, Willie Darnell, James Stephens, Earle Whitten, Lincoln

Rappleve, James B. Cawood, Howard Smith, Edward A. Richards, Ernest Paradis, Alfred Anderson, Charley Friend, Albert McFarlane, George W. Griffith, Francis L. Gardner, John Holmes.

Had Too Good a Start.

A remark fraught with wisdom was uttered under tragic circumstances by a New York physician a short time ago. He was called to the bedside of a young man of a fine family who had just ended his life by putting a bullet through his heart. The doctor was a family physician and had known the youth for years. He shook his head sadly as he raised the lifeless hand and let it drop.

"He was a boy of brains," he said, "but he had too much money ever to amount to anything."

That was the root of the evil in this case, as it is in so many others. The young man had a settled income. It turned his mind from work. He led the life of an idler. He had no ambition, no pride. He dawdled here and there, he became a lounge about theaters, he picked up acquaintances who were a damage to him. And finally, when he tired of it all, he resorted to the revolver and brought the worthless game to an end.

"He had too much money ever to amount to anything," said the family doctor, and it is a remark rich in moral warning.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE BOY'S POULTRY YARD

R. H. Gilmore, Woodstock, Ill., sends an item for this department. He says for killing lice in a henhouse take a kettle with a little sulphur in it and put it over a little oil stove and heat it. The sulphur will melt and let off its fumes, which in an ordinarily tight hen house will kill all the lice in a very short time. Then open the house and air it.

Start with a dozen fowls or less and increase the stock slowly until at the end of the third year you have from thirty to fifty. Most beginners try to do too much at the start. After you have gone through the various trials of three years with a small number of fowls you are in position to extend your business with profit. If you make a failure of it the loss will then not be heavy. Get experience first, then extend.

Rolled oats, so frequently recommended for little chicks, is injurious. The feed for the first week should consist of 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 cornmeal, sifted ground oats and middlings, adding a gill of linseed meal to every quart of the mixture and a pint of ground meat. Cook into bread and feed this three times a day, giving a gill of millet seed between meals to fifty chicks. Never allow anything to remain over after feeding, as it will become sour.

The boy asks: "Shall I, in beginning, buy stock or buy eggs?" This depends on how much money you have. If you can spare the money, buy stock; that is, buy the best stock. If you haven't money enough to buy the best, it is better to buy eggs. Breeders will not always sell their best birds, but they will sell eggs from their best birds. I would rather have a setting of eggs from a first-class pen than several second and third-class birds. If all you want is fowls for practical purposes, and you don't care anything for the very best stock, then second or third rate fowls will do, but don't think you can take any prizes at the poultry shows with these.

The Good Little Boy and the Hen.

The following extract is from a speech made at a banquet in Quincy, Illinois: "Thirty years or more ago I knew a poor farmer boy, who saved up three sittings of eggs from the common barn-yard fowls—fowls consisting mostly of little mealy, all-colored three and four-pound hens—eggs small and most any color and shape. The farmer boy traded his three sittings of eggs to a neighbor for one sitting of large eggs of fowls that were nearly all white, with black on necks and tails, and the hens were twice as large, and the eggs almost one-third larger than the ones he traded. This was the farmer boy's start in improved poultry. The following year he worked at cutting wood during the winter months, and got enough money to buy him a sitting of eggs and a trio of Cochins, the total cost being five dollars. His first chicken house consisted of an old discarded rail corn-pen; cracks stuffed with straw, and corn fodder stacked against it on all sides. His second chicken house was made from big store boxes, with one eight by ten pane of glass in the door for a window. His third house was made from old lumber

that a saw-mill owner gave him for hauling logs to his mill.

"His first exhibition was at his county fair, where they at that time gave as high as fifty cents a trio for prizes, and the total sum of money did not exceed \$10 on all classes. The total number of fowls at the fair did not exceed fifty head, and the poultry house consisted of a few planks for a roof, at the side of one of the buildings.

"To-day we find at fairs a large house with permanent coops, and an annex to the building, and premiums offered of ten dollars each for the popular varieties—a total of over several hundred specimens each year. And this farmer boy is president of this fair to-day—the best county or district fair in the United States, all of which and more he owes to the poultry business.

"This boy has pushed the poultry business until he now has twenty four poultry houses, some costing as high as five hundred dollars, and from selling his first chicken for one dollar, he has been able to sell single specimens for one hundred and fifty dollars and pens for five hundred dollars. Eggs, in the beginning, he sold for forty cents per sitting; later on for six dollars. Sales the first year on eggs and poultry amounted to only seven dollars; a few years later they reached as high as fifteen thousand, three hundred and twenty four dollars in a single year. He has exhibited at more big shows, fairs and world's fairs, and won more premiums on fine poultry than any other man in the world."

"Neighborly Neighbors."

A boys' club has been incorporated in New York under the name of "Neighborly Neighbors." Its objects are to help boys to find work, to give the homeless shelter, and in other ways to aid boys and make them better.

CYPHERS INCUBATOR, World's Standard Hatcher. Used on 26 Gov. Experiment Stations in U. S., Canada, Australia and New Zealand; also by America's leading poultrymen and thousands of others. Gold medal and highest award at Pan-American, Oct. 1901. 18-page circular free. Complete catalogue, 100 pages, 3 1/2 in., mailed for 10c. Ask nearest office for book No. 140. CYPHERS INCUBATOR COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Boston, Mass., New York, N. Y.

GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE of prize winning poultry for 1902, printed in color, illustrates and describes 46 varieties of Poultry; gives reasonable prices of eggs and stock. Many lists of poultry values. Send 10c in silver or stamps for this noted book. B. H. GREIDER, Florida, Pa.

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No. 7—THE LAZY BOY.

No. 8—THE ENERGETIC BOY.



New puzzles to be printed and answers to the Tangles should be addressed to Uncle Tangles, care American Boy, Detroit, Mich.

Harold B. Bogert, "Liddle," 85 West Thirty Fourth street, Bayonne, N. J., wins the prize for best list of answers to the February Tangles.

Answers to March Tangles.

- 29. (1) The wicked flee when no man pursueth... 30. (1) Hare-hair. (2) Pare-pear-pair. (3) Blew-blue. (4) Plane-plain...

son, Lester H. Fay, John L. Brautigam, Frank Field, James W. Rader, Roy Jeffries, Russell Wilson, M. S. Fife, Jane H. Thayer...

50. FIVE MARYS. Example: A Mary who takes the palm. Ans.: Palmary. 1. A Mary who takes part in politics.

53. CURTAILMENT. Astronomers can clearly prove My whole is ever on the move; The word curtailed, beyond dispute...

54. KITE TANGLE. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

55. REVERSED BLANKS. Fill the blanks in each sentence with words reversed: 1. We \_\_\_ now in the midst of an \_\_\_ of great prosperity.

56. BURIED CITIES. Two European cities are concealed in each sentence: 1. To make a comparison of different cities I decided to travel on donkey back.

57. PLAY BALL. Give the correct names of the baseball teams commonly called by the following nicknames: 1. Beaneaters. 2. Giants. 3. Orioles.

58. ILLINOIS DIAGONAL. Each word contains six letters and is found on the map of Illinois. The diagonal letters from the upper left-hand to the lower right-hand corner spell the name of the county in which Jerseyville is situated.

44. WORD BUILDING. Each word is formed by adding one letter to the preceding word, the order of the letters being changed when necessary.

45. ZIG-ZAG. In the following five-letter words the zig-zag letters, read downward, will spell the name of a former president of the United States:

46. ABBREVIATION BLANKS. Supply the blanks in each sentence with the same abbreviations having different meanings: 1. The \_\_\_ E. D. Brown preached from \_\_\_ third chapter.

47. TANGLED AUTHORS. Give correct names of the following writers whose pen names are here given: 1. George Eliot. 2. Oliver Optic.

48. SHAKESPEAREAN REBUS. A quotation from Shakespeare. LEVANDED WHAT WHAT WHAT

49. EASTER DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Each word contains the same number of letters. The initials spell what Easter commemorates; the finals spell what we find in abundance at Easter-tide.

THE FOUR TRACK NEWS. A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF TRAVEL AND EDUCATION. Published by the Niagara Department of the N.Y.C. CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER R.R.

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THE BOYS LIBRARY

The Books Which Helped Lincoln.

It is frequently said that the young people of to-day read too many books. It is not difficult to believe this, when one remembers what strong types of intellectual greatness have been developed through the thorough study of a very few of the masterpieces of literature.

Lincoln in his boyhood had access to four books, the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," "Burns' Poems" and "Weems's Life of Washington." He so memorized many of the chapters of the Bible, that subsequently he seldom made at the bar or on the "stump" a speech in which he did not quote from it.

Burns developed his fancy and imagination, Bunyan taught him how to use figurative language, and Weems inspired him with the noble spirit of Washington. Foreign readers of his Gettysburg speech and his second inaugural address asked: "Whence got this man his style, seeing he knows nothing of literature?"

He got it from the English Bible and from Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"—two books which represent the rhythm, the idiom, the majesty and the power of the English language.

Suggestions on the American Boys' Library.

WARD MACAULEY.

Every American boy has a library, or, if he has not, he ought to start right now and form one. By library I do not mean a score of books lying around the house somewhere, that have been read once and will probably never be opened again by the same boy. I mean a shelf or several shelves, in the boy's own room, where he places a few volumes that he can read and read again.

If the boy has made the shelf himself, or, if it has been purchased with money earned by his own efforts, so much the better. A boy always gets a great deal more benefit from what he has secured through his own labor—and labor does not here include teasing father for the money—than he does from what is given to him.

Now, a boy ought to be very particular about this library. He doesn't want to put anything into it that isn't a help and an inspiration every time he reads it. Of course, the Bible will be there, and it ought to be a good clear-type reference Bible, too.

Then, there is a good dictionary, so that if any unknown word turns up, its meaning and the way to pronounce it are readily learned.

These two books are the first necessities of a library. Indeed, they are a library in themselves. After securing these a boy can follow somewhat the dictates of his own fancy.

People are beginning to realize that boys can read and understand pretty nearly everything that grown folks can, and that American boys are reading the best literature more than they ever did before.

Now, if I were making a boy's library, I would see that "Eben Holden" had a place in it, and I would take it down pretty frequently, too, and read the chapters about the doctor's death and the party at Richard's. In fact, there isn't a chapter in the whole book that anyone cannot read a dozen times with increasing delight.

Then, I'd have "Wild Animals I Have Known," by Ernest Seton-Thompson. Was there ever a boy who didn't like animals? If so, there's something the matter with his constitution just as sure as if he were deformed. No one writes more graphically or more excitingly of the life of wild beasts of all kinds than does Mr. Seton-Thompson.

Then, I would have "Dan of Millbrook," "Winning His Way" and "The Boys of '61," all by Charles Carleton Coffin. I'm not sure, but that if I could afford it, I would have a complete set of Mr. Coffin's books. His stories are true, noble and manly ones, and his histories, unlike most boys' works of the kind, are interesting and yet accurate. "Dan of Millbrook" is a book for every age. It is in some ways similar to "David Harum" and "Eben Holden" and is, perhaps, in some respects, better than either of them. It was published twenty seven years ago, yet many people think that "David Harum" was the first book of its kind to be written.

Then, I would have "Eric," by Canon Farrar. This is a story of English school life, that every boy ought to read. It is a character maker.

Of course, the Tom Brown books would be there, for what boy doesn't revel in the delightful pages of Thomas Hughes?

I don't think that I would have a book by Alger, Henty, Ellis or Castlemon in my "library." They are not bad stories. In fact, as a rule, they are very good stories, but they possess no lasting qualities. Their characters are mere puppets without any human qualities, and after the plot has once been unfolded and the climax reached these books have served their most useful end. These are the style of books that can be left around the house in any place, but for my library, my shelf of treasures, I would place nothing that I could not read and read again with increased delight. But this is largely a matter that each boy must decide for himself, for what I might like and would care to read many times, might not please another at all.

Reviews of Boys' Books

RED EAGLE: A Tale of the Frontier. By Edward S. Ellis. The title of this book is sufficient to arrest the attention of any American boy, as it conjures up all the fascinations of the stirring life of the red man. The book itself will amply satisfy the appetite of any boy who loves to read stirring tales of adventure, daring, bravery and thrilling, hairbreadth escapes.

FLOATING TREASURE: By Harry Castlemon. Mr. Castlemon has had long experience in writing books for boys, and they have ever been most popular with their readers. The present volume is sure to enhance the author's already well-established reputation. "Floating Treasure" is the story of two boys who are honest and brave, courageously trying to wipe off the mortgage on their widowed mother's little home.

HIGH SCHOOL DAYS IN HARBOR-TOWN: By Lily L. Wesselhoert, with illustrations by H. C. Ireland. We have read this book by the author of "Sparrow the Tramp" with considerable pleasure. The author understands boys and girls thoroughly and has written of their doings in a thoroughly natural and delightful manner.

A SON OF SATSUMA, or With Perry in Japan: By Kirk Munroe. Mr. Munroe has succeeded in writing a book which must appeal to all American boys. The land of the Mikado was until very recently very little known to the outside world. To Commodore Perry belongs the honor of having thrown down the barriers which shut in Japan.

Then, I would have "Dan of Millbrook," "Winning His Way" and "The Boys of '61," all by Charles Carleton Coffin. I'm not sure, but that if I could afford it, I would have a complete set of Mr. Coffin's books. His stories are true, noble and manly ones, and his histories, unlike most boys' works of the kind, are interesting and yet accurate.

The Boy's Garden

A Few Helpful Hints. L. H. BAILEY.

We want every boy to grow a few plants this summer. We want everyone of them to learn something of why and how plants grow, and the best and surest way to learn is to grow the plants and to watch them carefully.

Now, we must not try to grow too many things or to do too much. Therefore, we propose that you grow sweet peas and China asters. They are both easy to grow, and the seeds are cheap.

1. The place.—Never put them—or any other flowers—in the middle of the lawn—that is not out in the center of the yard. They do not look well there, and the grass roots run under them and steal the food and moisture.

2. How to make the bed.—Spade the ground up deep. Take out all the roots of docks and thistles and other weeds. Shake the dirt all out of the sods and throw the grass away.

3. How to water the plants.—I wonder if you have a watering-pot? If you have, put it where you cannot find it, for we are going to water this garden with a rake!

If, however, the soil becomes so dry in spite of you that the plants do not thrive, then water the bed. Do not sprinkle it, but water it. Wet it clear through at evening.

4. When and how to sow.—The sweet peas should be put in just as soon as the ground can be dug, even before frosts are passed. Yet good results can be had if the seeds are put in as late as the 10th of May.

Plant sweet peas deep—two to three or sometimes even four inches. When the plants are a few inches high, pull out a part of them so that they will not stand nearer together than six inches in the row.

China asters may be sown from the middle of May to the first of June. The China asters are autumn flowers, and they should be in their prime in September and early October.

Sow the aster seeds shallow—not more than a half inch deep. The tall kinds of asters should have at least a foot between the plants in the row, and the dwarf kinds six to eight inches.

Sometimes China asters have rusty or yellow spots on the undersides of their leaves. This is a fungous disease. If it appears, have your father make some ammoniacal carbonate of copper solution and then spray them with it.

5. What varieties to choose.—In the first place, do not plant too much. A garden which looks very small when the pussy willows come out and the frogs begin to peep, is pretty big in the hot days of July.

In the next place, do not get too many varieties. Four or five kinds each of peas and asters will be enough. Buy the named varieties—that is, those of known colors—not the mixed packets.

Of China asters, the Comet type—in various colors—will probably give the most satisfaction. They are mostly large-growing kinds. Other excellent kinds are the Perfection and Peony-flowered, Semple or Branching, Chrysanthemum-flowered, Washington, Victoria, and, for early, Queen of the Market. Odd varieties are Crown, German Quilled, Victoria Needle and Lilliput. Very dwarf kinds are Dwarf Bouquet or Dwarf German, and Shakespeare.

Advertisement for 10 ROSES for 25 cts. featuring various rose varieties like Hardy Iron Clad, Splendid Flowering German, and Coronation Pink.

Advertisement for THE VEST POCKET PARLIAMENTARY POINTER, a small book answering questions of Parliamentary Law.

Advertisement for EVERY BOY HIS OWN TOY MAKER, listing various toys like Toy Steam Engines, Photo Cameras, and Windmills.

Advertisement for WE WANT Boys and Girls to sell our Garden and Flower Seeds.

Advertisement for CATALOGUES of PLAYS, PLAYS, PLAYS! featuring a large assortment of dramatic plays for home amusement.

Advertisement for SPECIAL offers on toy guns and rifles, including the Bull's Eye and Ideal No. 13.

Advertisement for REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION TO THE BAR, providing rules and regulations for all states and territories.

Advertisement for PLAYS featuring a best list of new plays, including dialogues and handbooks.





# THE AMERICAN BOY

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# A Bond of Honor—Charlotte Canty

The Red Cross flag, beneath the Stars and Stripes, floated over the tent at the door of which David Hall, the young hospital steward, stood, sealing a letter. He was keeping an eye on the orderly who was com-



"Anything more, now?" he asked.

ing for the mail, but he glanced again at the address and read it, half aloud:

"Mrs. Caroline Tracy,  
"Swift Falls,  
"Vermont."

The older man lying on the cot within the tent watched the tall lad with some amusement.

"Sweetheart?" he asked, with a significant smile.

"No," replied Dave; "I haven't any sweetheart, Styles."

The elder man's glance met the clear, smiling eyes of the lad.

"Mother?" The query was more subdued.

Dave Hall's lips tightened, and he turned away.

"I haven't any mother—now," he said; and then suddenly resuming his wonted cheerfulness, he sank into his seat beside the patient. "That letter and the others you've seen me mail went to the dear old lady to whom I'm indebted for my start in life. She hasn't anybody but me in the world; she had a son once, but something vague and untraceable ended his history years ago. I—we used to do what we could for her, when she was very poor; then an old uncle or cousin died, and left her his estate, and since then she's been entirely devoted to me. She is paying all my college expenses, and says that she will leave me her little fortune when—"

"Good for you!" said the man on the cot. "I don't doubt that you deserve it, though; you've been a trump to stay by me as you have done. How long have you been at college?"

"Just a year."

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen," was the reply.

"Twenty years younger than I am," said the man, in a musing tone. Then, with renewed interest, he asked: "Say, lad, what brought you here, anyhow?"

"The burst of the war bombshell, of course; the same thing that set you jumping, no doubt. I couldn't miss it, and when Doctor Moore of our college was appointed army surgeon, he suggested that I come along in the Hospital Corps and help him patch up damaged Americans. I think it's better work for me than making war on the Filipinos would be. It has given me valuable experience that I never should have acquired otherwise."

The man watched him with narrowing eyes.

"You're made of fine stuff, old chap," he said; "but how does the old lady like letting you go?"

"Oh, of course, she's lonely," replied Dave. "She hasn't any one but me, you know. One of her proudest boasts is that she was a soldier's wife, so she didn't protest too much against my plan. But here, I'm letting you talk too much. What do you suppose the surgeon will say if he finds me talking at this length to you?"

"Never mind, my boy; I'll settle with him. Maybe it won't make much difference, anyhow. I heard him talking outside the tent last evening—his voice isn't as gentle as yours—and he was saying that a man who had led such a life as my condition indicated, couldn't stand much of a show to get well under the circumstances. There, now, lad," as Dave put in a word of protest, "don't try to alter the case. He's right, of course."

"Oh, not of course, Styles!" said Dave. "Walton and his battalion will be along here any time now, and then we can move all the sick to the city. You may be as well as ever after you go home."

"Home?" The man lingered over the word. "I haven't been home for fifteen years, but if I live I will go back again. It's a poor little cottage, and I thought it too small to hold me, once. I left my

mother there alone, and drifted West. I followed every wild thing that came my way, and that sort of life doesn't tend to elevate a man. Then came the war, and remembering that my father had been a soldier, I enlisted and resolved to pick myself up out of the mire. But here I am, done for, and I haven't fired a single shot!"

Dave tried to put in a soothing word for the man's eyes had grown strangely bright with excitement.

"Your opportunity may come, Styles," he said, but the man interrupted him.

"I think the surgeon was about right, sonny. Talking does seem to tire me. Say, Dave, if it's not too much trouble, will you write a letter to my mother for me? Tell her that I'm coming home; that—oh, well, you know what to say."

Dave assented, and for a little while the silence in the tent was broken only by the scratching of the young hospital steward's battered pen. Presently he raised his head and read aloud what he had written.

"Anything more, now?" he asked. "Just 'Your loving son, Samuel Styles,' eh?"

The man laughed.

"Not Sam Styles, lad. I've carried that name through some pretty tough scenes, but we'll drop it here. Sign the thing 'Sam' and address it to 'Mrs. Caroline Tracy, Swift Falls, Vermont.'" He turned wearily toward the wall as he spoke, and closed his eyes.

David Hall sat staring, dumbfounded, too much surprised to speak or move. A cold chill passed over him, as he realized what this sudden disclosure meant. This man, rough and coarse, bearing upon his wasted face the marks of an evil, wild life, was the son of the dear old lady who had been so much to David. He would come, in his rough, blustering way, to the home that she had made so pleasant—for Dave; he would reap the benefit of all that she had planned—for Dave.

The boy rose, and softly stepped to the door of the tent, striving to think clearly. The chill had now given place to a burning fever. He saw his home, his prospects, and his profession swept away out of his reach, and their loss meant the overthrow of his life's ambitions. He crushed the letter fiercely in his hand, with a mad thought that he would not sur-

render to this wretched outcast; he would not send the letter, and it was probable that Styles would never—then, suddenly, his upturned eyes caught sight of the flying folds of Old Glory, and below it the standard of the Red Cross, and he humbly bared his head in a silent resolve to be true to the principles for which those banners stood.

Then a flood of softer emotions came to strengthen him. It was not so long since he had known the tenderness of a mother's love, and he knew what joy it would be to this dear old lady to receive her son again into her arms. How often she had spoken, with tears in her eyes, of Sammy!

"Perhaps if we had had more to make the home comfortable he would not have gone away from me," she would say, "but the little cottage was so bare!"

Well, the cottage was not bare now; there was enough to give Sam all the comforts he could desire, Dave thought, as he smoothed again the crumpled letter.

A cry from within the tent recalled him. He stepped to the patient's side, but there was no reason in the eyes that looked up at him. The man was babbling a broken string of disconnected speeches, and Dave bent over him in deep concern. There was nothing for it but to send in haste for Doctor Moore, but when he came he set Dave's self-reproach aside by explain-

ing that he had expected this turn in the case, and that nothing could have prevented it.

"It's most unfortunate, however," said the doctor. "I have orders to report at Kinola, and leave Doctor Lang here in charge, but none of the fellows will treat this poor chap as well as you have. Of course, you go with me."

Dave looked up quickly.

"If it's all the same to you, doctor, I'd like to stay with him for a while."

"Oh, come, lad, this wreck of a man isn't worth it! You've been here too long, as it is. That unhealthy mist from the moat is making you look rather white already. Aren't you well?"

"Yes, oh, yes! Nothing wrong with me, doctor," was the reply, given as cheerily as possible.

The doctor's searching glance was fixed on the lad's face.

"I promised Mrs. Tracy to keep my eye on you, you know. You're all she has, and—"

"Not all, doctor," interrupted Dave in a husky whisper. "She has him, too!" He pointed to the patient, lying quiet for a moment on the cot.

The doctor looked with a puzzled frown, from the patient to the young hospital steward.

"Him?" he said—"Styles?"

Dave nodded. "Styles," he said, with an attempt at a smile,—"Styles is Sam Tracy."

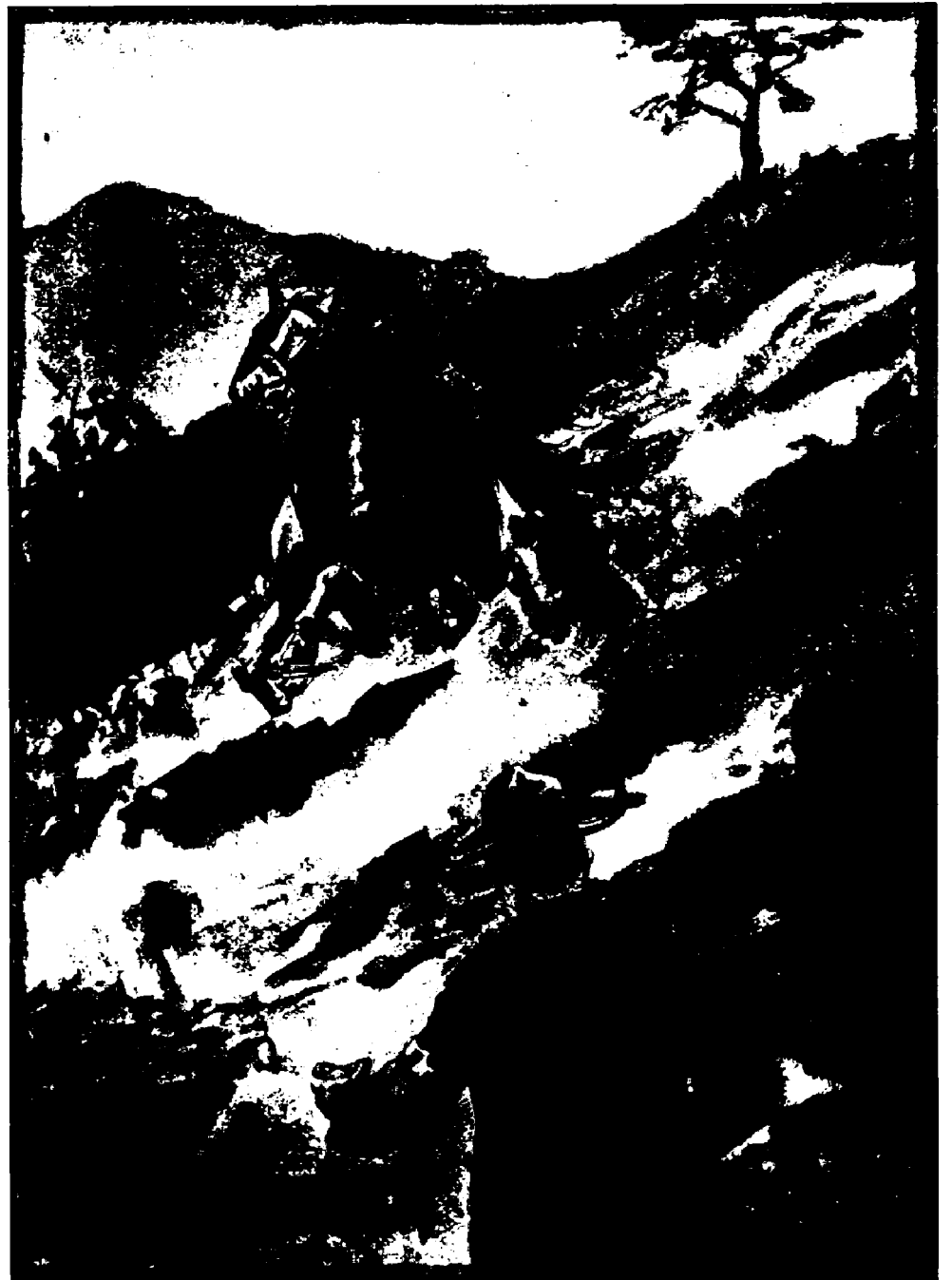
The doctor uttered an exclamation of amazement, and stood looking down at the man.

Dave drew a long breath, and straightened up.

"You know how I feel about it," he said, looking steadily into the doctor's eyes. "I'll stay here and pull him through, if possible. It's—a bond of honor."

The doctor laid his hand on Dave's shoulder in a firm, kind grip.

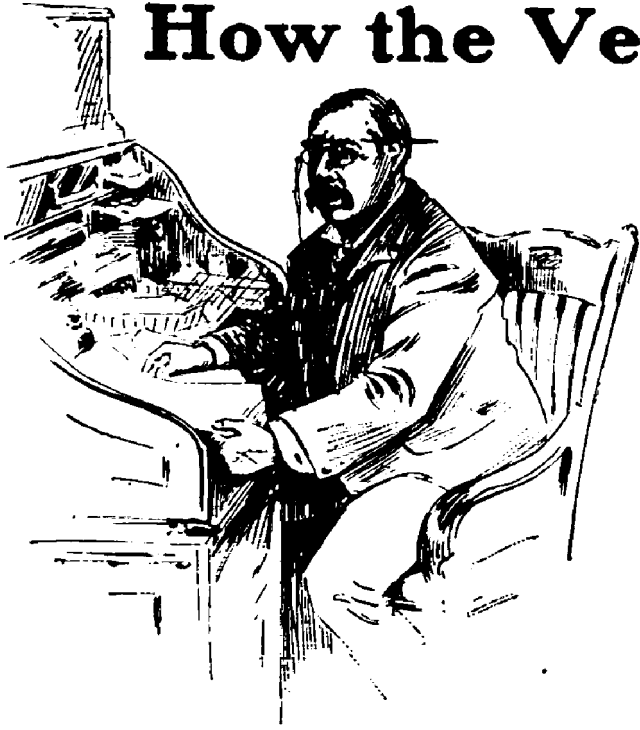
"Well, try it, lad," he said. "I don't like leaving you here, but if things go well with Styles, you can send him on to the city with the rest of the sick, and then join me at Kinola. Walton and his battalion will be along here in a day or two, anyhow; it wouldn't be safe to try to move these poor fellows under the handful of men that the Colonel could furnish for an escort. The natives around here are becoming very troublesome, and you know how much respect they have for the Red Cross flag."



The horseman came on at a splendid gallop.



# How the Vein Was Found—Roe L. Hendrick



The hot July sunshine fell with dazzling radiance on the little one-story office building of corrugated iron in which sat Mr. John F. Parsons, president of the Jardain Mining & Smelting Company, Limited. He reclined against the closed front of his roller-top desk, listlessly reading a newspaper, while with one hand he fought off the swarms of flies that buzzed about him.

The office was an uncomfortable and squalid-looking place, typical of the fortunes of the company and its president. Mr. Parsons had organized a joint stock corporation in Philadelphia, and after securing a trial lease for three years of Wausage Mountain, had come to Jardain prepared to find the rich vein of iron ore that scientists said must approach the surface somewhere on the mountain. All agreed that it should reappear there after dipping across Jardain Valley and the site of the village of the same name from the exhausted McIveigh mines on Kloster Heights that had been abandoned but a short time before after having been profitably worked for more than a hundred years.

He had arrived hopeful, jaunty and assured that success lay almost within his grasp. But two and a half years had passed, and thousands of dollars had been expended without avail. The hidden vein had eluded the most scientific and exhaustive search, and unless it could be found within six months his lease would expire and with it all excuse for the corporation's existence.

Secretly, President Parsons had lost all hope, but he remained at Jardain and went daily to his office because of the inherent dislike a strong-willed man feels to confess himself defeated. He had said to himself a hundred times that he would "die game" and "keep a stiff upper lip to the last;" so he continued to talk boldly of locations, shafts and prospects, and only the most knowing even among his fellow stockholders realized how hopeless the outlook really was.

A shadow darkened the office doorway, and instantly the president thrust aside his paper, threw up the top of the desk and seized a bundle of plans, in whose study he pretended to be engrossed. He looked up with a frown to find that all these impressive efforts had been wasted upon a tall, lank mountain boy, who stood on the threshold, holding his torn straw hat awkwardly in both hands.

"Well?" said President Parsons, interrogatively; and then he observed that behind the first-comer was another boy, much shorter and more neatly clad.

"Is this the place where they offer five thousand dollars for finding the iron ore deposits on Wausage Mountain?" asked the tall lad.

A smile, half amused, half sarcastic, drove the frown from the man's face. "Yes," he replied; "have you found 'em?"

"No," the boy answered simply, "but Cousin Joe and I have a little leisure just now, and we reckoned maybe we might."

"That is, if the offer is bona fide," the other boy put in, pushing past his companion and looking keenly about the bare, untidy room.

"My name is Matthew Fellows," the first speaker continued, by way of explanation, "and my father was a miner. He was killed by a cave-in at Squaw Valley three years ago. I know all about ores and overlying strata—that is, from seeing 'em, not so much from books," he added modestly. "Joe and I would like to go to school—his mother is dead and he's come to live with us. We figured that the money would come in handy, you see, if we could get it."

President Parsons had heard of Jim Fellows, the former blasting foreman in the Irvlug mines, and he did not doubt that his son had plenty of practical knowledge of ores. If he was a shrewd lad his experience might be more valuable in searching for the

vein than the most scientific theory. He spoke gravely and kindly as he said:

"I have been told about your father and of his brave effort to save his companions at the time he was killed; but your cousin here—he doesn't look like a miner's son?"

"I'm from Pittsburg; my name's Joe Weaver," said the one spoken of, before his cousin could open his lips. "I don't know anything about iron ore, but Mat's a crackerjack on that. All I know is men, mostly; so I came with him to see if it would be just wasting our time or not to hunt for that vein."

The inference of this speech was unmistakable, and the face behind it was keen with questioning. The president flushed, but, after a second, controlled his momentary anger.

"You may be wasting your time, all right, young man. We've quit paying prospectors for picnicking on Wausage; but if you and your Cousin Mat—or anybody else—can find that vein, the money will be paid without a word—in gold, if you want it!"

"All right, sir; that's enough!" said the boy, adding: "I didn't mean to be offensive, Mr. Parsons, but business is business, you know, and Mat is a poor hand to look after his own interests in such things."

Mat had paid no attention to their later conversation, but instead had been studying the outspread plan on the desk. "There," he said, pointing with his forefinger, "is where the college professors think the vein should be, isn't it? just west of the summit, after dipping across the valley?"

"Yes," said the president, "but our test shafts showed they were mistaken. For my part, I think it's on the other side, though our experts couldn't find it there either."

"Did they search all over the mountain?"

"Yes; everywhere. Though I doubt whether their investigations were very thorough in places where they didn't expect to find it."

"Why wouldn't it be cheaper to dig in the valley?" asked the city boy. "It must be nearest the surface there where the ground is lowest."

"No," said Mat, before Mr. Parsons could reply. "You see, the convulsion that raised the two ridges lifted the vein along with everything else, leaving it at about an equal depth on the mountains and in the valley. But later the alluvium, or fine earth, deposited by the river buried it hundreds of feet deeper between the ridges than on them."

"That's right," the president remarked, with a surprised look. "You seem to have some theory in addition to your experience, my lad."

"Oh, Mat knows all about mines and ore," said Joe with confident pride, while his cousin blushed bashfully through his coat of tan.

The next day and for a week thereafter two figures might have been seen bending, peering and digging here and there upon the vast western slope of Wausage. The configuration of the country had convinced Mat that the ore lay upon that side, but just where or at what depth he could only guess. Their shovels and pick-axes could at best merely scratch the surface, but after exposing the rock Mat in most cases was satisfied, and with a shake of his head would say, "No use of going any deeper here."

Three places he marked with cleft sticks. There was a crevice at each of these locations which he meant ultimately to widen by blasting, to make sure if the secondary stratum was what he believed it to be.

Joe worked hard and loyally, despite the fact that much that his companion did was meaningless to him. Though it was a blind search entirely outside his experience, he had entire confidence in his cousin's knowledge; but the glaring sunshine and intense heat made every pause welcome. When one afternoon he wiped his brow and from beneath his hand saw a dense mass of black clouds rushing toward them, the knowledge that a storm was coming and they were shelterless did not alarm him at first, so much was he pleased at the

thought of an hour's intermission in shoveling hard-pan and broken rock.

"Look, Mat!" he called. "Hadn't we better make a break for that grove yonder?"

The mountain boy straightened his aching back with a hand on either hip. As he did so both earth and air trembled from the first heavy peal of thunder.

"It isn't safe to go near any trees," he said, "for they attract lightning; lots of people have been killed under 'em. This is going to be a hard storm, coming after such hot, dry weather."

"But what shall we do?" Joe demanded. "Our tent is two miles away, and we can't stay out in the rain."

"Come on!" was Mat's only reply. He led the way at a run down the slope, for already Kloster Heights were hidden behind a curtain of rain and mist which was rapidly sweeping toward them.

After a breathless race of about a hundred rods they came to a ravine that cut the mountain side diagonally, forming a rift in its rocky mantle. Tumbling down the abrupt slope they found an overhanging shelf of rock beneath which they crept, being almost as completely sheltered as if by a roof.

They had found cover none too soon. The bright sunlight already had given place to semi-darkness, which was lighted up every half second by the weird and unnatural glare of jagged lightning, while the firmament echoed and re-echoed to crashing bursts of thunder.

In a moment water was running in a foaming torrent down the ravine at their feet, and the rainfall outside resembled a cloudburst. Suddenly a ball of fire shot slantingly into the ravine a few rods from them and burst with a terrific roar. The odor of sulphur in that pent-up place nearly overpowered them.

Joe started up as if about to spring from their shelter, but Mat laid a restraining hand on his arm.



He led the way at a run down the slope.

"Wait!" he shouted, to make himself heard; "lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

As if to prove the falsity of this old adage, there came another glare and crash that were practically simultaneous, and the rocky wall across from their refuge was gouged by a chisel of colored fire. Before either could speak another and still another bolt followed, both striking within the ravine.

The boys clutched each other and lay inert, too frightened to move or speak. If this were kept up, it seemed inevitable that they must be killed. Two minutes passed with only minor rumblings, then both were stunned by a bolt that struck the rock above them. It glanced off, but for an instant the shallow cave was filled with a glare of blue and yellow flame, and the boys were left outstretched on the stony floor, to all appearances dead.

The storm was of short duration, and within a quarter of an hour the sun, then near its setting, was throwing long, slanting rays into the ravine. They touched Mat's upturned face and he stirred uneasily and then sat up, wondering vaguely at the prickling pains that shot along his limbs.

He raised his arm and noticed that the sleeve was

torn from elbow to wrist, while a livid streak marked the flesh beneath. His head ached fearfully.

Then he saw his cousin at his side. Bending over the latter's body he found that Joe's heart beat faintly. Finding water in a little pool outside, he filled his palms and dashed it in the unconscious boy's face. After a time the latter opened his eyes and finally was able to crawl into the open air.

"You're a good hand to pick a shelter from lightning," were Joe's first words. "I'll take a tree next time!"

"Rocks don't attract lightning," Mat declared in his own defense; "it's only—" Then he broke short off in what he was saying, and began to dance wildly about. Joe feared the shock had rendered him insane.

"We've found it! We've found it!" he shrieked.

"Found what?" Joe demanded; "the lightning? I should say that found us!"

"No," Mat shouted; "that found it for us! I mean the iron ore vein!"

"Where?" the city boy asked, staring about him in a puzzled way. "I don't see it."

"Neither do I, but it's here just the same. Don't you see that's what attracted the lightning? Look

at these rocks; they're scarred by every electric storm that comes along."

It was as he said, there was scarcely a square yard where the marks of the lightning could not be found. The boys were amazed that former prospectors had not noticed it, but they had been equally blind till the repeated bolts that descended about their ears had literally driven the fact home to their comprehension. Besides the ravine was lower down than anyone had expected to find the deposits.

The boys were too weak to do anything more that night, but before noon the next day they had uncovered the vein, using blasting powder in addition to their picks and shovels. Within a week the five thousand dollars was in their hands; and President Parson's corporation at last had possession of the key which was to unlock the long-closed door to success.

Joe was content to use his half of the reward to obtain a thorough business education and thus lay the foundation for the occupation he preferred; while Mat went to a technical school, and now is one of the rising young mining engineers of the world, having recently gone to South Africa to introduce American methods there.

**HOME**  
What Three Homeless Boys Think Of It.

The John Worthy School is a department of the Bridewell prison in Chicago to which boys who have been convicted of lawbreaking are sent by the courts. The Juvenile Record, a paper published by the Visitation and Aid Society, of Chicago, offered two prizes, one of ten and the other of five dollars for the best essay on "Home," to be written by boys in the John Worthy School. Fifty three of the 340 boys in the school entered the contest. To some home was such an unknown place that they had no ideas on the subject. Others had not received the training which would fit them to write an essay. Here are three that were accounted the best ones out of the fifty three:

**WHAT HOME IS.**

Dear Friends, I am going to read to you an essay about home and tell you what it is. There are a great many boys in this city who don't know what a home is and don't know how to appreciate it until it is too late. It is not only the boys in this city, but in a great many others. Some boys, when making a strong effort, are working and get discharged for doing something wrong. They then get their money and generally pull another boy away with them and run away from home for about ten or twelve months. In the meantime their mothers take sick and die and are buried without the boys seeing them. Then they return from their vacation and find a stepmother there. Then they won't stay home. They cry their eyes out because they have no mother. Then they go to sleeping in box cars or any place at all until the police pick them up and say, "Why don't you go home?" The boys answer, "I have no home, no friends, and don't know what to do," and burst into tears. Then the police says, "Well, we will have to find a home for you some place." He locks him up, and if it happens to be in Chicago he will be turned over to the Juvenile Court and be sent to some institution. Now, boys, there is an example set for two boys who had good, happy homes. Now, when boys that have homes and don't know enough to appreciate it, they ought to think it over. Washington Irving says, "It was the policy of the good old gentleman to make his boys feel that home was the happiest place in the world, and I value this delicious home feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent can bestow."

Before I became a member of the John Worthy School my probation officer told me I was very foolish. He told me I did not know how to appreciate a good home. He told me I would be sorry, and, indeed, I was. I have thought over it a great many times. Many a boy, maybe, would like to have a chance. These homeless boys that are in the institution have been through the mill and know what it is. Sometimes when sitting beside a boy one would say, "When is your mother going to get you out so you can go home?" The other boys says, "I have no mother and no home." Then the first boy sits and thinks about his home. Suppose I should have no home. Home is the best and only place on earth. It is the most happiest and delightful place a boy could own. When a boy gets sick when going to or from work or have some accident down town, the first thing he would think of would be his own beloved home. In a case like that if that boy didn't have no home he would be taken to some hospital and then to some institution. Of course, when a boy gets supplied with a home and then don't know how to appreciate it, nobody would care for a boy like that. I myself have a good home and didn't use it right when I was out. But I am getting older; I see and know what it is to have a good home. Home is the best place on earth for those that have them. Other boys that go wandering around the streets nights and get picked up by the police. Why home ought to be the greatest thing a boy could possess. It is often the case when a boy's mother dies the home is broke up. I hope, when I get to be a man, whenever I see a



Hanley Hose Company No. 2, Chester, Pa.

THE AMERICAN BOY has discovered another company of juvenile fire fighters. It is known as the Hanley Hose Company, No. 2, Chester, Pa. These embryo fire fighters are all schoolboys, and their ages range from fourteen to sixteen. They are a sort of a second edition of the Hanley Hose Company, which is a part of the Chester fire department. The boys are uniformed in dark blue shirts, caps and belts. Recently they housed their apparatus—a handsome hose cart, which was made to order by a Chester carriage firm at a cost of about one hundred dollars. This cart, which carries about 500 feet of one and one half inch hose, was a gift to the boys from the adult firemen of the city. On the day when they received it the boys paraded through the principal streets of Chester.

The boy firemen have their own rules and regulations. They subject each candidate for membership in their company to a severe examination. The company already comprises fifteen sturdy youths, and nearly every boy in Chester is anxious to join the organization, so he may wear a uniform and run "wid de machine."

The Hanley boys have their own hose house, and it does them much credit. The boys are now endeavoring to raise funds to purchase a small engine, and the prospects are that within a few months they will be fully equipped. The president of the organization is Harry Goff, and his subordinates are Arthur Deering, Clarence Mills and Harry Pyewell.

homeless boy I can do something to help him. EDDIE G.

**HOME.**

Home! the very word cheers the hearts of little boys and girls who are playing out in the streets as they say to each other, "Are you coming home now?"

Home is a place of earthly pleasure. Boys, beware; never leave home unless forced, for it is the dearest spot on earth. I left home and am very sorry, and would give anything to be there now and enjoy the pleasures there and hear the stories told around the fireside where mother sits and tells of her good old home and tells of her departed parents, and a few tears gather in her eyes, which I have caused to flow many a time.

Boys, if I ever get a chance to see my dear old home again, which I hope I will, and pray to the Almighty to answer my prayer which I have asked for so long, and I will surely behave if I get home again.

I have been a bad boy and I have been guilty of many wrongs, but when I come to reflect and think of home, that dear place where everybody will and should be happy, it makes me feel so bad, and I will appreciate it next time.

You may meet a poor boy on the street and he looks downcast and you say to him, "What is the matter, little boy?" and as tears fall on his cheeks he says, "I have no home." What wouldn't that boy give to be at home again? It is the dearest place on earth. But boys who have homes and dear old parents should respect and obey them.

A home should be comfortable, and you should have a nice, comfortable bed to sleep in, a lot of games to keep you busy, and you should have plenty of good things to eat and drink and warm clothes to put

on, and your father should not let you go out at night.

A home should have plenty of books to keep one out of bad company. As an author, Mrs. Hale, says:

"Home is a sphere of harmony and peace. The spot where angels find a resting place When bearing blessings they descend to earth."

The spot where angels find a resting place, what happiness, what peace, what joy should there be in a good "home!" It may be that the father is missing or a brother, and most of all, a dear mother. What is a home without a mother to watch over you? It is simply like a play without its leading actor. If the mother is not in the home a kind of sorrow reigns there, a sorrow which can never be brightened or lightened a bit. I don't think a home can be called a home without a mother, and that a good mother is a good home. Our home is minus a brother and father, and many a time did my mother kneel beside the grave and wet the grass with her tears, and say a prayer that his soul might rest in peace. You might as well call home a father and mother. And a home ought to be clean and neat, and the parents should be temperate and go to church and bring up their children to love and fear God, who created them. But home has its two sides, and they are the cheerful and the sorrowful. And by the cheerful side I mean when happiness comes to that home as a babe and its fond mother's heart swells up as she looks at it and says, "You may be President some day." And a home ought to have a babe to cheer the sorrowful. And the sorrowful side is when grief comes to that home by death, and that is the worst of all. Did you ever hear "Home, Sweet Home," a soul-stirring song? And many an eye has become dim when that was sung, especially when heard by a wayward boy or girl.

One Sunday Judge Tuthill came to visit us and he made a little speech, and in that speech he said, "I go to the church my mother used to attend." That old man with gray hair knows what home is, and he would give anything to see his mother and home again. And as he said those words I could see a little moisture in his aged eye. As he thought of home and mother his voice choked with emotion.

Home is a heaven on earth. Never leave home unless necessity requires it, for you will be sorry for it. God's blessing will not fall on the boy or girl who runs away from home, and that boy or girl (I mean myself as well as any one else), I guarantee you that they will feel sorry for it. And, boys, if your mother is dead, she will pray for you and ask God's blessing to shine upon you. I am a boy myself and I mean myself as well as others. In many homes you see the inscription on the wall, "God Bless Our Home," and surely He will bless your home and mine if we do His holy duty. HERMAN D. V.

**WHAT A HAPPY HOME SHOULD BE.**

When I was a very small boy my troubles began. My dear mother died when I was only two years old, and now I am fifteen years old. After my mother died and I had grown to be a little older, my father put me in an orphan asylum in Cincinnati, Ohio. When I went there I was five years old. While I was there they treated me very kindly. It was a home for all poor boys and girls that did not have any home or parents. I had a nice time there and I stayed there seven years. I was always told that my father was dead, and at last as I did not appreciate a good home, I ran away. I went out in the wide world all alone, and in about a month I had heard where my sister was and so I went to her. She was staying with my grandmother, and my father had written to her and told her that if she could not support me that he would send a ticket to her. So she answered that she would be very happy to see me with him; that she hadn't hardly enough money to support herself. My father had quarreled with my grandmother. He went to Chicago and was there eight years before they heard of him. When I went to Chicago I was treated very badly. Soon I had stolen from my father and was put in the John Worthy School. I was in there for a year and two weeks, and then he got me out. I stayed with him two months, working hard so as to pay him back. I was only getting three dollars a week and that did not satisfy him. He began to get angry with me, so I ran away and was staying down in the Newsboys' Home, and I was selling newspapers. One day when I was down in the news alley buying papers he caught me and took me up to the court and tried to have me sent to Pontiac till I was twenty one, so the court took mercy on me and told me if I was to be a good boy they would give me another chance. I told them I did not want to stay with my father, that he treated me very badly, so the court sent me down to the Juvenile Home, where a lot of other boys were. I stayed there for nearly two weeks before I got a job, and when I got a job I got one as errand boy. I was to get three dollars a week and was getting along nicely. When pay day came I met a few boys that were in the John Worthy School. On my way home one of the boys said, "Won't you come with me? We are going to Florida to-night?" As I am a boy that is easily led, I said yes. We started off and were about half way when one of the boys said, "I wonder what my dear old mother is thinking of now?" The other boy said, "Let us turn back and go home to-night." I began to cry and said, "It is too late now; let us go on." The other two boys left me and I went to sleep in a hallway and I got arrested and was sent to the Juvenile Court and I was sent back to the John Worthy School; so here I am trying to write an essay to be released before Christmas. I am here nearly ten months and I intend to be a good and honest and upright boy after this day is over. I don't know very much about a home because my dear, good mother died, and so she was my best friend and if she had not died I would have a good home, sweet home today.

WILLIAM MCG.

# "Jerry"—Mary Hamilton Cochrane



"Mrs. Boggs," said Jerry, "I will help you with your washing."

Jerry was a poor, delicate little boy living in a tenement in the slums of a great city. His pale, sweet face was familiar to every one in that district and he was called weird little Jerry, because of the beautiful, magical music he played on his violin. His father had taught him to play; and after his father had died he played oftener, but then only sad, dreamy music. When he played, he seemed to enter into the music with his whole soul and soar far away to distant realms. When he had finished, he seemed to slowly return to earthly things, and putting his precious violin in its case, would say, "Father taught me to play and told me that some day it would make me great and famous."

When Jerry's father died, the family was living in a comfortable home in a respectable part of the city. Then Jerry's mother was taken sick, and for weeks her life hung by a thread. Her sweet little boy and her little lame girl, Norma, waited upon her untiringly. The physician was very kind to them, but one day, the haughty landlord came and told Norma and Jerry that he could not let them stay longer in his house, but that they must leave immediately. They begged piteously to stay till their mother grew better, but the cruel man was deaf to their entreaties. He already had a wagon at the door to take the sick woman away, and she was taken to this tumble-down tenement house. That night in the cold, bare room, Norma and Jerry sat beside their mother. Her unconscious ravings were terrible to them, and then, in the night, her soul slipped quietly away from the cruelties and sorrows of this world to perfect rest beyond.

"Jerry," said little Norma, "papa and mama used to hear us say our prayers, so let us say them now and maybe God will send some one to take care of us." So they knelt down beside their dead mother and offered up a childish but beautiful and pathetic prayer.

Norma was nearly seven and Jerry was ten. Mrs. Boggs, an Irish washerwoman, felt sorry for the little youngsters, and being a big-hearted woman, she took them into her room which adjoined theirs. She cuddled Norma into her capacious arms and rocked her to sleep as tenderly as Norma's mother could have done. But poor Jerry could not be comforted. He sat in a corner of the room gazing absently at a knot-hole in the floor. Mrs. Boggs begged him to taste a little of the soup she had made, but to no avail.

"No, Mrs. Boggs," said Jerry, "I would like to take it because you were so good to make it for me, but I cannot. It would choke me. Everything chokes me when I think I will never see my mama again."

Mrs. Boggs had more delicacy of feeling than one might have given her credit for, judging from looks. She gently smoothed back his hair, and left him to shed the bitter tears no one could make less bitter at such a time. She would wait. Her rough but honest sympathy could do no good then, but later he would appreciate it.

"Mrs. Boggs," said Jerry, the following morning, "if you'll keep little Norma and me till I get big and strong enough to work, I will help you with your washing and I can play my violin and make some money to help you buy things for us to eat and wear, and I can carry home the clothes, Mrs. Boggs."

"Law me, child," responded Mrs. Boggs, "you cannot carry the big baskets. But maybe you can carry the smaller packages," she added, as his face clouded.

I can make plenty to take care of such little mites as you and little Norma, and you needn't worry about it. You can play for me, and when I am tired from washing all day, if you play some of your sweet music, it will be pay enough, you little lonely darling." Then she gave him a tremendous hug that left him panting for breath.

And so they stayed with Mrs. Boggs, although she had no thought of keeping them more than a day or two when she took them in.

Jerry would help Mrs. Boggs to sort out the soiled clothes, and he would run to get her the soap, and the bluing, and the starch, just when she needed them, and then he held the clothes-pins for her and handed them to her one by one, as she pinned the clothes to the line on the top of the old tenement building. Then he helped sprinkle them and fold them.

But when Mrs. Boggs did her ironing, he would take his violin and wander down the dirty alley called a street. At first he would play most beautifully and then say to his listeners, "I live with Mrs. Boggs. She is good to little sister and me, but I am not big enough to get any work to do. Will you give me something to pay Mrs. Boggs, if I play some more for you?"

Rough, coarse men jeered, but when the tears came into the eyes of the little pale face and his slight little body trembled, they called him back and gave him some small coins. Poor Jerry was much discouraged, and would say to Norma when he reached home, "Norma, dear, you and Mrs. Boggs love my music, but I do not believe any one else does." Then he would play a sweet little lullaby for Norma and soothe her to sleep. "Now, Mrs. Boggs, it is your turn," he would say, and then he would play "Killarney" or "Dear Little Shamrock" while Mrs. Boggs would rest in a big chair.

"Ah, my little angel," she would say, "I close my eyes and I see my dear old home in sunny Ireland, with her pretty lakes and glens. I hear the birds sing, and I see the merry lads and lassies dancing on the green."

One day Jerry had gone to a store to buy some soap for Mrs. Boggs. While walking along he met the doctor who had been so kind to his mother, and, with joy, rushed up to him.

"Where in the world did you come from, Jerry?" asked the doctor. When Jerry told him how the landlord had put them out, he frowned darkly. "Ah," he said, "the man has no heart. The more money he acquires, the more cruel and mercenary he becomes. And, little Norma, tell me of her." Jerry told him about her and also of Mrs. Boggs.

The doctor said that some day he would come and take them for a ride out into the country where the flowers grew and the woods were green, and now, he said, as he slipped some money into Jerry's hand, "Buy something for little Norma with this."

Jerry told Mrs. Boggs about the money the doctor had given him and said, "You have been so good and kind to us, Mrs. Boggs, maybe I had better give it to you. I am sure the doctor would not care."

"No, Jerry," responded Mrs. Boggs, "do as the doctor said; buy something for Norma. Poor child, she needs some shoes worse than anything. You and Norma can take a street car ride to-day to take a shirt home that I have just washed and ironed. I will starch Norma's little white dress and iron the ruffles beautifully for her to wear and when she gets it on, with her golden curls about her beautiful face, she will look like a real angel. You had better take the money the doctor gave you and buy your sister a pair of shoes."

The two were an odd sight as they started off perfectly content, with no thought of anything but

their present happiness. When they took their seats in the street car, Jerry noticed a man with a violin case. Jerry's interest was immediately aroused, but little Norma had spied him, too, and before Jerry had time to speak, she said to him so sweetly and innocently, "I wonder if you can play like my brother Jerry here. Can you play 'Killarney' and 'Sleep Little Baby of Mine?'" The man with the great dark eyes looked at her with a smile, and said: "I fear my music would never be so beautiful to you as brother Jerry's." He looked at the boy, who was holding Norma's hand in his, and was struck with the beauty of his face and with the tender light in his soulful blue eyes. "I should like to hear you play, Jerry. Here is my card. Come and see me sometime and I will play a little for you and your little sister." With a beaming smile, he left the car and the two children. They delivered the shirt, bought Norma's shoes and started on their homeward way. While waiting for a car to take them home, their friend, the doctor, drove up and almost ran over them. He drew up his horse and called out: "Hi! you little youngsters, you will get run over if you are not more careful. Jump in, I am going out to your part of the town."

Jerry helped his sister into the doctor's buggy and jumped nimbly in. As he did so he dropped the card he was holding. It fell to the bottom of the buggy and as he picked it up and looked at it, the doctor said: "What have you there, Jerry, my boy?"

"A card which a man in the street car gave me. He told Norma and me that he would play on his violin for us if we came to see him," said Jerry as he held the card out to the doctor. Dr. Corder's genial face put on a look of surprise as he read the name on the bit of cardboard, "Karl Steinisky." "Why, my dear boy," he said, "that man's time is most valuable. He receives fabulous amounts of money for playing a few pieces during an evening. Indeed, you are in luck to have such an invitation." Jerry smiled and Norma looked at Jerry with a satisfied expression.

The next day Jerry whispered to Mrs. Boggs that it was Norma's seventh birthday and he wanted her to help him decide how to celebrate the event. After numerous suggestions on the part of Mrs. Boggs and long discussion, he decided that nothing could be so pleasing to Norma as for both of them to call on the great violinist and hear him play.

A little later, two little children stood at the door



The delicate boy seemed inspired as he stood pouring forth the sweetest melody.

of a large house and timidly rang the bell. Jerry had the precious card the violinist had given him and as he held it out to the boy who opened the door and requested to be shown to his room, a look of great importance could be seen in Norma's face. Steinisky was about to partake of his evening meal after coming in from a little trip to a neighboring town where he had been on the program at a concert that afternoon, but he greeted the two with tenderness and interest. And then he played—such thrilling, soul-stirring strains! Jerry and Norma sat spellbound. They had never heard such exquisite music, and when the sweet cadences became slower and slower and then softly and lingeringly died away in the stillness leaving a prolonged hush, Jerry gave a sigh of contentment—or it might have been one of regret that it was over.

"Now, Jerry," he said, "let us hear you."  
Jerry took his violin from the case and with a few strokes of his bow transported his listeners to another world. The delicate boy seemed inspired as

he stood before them pouring forth the sweetest melody. Occasionally the notes of joy were predominant and then suddenly without any warning, sad melancholy tones almost brought tears to the great violinist's eyes.

"Jerry, where did you learn to play so wonderfully?" asked Steinisky. Jerry told him that his father had taught him and that he had been playing ever since he was six years old.

The great musician right then and there determined to make a famous violinist of his new found friend; so when Jerry and Norma left, it was understood that Jerry was to have some lessons without cost.

When the two children reached Mrs. Boggs', as happy as two little birds, they found Dr. Corder there. He greeted them and said, "I wonder if I can induce you two to leave Mrs. Boggs and come and live in a beautiful house with my wife and me. I have talked to Mrs. Boggs and she is willing to let you go. What do you say?"

Norma, in wide-eyed astonishment, said, "Oh, it would be lovely, but what would poor Mrs. Boggs do without Jerry's Killarney?"

"Well, I have made arrangements to have her come to our house two days in the week to do the laundry work," said the doctor, "and she can hear her dear old Killarney then."

And so they left Mrs. Boggs and went with Dr. Corder. When washday came at the doctor's house, Mrs. Boggs made her appearance. Dr. Corder had Jerry and Norma buy her a beautiful red dress, which they presented to her. "You two children are regular little angels!" exclaimed she, then Jerry had to play a lively little piece to keep Mrs. Boggs from feeling shabby and tearful, as she said she felt.

It was not many years later, when Jerry played in a concert before an immense audience and was pronounced wonderful. In a front seat sat a beautiful girl with golden hair. Her face was wreathed in smiles as Jerry sat down amidst the deafening applause; it was the little sister Norma.

## With the Boys

**Fancher E. Wakefield**, Brooklyn, N. Y., is eleven years old. His mother writes us that he said one day, "You cannot do a real man thing if you are a reader of THE AMERICAN BOY. It makes you want to be good." She writes that the boy sent a copy of the paper to President Roosevelt, commending the paper in the words we have quoted. Fancher's mother says THE AMERICAN BOY is to the mind and soul of a boy what food is to his body, and that in years to come many a man filling a place of trust or doing a great work for his country will refer to THE AMERICAN BOY as his starting point.—**Maynard O. Williams**, Exeter, N. H., of whom we spoke in the March number under this heading, won third prize in the Merrill prize debate at Exeter, February 27, the amount of his prize being eight dollars. His composition was entitled "A Visit to the Pan-American Exposition."—**Henry Miller**, Philadelphia, wants us to tell our readers that Frank Taylor, Philadelphia, age fifteen, and Ed. Himer, of the same place, can imitate with their voices, a phonograph, perfectly.—**George and Henry Nickels**, Buffalo, N. Y., age twelve and eleven, respectively, send us a model of a miniature paddle-wheel flatboat. We are sorry we have not the space to describe the boat. It shows ingenuity.—**Arthur Outman**, Westfield, Pa., age fourteen, sends pen and ink sketches. One can hardly believe that he has never taken a lesson, as his sketches reveal genius.—**William Workman**, 18 Mann Street, Auburn, N. Y., wants plans for a flat-bottomed boat, and some information as to what kind of lumber to use.—**Edgar Nelson**, Bluffton, Ind., wants to be a cartoonist, but has never had instructions. He sends some samples of his work. They are excellent.—**Aubrey Gregg**, Brownsville, Pa., wants to know how to make a canvas canoe to hold one person.—**John L. Horne**, Grand Harbor, N. D., thinks we do not pay enough attention to the farmer boys. We will try to do better.—**Leon Holmes**, Grand Rapids, Mich., sends samples of his drawing. The work is done with colored crayons and is exceedingly good.—**Namuel Powell**, Glen Cove, L. I., wants to know how to build a cheap rabbit house for summer.—**A. Dec. Wilkinson**, Upper Troy, N. Y., wants to know the best way to render a boat watertight.—**Leland Smith**, Detroit, Mich., age twelve, sends a good pen and ink sketch of an English soldier. A good pen and ink sketch has been received from **Harold Sexsmith**, Indianapolis, Ind.—**Clarence D. Herr**, Creswell, Pa., is an enthusiastic admirer of THE AMERICAN BOY. He thinks we know the medicine that boys need. He has had poor success in raising pigeons, the rats having killed them all. He plays the autoharp.—**Namuel M. Barrett**, Washington, D. C., thinks we ought to give the boys some shorthand lessons. We propose to do so, but not before next fall.—**George Lester Brownington**, Fairmount, Md., writes us an interesting letter, in which he describes a game played by the boys of his locality.—**Louis A. Miller**, Chown, Minn., is a young farmer. He works ten acres of land, keeps a horse, two cows, some chickens and several pigs. He is earning money with which to attend the State Agricultural School in Minnesota. Louis has discovered that he has ability as an artist. About three months ago he began drawing likenesses. He sends a picture of President McKinley drawn with a pencil. It certainly is remarkably well done for a boy who has never had instruction and has practiced so little.—**C. V. Runyon**, a Clarksville, Tenn., boy, says he supposes saloons are as bad in the North as they are in the South, but there is one at Clarksville "that has the nerve to use a gravestone for a carriage block."—**Claude M. Johnson** lives on a 265 acre farm at Blue Earth, Minn. He is the owner of a sheep, a pony and a young Jersey heifer, and in partnership with his brother he has six guinea pigs, and this summer will raise ducks. The river runs a short distance from his home and the boys are this summer to have a row-boat.—**Clyde Dorsey**, a Mt. Cory (O.) boy, has been inspired by reading THE AMERICAN BOY to put in his summer at money-making work. He says he can hardly wait till school is out to go to work

raising poultry and making a garden. He says he wants to see THE AMERICAN BOY reach the home of every boy in the United States.—**Harry Danekor**, Waterbury, Conn., writes a very interesting letter in which he tells how he came to subscribe for THE AMERICAN BOY and how delighted he is with it. He says he collects stamps and that his attic room is fixed up as an office, and there he does all his work. He won first prize among the first year pupils in the Evening Art School in Waterbury last year. He has a camera and a stereopticon, and has done some studying and experimenting in electricity.—**Amos J. Isuacio**, Halawa, Hawaiian Islands, writes that since he has taken THE AMERICAN BOY he has reformed in habits and manners; that he is glad to have such a companion as THE AMERICAN

Conn., and many other boys are sending us poetry of their own composition. While it is pleasant to know that boys aspire to write verse and some of them succeed remarkably well—it is best that they should understand that there is no room in THE AMERICAN BOY for the printing of their contributions, much as we should like to give them publication. Our boys should keep in mind that THE AMERICAN BOY has many more than 100,000 readers. The inevitable result is that we are receiving, daily, essays and poetry from all quarters of the globe and that not even a very small portion of it can ever see the light in the pages of our paper, however interesting and however deserving the contributions may be. Boys must not take it to heart if they do not see their verses in print.—**Hudson Rapp**, Englewood, Ill., sends another "Floral Love Story." We think the one published in February will be enough in this line for some months to come.—**Charles F. Taylor**, Minneapolis, Minn., wants to see something in the paper about wireless telegraphy.—**Claude M. Lincoln**, Sawens, N. Y., sends a pen and ink sketch that has some merit. The subject interests us, as it represents a boy reading a copy of THE

says THE AMERICAN BOY is inspiring him to do things. This boy has a bank account and owns forty five shares of stock in one oil company and four shares in another. He says he is going to get his name on the Roll of Honor this year.—**J. A. Warren**, Gordontown, N. C., wants to know how to mount arrow points.—**Edmund McBride**, Davisville, Cal., sends some good pencil sketches.—**Otto Reaume**, Essex, Ont., age fourteen, works in a dentist's laboratory after school and Saturdays, learning to make and polish plates. He has at his home a workshop, 15x10, and almost an entire kit of tools. He and another boy spend much of their time in making boats, sleds, wagons, etc. He is also interested in stamps, coins and curios.—**Lewis M. Perkins**, Durango, Col., sends us some pencil sketches that are very good for a boy of eleven. He talks right from the shoulder. He says he and his brother have a scramble every time THE AMERICAN BOY comes, in their endeavor each to see it first. He closes his letter by saying, "It's a genuine bully paper and reaches our hearts. Hurrah for THE AMERICAN BOY!"—**Allie Kendrick**, Mason Springs, Md., age thirteen, sends us a crayon drawing of a locomotive. He asks that it be reproduced in THE AMERICAN BOY, but being in colors we cannot reproduce it. He lives in the country and goes two and one half miles to school. His home is twenty miles from the national capital, which he visits about twice a year.—**Ralph Corlett**, Jacksonville, O., wants to know where he can get a young water spaniel? We would suggest that he write some one of the advertisers in THE AMERICAN BOY, Animal Department.—**George Carleton Lacy** a Foochow (China) American boy, writes a long letter, describing cotton mattress-making in China, all of which we would like to print but are unable to do so for want of space.



Where the Pittsburg Newsboys Lunch.

Two boys run a lunch counter on Virgin avenue in the rear of the Pittsburg (Pa.) City Hall. These boys are Ben Cutler and Cristy Cayler, two newsboys who graduated from the "perfesh" and are now making a nice little income selling sandwiches, rolls, cakes and coffee to three or four hundred newsboys. The counter is a big dry goods box covered with oilcloth. At the back of the counter is a little gas heater where the tin pot full of coffee is kept warm. The prices are about one half those charged in a cheap restaurant. The sandwiches sell at two cents, cakes and doughnuts one cent each, pie one cent a cut, coffee one and two cents a cup, according to its size. A sign painted on paper hangs over the stand, giving prices, and also showing the picture of an owl eating a wienerswurst sandwich. There is also a picture of a boy chewing at a big, long roll. This is supposed to whet the boys' appetites. A bucket of water stands under

the table into which the cups are dipped after being used. After a hundred or so have been rinsed the bucket is emptied and fresh water put in. The city authorities allow the boys kitchen room in the basement of the City Hall, where on a gas heater they make two or three cans of coffee every day. It is said they clear from five to six dollars a day between them. They claim they make only ten dollars a week, but those who are in position to know say that they really make more than that figure.

The young proprietors are philanthropists on a small scale. Many a newsboy who goes broke gets a feed at the stand, and many is the dime and nickel that the young merchants have loaned the boys. The restaurant being on the "help yourself" principle, customers often get more than they pay for. It is a great temptation for unscrupulous boys to grab two cents' worth of food and only pay one cent for it.

BOY. He was born at St. Michael, Azores, and has just begun to enter school, having been a telegraph operator in Hilo.—**Henry C. Miller**, Philadelphia, Pa., sends us a report of the success of the Penn Treaty Juniors' Basket Ball team, which was organized September 12, 1901. The team is composed of bright, intelligent boys in the Twentieth Ward, Philadelphia. They played eleven games, out of which they won six. They play at Keystone Hall, Third and Grand Avenues, every Friday evening. A marked improvement in the team has been noted of late, and they are expecting to make a better record in the future.—**Harold A. Crane**, Stamford Springs,

AMERICAN BOY.—**Herman W. Rear-don**, Brooklyn, N. Y., stood at the head of the boys' list in the eighth grammar grade during February. He sends some very good pencil sketches, which show talent. He thinks we ought to have more in the paper for boys in the cities who have no big back yards.—**W. G. Dancer**, Stockbridge, Mich., asks what depth a stone-filled trench around a rabbit park should be made to keep the rabbits from digging out. He also wants to know how large a dove box should be made for the use of sitting doves. His doves have a park six feet high, twelve feet long and six feet wide.—**Fraser G. Hart**, Hyattsville, Ky.,

### To Keep Boys Off the Street.

The National Curfew Association is trying to keep the boys and girls of large cities in the United States off the streets at night. It has been at work in this country for less than ten years, but already Curfew ordinances stand on the statute books of two thousand cities. The ordinance provides generally for boys and girls under fifteen years of age, requiring that they be in their homes at eight o'clock at night in winter and nine o'clock in summer, unless accompanied by parents or absent by special permission from home. The officer arresting them must first take them home to ascertain the wishes of their parents. Many of the two thousand cities report a decrease of eighty per cent in arrests and the imprisonment of minors since the regulation has gone into effect. Alexander Hogeland, of Louisville, Ky., is president of the Association.

The Current Events Club, a women's club of Bucyrus, O., has among its committees an American Boy committee. Splendid! Here is a women's club that is on the right track.

The Chicago charitable organizations take care of about 4,000 of Chicago's destitute children, whereas in New York City 24,000 are taken care of in such institutions.



Drawn by EDGAR NELSON.

Drawn by CLAUDE M. LINCOLN.

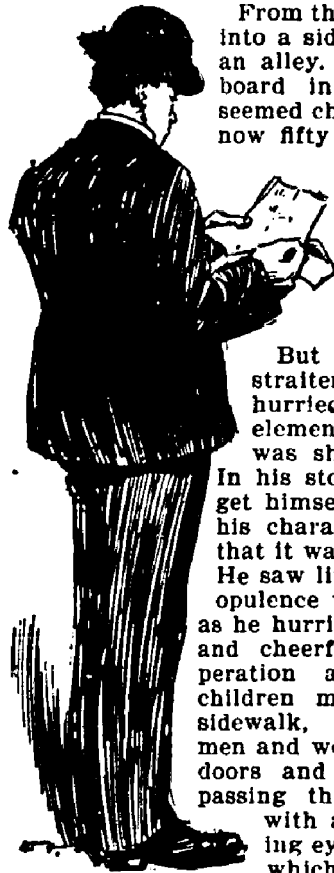
# A Position on the Staff—Frank H. Sweet

Roy Kendall had followed up the mails very assiduously these last few days, so this morning, when a thin letter was passed out to him by the postmaster, his fingers clutched it with eager, almost hungry, anticipation. A thin letter meant a personal communication, perhaps something more; a thick one would have been merely a manuscript returned and so much postage lost. And of late postage had been a very important consideration with Roy. His last bill had been changed, and the change itself was slipping away or giving place to fewer and smaller coins. The day before, he had gone without breakfast and dinner and had restricted himself to crackers for supper, just to indulge himself in a few more stamps to send out articles, and no matter how many returned, or how often, he was sanguine enough to think that perhaps the next would be a successful one.

Many times during these last few days he had wondered if it might not be a mistake—if the story accepted by the Boston magazine and the half dozen articles by farm papers might not have been merely a bit of good fortune instead of an assurance that he could make a future for himself as an author. As a farm boy he could earn a living. Could he do as much as a writer? An hour ago he would have answered with a discouraged negative; now, with flushed face and throbbing heart, he slipped into a corner to open the letter, which might mean much, because it was thin. But there was no check inside, not even the fraction of a dollar in postage stamps, which certain of the periodicals occasionally sent for short articles; and the letter itself merely stated that the story was held over for further consideration, but might be returned on account of pressure on the columns.

It was not much, but Roy sprang down the post office steps with lightened heart. The letter was from a good house, and the fact that his story was held for further consideration showed that it was regarded as worthy of a place in the magazine. What had he been thinking of, to get discouraged so easily?

A rapid calculation convinced him that his remaining sixty cents would furnish crackers and cheese for three days, and still leave twenty, and perhaps thirty cents for postage; and by that time he might hear from some of the articles sent out.



From the principal street he turned into a side one, and from that into an alley. Four dollars a week for board in a well-kept house had seemed cheap six months before, but now fifty cents a week for a room in this alley was felt to be high; and his living had narrowed down to the cracker barrels of grocery stores, relieved by the occasional luxury of a meal at a cheap restaurant.

But he was not thinking of straitened circumstances as he hurried along, but rather of the elements of a new story which was shaping itself in his mind. In his stories he could almost forget himself and his hunger, and in his characters could shape success that it was easy to imagine his own. He saw little of the life around, the opulence that changed to indigence as he hurried along, the complacency and cheerfulness that became desperation and despair. Emaciated children moved listlessly upon the sidewalk, and hungry, despondent men and women stared drearily from doors and windows. He had been passing them for weeks now, but with absorbed mind and unseeing eyes. Even the great strike, which had caused apprehensive

leaders in the newspapers, had meant little to him. His world had comprised the attic in which he wrote, and the hurried trips between it and the post office, and little else. He had found no time to read the newspapers, and he had not yet learned to read the deeper pages of humanity around. He did not even see the mite crawling upon the sidewalk until his foot came in contact with it, and he was brought to a dismayed stop by a weak, pitiful wail of protest. Then he emerged from his reverie with an exclamation of self-reproach and caught the child up in his arms. A doorway opened directly upon the sidewalk, and from somewhere within he could hear a low moaning. This was evidently the mite's home, and he hurried through the doorway into a room that had never seen sunlight and where ventilation was almost unknown.

When he rushed out, five minutes later, and hurried away in search of a doctor, the story and the possible amount he could save for postage were gone from his mind, and he was throbbing with the pity of his sharp contact with distress. It seemed strange that a mere wall could divide this outside sunlight from what he had seen within. When he returned with the doctor he made a hurried calculation of his pennies, and then sought a grocery store and expended them to the last coin. Already the pedestal of his dreaming was crumbling away, but unconsciously he was raising another, that would reach into the infinite heights of humanity.

When he returned to the attic he was unconscious of hunger, of the manuscripts that could not be sent out, of the unfinished story. He was thinking of this distress, which seemed almost beyond hope, of the despair and destitution, compared with which his own seemed weak and trivial. And it was not an isolated case, he realized, but only one of thousands that were

not even concealed from the indifferent gaze of the street. The more he thought, the more pitiable and terrible it all seemed, and he wondered if the opulent portion of the city could know of the utter destitution that almost reached their back entrances. Assuredly they could not, for if they did they would not suffer it to exist.

Almost unconsciously he took paper and pen and began to write; but as he wrote his brain grew clearer and his ideas took more definite, more practical shape. Why not bring the poor people to the rich people and let them be fed? An account in the newspapers would be read by those who could not otherwise be reached; and if he could only make them see things as he had seen them, then surely they would do as he would, were he able.

He was not thinking of fine writing and well-rounded periods; his thoughts were in the dark room opening upon the alley and in the spacious homes fronting the avenues and parks, and he was trying to bring them together. He did not even remember that he had never written an article for a newspaper in his life, and that most of what he had written was packed away in his trunk. His thoughts were rather of the crawling mite and its mother, and their need.

At midnight he was still writing, his brain busy and his heart full of the pity of it all; and it was only when a new day began to sift into the attic that he gathered up his papers and went out. He did not send them through the mail, for he had no postage, but went directly to the office of the largest newspaper in the city and thrust them into the hands of a messenger boy, telling him to take them to the editor. Then he hurried to the dark room which opened upon the alley, to see if he might be of use.

By night he was very hungry, but he was less conscious of that than of the dark rooms he had seen during the day. Again he wrote, and again, when a new day crept into the room he hurried to the newspaper office and thrust his manuscript into the hand of a boy.

He had not thought of the post office the day before, but now he went round that way, swaying slightly as he walked, for he was weary and faint with sleeplessness and hunger. When the clerk passed out an envelope that was bulky with returned manuscript he turned away, but was arrested by a "Hold on! Here's another." This was a thin one, and he opened it with trembling fingers. Inside was a brief note, and inside the note a slip of paper that made his eyes glisten. The note said:

"Inclosed find twenty dollars for your article on 'Destitution at Our Doors.' Call at our office when convenient. We can offer you a position on our staff."  
"MANAGING EDITOR."

## A Man of Large Heart and Large Wisdom.

There are a great many nominal friends of boys—persons who are ever ready to explain how eager they are to help the American boy in his efforts to overcome unfavorable environment, but there are surprisingly few who are ready to prove their sincerity by their works. It is refreshing to find a man whose sincerity goes beyond mere lip service. Such an one is Judge Ben B. Lindsey, one of the judges of the County Court of Arapahoe County, Colorado, of which Denver is the county seat. One branch of this court is termed the Juvenile Court, because the statutes impose upon it the duty of enforcing the laws affecting juveniles. All boys sixteen years of age and under who are guilty of offenses of any character, from a violation of the compulsory school law to the more serious offenses, are prosecuted in this court. In this way the Judge is brought in continual contact with that unfortunate class of boys common to all large cities.

Judge Lindsey, desiring to enlist the aid of THE AMERICAN BOY, which he says he is convinced is a publication doing great good in encouraging, instructing and edifying the youth of the country, has undertaken to raise the money necessary to buy one hundred subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY, to be given to such boys, from nine to sixteen years of age, as come before him in his capacity as Judge of the Juvenile Court. Judge Lindsey says the boys upon whom he must pass judgment are in very few cases really vicious, but are rather misdirected and the result of unfavorable environments. They respond, says he, wonderfully to encouragement and assistance. Under the Colorado system sentence is suspended on such boys during good behavior, and regular school attendance or employment is required of them, and they are compelled to report at the session of the Juvenile Court once every two weeks.

The effort to help these boys has been successful to an extent that is extremely gratifying, and an effort is being directed toward making the system as perfect as possible. "We cannot, however, make much progress," says Judge Lindsey, "without good reading matter in the hands of these boys. I am satisfied it is just as easy to get them to read good literature as the dime novel class, but they need the literature itself and they need guidance. They are for the most part too poor to purchase these publications and they know nothing of them. It seems easy for them to obtain what they ought not to have. Dime novels at some bookstores sell for but a few cents."

Judge Lindsey addressed a few letters to prominent men of Denver setting forth his plan with reference to THE AMERICAN BOY, with the result that he had the money in hand for the subscriptions within a few days. We cannot forbear congratulating Judge Lindsey on his possession of a big heart, and quoting as our sentiments the language of one of his friends who, in writing him enclosing a subscription of ten dollars for the purpose, said: "I think you deserve very great praise both as a judge and as a man for the work you are engaged in and the time you are giving to it."



At midnight he was still writing.



# Billy Newgate's Nephew—Willard Lamonte Hartshorn



BILLY NEWGATE'S NEPHEW.

Any one acquainted with college boys in a crowd, who has seen or been the mark of their chaff, can easily imagine how Billy Newgate felt when they selected him as the butt of their fun on the baseball trips. Billy played shortstop on the team and was a very popular fellow, but he had one failing which led to his ruin. His sister's little boy was too fascinating and caused the proud uncle to tell his pranks to the fellows who cared little about youngsters in general and least about those which were not of their immediate family. So it was that Billy Newgate was called "uncle," "my sister's brother," or some other epithet referring to the nephew of which he was so proud. No baby was seen on the trips that some one did not remark how wonderfully like Billy it looked, that it had his hair or his eyes and if the baby was

extremely young, they thought its teeth might be like Billy's. The little shortstop paid no attention to the talk and took all the jokes in good humor, which made the boys try harder to find something that would affect him seriously.

After winning a hard game toward the end of the season the management saw fit to take the team to the theatre. The performers had seen the game in the afternoon and out of respect and honor for the victors had donned their colors. This put the boys and their supporters in the best of spirits, and when each actor appeared he was welcomed with a burst of applause which made him think that he was fast climbing to the top, so great was his popularity. Whenever the villain came on the stage he was roundly hissed, to show that he was doing his part well. In everything it was evident that college spirit was rife and the manager was practical enough to give the fellows their way as long as they did not interrupt the play.

One scene was especially touching and quieted the whole house. A mother was forced to part with her baby, which the court had decreed to the father when the divorce was granted. The acting was good and worked well up to the spirit of the reality, but just as the little baby was lifted from its crib to be given to the father, a wild yell broke from the first few rows of the audience, while the curtain slowly went down.

"Billy Newgate's nephew. Billy Newgate's nephew. Hey, hey. Get your nephew, Billy. Don't let them take him away."

One of the boys jumped up on his seat and called a yell for the baby. "Come, fellows, give a yell for Billy's nephew. Now, one, two, three—"

The yell was then repeated for the actors. Billy Newgate tried to quiet them, but it was useless, and the audience, surmising the point of the joke, caught the enthusiasm of the boys and let them have their fun without a murmur.

This was the way it went all spring. Nothing came up that did not bear an allusion to the terrible infant whom Billy loved so much. There were attempts to stop the fun in his direction and divert it to some other man, but every such attempt was a failure. How long it might have gone this way can only be imagined, but one day an event occurred which changed the state of affairs.

The team was returning to college after winning a game in the neighboring state and, as usual, the fun was directed toward Billy. As this was going on, a colored woman came in with a number of little black babies who seemed about the same age. The shout that went up from the boys was a merry one, and Billy laughed as heartily as the others. Later he took a seat away from the crowd in order to study for the next day's work.

He was not so deeply buried in his book that he failed to notice the woman who took the seat in front of him. She was poorly dressed but had a sweetly intelligent face which was lighted up by two deep blue eyes. Her only companion was a little boy about four years old. He was small for his age and the white face looked at people so pleadingly that one could not help but take a second glance. This second glance revealed that he was lame and bore a small crutch in his hand. They were a queer couple, this mother and son.

The woman so held the boy that he could see the scenery as they whirled along. It was like a new book whose pages were constantly disclosing strange pictures.

So tenderly did the mother think of the innumerable things which made him more comfortable that Billy wondered if she talked with her eyes, they were so like the beautiful eyes of her boy.

As the conductor came down the aisle toward them, the woman grew nervous, but gave him her ticket without a word. He punched it and passed on. Later, as he was coming through, she stopped him and said she was going home, but her last cent would only take her miles from her destination.

"I paid all the money I had for the ticket you have taken. Can't I go home without more money," she asked, "and when I am there I will earn enough to pay for my fare?"

The conductor shook his head. "It's against the rules, lady, and I couldn't do it. You'll have to get out at the station you bought your ticket for."

The woman turned away with a sob and the conductor started up the aisle. Billy had become so interested that he forgot what he was doing as he said: "She won't."

"What's that?" The conductor turned around and looked at the young athlete with a glance full of rage and meanness.

"I said she could go anywhere she wanted to and she can."

"I'm running this train, you young fool, and I'll trouble you to keep quiet. When I say what is going to be done, I mean it and won't be contradicted by you. If you say anything I'll put you off the train."

"I'm not looking for a mix-up, but if you try to put me off the train we'll have a three ring circus here in just two seconds and I won't be the clown, either. You've only to get that crowd of healthy hyenas started and they'd drop you off your own train before we'd gone a mile."

"Please don't have any trouble," said the mother, "I'll get off where it is necessary."

"Well, ma'am," began the conductor.

"You get out of here," Billy interrupted. "I'm carrying on a conversation with this lady and you're not wanted."

He leaned over the seat and paid no further attention to the official, who now walked angrily away. The rest of the team had heard the trouble and were eager to join in but the manager held them in check.

"Madam," said Billy, lifting his hat to the tearful mother, "may I take your boy for a few minutes? I'll be very careful of him. I'm used to handling youngsters. I—you see, I have a nephew whom I like pretty well and I'm fussing with him a lot."

"Well," hesitated the mother, "I shouldn't want any harm to come to Roy. He's the only one I have now and it seems as if my whole life lay in him. It's his birthday to-day and I didn't have enough money to buy him a present, but I told him about it. I think he understands."

"Of course he does," said Billy, slightly touched. "All I wanted was to take him up to the fellows in the front of the car. He won't be afraid and I promise you I'll bring him back safely. You really must let me take him." Billy said persuasively, adding, as he saw her hesitate still, "He has such fine eyes. His hair, too, is light. He's very much like my nephew."

What woman is proof against compliments about her boy, especially if it is her only one? Billy took the little fellow up in his arms, crutch and all. Hardly had he gotten him well placed with the one unemployed little arm about his neck than the fun commenced from the team.

"Billy's found his nephew. Hey, Billy, bring him down and introduce us."

"Just what I'm going to do," the young fellow said, starting toward his comrades.

He told them all about the mother, the boy and the shortness of funds, ending with his plan of campaign.

"And now, fellows, I want you to chip in and send this youngster home with his mother. I know you're shy of money but I am, too. This future citizen of the United States has got to go home and besides all that he has got to have money enough left to buy him a birthday present. Come, out with your cash and be liberal."

Billy passed his hat among the team. Who of you knows how a college boy's exchequer stands? Well, this crowd of boys was no different from any other, so just the fare was secured.

"This won't do at all. Haven't you got any more money?"

None of them had and the Captain asked Billy if he was going to be a missionary. "It's their business to squeeze money out of a rock, but it would be a pretty good missionary who could get money out of this crowd."

The matter ended by the manager's offering to give the boy a present. "And make it up by increasing your incidental column," one of the team suggested.

Billy carried the cripple back to his mother and gave her the money he had collected. She accepted

it for her boy's sake. Her thanks were too great for words, but she blessed him from the bottom of her heart, which was all that anyone could have wished had they seen the joy in her face.

While Billy was gone, his comrades had taken advantage of his absence to hold a meeting. They decided that there should be no more fun at his expense and that nephews should be left entirely out of the talk. When Billy came back among them, one of his friends proposed a final yell for "Billy Newgate and his nephew."

## Chicago's Street Boys.

There are in Chicago about six thousand newsboys, of whom one thousand, five hundred are employed in what is known as the down town district, north of Fourteenth street and extending a short distance west to the river. But this is not all of the rough-and-ready element. There is a vast army of messenger and telegraph boys, another army of bootblacks, and still another of office boys. Then there are the "sleepouts"—the waifs and strays. Of the newsboys 80 per cent are Italians, most of whom have homes; 10 per cent are Jews, most of whom have homes, and the other 10 per cent are chiefly Americans. There is a considerable number of homeless boys who sleep where they can find a place—in the Newsboys' Home or in some lodging house, or in some building or alley. The boys in the down town district have considerable leisure time, which they employ in unprofitable ways, including gambling. Many of them spend their evenings at the low theaters under the most corrupting influences. It has been stated that there is absolutely no place of resort for these boys in the down town district where they can enjoy innocent pleasures and wholesome influences. John F. Atkinson, for three and one half years financial secretary of the Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society, is endeavoring to organize a "Boys' Club and Pleasant Evenings" in the down town district at an estimated cost for the first year of four thousand dollars. A public meeting attended by over one hundred of the leading workers for boys in Chicago was held in the Women's Temple November 12 last for consideration of the proposition.



"Madam . . . may I take your boy for a few minutes?"



"Mogy" Bernstein and His Newsboys' Home.

We are indebted to the Omaha Daily News for interesting snapshots of Mogy Bernstein's Newsboys' Home at Omaha. Mogy is the king of the Omaha newsboys, and his home for newsboys is under his bootblacking establishment, where he has fitted a large room with library, lunch counter, baths, athletic paraphernalia and games. As soon as Mogy announced that it was open and ready for business the boys came in with a rush, for they knew Mogy, and in a short time no less than one hundred and ten had registered their names.

The habits and dispositions of the boys

vary from the quiet youth who curls up contentedly at a reading table and devours magazines and books to the stalwart urchin who insists upon industriously punching the bag and trying to "bust de valve." Mrs. Cora Loudon is the matron of the Home. She says she finds the boys pretty hard to control at times, but the simple threat to report them to Mogy is enough to cause them to subside.

Every week each boy must take a shower bath, and it is laughable to hear the excuses that are put up for escaping this part of the program. During the latter part of the forenoon and between editions of the newspapers, the "newsies" run in and out of the Home to snatch a few minutes in reading, play a game of check-

ers, whack the bag or eat lunch, but it is not until after the supper hour that the battle is on in earnest. There are four of the punching bags, and when they get into healthy operation a battery of gatling guns becomes a mere patten in comparison. There are seven pairs of boxing gloves, and twenty eight small hands are mauling away for dear life all through the evening. On the wrestling mat other boys are trying their favorite tricks. All this doesn't seem to interfere at all with the boy who is struggling through a volume of stirring story for boys, for these little fellows are used to noise and hurry. At 9 o'clock the boys put on their coats and hats, the lights are turned out, and Mrs. Loudon and her assistant, Miss Maggie

Stevens, leave, after twelve hours' superintendence of the din.

Several homeless boys have been rescued by the Home. Some have been given cots where they may sleep in place of doorways and alleys that have heretofore been their resting places.

The Home has its heroes; among them is the heavy eater and prize fat boy. There is Jimmy Carroll, a twelve year old boy, noted as an athlete. He weighs about eighty five pounds and is dexterous at every sport known to boyhood. There is no boy in the country that can beat Jimmy at the punching bag. He is also a handy boy with the gloves, and takes care of himself well on the wrestling mat. He is as active as a young mountain lion.

### The Mother of the Confederacy.

The South honors and loves Mrs. Jefferson Davis, and this feeling is shared in a large measure by every one in the North who knows her life history and her lovable character. Mr. L. P. Yerger, a prominent Mississippian residing at Greenwood in that state, and friend of THE AMERICAN BOY, sends us a clipping from the Clarion Ledger, of Jackson, Miss., of date Feb'y 15, describing the notable reception given by the Mississippi Legislature to Mrs. Jefferson Davis in the hall of the House of Representatives at Jackson, Feb'y 15 last. We have not the space to describe fully the interesting event. The formal address of welcome to Mrs. Davis was made by Judge Newnan Cayce, and it deserves to be read by every boy, North and South, as a touching tribute to motherhood and a feeling reference to "the lost cause" that must touch every heart. Judge Cayce said:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Mississippians all: This is a family reunion. We have here our household gods, our lares and penates, our family altar, and we are gathered at home under the old roof tree. The noblest, purest, sweetest, tenderest word that human lips can utter, and one around which clusters forever our best and truest emotions is mother. From the time our eyes first open upon scenes terrestrial to the time they close to open upon scenes celestial our love for our mother is the one indestructible, unchangeable expression of our heart's best emotions. It is given of God and is eternal. No condition, no cir-

cumstance, no vicissitude, no fate can affect it, and that love finds to-day its fittest and fullest expression here with us. From every portion of the State of Mississippi it flows in sweetest waves to the capital city, bearing upon its bosom the tenderest prayer and blessings of all Mississippians. It lovingly murmurs and ripples here around our mother, and with a tenderness unspeakable takes her into its heart. We say to her that she is at home with her children, at home, at home, with the children, and never crowned queen had more loving, loyal hearts, nor more devoted children than gather around her to-day.

I have mentioned the love of the children for the mother, but there is a purer, deeper, higher, far better love than this. It comes direct from the heart of God, and bears the impress of His eternal, unchangeable, all-encompassed love. It is the love of the mother for the children, and finds its fullest manifestation and sweetest expression in the journey which our mother, weighted down with years, under physical infirmities and at the risk of her life, has journeyed a thousand miles to see her children. It is said that the spirits of our loved ones, who are waiting for us, ever linger near us with tender, loving solicitude, while our pilgrimage lasts. If this be true, and I think it is, what a grand presence is with us here to-day. Could He but lift the veil dividing mortality from immortality, what a vision would we behold? First, as first he is in the hearts of all Mississippians, would be our immortal president, Jefferson Davis. Grouped around him are the familiar forms and faces so dear to us all,

Lamar, Walthall, George Stone, Humphreys, Barksdale, Griffith, Posey, Reynolds, Percy, Power, Simonton, Tyson and innumerable legions of others of lesser fame but equal glory.

I believe it is the spiritual inspiration we receive from them that enables us to be strong in the duty for which they died and for which we made every sacrifice but that of life, and this was freely and frequently offered, and which will enable us to say, when our summons come, that our hearts will sink into the grave with the "proud consciousness that they never had one pulsation not in unison with the honor and glory of our country." And the duty we owed to the cause and its survivors—voicing the sentiment of every Mississippian and speaking for them (turning and bowing to Mrs. Davis), I say to you:

"If I were a charm by a fairy wrought,  
I would bind you with a sign,  
And never again should a gloomy thought  
Overshadow thy spirit's shrine.  
If I were a memory past alloy,  
I would linger where thou art;  
If I were a thought of abiding joy  
I would nestle in thy heart."

Turning to the audience, Judge Cayce concluded his address as follows:

My comrades and friends, I have the pleasure and honor of presenting to you our mother, and the mother of our dear, dear, dead Confederacy, Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

Mrs. Davis arose slowly to her feet. There was apparent a glistening of the

eyes and she made two or three efforts to give voice to her thoughts, but could not. Finally, by a supreme effort, and in a voice choked with emotion, wavering with stifled sobs, she said:

"Gentlemen, all I can say is that the name of Mississippi will be written on my heart when I die, and that I shall always keep enshrined the people of Mississippi, who clung so closely to the cause of a defeated man. I can say no more."

The last words came feebly and with the greatest effort. The tears streamed down her cheeks, tears that spoke volumes impossible of conveyance in mere words, and Mrs. Davis sobbed and cried like a little child as she sank back gently into the strong arms of Speaker Russell and Lieut.-Gov. Harrison, who assisted her to the large chair immediately in the rear of the stand. She was handed a glass of water, kind and encouraging words were spoken in her ear, and a few moments later a genial smile illumined her face, and arrangements were made for the reception and handshaking that followed.

### Looking Ahead.

A New York City attorney, Ralph C. Ely, when on a business trip to Silver City, New Mexico, ran across a bright boy in poor circumstances. He at once arranged to have THE AMERICAN BOY sent to the boy, and in his letter sending the subscription expressed the hope that through the inspiration of this publication the boy might grow into a second Lincoln.





THE FIGHT AT THE ROCK—SCENE II.

**The Last of the Mohicans.**

Our pictures show three stage scenes in a pantomime illustrating Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," as given by some of the members of the William Penn Charter School, of Philadelphia. The pantomime consists of eleven scenes introduced by a reader. The first scene is merely an introduction of characters, and on the occasion when the pantomime was given by the boys represented the characters whose names are set opposite:

- Magua, the Huron.....Roland Mulford
- Cora, Monroe's eldest daughter.....Edward Hopkins
- Alice, Cora's sister.....Charles Schwartz
- Duncan, Major of the 60th in the King's service.....Edwin Cook
- David Gamut, the singing master.....Walter Gibb
- Hawkeye, the scout.....Henry Freund
- Chingachgook, the Mohican chief.....Alba Johnson
- Uncas, the last of the Mohicans.....Henry Hyneman

The second scene represented the fight on the rock at Glens Falls, and this is shown in one of our illustrations. The third scene represented the cave under the Falls, where Cora, Alice, David and Duncan were discovered by the savages and carried into captivity. The fourth scene represented Cora, Alice, David and Duncan as prisoners among the Indians. The fifth scene represented Monroe, Duncan, Hawkeye and the Mohican searching the fields of the massacre for a trace of the missing Cora, Alice and David. The sixth scene

showed where Uncas had been captured by the Hurons. This scene was exceedingly realistic as acted by the boys, representing a double line of hideously-painted savages with arms waving and knives and tomahawks gleaming, while



PRISONERS AMONG THE INDIANS—SCENE IV.

the agile Uncas, who was being made to run the gauntlet, darted here and there among the enraged enemies dodging their blows. The seventh scene represented the great Chief and Judge of the Delawares giving his decision in favor

"Bet your life I don't keep none; I ain't such a sneak."  
 "You give it all to him?"  
 "Yes, I do. All the boys give up what they get on his job. I'd like to catch any feiler sneaking it on a sick boy."  
 The shine being completed, the merchant handed the urchin a quarter, saying:  
 "I guess you're a pretty good fellow, so you keep a dime, and give the rest to Jimmy."  
 "Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here you be, Jim."  
 He threw him the coin and was off like a shot after a customer for himself—a veritable rough diamond. There are many such lads, with warm and generous hearts under their ragged coats.—Presbyterian.

**For the Boys of American Towns.**

While a small city or country town may not be able to afford the luxury of a Y. M. C. A., we see no reason why the good men and women of such a city or town may not band together and give to the boys of the community such facilities for work and play as are given by the junior departments of the Young Men's Christian Associations, furnishing a room with the kind of literature that a boy ought to read, and, if possible, an additional room for games, such as crokinole, chess, checkers, etc. A little energy and consecrated zeal will result in a gymnasium outfit, and entertainments, outings, wheel clubs, summer camps, camera clubs, concerts, bible study classes, Sunday meetings, etc. This kind of work does not entail great expense; it only requires the earnest effort of a few intelligent adult friends of boys. To such the way will speedily open for the accomplishment of needed results.

**Poor Boys.**

Cornelius Vanderbilt was a farmer. Senator Farwell was a surveyor of land. A. T. Stewart began life as a school teacher.

Jay Gould was a surveyor and sold maps at one dollar and fifty cents each.

George W. Childs was a book-seller's errand boy at a salary of four dollars a month.

John Wanamaker began business life at a salary of one dollar and twenty five cents a week.

Andrew Carnegie began his business career in a telegraph office in Pittsburg at a weekly salary of three dollars.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a wretchedly poor farmer in Kentucky, and lived in a log cabin until he was twenty one years old.

Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of ten years by his widowed mother. He was never able to attend school and picked up all the education he ever had.

Ulysses S. Grant lived the life of a village boy, in a plain house on the banks of the Ohio river, until he was seventeen years of age.

William McKinley's early home was plain and comfortable, and his father was able to keep him at school.

James A. Garfield was born in a log cabin. He worked on a farm until he was strong enough to use carpenter's tools, when he learned the trade. He afterwards worked on a canal.

**A Veritable Rough Diamond**

A New York merchant called to a little bootblack to give him a shine. The little fellow came rather slowly for one of his guild, and planted his box down under the merchant's foot. Before he could get his brushes out another large boy ran up, and calmly pushing the little one aside, said:

"Here, you go sit down, Jimmy."

The merchant at once became indignant at what he took to be a piece of outrageous bullying, and sharply told the newcomer to clear out.

"Oh, dat's all right, boss," was the reply. "I'm only going to do it for him; you see, he's been sick in the hospital for more than a month, and can't do much work yet, so us boys all turn in and give him a lift when we can."

"Is that so, Jimmy?" asked the merchant, turning to the smaller boy.

"Yes, sir," wearily answered the boy, and as he looked up the pallid, pinched face could be discerned even through the grime that covered it. "He does it for me—if you'll let him."

"Certainly; go ahead;" and as the bootblack plied the brush the merchant plied him with questions. "You say that all the boys help him in this way?"

"Yes, sir. When they ain't got no job themselves, and Jimmy gets one, they turns in and helps him."

"What percentage do you charge him on each job?"

"Hey?" queried the boy—"don't know what you mean."

"I mean what part of the money do you give Jimmy, and how much do you keep?"



THE DEATH OF CORA—SCENE IX.

# Robert—Louise Hardenbergh Adams



I sat at my window watching the brown pine needles fall in showers on the lawn,

and wondering why my friend had not sent me the boy she promised. I had hired a man for a day's work, but he told me he was a college graduate and that wood-sawing was beneath him, and so it was, for he rested on the sawbuck most of the time. I had engaged a second one, but he fell in a fit on the doorstep, and it took the united efforts of the neighborhood to move him, so I made up my mind to try a boy, and was anxious for him to come. As I watched I saw a small boy dart through the upper gate, look about him and dart out. Some boy after pine nuts, I thought. I could just see the top of his cap outside the stone wall as he came down to the second gate, and made the same dart through that. The boy looked up at the house, then started down the stone steps that led to the back door. I knew he could find no one there, so I asked him from the window what he wanted. Off went his cap as he answered, "To see the lady, please."

"Wait there," I said, "I'll come down to see you." I was just ready to tell him that I had nothing for him, for I thought he was one of the many that wanted old clothes, but he gave me no chance in his eagerness to say, "I've come to work for you." "Poor youngster," I thought, "you work!" So small and weak he looked, I could not imagine what work he expected to do. "Please what shall I do first," and he looked so pleadingly at me as he said it, I hadn't the heart to disappoint the boy, and wanted to find him work if for only a few hours, so asked what work he had done.

"I was school janitor," he proudly answered, "three weeks on't."

"Then you can sweep. Can you rake off all these pine needles?" and I pointed to the lawn.

He looked about him and gave a chuckling laugh. I afterwards found this was one of his ways of answering a question. "I'll get the rake and begin," he said as he started to run down the steps.

I called him back, and told him how to

find what he wanted, then asked his name. "Mother calls me Robert," he answered. I then went back to my window to watch with wonder that small boy and the big rake that almost tripped him at times; but he used it well and made a good fight against the needles, pushing them in front of him, and gathering them in piles and burning them.

At noon I called him in for his dinner, but before he sat down he asked, "Was it in the bargain?" He told me he had picked berries, and that his meals had been counted in as part of his pay. I hastened to tell him to eat all he wanted, and that his pay would be just the same. I was busy about the kitchen and enjoyed his appreciation of the food. "Oh! that tasted good!" he exclaimed as he finished. "You cook like mother." That was Robert's highest form of praise. Nothing he could say meant more. I found him afterwards creeping on his hands and knees over the lawn, picking up everything that had escaped his rake.

He filled my woodbox until it became a leaning tower, split the kindlings so fine I had no need of paper, and carefully put all the pitch sticks on top of the basket. At five o'clock I told him he had worked enough for one day, and wanted him to stop.

"I came late, and it ain't a full day," he said. "I want to work square—a man must do that." He held to it until I told him that if he wanted to work for me he must do as I said. Then he was willing to take the pay for a day's work, and, promising to come Wednesdays after school and all day Saturdays, he started off on his three-mile walk to the shack he lived in, the happiest boy in town.

Wednesday he was on time, and eager to begin. I asked him if he was rested from his Saturday's work, and he looked at me in surprise.

He worked with a will at his wood and kindlings, and found time to help me a little with my flowers. "Mother likes them, too," he said; "but I'm too busy; a man can't fool with flowers."

"Robert," I asked, "how old are you?" for my curiosity was aroused.

"Good thirteen," he answered, as he drew up his thin little figure, and looked at me as if he had said thirty.

I found he had an older brother, and I wanted Robert to bring him to help when the heavy wood had to be carried in, but no, that hurt his feelings, he could do the work, and needed no help. He was proud in many ways, for the next Saturday he came with his pail, and all it held was a clean cloth wrapped about a crust of bread. I had hard work to make him eat the dinner I fixed, and had to tell him he must, if he was to be my man-of-all-work. After that I never saw the dinner pail, unless he brought it filled with berries he had picked for me, or with wild flowers he had walked miles to gather. Once when I was sick he brought it filled with little cheeses he had "asked mother to make," he said, as he handed me the

pail. "Them's good eatin'; they're fine with dry bread."

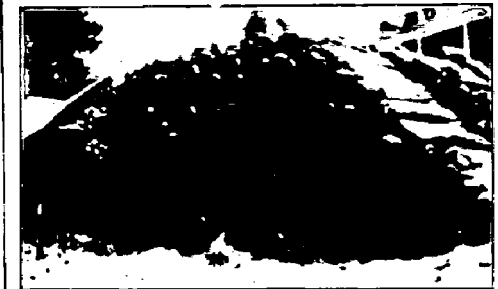
When I thanked him I said he had brought me too many.

He laughed as he answered, "I don't want you to hanker for more."

With twelve before me I hardly thought I should very soon.

As Robert and I got better acquainted, I found his pride and vexation was a cow. She was his own, and he had quite a story to tell of how she became so. "I was helpin' a man drive a lot of critters. They'd come a long ways, and one cow was beat out; she'd lag back, and keep the others, and at last she give out and laid down; the man did all he knew to start her up, but 'twas no use. At last he said, 'She's good as dead, we'll have to leave her'; so I asked him to give her to me, and he said I might have her for all he cared."

Robert made it plain that the cow had been given to him before he went on to tell how he went back to her before night and carried her water and bunch grass, and how he had taken the clothesline to tether her. The next day he coaxed her with grass to get up, and after much trouble and that meant hard work on his part,



he would proudly say, "I landed her at home, and now that fool cow is so frisky she'd rather run than eat, and when I'm late at work it's her fault—she's no feelin'." Then he would laugh and add, "But she gives fine milk all the same, and a man can put up with a lot for that."

As he earned money he bought chickens, and one day had much to tell me of a patent he expected to make a fortune from a set of elastic bands that would hold any hen on a nest full of eggs until she hatched them.

"But, Robert," I said, "suppose the hen don't want to sit?"

"She'll have to when I put on them bands," he answered. "They don't hold her tight, for she can move as far as they stretch, but she'll have to keep them eggs warm. I'll let her off at spells, but after a few days she'll be all right and easy." Poor Robert counted his chickens before they were hatched, for not a hen could he find willing to be easy day and night in elastic bands.

When the wood was brought in and piled

in the yard, Robert was filled with pride at the sight of the huge pile. He came to me with an old saw in his hand, asking: "What part of the pile shall I tackle first?" He was greatly disappointed when I told him it was the work of the steam saw to cut all that wood, and his work would be to help bring it in. The work of the saw had no charm for him; he felt defrauded.

Robert had a little sister, crippled with rheumatism, and his love for her was very deep. A thought or gift for Annie always made him happy. He worked long at a chair he expected to patent, but for some unknown reason it refused to move after she was put in it, and he had to give it up, but he did make a sled that saved him much work with the wood.

He felt grown up when he brought me the news: "Our family has saved and bought a lot; I'll put all my money in land, for a man's safer then. Now we'll build before winter and save rent."

I heard much of the new house, for they built it themselves, and Robert would have in it a fireplace, so he could sit near it and read. He was a book lover, and I did my best to keep him supplied with good reading. Years before in the eastern home we had taken many of the magazines for young people, and because of their associations with loved ones I had kept them. One day I gave them to Robert. He could hardly thank me, his delight was so great. He borrowed an old horse and cart that he might take them all home at once. He told me how he brought home from the woods pine cones and dry branches for his fire on the hearth, and after the day's work was done the family would gather about it. Sister, she had the warmest corner and the pile of papers nearest her, but all read them for hours. "Oh! them's fine readin', them's litatur," he would say, and if I had forgotten the story he was most interested in, he would tell it to me in the funniest way, and would end by saying, "S'pose it's true?"

Clean and upright in all his ways, Robert had little use for what he called "them rapid kids. Them boys ain't got sense 'nough to behave, don't know much as a cow."

Years passed and Robert grew tall and strong and began to talk of what he wanted to be. He decided plumbing just suited him. Sorry as I felt to give him up I found him a good place, and he left me, promising to do all our work free. Hardly a week passed that he didn't, as he said, "Just drop in to see how we was doin'," and to find fault with the work of the new boy.

I went back to my old home not long ago, and my heartiest welcome was from the tall, fine-looking young man that stopped his wagon in the middle of the street and left it there, while he came with outstretched hand to greet me. His voice was so hearty and his face so bright as he said, "Oh! I'm glad to see you. I think about the time when I worked for you, so often." I was glad to see Robert, and asked him how he was getting on. He looked at me as he had often done as a boy when proud of his work, and said: "I'm doin' fine and makin' money. Mother don't need to work hard. Sister, she's well and I'm goin' to keep her in school. She's fine at her books and she'll teach some day. I've two cows now, and a new sort of henhouse that keeps chickens warm 'nough to lay all winter, and I'm studyin' over a lot of things in plumbin' I'll patent sometime."

As I left him, thinking of how his faithfulness in the little things had led to the well-doing of all, I felt sure his ingenuity and patient work would have its sure reward.

### Holding Up Great Men as Models.

Do we not fail in our purpose when we say, "Now, Thomas, do you think George Washington acted like that when he was a boy?" And again, "Do you think Abraham Lincoln ever played when told to get his lessons?" "I don't believe you love George Washington, or you would try to be like him." What normal boy, or abnormal boy for that matter, with any spirit whatsoever, would not grow to hate the very name of the hero whose unimpeachable virtues are eternally held up before him, turned and twisted and distorted to fit every case of discipline? What love a boy who never snapped a rubber, never made pin music behind teacher's back, or played tick-tack; never did anything except what was just exactly in order! Even in your own room is this the kind of boy who is admired and looked up to by the other boys? In our zeal to instill into the thoughts and lives of our pupils the nobleness and the strength of the characters we would have them follow, our mistaken sentimentality often defeats the end sought. In insisting that the children love a man whose boyhood you hold up so colorlessly unlike his own you lose him altogether. It is the character that he must comprehend and love, and to do this, he must feel the bond of sympathy that makes them kin.

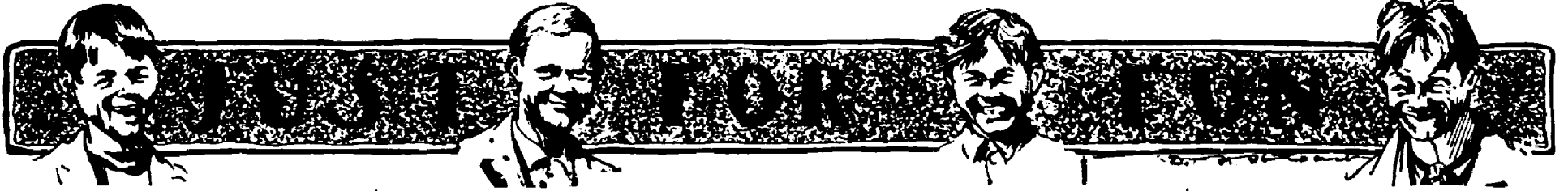
Then, again, however strong and beautiful the character of the man you portray, however perfect he may be as a man, you do not wish that he be made an exact model for the children to follow. A child can only grow through his own activities; and imitation as such, even of another's virtues, can only be a retarding factor. You do wish him to comprehend these virtues because they harmonize with his inmost nature, and the man comes to symbolize our ideal of strength and truth and true manhood, the ideal that would otherwise be abstract and vague.—Bessie Eggleston Bledsoe in Indiana Journal.



THE WILLIAM PENN CHARTER SCHOOL GYMNASIUM TEAM.

It would be difficult to find a finer-appearing lot of boys than that shown in our picture of the William Penn Charter School Gymnasium Team, Philadelphia.





**Stranger:** "Aw, how'll I go to Blank street from heah, me boy?"  
**Boy:** "I s'pose you'll do it wlt' de same duck waddle dat I saw yer comin' long der street wlt' jus' now."—The Chicago Daily News.

**It Didn't Hurt.**

"My tooth aches awful," said Willie. "Don't you think I'd better not go to school today?"  
 "No, you needn't go to school; I'll take you to the dentist's instead," said his mother.  
 "I think—I guess I—'d better go to school, after all," rejoined Willie. "The tooth aches, but—it don't hurt any."

**Just a Hint.**

"Father," asked Tommy, the other day, "why is it that the boy is said to be the father of the man?"  
 Mr. Tompkins had never given this subject any thought, and was hardly prepared to answer offhand. "Why, why," he said, stumblingly, "it's so because it is, I suppose."  
 "Well," said Tommy, "since I'm your father I'm going to give you a ticket to a theater and a dollar besides. I always said that if I was a father I wouldn't be so stingy as the rest of them are. Go in, and have a good time while you're young. I never had any chance myself."  
 Mr. Tompkins gazed in blank amazement at Tommy. Slowly the significance of the hint dawned upon him. Producing the silver coin, he said:  
 "Take it, Thomas. When you really do become a father, I hope it won't be your misfortune to have a son who is smarter than yourself."

**First Lesson in Golf.**

"What is the first thing to do when one goes out to learn to play golf?"  
 "Get photographed in the act of driving or putting or something."—Photographic Times.

**What the Crows Go For.**

Little Johnnie—Paw, crows go south for th' winter, don't they?  
 Parent—Naw, they go south for th' summer; they kin git all th' winter they want up north."—Ohio State Journal.

Mother: "But, Jacky, I don't think a clockwork engine would be a good toy for you to give baby. He's such a little thing, he'd only break it."  
 "Jacky: "O, but, mother, I'd promise you I'd never let him even touch it!"—Punch.

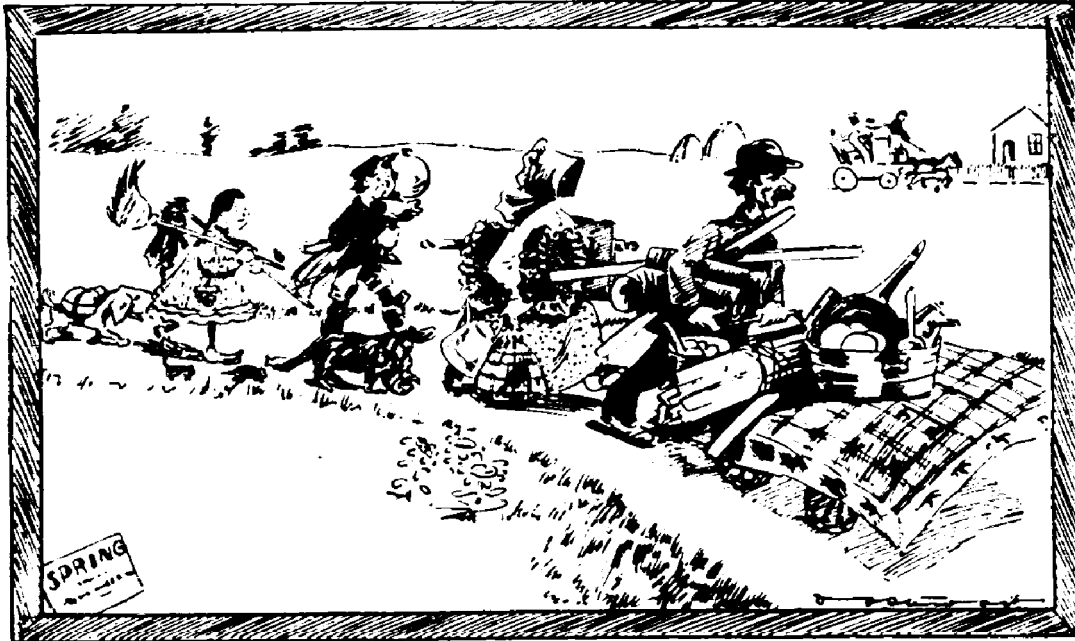
**A Rapid Accountant.**

Mr. Wholesale—Your former employer tells me you were the quickest bookkeeper in the place.  
 Applicant (dubiously)—He does?  
 Mr. Wholesale—Yes. He says you could chuck the books in the safe, lock up, and get ready to go home in just one minute and ten seconds.

**Arousing His Ambition.**

"The boy is all right," said the doctor, "but you want to talk to him and arouse his ambition. Promise him that you will take him somewhere when he recovers sufficiently to go out; talk to him about playing tag with the boys; there are lots of ways in which you can interest him."  
 Then the doctor addressed the boy, who was just recovering from a fever, saying:  
 "Come Mickey, cheer up, my boy; wouldn't you like to go and play tag with your playmates?"  
 A faint smile stole over the boy's face, but that was all.  
 "Stop, sir," said the father. "I'll arouse him. See here, Mickey," he asked, addressing the boy, "wouldn't yez like to go out and throw a rock through a Chinee man's windy?"  
 The boy immediately sat up in bed and asked for his trousers.  
 "I thought that 'ud fetch 'im," said the father with a proud smile. "he's all right, doctor dear."

**SPRING PICTURES FROM THE ACADEMY OF ARTS**



**Not So Much.**

Little Rudolph one day begged an invitation to dinner at the house of a little friend with whom he had been playing during the morning. At the table his hostess anxiously inquired:  
 "Rudolph, can you cut your own meat?"  
 "Humph!" said Rudolph, who was sawing away. "Can't I? I've cut a great deal tougher meat than this at home."

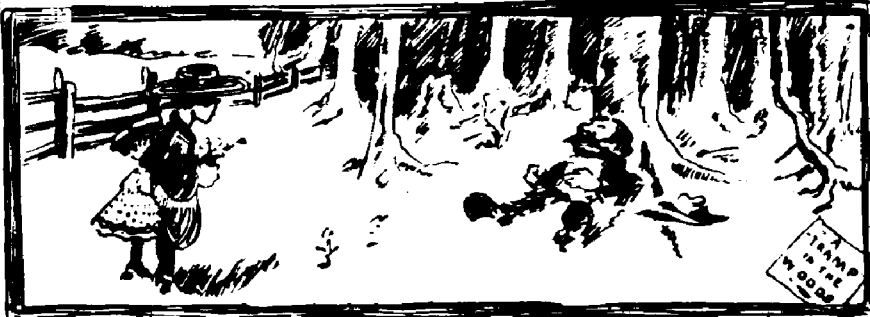


**He Caught On**

Mr. Commonstock: "I sent a Bible to my boy at college and requested him to read the chapters which I had marked. Then in each of those chapters I placed a five dollar bill."  
 Mr. Familyman: "Ah! A good scheme. Do you think he read them?"  
 Mr. Commonstock: "I guess so; for he's just mailed me the Bible, asking that I mark some more chapters and return as soon as possible."

**Human Tails.**

A group of children were one day heard comparing people with horses. "Horses can run," said one. "So can people," was the reply. "Horses have four feet and folks have only two," announced Clarence, and continued, "and horses have tails." "Folks have shirt tails," rejoined James.



**One for Bobby.**

"I understand," said little Bobby looking up from his lesson and keeping a forefinger temporarily between the pages of his history, "that there is only one man before whom the Czar of Russia must take off his hat."  
 "Why, yes—that's so. Your book tells all about it, eh? Who is it, did you say?"  
 "His hairdresser," said Bobby, getting busy.—N. Y. Times.

**Very Careful.**

As the daily train reached a Vermont village the other day, an antique-looking dame thrust her head out of the window opposite the refreshment room and briefly shouted: "Sonny!" A bright-looking boy came up to the window. "Little boy," she said, "have you a mother?" "Yes, ma'am." "Do you go to school?" "Yes, ma'am." "And are you faithful to your studies?" "Yes, ma'am." "Do you say your prayers every night?" "Yes, ma'am." "Can I trust you to do an errand for me?" "Yes, ma'am." "I think I can, too," said the lady, looking steadily down on the manly face. "Here is five cents to get me an apple. Remember, God sees you."

**Quite a Model.**

Mother: "I don't like the looks of that boy I saw you playing with on the street today. You must not play with bad little boys, you know!"  
 Son: "Oh, he ain't a bad little boy, mama! He's a 'good' little boy. He's been to the reform school two times, and they've let him out each time on account of good behavior."—Puck.

**Who Comes There?**

"Who comes there?" called little Willie, the sentry, in threatening tones, as he brought his deadly wooden gun into shooting position.  
 "A friend!" answered little Tommie from behind the rocking chair.  
 "Advance and give the countersign," hissed the sentry, "or I'll shoot your head off."  
 An ominous silence followed this terrible threat, then Tommie said plaintively: "I've fergot it."  
 "You can't remember nuthin'," exclaimed Willie in disgust, throwing down his gun. "Cum over here, an' I'll whisper it to yer ag'in."—Ohio State Journal.

chapters and return as soon as possible."

Tommy: "Ma, can I have two pieces of pie this noon?"  
 "Ma: "Certainly, Tommy. Cut the piece you have in two."—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Fond mother: "Are Johnnie's hands clean?"  
 Nurse: "They ought to be. Look at the towel."



No. 10—THE ATTRACTIVE BOY.



No. 9—THE PROMPT BOY.





My Visit to an Ostrich Farm.

TOM E. WHITEHEAD.

You who have never visited an ostrich farm have missed a rare treat. One does not have to go to Africa to visit one, for there are ostrich farms in the United States. The one that I visited is in Florida and is known as the Palm Beach Ostrich Farm; it is owned by Morton J. Taylor, of New York City. The farm is picturesquely situated on Lake Worth, three or four miles south of Palm Beach. It is surrounded by a high board fence, not to keep the ostriches in, but to keep people out.

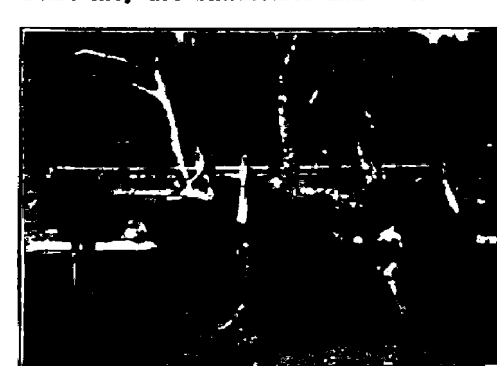
After paying the fee that is charged for passing through the gates I found myself looking at birds over 10 feet high and weighing from 250 to 400 pounds. Just think of it, boys, a bird twelve feet high and weighing over 400 pounds, such as is "Colonel Bob," whose picture is shown in one of our illustrations. Then there is "President McKinley," and "Queen Victoria," and "Mark Hanna" and wife, "Joe Wheeler" and "Alabama," "Napoleon" and "Josephine." Napoleon is the great fighting ostrich. No one dares enter his corral but the keeper, who goes in armed with a forked bamboo stick, which he presses against the ostrich's breast when he wants to keep him at a distance. While I was there the keeper entered the pen with no other weapon than a long, narrow bag. No sooner had he entered the corral than Napoleon made for him. With one sweep of his big foot the bird would have brought the keeper down, but the latter was too quick for him and jumped back, avoiding the stroke. Three successive times the ostrich tried to bring him down, and each time the keeper endeavored to get the bag over the ostrich's head. Finally the keeper succeeded, quickly slipping the bag over the ostrich's head, thus conquering the enraged animal. I thought at the very time when the keeper was most successful in his effort to blind the ostrich that the ostrich had him down, but the keeper had fallen on purpose. The ostrich was too quick for him and the only way that the man could escape was to throw himself upon the earth. He explained that an ostrich cannot hurt a man much if the man is lying on the ground. The bird can only kick hard when the object he kicks at is three or four feet above the ground. It is said that while an ostrich will attack an armed man on horseback, he will run from a little terrier dog.

I always understood that ostriches would eat anything, so I approached "Teddy Roosevelt" and gave him a leaf out of my notebook. He ate it with such relish that I gave him another one. I was told that they will eat large stones, newspapers, bones, and even nails, knives, gimlets, brickbats, etc. After an ostrich has mated, which he does at the age of three and one-half or four years, he never mates again, even if his mate dies in a week after marriage. When the male ostrich has found his mate he proceeds to dig a nest, lying on his breast and digging the sand with his feet. When tired his wife relieves him, but the male does most of the work. The completed nest is four feet in diameter and one foot deep. When the nest is ready for occupancy the female begins to lay, until some twelve or fourteen eggs are deposited in the sand, one every other day. Then she scatters a little sand over the eggs to protect them from the sun, being more careful with her eggs than is any other bird. The male and female share the labor of hatching, the male sitting on the eggs from about 4 in the afternoon until 9 the following morning and the female the remainder of the day. After forty two days' patient work the pair are rewarded by bringing a brood of young ostriches into the world. A very few days after they are born the young chicks will begin to devour small stones and bones, and on the fourth or fifth day bran, cabbage, grass, etc. Up to the age of six months the ostrich will grow at the rate of a foot a month. An ostrich egg weighs about three and one-half pounds and is equal in nourishment to thirty hen's eggs.

It takes a skilled workman to pick the plumage from an ostrich, for if he should injure the root of the feather or pull the "socket" out a feather would never grow in that place again. Three crops of feathers are yielded every two years. The plucking of the birds is a novel sight. First they are blindfolded and then driven

into a V-shaped pen called the plucking pen, and then the skilled plucker proceeds to pull the ripe feathers from the ostrich, causing the bird no pain whatever, I am told. A blindfolded ostrich is very tame. After the plucking is finished the hood is taken off and the ostrich is set free. Each bird yields from thirty to sixty dollars' worth of feathers a year. Ostriches live to a good old age, seventy years being not unusual. When young they are worth from \$200 to \$500 a pair, but adults bring as much as \$1,000 a pair. The most interesting ostrich that I saw at the farm is "Oliver W.," who can carry a buggy over the ground faster than can any horse in the world, his time being 2:02. Sixty miles an hour is not unusual for an ostrich. If any of my readers ever visit Florida they must be sure to visit this big ostrich farm.

Editor's Note.—It is said that many alleged facts concerning the ostrich found in natural histories are pure fiction. For instance, we used to read in the old geographies that the ostrich is a bird of the desert, and there were pictures of ostriches speeding across the desert with men astride their backs, leading us to think that they were used as burden bearers, whereas the fact is that the ostrich is not a bird of the desert since it requires large quantities of water and green food, and it cannot carry a heavy weight more than a short distance. Then again we used to read that the ostrich when closely pressed buried its head



AN INTERESTING GROUP.

BOYS AND ANIMALS

defends himself from the attacks of the ostrich by holding before him a thorny stick or brush on a level with the ostrich's eyes, the bird being very particular not to injure these organs. The male ostrich is handsomer than the female, his plumage being a deep jet-black, with snow white feathers in his wings and tail. He has a superb bearing, carrying his head erect. The female's plumage is of a drab color with few white feathers. This writer denies the statement of Mr. Whitehead that the male ostrich is true to but one female and says the male is polygamous. Ostrich farming is expensive for it requires much space. Fifteen acres of ground is often allotted to each bird, and one South African farm accommodating 800 ostriches is 13,000 acres in extent.

Two Illinois boys, having captured two young wolves in Iroquois County, Ill., reared them like kittens. They are now eight months old and are half grown, being as large as shepherd dogs. The boys have trained their pets so that the wolves go out into the fields and chase rabbits. One of their favorite ways of catching a rabbit at full speed is to run their nose under the fleeing animal and with a quick movement toss him ten feet in the air and catch him before he strikes the ground. They always return to their keepers at the end of the chase.

Wolves Trained to Hunt.

Two Illinois boys, having captured two young wolves in Iroquois County, Ill., reared them like kittens. They are now eight months old and are half grown, being as large as shepherd dogs. The boys have trained their pets so that the wolves go out into the fields and chase rabbits. One of their favorite ways of catching a rabbit at full speed is to run their nose under the fleeing animal and with a quick movement toss him ten feet in the air and catch him before he strikes the ground. They always return to their keepers at the end of the chase.



A RIDE ON THE OSTRICH.

In the sand, which was another fable. A writer in the April Arena asserts that an ostrich can run at an almost incredible speed for twelve or fifteen miles, after which it becomes completely exhausted; so that the writer of the foregoing article is perhaps wrong in leading us to think that the ostrich can run at a stretch of sixty miles an hour. The same article in The Arena gives the information that 330 feathers constitute a plucking, and that the most valuable of the feathers are the twenty six long black or gray feathers obtained from each wing. After the feathers are plucked they are sorted, the good ones are washed and dried by running the hand quickly and repeatedly from the large end to the tip until all the moisture has disappeared. The ostrich is not a slightly animal; indeed to some it is repulsive. Its great ungainly legs are entirely nude, and its long, rope-like neck is devoid of the suggestion of a feather. Its eyes, however, are mild and beautiful. A Cape Town (South Africa) correspondent to the Daily Picayune of New Orleans writes that the South African ostrich industry has suffered greatly from the war, since many of the largest farms were situated in the neighborhood of some of the fiercest fighting. The ostrich thrives nowhere else as he does in South Africa. This writer says that ostriches often live to be one hundred years old. He agrees with Mr. Whitehead in saying that the ostrich can maintain a speed of sixty miles an hour and at this gait easily carry a weight of two men. He also says the Kaffir

A Story About Sponges.

HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

Ever since Foster's uncle Ned had told him that the little brown wad dangling by a string from the end of his state was an animal, Foster had eyed the thing with suspicion. One day he imagined it had eyes and had watched him when he copied his answers from Harold Wiggins' slate. This was the first time he ever had done such a mean thing, and—"I won't have you spying 'round any longer, so there!" he exclaimed, as he jerked the poor little half-worn sponge from the string, and threw it on the floor. That night uncle Ned was helping Foster through the difficulties of long division, and was patiently showing him where to place the figures of the answer. Foster couldn't see why a straight line with the answer written in a row of figures underneath wasn't just as well as a curved line at the right, where you set one figure at a time, and then multiplied, and subtracted, and— "Oh, dear!" he fretted, swinging his feet restlessly; "I never can do it, Uncle Ned!" "Oh, yes you can, my boy! Let's have your sponge. We will rub this all out, and begin over again." Foster didn't like to say that he had thrown his sponge away because it had seen him do a mean thing, but he had to say something, so he asked a question: "Do sponges have eyes, Uncle Ned?" "No," replied his uncle; and then, look-

ing at the flushed and perplexed little face lifted to his, he continued: "Perhaps after a visit to the sponge banks, the example will be solved more easily."

"A story?" cried Foster, his face brightening. "Yes; a true story," was the reply. "I told you, the other day, that sponges have been found to belong to the animal kingdom; but I did not tell you the way in which they are taken from their homes at the bottom of the ocean. The places where they are found are called 'sponge banks.' When a man starts out to gather them, he provides himself with a boat, a sponge hook, a water glass, and eight or ten strong men. When the boat reaches the 'banks,' one man stations himself in the bow, with the glass, which he uses as we use a spyglass, to show him where the sponges are.

"Another man with one oar sculls the boat along; and when the man at the bow sights a colony of sponges, the men with the hooks go to work to secure them. This is a difficult thing to do, for the sponges cling closely to their homes; and the man at the oar has to hold the boat still, sometimes for half an hour before they can be torn away. "After the sponges are gathered they are thrown on deck to die. Then they are carried to a place where there is a swift tideway and put into a pen, where they are left for about a week. After this men beat the sponges until the fleshy part is beaten out. For another week the sponges are laid on palm leaves to dry. At last they are crowded onto a palm leaf stem, until the string weighs about a pound; then they are carried into the village and sold at public auction.

Foster began to wish he had not treated his little sponge so shabbily. He resolved to hunt it up, and clean it, and tie it onto his slate again. Meanwhile, Uncle Ned called his attention to his unfinished example. The visit to the sponge banks must have cleared Foster's brain; for he soon found himself multiplying, subtracting, and setting figures down at the right-hand side of the little curved line, just as if he always had been doing examples in long division. Uncle Ned told him it was all on account of being "side-tracked;" that is, while his brain had been interested in sponges, it had been resting from arithmetic, so that when it returned to figures again it saw just what ought to be done.

Foster thought it would be a good plan for his uncle to tell him a story every night, and he inwardly resolved not to copy any more answers; for although he had found out that his poor, ill-treated little sponge did not have eyes, he also had found that there was more satisfaction in working out the answers himself. And when sometimes the figures get all snarled up in his brain, he takes his uncle Ned's advice, and "side-tracks" it for a while.

A seal has been known to remain twenty five minutes under water.

The greyhound, which can cover a mile in one minute, twenty eight seconds, is the fastest of quadrupeds.

Grizzly cubs born in captivity are almost impossible to raise. Of twenty three born at Cincinnati only one lived.

To protect itself from the rain, the orang-outang crooks its arms over its head. The hair on the orang's upper arm points downward, while on the lower arm it points upward, the apparent purpose being to shed the rain like a thatch.

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FOR BOYS TO THINK ABOUT

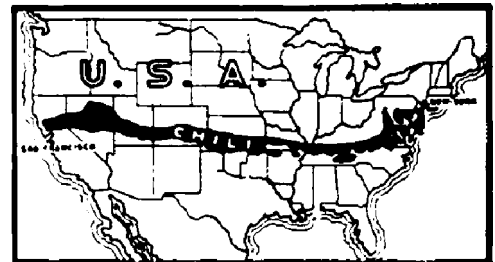
INCREASE IN BUFFALO HERDS.

Some time ago they were telling us that the buffalo was becoming extinct. Now we are told that they are increasing in such proportions in Canada that they promise in the course of a few years to become fairly abundant.

SWIFTESS OF ANIMALS.

Every one has noticed the marvelous endurance shown by little fox terriers, who follow their masters patiently for hours while the latter are riding on bicycles or in carriages.

In connection with this subject it is interesting to note the speed of fishes. Porpoises have been seen to dart round and round a steamer traveling seventeen miles an hour.



NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO SPANNED BY CHILL.

STAMP BURNING.

In the basement of the post office building in Washington is a busy crematory where condemned postage stamps are burned. As our readers perhaps know, all the Pan-American stamps unsold on October 31 last were condemned to be burned.

There are burnings every few days in the post office crematory. Hot weather causes thousands of sheets of stamps to stick together. These being returned to the post office are burned.

THE "BIG DIPPER."

The stars forming the tail in the constellation of the Great Bear also form the handle of the Big Dipper. They are three in number. There are four that go to form the bowl of the dipper.

THE COST OF OUR NEW NAVY.

The new navy has cost the United States nearly \$100,000,000 for construction and over \$9,000,000 for repairs on completed vessels. In addition to the expenditure made on vessels now afloat there are several ships in course of construction.

MATCHES.

Fifty million feet of lumber is used annually in the United States in the manufacture of matches, an industry which gives employment to some 15,000 people. One factory in Ohio turns out 100,000,000 finished matches each twenty four hours.

EXPANSION FOR CASH.

The lands bought for cash by the United States government are:

Table listing land purchases: Louisiana purchase (1803) \$15,000,000; Florida (1819) 8,489,768; Mexican cession (1848) 18,250,000; Purchase from Texas (1850) 10,000,000; Gadsden purchase (1853) 10,000,000; Alaska (1867) 7,200,000; Philippine Islands (1898) 20,000,000; Additional Philippines (1901) 100,000; Danish West Indies (1902) 5,000,000; Total \$92,039,768.

PERFORATIONS.

You perhaps do not realize when you see the perforation of stamps and check books and papers generally that the process of perforation was unknown fifty years ago. Until January, 1854, postage stamps were issued in sheets, which the purchaser had to cut up in any way he found most convenient.

A BIG PIGEON RANCH.

There are eight acres of sandy ground near Los Angeles, Cal., devoted to pigeon raising. Fifteen thousand pigeons cover the ground and the immense pigeon loft. If the demand for pigeons should fall the owner of this ranch would have in two years 1,000,000 birds on his hands.

LARGEST LOBSTER IN THE WORLD.

The largest lobster in the world is in the American Museum of Natural History in New York. It is over a yard in length and weighed in life thirty four pounds. It was caught off the Atlantic highlands but lived only a few days after it was captured.

THE ORIGIN OF TIN SOLDIERS.

At the end of the siege of Paris by the Prussians the keeper of a Parisian shop found himself ruined. He did not even have bread for his family. In the yard at the back of his shop there were a lot of old sardine tins.

\$1675 FOR AN EGG.

If you come across an auk's egg you can get big money for it. One was recently sold in London for sixteen hundred and seventy five dollars. The egg was sixty years old.

The auk is now extinct. Several centuries ago there were many of them at Funk Island, off Newfoundland. All that remains of them now is about ninety skins, valued at from five hundred to two thousand dollars apiece, and about eighty eggs worth over fifteen hundred dollars apiece.

THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Towards the close of May, 1775, Colonel Thomas Polk, of Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, issued a notice to the elected committeemen of that county to assemble in the court house at Charlotte.



OLD MECKLENBURG COURT-HOUSE.

AUTOGRAPHS OF THE SIGNERS OF THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION.

List of signatures: John Hancock, John Haywood, James Wilson, etc.

In February last, the American Colonies are declared to be in a state of actual rebellion, we conceive that all laws and commissions confirmed by or derived from the authority of the King and Parliament, are annulled and vacated.

THE BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE advertisement with image of the rifle and Benjamin Air Rifle Co. information.

Pierce Cushman Frame CYCLES advertisement for 1902, featuring a bicycle illustration and text about pneumatic cushion frame and balanced wheels.

NEVER LOSE A FISH advertisement for Greer Lever Fish Hook Co., featuring an illustration of a fish and text about fishing ease.

BASE BALL advertisement for SUTCLIFFE & CO., Louisville, Ky., listing supplies for clubs and players.

The "High water" Adjustable Trousers advertisement for CENTURY CO., Southbridge, Mass., showing a person in trousers.

ELECTRIC FLASH-LIGHT LAMP advertisement for WONDERFUL INVENTION, August D. Salm & Co., 66 Rush St., Chicago.

IF YOU have a workshop you need THE Model Maker. Send 25 cents for one year to Box 136, Station B, Cleveland, Ohio.

\$3.00 CANFIELD COASTER BRAKE advertisement, Booklet free. Fits any hub. Anyone can apply it. Address Canfield Brake Co., Corning, N. Y.

WONDERFUL SPECIAL OFFER advertisement for books and plays.

PLAYS BEST LIST OF NEW PLAYS advertisement, 325 Nos. Dialogs, Speakers, Hand Books, Catalog free. T. R. DENHAM, Publisher, Dept. 59, Chicago, Ill.

BOYS advertisement for Borton & Scott, Cambridge, Ohio, offering free catalogues.

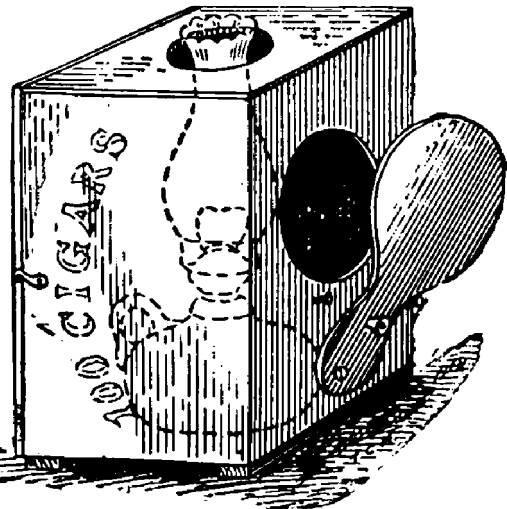
A Boy's Telegraph.

THOMAS O. HARRIS.

Two boys, Tom, age sixteen, and Eugene, aged fourteen, sons of a physician living in a little crossroads post office in the backwoods of one of the Southern states, have invented a telegraph system. In one of their school books they saw pictures of the electric telegraph and of the Morse alphabet, which is in common use, the latter consisting of dots and dashes which represent the letters of the English alphabet, for example, the letters A, B, C, D, E being written thus:



The boys practiced writing notes to each other with the dots and dashes, and in a few days had learned to write anything they wished quite rapidly. One day at a railroad station some twenty miles from home they saw a real telegraph office and were interested in noting the variety in the clicks made by the little instrument. Taking a cue from this they began to send messages to each other when at home by rapping on a board with a stick. Tom was a clerk in a country store and slept there at night, going about a mile to his home across the fields for his meals. Eugene went to school and slept at home. Hence it was that the boys were separated for the greater part of the time. It occurred to them that they could rig up some kind of an apparatus by which they could converse with each other. They found that they hadn't money enough to buy a telegraph instrument, not to speak of wires, poles and batteries. The idea then occurred to them that as light travels rapidly they could use it, so some coal oil lamps were brought into requisition. Their scheme was to fix some sort of an arrangement to cover and uncover the lamp quickly and easily, and by this means to show each to the other a succession of quick and long flashes which would represent the dots and dashes of the alphabet. Our illustration shows how they arranged the coal oil lamps. As soon as Tom saw Eugene's light he would show his light. Eugene would then signal the two letters, "O. K." Tom would answer "O. K." and the messages would begin. While reading Eugene's message Tom would keep his box closed. If he failed to understand a word



he would open his light and make a P. That signal was understood by his brother to mean that he must repeat the word he was making when he was interrupted. Other signs were agreed upon which helped them to work easily and rapidly. On many a dark and rainy night these boys sat each at his window watching the tiny spark come and go and carrying on an easy conversation on a variety of subjects with his far-away brother.

On one occasion a man came to the store to get some medicine. The boy telegraphed a message to his father, who was home, telling him about the order and obtained a reply that enabled him to give a prescription.

With a large kerosene lamp messages may be sent five or ten miles, if the country is open, and there are many places where such an experiment would prove entertaining and profitable. In the United States army an instrument called the heliograph, with which messages are flashed by a beam of sunlight, reflected from a looking glass, is used. In a mountainous country messages have been sent from one mountain peak to another as far as sixty miles.

To Train for Baseball.

As the baseball training season is here it will be well to mention the best way to start in. The preliminary work should be running. This can be accomplished without going to a baseball ground. Four or five miles should be covered every day at a brisk trot. After a run take a bath and a good rub down, and then a rest of an hour. After the flesh has hardened and soreness has left start in at actual practice. The first few days pay particular attention to the throwing arm, warming it up slowly five or ten minutes at a stretch. Do not attempt at first to send a fast ball. Some say that the only true way to throw is over-arm. Under-arm throwing is bad for the arm.

After giving considerable attention to throwing take up base running. In starting from the home plate to the first base run straight towards the bag. Just before reaching it a slight turn should be made and the inside corner of the bag should be touched. In sliding to the bag slide feet

Boys in Games and Sport

first and place the right leg under the left, touching the base with the left foot. The body should be thrown either towards or away from the diamond so as to get as far away as possible from the fielder. Professionals when training eat a raw egg before breakfast and at the meal eat nourishing food. They eat little food before playing, but place no restriction on what is to be eaten after the game. Smoking and milk blur the eyes.

A Prominent Young Athlete.

Henry Stanley Hollenbeck, of Sheldon, Ia., is the newly-elected captain of the University of Iowa Football team. Young Hollenbeck is also president of the University Y. M. C. A. He has a wide reputation over the west as an athlete and a christian worker. For four years past he has been prominent in the summer conventions of the college Y. M. C. A.'s at Lake Geneva, Wis. He is one of the chief members of what is known as the Y. M. C. A. Frat, which has as a more dignified name the Y. M. C. A. House Association, and which is composed of the heads of cabinets in the University Y. M. C. A., and of other students elected by unanimous vote. This association rents a fine private residence for the living quarters of its



HENRY S. HOLLENBECK.

members, the idea being to bring the men who are interested in the work of the association of the Y. M. C. A. closer together in daily life than would be possible if they rented separate rooms in various houses.

Hollenbeck plays left guard on the 'Varsity team. He weighs 190 pounds and is six feet and one inch in height. For two years he was guard on the Beloit College team. On entering the University of Iowa he took a place on the scrub team, as a rule prevented him being a member of the 'Varsity team. He soon became known as a man who could be relied upon to make a gain when a sure gain was needed. The scrub team in the year that Hollenbeck played with them made three touchdowns against the 'Varsity team, two of these being made by Hollenbeck. The scrub team had many a hard game with the minor college teams of Iowa and came out victorious in every one. Hollenbeck joined the 'Varsity team last fall and blossomed out at once as a "blocker of kicks." Sweeley, of Michigan, up to the Michigan-Iowa game at Chicago, had a record of no blocked kicks in three years of play, but Hollenbeck spoiled this record in the first half of the game.

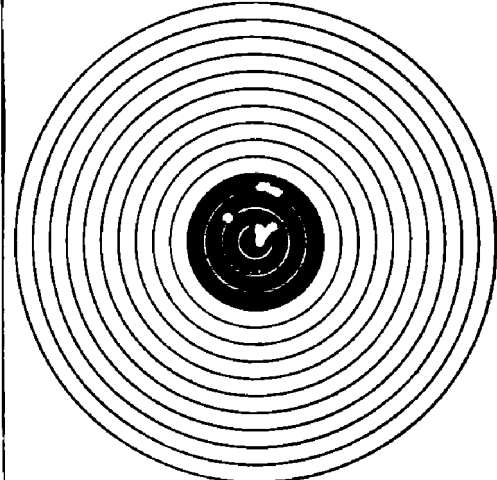
A Four-Year-Old Crack Shot.



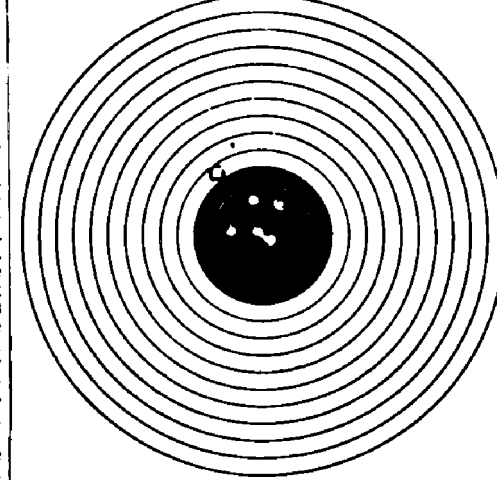
GEORGE F. VOUGHT.

The best record for rifle shooting ever made by a boy under ten of which we have any knowledge is that made by George F. Vought, the four year old son of G. L. Vought, of the Denver (Col.) Rifle Club. Indeed, the record, as shown by the ac-

companying scores made at twenty feet, would do credit to a man. If there are any better records at twenty feet made by boys under ten we should like to see them. The records themselves, of which



we show reproductions from reduced photographs of standard targets, are in our possession. The shooting was done last August, and the boy then had only two weeks' practice. As our readers will see from the photograph of the little marksman, the rifle that he used is nearly as big as he is, much too heavy for him to shoot easily. Indeed, he has to shoot with the stock of the rifle under his arms, as he is not long enough in the arms to reach the trigger with the butt against the shoulder. The boy's father is having a little rifle made for him which will weigh only three pounds, so that he can shoot offhand. He promises us a photograph of the boy taken with his new rifle and some of his later scores.



Two Ingenious School Boys.

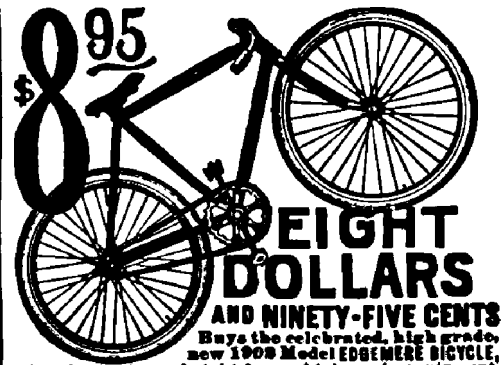
One of the boys of the Lacon (Ill.) schools has recently built a boat so well that the county superintendent of schools has asked permission to show it around to public schools. The boy's name is Lyle Lee Richmond, the seven year old son of Judge E. D. Richmond. Lyle declares that some day he will be the owner of a handsome yacht. He is an energetic worker for THE AMERICAN BOY, which he thinks is the very best paper in the world for boys.

Bennie Hacker, another Lacon boy, eight years old, has made a tent that has attracted the attention of Professor Perry, the county superintendent of schools, to such an extent that he has taken it with him to exhibit to the schools throughout the country. Young Hacker is the son of a Lacon merchant, and is a bright, busy boy.

Chicago Boys' Club.

The Chicago Boys' Club is an incorporated institution with headquarters at 262 State street. Among the leaders are the Hon. Luther Laffin Mills of Chicago, Rev. P. S. Henson of Brooklyn, N. Y., Dr. J. H. Kellogg of Battle Creek, Mich., and Miss Lucy Page Gaston of Chicago. J. F. Atkinson is managing director. It is attempting the enormous task of furnishing good, clean, wholesome, christian entertainment for Chicago's 6,000 to 8,000 newsboys, 1,000 messenger boys and hundreds upon hundreds of sleep-outs, waifs and strays. The purpose of the club is to provide these boys with free baths, light gymnasium equipments, penny savings banks, innocent games, reading matter, etc.

Col. Robert C. Clowry, elected to the presidency of the Western Union Telegraph Company, began at the age of fourteen to deliver telegraph messages in Chicago. In forty eight years he has raised himself to the chair of the presidency of the greatest telegraph company on earth, and his salary is the same as that of the President of the United States. He began work at two dollars a week.



895  
\$8.95  
EIGHT DOLLARS AND NINETY-FIVE CENTS  
Buy the celebrated, high grade, new 1902 Model EDGEMERE BICYCLE, 28-inch wheel, any height frame, high grade equipment, including high grade guaranteed pneumatic tires, adjustable handle bars, fine leather covered grips, padded saddle, fine ball bearing pedals, nickel trimmings, beautifully finished throughout, any color enamel. Strongest Guarantee.  
\$10.95 for the celebrated 1902 Kenwood Bicycle.  
\$12.75 for the celebrated 1902 Eight Ring or Eight Queen Bicycle.  
\$15.75 for the highest grade 1902 bicycle made on three crown nickel joints, No. 1000 or Josephine, complete with the very best equipment, including Morgan & Wright highest grade pneumatic tires, a regular \$50.00 bicycle.  
10 DAYS FREE TRIAL on any bicycle ordered. Offer ever heard of, write for our free 1902 Bicycle Catalogue. Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.

PUNCTUREPROOF  
REPAIRING  
GAVE MONEY AND TROUBLE  
NAILS, TACKS AND GLASS WILL NOT LET THE AIR OUT  
BEFORE THE IS BRANDED WITH AN ALUMINUM IN RED STRIPES NOT GENUINE PUNCTUREPROOF  
PATENTED  
REGULAR \$10.00 NOW \$4.95 PER PAIR  
THE VIN COMPANY, CHICAGO  
Mention "American Boy."

SHIPPED ON APPROVAL  
and Ten Days Free Trial to any person in U. S. or Canada. Not a cent deposit required on our Bicycles in advance.  
1902 Models, \$9 to \$15  
1900's '01 Models, best makes, \$7 to \$11  
500 Second-hand Wheels all makes and models, good as new, \$3 to \$8. Great Factory Clearing Sale at half factory cost. Tires, equipment & sundries, all kinds, half regular prices.  
EARN A BICYCLE distributing 1000 catalogues on our new plan.  
A RIDER AGENT is best way on...  
Write at once for lowest net prices to agents and our special offer.  
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 20 CHICAGO, ILL.

A Flying Machine at Last  
Scientific kite-flying within the reach of all. A marvel of simplicity. Any boy or girl can fly it. Tandems delight both young and old.  
Special introductory size by mail, 10c., 3 for 25c.  
Agents wanted everywhere.  
ZIMMERMAN FLYING MACHINE CO., 15 Wood Street, Fremont, O.

LIQUID PISTOL  
(NOT A TOY)  
will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury. Valuable to bicyclists, unescorted ladies, etc.  
10 or 25 shots with one loading.  
Parker, Stearns & Sutton, 229 South St., N. Y.

MONOPOLE FISH HOOK  
Is the only perfect, reliable automatic fish hook. Holds the fish tighter the more he pulls. Fish are caught by even touching the bait. Sample 10c. Agents wanted.  
Barnes & Co., 758-755 Lexington Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

IF YOU SHOOT a rifle, pistol or shotgun you'll make a Bull's Eye by sending three 2c stamps for the new Ideal Handbook, No. 13, 128 pages. Free. Latest Encyclopedia of Arms, Powder, Shot and Bullets. Mention "The American Boy." Ideal Mfg. Co., New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.

YOU CAN CATCH 30 FISH IN 60 MINUTES  
If you use our SWEDISH OINTMENT on your bait. PRICE 25 Cents and 50 Cents A BOTTLE. M. JOHNSON & CO., 185 N. Dear St., Chicago, Ill.

TENTS from \$3.75 up. Camp- ing Outfits, Yacht Sails, Sleeping Bags, Awnings, etc. Ill. Catalogue for 2c. Mail, Tent & Awning Wks. T. U. Burgess, Prop. Lockport, N. Y.

TIRES Save 50% and buy direct from manufacturers. Send \$2.50 and we will express you, prepaid, 1 pair first quality Single Tube Tires. Satisfaction guaranteed. Broad way Bicycle Co., 7 Warren St., New York. Ask for catalog.

THE WHISTLING BUZZER The greatest fun maker for boys and girls ever invented. Sample and catalogue 10c. Address Joseph Clough, Dept. A, 18 Bath St., Providence, R. I.

PUSSY in the Corner. Can you put her there? Latest craze. Best novelty of the day. 10 cents puts one in your hand. C. BEARD & CO., NEWARK, N. J.

CAMPS MEDOMAK FOR BOYS. MED- UNOOK FOR GIRLS. Maine Coast. All sports; tutoring; real tents; circulars. WALLACE E. MASON, Loomisville, Mass.

The American Boy and the Lyceum League of North America.

By our purchase of the business of The American Debater Publishing Company THE AMERICAN BOY succeeds The American Debater, and will devote a department each month to public speaking and the interests of debating and literary organizations among adults and youth.

Club Reports.

The Alcides Literary Society, of Findlay, O., nominated Harry Carpenter, of that city, as a candidate for vice president.

The Sam Houston Literary Society, Grayson College, Whitewright, Tex., organized in 1886, has by a unanimous vote decided to join the Lyceum League of North America.

Frank K. Singiser, Lewisburg, Pa., candidate for vice president nominated by the Alpha Sigma Society, of Bucknell University, Lewisburg, is a young man of energy and ability, an eloquent speaker and a skillful debater.

The Woodward Success Club, Woodward, Okla., meets every Friday night at the Probate Courtroom. It is composed of young men, many of whom are looking forward to the law as a profession.

The Philaethian Literary Society, of Jefferson Academy, McLeansville, N. C., is discussing questions of public interest. Washington's birthday was commemorated by a public debate.

The Modesto (Cal.) High School Literary Society has elected the following officers: President, S. M. Evans; first vice-president, Miss T. Grollman; second vice-president, Frank Enis; secretary, Frank Crassey; treasurer, Miss Mabel Rodgers; sergeant-at-arms, Albert Munn.

Election of Officers.

The Lyceum League of North America will elect its own officers. Any club belonging to the League may nominate for the office of president and for the office of vice president.

For president, S. M. Frank, St. Louis High School, St. Louis, Mo.; Donald Falls, Y. M. C. A., Los Angeles, Cal.; A. J. Porter, Oak Grove Society, Altman, Tex.; Lida May Luther, Rexford Success Club, Columbus, O.

For vice president, A. O. Switzer, Y. M. C. A., Los Angeles, Cal.; John H. Murphy, Benjamin Franklin Club, Lowell, Mass.; James M. Kelso, Northwestern Normal School, Alva, Okla.; O. H. Magaret, Augustine Club, Omaha, Neb.; Harry Carpenter, Alcides Literary Society, Y. M. C. A., Findlay, O.; Frank K. Singiser, Alpha Sigma Society, Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa.

A Call for Votes.

Candidates will be named in the June number of THE AMERICAN BOY. Candidates may be nominated by the societies belonging to the League as late as May 15.

Oratory and Debating

This paper is the Official Organ of The Lyceum League of North America

The Weapons of An Orator.

No orator ever exerted a great and lasting influence without faith: faith in himself, faith in human nature, faith in the inevitability of law, faith in an overruling Providence. It is one of his mightiest weapons. You cannot convince people unless you speak out of a great conviction in your heart.

But we must add to these weapons that intellectual quality which men call common sense; which is neither more nor less than a sense of proportion, an appreciation of relationships, a perception of the ratio of values.

An effectual weapon for an orator is reserve power, so that what he is offering seems but a suggestion of many weightier things that he is holding in reserve. A discourse that carries this impression of a wealth of reserve behind it cannot fail to influence an audience.—Charles Wesley Emerson, in "Success."



HARRY CARPENTER, FINDLAY, OHIO.

Candidate for Vice-President of The Lyceum League of North America.

Subjects for Debate.

Captain Norman G. Kohl, McKinley Company, No. 15, Quincy, Mich., asks for some good subjects on which to debate:

We suggest one of the following: Should Cuba be Annexed to the United States?

Should the United States Adopt Penny Postage?

Should the Government of the United States Own and Control the Railroads?

That the Expensive Social Entertainments of the Wealthy are of more Benefit than Injury to the Country.

That the Average Young Man of Today has Greater Opportunities to Make Life a Success, Financially, than His Forefathers had.

To Limit Speakers in Debate.

Many devices to limit the time of speakers in public debates have been tried. Owing to the prolixity of some, most deliberative bodies (except in the Senate of the United States, which is an awful example) limit all speakers, whether able or feeble, bearable or unbearable, to ten or fifteen minutes.

dresses on both sides, of half an hour each, the parties to be chosen by mutual consent, and then have an hour or two left for speakers who would get the floor as they could, to be limited to five or ten minutes.

Better Speaking in the School.

A writer in the Chicago Record-Herald makes some needed comment on our public school elocutionary training. He says: What we need in the schools is not the declamatory elocution of the old school but articulated expression to make pictures out of the words.

This art is needed in common conversation, in business, social and public life, in the home circle. If one eighth of the time spent foolishly on music and painting were spent on learning how to read and converse it would be better for the people.

ELECTRIC BELL OUTFIT

only \$1.00 Nickel plated bell, battery, ox. copper push button, 30 ft. wire, staples and complete printed directions and diagram for connecting.



FREE OUR SOUVENIR

A very useful article. Send name and address by return mail. MONDAY MFG. CO., Dept. K, Rochester, N. Y.

Cash Buyers for Farms

or other real estate may be found through me, no matter where located. Send description and price and learn my successful method for finding buyers. W. M. OSTRANDER, North American Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Premiums Worth \$12 FREE

for selling only \$12 worth of the celebrated Niagara Extracts, Perfumes and Toilet Preparations. You save 80 per cent. by buying direct from the manufacturers.

FREE A Sample package of Niagara Talcum Powder with our New Catalogue of a hundred useful premiums easily earned. S. A. COOK & COMPANY, 5 Cook Bldg., Medina, N. Y.



The World Needs Him

but needs him trained. The times demand trained minds. A knowledge of law will help a young man to leadership in the world.

Study Law At Home

and open for himself wonderful opportunities in Law, Business or Politics. We teach by correspondence, and during the last eleven years have given thousands successful instruction in law for practice and for general business.

Catalogue and Details Free. The Sprague Correspondence School of Law, 500 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

GIVEN AWAY



Do you want a watch that runs and keeps good time? Our watch has a Gold laid case, handsome dial, dust proof, adjusted to position, patent escapement, and highly finished. This is a remarkable watch.

Advertisement for The Smith Premier Typewriter, featuring an illustration of the typewriter and text: 'Always Reliable A dollar of service for every dollar of cost. Illustrated book free. The Smith Premier Typewriter Co., No. 174 Griswold Street, DETROIT, MICH.'

Advertisements Here Pay

Advertisement for S. A. Cook & Company, featuring an illustration of a woman and text: 'S. A. COOK & COMPANY, 5 Cook Bldg., Medina, N. Y.'



WHAT HE SHOULD KNOW.

Important Knowledge for the Boy Beginning His Business Career.

People differ as to how much a collegiate education helps a young man in a business career...

A very successful man, in speaking of what a young man should know to begin a business life in the right way...

He should be able to write a good legible hand.

To spell all the words that he knows how to use.

To speak and write good English.

To write a good social or business letter.

To add a column of figures rapidly.

To make out an ordinary account.

To deduct sixteen and one-half percent from the face of the account.

To receipt an account when it is paid.

To write an ordinary receipt.

To write an advertisement for the newspaper.

To reckon the interest, or the discount, on the note for years, months or days.

To draw up an ordinary bank check.

To take it to the right place in the bank to get the money.

To make neat and correct entries in day-book or cash-book.

To tell the number of yards of carpet required for the parlor.

To tell something about the great authors, statesmen and financiers of the present time.

If, says the successful business man, a boy can do all this, it is probable that he has enough education to make his way in the world.

Boys as Money Makers and Money Savers

SELLING PAPERS.

M. D. Fezler, Rock Island, Ill., saved fifty dollars from work done selling papers.

G. Wilder Fort, Raleigh, N. C., earns one dollar and twenty five cents a week delivering the Morning Post, a Raleigh daily. With this money he pays his school tuition fee.

Roy Dimond, Detroit, Minn., is twelve years old. He has been selling the Pennsylvania "Grit" every Saturday for the past three years and has earned about one hundred dollars.

H. F. Baughman, Uniontown, Md., ten years old, has for two years been selling the Baltimore American every morning excepting Sunday.

SELLING LEMONADE.

Leland C. Hawkins, Hoopston, Ill., age ten, last summer made twenty dollars selling lemonade to the men in the Sprague Canning Machine Factory at Hoopston.

KEEPING STORE.

Elmer A. Henderson, Lake Mills, Ia., is what is termed a hustler. Early in 1899 his father let him have a showcase on one side of his store.

SELLING ALMANACS.

Charles Dryfuss, Tiffin, O., age fourteen, earned the money with which he subscribed for THE AMERICAN BOY by selling almanacs.

BUYING AND SELLING JUNK.

C. V. Runyon, Clarksville, Tenn., collects for his father on a commission. A few months of last summer he worked for a drug firm.

RAISING CHICKENS.

Carleton F. Piper, Randolph, Mass., tells his experience in raising chickens. He is thirteen years old and has been in the poultry business for a year.

Boys in the Printing Office.

If boys must work and earn wages there are few places better for them than the printing office. Some of the greatest men the world has produced obtained the best part of their education while boys in printing offices.



THE CYCLONE... ROTARY HAND FAN.

A HOT SELLER for Agents. Sells everywhere and to everybody. A bonanza for Picnic, Fair, Show and Street Salesmen.

A Profitable Career

can be started by every bright, hustling, business man or boy. No business or profession offers greater opportunities.

COMMERCIAL REGISTRY CO., 707 Chestnut St., St. Louis, Mo.

REDFIELD'S MAGAZINE

offers an excellent opportunity of materially increasing the income of hustling and "get up and go" people.

SALESMEN To sell our goods to general stores, clothiers, druggists, and grocers...

BOYS Profitable employment during spare hours. Send for sample outfit containing six Fountain Pens and Nice Holder in neat box.

Agent's Outfit Free... The "Perfection" pen is a first class pen, the only Tin that produces a perfect line.

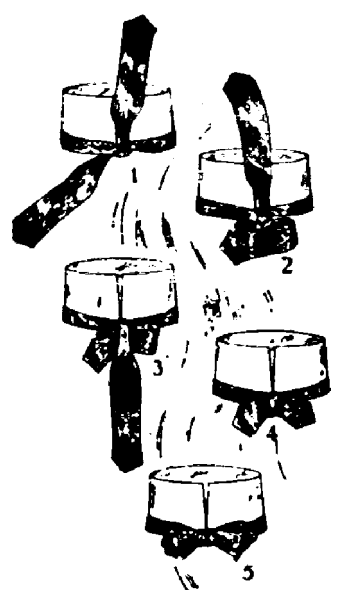
\$8 PAID PER 100... Complete of Working Rules. Address to A. W. SCOTT, COHOES, N. Y.

Boy Agents advertisement featuring 'INSEKDIE' and 'ROCKY DEATH INSECTS'. Includes details about commission and profit.

FINE CHANGE FOR BOYS advertisement. Boys who desire to make money quickly, send us your name and the names of three other reliable boys.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY advertisement. Invest 1 cent by writing card and we will put you in a position to earn \$1,000 a year.

GRAND Opportunity for Ambitious Young Man... A 5x8 Improved Model Hand Printing Press, 5 fonts of "Engravers" Type.



One of the things that gives a boy much trouble is the tying of his necktie. The illustration of the method of making the bow tie should make the process easy.

An Age of Young Men.

Statistics prove that an age limit among workmen has been established and that it is every day becoming more difficult for a man past the prime of life to secure employment.

The late Dr. Herman Stricker, Reading, Pa., collected over two hundred thousand specimens of butterflies and moths from all parts of the world.

Easy Work & Good Pay for Bright Boys

ANY active, intelligent boy can make money in spare time by selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Will not interfere with other work or school hours.

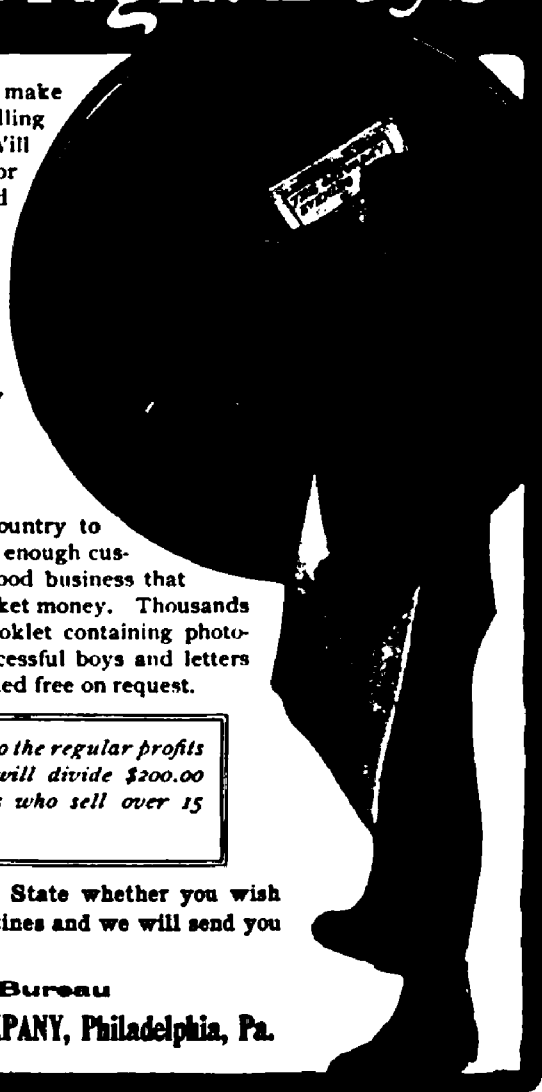
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

is the easiest magazine in the country to sell. The right boy can secure enough customers in a few weeks to start a good business that will supply him with plenty of pocket money.

Special Offer—In addition to the regular profits on the magazines sold, we will divide \$200.00 next month among the boys who sell over 15 copies each week.

Write to-day for the booklet. State whether you wish to start at once selling the magazines and we will send you the 10 free copies.

Circulation Bureau THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.



The Order of The American Boy

A NATIONAL NON-SECRET SOCIETY FOR AMERICAN BOYS.



CAPTAIN'S BADGE. (Twice Actual Size.)

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.

Boys desiring to Organize Companies may obtain a Pamphlet from us containing the Directions published in the January and February (1901) Nos. of this Paper. It is sent free.

Allen W. Gill, Youngstown, O., wants to hear from Captains of Companies, as to how they went to work getting boys and organizing.

Harvey K. Lang, Minerva, O., suggests that the secretary of each Company of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY keep a blank book in which to note the praiseworthy acts done by the members of his Company, so far as they come to his knowledge or are reported to him. He thinks this would stir the members to high and noble living.

W. Lambert Clark, one of the members of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY, says that his club passed a motion forbidding the wearing of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY pins without permission of the Captain. He wants to know if this is right? A Company is its own authority in such matters. We can see no reason why a member of a Company in good standing should not wear his pin; but if the Company see good cause for deciding otherwise it may do so, provided the motion is carried by a majority vote at a regular meeting.

Company News.

Santa Fe Company, No. 3, Division of Kansas, Chase, Kas., has taken up the study of German.

Olympian Athletic Company, No. 9, Westfield, Mass., holds its meetings every Tuesday. This Company has a fully equipped gymnasium.

North Dakota Literary Company, No. 3, Casselton, N. D., has a room in which it holds meetings and a smaller one for a gymnasium. It pays no rent, the rooms being furnished by a banker in Casselton.

Cushman K. Davis Company, No. 2, Division of Minnesota, Heron Lake, Minn., recently elected the following officers: Captain, Paul Benson; Vice Captain, Charles J. Johnson; Sergeant-at-Arms, Walter Gessel; Treasurer, Hugo Jones.

Black Hawk Company, No. 8, Division of Wisconsin, Sheboygan, Wis., organized March 12, has at this writing eleven members. A room formerly used as a kindergarten has been turned into a club room, where regular meetings are held.

Lonetree Company, No. 9, Division of Nebraska, Central City, Neb., is principally interested in athletics and nature study. This Company holds its meetings every Friday. Dues five cents per month. The boys hope soon to have a fine club room.

Chief Goodthunder Company, No. 4, Division of Minnesota, Redwood Falls, Minn., has organized a baseball team, having bought their outfit with money in their treasury. At its last meeting this Company held a debate on the question, Resolved, That Washington did more for his country than Lincoln. The negative side won.

Victoria Company, No. 1, Watervliet, Mich., held a box social at the schoolhouse on Friday evening, March 7. A short program which had been prepared by the boys was very nicely rendered, after which the boxes were sold. The proceeds for the evening were eight dollars and seventy five cents, five dollars of which goes for books for the library. This Company has at present thirty five books in its library.

George W. Steele Company, No. 6, Division of Indiana, Swayzee, Ind., held its first meeting Saturday, March 1. Bret Harte Hawkins was elected Captain, Frank Swartz Vice Captain, Raymond F. Mark Secretary, John Spears Treasurer and Harry Bennett Librarian. Dues five cents a month. The regular order of business was adopted at this meeting. Each member contributed one book towards a library. The Captain promises us a picture of his Company soon. The boys recently made and sold horse-radish, clearing one dollar and thirty five cents for their treasury.

Theodore Roosevelt Company, No. 1, Washington, D. C., held its election of officers recently with the following result: Richard Owen was re-elected Captain, Will Meyer Secretary, Adolph Schaffert Treasurer, and William Feurmage Sergeant-at-Arms. This Company has a little over three dollars in its treasury.

Geysers City Company, No. 5, Division of Texas, Waco, Tex., holds its meetings every Tuesday at 5 p. m., and is governed by strict parliamentary law, having adopted Roberts' Rules of Order as its standard. The following fines have been imposed: Non-performance of duty, ten cents; disorder, two cents; absence without excuse, two cents.

A number of interesting debates have been held between Mountain Home Company, No. 3, Foothill, Wash., and Ensign John R. Monaghan Company, No. 2, Trent, Wash., the meetings being held alternately between the two towns. The Companies are contending for a flag which they purchased together and this adds very greatly to the interest.

Thomas A. Edison Company, No. 16, Cellna, Ohio, held its first meeting Saturday, March 29, at the home of the Captain. The boys have had their charter framed and have a small amount of money in the treasury. Dues, fifteen cents per month for the first three months; after that ten cents per month. A fine is imposed for swearing, chewing and smoking.

Shick-hack Company, No. 1, Chandlersville, Ill., held its election of officers February 2, at which time Jean Scott was elected Captain. On the following evening a surprise party was tendered the former Captain, Will Wilson, it being his birthday. The boys gave him a fine gold ring, handsomely engraved. The evening was spent in playing games, after which refreshments were served.



"HURRAH FOR OLD GLORY"

Photo by J. Kenneth Woodruff, 906 Sunset Ave., Ashbury Park, N. J.

Mad Anthony Wayne Company, No. 8, Waynesboro, Pa., has a nice club room, heated, lighted with electric lights and splendidly furnished throughout. They have been donated a punching bag, a pair of boxing gloves, several muscle developers, dumbbells, Indian clubs, a yearly subscription each to Munsey's, and Leslie's Weekly; also crokinole, parchesi, checkers, dominoes and other games.

Lake Shore Company, No. 6, Division of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis., recently elected the following officers: Captain, Clarence Wilson; Secretary, Bert Cramton; Treasurer, Roy Bradford. The Company was tendered a banquet by Stanley Twist, of Madison, and reports a fine time. The boys are anxiously waiting for spring so they can get out and practice for the track team, for which they have good material.

Bay State Company, No. 7, Division of Massachusetts, Springfield, Mass., at its recent election, held April 4, elected the following officers: Captain, Robert N. Smith (re-elected); Vice-Captain, Dudley Pelley; Secretary and Treasurer, Leon M. Wing; Librarian, Charles M. Ladd; Sergeant-at-Arms, George R. Yerrall, Jr. On Monday evening, March 31, this Company had the pleasure of meeting General-in-Chief Harry Steele Morrison (the Boy Traveler) at the Y. M. C. A. rooms, Springfield, and express themselves as very much pleased with him and think he deserves the position tendered him. They also attended his lecture on his second trip around the world and enjoyed it very much.

Des Moines Valley Company, No. 5, Division of Minnesota, Jackson, Minn., has a fine club room decorated with pictures, bunting, etc. Interesting programs are prepared for the meetings, each member taking for his subject some noted man or city. They have a library of 11 books which have been donated by the various members. A fine of four cents is charged for absence from meetings without good cause.

Young American Company, No. 15, Division of Ohio, Tiffin, O., has a fine club room papered in red and furnished with electric lights, twenty chairs, two tables, the walls being decorated with many pictures, etc. They have forty five books in their library. Dues five cents a month. A committee on entertainments has been appointed and the Company will give an entertainment soon, the proceeds to go into the treasury. They have also a baseball team.

George A. Custer Company, No. 1, Division of South Dakota, Big Stone City, S. D., held its first meeting the evening of March 21 at the home of the Captain, at which time officers were elected and a number of other important matters discussed. Iro Puder, one of the members of this Company and a brother of the Captain, it will be remembered, won the prize of the "Model Yacht" offered in our February 1901, number, and this yacht will be placed in the new club room.

Captain Elvin R. Hoover, of Henry Morgan Company, No. 10, Division of Ohio, Alliance, O., is organizing his Company into a reform society. He says he thinks every Company ought to do all it can to abolish bad habits in boys, whether members of the Company or not, and particularly discourage the liquor and tobacco habits. He thinks that each boy can do a little in this direction, and "fifteen hundred times a little makes a big lot." He says he would like to hear from all Company Captains. His post office address is Box 544, Alliance, Ohio.

John Brown Company, No. 4, Division of California, Saratoga, Cal., is chiefly interested in athletics and literary work. The Company meets every Saturday night the second and fourth meetings of each month being devoted to business, while the other two meetings are spent in debating, literary work, boxing and other exercises. They have a fine gymnasium to which they have recently added a pair of boxing gloves, a game of tenpins, two punching bags and a football. This Company has no dues, but when money is needed a tax is levied upon the members in accordance with the requirements. Heavy fines are imposed on members for breaking certain rules of the Company.

Timothy Murphy Company, No. 1, Cobleskill, N. Y., has held several very interesting meetings lately. At its last meeting the program consisted of an original story, humorous readings, current events, a question box, etc. Each member writes on a piece of paper some question he desires answered. These questions are collected and handed to the Captain, who reads one and asks a certain member to answer it, and then another, and so on. The Captain writes that they have found this method to be very interesting and instructive, and a good training for extemporaneous speaking, and suggests that other Companies try it. They also have one-minute speeches. A subject is prepared for each member and he is expected, when it is announced, to rise and say what he can about it. This is also excellent training. This Company is in correspondence with Companies in Minnesota, Michigan, California, West Virginia, Massachusetts and Florida.

Degrees Conferred.

Degrees are conferred on the following boys: J. I. Blake, Galesburg, Mich., one degree for good work in behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY and the Order; Nimrod Good, Foothill, Wash., one degree for manly deportment in everyday life, one degree for purity of conversation and habits, and one degree for skill with pen or pencil; Arthur Petersen, Foothill, Wash., one degree for habits of thrift, one degree for good scholarship, one degree for skill in athletics, and one degree for skill with pen or pencil; Herman Anderson, Foothill, Wash., one degree; for good scholarship, one degree for habits of thrift, and one degree for manly deportment in everyday life; Frank Robbins, Foothill, Wash., one degree for unusual musical skill; Charley Henderson, Foothill, Wash., one degree for habits of thrift and one degree for purity of conversation and habits; G. Gerlach, Foothill, Wash., one degree for habits of thrift, one degree for manly deportment in everyday life, one degree for purity of conversation and habits, one degree for industry and devotion to duty, one degree for skill and experience in travel, and one degree for skill in care and culture of animals or plants; Earl Housley, Hot Springs, Ark., one degree for good work in behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY and the Order; Coy A. Seward, Chase, Kas., one degree for good work in behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY and the Order; Bret Harte Hawkins, Swayzee, Ind., one degree for good work in behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY and the Order; Elmer E. Baiduf, Tiffin, Ohio, one degree for good work in behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY and the Order. Arno Buchholz, Casselton, N. D., one degree for good work in behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY and the Order, and one degree for manly deportment in everyday life; Lawrence Bartlett, Casselton, N. D., one degree for good work in behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY and the Order; and one degree for skill in invention and use of tools and machinery; Tom Bond, Casselton, N. D., one degree for good work in behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY and the Order, and one degree for skill in invention and use of tools and machinery.

WE ARE SELLING

Advertisement for OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS listing various electrical items like hanging lamps, door bells, and table lamps with prices.

Advertisement for STOP USING PROFANITY AND USE THE ELITE Collar Buttoner, featuring an illustration of the product and a man in a suit.

Advertisement for THIS FINE COUCH FREE! with a \$13 box of our Snaps, Extracts and Perfumes.

Advertisement for FREE Watch and chain or your choice of 50 premiums absolutely free for a few hours work.

Advertisement for A SURE CURE FOR CATARRH, featuring an illustration of a medicine bottle.

Advertisement for Do You STAMMER? featuring an illustration of a man's face and text about a book for stammering.

Advertisement for FREE This beautiful Air Rifle shoots small B. B. shot with great force and is just the gun for small game or target practice.

Advertisement for FOUR TOOLS IN ONE, featuring an illustration of a multi-tool.

Advertisement for A WATCH FREE to every boy who answers this advertisement. A postal secures full information.



**New Companies Organized**

Lonetree Company, No. 3, Division of Nebraska, Central City, Neb., Captain Kenneth McKrae.

Rough Rider Company, No. 17, Division of Ohio, Sago, O., Captain Clark W. Kelly.

George A. Custer Company, No. 1, Division of South Dakota, Big Stone City, S. D., Captain George Puder.

Eggleston Electrical Company, No. 15, Division of Illinois, Chicago, Ill., Captain Arthur Rice.

Seth Warner Company, No. 1, Division of Vermont, Montpelier, Vt., Captain Albert Laird.

Olympian Athletic Company, No. 9, Division of Massachusetts, Westfield, Mass., Captain Darwin Gillette.

William McKinley Company, No. 2, Division of District of Columbia, Washington, D. C., Captain Norman Nicholson.

Sugar City Company, No. 24, Division of Michigan, Bay City, Mich., Captain Bertch Broas.

General Lawton Company, No. 4, Division of Kansas, Emporia, Kas., Captain Warren Morris.

Fort Concho Company, No. 6, Division of Texas, San Angelo, Tex., Captain Corbin Adams.

General George Rogers Clark Company, No. 18, Division of Ohio, Springfield, O., Captain Justus Hahn.

Young American Company, No. 25, Division of Michigan, Plainwell, Mich., Captain Leon Onontlych.

River View Company, No. 6, Division of Iowa, Keokuk, Ia., Captain Ralph Brackett Joy.

General Palne Company, No. 19, Division of Ohio, Painesville, O., Captain Charles A. McCoy.

Prince Henry Company, No. 2, Division of South Dakota, Huron, S. D., Captain Howard Smith.

Tom Benton Company, No. 3, Division of Missouri, Cameron, Mo., Captain Wayne Nelson.

"Honest Abe" Company, No. 26, Division of Michigan, Merrill, Mich., Captain Roy White.

Theodore Roosevelt Company, No. 7, Division of Iowa, Manchester, Ia., Captain Hugh Lawson.

**Some More Yells.**

William C. Faust, Captain Tecumseh Company, No. 3, Blenheim, Ont., sends the following yell:

O. A. B! O. A. B!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Hobble Gobble, Razzle Dazzle,  
Zip! Boom! Bah!

The following yell has been adopted by Henry W. Longfellow Company, No. 3, Bridgeton, Me.:

Razzle dazzle, hobble gobble.  
Sis, Boom, Bar.  
We are American Boys.  
Yes we are.  
Who are we, who are we!  
We are members of O. A. B.

From Raymond King, Vineland, N. J.:

Biff! Bang! Bah!  
AMERICAN BOY, AMERICAN BOY,  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Are we in it?  
Well, I should smile,  
AMERICAN BOY, AMERICAN BOY,  
Ha! Ha! Ha!

E. E. Green, McNoel, Ill., sends the following:

Hip! Hip! Hurrah!  
Three cheers for THE AMERICAN BOY.  
AMERICAN BOY? Who are we?  
Read its columns and you will see.  
Sis! Boom! Bah!

From G. Elton Harris, Ft. Collins, Col.:

Ric-a-cha-boom, Ric-a-cha-boom.  
Ric-a-cha, Ric-a-cha, boom, boom, boom.  
Hoop-a-la-rah.  
Hurrah, Hurrah, O. A. B!

W. H. Warden, Jr., Augusta, Mont.:

Hurrah! Hurrah!  
American Boys,  
That's what we are,  
Rip! Ring! Rah!

From Owen C. McLean:

Who are we? Who are we?  
We are the boys of the O. A. B.  
Who are you? You won't do  
Unless you belong to the A. B.'s too.

From Bruce Carpenter, Kansas City, Mo.:

Zis, Boom, Bah.  
Zis, Boom, Bah.  
AMERICAN BOY, AMERICAN BOY,  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

The MAN and the HOUR  
meet by the time of an

**Elgin Watch**

Punctuality's watch word is *Elgin*.  
Worn everywhere; sold everywhere;  
guaranteed by the world's greatest  
watch factory. Booklet mailed free.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.,  
ELGIN, ILLINOIS.

From Elvin Schlafer, Menomonee Falls, Wis.:

Ricker, racker, fire cracker,  
Biff, boom, bah,  
AMERICAN BOY, AMERICAN BOY,  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
One! Two! Three! In are we.  
V-I-C-T-O-R-Y.


From Leslie D. Clark, Freeport, Ill.:

Hobble, gobble,  
Hoky, Poky,  
Zis! Boom! Bah!  
AMERICAN BOY, Rah! Rah! Rah!

From Harry Danelson, Waterbury, Conn.:

Sis! Boom! Bah! Sis! Boom! Bah!  
A. B. A. B., Rah, Rah, Rah!  
Are we in it? Well, I should smile,  
For they're still coming in a pile.  
Rah, Rah, Rah! Who are we?  
We are the boys of the O. A. B.

**SAFE** to use  
**SIMPLE** in construction



**SHOOTS STRAIGHT**  
**H&R REVOLVER**

Write for Catalogue H  
**Harrington & Richardson Arms Co.**  
WORCESTER, MASS.


**77 Information Bureaus of the New York Central Lines**

Each city ticket office of the New York Central, Boston & Albany, Michigan Central, Lake Shore & Big Four, Pittsburgh & Lake Erie, and Lake Erie & Western Railroads in the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Worcester, Springfield, Albany, Utica, Montreal, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago, Denver, San Francisco, Portland, Los Angeles, and Dallas, Texas, is an information bureau where desired information regarding rates, time of trains, character of resorts, hotel accommodations, and a thousand and one other things the intending traveler wants to know will be freely given to all callers.

For a copy of "Four Track Series" No. 3, America's Summer Resorts, send a two-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York, or send 5 cents for a sample copy of the Four Track News, a beautiful illustrated monthly magazine of travel and education.

**STEM-WIND WATCH**

We will give you a guaranteed, Stem-Wind Nickel-plated Watch also Chain and Charm, for selling 19 packages of BLUINE at ten cents each. Blaine is the best laundry bluing in the world and the fastest seller. Write us at once, and we will send you the Blaine and our large Premium List, postpaid. It costs you nothing. Simply send us the money you get for selling the Watch, Chain and Charm, postpaid.

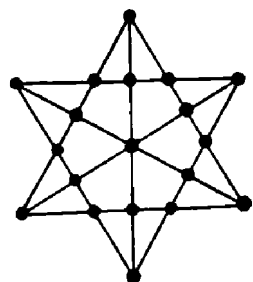


BLUINE MFG. CO.,  
Box 550, Concord Junction, Mass.  
Two Million Premiums given away during the last 5 years.

**Boys** Send for our FREE Catalogue of Small Hatters, Engines, Dynamoes, Motors, Fans and Electrical Novelties and Supplies. **MARTIN MFG. CO., 180 W. Madison Street, CHICAGO, ILL.**

**The Boys' Brain "Gym"**

**The Tree Puzzle.**



Prize for first correct answer to problem how to arrange nineteen trees in nine rows of five trees each goes to Harry B. Palmer, 1011 Keystone Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind. His arrangement of the trees is shown in the following diagram. There were others received from eight hundred and ninety three boys, many of which were praiseworthy.

**An Easy Trick.**

If you possess a strong magnet you can perform a very startling trick. Hang up a sheet. Draw on it with pencil a hook. Immediately behind the sheet at the point where the hook is drawn place your magnet. Now tell your friends that you can hang on this hook a key or steel ring, or any small iron or steel object with a hole in it. They will, of course, not believe you. All you need to do is to place the steel or iron object over the picture of the hook and the magnet will hold it. The object will appear to have been hung on the hook. You can have a confederate behind the scene remove the magnet and then ask any one to try to hang up the object. He will of course fail. Then having given a signal to your confederate he will replace the magnet and you will operate the trick again.

**Flower in a Soap Bubble.**

To make a flower inside a soap bubble pour a soap solution into a plate or tray until the bottom is covered with liquid to the depth of one eighth of an inch. In the center of the tray place a water lily or other flower, and over this a tin funnel. Then blow gently through the funnel while you are slowly lifting it at the same time. Continue blowing until you make quite a large film, and then proceed to disengage the funnel, after having first turned it at right angles. Flowers, spinning tops and other objects may be enveloped in this way. This trick is one which always mystifies and delights.

**Bottle and Cork.**

The answer to the Bottle and Cork puzzle, which was propounded in the February number of THE AMERICAN BOY, is Bottle one dollar and five cents; Cork, five cents. There were 2,102 answers given, the first correct one being that of John F. Reardon, Jr., St. Louis, Mo.

**Conundrums.**

Stanley C. Cowing, Lafayette, Ind., sends some interesting conundrums with which our boys may puzzle their elders.

A beggar had a brother. The brother died, and the man who died had no brother. How could it be?  
Answer. The beggar was the sister of the one who died.

Be quick in your answer to this one: Six dozen dozen or a half a dozen dozen; is it the same number or which is the greater?  
Answer. Six dozen dozen is the greater.

A boy driving home some ducks was asked how many ducks he had. He replied: When in line there are two ducks ahead of a duck, two ducks behind a duck, and one duck in the middle. How many ducks had he?  
Answer. Five.

**Circling the Cane.**

Ask someone to take a position in the middle of the room. Give him a stout cane and tell him to stand the cane on the floor and bend over and press his forehead against the cane's handle. Let him catch hold of the cane with his right hand a foot or two below the handle and rest his left hand, closed, on his left knee. Ask him to stand thus for two or three minutes; then to move slowly around the cane, still retaining the same attitude. He will not be able to keep up this circular motion very long, for a strange giddiness will gradually overcome him, and his only hope of safety will lie in his staggering to some piece of furniture which he can grasp.

**Who is Your Greatest Man?**

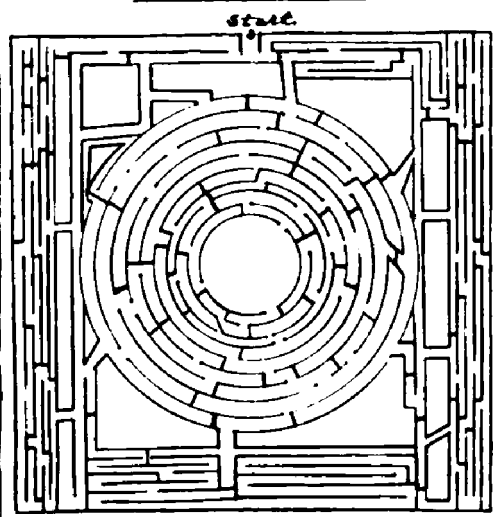
We are going to find out the name of the greatest man each State and Territory of the United States has produced. This is going to be done by a direct vote of the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY. It is to be a postal card vote. Every reader of THE AMERICAN BOY, whether a subscriber or not, is invited to put on a postal card the name of the man whom he considers to be the greatest man his State has ever produced, whether the man now be living or dead. Mail the postal card to the Problem Editor of THE AMERICAN BOY, Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich. The result of the vote will be announced in the June number of THE AMERICAN BOY. We hope every one will vote.

**A Match Trick.**

Put a few matches on the surface of water in a basin in such a way that they will form a star, with their heads toward the center. Thrust a piece of soap pointed at the end into the water at the center of the star, and you will find that the matches will begin to move away as if they were afraid of the soap. You can coax them back by putting a piece of sugar at the center.

**A Coin Trick.**

Place a little muclage on the rim of a wine glass; turn the glass over on a sheet of white paper, and when the muclage is dry cut away the paper close to the glass. Put the glass mouth downward on a sheet of paper like that which covers the mouth of the glass. Make a paper cone to fit over the glass. Now lay a penny on the large sheet of paper by the side of the wine glass. Cover the glass with the paper cone and place the whole over the coin. Command the coin to disappear, and on taking off the cone the coin will appear to have obeyed your command. To cause it to reappear, replace the cone and carry away the glass under it.



START AT THE POINT INDICATED AND REACH THE CENTER WITHOUT CROSSING A LINE.

Drawn by Carl A. Beckman, Detroit, Mich.

**Prize Medal for Essays.**

For the best essay on "The Evacuation of Valley Forge," which took place June 19, 1780, containing not over 500 words and received by May 15 next, we will give a medal showing bust of George Washington and thirteen stars. The essays will not be returned unless accompanied by postage and a request for return.

Never send a puzzle or a "catch" question to THE AMERICAN BOY without sending along the answer. We haven't the time to study out answers.





John D. Rockefeller, Jr., on "Religion and Business."

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., son of the richest man in the world, conducts a bible class in the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church of New York. He recently talked to the Y. M. C. A. of Brown University on "Business as a Life Work."

Young Rockefeller began to work and earn money when he was six years old. His first day's work netted him thirteen cents. His father offered him a fee of one cent for every fence post in need of repair that he could find on the big country place near Cleveland, O.

Work, the necessity of religion and the righteousness of making money and getting on in the world are the three pegs on which young Rockefeller hangs his speeches. In talking to the students of Tuskegee Institute in Booker T. Washington's school he said: "My friends, do not be ashamed to do any kind of work that falls into your hands."

Four years ago he began as clerk on small wages in his father's office. He is to-day his father's private secretary. He rises at 6:20 and rides or drives, or if stopping at his out-of-town place he chops wood until 7. After breakfast he starts for his office, reaching there at 9:30.

Good Books.

If one is beginning life with a few fixed rules, one of them may well be: "What is it that is best worth doing? Can I do it? And if I can, is it worth while throwing away time and strength upon what is not?"

A 50c HAT FOR MAN OR BOY. Any hat shown here will be mailed, post-paid, upon receipt of 50c, postal order or stamps. Money refunded if hat is not satisfactory.

The Amateur Journalist and Printer

The Care of a Printing Press.

WILL S. KNOWLTON

Like any other machine, to obtain the best results, the printing press should be kept clean and in perfect order. Too often, the amateur printer allows his ardor to cool, after the novelty of "being a printer" wears off somewhat, and he begins to neglect his machine.

The amateur printing press can be made a grand instrument for both amusement and instruction—it is one of the few so-called toys which can be turned to practical benefit, and even be made a source of profit.

All printing presses, when they come from the factory, are generally properly adjusted for printing, and the impression screws at the back of the platen bed should not be changed, unless absolutely necessary.

The printer should familiarize himself with his machine and examine it thoroughly for oil holes. He should oil his machine often and carefully, being particular after so doing to wipe the various parts dry with a cloth or rag, as it prevents surplus oil from dripping, from getting upon the hands and printed matter, and also from remaining on the machine to gather dirt and clog the oil holes.

To secure good printing, it is imperative that both these things should be kept perfectly clean. Wash often, and never let ink harden or remain upon either. It is better to "wash up" at the close of each day's use, or, if the press is used only occasionally, wash both rollers and plate after each job is completed.

And, last, but not least by any means, always keep press covered up when "out of commission." A good, large cloth will do, but it is better to have a specially made cover that will envelope the machine completely, so that dust and dirt may not reach it either from above or below.

A boy who will take pride in keeping his press bright and clean and in good working order is most likely to be the boy who takes pride in the quality of printing he executes on that press.

Amateur Journalism at the St. Louis World's Fair.

The directors of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, which will be held in St. Louis in 1903, have set aside a space in the Liberal Arts Building for an exhibit of amateur journalism.

St. Louis, Mo., the editor of the American Gem, certainly one of the leading amateur publications, is taking great interest in this exhibit and doubtless will be glad to furnish amateurs any information that they may desire in regard to it.

Notes.

The Ashton Leader, published at Ashton, Ia., has a column devoted to school items. Three editors for this column are elected every three weeks by the Ashton High School.

The Scribbler, published by Ora E. Stark, Oelwein, Ia., is a commendable publication in magazine form, although the only magazine feature of its contents is a poem on the first reading page.

The Reflector, an amateur literary journal published monthly by Louis M. Starring, at Grand View, Tenn., is an interesting little publication, the pages being four by six inches in dimensions, and there being eight pages.

The Globe, issued bi-monthly, by James M. Reilly, Jr., General Delivery, Jersey City, N. J., is one of the most satisfactory amateur papers that comes to our desk.

We have received a copy of volume 1, number 1, of The Junior Times, published by The Junior Times Company, Chattanooga, Tenn. Bruce Crabtree is President; Robert Divine, Secretary, and Corbin Woodward, Treasurer, or, in other words, they are the company.

The Wolverine Amateur Press Company is an organization of amateurs in Michigan. It has fourteen members and several amateur papers are represented.

twenty five cents a year. Any boy publishing an amateur paper can get an application blank and information by addressing Earl J. McKain, Jackson, Mich., who is the editor of an amateur paper called "The Magnet."

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LEO E. PHILLIPS AND HIS ROOM. Notice the copy of THE AMERICAN BOY at the left of the dresser; also notice the unique arrangement of the type case.

Rough on Cigarette Users.

Principal H. F. Fiske, of the Northwestern Academy at Evanston, Ill., says that recent competitive examinations in his school have shown that only two per cent of the cigarette users in the school have been able to reach the first grade, whereas in the fourth or lowest grade the percentage of such smokers is 57.

The New Zealand Government is preparing to teach swimming and life-saving in its public schools.







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# THE AMERICAN BOY

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Vol. 3, No. 8

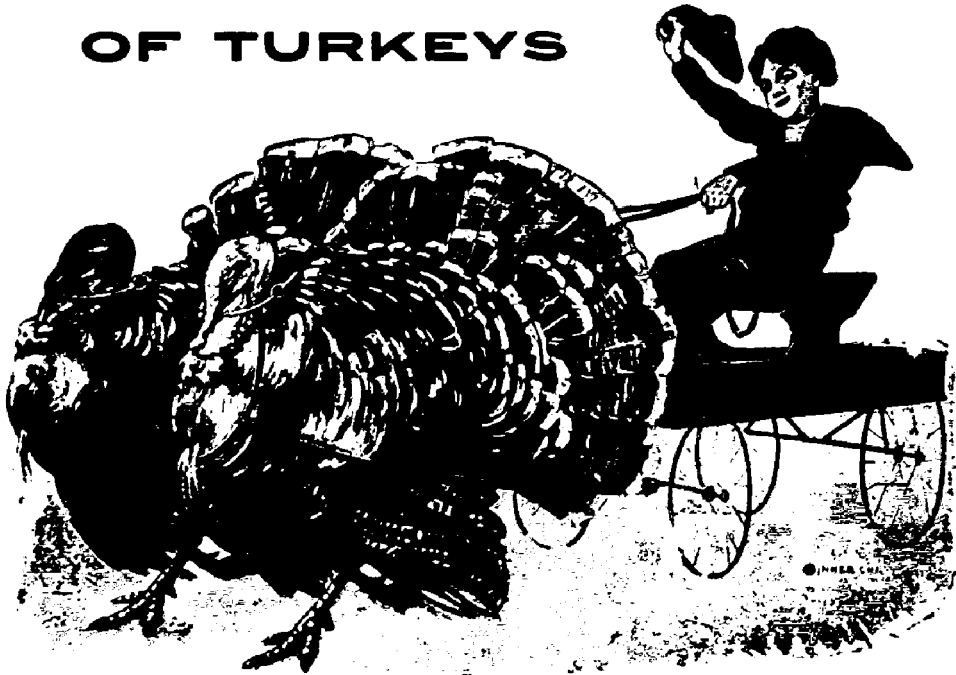
Detroit, Michigan, June, 1902

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D. Stewart. — 02

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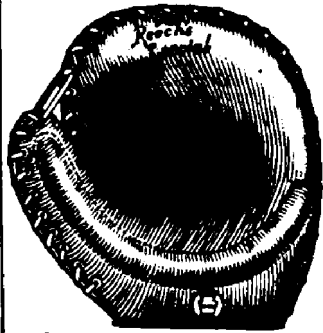
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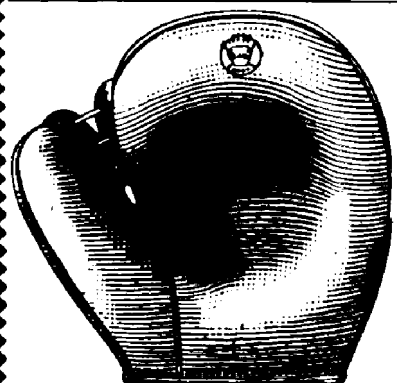
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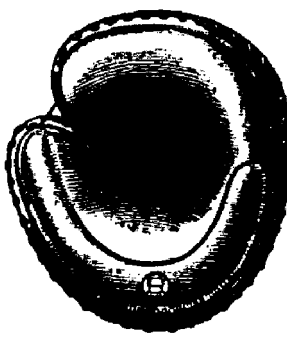


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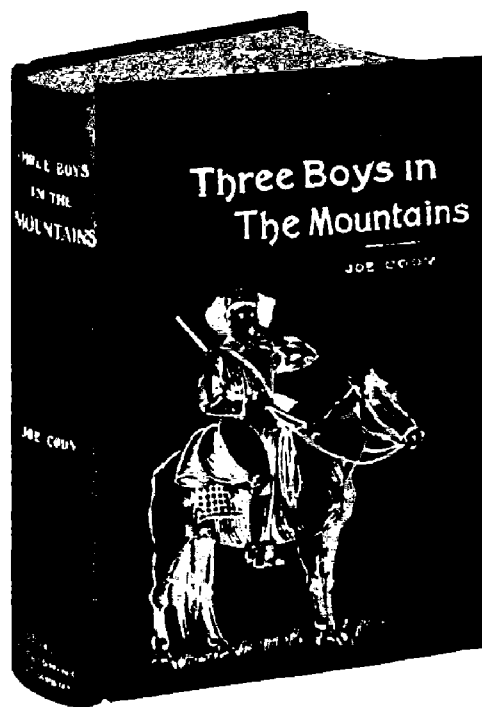


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## The Van Vliett Contest

Alfred M. Hitchcock

HE tragic moment came as John mounted the platform—came on the very last stair save one. Let the consequence be what it might, he would do it!

The decision once reached, he felt new courage—a determination such as he had never before known. He feared nothing. Strangely calm and free from nervousness he bowed to the president, then turned and faced the audience—grave seniors in somber gowns, fair young women, fond parents who had come from far and near to see their sons graduate, aunts, cousins, friends—all in excellent spirits apparently, all clad in their best. It was a gala night, the first of commencement week.

As he advanced, the buzz of conversation, the flutter of fan died away. All were interested in this young man, last of the six competitors for the Van Vliett oratorical prize. They had listened with patience to one after another, some good, some but indifferently so, attracted less perhaps by the oratory than by that indescribable something which makes all youthful competition fascinating. Opinion thus far was divided, the honors apparently lying between the genial young man who had begun his dissertation on the "Distribution of Labor," by the startling query, "Is there a cobbler in the house?" and the fiery youth who had pictured most vividly the choicest horrors of the "Spanish Inquisition." The first had pleased by his ingenuity and his easy manner, yet to some seemed to lack dignity and earnestness; the second had been most dramatic, yet the judges might decide that this was due more to his subject than to his own ability. There remained but this one competitor, a "dark horse" concerning whom even his classmates did not care to venture an opinion.

But before John begins, you must be told what was going on in his mind. What was the mighty struggle in which he had come out victorious only at the last minute?

As he looked out over that great field of faces, he saw no one distinctly, yet he knew that scattered here and there were classmates with whom he had associated in a quiet way for four years, and it was but natural that he should wish them to think well of him in after years, even though few could call him an intimate friend. Perhaps he was equally desirous of appearing well in the eyes of the army of kinfolk that had so lately taken possession of the town and completely changed it from a sleepy village into a carnival of gaiety. Then there were the judges, their eyes upon him, watching, calculating, ready to note each little fault.

It was not of any of these, however, that he thought about. Somewhere, probably well back toward the door, was a hale old westerner, stout, energetic, a man who had pushed his way to a small political prominence in far away Montana, yet had been too honest, perhaps, to prosper in any large way. Two days before, he had invaded Ryeville among the first, somewhat too conspicuous because of a very broad brimmed hat, a long linen duster, and a faded umbrella which could not have been rolled very compactly even had the strap by which it was designed to be bound not been missing.

He had come a long way; yet from Montana to Connecticut, as he scraped acquaintance with this and that fellow passenger, he had scarcely talked of any-



Up went his arm with a vigor that would have delighted a pugilist.

thing except his son John whom he had not seen in the five years the young fellow had been East. He had talked rather loudly and with forceful gestures, too, occasionally bringing his broad hand down upon his knee with a resounding slap that sent the car dust flying. Once, as he waxed eloquent in his hearty way concerning his son's brilliant future, he gave the little clergyman with whom he happened to be sitting such a tap between the shoulders by way of emphasis that the stranger had a fit of coughing and stammered, "No doubt—no doubt, sir," as he edged a little away from the vigorous westerner.

John had met his father at the train, had received his greeting on the crowded platform, had insisted on carrying his lank traveling bag up the crowded street, though they might have taken the path through the fields. He was too manly a fellow to be ashamed, though it may be admitted that he was sorry Montana country stores sold clothes so different from the neat cuts of the eastern tailor. He regretted that Montana people had such loud voices. Yet he was not ashamed, because he understood. It was almost an unmixed pleasure when time and again, before the dormitory was reached, his father faced about and, a hand on each shoulder, looked down into his face with a parent's pride and affection.

"You've growed, my boy—like a weed," he said more than once. "You'll never be a big one like your dad, son, but you'll fill out some day." Or, "You're more like your mother than ever, more like Mary. How she wanted to live to see you through! You've got her quiet way, and you've got her mind. Your old dad ain't much of a book scholar, son; he's hall fellow, big in the girth, breezy, and afraid of nobody. But I never could learn, somehow. O, well, there's got to be all sorts in the world; and we'll work together, John. I'll furnish gristle and you learning; that's the team that wins! How's the oration?"

It was a question that John dreaded. The orator of Jones County, Montana,

had been overjoyed when he heard that his son had won a place among the Van Vliett competitors. It seemed the best possible climax to his college course. He had sent him letter after letter about it, great inky pages filled with well meant advice which might have been summed up in the old injunction of Demosthenes: "Action!—action!—action!" "Keep your arms moving, lad," he had written more than once; "walk about the stage; open your mouth wide, and let it roar out! They're the tactics that win. Show 'em you're alive and in dead earnest!"

"Well, father," John replied after a moment of hesitation, "it's written, and it's learned; but—you mustn't expect too much. I'm afraid it's—it's—"

"Nonsense, lad. Warm up to it and you'll win. The oration don't count for much; it's the delivery that does it all. What's it about?"

"De Quincey."

"De Quincey? Never heard of him. Some statesman—or patriot?"

"No, just an author."

"H'm. What'd he do?"

"Why, he wrote."

"Sure enough. But—what about him? Going to attack him?"

"No, hardly that. In fact it isn't what you would call an oration; just a plain estimate of what he did, and why he failed to do much better. I'm afraid it's little more than an essay. The truth is, father, I simply couldn't write a spirited oration. I tried and tried—tried hard on every subject you suggested, but it was of no use. I just couldn't make them go. They didn't take hold of me, and whatever I wrote seemed so artificial that I—I—"

"Oh, well, cheer up, son! It's better than you think, no doubt. We'll look it over together when we get to your room."

Yet for all his hearty assurance, it was plain that the old gentleman was not a little disappointed. And to this slight cloud a second was slowly gathering; for as they proceeded up the street toward the college buildings the old gentleman's eyes were too wide open to let certain things escape his notice. He began to lose something of his careless ease, and at last blurted out, interrupting John, who was pointing out this and that object of interest, or telling him the arrangements he had made for the next few days, "I say, son, don't people hereabouts wear pretty good clothes? I dunno's my togs are good enough. I got a first-class shine in Albany, but blacking won't make a fifteen dollar suit a thirty dollar one. It was the best Burdick had in stock and I thought it would do mighty well. You're not ashamed of your dad, are you? I dunno's I'd better go to your room. Ain't there a small hotel somewhere? Folks'd never guess I was your father, and—"

"Nonsense. Not a bit of it! You're all right, father. Your clothes are all right. You look clean and wholesome, and that's all good breeding asks of anyone."

"I could keep out of the way a bit," he went on, scarce noticing John's protest, "and just slip into a back seat to-morrow night when you speak your piece. I can't miss that."

"Father, you're to go straight to my room. You're to sleep in my bed. I'm going to bunk with Will. You remember Will, my room-mate?"

Still he was not fully assured. His eyes continued to inventory those whom they passed, even though the conversation for awhile turned upon the familiar topic of home affairs in Montana. At last he broke out again.

"John, I don't quite understand; I'm a bit thick headed, as it were. These fellows here, they're students, ain't they?"

"Yes, father."

"Son, they're dressed better than—than you are. I'm afraid I've scrimped you, John. You should have let me know. I didn't understand. I'm not rich, but I'd have sold everything I own—sold the store, rather than not have you well cared for. You're all I've got in the world. I want you to be a gentleman. Your mother wanted it."

"And I hope I am. My clothes are good enough. I've a still better suit than this; don't worry a bit. I've had all that I needed and more, too. You've been generous, father, more than generous. Some of the fellows are rich; but you may be sure that the best of them treat me as their equal. And if they didn't it wouldn't matter. No, you've worked hard to put me through, and I've worked hard, though no honors have come to me. I've had a good time, too. If there's anything that troubles me it is that I have gained no great prominence, aside from the little writing I have done now and then for the college magazine. I'm not a brilliant fellow."

Thus, little by little, did the father come to understand. Little by little the unassumed joyfulness died out; he became more guarded in what he said and did. And John, conscious, perhaps, that his home letters, always cheerful and implying that he lacked nothing that the others enjoyed, had conveyed a wrong impression, felt ill at ease too, as if he had maliciously deceived. Back of all this uneasiness there loomed, like a gathering tempest, the oration. If only he could manage to win, all might still be well; but the chances seemed quite against it, especially since— But we are coming to that directly.

They went over the oration together, that evening. John read it aloud. Then the father took the manuscript and read it through to himself, his countenance the while showing that he was not a little puzzled. Then they talked it over together. The disappointment was unmistakable, though he tried to conceal it. The fact is, it did not fit the Westerner's idea of what an oration should be at all. He could see little chance for dramatic gesture; there appeared to be no fire in it—nothing sensational enough to win the attention of a Montana audience; no opportunity to stretch the lungs and exercise the body in delivering it. He did not catch at all the strength of language, the keen discrimination of estimate, the tone of affection and sympathy which comes out when heart as well as head enters into a composition.

"It's pretty tame, isn't it, father?"

"Well, no, I wouldn't call it tame; I wouldn't say that. I don't understand all of it, but that's nothing agin it; I ain't literary. In fact I'm not sure but it's too good. Perhaps a leetle more powder—ginger to it wouldn't harm it. What puzzles me most, I can't quite see—I can't quite see where the gestures are comin' in."

John's heart sank. He could say nothing, while the critic, who prided himself on his success as a "stump"

speaker, carefully studied, and studied, and at last broke forth with "Yes I do! I see it! Here—in the third sentence where you're describing his neglected grave—you must do the pathetic. I know the very gesture for it. And over here where you compare him to the big machine full of power with no firm hand to guide it;—let yourself out like a tornado. Why, now that I get the swing of the thing, it's full of action. Let me go through it and show you how."

Through it he did go, in a dramatic fashion quite ridiculous. And as he proceeded his interest grew, his voice thundering forth so that John feared it would rouse the dormitory. As he closed he reached for his hat.

"I say, John, we've no time to lose; we've got to rehearse. Let's go to the hall—it'll be empty to-night, won't it?—and I'll put you through the drill. We'll pull out of this yet!"

"But, father, do you think it would do—to—speak it so vigorously? I hadn't planned to use many gestures. The fellows don't use them very much here, and I had thought the oration didn't call for many."

"Nonsense, boy; you're too modest. Oratory's gone West since Patrick Henry's day; the East has forgotten the art. We'll show 'em a thing or two that'll open their eyes. I ain't been stump-speeching for ten years without learning some of the tricks. Let's be going."

What could John do! For two long hours they worked, the one like a beaver, the other like a horse in a tread mill. Every gesture hurt, yet he made them as ordered, each new attempt bringing new delight to the drill master. His good spirits returned. He rubbed his hands. In anticipation he

saw his son carrying off the honors amid tumultuous applause. John had beaten the college.



"I can't quite see where the gestures are comin' in."

Now, do you understand what the battle was that John had to fight? Do you wonder that he debated with himself, arguing the case, for and against? Should he make a spectacle of himself before the whole college, merely to please a father who did not understand; or should he deliver his oration as he felt that it should be given, as he had planned to give it? He debated with himself during the night, when he should have slept. All during the day he was at it, even while going through more rehearsals that were little short of agony. He was still at it as one by one his competitors went through their orations. He was not wholly decided as at last it came his turn to walk down the side aisle and mount the platform stairs, earnestly wishing, at every step, that something—anything might occur to prevent his disgrace. Only at the final moment was his mind made up. Every gesture should be made. Nay, he would even throw in extra ones. He would declaim as if addressing a rabble; let come what might, he would do it!

Before beginning, he paused, paused so long that the room became breathlessly still. Not a fan moved. Every eye was upon him. Then gathering himself as for a mighty effort, every nerve in his body tense, he began—slowly, deliberately, with a clear, firm voice that reached the farthest corner. It was a grand beginning, ably worded, ably delivered. The language, the voice, the speaker's manner harmonized. There was no suggestion of forced effort, nothing of the artificial; nothing but plain, appropriate earnestness. The first sentence, the second, then came the dreaded third where the gestures were to begin, a

whirlwind of them which was to continue with but few breaks to the close. Would his determination fail at the crucial moment? Could he possibly do it? Promptly, on the instant, up went his arm with a vigor that would have delighted a pugilist. The disgrace was an accomplished fact.

No, not quite, for at that moment something happened as if the gesture were a preconcerted signal, and no one was more surprised than John himself. The electric lights, which had been behaving oddly for several minutes past, now dying down to half their brilliancy, now brightening up again, suddenly went out altogether. The hall was as dark as a pocket.

There was a momentary rustle of whispering voices. One or two in the rear hastily left the hall in search of the janitor. "Go on! Go on!" whispered a voice from behind which he recognized as the President's. "Don't stop; they'll come up again presently."

And on he went with scarcely a perceptible pause. He threw himself into the delivery with even greater earnestness than before, yet with proper restraint. Voice alone must do it now, the very thing he wished. Each shade of meaning must be brought out by skillful modulation, by clean-cut articulation. It was a supreme moment. Could he hold the audience, or would they break away? He must hold them,—and he did. The novelty of the situation was quickly forgotten. They listened spellbound, wondering at the clearness and simplicity of his exposition, touched by the slender vein of pathos which gave an artistic value all the other orations had lacked. It was more than cold analysis; it was sympathetic interpretation which roused their pity, which made them almost forget the speaker and think but of the great writer who had failed to win the highest rank because of a single weakness. It was true eloquence from the first sentence to the last; and when he finished, the hush that often comes over a great assembly for a moment after a great effort is ended, changed to a spontaneous outburst of applause.

And in the midst of it all, as suddenly as they had gone out, the lights burst into full power again. The break in the wire, caused no one knew how, had been mended. Thereupon the applause grew still louder. Someone in the back part of the hall, apparently quite forgetting himself, rose and roared above it all, "Hooray!" then sank into his seat as if conscious too late that he had done the wrong thing.

The Van Vliet prize of one hundred dollars was awarded, by unanimous vote of the judges, to John Williamson, of Montana.

"Son—son, I'm a proud man!" exclaimed the father as arm in arm they walked back to the dormitory, after escaping a crowd of seniors who would have carried the champion off for a jollification. "I'm a proud man. You did it noble."

"I'm very glad, father."

"You whipped 'em all, John. And, mind you, in the dark, John! You did it in the dark! Why, boy, if there'd been light to see your gestures—you made 'em didn't you?"

"Every one, father."

"If there'd been light to see your gestures them other fellows'd been completely—snowed under!"

Mr. Williamson passed away long since, else the tale could not have been told. To John's credit be it said that the warm-hearted old man was never allowed to suspect that the victory was not due in part to him. And perhaps he was right in thinking so.

## A Little Boy's Conscience

LULO LINTON.

There once was a dear little, bad little boy,  
With a mother kind and true,  
Who tried to impress on the little man  
That doing right was the very best plan,  
In the wisest way she knew.

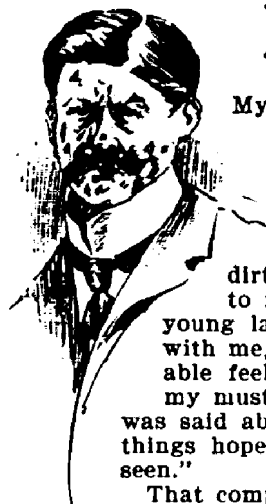
She told this dear little, bad little boy  
Of the conscience that dwelt within,  
That would pain him when he had been unkind,  
And throb and ache when he did not mind  
Her warnings, and keep from sin.

One day this dear little, bad little boy  
Watched his mother out of sight,  
Then he ate a mince pie out of its shell,  
Two-thirds of a cake, and a glass of jell,  
When he knew it was not right.

And soon this dear little, bad little boy  
Felt sad, exceedingly sad,  
When his mother came home she found him sick,  
And he cried, "Bring the ginger, hurry, quick,  
For my conscience hurts so bad."

Whenever you see a rude, rough boy  
You may rightly suspect the parents of  
being rude and rough.

# My First Mustache—Charles McIlvaine



My first mustache was barely discoverable about the time photography came to the fore. Any change in the bare and boyish face I had looked at in the glass for many years, was welcome. A streak of irresponsible, undefined dirt would have been as effective; but to me it was feelable and so, real. A young lady who sang in the church choir with me, and for whom I had an indescribable feeling about my heart, remarked of my mustache that it reminded her of what was said about charity, "It is the evidence of things hoped for, the substance of things not seen."

That comparison went far toward curing me of "the indescribable feeling."

My sisters offered me the services of the cat—to lick it, they said, and a generous old uncle sent me a complete shaving apparatus, addressed to "The Young Shaver." Even the farm help strutted past me with mocking military airs and ferocious countenances. But I was imperturbable. I had determined that what years and nature had done for me should remain. Neither jibes nor razor should touch it.

It was summer time. The French Creek picnic, known far and wide among the young folks as a most select and enjoyable annual assembly, was an affair of to-morrow.

"Substance not seen." That remark rankled. I looked long and intently in the glass. The truth of that criticism was not in the bottom of a well. It was evident. The picnic was at hand; my critic would be there, she should not, no never, justly comment upon "The evidence of things hoped for." I must, by some device, bring my mustache into prominence. I waxed, pomatumed, oiled it. No good. It was the color of a south Jersey road, yet stubbornly embodied a flesh tint that matched my lip and would not deviate therefrom.

I was in despair. I pictured the greeting of those laughing brown eyes, not looking into mine as of yore, but straight at my upper lip, and with witty thoughts behind them, ready to agonize me when they were spoken—and I well knew they would be spoken. My sisters offered me some trimmings of a black silk tassel to put on it. My father presented me with a soft lead pencil; the contribution of the farm help was a shovel of soot from the open fireplace; my good old grandmother suggested trying tar.

I pulled at the seizable corners of my treasure and laughed my tormentors to scorn. I slipped the Edinburgh encyclopedia from the library and studied the article, "Dyeing." As my mustache was neither woolen goods nor calico, the formulas given did not suit. Article "Ink" suggested itself. Eureka! I recalled that the "Indelible Ink," which by its bold marking of my initials thereon differentiated my linen from the rest of the family wash, was a solution of nitrate of silver. I had bought a manual on



I . . . delicately applied it where the to-be-dyed surface was believed to be.

photography (it is a curiosity now), made a camera, supplied myself with trays, printing frames and chemicals, and was among the first of amateur photographers. I owned an ounce of nitrate of silver. I would dye my mustache into indelible visibility!

I locked the door of my room, stuffed cotton in the keyhole, pulled down the green paper curtains, dissolved a quantity of nitrate of silver crystals (pro-

portionate to the quantity of mustache to be dyed) in a saucer, propped my looking glass on a table before me, daintily dipped a toothbrush in the solution, delicately applied it where the to-be-dyed surface was believed to be, then anxiously, expectantly awaited the result.

Minutes, then minutes as large fractions of hours, passed. My glass reflected a bitter disappointment. I strengthened the solution. I dropped the toothbrush and rubbed the mixture in and over my entire upper lip with an interest, energy and savageness I do not remember having since attained. With straining eyes I watched the glass.

The voice of my mother rang appealingly, warningly, stirringly from the foot of the stairs: "Charles, Charles. The pigs are in the corn!"

Now everyone knows, who has ever lived on a farm, that there is no agricultural calamity equal to pigs in the corn field. I rushed to the door, bounded down stairs, called the dogs and rushed, hatless, to dislodge the marauders.

To successfully force a drove of pigs from a place where eatables are distributed, requires the square of the number of the pigs, in men, boys or dogs, or the singling out of each pig for separate dislodgment. Two hours, in the bright sunlight, elapsed before I had the animals penned.

Tired, heated, my amiability in the background, I walked to the house to renew my chemical experiment. I was met on the porch by my mother. Her hands went up in surprise. Her exclamation of anxiety was motherly: "Why, Charles, what is the matter with thy face?"



"Why, Charles, what is the matter with thy face?"

"Nothing that I know of," I answered, being in utter ignorance of the cause for her query.

Mother's cry brought my sisters and the governess and a servant or two; for all of us were great on assistance or sympathy when trouble was about. They shouted with laughter the moment they laid their eyes on me.

I knew by that that nothing dangerous was the matter; but I had a dim, sickening perception that those teasing sisters of mine had a joke on me.

"Do go look at thyself," said my mother.

"Do show us where the mustache is on the funeral background," begged a roguish sister.

I was seized and hauled before the sitting room looking-glass.

Such a sight! I was black from cheek to cheek. I was irregularly spotted on nose, chin, even forehead. Had I been struck fair on the upper lip with an open ink well I would not have been more effectually bespattered. A soft purplish black shone on a few hairs more prominent than others—the only visible distinguishment of my mustache from the mourning border of my mouth.

When I rushed from the curtained light of my room into the open air, the sun's rays did the work—the nitrate developed; the dye set—set on every spot it touched. My forefinger was as ebony, I was indelibly inked! My thoughts were blacker. Amid shouts of laughter, pursued by stinging comments, I bounded upstairs to my room.

I soaped and scrubbed until the unseatable black shone like a lacquered waiter. I tried acids and alkalies, then, sorrow of sorrows! I shaved. No use! I thought of painting across my upper lip in letters of staring white, "Warranted Fast Color," and parading the joke bravely before the household. Finally, I resorted to sand soap, and I ground down the dyed epidermis until it wrinkled like tissue paper. I put a sign on the outside of my door. "Not at home," and went to bed. What I suffered for my vanity and folly no pen can tell.

The next morning my lip resembled a link of country sausage. Had a feather blown against it I would have groaned with pain. My good mother

brought me breakfast, soothed me, and fed me with a spoon. I declined, with emphasis, going to the picnic. I heard a merry party drive away without me. I was alone with my misery and my mustache. I had wiped it on a piece of paper.

I kept to my room all day. At my request mother brought me some pure cream and the encyclopedia



My pretty sister . . . brought me a carefully wrapped package.

article on "Bleaching." Late in the evening my pretty sister, eyes fairly popping with merriment, brought me a carefully wrapped package, and withdrew. I opened it. There was a dainty powder box, with a plunger of eiderdown and a note addressed to me:

"Dear Charlie:

"Please accept this as a token of my sympathy for you in your great loss under such dark and after such trying circumstances.

"Truly yours,  
"CHRIS."

I folded the paper upon which my mustache reposed, labeled it "The evidence of things not seen," put it in an envelope and mailed it to her.

That was the last of my first mustache.

## How Sammie Went Away

"Spothern I should die," said Sammie to his mother, as she softened the pillows at his head.

"Oh, Sammie, you mustn't talk so, dear."

"Well—there wath a fellow in school onth what did."

"Did what, Sammie?" asked his sister, coming in.

"Died."

"Heavens! what are you talking of, child?"

"Well, he did. An' all the fellerth gave a thent apleth for a croth made out of v'lets. Oh, it wath a fine croth."

"Oh, Sammie. Please don't talk about such things."

"Well, mommer, ith well to be prepared, you know. Miss Thteventhon thaih tho in Sunday thchool. An' I thought if I ever went an' died, I'd want Robbie to have my Robinthon Cruthoe and Johnny Peterth could have my velothipede, cauth he ain't got any. An' I thought—"

Sammie hesitated.

"Oh, mommer, you'll laugh if I tell."

"No, I won't dear."

"Well, I thought—oh, mommer, you're thure you won't laugh?"

"Sure, Sammie."

"Croth your heart?"

"Cross my heart, Sammie."

"Well, I with you'd give my pin with the blue elephant on it—to Violet."

And then a great shame fell upon Sammie and he hid his face in the coverlet. But Sammie's mother had promised. She had crossed her heart. She did not laugh at all. She did something else, quite different, by herself, with her back to Sammie.

One morning the children tiptoed past Sammie's house. They looked fearfully at the front door where smilax and long white ribbons hung. And all the fellows brought pennies to school that afternoon, and in the evening a cross of violets was brought to the darkened parlor where Sammie lay.

And days afterward Sammie's mother got out the Robinthon Crusoe and the velocipede and the pin with the blue elephant on it, and when she had cried over them until the blue elephant might have been a zebra or an ibex, or even a white rabbit, for all she could see through her tears, she kissed them and sent them away to Robbie and Johnny Peters and Violet, with Sammie's love.—From "When Love Is Young," by Roy Rolfe Gilson.

# Sport for Sport's Sake—Henry Beach



"Ster-rike two!" bawled the umpire.

Carter, Dwight's 'varsity catcher, had failed a second time to hit the ball.

"Rah-rah-rah-rah-rah-rah-rah-rah-rah — Stockbridge!" came from scores of frenzied voices.

There was no answering yell from the Dwight men. To them the game was all but over. Gloom had settled down on their section of the grand stand. Their flags hung limp and lifeless. Many of their number were leaving the field; for already the Dwight players were putting bats away, and preparing to take the barge. The score stood four to two in favor of Stockbridge, two men were out, the bases were empty, and the batter, who had not once hit safely, had but one more chance at the ball. What hope was there?

It was a hard game for Dwight to lose. To win from Stockbridge gave the average undergraduate greater joy than any other victory; and this was the deciding game of the series. Already the season had witnessed two struggles between these rivals. Stockbridge had won the first game, mainly because of Worthington's splendid pitching.

Worthington was a self-supporting student, and one who maintained a high rank in his classes, despite the exactions of his bread-and-butter employment. The hour he spent in baseball practice was his only recreation, save when games were played. Many of his friends had urged him to apply for a scholarship, to which they considered him entitled, but he would not listen to them.

"It would be said of me that I came to college to play ball, and I didn't," was his reply. And that ended it.

Having overtaxed himself, Worthington was in bed with what the doctor called "a case of nerves" when the second contest came off. As a result his team was soundly beaten.

Neutral grounds were chosen for the third game. Each college sent a large delegation, and alumni and outsiders swelled the numbers into the thousands. It was a perfect day for baseball—that warm, sunshiny weather which makes most people lazy, but which limbers up stiff muscles and rounds ball players, particularly pitchers, into perfect condition. Fortunately for both, Dwight and Stockbridge were able to present their strongest teams. Everybody expected, therefore, a close and exciting battle.

It proved to be a nerve-racking game. Neither side scored for three innings. But in the fourth, Collins, Dwight's star player and third baseman, brought in two men with a long hit down the right foul line. Stockbridge made a run in the next inning, tied the score in the sixth, took the lead in the seventh, and apparently clinched victory in the eighth inning. Dwight was doing practically nothing with Worthington's pitching. Collins could not bat the ball out of the diamond. Only Herter, the captain, had his eye on the ball, but his hits were not netting runs for his team.

Finally the ninth inning began, with Dwight in the field. Stockbridge cheered their men with what little lung power remained, but in vain. Wilcox, the left-handed pitcher, gained in effectiveness, and but three men faced him. The side was retired in one—two—three order.

Dwight came to bat with a lead of two runs to overcome,—two runs to tie, three runs to win. Never were players better encouraged to do or die. Dwight's cheering was perfection. But seemingly it was to count for naught. Jordan, the center fielder, struck out for the first time. Harvey, who played second, followed with a long fly to right field, which Warren caught. All hope centered in Carter. Already he had struck out twice, and not once had he reached first base.

The first ball pitched was a strike. The next was a ball. Then another ball, followed by a second strike.

Two strikes, no one on base, and two out!

No wonder Stockbridge men tumbled out of the grandstand and trespassed on the field, ready to carry off their heroes the moment the game was over.

But Carter surprised himself and everybody else by making a single over second base. Dwight took heart at this and gave a yell, which Stockbridge answered much more vigorously. Wilcox next faced Worthington. Scarcely a Dwight man thought he would do anything, for he was the nine's weakest batter. One strike was called, and then he swung full at the ball, met it and sent the sphere soaring

out into left field. There was a moment of suspense and then Stockbridge breathed easier. Parker could get under it, and when had he been known to drop a fly?

Luck, which is always to be reckoned with in baseball, was to become a factor in the game, however. The sun had sunk low in the west, and just as Parker got under the ball the dazzling rays struck him full in the face. His head dropped. He put up his glove to shield his eyes, and groped wildly in the air with his right hand. The ball struck the ground just behind him. Before he could throw to second base, Wilcox was resting on the bag, and Carter had reached third.

There was no gloom in the Dwight camp now. Men were yelling like Indians—if savages ever made so much noise. And when they could restrain themselves they settled down to their snappy—

"Rah-rah-rah-rah-rah-rah-rah-Dwight—over over and over again, until their voices became raspy.

Meanwhile the Stockbridge enthusiasts had retreated from the field to the grand stand, jeered at by their rivals, when they attempted to out-shout, but with unsatisfactory results.

Worthington was plainly disconcerted. He had to face a situation as desperate as any pitcher ever faced. Dwight had reached the top of their batting list. Herter, the first man up, had hit safely every time he had been at bat, and Collins, who followed the captain, had brought in two runs with the longest hit of the game. Worthington beckoned Davis to him, and an earnest consultation followed. When the catcher retired behind the bat, he stood to the right of the plate. Then the pitcher deliberately threw four wide balls, sending Herter to first base, and filling every corner of the diamond.

For a moment the cheering ceased. The bold play surprised everyone. But the welcome stillness was brief.

Collins walked up to the plate with what was almost a swagger. His manner was certainly one of



An earnest consultation followed.

confidence and determination. As he faced Worthington a comparison of the men was but natural.

The batter was heavily built from the ground up. His shoulders were almost too broad for his body, big though it was, and certainly too broad for the small head they supported. There was nothing attractive about his face, with its low forehead. Instinctively one only glanced at his head and dropped the eye to admire the man's physique.

Worthington was of athletic build also, but he was much more lithe. In him the head was what attracted the eye. There, undoubtedly, was the man's great power. As they stood facing each other it looked to be a contest between brain and brawn. If Collins could hit the ball, he would drive it with a mighty force. But could Worthington's cunning circumvent the batter's hitting powers?

This pitcher had the faculty of remaining cool under the most trying circumstances. Cheering, no matter how deafening, had never "rattled" him. But he was now strangely annoyed. Usually quick and business-like in his delivery, he fussed around his box, digging the clay with his toe, and handling the ball nervously. Suddenly, raising his hand, he motioned to the Stockbridge contingent to cease yelling.

Immediately the Dwight captain did a very sportsman-like thing. Herter was certainly anxious that Worthington should lose his masterly control of the

ball, and he could see plainly that the pitcher was getting more and more nervous; yet he waved to his followers to be quiet.

Stockbridge thoroughly appreciated this good turn, and threw all their heart into—

"Rah-rah-rah-rah-rah-rah-rah-rah-rah-rah — Stockbridge — Her-ter!"

After which the field became as still as if a practice game were being played to empty benches.

The first ball pitched was a slow one. It started straight for the plate, but curved lazily out. Collins did not reach for it. The umpire called a ball. Then, seemingly without any more exertion, Worthington threw another ball a little wide of the plate. It came with great speed, but just before it reached the batter it shot in and cut the plate breast-high. Still Collins stood motionless. The umpire called a strike.

Stockbridge could not restrain one yell. This was answered by Dwight. Once more all was quiet.

Again Worthington pitched the ball—but whether it was swift or slow no one gave a thought. Collins had hit it squarely and it was speeding across the diamond. With the ball four pairs of legs started instantly. Worthington reached for the bounding sphere, but it was too quick for him. Was it a single past second? No, Clarke, the second baseman, could get it. Clarke must get it.

As Collins was a left-handed batter the Stockbridge captain had been playing well over toward first base, and he started on the jump toward center field. He was running almost with the ball, but he would intercept it, provided he was first to reach the point his eye had selected. The ball skimmed along the turf very much faster than the second baseman ran, but just as it was shooting past him he put out his left hands and the ball stuck in his glove. It was a marvelous stop!

Before he could throw he had to turn and slip the ball into his right hand, which took precious time. Mills, the shortstop, was covering second, but a glance told Clarke that the base runner, who had stolen a long lead off first base, would reach the bag before his throw. Quick as a flash he wheeled and snapped the ball to Alden at first.

He had not time to gauge his throw, and it was high—so high that the six foot first baseman had to jump for it. Alden let out the last kink in his long arms, but the ball just touched the tip of his mit and caromed off some distance behind the base. He recovered it with all speed, and made a beautiful throw to the home plate. But it was too late. Herter had slid home with the winning run. The score was five to four in favor of Dwight; and pandemonium was let loose.

As the Dwight men were surprised at their victory, so were the men of Stockbridge shocked by defeat; as the former were wild with delight, so were the latter cast down with disappointment. Men remained in their seats, with a blank stare on their faces, unmindful that the field was being emptied. Others walked along, head down, in a dazed sort of way. And these men had followed the game closely. They realized what a factor luck had been. Although defeat had come at the very close of the contest, they had been a little prepared for it. Still, never had success seemed more certain.

But if the Stockbridge contingent at the game was surprised at the result, the men who remained at home were dumbfounded. There were many of these: some who would not leave their lectures, more that could not afford to take the trip, and very many who had used up all of their cuts. They were massed about the bulletin board of the "Stockbridge Daily Herald," which up-to-date college journal supplied its constituency with the news of the game by wire,—that is the reports came to the town by wire, and were telephoned up to the college.

It was a noisy, jubilant crowd until the disastrous ninth inning. And the celebration was all planned, and the brass band engaged, before Carter's single turned defeat into victory for Dwight. The conclusion of the game was inexplicable to the stay-at-homes. Why Parker missed that fly, they did not understand. Neither could they account for Clarke's wild throw to first base, which ought to have retired the side. But back of it all they were inclined to blame Worthington, who appeared to have lost his steadiness at a critical point.

There were occasional grumblings to be heard, therefore, when "Sliver" Lee wormed his way through the crowd to the "Herald" office. He was editor-in-chief of the paper, and it was he who had telephoned the reports to his associate editors. His round chubby face was rather too smiling, considering the blow which his university had sustained. But no one paid any attention to his cheerfulness. "Sliver" the fat, a chap as broad almost as he was tall, was continually smiling—so everybody thought. His enemies even asserted that "Sliver's" face was so constructed that he had to grin whether he cared or not.

\*This remarkable play was actually made by a right-handed fielder in a Yale-Harvard game of recent years.

"Sliver, what was the matter with your roommate (referring to Worthington)?" smartly inquired a freshman—almost a soph.

"Must 'a gone up in the air," interposed a learned sophomore.

But Lee was a senior. He did not reply. He reached the steps leading to the editorial sanctum, mounted the short flight, paused a moment at the top, and then, acting on a sudden impulse, turned and addressed his fellow students thus:

"Well, boys, it is hard lines to lose a game when we had it in our hands. And it's natural for some of you to grumble, seeing you're not on to the different plays. I've the advantage over you, for I've been at the end of the wire, and so know more of the details. Let me put you on to a thing or two.

"After Collins brought in two runs for Dwight, our fellows sailed into 'em, tied the score, and then took a safe lead. Everything was going our way until Carter surprised himself by connecting with the ball.

"A hit after two strikes and two out! What bloomin' luck that was!

"But if that was luck, what was Parker's failure to get Wilcox's fly? He'd judged it perfectly, and was about to gather it in, when the sun struck him square in the eyes.

"Do you fellows appreciate what a grand stop 'Pop' Clarke made? His back was to the ball when he grabbed it with his left hand. Can you beat that? And don't forget that he had to turn, change hands, and throw from deep infield, with a ten-second man racing for first. I call his high throw an excusable error—if there ever was one. \* \* \* That throw, lads, must have broken the Captain's heart.

"And Worthington—what a sandy man to send Herter to first on balls and to rely on putting out Collins—Collins the slugger. Did Collins get a hit?

"Lads, our nine has done itself and us proud! Worthington pitched great ball and yet he's been working day and evenings at the confounded census-taking; and when he wasn't working he was grinding for exams. And ev'ry man behind him backed him up in grand style.

"Now, they're coming back to us, and ev'ry one of 'em is feeling sorer than we feel. Are we going to let 'em sneak into town like a pack of whipped curs?

"You've hired a band and planned a celebration. Well, let's have it, I say. Let's show those sandy fellows we know they've done their level best. Are you with me?"

"We are that," shouted a senior. And they were, to a man.

The special car attached to the "Colonial Express" contained about as mournful an aggregation of men as mortal ever saw. They were the Stockbridge varsity baseball nine, its substitutes, manager, coach and trainer. In one seat were Clarke and Worthington, while Parker perched on the arm, alternately cursing himself and the sun. As for the Captain, he was bemoaning his bad throw to first base. Worthington was grieving silently, although he said, when their journey was drawing to a close, "I must have lost my control. But I didn't realize it." To which Clarke and Parker replied, "There never was a better game pitched."

Suddenly the ears of the disconsolate trio caught the sound of their beautiful college song, "Hail to thee, Stockbridge, we pledge our devotion." The men looked at one another wonderingly. Before anyone spoke the train pulled into the station, and from the car windows there was nothing to see but beaming faces and waving Stockbridge flags, and nothing to hear but ear-splitting yells.

Almost before the train stopped, "Sliver" Lee boarded the special, and gave Clarke a hug.

"Why—why—what does it mean?" gasped the Captain in amazement.

"You—you know we lost."

"It means," replied Lee, this time hugging Worthington, "that you played the best ball you knew how—and that we asked nothing more."

That was all he could say, for he was jostled by other Stockbridge men, who lifted to their shoulders, none too carefully, the entire team, and bore them amidst the heartiest cheering to a barge, from which the horses had been unhitched. Many hands took hold of the tongue and of the long rope attached to it, and the conveyance, with its heavy load, was

jerked off as easily as if it had been a perambulator. The band played the Stockbridge Commencement March—a stirring two-step—and the men cheered and sang themselves hoarse. The old town had never had such a waking up before. But noisy as

science of electricity. Never was this boy happier than when talking over with his confidential friend the hopes and aspirations of his every waking hour. Deprived of the love and care of a mother when but a lad of twelve, and being the only child of a farmer unable to aid his boy through the university or college, he turned almost daily to his neighbor-friend who had no boys of her own, but had a feeling of deep interest in all progressive, ambitious boys in general, and this one in particular. Many the confidential talks they enjoyed until he went away—talks that were missed by both.

"I shall earn money to pay for books, clothes and tuition," he confided to his friend and adviser, "but I shall be obliged to work for my board in the city somewhere." And all summer long, through heat and through discomforts and discouragements of an innumerable character he labored, taking the place of a hired man, and earning but seventy five cents a day. He plowed and made hay; he pitched grain in the field and took his stand at the threshing machine day after day; he harrowed and sowed, and worked early and late, always hopeful and cheerful. The vacation time between his graduation day and the opening of the University was short. It found him with not quite fifty dollars, but, as if to make up for lack of money, possessed of an abundance of courage and grim determination.

Today our farmer lad is washing dishes and waiting upon table at a large restaurant, three hours a day. In this way he pays for his board, and by the extra hours of service he is able to put in doing menial but honorable work at fifteen cents an hour, he is more than meeting the expense of room rent.

A few days ago, passing through the city where our farmer boy is engaged in a preparatory work that is to become his life equipment, his bright face was seen eagerly scanning the faces of those who stepped from the train, to see if he might meet any one he knew. There had been a spare hour for recreation. He choose to take the long walk that he felt the need of, with the hope that when the 3:20 train came in he might meet a familiar countenance and find some glad smile to give him encouragement. He met his neighbor-friend, whom he had not expected to see. While the train waited the hour of departure, we chatted as in the old days—of the things that most interested the boy: his lessons and lesson hours, his duties when earning his board, his classmates. "Is Tom here attending the University?" I asked. And he replied that Tom had lacked money enough to carry him through. And Tom had refused \$1.25 a day during the summer and had demanded \$1.50 a day, which he could not get. Our farmer lad had labored for a much less sum, and was thus enabled to carry out his plans. And until he has finished his course and is competent to secure a position of trust, he will wash dishes, if need be, or take the work that is offered him to do.

Our farmer lad loves, best of all, the farm. But he means to be prepared to turn his hand to farming scientifically, or to other remunerative work, if he chooses to do so. Realizing that youth is the true preparatory stage of life, he searches diligently for the knowledge that he knows will stand him in stead all the days that he may live. He is of the opinion expressed by Russell Sage, that when the country boy goes to the city there is room for him, and for his steady advancement, if the country boy is physically and mentally capable of making that place for himself. And the country boy who determinedly seeks his own advancement, unaided and alone, passing through hardship, if need be, to carry out his cherished hopes, it goes without saying, is always intelligent, and usually of robust constitution.

The individual who will not labor unless a stated sum can be secured for services, be that individual man or boy, girl or woman, and prefers idleness and dependence, rather than work at moderate rates and independence, is all unworthy of consideration. The world is too busy a place to give them special heed. The world is looking for the active, the independent, the ambitious and the determined. Such effort is followed by success. Men and women, boys and girls of such distinctive characteristics, are always in demand, their services valuable and sought for.



Nothing to see but beaming faces and waving Stockbridge flags, and nothing to hear but ear-splitting yells

they undeniably were, their enthusiasm was not of the hysterical sort which follows an athletic victory in any college. It was, as "Sliver" Lee said afterwards, "the glad hand from the heart."

It was more than that. The true significance of the welcome was pointed out by a great daily published in a nearby city. Editorially it said:

"The 'Stockbridge spirit' has ever been the wonder and admiration of the college world. But Stockbridge has outdone herself. By last night's demonstration, which is, we believe, unique in the annals of collegiate athletics, the undergraduates have shown that in one university there is none of the 'terrible despondency of the losing side in America'—as a noted English amateur has expressed it. Above all, they have sworn their allegiance to that principle which ought to dominate all athletics—sport for sport's sake. In the words of Montaigne, 'There are some defeats more triumphant than victories.'"

### Working His Way

NELLIE HAWES.

"If I fail, it will come through unexpected misfortune, and never through a fear of hard work or through faint-heartedness." And today that typically western farmer lad is successfully pursuing his long mapped out plan to secure the business education begun at the district school, followed up most conscientiously at the village school where, at eighteen, he was graduated, and since then continuously added to at the University.

"Yes, the way is hard for the boy who starts out with dollars but a few and ambitions high and strong," he said, as he dropped THE AMERICAN BOY and turned to talk over again with the writer all his hopes and ambitions, and tell of his determination to be a civil engineer, and to be well versed in the

# Squire Mangold's Money — Charles Moreau Harger

WHEN Charles Harris took a place in his uncle's bank at Somolon he did not realize how close it would bring him to the personal affairs of the community. So well did he come to know the finances of the several families that he looked up, a little startled, when "Squire" Mangold, the white-bearded settler of Groveland township, pushed through the brass bars of the bank counter a check for nine hundred dollars, payable to "self."

"Spending your wheat money so soon, Squire?" he asked, recalling how gladly tremulous the depositor had been when he came in with the proceeds of his year's crop.

"Well," the reply came haltingly, "I kind o' needed it to-day."

"Going to clean up the mortgage, I suppose?"

"Yes—an' a lot more."

"Good for you, Squire, Kansas is surprizing the nation this year for money-making. Here you are," and he counted out tens, twenties and fifties into a comfortable looking pile of greenbacks that made the old man's eyes glisten.

Nervously the settler gathered them in his sun-browned fingers and turned away.

The bank door was open and the sound of band music—loud, rapid, exciting—was borne in on the south wind. Out on the edge of the town rose swaying white tents and tossing flags of many nations. It was circus day—an unwonted occasion, for circuses seldom visited such small villages on the prairies.

With his money clutched tight in the pocket of his well-worn coat the settler followed the band to the grounds. He waited some time and then entered the side show tent.

The more the young clerk thought of the strange action of the bank's patron, the less easy he felt as to what might happen. His uncle had been called to the county seat and he had no one with whom to consult. An hour later he saw the aged farmer coming toward town. Along the dusty road, between the little forests of sunflowers bending in the hot south wind, he came with feeble steps and slow. He entered the bank and, though Harris greeted him cheerily, he covered his face with his hands, a picture of discouragement.

"What's the matter, Squire?" asked the clerk.

"Everything's the matter," broke from the quivering lips. "It's all gone, Charlie. My money is gone."

"You don't mean it! Tell me about it," urged the younger man sympathizingly, setting a chair for him behind the counter, for the bank was deserted just then.

"There ain't much to tell," was the reply. "They told me in the tent I'd won nine hundred dollars by rolling a ball into a box. I didn't know it was a money game. I just rolled for fun. Then they said I must show that I had nine hundred dollars before they paid it. I got it and they snatched it and pushed me out—and I don't know where it is. I could have paid the mortgage if—." He could say no more.

Harris was indignant. "The robbers!" he exclaimed. "It's an old game. I wish you'd told me first—but I'll make it warm for them, see if I don't—and maybe I'll get your money." He started for the door, as if to go to the tents, before remembering that he was alone in charge of the bank.

All the afternoon, as he counted the deposits or cashed the checks, Harris mused over the problem. Constable and marshal were out of town (could it have been intentional?) and he must depend on his own resources.

At four o'clock the bank closed, and half an hour later he was on his way, hurrying toward the show grounds.

He had several conversations with young men

of the village on the way, and when he sought the manager of the circus it was with a cool confidence and determination. His western life had taught him the value of assurance in meeting a crisis and had inspired him with a courage that made him attempt what older men might have feared to undertake.

"Where is the manager?" he demanded of the ticket seller.

"He is down town somewhere."



In a minute more the roll of bills was in his pocket.

"Who's at the head of the side show?"

"Really I don't know, but—"

"No nonsense—I want the boss right now."

The ticket seller disappeared under the canvas and after a long time came back with a man in military coat.

"Are you the manager of this show?" demanded Harris.

"I represent him at present."

"Very well. I want to know what you mean by robbing a poor old man of his savings!"

"I do not understand what you are talking about, sir," replied the showman haughtily.

"Yes you do, and I want that nine hundred dollars right now or there will be trouble. Because the old man was weak gave you no right to rob him."

"But we have no money belonging to him."

"Yes, you have. It has been taken in this tent within the last four hours and the young men of this town won't stand it."

"I know nothing of it. You must leave the grounds unless you are more peaceable," for Harris was growing excited.

The band began playing for another performance, the ticket sellers were shouting and there seemed nothing to do but return to town.

On the way, among the sunflowers beside the road, he came on his settler friend and told him the story.

"You can't get it back, Charlie," said the old man sadly. "Let it go—don't get into trouble."

"Wait and see. I'll try desperately hard before I give up."

The advice not to get into trouble was repeated by several of the merchants with whom he consulted, but from the young men of the town he met with heartier sympathy.

"Stand by me, boys," he urged, "and we'll help the old man some, anyhow. It's a good chance to show our grit."

The adventure appealed to the others and a score

promised to assist, if necessary, in making the showmen give up the money.

An appointment was made for half past nine o'clock when Harris was to meet his friends, and then he started home for supper.

As he went up the street he heard a shrill whistle and turned to see a handsome team of spotted ponies driven to a gaily colored road wagon, plainly a rig from the circus. A young man was in the vehicle and as he drew up to the sidewalk Harris recognized one of the ticket sellers.

"Here is a note for you," said the stranger, handing out an envelope.

Harris opened it and read this scrawl in lead pencil:

"Come to the tent at eight o'clock. Can tell you something."

There was no signature, and when he looked up to ask a question of the young man, the spotted ponies were pattering rapidly away, half a block distant.

With the note in his pocket the young clerk sought the tents just as the flaring torches were lighted in readiness for the night performance.

A ticket seller took him inside where the man in military coat waited.

"Well, I have come," were Harris' opening words.

"Yes, yes, about that money," began the man suavely. "I have found out that some hangers-on of the show got it. They have spent part, but I think I can get the rest—you see we don't want any trouble."

"You can get it all," declared Harris positively. He saw that he had frightened the showman. "It happened right here and you know about it."

"You are mistaken, young man, but I'll try what I can do."

"Let me tell you something," said Harris, impressively. "There are about forty young men of my size up town who are waiting for a chance to have fun with your old show. If they decide to do it and come down here on horseback prepared to cut the ropes and wreck the tents, it will be a good deal more expensive than to give the old man his money. Understand?"

"They wouldn't do that?" the manager asked anxiously.

"Well, I can't tell what they will do—but if I don't go back with some sort of success they may be hard to control. There hasn't been any real fun in this town in a long time."

The circus man was agitated. "Go out there and get into the ticket wagon," he commanded, "and when the crowd gets in we will see what can be done."

There was plainly an understanding of what was to be done, for when the bank clerk approached the wagon the door on the side was opened for him, and soon he found himself in the inside with the two ticket sellers, facing the eager throng of people. It was interesting to see the money come

over the shelf in the rear of the wagon and to watch the skill of the seller in making change.

Harris was so interested in it that he did not notice that one of the men left the wagon. When the crowd had passed under the canvas and the band was playing for the grand entrance in the circus tent, the other ticket seller gathered the money in a sack and also slipped through the door. Harris was about to follow, but the door was bolted on the outside; almost at the same instant the shutters in the rear slammed together and he was a prisoner.



"Are you the manager of this show?"



"I didn't know it was a money game I just rolled for fun."



He had scarcely time to consider what he should do next when there was a movement of his prison—it was being hauled away from the show grounds at a rapid pace.

Over the rough fields and uneven prairie sod the wagon bumped, and the music from the tent grew fainter and fainter until he could hear it no longer.

Harris was not frightened. He reflected that the circus men could not afford to do him injury and that they could not hope to keep him prisoner in the wagon more than three hours, for by that time they would be loading the show on the train. From sounds of the engines he thought he was then approaching the railway tracks, though not by the regular road. Besides, the young men with whom he had talked had agreed to await his report at nine o'clock, and if he did not appear they would institute a search. He had not exaggerated when he told the showman that they were anxious for "fun."

Suddenly the wagon stopped. There was a rattling at the door and a man entered. When the newcomer had lighted a lamp inside the wagon, Harris recognized the dignified gentleman of the military coat, but now in citizen's clothes.

"Have a pleasant ride?" inquired the man, laughing.

"I've had pleasanter."

"Know where you are?"

"Near the tracks somewhere?"

"Yes, brought you part of the way home. Now, we'll do business."

The man opened his coat and took from an inner pocket a roll of bills. He counted out twenties and fifties until seven hundred and fifty dollars was on the shelf under the smoky lamp.

"There," he said, "is all I could get—seven hundred and fifty."

"It'll take one hundred and fifty more."

"Can't do it—this is all I could get."

"Then there'll be trouble."

The showman walked back and forth in the narrow space, evidently much perturbed. Harris was half afraid he had made a mistake and was about to weaken when the stranger turned.

"Say," he pleaded, "I am telling you the truth. I brought you out here to get away from the toughs. If I had paid you at the grounds you would have been robbed before you reached town. I have in my pocket one hundred dollars more—of my own money—and if you will give me a receipt in full it's all yours—but no more."

"I'll do it," announced Harris without taking time to parley.

In a minute more the roll of bills was in his pocket and he had scrawled his name at the end of a receipt. The door opened and he stepped out into the darkness.

"Good-bye," called the showman, "you're the only one who ever got anything back from the Consolidated Shows—be careful of it now."

Harris had been dropped half a mile below the station on the prairie. His course lay along the tracks and he noted with misgiving that there were excellent hiding places for thugs in the clumps of sunflowers he must pass.

Clutching the roll, he set out on a run, keeping a sharp look-out.

Some dark forms moved just ahead. It came to him that this was part of the plan—to get his receipt

and then rob him of the money. How could he prove himself innocent?

He hesitated a moment, wondering what to do.

Suddenly there was a sharp report from the direction of the tents. Against the darkness of the prairie sky shot up a fierce flame and the cries of the people mingled with the roar of the wild animals in the cages. The big tent was on fire.

Flashing through his mind came the thought, "The boys did not wait for me!"

By the light of the fire he saw that he was close to a culvert under the tracks. Ahead were the men he feared, looking intently at the distant spectacle.

Crouching low in the grass he crept into the dark tunnel and pushed his way along the fifty foot opening. When he came out on the other side it was an easy thing to keep in the ditch close to the embankment and hurry toward town. At the first house, he left the railway and, circling a barn and garden, was soon safe on the settled streets. Far down the tracks four men were angrily searching the sunflower clumps for the victim they had expected.

On the main street were waiting his friends—and Squire Mangold.

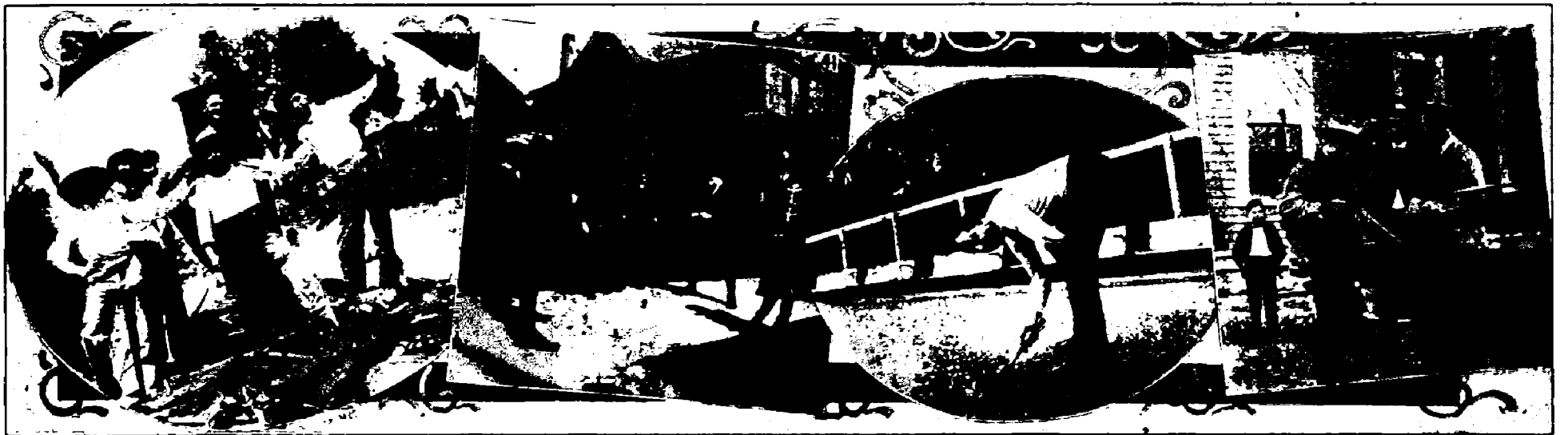
"I thought you had attacked the tent, boys," Harris exclaimed in surprise.

"No," was the reply, "a gasoline torch exploded and burned a little canvas—didn't do much damage."

"Get my money, Charlie?" asked the settler when he could take Harris aside.

"Yes, all but fifty—sorry to miss that."

"Well, I didn't expect any," gratefully declared the old man. "Keep it for me, Charlie, and put it back in the bank. And, say, the next time I want it make me tell what it's for before you pay it over."



CAPTAIN PUDDY OF THE "BELLE OF AUSTIN,"  
With a fishing party, on the Colorado river.  
Photo by M. Blanchard, Temple, Tex.

TOP TIME.  
Photo by Henry C. Frase, Jr.,  
West Chester, Pa.

GOOD EXERCISE.  
Photo by Ralph W. Austin,  
Toledo, Ohio.

GETTING READY FOR THE HUNT.  
Photo by Arthur Van Winkle,  
Ft. Smith, Ark.

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. Write on the back of the photograph its title, with a description of the picture, and the full name and address of the contestant, who in every case must be the artist who took the picture.

Photographic Notes.

Remember that the use of a tripod will save many an otherwise spoiled picture.

Hypo not thoroughly washed out of a negative will eventually crystallize, and spoil the plate.

Telephoto attachments to all ordinary cameras can now be obtained for a very reasonable price.

Spare the trimming knife and spoil the print, is a truth amateur photographers should not forget.

The long days have once more arrived, and the searcher after artistic pictures should remember that in the early mornings and late afternoons the shadows are handy things to work into a landscape.

Sometimes films become creased. One way to get this out is to wet the film, pin it to a board, face upwards, and flatten it out as much as possible, in the hope that when it dries much of the creasing will disappear.

Prints with a narrow white border always receive praise. A good way to do

The Boy Photographer

Edited by Judson Grenell

is to put binding paper on the sides and ends of the negative, and print on a piece of paper sufficiently large to leave a white edge all around.

There are two kinds of photographs: Those that are good for something, and those that are good for nothing. Care in the selection of subjects will increase the number of the former and decrease the number of the latter.

Much enjoyment can be obtained by at stated intervals photographing a growing plant or flower. In the fall a complete history of the shrub will be in the amateur's possession, besides much interesting knowledge concerning it and its friends and pests, the animal creation. Try it.

Answers to Correspondents.

C. P. Calvert—There are many makes of paper on the market that will print by lamplight. Try velox.

Arthur Nelson—Developer must be kept cool. When you left it in a warm place the heat probably ruined it. Some photographers keep their developer in an ice box, so careful are they.

Harry W. Stoekel—Polished surfaces take best with a backed plate. Use one tray for developing only, and another for fixing. But you can use the same tray for either plate or velox developing.

J. McDonald—When a "dekko" print turns black when put in the developer, it is probably because it has been over-exposed. Cut the time in two and try again. If still black, put the paper in the developer without exposing it at all, and see what happens. Something may be wrong with the paper, or it may be the developer.

Herbert L. Moore—You can use most developers over several times, particularly if they have in them no "pyro." Experience only will tell you how many times.

The spots you mention on the edge of your negatives are caused either by the slides "leaking" light, or by not flowing the developer over the plate when it is first put in the solution.

Karl Wassermann—Write to the Photographic Supply Co., Detroit, Mich., and they can furnish you what you desire. You are advised not to go to any expense, at the beginning, in buying books on photography, as the instructions that accompany new cameras are generally sufficient at the start. After that THE AMERICAN BOY photograph department will give you, in a year, more pointers than any ordinary book can cover.

Willie Watson—Try Metol, ¼ oz; hydrochinon, ¼ oz; water, 40 oz; sulphite of soda (crystals), 2 oz; carbonate of soda (crystals), 1¼ oz. Dissolve in order given. If it works too energetically, dilute with pure water until the desired result is obtained. With each eight ounces used, a few drops of a 10 per cent solution of bromide of potassium will improve it. This is for Stanley plates. If you want to make a two-solution formula, which will keep well, put the carbonate of soda in half the water mentioned, and the other chemicals in the other half. Then when used, take an equal quantity of each.

Charles A. Fornwald—A "vigorous" negative is one that has been correctly timed and then developed until all that is in it has been brought out. It is also called a "snappy" negative. "Halation" is caused by the reflection of light from the subject you are photographing. For example, if you take a picture in the house facing a window, the sides of the window will not be distinct. To prevent this effect, a plate may be "backed" with the proper substance, and then the halation does not appear. When a plate has been developed too long it is thick, and then a "reducer" is used to thin it. If the plate has not been sufficiently developed, it can be "intensified" by another process. THE AMERICAN BOY has explained all these

terms before, and given the formula for the use of the chemicals necessary to produce the desired result, and will go over the same ground again, later, for the benefit of new subscribers.

Cheap Developing Table.

A cheap developing table can, according to George Kilburn in Anthony's International Annual, be made of a second-hand machine stand or frame. First remove the flywheel and treadle. Most of these stands have a hole in the top, but if this is not of suitable size, cut it larger. Then have a dish made at the tinworker's of either some stout tin, zinc, or lead, to fit the hole, and with a flat ledge all round. For the purpose of emptying, the dish can have a short bit of pipe soldered underneath, and fitted either with a tap or plug as desired. When using the sink for developing, a pail can be placed under the sink to receive the waste. To economize space still further, the iron framework can be boxed in, and the lower part made to hold dishes, bottles, or other sundries. A narrow strip of wood about an inch broad can be fastened round the edge of the table to prevent the clothes being splashed while developing, and also to save the dishes from being pushed off and getting broken.

Experimenting is Not Wasteful.

Plates wisely used for experimental purposes are not wasted. Instead it is a good investment. For example, if the amateur photographer will select some simple looking subject and make exposures from different points of view, he will be able, after the plates are developed, to see which view makes the best and most artistic picture, and thereafter he will not be likely to blunder into choosing the worst instead of the best viewpoint. The same advice also applies to developing. Take three plates that have been exposed exactly alike. Put one in weak developer, one in strong developer, and the other in normal developer. After the plates have been fixed, washed and dried, print, and the result will show the wisdom of accommodating the right kind of development to the ex-

(Department continued on page 237.)

# "THE PRINCE OF INDIA"

BERTHA ESTER-BROOKE GOODIER

"WHERE'S the Prince of India? Who's seen Jimmy Tod?"

Jack Allison, known as "Signor Tomasio, the world-famed acrobat," paused before the little group of circus performers with the question.

"Most like he's over in the animal-tent," answered Toby, the clown, "Him an' the Rajah's gettin' great chums."

"The Rajah? Why, man, he won't let anyone but his old Hindoo keeper come near him."

"Won't, eh?" There was a suspicion of pride in the clown's voice. "Well, you just ought to see the kid pokin' him up with the iron, an' that old elephant shufflin' round as meek as a kitten. I tell you, the Prince of India's game clear through. He wasn't brought up in the slums of New York for nothin'."

"Yes, he's game clear through," echoed Jack Allison, as he turned away. All across the sawdust ring and trampled grass the clown's words kept ringing in his ear, and he couldn't help but feel a bit proud himself of the little lad whom he had found, down in "Hollihan's Court" on a summer's day two years before, hanging to the revolving arm of a dilapidated clothes-reel by one foot, and waving the other wildly in air, while the crowd of dirty-faced youngsters gathered below and yelled with delight.

"That's Jimmy Tod," a dozen voices had told him, "an' he's an akrobat, he is. Why, he can slide down raiilin's head-foremost, an' shin up a telegraph pole quick as a wink. Oh, he ain't afraid o' nothin', Jimmy ain't."

"Then he's just the boy I'm looking for," flashed through the circus man's mind. The last boy he had acted with had wavered and trembled at just the decisive moment, and for those who threw their very lives upon the balance of a half-second, there must be no wavering or trembling.

So Jack Allison had brought this fearless, blue-eyed, little boy out of the poverty and darkness of the city slums into the glitter and light of the tinsel world, which is a kind-hearted, good-natured sort of world, after all; had taught him to jump and turn and twist and climb, and those two great rules of life, whether you be of the tinsel world, or of the world of the common-place, "Keep a steady head," and "Don't look down."

Jimmy Tod had been happy through these two years. He took so kindly to all the dangers and fatigues of the wandering life, and so smilingly risked his little neck at each performance, that, as it was never known just who and what his parents were, it was easy to believe Toby's theory that they, too, had been "circus folks." He was never happier than when, clad in the palest of blue silk tights, he went sailing through the air toward those strong hands which he knew would not fail him; or, wrapped about with a gorgeous robe of crimson and gold, his fair skin stained to a delicate brown, out of which his blue eyes twinkled oddly, a jeweled turban wound round and round his head to hide all trace of the sunny curls, and seated in a little curtained howdah on the swaying back of "Jingo," the sacred white elephant, he rode in the "Grand Entry" or street parade as "The Prince of India."

There was just one dark cloud in the sky of this little circus boy—one that made him look longingly back toward the darkness and poverty he had left behind. It was the memory of the baby sister his mother had given into his arms that dreadful day so long ago, when she had closed her tired eyes on the suffering of this world, and the hacking cough had been stilled. When they told him that she was dead, and had taken her away in that long, narrow box, the little boy, who as yet knew nothing of the great mystery of life and death, had thought that she would surely come again; but he had waited and waited, and at last he knew that she would never come back, and that he and Maggie were left alone.

Then came Jack Allison and the offer that had given promise of a new life. At first he had answered, "Oh, but I can't leave my little sister;" but when kindly Mrs. Murphy had assured him that she would take good care of the "wee one," and they told him how much better able he would be to care for her in the future, the boy had kissed the sweet, upturned face and said, "Good-bye."

He sent home every dollar he could spare, and now that the warm weather was coming on, he had a beautiful dream of how Maggie should go, for the remaining months of summer, out into the country, where she could see the blue sky and the green grass—the grass that was as free as the sunlight; where she could play under the trees and pick all the flowers she wanted, without fear of the burly policeman, or the ever present "Keep-off-the-grass" signs.

It was a beautiful dream, but one he was slow in realizing, for, though the boy did well his part, his work was not yet of a kind to command much pay.

The busy proprietor, after making sure that the boy was well fed and well clothed, had no more time for the affairs of so small a member of his great company. Jack Allison would gladly have helped,

but in the careless, roving life of the circus performer there is very little thought for the morrow, and few dollars remaining at the end of the month.

The little pile of money grew so slowly that the boy sometimes almost despaired, especially on days when came the scrawling, misspelled letters that told of the heat and sickness which had already assailed the crowded tenement.

Jack Allison knew that it was one of these he was carrying to the boy, and at the door of the animal tent, he paused, almost dreading to give it to its owner, lest it dull the merry-hearted laughter. But the shout that greeted his entrance brought him quickly forward: "Oh, Jack, come and see the 'Rajah.' Isn't he splendid?"

Jimmy Tod looked so frail and slender, as he stood before the great beast, grasping the massive trunk which might blot out his life in a single instant, that Jack Allison caught his breath with a quick, "Be careful, kid, he'll strike you!"

The boy laughed easily. "Oh, no, he won't," he said. "Just look here, Jack," and in the twinkling of an eye he had climbed, as some boys do an apple tree, up onto the elephant's head, where he stood smiling as though it were the best of jokes.

"Hut! Hut!" It was the cry he had learned from Sibbu, the old Sepoy elephanteer; to the Rajah it was "the voice of the master," and he turned to pace clumsily about the ring.

"Hut! Hut!" This time the Rajah paused abruptly and stood switching about enquiringly his ridiculous tasseled little tail, as though to ask, "Well, what next?"

The boy slipped lightly to the ground and ran forward.

"Isn't he just splendid, Jack?" he asked, with sparkling eyes, "Sibbu taught me a lot of words and I can make the Rajah do most anything. Really, he's a very friendly old elephant, Jack, when you get to know him."

"Well, thank you just the same, kid," Jack Allison said, positively; "but I'd rather keep a respectful distance from his Rajahship. There's a wicked little twinkle in his eye that makes me doubt his good faith. But here, perhaps, you'll be interested in this," and he held out the letter.

The boy spelled slowly through the scrawling words; then looked up.

"Oh, Jack," he said, "Mrs. Murphy writes that Maggie isn't a bit well. Says she just sits by the window all day long and don't play with the other children at all, and that she's getting pale and quiet—like mamma used to be." Then with a quick breath that was almost a sob, "Oh, Jack, it's the country she wants, and where will I ever get money enough?"

Jack Allison, thinking regretfully of his own empty pockets, could only shake his head.

All through the day the two went unsmilingly about their work, for, turn whichever way they might, they could not get out of their minds the picture of the poor little child there in the stifling heat. "What's the matter with the kid? What makes our little Prince of India so down-hearted?" The kindly questions came from all sides, for men and women, from rough tent-pullers to beautiful riders, all loved the fair-haired boy. But he only smiled bravely; they were his friends, yet he could not tell them his trouble.

The next day he was still thinking—thinking—racking his brains all to no purpose, and though the

crowds cheered and the bands played as merrily as ever, he did not heed.

Indeed, so absorbed was he in his thoughts that he did not even hear the warning cry that rang sharply out above the tumult of the throng: "Look out! He'll strike you!" The terrified shrieks that burst from all sides made him lean far out from the little howdah—and what a sight met his eyes! A surging sea of frightened faces all around; men, women and children scrambling over one another—the stronger dragging the weaker under foot in their frantic efforts to get out of the path of a huge, dark bulk that was bearing down upon them, as though to trample them to death.

It was the Rajah! Not a peaceful, clumsy old elephant, but a maddened brute, that trumpeted and swung his great trunk this way and that in pain and insulted dignity. He had been ambling along, begging on one side and the other for the apples and peanuts with which the children delighted to feed him; but some mischievous fellow had offered him a lighted cigar, and repented his rashness a moment later.

Next to the Rajah in the parade walked Hebe, a meek little elephant, with seemingly no will of her own, for she followed wherever he led, usually holding to the end of his tail. She charged along now, trumpeting and waving her trunk in sympathy, while the rest of the herd, fired by the spirit of rebellion, came after.

"Hut! Hut!" in vain old Sibbu yelled at his charge. In vain the red-coated keepers jabbed at him, from a safe distance, with their iron rods. They were like so many tennpins

in the path of a cannon ball.

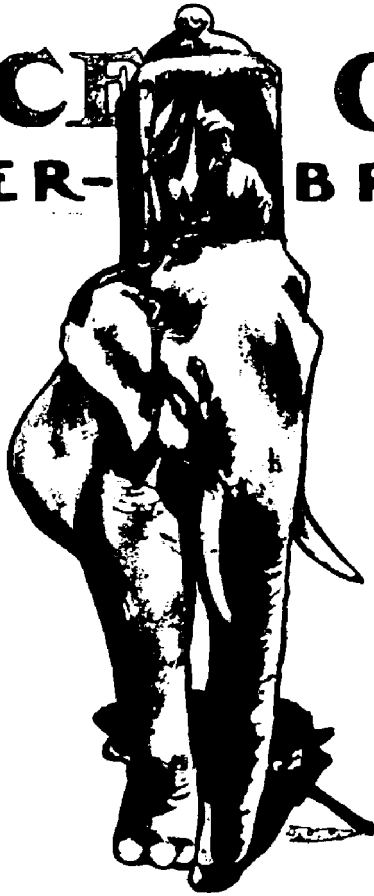
"Oh, what shall we do? What can we do? He'll kill a lot of people, sure!" The circus proprietor was beside himself with fear. But, look! What was that? A curious little figure flashed up right in the path of the enraged beast, the sunlight playing upon the red and gold of his embroidered robe—a slender fair-haired boy, who stood fearlessly erect, and cried in shrill command: "Hut! Chup raho! Hut!"

The uplifted trunk paused one second in midair, then swung harmlessly down. The roaring sank to a low growling and the trumpeting was stilled. Wondering, the rest of the herd came to a halt. This was a most unexpected turn of events. What should they do next?

Some from the frightened mob ventured a glance over their shoulders to see what marvelous thing was happening; then the bolder of these paused to stare in wild-eyed astonishment, for the boy had swung lightly onto the elephant's head, and was now jabbing at him with the iron rod which the trembling Sepoy had handed up. The danger was past, for the Rajah had heard again "the voice of the master."

"Hut! Hut! Stand back there, please! Out of the way!" cried this wonderful boy, and instantly there opened before him a broad path through the sea of faces. Slowly the great beast turned and ambled back into place, though protesting at every step. The herd, as ever obedient to their leader's will, followed after, and the great procession was moving on almost before the crowd had time to recover from its fright.

Near the end of the parade two men were riding



"Be careful, kid, he'll strike you!"



"Wherever are you going, Jack? • • To a party?"

together in earnest conversation. One was a knight in a shining suit of chain armor; the other, the circus proprietor, who grasped the white gauntlet in a hearty grip.

"I'll do it, Jack," he declared. "He's the bravest kid in the world, and he saved the lot of us from utter ruin this day. It'll be the greatest benefit night any show ever had. You tell that little-sister story to the crowd this afternoon, and if you tell it anything like you did to me just now, it'll fetch them. I'll see about the newspapers, and we won't tell the kid till he hears your story. Glory, won't he be surprised, though!" and the kindly man rode away, chuckling to himself.

That afternoon it seemed that the name of the Prince of India was on every lip, and when Jimmy came on in the "Entry" one would think the crowd would surely burst its throat with cheering. When the last rider had disappeared through the velvet curtain, a pattering storm of hand-clapping began and would not be stilled until the whole assemblage had passed before them once more. When they were gone, the hand-clapping continued; then the crowd made known its wish. "The Prince of India! Jimmy Tod! Jimmy Tod!" they cried.

"It's you they want, kid," said Jack Allison, smiling. "And you'd better take the Rajah on, too."

"Oh, Jimmy Tod!" Mdlle. du Mar, the beautiful equestrienne, stooped to kiss the wondering boy. "You're putting us all in the shade today, you little hero."

"I'm sure I can't guess why they should want me," he said, as they lifted him up onto the waiting elephant's back, then watched breathlessly as he went about the ring once more, with the bands playing and the people cheering like mad.

The performance began, but, as Mdlle. du Mar had said, the people seemed scarcely to notice what was going on, for there was an air of suppressed excitement over all. Toby brought Jimmy Tod the word

that Jack Allison would not "go on" this afternoon—a fact at which the boy wondered much.

"Why, Toby, he isn't sick, is he?" he questioned anxiously.

"Oh, no, he ain't sick," the clown replied, smiling more broadly than the matter in hand seemed to warrant, "but I reckon you'll be sort o' surprised when you see him, kid."

And in truth he was. "Why, wherever are you going, Jack?" was all he could stammer out. "To a party?" The acrobat had laid aside his customary suit of tights, and was dressed, in all things, like a man of fashion.

"No, just got to make a little speech to the crowd." Jack was smiling, too. "And, say, kid, you'd better stand where you can hear what I've got to say. My remarks may be of interest to you," and he was gone across the sawdust ring.

Jimmy watched him mount the little platform, saw the bandsmen put aside their instruments, then heard the clear tones ring out: "Ladies and gentlemen." He saw the vast audience pause to listen, then lean forward with rapt attention, and he knew that he and they were listening to a story told in a simple, touching manner which could not fail to reach the heart. It was the story of a little blue-eyed sister, who was drooping like a flower before the stifling heat; of a boy, reared in the poverty and slums of the great city; of a pitiful little pile of dollars, the savings of many months.

Here the manly voice paused while the great tent was so still that a whisper might have been heard, then went on:

"Tonight's performance," said the speaker, "will be a grand benefit for Jimmy Tod, the hero of the day, and I hope that all will join in making it a success."

"And I—and I—" The Mayor of the town had jumped to his feet and was wildly waving his hat about. "And I," when he could be heard, "suggest that you double the price of admission, the price of reserved seats, and the price of pop-corn and pink lemonade. And don't one of you stay away, but come, and bring all the children, too. Let them see a real, live hero for once, for the article's getting scarce nowadays. And let those who feel truly grateful chip in a little extra for the blue-eyed sister—those of you who have sisters or children of your own. Don't forget to come early and avoid the rush, and we'll make it an occasion this town won't forget in a hurry." Amid a burst of applause, the Mayor resumed his seat.

Long before the hour for evening opening the show grounds were crowded; half a dozen extra ticket sellers had to be pressed into service to take care of the streams of people that passed before the wagons, but these had not the usual bother of making change.

"Oh, that's all right," "Keep it all," "With my compliments to the Prince of India," "For the little sister," flew along the line, and the money boxes fairly groaned with their weight of silver and bills.

Then such a performance as followed! Surely never had riders danced so lightly on their shining horses; never had trapeze performers flown so swiftly through the air; never was there such a smiling kinship between actors and audience.



The Mayor.

The Prince of India must ride again around the ring on the great beast; he must laugh and wave his turban a hundred times; and when he and Jack came on for their act, it seemed as though the storm of applause must surely lift the roof off the tent.

When at last the audience let the performers go, and, tired but happy, the troupe rode down to the private car which was to carry them to their next stand, they gathered in an anxious group about the proprietor. There was inquiry written plainly on every face when, in answer, he said:

"Well, people, I can't tell you just how much we have, but it's mighty certain that Maggie can go into the country and stay as long as she likes; and what's more, she don't ever have to go back to that tenebment again. Isn't that good, kid?"

"Good!" The boy's eyes were dancing with excitement. He scarcely knew whether to believe his own ears or not. Indeed, the whole day seemed like some strange dream to him, and he was not at all sure he would not wake up to find the same troubling question before him.

"And it's all your doings, Jack," he sighed happily, when the acrobat pushed aside the curtains of the berth to make sure that the boy was "safely stowed away" for the night.

"My doings!" exclaimed that gentleman indignantly. "Do I look like a fellow who'd run out in front of a raging, tearing, old elephant like that Rajah?"

"Oh, the Rajah was all right," said Jimmy Tod. "I knew he wouldn't hurt me; so you see, Jack, it wasn't very brave, after all. It was all that beautiful speech that did it."

"Well, if that was all that did it," Jack Allison stooped to tuck the coverlet closer and there was a mist before his eyes. "I guess I'd go around making 'beautiful speeches' all the time."

## Little John Osborn—C. S. Palmer

Although the old schoolhouse in District No. 5, Centerville, N. Y., has been reshingled, remodeled, newly boarded and repainted a number of times within the past sixty years, it is yet the same old building, and traditions of the escapades of Little John Osborn, its most unruly pupil, still linger about it.

Ezra Lewis, who taught there in the fifties, would have delighted Pete Jones of Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster." If "lickin' and larnin'" go together, he certainly was a prince among teachers. The methods of physical torture which his ingenious mind could not devise are not worth considering. Yet all his schemes for human punishment were, apparently, of small avail on Little John, who was continually concocting new forms of mischief just to see, as he said, "what the teacher would do next."

After Lewis had exhausted nearly all his resources, he adopted a punishment which I am sure is now far out of date. For every offense he compelled Little John to stand upon his feet, reach down and pull steadily for half an hour on a nail that projected a short distance out of the floor. If any of my readers have ever been subjected to this form of punishment, I am sure that they will agree with me that it is not only humiliating, but exhausting. After Little John had tried it two or three times he became very angry, and was heard to mutter:

"The next time I have to pull on that nail there will be some fun."

The "next time" was not slow in coming. On the afternoon of the following day he made on his slate a grotesque caricature of the teacher, and the laughter and giggles that it evoked speedily incurred the master's displeasure.

"Little John," said Lewis, "pull for a half hour on that nail, and pull hard. Don't get down on your knees, either."

Little John with a sly wink at the other pupils, walked to the nail and began to pull. The room had become quiet and the teacher was in the midst of an explanation to his arithmetic class, when Little John gave a sudden jerk. The nail came out and the culprit described a complete somersault, landing at full length in the middle of the floor.

"Teacher, I've got it," he exclaimed triumphantly as he rose to his feet and held up the nail for inspection.

To a few he had confided that early that morning he had come with a hammer and loosened the nail, so that only a little more work would be necessary to pull it out.

For the next offense committed, Little John felt the sting of the master's heavy ash ruler. No one was much surprised, therefore, that when Lewis reached into his desk for it the next morning it had disappeared.

"Who took my ruler?" he demanded in a gruff voice. No one spoke.

"Does any one know what has become of my ruler?" This time his voice trembled with rage.

There was a profound silence until a little girl on one of the front seats piped up:

"Please, sir, Little John Osborn threw it up into the garret."

"Little John," thundered the teacher, "you get that ruler immediately. I will attend to your case after school."

Little John procured a fence rail and, after much unnecessary grunting and slipping back, managed to climb up through the scuttle hole into the dark garret above.

For fully ten minutes the teacher and pupils heard him groping around in the dark, apparently unable to find the ruler.

"Hurry up there, Little John, or I will come up after you," shouted the teacher savagely. And John Ballard, one of the large boys on the back seat, whispered, "Then, probably I'll have to go up after the teacher."

As was usual in those days, the ceiling was low and the stove pipe from the stove in front was wired to it and ran back to the chimney in the rear. The teacher had called Little John for the third time, with a renewed threat to come up after him, when there was a second of stillness followed by a sudden crash. The frail laths of the ceiling broke through, and in a cloud of dust and broken plaster Little John shot downward, landing astride the stove-pipe, which gave way beneath him and both tumbled in a confused heap upon the floor.

A dense smoke filled the room, for it was a cold day in winter and a brisk fire was burning. Amid the confusion Little John struggled to his feet and limped painfully toward the door.

"I couldn't see very well up there and must have stumbled," he said apologetically, as he continued to edge toward the door. But the teacher was not to be deceived. Seizing a poker he rushed at Little John, whose lameness seemed to disappear as though by magic. He ran out of the house with the master a close second. An ox team and sled happened to be going by. Little John sprang upon the sled with a wild shout, causing the oxen to break into a dead run. The teacher missed the sled by a fraction of a second; and as he shook his fist frantically at the retreating figure, Little John, pulling his cap from his pocket and waving it over his head, shouted:

"Didn't hurt me a bit!"

Little John was not seen inside the schoolhouse again that winter.

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BOYS AS MONEY MAKERS and MONEY SAVERS

The Country Boy's Finances.

FRANK H. SWEET. There are thousands of country boys who read this paper, who wish to be doing something on their own account, and yet who are not quite ready or quite old enough to strike out for themselves. To them, perhaps, a practical article on ways to add to their spending money would be of as much interest and value as a story or an article on education or travel.

As a rule, country boys do not have much money to spend, not even for the books which some of them long for and cannot obtain. And yet the majority of them could have the use of a few rods or a few acres of otherwise waste land, if they so desired. Even the village boy whose parents have a large back garden could usually have a corner reserved for his especial use.

Moreover, a good way to interest a boy in farm life is for him to raise some special crop, something he can take care of, harvest and sell, himself. There are several such special crops a boy can handle to advantage, and one of them is

POP CORN.

There is considerable money in pop corn growing, if one studies the best varieties to grow, has a proper soil and knows of a good market. Land that will grow good corn or wheat or potatoes, will grow good pop corn. Forty or fifty bushels to the acre is a fair crop, and it always sells for more than ordinary corn, and if a good quality is grown is always wanted; for pop corn products constitute quite a manufacturing interest, and certain firms use many thousands of bushels annually.

The white rice varieties are esteemed the best. A bushel of ears of this sort should weigh from thirty four to thirty six pounds. Price of course depends on the year and the quality. If one grows pop corn purely for the corn, the forage being of no account, he should pin his faith to the rice varieties, among which the monarch white rice is undoubtedly the most excellent—or at least as good as the best. One should get about sixteen hundred pounds of rice corn from an acre of land that will produce forty bushels of field corn. It should be planted early, and if the season is good should be in first rate parching order in December, in time for the holiday trade. This variety is not recommended for extreme northern latitudes, but is finest in the corn belt—or wherever good field corn is grown. The intending pop corn grower should experiment with a few varieties until he has found one that seems adapted to his soil and latitude.

The qualities that manufacturers desire in a corn for parching are sweetness, crispness and bulk when popped. These the rice varieties furnish in greater excellence than rowed sorts. Moreover, the rice corn is available the year it is grown, whereas the rowed varieties must be kept till they are a year old, and this, of course, means a shrinkage, waste and perhaps damage by rats and mice, besides a twelve months' waiting for returns. It is a mis-

take to believe that the older the corn is the better it is. After two years it is practically almost useless. At least that is the claim of manufacturers of pop corn products.

HORSE-RADISH.

Horse-radish is really a market gardener's crop, but there is hardly a rural neighborhood or small village where, in the spring, a boy might not, by pushing his business, derive quite a little revenue from the sale of this pungent root, especially if he has the facilities for grating it. Then he should bottle it neatly and put it on sale at the grocer's, unless he prefers to peddle it from house to house. A crop of horse-radish can be grown in one season if the land is mellow and rich and well exposed to the sun—essentials to a rapid and vigorous growth. The crop is grown from sets. Select them from six to eight inches long, and of about the thickness of a pencil. They should be put in quite deeply, several inches below the surface. The usual custom is to choose some spot that will not be often disturbed, plant the sets, dig as soon as sizable enough to grate, and leave the smaller roots to grow for another year. Culture is very easy, consisting chiefly in keeping weeds down and the soil rich and mellow.

PIEPLANT.

Pieplant, or rhubarb, is always in demand in the spring. It is almost the first edible thing, and its acid is delicious and healthful. It will grow almost anywhere, but to get an abundant crop of fine quality it needs a rich soil. Rampant and coarse in growth as it is, it is a voracious feeder, and its broad leaves and juicy stalks exact a generous support from the fertility of the soil.

It is not worth while to try to grow it from seeds—takes too long. Get the roots, and even if you have to give a seedsman ten cents apiece for strong roots, it pays to get the best. Usually, however, roots may be obtained of some friendly neighbor, who will take up a plant or two and divide the eyes.

As the "rhubarb row" will likely be undisturbed for a number of years, the situation should be carefully studied, and the soil deeply dug and generously enriched. Ample room should be allowed; do not set nearer than four feet apart each way. Set strong, two year old roots early in the season and you can pull some stalks by fall, and they will be large, juicy ones, quite different from the spindling ones from old plants.

Pieplant needs little cultivation. To loosen the soil a little in early spring with a hoe, and give a generous top dressing of manure in the fall is about all that is necessary. Though the row of pieplant is usually a permanent institution in the garden, the stalks are of much better quality if replanted every three or four years. Not more than half the stalks on any one plant should be pulled at one time, and the first picking should be much less than this. The plants must be allowed to establish themselves thoroughly.

Though forcing pieplant is really a

market gardener's occupation, perhaps the country boy may like to try it for the sake of the extra money it will bring, or for the sake of having pieplant tart in March or early April. To do this, dig out the roots and let them freeze. After they have been frozen, put them in the cellar, quite close together, and cover the roots with soil. See that they do not get too dry. The temperature of the cellar should range from fifty five to seventy degrees. Growth will start early, and the stalks will make good pies. After they have grown all they will, the roots may be planted out again, after being cut into eyes.

Save Your Pennies.

Save your pennies instead of spending them. Get the habit of thrift. American boys need to learn this lesson. Over in France the children of the common schools are taught to deposit with their teachers any sum they save no matter how small, and once a month agents of the savings banks go the rounds of the schools and collect the children's savings. Every child has his bank book. During the last seventeen years French boys and girls have opened more than half a million accounts in the savings banks.

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# The Biggest Boys' Club in the World

Something of a New York Institution which has lately built a club house costing half a million dollars and gathered together a membership of seven thousand poor boys.

Here is a story that will interest every boy in America. It is a true story, too. Whether it has its lesson or not, let each individual reader judge. Apart from its inspiration and its obvious moral (that, to give up one's life for the sake of others generally meets with due reward), the story is in itself interesting.

A few years ago a young man arrived in the great city of New York, and took up an humble abode in what are known as "the slums." It was away down on the east side of the city where foreigners mostly congregate, where poverty is rife and vice and crime everywhere prevalent. The young man was from England, the son of a schoolmaster, and himself a head-master for a short time in one of the inland counties of his native land. The stranger was not used to American ways, but he had a natural love for the school, for self-improvement, for improving others. Alone and quite poor, he wandered among the crowds of that depressing quarter of the great metropolis, and a great idea seized him. Why was it that the streets were so filled with young men and boys, all the way, from infancy to early manhood, none of them with apparently anything to do except frequent the cigar shops where there were all sorts of gambling games going on to lure the pennies and dimes from them, and the saloons which they erroneously regarded as the "poor man's club?" This condition of things caused the young stranger to pass many a sleepless night. Then he realized that these thousands of young men had really no place to go and absolutely nothing to do outside of their working hours—no legitimate, improving recreation. The thought struck him that even he in his poor, weak way might do something against even such great odds and in behalf of so vast an army. Accordingly one night he hired the basement of a ramshackle building on the corner of Eighth street and Avenue A, overlooking Thompkin's square, the most thickly frequented breathing spot in all the great herding masses. Approaching a group of lads, he said,



THE OLD CLUB.

"Come with me and I will give you some light amusement." So they went with him, wondering whether he was a missionary or a crook—whether he wanted to convert them or to inveigle them into



THE CASINO, CHESS AND CHECKER ROOM.



THE SENIORS IN THEIR SOCIAL ROOM.

## Francis H. Tabor, Superintendent of the Boys' Club, Writes "The American Boy."



The East Side city boy is not one to be placed in the average factory or store just as we find him. He is quite untrained. The average lad, even from the ordinary walks of life, has had some training in obedience, self-control, cleanliness and honesty. The East Side boy, however, has had very little home influence. He is inordinately selfish, sensitive and aggressive. He is not dishonest, but his sense of right and wrong is perverted. He does not understand restraint and discipline, but on the other hand we find him very tender-hearted and generous, and easily led when his confidence is obtained. He is bright, having picked up an astonishing amount of general information from the very gutters. But one thing he has never acquired, and that is the right use of his leisure. If the East Side boy works, he is liable to seek leisure and recreation in various dissipation. He has no restraint, and neither municipal nor private charities take any heed of his development. There are four to eight hours a day when he is absolutely at a loss to know what to do with himself, even though he may earn his own living, and if not, his degeneration takes place much faster. With the temptations that beset the youth on every side, it is no wonder that the idle mind takes up with the most vicious forms of so-called pleasures.

It is the object of the Boys' Club to teach its members to transform idleness into leisure, providing them with the greatest possible safeguards against evil and offering them an immense amount of happiness. The older members understand this and establish an unwritten code of discipline, giving the body a certain tone, exacting of every recruit that he conform to this high standard or step out. The result is most wholesome. Surrounded by refined and manly influences, the lad soon perceives that it is skill and not bullying that makes him succeed in various games, and that it is a clean mind and clean speech that has the greatest influence with men. The result is that the lad soon learns self-control—a virtue which the streets do everything to counteract, even if the boy be born with a certain sense of the fitness of things. The club spirit soon imbues the whole body, amalgamating it and holding every member within strict moral bonds. Any impertinence to volunteer instructors or others in authority is instantly resented by the boys themselves, and I can only recall one case of

theft on which occasion five thousand boys turned themselves into volunteer detectives. I do not know that the culprit bears the marks to this day, but I know that the stolen article was returned, and the example furnished to any member of doubtful morals was such that it was the first and last theft in the club's annals. I merely mention this to show in what jealous and cherishing regard every member of the body holds the general spirit of the organization, and woe to him who degrades it!

Fifteen thousand dollars a year would seem to be a good deal of money to be spent in teaching the young idea of the East Side slums the benefits of right recreation, and yet when one considers that it may mean the saving of scores and indeed hundreds of young men to good and useful citizenship, who can say that so great a reward is dearly bought? The club members have no dues to pay, and there is no church or other organization to which the club may look for help. It is supported wholly and entirely by voluntary subscription. Nor does it furnish instruction and discipline in the educational form offered by the various night schools and trade schools, etc. It is devoted merely to social recreation and betterment, and the classes, while efficient and thoroughly equipped, are in the nature of relaxation rather than work, for a large majority of the young men who avail themselves of the privileges of the club have already given their best energies each day to bread-winning, which, as all know who are familiar with the fierce competition of an over-crowded city, is sufficiently exhausting. It is to try to eliminate a taste for what is low and vulgar and develop a natural love for the pure, the manly and the true that is the chief aim of the club, offering pursuits of a higher order than the boys' natural surroundings would suggest to them, transforming idle and vicious hours into well occupied leisure, making them better boys and men, equipping them for a more rational and industrious fulfillment of their life work. With abundant gratitude to all who have so earnestly assisted us in this work we look to a sincere furtherance of our cause in the same spirit of forbearance, fraternity and general good will.



THE NEW CLUB.

*Francis H. Tabor*  
Francis H. Tabor

some scheme contrary to law. To their surprise they found that he wished to do neither—that he wished to give them some legitimate recreation, to teach them legitimate games, to interest them in charming books, to tell them of the great mysteries of zoology, botany and the like, and to train them in body as well as in mind so that they would have no need to resort to the saloon for either recreation, social pleasures or stimulant. Those three or four boys came the next night, and brought others. The little coterie grew. The rooms adjoining the social hall were taken, one for a gymnasium, others for class rooms, library, etc. Month by month and year by year the labor waxed great until five thousand members, composed of boys from the age of seven to twenty, were banded together in one large non-sectarian, non-partisan brotherhood.

One day a friend of a millionaire railroad magnate (who was given to doing charitable things with his right hand without letting his left hand know it) approached him and said: "Come down on the east side with me. I will show you one of the most promising institutions in the country—yes, in the whole world. I will show you a miserable suite of rooms where you will find thousands of lads busy at every sort of legitimate recreation. There are Dramatic and Debating Clubs, Law and Order Clubs, Literary Societies, Recreation Clubs, Travelers' Clubs, Sport Clubs, Chess and Checker Clubs, Printing, Camera, Out-of-Door, Fiction, Singing and half a dozen other clubs all in one. It has been the means of saving many a prison record. It has brought hundreds out of the streets, ragged and dirty, unclean of speech and person, and made self-respecting young citizens of them. Its uplifting influence in a district, which has long been regarded as hopeless by both the municipality and the church and university settlement people, has been tremendous. Come down and take a look at it."

And so this very busy man made the trip one evening, looked the scheme all over, and the more he entered into the spirit of the thing the more his amazement increased. He recognized it as a pioneer institution, and grasping the hand of the founder, offered to build a fine club house for him and the boys, and forthwith gave orders to his architects to prepare plans. It took many months, but at last the work was done, and today it stands on the corner of Tenth street and Avenue A, two blocks above the miserable basement quarters where the club flourished so long under adverse circumstances—a building six stories high, with all the luxurious appointments of a regular uptown club, and a membership of over seven thousand active, intelligent, industrious members.

In the basement, even larger than the whole club suite previously, there are shower baths, a carpenter shop, a printing outfit where "The Boys' Club Record" is printed and pub-



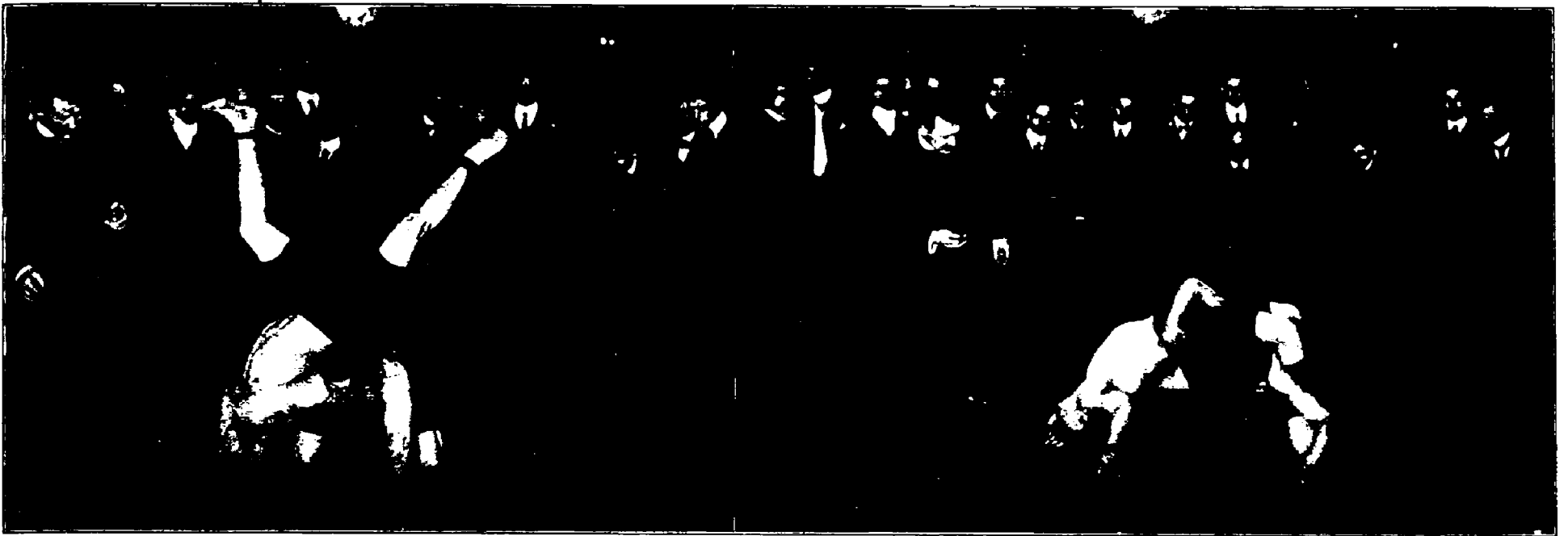
THE LIBRARY.



A SINGING CLASS IN SESSION.



THE JUNIORS AT THEIR GAMES.



EUGENE SANDOW, THE STRONG MAN, REFEREEING A WRESTLING MATCH AT THE BOYS' CLUB GYMNASIUM.

lished monthly by the lads themselves, lockers, etc. Above is a great main room where a thousand spectators may be seated to witness any entertainment which may be given by club members and others who volunteer their services for the benefit of the boys—as for instance, as the writer witnessed the other evening. Eugene Sandow, the famous strong man, who not only gave a personal exhibition to the Seniors and Juniors, but also a lecture on physical culture, afterward acting as referee at a champion wrestling match between club members in the "gym" upstairs. On the second floor is a large meeting and lecture room for the Seniors, and also billiard, whist and chess rooms for both Seniors and Juniors. Above is the large library, equipped with thousands

of the best books, all the current periodicals, also a small Natural History Museum, and smaller rooms for separate meetings of the various sub-clubs, debating societies, etc. On the fourth floor is a fine gymnasium, with a running track and all modern paraphernalia for the development of muscle, with afternoon and evening classes in physical culture by a well-known physician and trainer. Then come the drum and fife corps apartments, the brass band, string instrument and drawing studios, with other chambers for various amusement and instruction. A savings bank is another highly commendable branch of the club. A restaurant has been installed where the best may be had at actual cost—tea, coffee and chocolate at two

cents a cup, ice cream, temperance drinks and all accordingly. But not only has this enterprise commanded the attention of financiers who have contributed the necessary money for the salvation of the boys of the East Side. A score of competent tutors have volunteered their services in the various departments. Two more branches are of inestimable value. One is an Employment Bureau where hundreds of business concerns throughout the city have secured trustworthy lads to fill positions, the other is the outdoor branch of the club situate at Plum Island, in Long Island Sound. There every summer the boys take turns in visiting the camp, with boating, fishing, swimming and other outdoor sports at their disposal without money or price,

and there are trained some of the most able young athletes that have entered into general contests, winning many prizes. This, briefly, is the institution as the stranger finds it. In connection with these words I wish you to read what its founder and prime mover, Mr. Francis H. Tabor, has to say from the inside point of view, for it is to him and to such men as E. H. Harriman, Sherman Evarts, Henry Stanford Brooks, Loyall Farragut, Henry O. Taylor, and other men of intellectual and financial might that have made possible such an enterprise as has led the present Mayor of New York to duplicate the institution at municipal expense in various other congested quarters of the greatest metropolis of the western hemisphere.

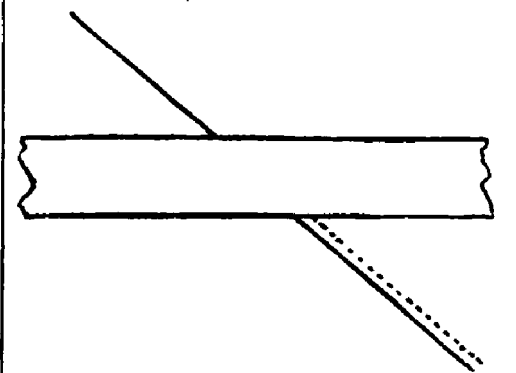
**Edwin Lockwood**, New Brunswick, N. J., writes an interesting story relating what he saw on an Asbury Park pier.—**Clifton K. Bradley**, Chagrin Falls, O., writes us a paper on Belgian Hares which we are sorry we cannot print.—**Morris E. De Witt**, Ithaca, N. Y., asks that we give prizes for the best drawings and stories of great men. Boys may expect something of this kind a little later in the year.—**F. Loux**, Mechanicsville, Pa., works on a farm, and says he has little time to read. He has the right sort of a sister, for he says that his sister reads THE AMERICAN BOY and points out to him the best things in it so that he doesn't waste any time looking through the paper for what he wants and needs. He thinks we ought to publish some biographical matter, and his sister suggests that boys need poetry.—**Lloyd L. Mitchell**, Columbus, O., sends some very, very excellent wash drawings with fancy borders.—**Leon J. Harger**, Clyde, O., fourteen years old, wants to become an electrician and has in his possession telegraph instruments, telephones, etc. He answers the inquiry of Eugene J. Devol in the April number as to what to get to run his motor by saying he can use gravity cells or a 110-volt direct electric light current, or one or two caustic potash batteries, which can be bought of the Post Glover Electric Company, Cincinnati, O., for about four dollars.—**Harry J. Stock**, York, Pa., sends pencil sketch of a vase of roses.—**J. A. Brockway**, Decatur, Ill., sends us programs and clippings from local papers all relating to an exhibition of the Decatur, Ill., Y. M. C. A. gymnasium classes which took place March 27.—**George P. Whitcomb**, Plans, S. D., lives on a farm of 320 acres and walks a mile and a half to school. His studies, together with his chores on the farm, keep him busy. He is something of an artist and sends us pencil sketches of three horses, that are very good.—**Morris Haptonstall**, Geuda, Kas., is another farmer boy. He takes two copies of THE AMERICAN BOY, one for himself and one for a neighbor. He has a yearling colt that works to a plow or a buggy. He also has a trotting horse, a black mulley cow, and two dogs—one a bird dog and the other a rat terrier.—**Clair W. Ferry**, Fond du Lac, Wis., writes us an essay on "Expansion" that has some very good points in it. He says: "If it were not for expansion we would never have heard of steam, and if it were not for anti-expansion steam would be of no use to us, and what would we do on the Fourth of July without expansion? Without expansion we would have no pneumatic tires nor balloons, and without anti-expansion we would have had no compressed air, and perhaps that would be a good thing, for there are a great many people around who seem to be full of it and doing their best to get rid of it by loud talking about nothing in particular. Anti-expansion is a good thing for clothes, for then we can never outgrow them." He concludes by saying that as he can't change the laws of nature

## With the Boys

he thinks he will let expansion and anti-expansion alone.—**John M. R. Arms**, Williamsport, Pa., answers Eugene J. Devol's question as to the proportions of a potassium bichromate battery by saying, water, 66 per cent; sulphuric acid, 25 per cent; potassium bichromate, 9 per cent, with zinc and carbon immersed. The writer is fourteen years old and has a number of different kinds of batteries, motors, bells, and telegraph instruments, etc.—**James J. Finnie**, Clinton, Mass., also answers Eugene J. Devol's inquiry, and his letter has been forwarded to Eugene.—**Almus Throgmorton**, Ozark, Ill., bewails the fact that there have been no pictures in THE AMERICAN BOY of boys living in Southern Illinois, or "Old Egypt," as it is sometimes called, so he sends his picture and tells us he is organizing an American Boy baseball team.—**M. K.** wants to know where he can learn something about taxidermy. We can furnish him with the Taxidermist's Manual at twenty five cents. This boy asks for a reply by mail, though the address on his letter lacks the name of the state, and he gives his name only by initials. Where are we to send the answer? Receiving no reply, he will doubtless think we have disregarded the question. He is not the only boy who makes mistakes of this kind.—**Edgar J. Katz**, New York City, also answers Eugene J. Devol's inquiry, and his letter is forwarded.—**Walter E. Head**, Marshalltown, Ia., sends pencil sketches of rabbits, very nicely done.—**Philip Barton**, Willaboro, N. Y., sends a pencil sketch of the red deer.—**Frank Gates**, Chicago, Ill., says he likes Verne's stories the most, and Henty's and Castlemon's fairly well. He thinks Ralph Connor is a fine writer, and is now reading with delight "The Secret of Success," by H. W. D. Adams. He is looking forward with glad anticipation to the shorthand lessons that we shall begin running in our September number.—**Stanley C. Hill**, Dayton, Ky., thinks the Indian relic found by E. Nelson, Northfield, Minn. (see April number), is an Indian needle, and refers him to the September, 1900, number of this paper. Stanley is interested in debating and would like to correspond with other boys on the subject.—**William Little**, Portsmouth, O., sends us a piece of poetry written by himself which has considerable merit.—**G. E. Hess**, Edinburg, Pa., wants to know how to make a box kite, and asks that he be answered by letter. We do not send descriptions by letter of how to make things. It would take up too much of our time. We shall have something in an early number of THE AMERICAN BOY

on the subject.—**Virgil H. Bond**, Gray, Ind., sweeps two rooms and builds two fires every morning in his schoolhouse, and by this means made twelve dollars last term. His father has given him an interest in some sheep. He has sold some of his sheep and is making some profit out of them.—**Jesse Tacker, Jr.**, Fruitville, Fla., sends an interesting composition.—**E. T. Thorp**, Lake Butler, Fla., is fond of animals and is the proud possessor of a cow, two pigs, some chickens, and a French poodle. He sends a picture of himself and the dog.—**Arthur Colby**, Tilton, N. H., lives only three miles from the birthplace of Daniel Webster. He is interested in amateur photography and the collection of Indian relics.—**Louis Brechler**, Fennimore, Wis., wants to know what kind of a press is cheapest and best for the printing of a little newspaper. Let him write the firms who advertise presses in the columns of THE AMERICAN BOY. They will send him their catalogues, from which he can either judge for himself or make a selection with the assistance of some printer acquaintance.—**Robert M. Mlenk**, Sparta, Mich., wants to know how to start and advertise the printing business. The question is a pretty broad one. A start, of course, is made by the obtaining of the material, including press, type and "furniture" with which to do the work. Then some practice will be required before the young printer is able to turn out jobs that will be satisfactory to customers. When once he is able to do this he can solicit business houses for work, showing his samples.—**George McGraw**, Faribault, Minn., writes an interesting letter telling how much he thinks of THE AMERICAN BOY and how much it has helped him in one way and another. He is learning the printer's trade, and exercises the hope that some day he may set type on THE AMERICAN BOY. He is also something of a musician, taking lessons on the cornet.—**Robert M. McCauley**, Hagerstown, Md., wants us to run an exchange notice for him. He is one of hundreds of boys who make the same kind of requests. For several months we ran an "Exchange Column," but found that it was so popular that it threatened to outgrow the paper. Exchange requests and notices came in so fast that it was impossible to keep up with them, and notices came to be three or four months old before they could appear. This wouldn't do at all, so we had to give it up. Boys should not ask us, therefore, to print their wants.—**Leonard Cropp**, Tionesta, Pa., pays a high compliment to THE AMERICAN BOY, or rather communicates one that his mother pays to it, in quoting

his mother's language to the effect that he is not as good as a wooden boy when THE AMERICAN BOY comes because he wants then to do nothing but read.—**Raymond Clapp**, 2274 Robinwood avenue, Toledo, O., age thirteen, wants to find a good place with an "educated and moral family" in Colorado where he may board this summer and have the use of a horse, a dog and a gun. He would like to spend his vacation on a ranch and will pay his board. He has his father's permission.—**George Dillenberger**, Shreveport, La., says that if you take a turkey or chicken feather in your right hand and holding it close to your eye look through the end of the feather at your left hand held at arm's length against the light, you will see the bones in your hand "lined out in phosphorescent light" in the same way as they are lined out by the Roentgen ray process. Not having tried the experiment we cannot vouch for it.—**Alfred Watt**, Byron, Cal., sends an "optical illusion," consisting of two horizontal lines and an inclined line as in the picture. Consider the hori-



zontal lines as representing the lines of a board and the inclined line as a wire. Suppose you thrust the line through the board in the direction in which it now lies, where will it come out? Will it come out where we have drawn the continuous line or where we have drawn the dotted line? You will say, where we have drawn the continuous line, but it will not; it will run in the direction of the dotted line, as you will see if you will lay the straight edge of a sheet of paper along it.

Stars and Stripes

Try writing this with a continuous stroke of the pen, not lifting the pen once from the paper after you have started.







# Waking Up the Town

Elliott Flower



RALPH.



"His uplifted hand would bring instant silence."



MARTIN.

Two boys stopped near the barrel on which the old man with the corn-cob pipe was sitting.

"We simply have got to do something to wake up this town," asserted one of the boys.

The other nodded solemnly.

"Merely as a matter of business it must be done," he said.

The old man on the barrel went through the motions of laughing, but there was no sound of even a chuckle. He was on his regular perch, passing the time in his customary way and with his usual noiselessness. His laugh was like the good child in the story book—it could be seen, but not heard. Its outward indications were a wrinkling of the face and a gentle shaking of the whole body.

"Man an' boy I've lived in this town nigh onto seventy years," he said at last, after removing his pipe from his mouth with great deliberation, "an' there ain't nobody waked it up yet, 'cept for a minute or two when Doc Riley's horse run away an' smashed right into Dolly Burden's mill'nery store."

"Well, we'll do it somehow," retorted the boys, as they passed on to their office.

Ralph Devon and Martin Sellers published a paper. It was not much of a paper from one point of view, but from another it was worthy of notice. If you compared it with the dailies that came up from "the city" on the 12:35 train you would regard it merely as a rather interesting amateur sheet, but if you compared it with the two local weeklies it was not so bad. It was a good deal smaller than the latter, but it had a freshness and a brightness that commended it. It had no traditions of dignity and conservatism to uphold, which was very much in its favor. When it was started on its career of enlightenment a small hand-press, owned by one of the boys, had been capable of doing the printing, but in time the clever and interesting way in which it treated local news had given it a success that enabled the boys to enlarge it slightly and let the contract for the printing to the publisher of one of the older weeklies. The other two papers gave the news of the week for that vicinity, but there was always a desire to see what "The Junior" (for that was its title) had to say about it. There was an originality in its views and reports that was at least amusing, and youthful ardor gave it an aggressiveness (not always wisely directed) that compelled attention. So, although treated with patronizing good nature that denied it very serious consideration, it nevertheless had prospered and was now beginning its second year. But the boys wanted to "boom" it—indeed, they were always devising schemes to bring it to public notice, but so far they had attempted nothing of sufficient magnitude to satisfy them.

In the little room they had rented for an office they continued the discussion begun on the street.

"What's the matter with the election?" asked Ralph, after a thoughtful pause. "If we could get the first and most complete news of that it would be a great thing for us."

Martin looked doubtful. It was an "off year," as

the politicians say, but the gubernatorial elections were of considerable interest, and in a neighboring state the effort to defeat an aggressive demagogue who was striving for power had resulted in a most acrimonious contest. All that part of the country was absorbed in the details and anxious as to the result.

"The election is Tuesday, and Wednesday is our publication day," persisted Ralph. "It couldn't be better. The 'Observer' and the 'Sentinel' will get an occasional telegram from friends in the city and a few bulletins over the long-distance 'phone from Fitchburg, but their publication days are Thursday and Friday. If we could get the 'pony' press service for that night we could beat them on bulletins and get our paper on the street before the dailies get here from the city."

"What's the 'pony' press service?" asked Martin.

"You're a nice kind of a newspaper man, if you don't know that," returned Ralph scornfully. "It's a minor telegraphic news service that the big press associations give to the smaller papers. Maybe we can't get it, but we can try. Suppose I go to the city and see what I can do."

Martin was readily convinced that the plan was worth a trial, but he insisted upon first finding out whether the necessary local arrangements could be made.

The editor of "The Observer," in whose establishment "The Junior" was printed, considered the scheme visionary and impractical.

"You can't get the 'pony' service for election night," he asserted. "I once made the attempt and failed."

"But if we do," urged Ralph, "will you get our paper out at six o'clock Wednesday morning instead of Wednesday noon?"

"You can have the run of the office," answered the

editor. "but you will have to make your own arrangements with the pressman and the compositors. It means night work for them."

It was decided that one of the two compositors would be enough, and he and the pressman readily agreed to do the work at something less than the regular rate. They liked the boys, and the unions, with their time rules and iron-clad rates, were not so much in evidence then as they are now.

Next day Ralph started for "the city," by which name the nearest metropolis goes in all the smaller cities and towns tributary to it. Here, he knew, the struggle would come, but it was not so hard a one as he had supposed. The local manager of the press association to which he applied laughed when the errand was stated.

"What do you want of the 'pony' service?" he asked.

"We want to beat the two other papers and 'boom' our own," replied Ralph promptly.

"Well, I'm afraid I can't give it to you," said the manager. "You are in the territory of the city papers, and they expect the election news to give them a large sale."

"Are the editors of these big dailies afraid of two boys?" demanded Ralph scornfully.

"It does seem rather absurd," admitted the manager. "Let me see your paper."

Ralph showed him a copy and he laughed again. The whole thing seemed to impress him as a good joke.

"I really don't see how that little sheet can do any harm," he said, "but aren't you tackling a pretty big job with a pretty small publication?"

"We know what we're doing," answered Ralph confidently, "and I have the money in my pocket to pay for what we want."

He failed to state that he had emptied the treasury of "The Junior" in order to provide the necessary funds, but that was quite immaterial, anyway.

"Your business enterprise appeals to me," said the manager after a moment of thought. "I'd like to see you succeed, but our contract with the dailies will not permit us to give this service without their consent. If you can secure that you shall have the 'pony' press service for election night."

The first of the editors approached was not inclined to give his permission, but when Ralph showed him "The Junior" he laughed as the press association manager had done.

"I don't see how that can hurt us," he said, "but I don't see how the press service can do such a paper much good."

"It will help us beat the papers that get bulletins by telephone," asserted Ralph, "and it will make the people take us more seriously if we do that. We're going to make the biggest kind of a splurge we know how, but I shouldn't think a big paper like yours would be afraid of two boys."

This last remark was a master stroke of diplomacy. It had been effective with the manager of the press association and it was effective with this editor. It

certainly did seem small and petty to take a serious view of such rivalry.

"Go ahead," said the editor, "and I hope you'll win. When you get the written consent of the other papers interested, come back and you shall have mine."

Late in the afternoon Ralph called again on the manager of the press association and proudly produced the documents necessary to insure him the "pony" service.

"They have refused every similar application so far made," said the manager. "How in the world did you do it?"

"Well," replied Ralph, "I told each one of them that I shouldn't think he would be afraid of two boys, and that seemed to do a lot of good. Then, after the first one consented, the others were easy. The last one said he didn't believe his paper would 'pass' any dividends because of ours."

"By the way," said the manager, when the details were arranged and the money paid, "there's a telegram here for you. It came in care of me."

"It must be from Martin," explained Ralph. "He's my partner, you know, and this is the only place he'd have any chance of catching me."

It was from Martin, and it ran as follows:

"Operator off duty at eight. Refuses to keep open later. See manager."

"More trouble," commented Ralph shortly, "but I'll bet that operator stays on election night. I've got to see about getting a press rate anyway."

"You boys have got the right stuff in you," was the compliment he heard as he started for the telegraph office.

The manager there was most obliging. He looked at the paper and laughed as all the others had done, but he listened with attention to the explanation of the plans and nodded an amused approval of each detail.

"So you've got the 'pony' service and intend to use some specials, too," he remarked at the conclusion of the recital. "Well, you're all right, and you certainly shall have the night press rate of half a cent a word. But," he added thoughtfully, "are you sure you can stand the expense?"

"I'll make a deposit to cover it now," answered Ralph.

"You'll do," laughed the manager. "You're business from the ground up."

"The operator," suggested Ralph, "refuses to stay on after eight o'clock."

"The operator," answered the manager, "will stay on duty until you are through with him."

All in all, Ralph felt that he had put in a good day's work, and Martin agreed with him when they talked it over the following day. But there were still problems to be solved. Where was the news to be bulletined? Their office was a little back room and it was impossible to do anything with them there. The other papers had offices that were larger and more accessible, and the scanty news received was read aloud as it came in, but this plan could not be followed by Ralph and Martin and it would not have suited them anyway. They had set out to wake the town up and they intended to do it.

"We must hire a hall," said Ralph, "and get out some handbills to let the people know where to come to get the news."

"Have we enough money left?" asked Martin.

"We'll get enough from the sale of the paper and the extra advertising for that day," asserted Ralph.



"Every merchant in town will come in when they learn what we intend to do."

"But we'll have to pay for the hall in advance."

"Perhaps not. Let's see."

The proprietor of the hall was skeptical, but they showed him the contract for the "pony" press service, the receipt for the money paid for it, told him of the arrangement made with the telegraph company, convinced him that they would surely beat the papers from "the city," and he agreed to run the risk. "I'll get enough to pay for the lighting anyway," he said, "and I'll chance the rest."

Next they went to work to secure the advertising, and, while it was not customary to pay for that in advance (owing to an uncertainty as to the continued existence of the paper), they succeeded in collecting enough to have the necessary handbill printing done without running further in debt. Small boys were engaged to distribute the handbills, and they were scattered far and wide—not only in the town, but in the nearer villages and all the surrounding country. News of a startling innovation travels rapidly, too, and this plan savored so much of "the city" that even farmers decided to come in and get the latest returns.

Election night was almost as lively and exciting as "circus day." There were many teams hitched in the public square and an extraordinary number of people on the street. Over the hall engaged was the sign "Election returns received here," and within two negroes with banjos kept the crowd amused, while Ralph looked after the bulletins. He had a right busy time of it, too, for as soon as he was through with the dispatches they had to go to the printing office, where Martin wrote the necessary headlines and put them in shape for publication in the paper. Ralph was in his element. He fairly gloried in his position of importance, but he kept his wits about him and there was not a hitch in the programme. Long before the end he had his whole audience singing to the accompaniment of the banjos, and yet his uplifted hand would bring instant silence.

He proved himself a master. The boys carrying the telegrams (and these included special dispatches that a city friend was sending) caught the spirit of the affair and they raced as they never had raced before. It was enough to make any lad proud to be the center of such an assemblage, to see the excitement reflected in the faces of farmers and others who never had imagined such a feat possible in that region, and to hear the compliments and the expressions of wonder occasioned by this display of enterprise. Perhaps the thing that thrilled him most was the homely exclamation:

"By gum! ef it ain't just like the city!"

That kept ringing in his ears long after the crowd had dispersed, and he carried himself a little straighter and with more dignity in consequence. The cheering when the news suited the majority of the people was music to his ears—there was something very metropolitan about it—and the arguments and the singing and the stamping and all the other indications of excitement were very pleasing, but somehow that wondering exclamation of the old farmer seemed like a concentration of all the rest and affected him more than anything else.

As Ralph was leaving the hall to join Martin at the printing office a youth stopped him with the query, "Goin' to get your paper out at six o'clock?"

"Yes," answered Ralph.

"Can't make it 5:40, can you?" was the next question.

"Why?"

"I'm news agent on the West Elsburg branch, and the train leaves at six. I could sell some papers if I had 'em. Most everybody comes to the stations."

"How many could you sell?"

"Oh, two hundred or maybe more by leavin' some with boys at the stations an' collectin' on the back trip."

"We'll have 250 for you at half past five."

This meant hard hustling, but they had the papers ready. Martin prepared the "copy," the compositor set it up, Ralph "made up" the paper, and the pressman finished the job. The two hundred and fifty were delivered to the news agent on time, and shortly after six half a dozen boys were on the street informing those who were astir that all the news of the election could be had for five cents, while Ralph and Martin were busy with their mailing list. A little after seven they emerged from the postoffice, where they had left the papers that went through the mail, and stopped to contemplate the result of their labors. They were tired but happy and quite ready to go to bed.

"How are we coming out?" asked Martin, for Ralph was the financier of the firm. The latter produced a sheet of paper with a lot of figures on it.

"Counting the money due on our advertising," he said, "we are even now, and the returns on more than half our circulation are not in. We will come out ahead and we have done what we set out to do." Here he noticed the old man perched in his accustomed place on the barrel, and he turned on him suddenly. "Haven't we?" he asked.

"Huh?" exclaimed the old man, so startled that he nearly dropped his pipe.

"Haven't we waked up the town?"

The old man indulged in one of his noiseless laughs before replying.

"You've got her so all-fired wide awake," he said, "that I reckon she won't git to sleep again for nigh onto a week."

## The Old Wayside Inn

WALTER CUMMINGS BUTTERWORTH.

"As ancient is this hostelry  
As any in the land may be,  
Built in the old colonial day,  
When men lived in a grander way,  
With ampler hospitality;  
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall."

Romantically situated on the King's Highway, among the hills and trees of old Sudbury, in Massachusetts, twenty miles from Boston, and about a mile and a half from the railway station at the south village, stands the grand old wooden tavern, known as the "Wayside Inn."

This historic structure, forever immortalized in Longfellow's charming "Tales of the Wayside Inn," is believed to have been the terminus of Paul Revere's famous midnight ride, April 18th and 19th, 1775. It was built by David Howe very near the beginning of the eighteenth century, and remained in the Howe family, being kept as a tavern for upwards of one hundred and fifty years. Tradition says that at the time when it was built the workmen were obliged to seek shelter at night at the nearest house, then more than half a mile distant, on account of the Indian raids.

The Inn, which in Revolutionary days was owned by Colonel Ezekiel Howe, and known as the "Red Horse Tavern," is a fine large building, having two L's, a gambrel roof, and dormer windows in front. With the exception of one of these L's, the dormer windows, and a new coat of paint, it looks very much the same as it did in the olden times.



"And half effaced by rain and shine,  
The Red Horse prances on the sign."

In front of the house, and along the highway leading past it, are several ancient oaks whose huge trunks have probably resisted the storms of more than two centuries, and under whose venerable shade the Continental troops are said to have rested on their return from Ticonderoga. Within, is the old fashioned kitchen barroom with its typical high counter; and the Howe coat-of-arms may still be seen on the parlor wall. On the second floor, the new extension is finished off into a dance hall, and in the old garret visitors are shown a bunk where the colored servant used to sleep in the days of slavery in New

England. And we are informed by tradition that beneath its time-honored roof, Washington has lunched and LaFayette has slept.

The house is said to contain eighty one windows, and upon one of the panes, cut with a diamond, are the following lines:

"What do you think  
Here is good drink  
Perhaps you may not know it,  
If not in haste, do stop and taste,  
You merry folks will show it."

William Molineux, Jr., Boston, June 24, 1776."

Longfellow thus beautifully refers to it:

"Flashing on the window-pane,  
Emblazoned with its light and shade,  
The jovial rhymes, that still remain,  
Writ near a century ago,  
By the great Major Molineux,  
Whom Hawthorne has immortal made."

This old landmark is now owned by Mr. Edward R. Lemon, of South Sudbury, and is kept in good repair. An admission fee of twenty five cents is asked, and there is a keeper who shows visitors about the house, giving them many points of historic interest. Even yet, the old tavern often rings with the songs and laughter of a merry sleighing party, who have stopped to enjoy a good lunch ere their ride home through the frosty air.

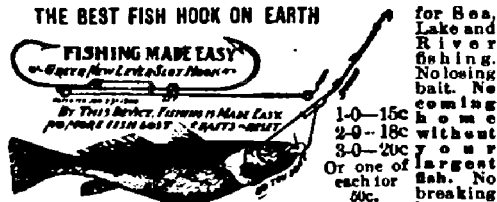
"Around the fireside at their ease,  
There sat a group of friends, entranced  
With the delicious melodies;  
Who from the far-off noisy town  
Had to the wayside inn come down,  
To rest beneath its old oak trees."

**ATHLETES' and CYCLISTS' DELIGHT**  
THE "HIGHWATER" ADJUSTABLE TROUSER CUFFS.



A new and practical device transforming long pants instantly into the appearance of neat-fitting golf or bicycle pants. Protect trousers and keep them in perfect shape. Are small, compact, and can be carried conveniently in coat pocket. Made of fine cover cloth, in latest pattern. Adjustable buttons on one side, patent insert of pure Paragum elastic on the other, insuring perfect and comfortable fit to any leg. Easy to adjust. Wear these cuffs and you will appreciate this device for having outdoors sports in knickerbockers. When through you can take the cuffs off in two seconds, thus transforming the shorts to long pants.

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THE BEST FISH HOOK ON EARTH



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Or one of largest each for \$1.00  
No breaking loose or tearing out. No one can afford to fish without one. No springs to get out of order. It is simple and strong; being a LEVER, the harder a fish pulls the stronger it will hold him. It is easily adjusted to all kinds of fishing by sliding the little clamp on the rod. Made in three sizes. Ask your dealer for the GREER LEVER HOOKS. If you cannot get them they will be sent direct on receipt of price. Send postal note or two cent stamps.  
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**TENTS \$2.50**  
Greatest Tent Bargain ever offered. Better than other Tents sold for \$10. Full size, absolutely waterproof, 7 ft. high, 36 square feet of floor space. Makes comfortable quarters for 6 six feet men. Made of finest specialty material. Canvas. Just the thing for camping out, hunting, fishing, bicycling or walking trips. Can be pitched without the poles.  
Weights no more than an overcoat. Artistic for the lawn. Sent to any address for \$2.50. Money back if not as represented. Sold only by the manufacturers.  
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**BOY'S CATCHERS' MITT**  
Made of solid wine colored leather throughout - exactly like cut-lace back fastener. Your money back if not absolutely satisfactory. National League design. Special price 76 cents postpaid. Two mitts to one address \$1.26.  
SPECIAL - Boys' National League mitt \$1 ea. postpaid.  
Walter Brophy Mfg. Co.,  
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Are made of rubber. Can be fitted to any clip of ordinary design. Makes peddling easy and protects the shoes. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 26 cents per pair. **REGAS VEHICLE CO.,** 81 MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

Only \$12.55 for \$36 Sporting Mauser Rifle with box of Cartridges.  
**FREE** Selected rifles from the lot of Mausers captured at Santiago, altered into 6-shot sporting rifles and refinished like new guns. Length of barrel 24 inches. Range over two miles, penetration through 4 in. steel plate. Best and most powerful rifle made. Limited number for sale. On receipt of \$2.50, bal. \$10.55, C. O. D., and express charges when you receive and examine the gun. An opportunity will be given one person in each town to get one free if they will organize a club for us. Kirtland Bros. & Co., 296 Broadway, N. Y.

**Latest Novelty Out**  
**HUTTONHOLE SNAKE:** coils up, squirms, just like real live snake, when you pull the string; well made of metal; selling like hot cakes at 10c; everybody buys; sample, 10c; dozen, 35c; 100, \$2.50; 1,000, \$22.50. Send stamp for largest catalogue exclusive agents' articles in this country. **K. McORE BROS. SUPPLY HOUSE,** 1238-60 N. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.

The For Boys Indoors No  
New and or Costly  
Game H Girls A Out G Outfit K  
All the fascination of Ping Pong combined with the exercise of Foot Ball. Send 10c. for handbook of rules and complete description. **SUCCESS CLUB BUREAU,** 2 University Bldg., NEW YORK CITY.

**GREAT FUN!** Disappearing Ball Trick, 25c; Youth's Telephone, complete, 15c; Chart, three lessons for Exercising Scientifically, 15c. Every young man should own them. **CLIFFS MFG. CO.,** Denver, Colorado.

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**MICROSCOPE** SEE BUGS AND THINGS - The most powerful single lens, folding stand, pocket, nickel plated microscope. Price 25c. **G. N. CUMBY,** 875 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

**Boys in Games and Sport**

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**Baseball Pointers.**

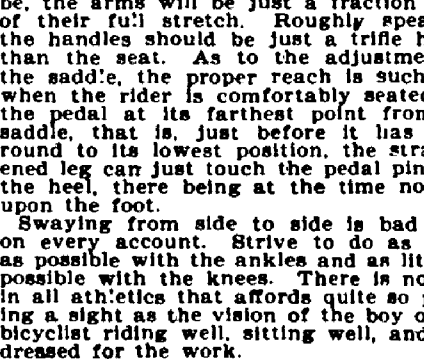
A word to pitchers: Go slow at first. Perfect control of the ball is the great thing to be aimed at.  
A word to batters: Don't hold your hands close together on the bat; hold them about two inches apart, with the lower hand at least an inch from the end of the bat. In striking at the ball don't swing at it wildly with your eyes closed, or move as if you were chopping wood. Keep your feet together near the plate till the ball leaves the pitcher's hands; then step forward and meet it as it comes. Don't step away from the plate.  
A word to fielders: When catching a ball hold the fingers together and the hands parallel side by side, palms forward. When picking up a grounder keep the heels together and the feet at right angles. Reach for the ball with both hands.  
must run at full speed all the way. You must start fast. Starting fast is a difficult thing. It is hard work to master the art of standing steady and getting away without the loss of a precious moment. When you toe the mark fill yourself with the one fixed idea of getting away from it. Don't let any vague, wandering thoughts get into your head. Just pin yourself down to the single idea of springing away with the signal, just as if you were held by an invisible string which the signal will cut.  
An English writer gives the following as the best position at starting: Left foot on mark flat, cutting the mark at angle of 45 degrees; who's weight thrown on this foot; left knee pushed forward as far as it will go without raising heel; body thrown forward as far as possible over left knee, with left arm stretched out eagerly towards the winning post; right leg bent like a bent spring, pressing toes of right foot against the ground about two feet behind instep of front foot. Keep steady by forcing left heel down, thus counteracting forward strain of body, a strain which, nevertheless, should be intense. At the signal simply release your left heel; then your left foot automatically makes a little six inch dab forward and you are off. Note that the right leg should press the ground with no body weight whatever but only with its own muscular extension.  
Then run every inch of the way with every ounce of energy and strength you have. Let every idea be that of getting to the other end. If your will flags your pace flags. To turn the head means to give away a yard or two. A common error is that of drawing up or slackening speed before you reach the end. Don't think of beginning to slacken it until you are at least five yards past the winning post. Many races are lost through the runner slackening his pace in the last two or three yards.  
Lean your body well forward and keep your chin tucked in near your chest. The minute you throw your head back your stride exhausts part of itself in high stepping. It is just like reining back a horse. It checks the speed.

**How to Ride Your "Bike."**

The commonest fault in riding a bicycle is that of bending down over the handles. In racing there is some advantage in this posture as it offers less resistance to the wind; but it is a bad position for all-around riding. The posture in cycling should be as near as possible to that in walking. In walking, the correct posture is almost but not quite erect. The slight forward lean in walking may be just a little increased on the cycle owing to the higher pace. It is essential in both walking and cycling that the legs and arms should be so adjusted that they can be worked to the best advantage, and this cannot be done when some of the internal organs are cramped and others stretched ridiculously and unnecessarily, nor is it possible for the lungs to fill and empty themselves profitably if they are cramped up, as when a boy is leaning over his handle bars causing the muscle that does the most of the breathing work to be doubled and cramped. The heart then has to thump against the ribs, for it is not given sufficient room in which to do its work. The bent-over posture conduces to accidents, and, too, it is productive of what is known as the cyclist's hump, a real deformity.  
There is another fault to which girls particularly are prone, and that is of sitting bolt upright, or even leaning a little backward. The remedy for this fault is very simple. The handles may be so adjusted that when the rider is seated erect the bars are just within easy reach of the outstretched arms. With the body bent almost imperceptibly forward as it should be, the arms will be just a fraction short of their full stretch. Roughly speaking, the handles should be just a trifle higher than the seat. As to the adjustment of the saddle, the proper reach is such that when the rider is comfortably seated and the pedal at its farthest point from the saddle, that is, just before it has come round to its lowest position, the straightened leg can just touch the pedal pin with the heel, there being at the time no shoe upon the foot.  
Swaying from side to side is bad style on every account. Strive to do as much as possible with the ankles and as little as possible with the knees. There is nothing in all athletics that affords quite so pleasing a sight as the vision of the boy or girl bicyclist riding well, sitting well, and well dressed for the work.

**How to Race.**

The best practice for a race is walking, as it does not exhaust and it braces without stiffening. Many a boy has exhausted himself by running at top speed for days before the race and coming up to the time of the contest fagged out. Do little, if any, running the day before the race but take a good, bracing walk. Do not be nervous.



**Yacht Designing by Mail.**  
We are instructing pupils in every state in the Union in the Columbia Course of Instruction in Yacht Designing. Our pupils are designing and building their own boats with pronounced success.  
Enclose stamp and we will mail you direct full particulars in regard to our method of instruction. **Yacht Model Emporium, Dunfee Building, Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.**



Of course, you cannot prevent being anxious. In fact, a boy had better be anxious than not, but one can be so anxious as to be nervous and spoil his chances. To counteract nervousness, think not of yourself but of the task before you. Where the race is to be a short one you

**\$3.00 CANFIELD COASTER BRAKE**  
Booklet free. Fits any hub. Anyone can apply it. Address Canfield Brake Co., Corning, N. Y.  
**75 TENTS** from \$3.75 up. Camp Jung Outfits, Yacht Sails, Sleeping Bags, Awning, etc. Ill. Catalogue for \$c. **Nat'l. Tent & Awning Wks.** T. U. Burgess, Prop. Lockport, N. Y.

The "MONARCH" is the ONLY Automatic  
**FISH HOOK** that seaweed, etc., cannot close. Holds the fish tighter the more he pulls; fish are caught by even touching the bait. Sample, one size, 10c.; three sizes, 25c. A. B. DOERING & CO., 177 Stayvocat Avenue, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

**A Flying Machine at Last**  
Scientific kite-flying within the reach of all. A marvel of simplicity. Any boy or girl can fly it. Tandems delight both young and old.  
*Special introductory size by mail, 10c., 3 for 25c. Agents wanted everywhere.*  
**ZIMMERMAN FLYING MACHINE CO.,** 15 Wood Street, Fremont, O.

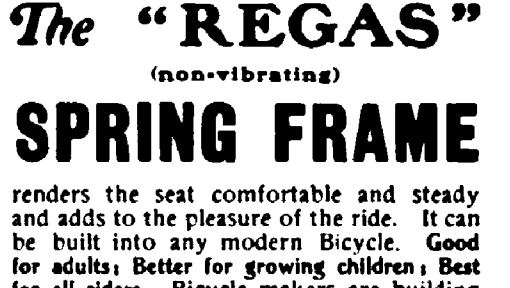


**4th of July Special**  
The boys are bound to make noise, but don't let them take chances with cheap toys when they can celebrate safely and to their entire satisfaction with the  
**Young America Double \$2.25 Action Revolver**  
Safe. Reliable.  
22 Caliber, 7 shot, rim fire.  
32 Caliber, 5 shot, rim or center fire.  
If not to be had of your dealer write us, enclosing amount, and we will supply you by return mail, sending prepaid. Catalogue free.  
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An Evenly Balanced Wheel  
PNEUMATIC CUSHION FRAME  
  
For 1902

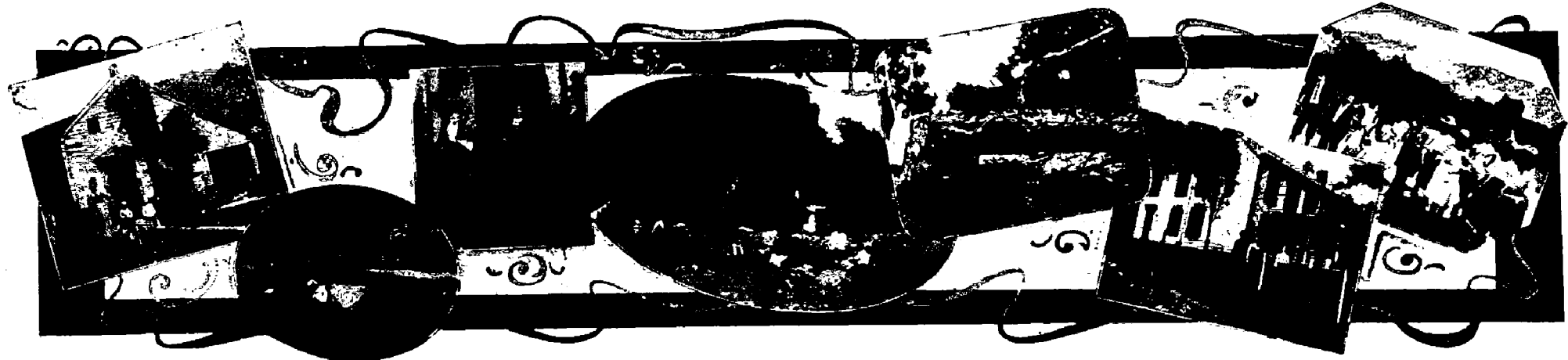
**Pierce Cushion Frame CYCLES**  
Both chain and chainless models are equipped with a spring fork, the sides of which are formed of two leaves of spring steel. This goes for the front wheel; the cushion does for the rear, creating a perfectly balanced wheel. The result is a luxurious vehicle, the equivalent of the coach of the wealthy. Send for catalogue descriptive of these special features.  
The GEO. N. PIERCE CO.  
Buffalo, Boston, New York, Denver.

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(non-vibrating)  
**SPRING FRAME**  
renders the seat comfortable and steady and adds to the pleasure of the ride. It can be built into any modern Bicycle. Good for adults; Better for growing children; Best for all riders. Bicycle makers are building wheels with Regas Frames.  
For full description send to  
**The Regas Vehicle Co.,** ROCHESTER, N. Y.



**TIRES** Save 5% and buy direct from manufacturers. Send \$3.00 and we will express you, prepaid, 1 pair first quality Mingle Tube Tires. Satisfaction guaranteed. Broadway Bicycle Co., 7 Warren St., New York. Ask for catalogue.





## The Camera on the Farm

EDGAR W. CURTIS

Although amateur photography has been revolutionized within the past five years and so many people own hand cameras, yet very few farm boys have them; but in no way can a country boy invest a small amount to so good advantage.

At one time it was thought the bicycle was the best thing for a boy, but a much smaller sum invested in a camera outfit will give the boy more wholesome amusement and more profit. I know boy life on the farm. I have a bicycle and a camera and if compelled to give up one, after two years' comparison, the bicycle would go.

The boy in the city or village must look, in general, for his "subjects" away from home. With the farm boy it is exactly the reverse. It will take him years to exhaust the material just about him, and it is surprising to find how many opportunities there are about the farm and immediate home neighborhood for good pictures. There are innumerable spots which have for the boy who has lived all his life on the same farm special interest and significance. It may be some old apple tree which always had the first ripe apples, or the tree from which the swing hung. Then there is the "Old Swimm'n' Hole," made immortal by Riley. In another part of the farm is a tree standing apart from the others, where the boy shot his first squirrel.

I was about eight years old when I caught my first trout; it was not more than four or five inches long; it represented my day's catch, but so pleased was I that I ran with it to the house to show it to my mother and have her fry it at once. Some time after that the tree standing over the brook at that place was undermined and carried down stream. Afterwards, a freshet made the stream take an entirely different course and now there is only pasture where I caught that memorable trout. It is impossible for me to get a picture of that old tree and pool but how much I would prize a photograph of the spot as it then was.

Perhaps out of some tree the boy fell while gathering nuts or, as likely, under it, he and his best friend, now dead, had a fight, for all good boy friends fight and at once declare peace. A photograph of the spot would be among a boy's most valuable treasures.

On every farm are animals with intelligence and affection, almost human, and with a distinct individuality—animals whose pictures one would recognize as quickly as that of any member of the family. No

one has lived on a farm for any length of time who does not recall some particular horse whose eyes almost talked and whose velvety nose rubbed softly against his cheek.

One member of our family years ago was a dog, "Curly." He was bought when a puppy for the express purpose of driving cows. His ambition, however, did not lie in that direction; but, like Rip Van Winkle, he was a great hunter. He was worthless so far as any help was concerned, yet no one in the family would have consented to have him sold. In middle life he climbed a leaning tree in which there was a woodchuck, slipped off, and broke a front leg; after that he was a cripple for life. Before the accident he always ran along with the team, making great circles and visiting all the holes on the route; but after the accident he waited patiently, knowing that when we were ready to start he would be lifted into the wagon or sleigh. He appreciated all these things and showed it in his face as plainly as could a person. He died of old age, missed and mourned by all of us. As it was on our farm, so it is on every farm; there are animals that have won their way into the affections of all, but more particularly of the boy. And as some of us look back to boyhood days there are faces, not exactly human, that we should like to see.

Suppose there is a baby in the family. Pictures of the baby can be taken as he is playing about the home, artistically and technically far inferior to any the professional photographer would take, but none the less precious for all that. A photograph of mother as she is feeding the chickens, or one of father when he is out with the plow or wagon. One cannot buy these in after years, no matter how much money he can command.

Then think of the possibilities of the camera in the little excursions away from home. How much better you could tell about the trip if you had pictures of the principal places. And to friends and relatives in other states, perhaps your grandparents, you could send pictures of your home and all things connected with it.

Cameras are now made to be operated so easily and with such clear instructions given as to every step, that even a child can succeed fairly well. I can think of nothing, aside from a camera, in which a small sum can be invested to give so much valuable enjoyment to the farm boy.

NOTE.—For names of boys who contributed the accompanying pictures see page 255.

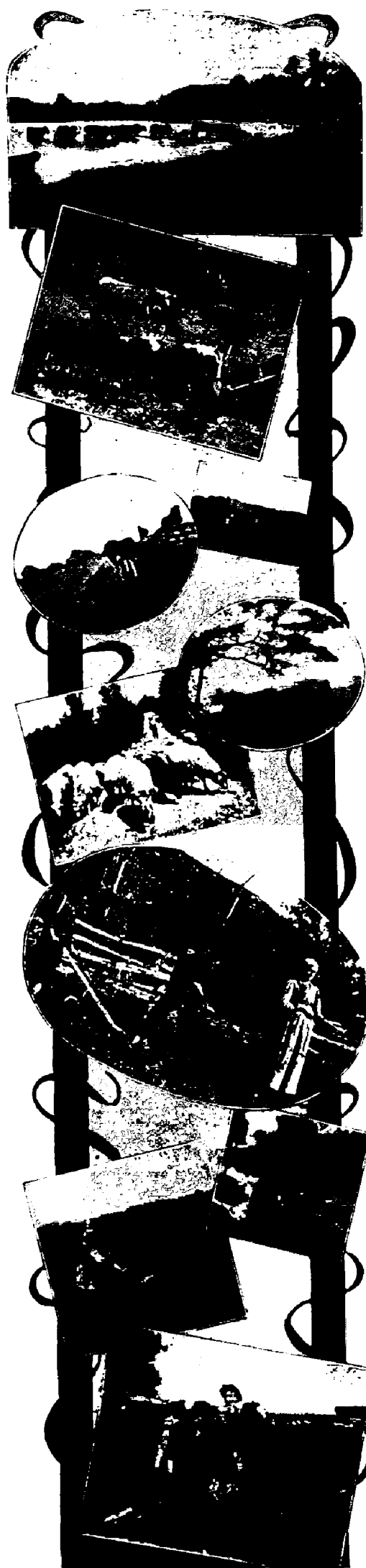
## Around the World With "The American Boy"

It is not often that we are able to comply with a request for the opening of a new department, but a suggestion from John T. Fjeldseph, Baltimore, Md., that we start a department that will teach something of geography and the customs, etc., of foreign lands, has met with immediate approval. We shall entitle the department "Around the World With the American Boy," and shall start on an imaginary trip right away. We shall first go to the Danish West Indies and take along with us all the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY. Every boy will need his geography, his history, and his encyclopaedia, and will need to ask a good many questions from people whom he meets from day to day. As all our readers probably know, the Danish West Indies are probably about to come into the possession of the United States through purchase from Holland. The islands represent about 130 square miles with some 30,000 black inhabitants. Very few boys will probably be able to tell exactly where these islands are, but we hope that after the issue of the July number all our readers will be familiar with not only their location but their history, climate, products and people.

We shall first want to know how to reach the islands, and something about what we are to see there; so prior to June

15, AMERICAN BOY subscribers in the New England States will write us not to exceed 300 words on how to go from this country to the Danish West Indies, and, if possible, what it will cost and all about it, just as if they were making ready to go. One dollar for the best directions. The boys of New York and Pennsylvania will write not to exceed 300 words about the climate and industries and products of the islands. One dollar for the best. Boys in all states below Pennsylvania and the Ohio River east of the Mississippi, will write not to exceed 300 words on the people and their manners and customs. One dollar for the best. Boys of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin will write not to exceed 300 words giving the history of the islands. One dollar for the best. Boys of Michigan will draw pen and ink (not pencil) maps of the islands. One dollar for the best. The boys of the other states will write not to exceed 300 words about what advantage the islands will be to this country. One dollar for the best. We hope every boy reader of THE AMERICAN BOY will study the subject. The winners will not only receive the money prizes but their productions will find place in our July number. Next month we will take a trip to some other part of the globe.

ALL ABOARD FOR THE DANISH WEST INDIES



# The Little Homing Pigeon and His Valuable Services to the World

KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH.

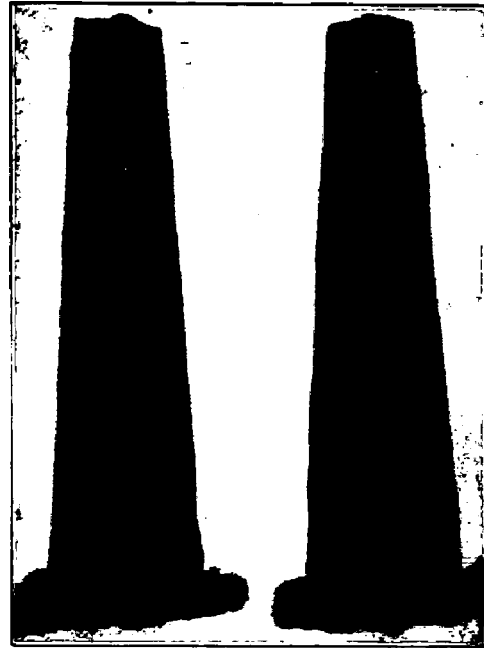
One of the strangest and at the same time most practical uses to which birds have been put is the use of pigeons to transmit messages. In the time when Greece was famed for her glory, these carrier pigeons were used to carry the reports of the Olympian games such as our telegraphs do now. No marvel of science has created more amazement than these little birds, and whole nations have had cause to be thankful for them. When Paris was last besieged it was the little carrier pigeon which carried thousands of messages to connect it with the outside world, and many a song and poem have been woven about the pure white pigeons of St. Mark's, which hover about the historic Venetian bell tower. What associations are connected with their keeping! What messages of joy the same kind of birds bring to the fisherman's wife off the coast of Boulogne, telling that her husband is safe! Stories without number could be told of the joy these little messengers have brought to hearts in all nations.

Great Britain has a pigeon station at Gibraltar and Halifax, and the islands in the Mediterranean use these birds instead of cablegrams to connect them with the main land. In fact, these little homing pigeons are the trusted deputies of the commercial, naval and military world. The Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco is much interested in their establishment on the Pacific coast, where so many serious wrecks occur, hoping thereby to save life and to obtain a better tug service. Lieutenant E. W. Eberle, of our navy has given this subject thorough study and his charts and maps show just where dovecotes should be situated on the seaboard and Great Lakes to be of value in time of war. He advocates a complete scouting service on our sea-board that in case of danger word may be sent by pigeons to the battleships and naval stations. In this case dovecotes marked with each station would be kept on board all vessels.

In our country so far pigeon flying is still in its infancy. Some of our newspapers use pigeons for the transmission of sketches and news from out of the way places that cannot be reached by telegraph, for they make good time, which is much to their advantage. Prize pigeons have been known to fly from the Mississippi River to Philadelphia in sixteen days and to other places in proportionate time. It would seem that they fly continuously, seldom resting even to eat, but this is a much disputed point, as some fanciers insist that a bird will settle all night on the water and resume flying the next day. Nearly every city has several persons who are interested in carrier pigeons and keep a number for experimental flights, and our country can also boast of a Federation of American Homing Pigeon Fanciers, having over a thousand members from all states.

Many people suppose all one has to do is to buy a carrier pigeon, tie a letter to it and send it off, but this is far from the case. Our methods of dealing with these birds come from Belgium, where they have been cultivated for centuries. To begin with, the pigeon always has a

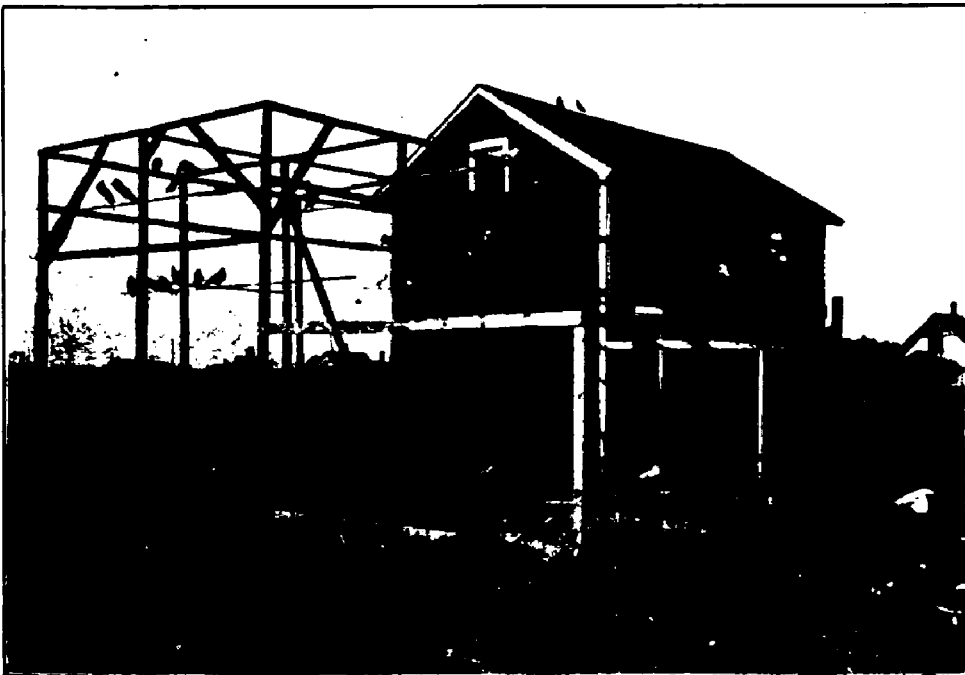
wings can carry him. He is always sure of a welcome, for a watcher usually awaits his arrival and there is much anxiety until he arrives at his abode, which is in some instances a regular bird palace. One model dovecote in Philadelphia has electric lights, steam heat, running water for drinking and bathing purposes, and even burglar alarms—a home as elegantly equipped as his master's. These dovecotes are interesting little places for they are always airy and spacious, and each pair of pigeons has a diminutive home of its own. In selecting its home the male bird takes possession of a nest first. Then the female flies excitedly around making a pretence of finding a better location. As



ANCIENT MONUMENT

Unearthed in Denmark. The bird on the man's hand is thought to be a homing pigeon.

she flies past the various coops containing the males, each one in turn tries to coax her to take up her abode with him. When she finally selects a companion he drives her out three or four times, but if she persists in returning they are mated. Even then he may appear fickle, for though he has but one mate, Mr. Pigeon casts languishing glances at other birds, a harmless performance which never breaks up the family as the lady pigeon always remains faithful, watching the eggs and never leaving them except for a few hours in the morning to fly around for an airing and take a bath, during which time the father watches them. In this way either the father or mother pigeon is always at home during the nesting season and a



A PIGEON LOFT THAT CAN BE BUILT IN ANY YARD.

home, a place he is accustomed to go to nights and where his food is given him. He understands this and always returns to this home no matter how far he flies. Some have even crossed the water to their old home abroad when they have been imported to this country. How they know enough to do this we do not know, though many learned men have tried to solve the problem. Whether they have an instinct more than human, a wonderful sight, or what some very wise people call a sixth sense, depending on the canals of the ear, we may never know, but the fact remains that the little homing pigeon will, no matter how many miles from home, circle in mid-air, hesitate one second and then strike out for home as fast as his

more devoted household one could not wish to see.

In the best dovecotes there is one entrance or outside door which opens out into a sort of hall. This door closes as soon as entered so that the pigeon who has been away from home, perhaps on an important errand for his master, must remain until his master sets him free. By keeping the bird in this sort of trap it prevents him mixing for the time being with other birds who have not been away and do not carry messages. Sometimes the entrance to these bird cages are fitted with electric bells which ring as soon as the bird returns as a warning that he is back and ready to have the aluminum tube detached from under his tail feathers. Thousands of

Not what is said of it, but what it does, has made the fame of the

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ELGIN, ILLINOIS.

sheets of printed collodium can be sent in this way, or can be inserted in a goose quill attached to the pigeon's leg. The most aristocratic birds carry a ring about one foot so they can be identified and returned if lost. This, however, seldom happens for no matter at what distance from home, the pigeon usually returns, for from infancy he has been trained to do this, first making short flights and then longer ones. One of the most unique pigeon ranches in the world is near Los Angeles. Here thousands of pigeons line both sides of aisles, which extend through a large loft, and there are fully five thousand nests. The farm is a picturesque sight especially at feeding time, when there is a whirl of wings and the birds settle like a white cloud upon a little stream to drink and bathe. Carrier pigeons are not, however, kept in such quantities, as they are so valuable they need individual care.

Of all the stories, pathetic and strange, that are told about these queer birds that of the carrier pigeons taken with Andree on his ill-fated voyage to find the North Pole is perhaps the oddest. Just underneath the store department which contained eatables for the party on the voyage, the intrepid discoverer placed a few pigeons in a dovecote made for the purpose. Only a few days after his departure a pigeon carried a message of his safety to land, but when months had elapsed and no other pigeon appeared, those immediately interested in the venture became doubly anxious. About this time the captain of a vessel sailing the frozen seas, shot a bird which had lighted on the mast of his vessel. Not until he had sailed many miles and met another whaler whose captain suggested it, did the thought come to him that this might have been one of Andree's pigeons. He immediately retraced his course and found floating on the surface of the water the poor carrier pigeon, who, like a soldier in battle, had died in the attempt to do his duty. On the dead bird's wing was found the last message ever received from Andree, and the value of its services to those left behind cannot be overestimated.

### Help for Southern Boys.

In an address at the opening session of the Southern Cotton Spinners' Association held at Atlanta, Ga., Richard H. Edmonds of Baltimore made a plea for the utilization of the South's most valuable raw material by developing through technical education the wealth-creating potentialities of its poor white boys.

He called attention to a plan started through the generosity of Mr. Aaron French, of Pittsburg, in the Atlanta school of technology.

Mr. French's plan provides for scholarships to be held by boys at least sixteen years of age and the sons of families owning less than \$3,000 worth of taxable property. The scholarships awarded by competitive examinations run for four years, the holders of them being furnished at such time as the president of the institution may think necessary for expenses, books, fees, etc., to an amount not exceeding \$125 a year. The holders must give small monthly notes, payable after graduation, covering the amount of money advanced upon the scholarship and bearing no interest before maturity. Scholarships somewhat similar to these should be provided by southern men in every southern institution which shows itself worthy to administer them. It is not necessary to present \$10,000 in cash or in interest-bearing securities to each of the score of southern institutions, most of which are struggling in the face of many difficulties to do their part in the training of southern white boys. There are in the South 688 cotton mills, a dozen or more great systems of railway, and hundreds of industrial undertakings of various kinds, which, without trenching upon their capital or without diminishing perceptibly the dividends for their stockholders or individual owners, could provide the means for at least 1,000 scholarships, each matching in amount of annual cost and covering the same time as those founded by our Pittsburg philanthropist. I should like to see 1,000 founded at the beginning of the next four years, so that by 1906 we should have 4,000 southern boys enjoying them.



## The World Needs Him

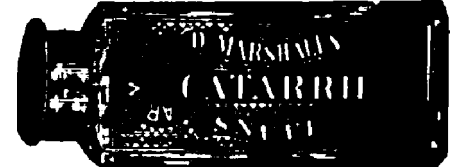
but needs him trained. The times demand trained minds. A knowledge of law will help a young man to leadership in the world. If unable to attend college or a law school he can by our method

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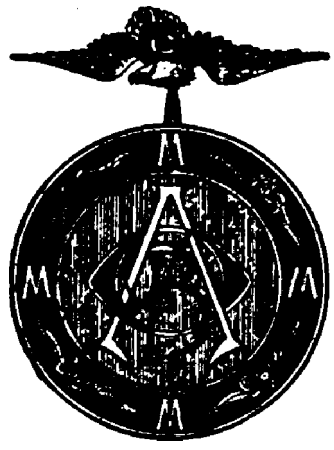
# The Order of The American Boy

A NATIONAL NON-SECRET SOCIETY FOR AMERICAN BOYS.

Under the Auspices of "THE AMERICAN BOY."

Object:—The Cultivation of Manliness in 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.



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 (1901) Nos. of this Paper. It is sent free.

### Order of The American Boy Yell.

The Companies of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY are asked to send us at once their choice of a yell for THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY. Let them refer to the February, March, April and May numbers of this paper for yells suggested, one of these must be selected. A number of yells have been proposed since the May number was issued. We are sorry that these cannot be printed. In the four numbers of the paper named there is a variety of suggestions great enough to enable the boys to select one suited to their tastes. Every Company has one vote. The votes should reach us on or before June 15, so that the decision may be made known in the July number.

### The Order of The American Boy Pennant.

In our April number we asked for designs for THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY, and some very pretty and appropriate ones have been sent in. The officers of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY are now passing upon these, and in our July number the picture of the pennant adopted will appear in these columns.

### Degrees Conferred.

Degrees are conferred on the following boys: For good work on behalf of the Order, one degree each to Harry P. Lichtenhaler, McDonald, Pa.; Harry W. Auberle, Parkersburg, W. Va.; John Darr, Bucyrus, O.; James Reid, Bucyrus, O.; James Lewis, Bucyrus, O.; Harvey McCaslin, Bucyrus, O.; Gordon Moffatt, St. Joseph, Mich.; one degree for habits of thrift to John Darr, Bucyrus, O.

### New Companies Organized.

- John Marshall Company, No. 5, Division of Kansas, Marysville, Kas., Captain Glenn Bittel.
- Big Thunder Company, No. 16, Division of Illinois, Belvidere, Ill., Captain Earl W. Jukes.
- John Brown Company, No. 6, Division of Kansas, Paola, Kas., Captain George Quimby.
- Benjamin Harrison Company, No. 20, Division of Ohio, Canton, O., Captain Robert Cordray.
- Lafayette Company, No. 9, Division of Indiana, Carmel, Ind., Captain Malcolm Randall.
- Englewood Company, No. 17, Division of Illinois, Chicago, Ill., Captain Robert A. Johnson.
- Cofax Company, No. 8, Division of Indiana, Indianapolis, Ind., Captain Eugene Dolmetsch.
- John R. Rodgers Company, No. 5, Division of Washington, Arlington, Wash., Captain Earl Rowley.
- Coyotes Company, No. 3, Division of South Dakota, De Smet, S. D., Captain Vincent M. Sherwood.
- Millbury Company, No. 10, Division of Massachusetts, Millbury, Mass., Captain William Eddy.
- Seth Low Company, No. 16, Division of New York, Staten Island, N. Y., Captain Archie Nelson.
- Flower City Company, No. 17, Division of New York, Rochester, N. Y., Captain Walter C. Freeman.
- All Star Company, No. 3, Division of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va., Captain Lonnie W. Ryan.
- "Big Foot" Company, No. 10, Division of Wisconsin, Lake Geneva, Wis., Captain Herbert McAfferty.

door Games"; "A Little Rebel"; "A Little Irish Girl"; and "The Child of the Wreck."—**Sprague Company, No. 11,** McDonald, Pa., charges dues of twenty five cents per month, and no one under ten years of age is eligible to membership.—**Pere Marquette Company, No. 21,** Division of Michigan, St. Ignace, Mich., held its last meeting at the home of its librarian, Percy Brown, and at this meeting decided to send for one of THE AMERICAN BOY Free Circulating Libraries. They also organized their baseball team for the summer. Their suits are red trimmed in black.—**Honest Abe Company, No. 20,** Merrill, Mich., holds its meetings every Tuesday at the schoolhouse. Dues two cents a week, payable at each meeting. The proposed Constitution and By-Laws have been adopted. A fine of five cents has been imposed for the use of profane language, and a fine of ten cents for the use of tobacco.—**Black Hawk Company, No. 9,** Sheboygan, Wis., has a fine club room on Washington Court. They have had their charter framed, and have a library of thirty books, boxing gloves, punching bag, and a number of games. Company dues, five cents a week, and a fee of one cent a week is charged for a book taken from the library. This Company is greatly interested in athletics and curio collecting. They promise us a picture of their club room soon.—**Prince Henry Company, No. 2** Division of South Dakota, Huron, S. D., held its first meeting April 17, at the home of Harlan Whisman. The following officers were elected: Captain, Howard Smith; Vice Captain, Harlan Whisman; Secretary and Treasurer, Clarence Stewart. Meetings are twice a month, and dues of five cents are charged at each meeting.—**Mad Anthony Wayne Company, No. 8,** Division of Pennsylvania, Waynesboro, Pa., organized only two months ago, has at this time five dollars in its treas-

General Shafter Company, No. 7, Division of California, San Francisco, Cal., Captain E. H. Angermann.

John Harris Company, No. 10, Division of Pennsylvania, Harrisburg, Pa., Captain Paul B. Gottschall.

Three Bears Dakota Sloux Company, No. 5, Division of North Dakota, Fargo, N. D., Captain R. McKinney.

Sprague Company, No. 11, Division of Pennsylvania, McDonald, Pa., Captain Harry P. Lichtenhaler.



"THE AMERICAN BOY" JUST RECEIVED.

### The Free Libraries Well Received.

St. Ignace, Mich., April 21, 1902.  
W. C. Sprague,  
Dear Sir—I received Library No. 6, and I think I have never read better books.  
Yours truly,  
PERCY BROWN,  
Librarian Pere Marquette Company, No. 1.

Jackson, Minn., April 21, 1902.  
William C. Sprague,  
Detroit, Mich.  
Dear Sir—Received Library No. 5 today in good condition, and like them very much.  
Yours for M. M. M.,  
ADELBERT WALLACE,  
Captain Des Moines Valley Company, No. 5.

### Company News.

**Dearborn Company, No. 9,** Division of Michigan, Dearborn, Mich., holds its meetings Friday evenings at the homes of the various members. No regular dues are charged, the members contributing what they choose. They have a small library, each member having contributed one book.—**Lone Star Junior Company, No. 4,** Division of Texas, Ennis, Tex., holds its meetings Friday evenings. Dues ten cents per month. This Company has a fine library of sixty books.—**Theodore Roosevelt Company, No. 4,** Chesaning, Mich., has a bugler, in the person of Oliver Whipple, a member of the Company.—**Gazelle Company, No. 22,** St. Joseph, Mich., holds its meetings regularly every week. The boys expect to go camping this summer, and the Secretary promises us a picture of the Company. The Company will hold an ice cream social soon.—**Fort Boreman Company, No. 2** Division of West Virginia, Parkersburg, W. Va., organized in March last, has at this writing a membership of sixteen. This is one of the flourishing Companies of the Order. They have a fine club room in a large office building.—**Ruth Warner Company, No. 1,** Montpelier, Vt., is interested principally in athletics. They recently played ball against the "McNeils" with a score of eleven to three in their favor. They have agreed to purchase a Spalding mask, a junior Spalding mitt, and the following books for their library: "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; "The Minstrel Show"; "Out-

ury.—**Fred Funston Company, No. 2,** Baldwin, Kas., has organized a baseball team with Ira Wilson as captain and Earl Brown as manager. Their colors are red, white and blue, and they have the letters "O. A. B." on the front of their sweaters.—**Robert Dale Owen Company, No. 4,** Stewartville, Ind., enjoyed a supper at the home of the Captain on the evening of March 29. On April 13 they went on an outing trip in the woods collecting curios. They recently held a contest to see who could prepare the best program. Jacob Schettler won.—**Get There All Company, No. 7,** York, Neb., is chiefly interested in athletics, football and baseball being its favorite pastimes. The Captain writes that they have been victorious in every football game played, though the score has in some instances been very close.—**The All Star Company, No. 8,** Morgantown, W. Va., has adopted the proposed Constitution and By-Laws of the Order. This Company is principally interested in athletics and literary work. Literary programs will be rendered the last Thursday evening of each month. The boys expect to organize a track athletic team soon. Company dues, five cents a week. Colors, red and white. Each member will contribute one good book toward a library.—**Cofax Company, No. 8,** Division of Indiana, Indianapolis, Ind., holds its meetings on the second Friday in each month at 7:30 p. m.—**Victoria Company, No. 1,** Water-villet, Mich., has at this writing fifteen members. It has a library of thirty three books, and at a recent meeting selected a committee to report a list of good books which the Company will purchase. A short time ago the Company held a box social, from which they realized nine dollars and fifteen cents.—**Santa Fe Company, No. 3** Chase, Kas., holds its meetings every Friday evening. This Company is progressing nicely and the members are very enthusiastic over the Order. They have started a gymnasium fund, and have raised the dues to five cents a week. This Company has established a system of diplomas, to be awarded at the end of each term (every six months) for best records in athletics. They have a small library and a collection of coins, stamps and curios. Meetings in the interests of the Agassiz Association are held on the last Tuesday in each month. The Captain sends us two designs for pennants, and says, "We like

the idea, and hope that we may see one of these designs floating from the flagstaff of the Boys' Building at St. Louis in 1903."—**Tom Benton Company, No. 3,** Division of Missouri, Cameron, Mo., has fixed up a very comfortable club room in a barn loft, where regular meetings are held. They have a bible, and will soon send for one of THE AMERICAN BOY Free Circulating Libraries. Among the members of this Company is the son of a poor widow who was very anxious to join the Order but could not afford to subscribe for THE AMERICAN BOY, so the other members of the Company clipped in and gave him an annual subscription.—**General Faine Company, No. 19,** Painesville, O., holds its meetings every two weeks. The boys expect to have a baseball team this spring.—**John Brown Company, No. 6,** Division of Kansas, Paola, Kas., is chiefly interested in athletics. Meetings are held on Saturday afternoons. The boys have fitted up a hayloft for a lodge room, and have two pairs of Indian clubs, one pair of dumbbells, one football, one punching bag, and two pairs of boxing gloves; they will soon add more to their gymnasium. Mr. Quimby, father of the Captain, acts as adviser for the Company.—**Englewood Company, No. 17,** Chicago, Ill., holds its meetings every Thursday evening. Dues, five cents a week, payable at each meeting. The chief object of this Company is the promotion of literature and athletic sports.—**Albert J. Beveridge Company, No. 6,** Bicknell, Ind., has secured a large room at the home of Treasurer Freeman, which they will fit up for a club room. Meetings will be held every two weeks. Company dues, ten cents per month.—**Coyotes Company, No. 3,** Division of South Dakota, De Smet, S. D., holds its meetings Monday evenings at the homes of the various members. An initiation fee of twenty five cents is charged, after which a small fee is paid at each meeting. The Company colors are pink and purple.—**Gopher Athletic Company, No. 6,** Winona, Minn., has a fine gymnasium. They expect to have a baseball team and a track team this spring. Company dues, fifteen cents per month. The following is a copy of their song:

(Tune of the Kangaroo.)  
The Tigers they were jolly,  
The Tigers they were gay,  
But when the game was over  
They felt the other way.  
They saw the constellation,  
The moon, the stars, the sun,  
Their team felt sort of sickly  
When the baseball game was done.

O. A. B.'s a dandy,  
We'll knock the Tigers blue,  
We'll set the world half crazy,  
It'll learn a thing or two,  
You'll have to be a cyclone,  
And that's no golden dream,  
Before you go a-fanning,  
Our Gopher baseball team.

**Fort Concho Company, No. 4,** ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY was organized in San Angelo last week, with the following officers. Captain, Corbin Adams; Lieutenant, Captain, Don Lee; Secretary, Owen Scott; Treasurer, Felix B. Probandt; Librarian, Francis Farquhar. The motto of the Order is "Morals, Mind and Muscle," the object being moral, mental and physical development. The local Company meets regularly twice a month at the home of the treasurer, which is no news to the neighborhood, as American boys easily make their presence seen, heard and felt.

The boys have the best wishes of the Standard, which hopes that all will develop into giants, morally, mentally and physically.—From the San Angelo (Tex.) Standard.

**\$8.95**

**EIGHT DOLLARS AND NINETY-FIVE CENTS**

Buys the celebrated, high grade, new 1902 Model EDGEMERE BICYCLE, 28-inch wheel, any height frame, high grade equipment, including high grade guaranteed pneumatic tires, adjustable handle bars, fine leather covered grips, padded saddle, fine ball bearing pedals, nickel trimmers, beautifully finished throughout, any color enamel. Strongest Guarantee.

\$10.95 for the celebrated 1902 Kenwood Bicycle.

\$12.75 for the celebrated 1902 King or King Queen Bicycle.

\$15.75 for the highest grade 1902 bicycle made on three or two inch joint, Napoleon or Josephine, complete with the very best equipment, including Morgan & Wright highest grade pneumatic tires, a regular \$50.00 bicycle.

**10 DAYS FREE TRIAL** on any bicycle ordered. Offer over board of, write for our free 1902 Bicycle Catalogue. Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.**

ANTISEPTIC, WATERPROOF

**Liquid Court Plaster.**

JUST PAINT OVER THE WOUND—THAT'S ALL!

Makes Cuts, Abrasions, Hang Nails, Chapped and Split Lips or Fingers, Burns, Blisters, Ac. Instantly Relieve Chaffs, Itches, Frosted Ears, Stings of Insects, Chafed or Stilted Feet, Ac.

**FREE** In order to introduce the above and see exactly how well it works, we will send you a sample of this plaster free of charge. Write for it today.

SEND NO MONEY BUT WRITE AT ONCE.

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FOR BOYS TO THINK ABOUT

**JAPANESE STREETS.**

In Japan houses are not numbered according to their sequence but according to the order of their erection. That is to say, No. 73 may adjoin No. 1, with No. 102 on the opposite side. No. 2 is probably a mile down the street. The city of Tokio is made up of 1,330 streets, in which are 318,320 houses. These houses are divided up into fifteen wards. If a street passes through more than one ward the houses are numbered according to the wards in which they are; that is, a street passing through six wards will possess six number ones. It would be like hunting for a needle in a haystack for a stranger to try to find a number in Tokio, but a jinriksha driver knows the position and number of almost every one of the houses in Tokio. He is able to do this by having made his business the one study of his life.

**HOW FAR WILL YOU WALK?**

How far will a man walk in a lifetime? It is safe to say that every man walks two miles a day on the average. If only in stirring about his room or office. If a man lives to be thirty years old he will walk at this rate 21,900 miles. The three mile a day man will cover 32,850, the five mile a day man 54,750 miles. That is, he will walk two and one-half times around the globe. At forty this man will have made three trips around, and at sixty, four, and he will have 2,000 miles to the good on the fifth trip.

**ANIMAL CURIOSITIES.**

Camels are the only animals that cannot swim. The starfish has no nose, but can smell with the whole of its under side. A sea anemone, taken from the Firth of Forth in 1828, lived and flourished in captivity until 1887. Nearly all bottom sea fishes have the power of changing color at will, like chameleons.

**STILL STRIKING HIM.**

Flogging is still allowed in the schools of twenty five of our great cities. It is forbidden in Greater New York, the entire state of New Jersey, Chicago, Baltimore, Cleveland, Syracuse and Toledo. In Phil-

adelphia it is said to have been abandoned by common consent of teachers. In St. Louis it can only be administered by the principal or in his presence. Blows upon the hand with a rattan is the only means of corporal punishment permitted in Boston schools. Even this is forbidden in high schools and kindergartens, and upon the girls in the grammar schools. Only a principal, or acting principal, can inflict bodily pain in the Buffalo schools, unless permission be given by the superintendent to other teachers. Either a strap or a rattan must be used upon San Francisco youngsters. Blows upon the head and violent shakings are prohibited in Cincinnati. Long confinements and blows upon the head are forbidden in New Orleans. In Detroit corporal punishment can only be inflicted with the full knowledge and consent of the principal. Written consent of the parents is essential before it can be inflicted in the Minneapolis schools. The Roman schoolmaster's whip had a lash studded with steel beads. The bastinado is used in China, Persia and Turkey. Corporal punishment is still allowed in all German schools for boys, and the school dungeon is still a stern reality in that country. The English schoolmaster of today uses the rod almost as unsparingly as he did a century ago.

**THE BUSIEST SPOT IN LONDON.**

The Central Telegraph office at Saint Martins-Le-Grand is the busiest spot in London. At this one telegraph office between 125,000 and 150,000 telegrams are handled daily. The largest number ever handled in a day was 195,411—the day before the late Queen's Diamond Jubilee in 1897. There are 1,226 telegraph instruments, and a staff of nearly 4,600 persons, including 680 messengers. There are many wonderful machines. Among them is "the multiplex," by which a clerk can dispatch six messages at the same time in different directions. For rapid work the Wheatstone apparatus is called into play, whereby a speed of 350 words a minute can be obtained, on the average. The instrument has a record of 600 words a minute. When Mr. Gladstone introduced his Home Rule Bill in 1886, over a million words were dispatched over the wires that night. In addition to the telegraph service there is a telephone service, with a direct line from London to Paris, used by as many as 300 persons a day. A charge of two dollars is made for every talk of three minutes' duration or less.

**WONDERFUL LITTLE THING.**

The seed of the globe turnip is about the 20th part of an inch in diameter, and yet in the course of a few months this seed

will be enlarged by the soil and the air into 27,000,000 times its original bulk, and this in addition to a bunch of leaves. It has been found by experiment that a turnip seed will, under fair conditions, increase its own weight 15 times in a minute. Turnips growing in peat ground have been found to increase more than 15,000 times the weight of their seeds in a day.

There is a certain little fly that was observed to run three inches and make, in doing it, 440 steps—all in one-half a second of time. To equal this, in proportion to his size, a man would have to run at the rate of 20 miles a minute.

The common flea leaps 200 times its own length. To show like agility a man 6 feet tall would have to leap a distance of 1,200 feet. The cheese mite is about one-quarter of an inch in length, yet it has been seen to take the tip of its tail in its mouth, and then, letting go with a jerk, to leap out of a vessel six inches in depth. To equal this a man would have to jump out of a well from a depth of 144 feet.

And equally strange things are found among the plants and vegetables. A well-known student of nature once tried the growing force of a squash. When it was 18 days old, and measured 27 inches in circumference, he fixed a sort of harness around it with a long lever attached. The power of the squash was measured by the weight it lifted, the weight being fixed to the lever. When it was 20 days old, two days after the harness was fixed on it, it lifted 60 pounds. On the 19th day it lifted 5,000 pounds.

**WHAT \$200,000,000 MEANS.**

Some one has calculated that a man getting three hundred dollars every day from the beginning of the year one to the present time, and consuming none of his earnings, would only just now have as much as Mr. Rockefeller has. Putting it another way, imagine a town containing 300 working people each earning seven dollars a week. The total wages earned by the people of the town in successive generations, from the time of Christ to the present day, would not exceed the amount of Mr. Rockefeller's fortune, which is generally estimated at about \$200,000,000.



THE VOICE OF THE GRADUATE IS HEARD IN THE LAND.

**WE ARE SELLING**

BATTERY TABLE LAMP COMPLETE \$3.95

BATTERY HANGING LAMP, \$10.00

Telephone, complete, 5.95

Electric Door Bells, 1.00

Electric Carriage Light, 2.95

Battery Fan Motor, 5.95

Electric Hand Lanterns, 2.00

Pocket Flash Lights, 1.50

Minister Electric Lamp, .50

33 Medical Batteries, 1.50

Genuine Electric Bells, 1.00

\$12 Belt with Suspensory, 2.50

Genuine Electric Insolator, .25

Telegraph Outfit, 2.25

Battery Motors from \$1 to 12.00

Battery Table Lamps, 2.00

Necktie Lights, 75c. to 2.00

66 Bicycle Electric Lights, 2.75

Electric Cap Lights, 1.75

Electric Railway, 2.95

Battery Student Lamp, 4.00

Dry Batteries, per dozen, 2.25

All Electrical Books at low prices.

We undersell all on Everything Electrical.

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Headquarters for Electric Novelties and Supplies.  
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We will give you a guaranteed, Stem-Wind Nickel-plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm, for selling 19 packages of **BLUINE** at ten cents each. Bluinols is the best laundry bluing in the world and the fastest seller. Write us at once, and we will send you the Bluing and our large Premium List, postpaid. It costs you nothing. Simply send us the money you get for selling the Bluing, and we will send you the Watch, Chain and Charm, postpaid.

**BLUINE MFG. CO.,**  
Box 550, Concord Junction, Mass.  
Two Million Premiums given away during the last 5 years.

**OPPORTUNITY For a Bright Boy**

Robert Young, Louisville, Ky.

Send \$1.00, get sample novelty knife, your name and address on one side any design on other you desire. Take orders from five friends, send orders with \$4.00 and you get 6 of our \$1.00 knives for \$5.00, or your knife FREE.

Size is 4 3/4 inches, made of very best material and finely finished.

Greatest thing on the market; please everybody. Circulars of various priced knives and list of designs for the asking.

**THE CANTON CO., 1809 E. 4th St., Canton, Ohio.**

**RIDER AGENTS WANTED**

One in each town to ride and exhibit a sample 1902 Bicycle.

**1902 Models, \$9 to \$15**

'01 & '00 Models, high grade, \$7 to \$11

**500 Second-hand Wheels** all makes and models, good as new, \$3 to \$5. Great Factory Clearing Sale at half factory cost. We ship to anyone on approval and ten days trial without a cent in advance.

**EARN A BIYOLE** distributing 1000 catalogues for us. Write at once for bargain list and our wonderful special offer to agents. Tires, equipment, sundries, all kinds, half regular prices.

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Always Reliable  
A dollar of service for every dollar of cost.  
Illustrated book free.

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**WE FURNISH A BICYCLE**

for you to use in your work for us. Send for our catalog and premium list. BICYCLE, AIR GUN, CAMERA and TOYS of all kinds FREE. We start you in business without your paying us one cent for outfit.

**ESSEX COUNTY PUB. CO., Port Henry, N. Y.**

**BOYS** Send for FREE samples of Victorine Washing Compound and list of beautiful premiums given for selling 1 gross Victorine to your friends and neighbors. Cash commission if preferred.

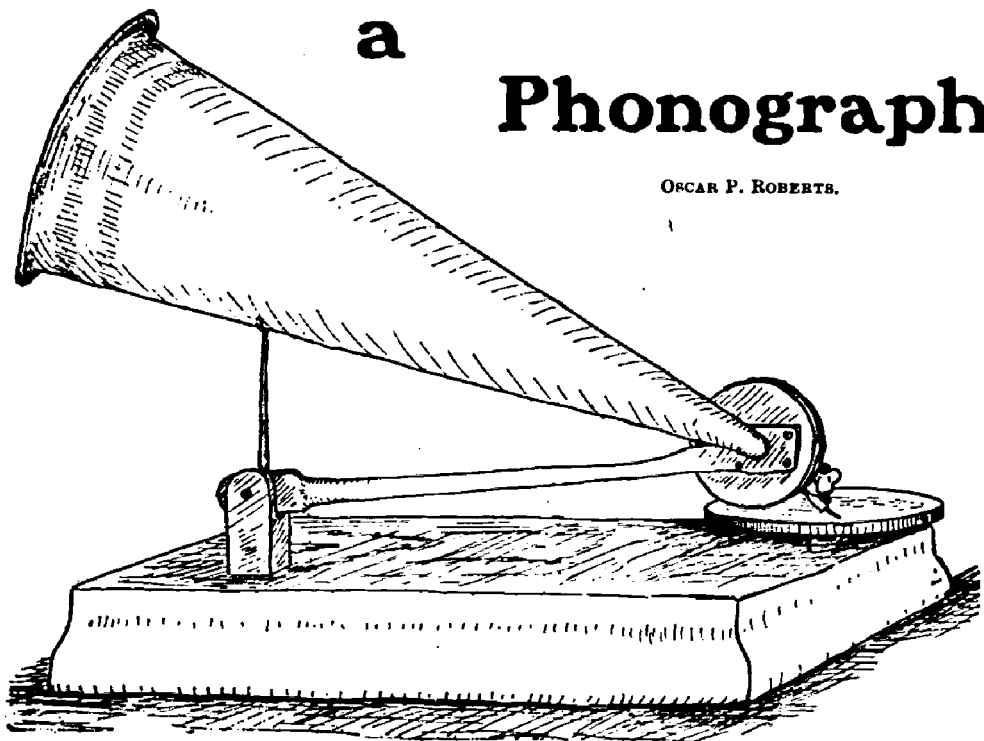
American Consumers' Alliance (Inc.), Chicago.





# How to Make a Phonograph

OSCAR P. ROBERTS.



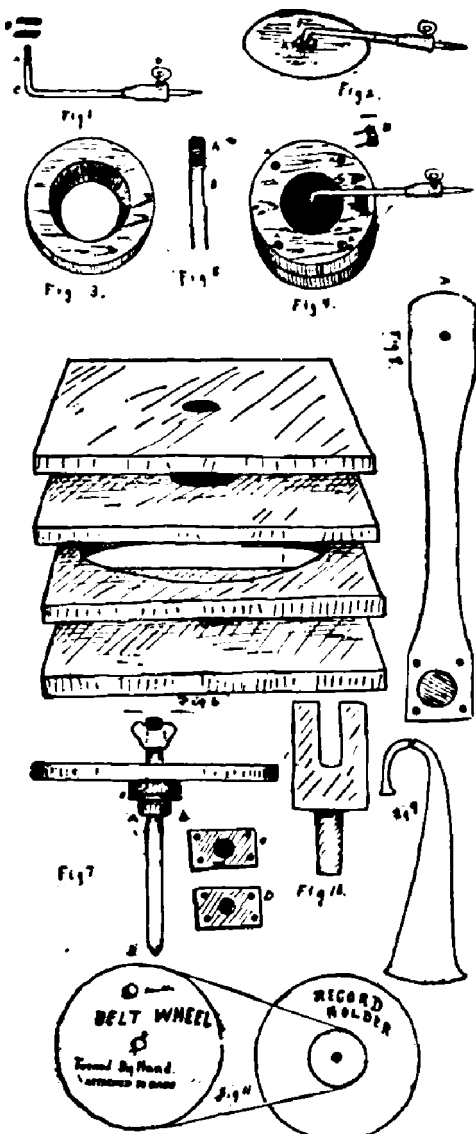
I am going to explain, as clearly as possible, how a phonograph can be made by any boy possessing a little patience and ingenuity and with a very little money.

We will divide the machine into four separate parts to avoid getting into a muddle, viz.: First, the sound-box; second, the record holder; third, the base, and fourth, the horn and sound-box support or arm. Taking these in order, we begin on the sound-box. For this and the needle arm (which is a part of the sound-box) we will need a piece of well seasoned pine, size 2 inches wide, by 4 inches long, and 1/2-inch thick; a piece of isinglass 2 inches square; four slender screws, 1/4-inch in length, and a bicycle spoke.

We will commence operations on the needle arm or holder, and for this we use the bicycle spoke. From the nipple end cut off a piece 3 inches in length. If you haven't a set of bicycle spoke taps and dies, or free access to a machine shop, I am afraid this part will cause you some trouble; but this is the only really hard part for you. I will describe how I made mine, and you can either do it my way or get a mechanic to do this part for you.

On the end of the three-inch piece of spoke (not the nipple end) cut threads, with a die, up 1/4-inch as at A. Fig. 1. Now make two taps from brass or sheet iron to fit these threads as shown at B. Fig. 1.

Now 1/4 of an inch from this end, bend



the spoke wire at right angles as at C. Fig. 1. Remove the spoke nipple from the other end and cut off 2-3 of the original length of the threads, as there is more there than we wish.

Now screw on the nipple to the end of the threads, and if it is a little more than a quarter of an inch in to the end of the spoke all is well, and you may give it an extra turn so it will be firm and tight. As close as possible to the edge of the nipple drill a small hole, and thread it. From another short piece of spoke wire make a thumb screw to fit it, as at D. Fig. 1.

With a compass or other means mark out a 2-inch circle on the isinglass, and with a sharp pair of shears trim it to a circle. In the center drill a small hole and slip it onto the needle holder between the two burrs and screw together firmly as shown at A. Fig. 2.

Use care in selecting the isinglass, that it be not too thin a piece and on the other hand not too thick, for in this lies, in great part, the success of your phonograph.

From the pine cut two circular pieces 2 inches in diameter, and through the center of each bore a 1/4-inch hole. With a sharp, small bladed knife, ream out these holes in a cup shape to 1 1/4-inch in diameter. See Fig. 3. Place the two pieces together (cup sides in) with isinglass between and drill four gimlet holes for the insertion of screws. A. A. A. A. Fig. 4. Insert the screws, which must be a little larger than the holes, and screw down tight, being careful not to split the wood.

The next thing is the vise-like clamp as shown at B. Fig. 4. This is to hold the needle arm rigid and firm, and may be made from brass. This part is so simple that a glance at the illustration is all the explanation that is necessary; suffice it to say you must screw the clamp B. down tightly. We will now pass to the record holders.

For this we will need some babbet metal, a short length of 1/4-inch iron rod, a thumb burr, and two small squares of sheet brass, or iron.

Commencing with the iron rod, threads must be cut down on one end of it for about 1/4-inch (see A. Fig. 5), on which we place the thumb screw. Beginning where the threads leave off, file away one side of the rod until a flat surface is formed a distance of 1/4 of an inch down the rod. (See B. Fig. 5). This keeps the circular table from turning on the rod, but you will understand this by and by.

I will state here that the reason for moulding the record holder table from babbet is that it makes a heavy support for the light record, thus holding it firm and steady during motion. I am getting ahead of my work, so will go back to the preparation of the moulding.

To make the mould: In a piece of 1/4-inch pine cut a 4-inch circle; in a second piece cut a 1/4-inch hole; into a third piece bore a 1/4-inch hole, and into a fourth bore a 1/4-inch hole.

Place these together as shown in Fig. 6 and tack together well. Turn the mould so that the 1/4-inch hole is down and all is now ready for the moulding.

Melt the babbet in a pan or anything handy and taking the spindle in hand insert it into the mould, letting the threaded end project through the 1/4-inch hole about 1/4-inch. Be careful to hold the spindle perfectly perpendicular and pour in the molten metal around the spindle at the 1/4-inch hole. Let it remain until cool in the mould and then your casting should resemble Fig. 7, excepting the presence of the thumb burr. Measure down 2 1/4 inches on the spindle (from A. Fig. 7), and cut it off by means of a three-cornered file, or bolt clippers. File the end to a conical shape as at B. Fig. 7, and that will finish this part, excepting the boxings for the insertion of the spindle into position in the base block. C. and D. Fig. 7 show these. They are made of sheet iron or brass, the upper one being

slipped onto the spindle while the lower one acts as a cap jewel for the end of the spindle to turn in. These, however, will be further noticed in the construction of the base-board.

For the base-board select a good piece of well-seasoned pine or oak, size 2x6x12. Plane off smooth. Looking lengthwise of the block, from the farther end and 2 inches from the left side, measure down 2 inches and bore a 1/2-inch hole. This is for the insertion of the record holder spindle.

We now come to the boxings again. These are mortised in to the base block flush, the one designated in Fig. 7 as C., being placed on the upper side of the base, and D. at the bottom; these may be fastened in place by four small screws. Great care must be taken in putting these in place to get the record holder perfectly true and level. Now put the record holder in position, and if it runs true all is well, but if not the defect must be remedied.

We now come to the last division, (viz.: the horn and sound-box arm, or support). For this we need a piece of hard wood, 1 1/2 x 1/2 x 10 inches. Round off one end and bore a small gimlet hole as at A. Fig. 8. Taking it for granted that you have found a suitable horn of the kind shown in cut 9 and have cut it off as shown, we get the diameter of it at this point, which should be at least 1/2-inch, and bore a hole in the opposite end of the sound-box arm and insert the horn, which should fit snug and tight. Now smooth off the face of the arm at this point and screw it firmly to the sound-box; the holes in the horn and box corresponding, and the needle holders resting at an angle of 45 degrees down slant. We need a post now to hold the arm at the proper height, and for this a block of hard wood, 5 inches by 1 1/2-inch square will be needed. Cut it to the shape of Fig. 10, leaving the cotter pin just 2 inches long. This goes down through the base and will be further described.

Connect this post to the arm as shown in the finished machine by a long slender bolt. Let the needle rest on the record holder table near its edge and by measuring back you can designate the spot where the hole must be bored in the base for the insertion of post pin. This must fit without any excessive play, but must turn easily from side to side. Care must be taken in these joints of the arm and post, that they work easily yet remain stiff and not wobble. The horn may need a support of some kind and this may be simply made from a stiff piece of wire as shown in the cut of finished machine.

Your phonograph is now finished and with a supply of records (of the disc type) and needle points as shown at E. Fig. 1, you are all ready to give it a trial. If you have a motor then I leave it to your ingenuity to attach the pulley on the motor to the pulley on the record holder table (shown at E. Fig. 7) by means of a small belt. However, if you haven't any motor, resort to the hand motor plan as in Fig. 11. Attach the record on the top of the table, put the thumb screw in place, and screw down firmly, put a needle in the holder and start the machine.

If you have been careful, I know it will be a success and you will be amply repaid for your time and trouble.

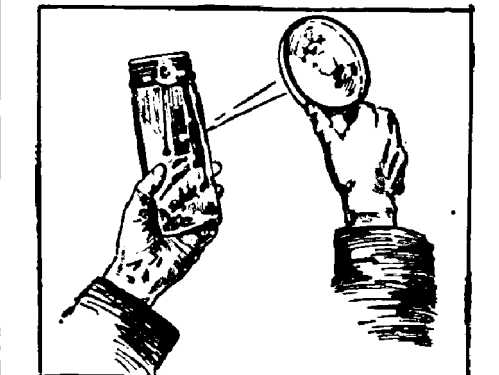
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Get a clear glass bottle—a pickle bottle will do—and to the under part of the cork attach a bent pin. To the pin tie a piece of thread long enough to reach three-fourths of the way down the inside of the bottle, and to the lower end of the thread fasten any small object, say a shoe-button, to make the thread hang taut.

Insert the cork and seal it with wax, and



say to the company that you are going to cut the thread in two without opening the bottle—in fact, without touching the thread.

To accomplish this, you need a reading glass, or sun-glass, and access to a window where the sun is shining clear and bright. The feat is more mystifying if you perform this part of it in private; so you go to the window, hold up your sun-glass so that you can focus the rays from the glass directly on the thread through the side of the bottle, and in a short time the heat from the focused rays will burn the thread

into two pieces, the end with the button attached falling to the bottom of the bottle. Then go back to the company with the bottle, and they will see that the cork has not been moved, and yet the thread has been cut.

It would be better to use black thread for the experiment as that color absorbs heat best, and will burn more readily.

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New puzzles to be printed and answers to the Tangles should be addressed to Uncle Tangler, care AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich.

Answers to May Tangles.

- 59. M ornin G, A creag E, Y ankto N, T almag E, H apple R, I ndian A, R emora L, T herma L, I nfern O, E choin G, T abith A, H ousto N

- 60. N E R, E V E, R E U

- 61. (1) Joseph Addison, (2) Robert Browning, (3) Thomas Carlyle, (4) Bret Harte, (5) Wilkie Collins, (6) Thomas Moore, (7) Victor Hugo, (8) Walter Scott, (9) Nathaniel Hawthorne, (10) Robert Southey, (11) Bayard Taylor, (12) Oliver Goldsmith, (13) Joaquin Miller, (14) John Buryan, (15) Alexander Pope, (16) Charles Dickens, (17) Edgar Allan Poe, (18) John Milton, (19) Charles Kingsley.

- 62. (1) Hyena, (2) Lion, (3) Tapir, (4) Mink, (5) Otter, (6) Lama, (7) Genet, (8) Camel, (9) Mole, (10) Elk, (11) Fox, (12) Paca.

- 63. Africa, Nevada, Alaska, Rabbit, Circle, Hawaii, Yankee

- 64. Tennessee, 65. April, 66. O dreamer of the days, Murmur of roundelays, All unsung of words or books, Sing green fields and running brooks.

- 67. (1) Rustic, (2) Majestic, (3) Acoustic, (4) Domestic, (5) Gymnastic, (6) Ecclesiastic, (7) Monastic, (8) Artistic, (9) Acrostic, (10) Cabalistic, (11) Atheistic, (12) Pugilistic, (13) Egotistic, (14) Plastic.

- 68. (1) Revel-lever, (2) Loaf-foal, (3) Tied-diet, (4) Ragged-dagger, (5) Mood-doom, (6) Tool-loot, (7) Deal-lead, (8) Deliver-relived.

Table with 8 columns and 8 rows of numbers for puzzle 69.

Start at 1 and take the numbers in numerical order and the following names will be found in the order given: Washington, Lincoln, Polk, Garfield, Monroe, McKinley, Adams, Grant, Tyler, Pierce.

the goal. It is the persevering ones who win. There are others who may receive renewed courage from the success of this month's prizewinners. I want to say also that there is no limit to the number of times one may win the prize.

NEW TANGLES.

- 73. A U G U S T, I R A N I A, G A R R E T, U N R E S T, S I E S T A, T A T T A S

- 74. (1) Stake-lake, (2) Stable-table, (3) Plate-late, (4) Bear-ear, (5) Star-tar, (6) Wheat-heat, (7) Rice-ice.

75. SHAKESPEAREAN CHESSMEN. Name the characters in King Richard III, to whom the following quotations are addressed or of whom they are spoken; also act and scene in which each quotation appears.

King. O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog; Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,

Queen. Was ever woman in this humor woo'd? Was ever woman in this humor won? Bishop. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;

King. You are too senseless—obstinate, my lord, Too ceremonious and traditional. Knight. Dull, unmindful villain, Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?

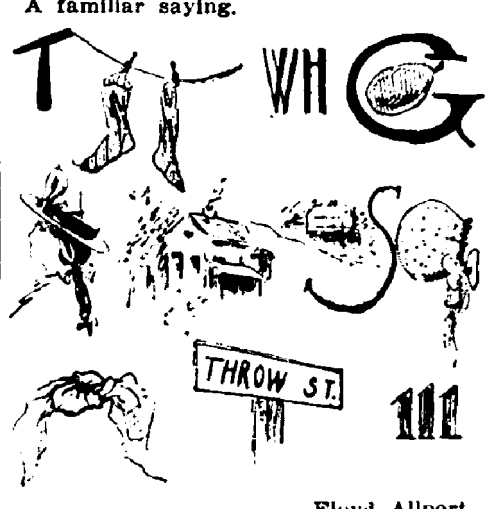
King. Meantime, but think how I may do thee good, And be inheritor of thy desire. (Castle. (Birthplace of the King.) O thou bloody prison, Fatal and ominous to noble peers.

King. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice, And thy assistance, is King Richard seated. Pawn. He will do all in all as Hastings doth. Pawn. Armed in proof and led by Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave, How doth the Prince? Pawn. Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.

76. CONGRESS OF NATIONS. Example: A ruling nation. Ans.: Dominion. 1. A nation at the end of a journey. 2. A nation condemned to eternal punishment.

Delayed answers to March Tangles arrived in April from nine correspondents too late to acknowledge in this department. A Colony of Ants, Tangle No. 43, admitted of several correct answers to some of its parts.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



78. ANAGRAM BLANKS. Fill the blanks in each sentence with words formed of the same letters transposed; e. g.: Terse, rest, trees, steer.

1. He would often — when he thought of the time he went many — to get some —, but fell in the bog and was covered with —. 2. The pet cub was so — I allowed my daughter — to feed him —, but his — was so frisky he frightened my —. 3. I told her to put the — on that — by the — and — flirting with the men on the — of the houses. 4. The man brought me a — dog that was —, so I cooked him a good —. 5. The dog was a — that the man found on the —. 6. The dog had hit a — with his — and was ready to — places with anyone.

79. DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Each word contains the same number of letters. The initials and finals each spell the name of a famous officer in the American Revolution. 1. A capital city. 2. The seat of the U. of Mich. 3. A national park. 4. To direct a ship. 5. In Grecian mythology, a youth renowned for his beauty and his perpetual sleep.

80. CONNECTED WORD SQUARES. Top square: Peaceful; extent; an unpleasant look; a market. Left square: A tree; a chill; to quiet; to dissolve.

81. HIDDEN TITLES. Sixteen titles are concealed in the following. "Knight" is the first one. Find the other fifteen: In the park nightingales were singing and near by a mavis counted out its notes.

82. INTERNATIONAL CHESS. Reading by the king's move in chess, using each square as many times as needed, find sixteen or more countries of the world: A D J P N G B A, C N U A A T R Z, H I T S I E I L, G E D E N D U S, N R M A Y A R T, U I T L E K I A, S S A P O E G L, F R S N C R T U

83. DISSOLVING WORDS. Each word is formed by taking away one letter from the preceding word, the order of the letters being changed when necessary: 1. Without color. 2. What every soldier does when he enters the army. 3. Hark! 4. A step over a fence. 5. A place where a building is erected. 6. To repose on a seat. 7. A pronoun of the third person. 8. The first letter in the bible.

84. DIAGONAL SQUARE. Composed of six bible names of five letters each. 1 to 2, Cain's first born son. 2 to 3, Died fifty cubits high. 4 to 3, A brother of Jesus. 1 to 4, The new testament name of an old testament prophet. 1 to 3, A Phillistine city. 4 to 2, Isaac's mother.

85. DOUBLE DIAMOND. Across: 1. A letter in Indianapolis. 2. To pinch. 3. A kind of meat. 4. A president who died in 1845. 5. To welcome. 6. The conclusion. 7. A letter in Indianapolis. Down: 1. A letter in New Jersey. 2. A pouch. 3. Mother of pearl. 4. An English novelist who died in 1870. 5. Puzzled. 6. A word of negation. 7. A letter in New Jersey.

86. ANAGRAM MESHES. Grid with letters: F, L, B, G, U, A, R, R, R, R, A, A, N, I, C, C, I, A, E, E, L, T, I, N, E, L, L, O, X, O, A, R, E, G, X, A

1. A bend. 2. A reptile. 3. The name of a famous sword. 4. Insolence. From one word form the letters in each of the above columns, the four words having the meanings given above. The right words can be written in both the vertical and horizontal columns of their corresponding number.

87. TANGLED LATIN. A profound knowledge of the dead languages is not necessary to translate these sentences into English: 1. Veni sonis fine me at. 2. Timor dere leve nostris ches. 3. Caesar cane atve alan doni ons.

88. CHARADE. Along my second, one dark night, We second, full of dread; For brigands haunted all the wood, And total made, 'twas said, On unsuspecting travelers there, Sudden my first we spied; And now, with many a cheery word, Gladly we onward ride.

Soon, seated by a glowing hearth, Our horses in the stable, A mighty total make we now Upon the well-filled table.

89. Along my second, one dark night, We second, full of dread; For brigands haunted all the wood, And total made, 'twas said, On unsuspecting travelers there, Sudden my first we spied; And now, with many a cheery word, Gladly we onward ride.





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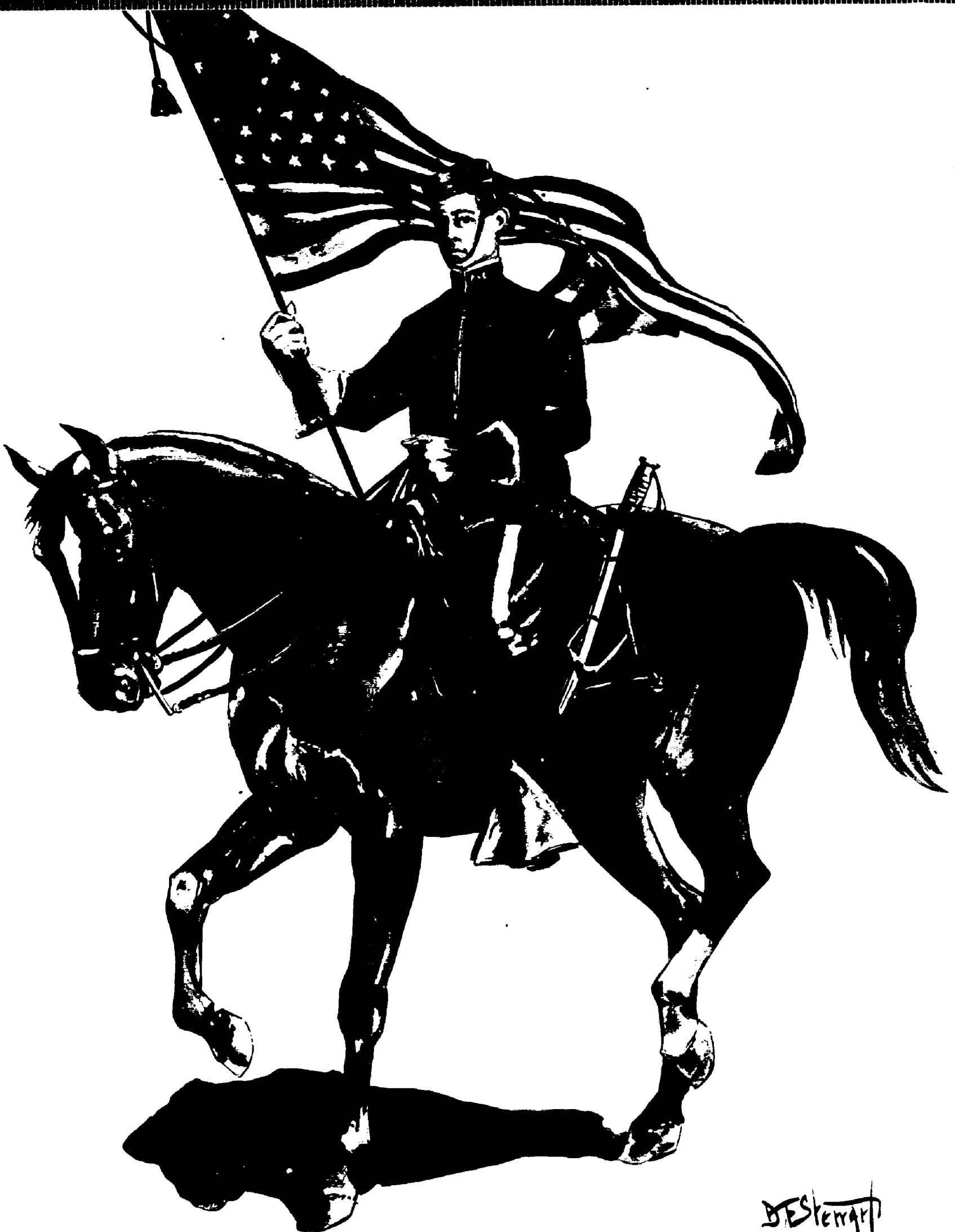
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Vol. 3. No. 9

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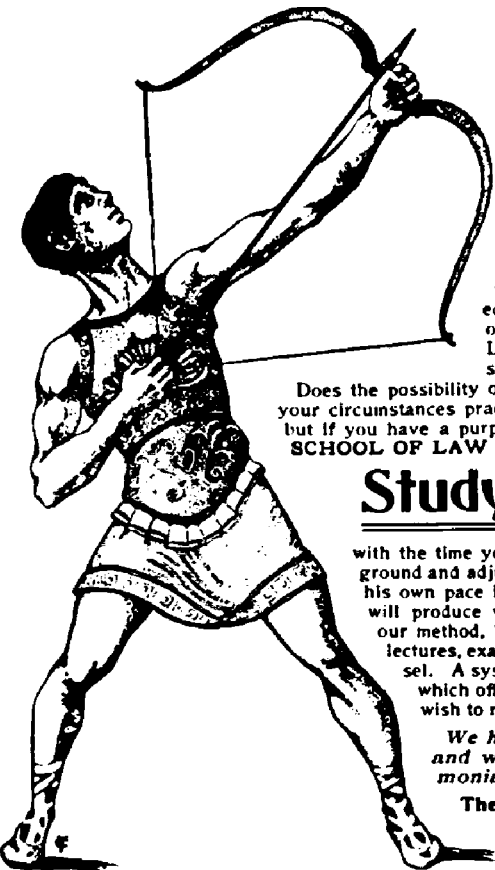
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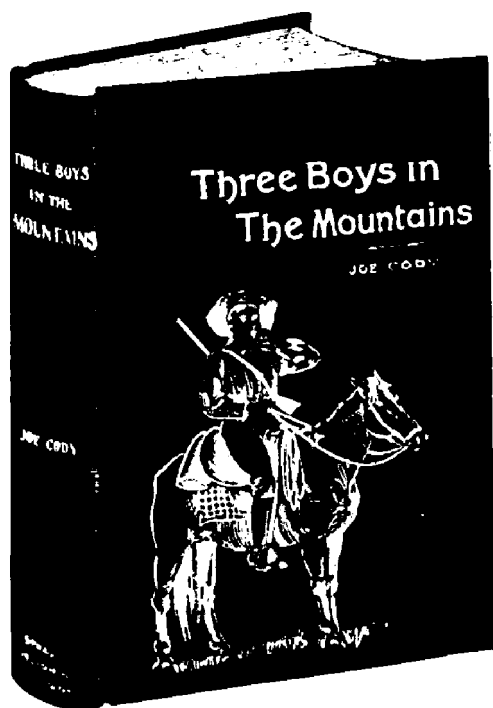
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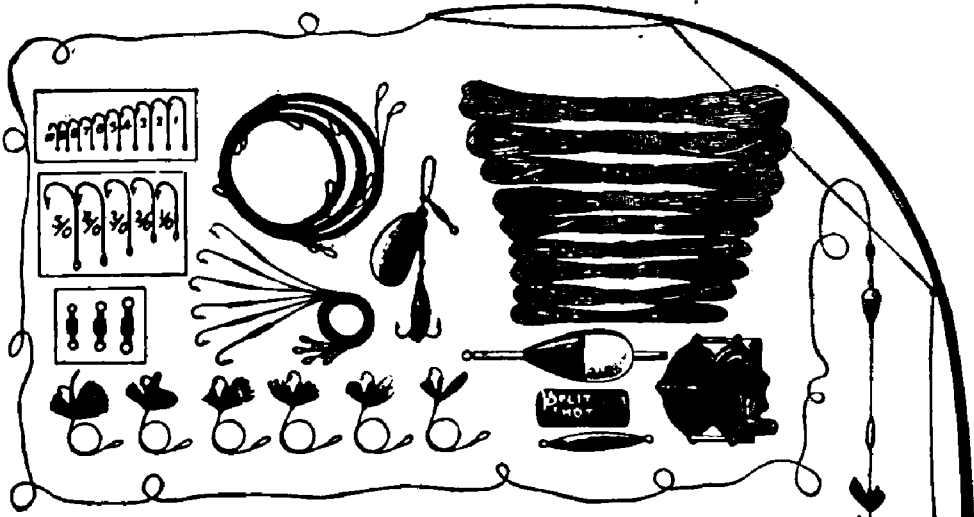
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bearing, and as the wagon containing the Ripley family drove away that bright Fourth of July morning Fred called out jeeringly:

"Ain't it too bad,  
That poor little Ad  
Has to mind my dad?  
Oh, it makes me so sad!"

He drawled this out with an affectation of tears that set the rest of the family to laughing immoderately, for they regarded Fred as extremely witty and this was to them a very high order of wit. Flattered by the impression his doggerel lines had made on the family Fred called out loudly as the wagon turned a corner:

"Work like a dandy,  
And we'll bring you some candy!"

Adnah's sunburned face grew a shade redder as he listened to this taunting rhyme, and he was about to make some angry retort when he remembered that it would only widen that which was already a very wide breach between him and Fred, and add to the long account he proposed to "settle" with Fred sometime.

When the family had disappeared over the brow of a hill with Fred screeching out something Adnah could not hear, the insulted and lonely boy burst into tears for a moment, and then he said with a spirit of rising indignation and rebellion:

"It isn't fair, it isn't decent for them to treat me like this! It is not right that I should have to work so for nothing but my board and a few cheap, poor clothes! I'm not bound to stay here! Micah Ripley has no legal claim on me. He has never had me bound to him because he knows that if I got sick he'd have to pay my doctor's bills if I were bound to him, and now if I got sick he'd make the county pay my doctor's bills. Mean's no name for that man!"

Adnah took his hoe and went out to the potato patch and began to hoe on the long rows of potatoes while he brooded over his many wrongs. He had hoed for about half an hour when he suddenly threw his hoe as far as he could fling it and said boldly to himself:

"I'll do it, so I will! I'll let them know that I'm not bound to do as they say! This is Independence Day, and a good time for a fellow to show a little spirit. I'll show Micah Ripley that I have a little pluck left and that I am not his slave! He hasn't given me a holiday in all the miserable years I have lived with him, and now I'll take one on my own account! I have a perfect right to do so! I have earned the right to many a holiday that I have never had, and I'll take one to-day no matter what any of the Ripleys think or say!"

Resolute in this determination Ad left the potato patch and went toward the house. Entering the kitchen he soon came out to the back porch with a wash basin filled with warm water. Setting it on a bench by the door Ad soaped his hands well and soon there was a great splashing in the water. Ad was as clean as soap and water could make him when he wiped his face and hands on the roller towel on the kitchen door. Then he went to his low

and hot little room with its single small window above the kitchen of the old farmhouse and began to change his clothes, saying to himself as he did so:

"I have very little to 'dress up' in, but I'll go just the same and it won't increase the opinion of Micah's neighbors when they see me so shabby at the celebration. I have well earned far better clothes than Micah has ever bought for me!"

When Ad reappeared in the dooryard he wore a pair of clean but faded blue overalls, a faded and patched blue and white striped hickory shirt, a linen coat a good deal too small for him, and a straw hat now doing duty for the third summer. He did not have any collar or tie and his shoes were so coarse and rough that they absolutely refused to shine, although he rubbed them vigorously for some time with the brush in the shed back of the house. He knew that he was a very shabby looking boy, and he could not forbear contrasting his appearance with that of Fred, who had come out that morning in a complete new suit of handsome "store" clothes with a natty new straw hat, a pretty blue and white tie and shoes with patent leather tips.

"His shoes alone must have cost more than all the clothes I have on," said Ad bitterly to himself as he went around fastening doors and windows before leaving the house. "And he had the nerve to flaunt his finery in my face and to twit me because I had nothing fit to wear. There'll be a reckoning between me and Fred Ripley one of these days!"

One reason why the close-fisted Micah had been so open-handed in the purchase of clothes for Fred on this special occasion was the fact that Fred was to be one of the contestants for a prize a somewhat eccentric man in the neighborhood had offered to the boy under seventeen years of age who should best declaim a part of one of the eloquent patriotic orations of Daniel Webster.

Old Squire Ruddick, who had offered this prize was "great on patriotism," as his neighbors said, and he had offered the prize to increase the interest in the celebration and, as he hoped, to stimulate the spirit of patriotism in the youth of the neighborhood. Fred could really declaim very well, and his father had offered him an additional ten dollars if he won the Ruddick prize. For weeks before the celebration Fred had been "spouting" the prize oration in the house and in the barn at home until he had it letter perfect and could give it with very good effect. He was confident that he would win the prize, as there were but three other contestants and it was admitted that Fred was a better declaimer than any of them. With the complacency that all of his new clothes would give him Fred would make a good ap-



**N**OW, ye mind what I tell ye, Ad. Ye want to git all of that field o' potatoes back o' the barn hoed out to-day an' ev'ry pesky bug killed. Then you want to sail in an' repair that break in the fence over by the wood lot an' you ought to have time enough after that to go over that onion patch back o' the orchard an' clear out the weeds. If you have any time left you kin spend it at the woodpile. Don't waste any of your time!"

"Waste any of my time!" said Ad Hunter indignantly as Micah Ripley and his happy family drove from the barnyard. "It looks as if I'd have any time to waste with work enough set me to take two men all day! It would take one man a day to go over that great potato patch, but if I don't go over it and do all the other tasks Micah Ripley has set me to-day he'll grumble and declare that I don't earn my salt, when he comes home. He knows that I earn a thousand times my salt every day I am on this farm. A pleasant task he has set me for the Fourth of July! I can stay here and work all day in the burning sun while he and his whole family go over to Durham to the big celebration. He's a mean man, that's just what Micah Ripley is!"

There were those in the neighborhood in which the Ripleys lived who would have felt that Ad did Micah Ripley no injustice by calling him a mean man. There were those who were ready to declare that Micah was "meaner than dirt," which is supposed to be a very low degree of meanness indeed.

Adnah Hunter was an orphan boy whom Micah had "taken to raise" when Ad was about eleven years of age. He was now a tall, slender boy of nearly sixteen years who would no doubt have been less scrawny in appearance had he not been overworked by Micah. He had been expected to perform a man's tasks ever since his twelfth year, and not once in all of the years that he had lived with Micah had the boy been given a holiday.

This was not the first time that the entire Ripley family had gone away for a day of pleasure, leaving poor Ad at home to "see to things" while he worked unceasingly. Micah had a boy of his own named Fred who was about the age of Ad, and not half so much was expected from Fred as from Adnah.

Fred's manner toward Ad had always been over-

pearance on the platform, and his chances of winning the prize were very good.

"And if he wins it he'll be so set up that he will be more domineering than ever," said Adnah as he walked away from the farm reflecting on Fred's chances of winning the prize. "I suppose that Micah will be madder than a wet hen if I run across him at the celebration, but he can just get glad again. And from this time forth he's got to treat me differently or I'll leave, and he knows that he'll never find another boy of my age who will do all that I do on the farm. I've caught the spirit of independence to-day, and I'm going to keep it. I've been a fool not to have developed it sooner. I know what my just rights are and I'll have them after this!"

Adnah's spirit of independence increased as he trudged along over the dusty road toward the grove in which the celebration was being held four miles from the Ripley farm. He had not a penny in his pocket and his sense of injustice increased when he recalled the fact that Fred had a whole dollar for "spending money."

When he reached the grove Adnah wandered around somewhat disconsolately, for he did not see many whom he knew and he had a depressing sense of his shabbiness when he saw so many well dressed boys and girls. He felt happier in his new found sense of independence than in anything he saw or heard at the celebration. He was standing under a tree watching a happy group of young people in a merry-go-round when he suddenly heard the sharp voice of Mrs. Ripley say in a tone of surprise:

"Well, did I ever! If here isn't Ad!"

Ad turned and found himself face to face with Mr. and Mrs. Ripley and Fred.

"Will you tell me what this means, Ad Hunter?" asked Micah sharply.

"I should say so!" added Mrs. Ripley.

"Looks pretty to be at a celebration, don't he?" said Fred with a sneer.

"What are you doing here?" said Micah.

Ad looked him full in the face and said bravely:

"I am doing just as I please here, Micah Ripley. I concluded that I would take a day off and come to the celebration. Have you any actual right to say that I should not do so?"

"Of all the impudence!" exclaimed Mrs. Ripley.

Micah's little black eyes glittered with wrath, and a flush came to his dark face.

"You sassy little pauper!" he said angrily. "I'll learn you how to talk to me when we get home! Now you'd better light out for home right forth-with and faster!"

"I shall do nothing of the sort! Do you think that I don't know that you have no legal claim on me, Micah Ripley? I know it, and I shall do as I please about going back to your place at all!"

"Just hear that, will you?" said Mrs. Ripley. "After all we have done for him, too!"

"What have you done?" asked Ad.

"I'd ask, after the good home we have given you and your clothes and everything!"

"My clothes!" said Ad with a bitter laugh. "I look at them, and they are the best I have! I could earn better in a week working for some one else! The fact is, I think that I shall look up another place."

"You'd better try it!" exclaimed Micah. "I'm not going to have the expense of feeding you and clothing you and giving you a home all of these years just to have you up and leave when you are beginning to be of some little account! I've a mind to give you a trouncing right here!"

"You'd better not try it!" replied Adnah.

"Why don't you box his ears, pa?" asked Fred.

"Why don't you?" retorted Adnah. "You'd find if you tried it that two could play at that game and that you wouldn't be in very good condition to do your spouting on the platform a little later!"

"The wretched sassbox!" exclaimed Mrs. Ripley.

"Never you mind, ma. I'll settle with him when we get home! We don't want to have a scene right here! But I tell you, boy, that if you know what is good for you you'll strike a bee line for home right away—you mind what I say!"

"I will think about it," said Ad with exasperating coolness as he walked to a distant part of the grove.

An hour later came the platform exercises which were to close with the contest for the Ruddick prize. When it came time for this part of the program Squire Ruddick himself, a distinguished looking old man and the wealthiest man in the neighbor-

hood came to the front of the platform and said:

"We are now about to listen to the young gentlemen who are to take part in the contest for the prize it has given me pleasure to offer, for the best rendition of one of the orations of Daniel Webster breathing a spirit of the true patriotism that every free-born American should feel. Will the contestants for the prize please come to the platform?"

Fred and three other well dressed and very natty looking young fellows with flowers in their button-holes went upon the platform amid the cheers of the audience, and the contest began. As it progressed a sudden and strange resolution took possession of Adnah. He suddenly felt an irresistible impulse to enter the contest himself. He had a remarkable memory and he had heard Fred declaim the oration so often that he knew every word of it. He had been thrilled by the noble spirit and the wonderful eloquence of the oration, and he had often found himself repeating the stirring words when about his work. Once when he had been in a field far distant from the house he had even given the oration himself and he believed that he had given it well. Indeed, he had gifts of oratory very unusual in a boy of his years.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have still another contestant for the prize."

Many of the kindly, sympathetic men and women in the audience cheered as the shabby boy in the old blue overalls and the dust-covered old shoes came forward. Lyman True, an old farmer who lived on the farm adjoining the Ripleys, called out encouragingly:

"Good for you, Ad!"

Some one else cried out:

"Plucky boy!"

Adnah saw the dark and scowling face of Micah Ripley before him, but it simply nerved him to do his best. There was perfect silence when the clear, strong voice of the boy uttered the first words of the oration. He was filled with something Fred Ripley had been incapable of feeling, and that was the spirit of patriotism and a keen joy in the noble words he was speaking. He forgot all about his old and faded garments. He cared nothing for the fact that no one in that great audience was particularly interested in him. His face was aglow and his eyes were shining with something of the light that radiated from the face of Webster when he was moved to his inmost depth of feeling by the words he was speaking. Clear and strong and wonderfully eloquent rose the voice of the boy as he said:

"No age will come in which the American Revolution will appear less than it is—one of the greatest events in human history. No age will come in which it will cease to be seen and felt, on either continent, that a mighty step, a great advance, not only in American affairs, but in human affairs, was made on the Fourth of July, 1776!"

The applause that had followed the orations of the other contestants was mild compared with that which burst forth when Adnah took his seat. Women waved their handkerchiefs and men flung their hats into the air, and the enthusiasm ran mountain high. The judges conferred together for but a moment or two, and then Squire Ruddick came forward and said:

"I am sure that it will not surprise any of you to know that the judges have unanimously decided that the prize should be given to the last speaker, Adnah Hunter. Will you please come forward and receive your reward for that which I must say was the finest thing I ever heard in my life from a boy of your years. Indeed, I have seldom heard it surpassed by men of training and experience."

He handed Adnah a little purse made of red, white and blue beads through the meshes of which one could see shining gold coins. The applause was deafening when Adnah took the purse with a graceful bow. This closed the platform exercises and the judges crowded around Adnah with words of congratulation.

"Where do you live, my boy?" asked Squire Ruddick kindly.

"I have been living with Micah Ripley for several years, but I don't want to live with him any longer," replied Adnah.

"I shouldn't think that you would from some things I happen to know about him," said the Squire with a sudden flash in his eye. "I know that if I had a boy I wouldn't want him to live with Micah Ripley. Haven't you any relatives or friends with whom you might live and who would give you a chance to cultivate your evident talents? You ought to educate yourself for a public speaker."

The Squire's manner was so warmly sympathetic that Adnah soon found himself telling him the sorrowful story of his orphanhood and of his unhappy life with the Ripleys. He ended the brief story by saying:

"I do not have to go back to him if I do not want to, do I?"

"Certainly not!" replied the Squire. "He has no legal claim whatever on you, my boy. Don't you go back to him at all. You go home with me. I happen to be wanting a boy of about your age at this very moment and I think that we can make an arrangement by which you can go to school, and if there is any one toward whom the heart of my good wife warms it is an orphan boy. You see, we lost our own dear boy when he was about your age. I'll take you right now and introduce you to the best little old lady on earth."

Micah, with the scowl still on his face, was waiting for Adnah to descend from the platform. When he came down with the Squire, Micah said almost between his set teeth:



"You light out for home, now, you young scoundrel."

As he sat in the audience thrilled by the power and patriotism of the words of Webster Adnah became utterly indifferent to everything else. He quite forgot that he was the shabbiest boy on the grounds and that he would be in strange contrast to the four handsomely dressed boys on the platform. Fred Ripley came last and the applause of the audience made it certain that he had outstripped the other contestants for the prize. When he had taken his seat, flushed with the certainty of his success, Squire Ruddick came forward and said:

"Is there any one else who would like to enter the contest? If not, the judges will confer together and announce their decision in a few minutes."

It seemed to poor, shabby Adnah that it was hardly of his own volition that he found himself moving toward the platform. He hesitated when he heard one or two titters as he began to ascend the steps, and he would have retreated had not Squire Ruddick said:

"Is this another contestant for the prize?"

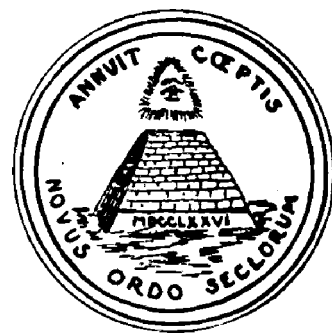
"I'd like to try for it, if you please," replied Adnah with his hat in his hand.

"Come right along, my boy," said the Squire kindly, and then he added:



# The Great Seal of the United States

H. F. BROCKETT



**S**OME English writers declare that the American Colonies desired to be independent ever since the English Revolution in 1688, but Washington, the noblest American, wrote to the contrary as late as October, 1774: "I can announce as a fact that it is not the wish or interest of ANY government upon this Continent, separately or collectively, to set up for independence."

The Colonies, as children of Great Britain, possessed a spirit of loyalty, and the idea of separating themselves from their mother's protection was too hazardous to be considered until England sent fleets and armies to plunder the American seas, ravage the coasts, burn the towns, and harass the people into submission to her INJUSTICE.

In the Quaker City, on the Fourth of July, 1776, the State House Bell proclaimed "Liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof;" the immortal Declaration of Independence was signed by America's loyal patriots; and a committee was appointed to prepare a great seal for the new empire—the baby republic which was four hours old, and no one felt certain would live.

Six weeks later, Jefferson, Du Simitiere, Dr. Franklin, and John Adams, each presented a different design in which the sentiments of the people were well expressed. It was decided that Jefferson combine

the ideas of all into one compact description of a proper device for the great seal. He did so, and it is now preserved, in his own handwriting, in the office of the Secretary of State at Washington.

Neither this device nor any of the individual ones were considered, because a weightier subject engaged the mind of Congress—something more important than the making of a seal for a government that "seemed for a long time to have no more stable foundation than PAPER—a paper declaration of existence and a paper currency!"

In March, 1779, John Jay appointed a committee, which two months later decided the seal should be four inches in diameter, but the design for it was yet wanting. Du Simitiere's new device, together with the old ones were considered then, and a year later, and reconsidered in April, 1782, still Congress was not satisfied and despairingly referred the whole matter to Charles Thomson, its secretary.

Will Barton submitted two designs, and Mr. Thomson rejected one as too elaborate, but accepted the smaller sketch for the reverse of the seal. It represented an unfinished pyramid with MDCCLXXVI on its base, symbolizing the incomplete but growing republic. In the zenith was the All-Seeing Eye of Providence in a radiant triangle (the Trinity) whose glory should extend over the republic.

Adams, while in England negotiating for peace, became acquainted with Sir John Prestwick, an antiquarian and a friend of the Americans. Conversing with him one day, on the bright prospects of America, Adams mentioned the fact that his countrymen were searching for a device for the National Coat of Arms. Sir John suggested that an escutcheon bearing thirteen perpendicular red and white stripes, with a blue chief spangled with thirteen stars would be an appropriate design, and to give it more consequence, place it, without supporters, on the breast of a displayed eagle, as emblematic of SELF-RELIANCE. This device was withheld from Congress for three years, hoping some American would conceive a better one, and not be indebted to a titled aristocrat of the country with which it was at war. But Sir John Prestwick's device was accepted and placed upon an upright, bald-headed eagle spread across the seal, holding in his dexter talon an olive branch (denoting the desire for peace); in his sinister talon a bundle of thirteen arrows (denoting the condition of America at that time). The spread eagle, symbol of power and authority represented Congress, and America is the only part of the globe in which the bald-headed eagle is found.

This was accepted by Congress in June, 1782, with Will Barton's sketch for the reverse side.

## Teaching Africa How to Farm—M. B. Thrasher

**T**HE following letter was sent to Principal Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee Institute, by one of his young men students not long ago. It gives an interesting glimpse into the strange conditions which American workmen find when they start to carry American ways of doing work into new countries, although this could hardly be called a new country for these men, since the ancestors of all of them were brought from the coast of Africa as slaves. The reason the natives draw the loaded wagons—a custom referred to in the letter—is because there are no horses or cattle in that part of Africa. As a general thing, all loads are carried on the heads of natives. The one hundred acres included in this experimental plantation were all dug up by the natives, who used stout spades:

Lome, Togo, West Africa, Feb. 15, 1902.

Dear Principal:—

We made our first shipment of cotton to Europe January 6th. The working of the machinery has been a great curiosity to the natives, as great as the natives at first were to us. Now the natives no longer seem a curiosity, but simply everyday laborers.

At present we are clearing away the rubbish, breaking up the land, and getting ready for our next crop. The willingness of the native to labor far exceeds what we had been told of him before we came here. We were told that if we worked them hard they would run away to the "bush," as they call it, and would not return to work. This is not true. We have some laborers who have been with us ever since we have been here, and who have worked very regularly. The natives who live here are called "bushmen." The coast native is more intelligent, and a better workman, because he has had training under the European. At the coast and at some places in the interior, you find the natives at work as telegraph operators, and in the construction of brick and stone buildings for the government and European companies, working under both native and white contractors.

The natives do not live in huts, here and there, as you might think. They live in villages perhaps half a day's walk apart—or maybe three or four hours. That is the way they measure distance here—by hours, instead of miles.

I have just come back to the plantation from Lome, where I have been to carry cotton. That is the nearest place for shipment, and also our post office. It is about seventy five miles. I was on the road ten days, with fifty men and four wagons. The natives pull these wagons, with two to four bales of cotton in them. They are as jolly doing this as a party in America would be going to an all-day picnic in the spring. On the road to Lome we travel two days without crossing water. In passing over this



THE FOUR TUSKEGEE YOUNG MEN who have been teaching cotton raising to the natives in the German colony in West Africa. Allen L. Burks sits on the right.

place we have to carry water, or else buy stagnant water from natives.

Here in the mountains where we live there are plenty of streams of good clear water. The land is very fertile. Sweet potatoes, corn, peanuts and peas grow luxuriantly, without much attention being given them. In America we dig sweet potatoes to stop them from rotting in the ground from the effects of the cold. Here we dig them to stop perpetual growth. "Roasting ears," tomatoes, okra and cucumbers we get from the garden all the year.

There are enough ants in Togoland, I believe, to belt the whole of Africa, if strung in single file. There are many different kinds of them. During the rainy season, and soon after, they emigrate from one place to another in companies. Sometimes a com-

pany is all day passing a place. They hardly ever go around an object that is in their path. They either go over it or under it. Sometimes we have been aroused at the dead of night by one of these armies in whose way our house may happen to stand. When this happens we move out and give them possession, while we seek other quarters until day.

These ants eat everything eatable by insects. There is one kind that comes out only at night. Sometimes you do not discover them until they have eaten a table-leg or the leg to a bedstead to a frazzle. Some kinds of the ants live in clay houses, which they build as much as twelve feet high.

The next most dreaded insect is the locust or big brown grasshopper, as we call them in America. In January and February these are so thick in some places that you have to knock your way through them to walk. They eat every green thing before them, even to the palm leaves. This year they are not so thick as usual, because the natives have burnt so much of the grass and woods. The grass here is as tall and thick as the cane swamps of North Carolina or Alabama. When it is cold weather here in the winter the thermometer registers 68° or 70°.

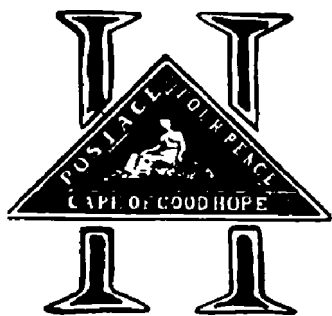
Very sincerely your pupil,  
ALLEN L. BURKS.

A little over a year ago four young colored men who were connected with Tuskegee Institute, the great school for Negroes which Booker T. Washington has built up in Alabama, were hired to go to the German colony of Togo, in West Africa, to teach the natives there how to raise cotton as it is raised in this country.

Togo is a colony on the north shore of the Gulf of Guinea. It is about as large as the state of North Carolina, and has belonged to the Germans since 1884. There is a society in Germany made up of many of the nobility, called the German Colonial Economic Society. The object of this society is to cause experiments to be made in the various foreign colonies of the empire to see how the productiveness of those colonies can be improved. Cotton has been raised in Togo by the natives for many years, in a hap-hazard way. This society is trying now to see if the natives cannot be taught to raise more of it and of a better quality, so that Germany may in time be able to raise all the cotton it needs instead of having to buy it from the United States or some other country.

That was why these men were hired by this society to go over to Africa. One of the men had been the superintendent of a large plantation which belongs to Tuskegee Institute, two of them had learned practical farming at the school, and the other was a graduate from the school's mechanical division. He was taken along to set up and manage the machinery, which the men carried with them, such as a cotton gin, press, plows, and tools.

# The Fourpenny Good Hopes—Cecil Burleigh



HARRY KING was in no mood for trifling that afternoon, and when Mad Whipple—christened Maddox for a friend of his father's, but always called by the shorter name—ordered him away from the swimming place he resented it and refused to go.

"I've as much right here as any other boy in town, Mad Whipple," he

said, "and if the others stay I'm going to. You don't own this land."

"My father does," retorted the other, "and you're trespassing, so get out or I'll complain against you to the sheriff."

"You haven't any signs up, warning trespassers off, and the boys have bathed here every summer for years and no one has said a word. You can't order me off the place and let the others stay, and I'm not going."

Harry had already taken off his jacket and vest and had laid them on the grass, and he was sitting down and about to unlace his shoes when Mad Whipple came along and ordered him away.

There were two or three boys already in the water, which seemed especially cool and inviting that hot afternoon and there were three or four others in various stages of undress, and that a discrimination should be made in his case angered Harry exceedingly.

He and Mad Whipple had never been friends, for the difference in their social positions forbade it, according to young Whipple's notions, but neither had they been enemies, although the events of this day seemed to indicate that such might be the case.

In the first place, the school examinations had been going on and that was enough to try any boy's patience, particularly upon such a hot, uncomfortable day as this had been.

During the examinations a paper had been passed to Harry, under the desk, of course, with a whispered request to look at it and pass it on to Mad Whipple to use.

Harry hated anything that savored of cheating in an examination and he would neither look at the paper nor pass it to any one else, so he hastily crumpled it up and threw it upon the floor instead.

The principal heard the paper fall, saw it, and asked Harry to bring it to him.

"I did not suppose you would use a thing of this sort," said the principal.

"I have not used it," said Harry, "and I don't know what is on it."

"Then how did you get it?"

"Some one passed it to me."

"Who was it?"

"I don't know. I did not see who it was and I did not look at it."

The principal then asked the boys nearest Harry to tell about the paper, and one admitted that he had passed it at somebody's request, who he did not know.

That was all that could be learned about the paper and the examinations proceeded.

Harry passed but Mad Whipple and others failed, presumably on account of the loss of the paper which contained the solutions of all the most difficult problems in the examination.

Threw him fully dressed into the water.

At the noon recess Mad Whipple accused Harry of being a sneak and a cheat, and of having availed himself of material which he would not give to others.

"I did nothing of the sort," said Harry, "and you know it. If you had studied like other fellows, you'd have got through," and with that he went away, declining to discuss the matter further.

When he reached home he found that his mother was ill, the hired girl gone off for the day, nothing but a cold lunch on the table, and a number of chores to be done. He did them, went to a neighbor's to get some one to assist his mother and then returned to school for his further examinations.

After school he and Mad Whipple had more hot words, during which the son of the richest man in town called him a pauper, among other opprobrious epithets.

Harry had restrained himself from striking Mad only after a fierce mental struggle, and had gone off to the river to enjoy a bath and see if that would not improve matters. Then Mad had come along and had threatened to have him arrested for trespass if he did not at once leave the swimming place, which was on the Whipple premises.

"You ain't going, eh?" said Mad. "We'll see if you won't!" and, snatching up Harry's jacket and vest, he ran to the bank and threw them into the deepest part of the river.

Harry sprang to his feet and angered beyond endurance, rushed upon Mad, seized him in both arms, lifted him clear of the ground and threw him, fully dressed, into the river.

"There! you can go after my things, since you threw them in," he said, kicking off his shoes and then removing his trousers.

Mad presently came to the surface and began to swim toward a little sandy beach where there was an easy landing place.

"You'll pay for this, King," blustered Mad. "You'll hear from me before the day is over, don't you fret."

"Are you going after my coat and vest?" asked Harry, taking off his shirt.

"No, I ain't!"

The swift current had caught the garments and they were rapidly sweeping down stream, half submerged.

Harry ran along the bank a few yards, dove and came up within a few feet of his things, which he soon secured and brought to land, spreading them upon bushes to dry.

"You just served him right, Harry," said one of the boys, "but you'll have to look out for him. He'll do you some mean trick, you may be sure."

"He didn't have a word to say to the rest of us when he came out," said another, "but just walked off looking like a drowned rat or a whipped puppy."

"And that was his new suit, the one he put on so many airs about when he got it. He won't feel so proud about it now."

"I don't suppose I ought to have thrown him in the river with everything on," said Harry, "but what's a fellow to do? Nobody wants to sit still and let a bully like that get the best of him."

"Served him just right, Harry."

"Of course it did. He wouldn't understand anything else."

"I wouldn't have missed the fun of seeing you chuck him into the water for a farm."

Now that Harry's anger had spent itself, he did not feel altogether satisfied, but, as there was no need of worrying, he took his bath, waited till his clothes were dried and then walked home with a few of his closest friends. He found his mother improved but greatly annoyed over something, and he asked her what it was.

"What have you been doing to Major Whipple's son?" she replied. "It must have been something serious, for he was here this afternoon and said you must apologize."

"Who, Mad Whipple?"

"No, the Major. He was very angry and threatened I don't know what. He said you had nearly drowned his son, besides using vile language to him and that if—"

"Nothing of the sort. I threw him in the river because he threw my jacket in first. He's the best swimmer in town and was in no danger at all. As for using vile language, the Major had better ask his son about that. I wouldn't repeat what he said."

"Well, I'm sorry you had any trouble with him, Harry, for the Major is a vindictive man and I am afraid we shall suffer. Do you know that he holds a mortgage on this place and can give a notice of foreclosure at any time?"

"How much is it?"

"Six hundred dollars, but I have not the money to pay the interest even, which is due in a few days. You know that times have been hard and I have been sick and unable to earn as much as I did."

"And that is what has worried you and kept you sick? How did it happen about the mortgage? I never knew about it."

"It was just after your father died, when you were a little fellow, two years old. I needed the money and the Major let me have it, taking a mortgage on

the place. I have paid all but six hundred dollars and until lately the Major has not pressed me for the money, but recently he has annoyed me greatly about it."

"But he's rich and could easily wait. Six hundred dollars is nothing to him."

"I can't quite understand it myself, but, at any rate, the Major gave me to understand that if the mortgage was not soon paid off, it would be foreclosed."

"But can he do that?"

"He can order a sheriff's sale and, if the place is sold, we will have no home, for the value of land hereabouts is too great now for me to think of buying. I am sorry you had any trouble with Maddox."

"I am not sorry I threw him into the river and I won't apologize," said Harry. "I couldn't look any decent boy in the face if I did. You wouldn't ask me to, mother, if you knew how I had been tried."

"Well, perhaps not, but I am afraid that trouble will come of it."

Trouble did come of it, for Major Whipple served notice upon the widow King that very day that if the sum of six hundred dollars with interest for a year was not paid him by twelve o'clock noon, on the third day following, the house and farm would be sold to satisfy his claim against them.

"I'll bet there's something behind all this," mused Harry, as he sat alone in his room poring over his lessons for the next day. "The Major has some reasons for wishing to get hold of the place or he would never take such harsh measures as these."

Having finished his lessons, the boy took up his stamp album, being an enthusiastic collector of old postage stamps, and began looking through it.

When he came to the section devoted to the Cape of Good Hope he paused and gazed fondly at the two or three triangular stamps of various denominations which headed the page.

"That's pretty good for the Good Hopes," he mused, "but if mother would let me look over those old letters of hers that father wrote to her from Cape Town before they were married and when he was just a second mate, I might find some duplicates and trade 'em off to the boys. Somehow she never likes to look them over, though. Well, I don't suppose I'd find any varieties that I haven't got. I wonder if I'll ever be a sailor, as father was, and go all over the world? I wouldn't like to catch the fever, though, and die, as he did, leaving my wife and boy behind."

He gazed admiringly at the triangular stamps once more and then went on to other countries. Presently leaving his album lying on the table, he went into his mother's room. Mrs. King was looking over a pile of old letters and her face was sad.

"You are reading father's letters, aren't you, mother, those old, old ones, long before you were married?"

"Yes, Harry, but when I think of those old happy days it makes me so sad to think that your father could not have been spared to us. Then this trouble would not have come."

"Why, the date of this letter is 1862, more than thirty years ago," said Harry, picking up an envelope. "My! What a lot of stamps! That must have been a big one. Six fourpennies, that's two shillings. Postage was dear in those days."

"Yes," said his mother, "it was a long letter. Soon after that he came home, fortunately escaping from privateers, and then went into the army."

Major Whipple served notice upon the widow King that very day.



"May I have these stamps?" asked the boy. They don't look exactly like my others. I think the colors are different. Fourpenny Good Hopes are not very plentiful, anyhow."

"Yes, you may have them, of course, but I am afraid you will have little time to devote to old postage stamps, my boy, after our home is sold."

"Maybe it won't be, mother," said Harry hopefully, as he dexterously stripped the stamps from the envelope.

There were other stamps in the pile of letters which took his fancy. Taking them off, he sorted them according to their color and denomination, keeping the strip of six fourpenny stamps by itself.

The next day he was busy at school and it was not until he was going to bed that he thought about the stamps. He brought them out, spread them upon the table and began to examine them critically.

"There don't seem to be any that I haven't got, except the green shilling and the penny blue on blue paper. The others seem—what's that, fourpence, red? That isn't right, is it? It should be blue."

Then he took up the strip of six and looked at it again, comparing it with other single stamps.

"They must be genuine, because they came through and I took them off the letter myself, but they look so rough, not at all like the others. The drawing is different, too. I wonder if they are counterfeits? That would be a pity. I do hate to get sold on a bogus stamp."

There was certainly a difference in the stamps on the strip of six and the single ones, the others of the denomination of fourpence being in different shades of blue, and then the engraving of the single stamp was greatly superior to that of the red fourpence stamps.

"Maybe there's a different watermark," thought Harry, holding the disputed stamps to the light. "It doesn't seem possible that they should be counterfeit, but I don't see any fourpenny reds catalogued. Maybe the album isn't right."

To satisfy himself he hunted up an old catalogue, having no late edition, and began to study up the stamps of the Cape of Good Hope.

At last he discovered what the difference was.



"The stamps, mother, the ones off that old letter!"

"Oh, that's it; these are the same designs, printed from rough, wood blocks instead of steel. No wonder they look different. Yes, here's a fourpenny red, all right, and—my goodness!" The value of the stamp placed opposite its description utterly staggered the boy.

"What? Three hundred dollars for a fourpenny red Good Hope? It can't be possible. Three hundred dollars! And I've got a strip of six. My, but if they should prove to be genuine after all!"

He had suffered, as many boys have, from having counterfeit foreign stamps imposed upon him, and nothing aroused his indignation more.

He studied over the strip of red fourpenny stamps and finally went to bed, leaving the question of their genuineness still undecided.

The next day he astonished his mother by saying, "Mother, I'm going to New York and may not be home until tomorrow. I have some business to attend to and perhaps I can't finish it by evening. I didn't want to miss any time at school or I would have taken an earlier train."

"But it will cost a good deal to go to New York, Harry?"

"I've enough, mother, and if everything comes out all right, the money will be well invested."

"But if it does not?"

"Well, it's worth the risk, mother," and that was all that he would say.

The next day, shortly before twelve o'clock, he rushed into the house, breathless, threw a well-filled pocketbook in his mother's lap and cried: "The Major shan't take the place from us, mother. I've sold the fourpenny Good Hopes and got two hundred dollars apiece for them, and now the farm is ours!"

"But, Harry, I do not understand."

"The stamps, mother, the ones off that old letter; they were rare ones and, being uncut, brought more. There's the money, twelve hundred dollars, and it's all yours. You don't mind my being interested in stamps now, do you?"

Indiana Amateur Press Club.

State amateur press associations, subsidiary to the national associations, are becoming quite popular. The Indiana Amateur Press club, many of the members of which are affiliated with the U. A. P. A., has recently elected the following officers to serve during 1902. President, Russell L. Joseph; Vice-President, A. M. Keefer; Secretary and Treasurer, Thos. R. Woodbury; Official Editor, Howard M. Gay; Official Organ, The Indiana Amateur. The club has three papers, The Hoosier Amateur, edited by Russell L. Joseph; The Indiana Amateur, by H. M. Gray, and The Amateur Clubite, by A. M. Keefer. Any resident of Indiana who edits or contributes to any amateur paper is eligible to membership. The Secretary's address is 2211 Illinois street, Indianapolis, Ind.

A Young Author.

THE AMERICAN BOY has received in times past many products of boys' minds and hands but nothing that has given us more surprise and pleasure than a little book, well printed and tastily bound, containing stories written by Cyril Lotz, San Jose, Cal. The printing and binding were not done by the boy, but the stories were all written by him. Some one has taken pride in what the little fellow has accomplished and has put the stories in book form. They are exceedingly well written.

Notes.

THE ONLOOKER, "A small sheet interested in Amateuria," comes to us from Harry L. Conde and Francis B. Mastin, Oswego, N. Y. It consists of four sheets plainly but neatly printed, each page two columns wide. The April issue is the first. As its name implies, its contents consist of editorials and reviews of various amateur publications. This first issue is a creditable one.—YOUNG AMERICA, Anton F. Klinkner, Dyersville, Ia., is now an eight page paper of three columns each, making it about four times as large as it was when we first made its acquaintance. Judging from its appearance and its contents it is now an amateur paper in name only. It is cheaply gotten up, printed on ordinary print paper, and while not so pleasing to the editorial eye as some other publications, its two pages of advertising show that it is well managed from a business standpoint, and must be profitable. It is a good example of what a very small amateur paper may be developed into.—THE WORLD, Salem, Ohio, a high school paper, is commendable for the variety and character of its contents, but its proof reading is poor.—GOOD THINGS, Charles H. Russell, editor, 1212 Lombard street, Philadelphia, Pa., is well named. Its well selected and well written contents make it a "good thing" for its readers, and its advertising patronage must at least pay expenses; so it must be a "good thing" for the publishers.—THE VAGABOND, "published occasionally," by Chester E. Crosby, Riverside, Cal., Bernard Goss, Angeles Camp, Cal., and Alfred Victor Peterson, 438 E. Second street, Salt Lake City, Utah, is easily the most meritorious amateur publication that we have seen. It will prove an inspiration to every amateur who is favored with a copy. Its editors are affiliated with the Na-

The Amateur Journalist and Printer

tional Amateur Press Association.—THE MONTHLY HERALD, 1621 South Tenth street, St. Louis, Mo., always makes a pleasing appearance. We commend it as a model for style to the editors of four page publications. It is not so much of a newspaper as it once was, and this is somewhat to be regretted. A paper making a specialty of the news of the amateur world, one that would be a newspaper rather than a "viewpaper," covering the field and up-to-date, would occupy a unique position and would win popularity and prestige.—THE BIJOU, Millard D. Betts, 208 S. State, Jackson, Mich., is three months old. The printing and proof reading might be improved, but the contents are spicy.—THE MAGNET is a little publication published by Earle J. McKain, of Jackson, Mich., but an examination of the paper with a microscope is almost necessary in order to find the name of the editor and the publication address, both of which should be made prominent. Mr. McKain is an active worker in the Wolverine Amateur Press Association and will be glad to communicate with any readers of THE AMERICAN BOY who may be interested in the work of that association.—THE MONTHLY STAR, published by Orpha and Ralph Childester, 782 W. Pike street, Clarksburg, W. Va., is two months old, two inches square and contains eight pages, but, as great trees from little acorns grow, it may be the beginning of a large and successful publication. Anyway, these boys, who are eleven and six years old respectively, do all the work on it themselves and are getting out the best publication that their press facilities will permit. They write that they find it a pleasure rather than a task. Orpha is a carrier boy for a daily newspaper outside of school hours and is getting subscribers to the Star on his newspaper route. We trust the boys will keep up the work they have started.—HARRY H. ELLIOTT, Box 7, Cripple Creek, Colo., is the leading spirit in a new amateur press association intended to cover the States west of the Mississippi River. He expects the Association to have a convention at Cripple Creek in the near future.

How to Get a Start.

NELSON D. ROBERTS.

The amateur journalist often wonders when the time will come that will mark his entrance into the professional field. He has toiled on in the amateur world for a number of years, perhaps. Now he longs for new competitors, with whom he can match the skill he has acquired as an amateur. But, when the long-looked-for time arrives, the young journalist is at a loss where to begin, and he does not consider that this very same beginning will last a number of years, unless he is extremely clever and fortunate.

Now, I am going to tell you how I got a start, even though a modest one. When about fifteen years of age I be-

gan corresponding for a weekly paper in a near-by town. For my services I received the paper and material—stamped envelopes and paper. After a time, I sent an occasional item to the leading daily of the state—the "Milwaukee Sentinel." One day the river was flooded and the water swept stock and buildings away. That night I received a message from "The Sentinel" asking me to send an account of the flood, which I did, and by the next mail I sent the paper a picture of the river. Shortly afterwards I received an offer to act as regular correspondent. Needless to say, I accepted. I received three dollars per column for ordinary news, and dispatches of more than passing interest brought a special price, according to their value. True, at such rates you cannot make much money, but it is a beginning, and if you have a little grit and perseverance better things are sure to follow. Anyway, it is pleasing to know that you are being paid for your work, and that the amount you earn depends upon your ability to write news that is of value and interest to the paper's readers. If you can do that, you can create a field for yourself.

An Amateur's Success.

ROY J. BUELL.

Telegraph Editor American Press Association.

Amateur journalism has ever been a source of great interest to me, owing to the fact, no doubt, that, in my youthful days, I issued an amateur paper. My present occupation as "newspaper man" really grew out of this beginning. My experiences with my little newspaper, and how I overcame the difficulties with which one with little means has to contend may be found interesting.

At about the age of thirteen, being desirous of earning a little spending money outside of school hours, I secured employment in the office of a local publication at folding papers. By this means I gleaned considerable information regarding the business, learned to set type and run a job press.

By a trade, I managed to secure an old hand press, several pounds of newspaper body type and portions of display fonts; but I was without typecases, a chase for my press, sticks, rules, and other necessary tools.

With a little jig saw, and a few good tools, which I had, I succeeded in making most of the necessary adjuncts to my printing establishment, including two standard type cases of which I was very proud. For my job fonts I secured an old spool case from one of the dry goods stores. The drawers were partitioned off to keep the spools separate, and each division was sufficiently large to hold the requisite number of each letter in the font.

With this outfit I launched forth my first edition, giving it the name, "None Such." It consisted of eight pages, devoted entirely to news of the community,

and when folded was about 3x4 inches in size.

Friends, schoolmates and neighbors manifested considerable interest and in a short time I had quite a subscription list. Subsequently, as my business grew, I increased my plant, took in a partner, and secured quarters in one of the business blocks on the main street of the village.

Our further progress was rapid; we increased the size of our publication, secured second class rates through the postoffice, and local advertisers gave us a liberal patronage. We carried on all the work outside of school hours and on Saturdays, which we made publication day.

We continued our work until I went to school away from home, which necessitated discontinuance. I now realize that I learned much of value in those days of small beginnings.

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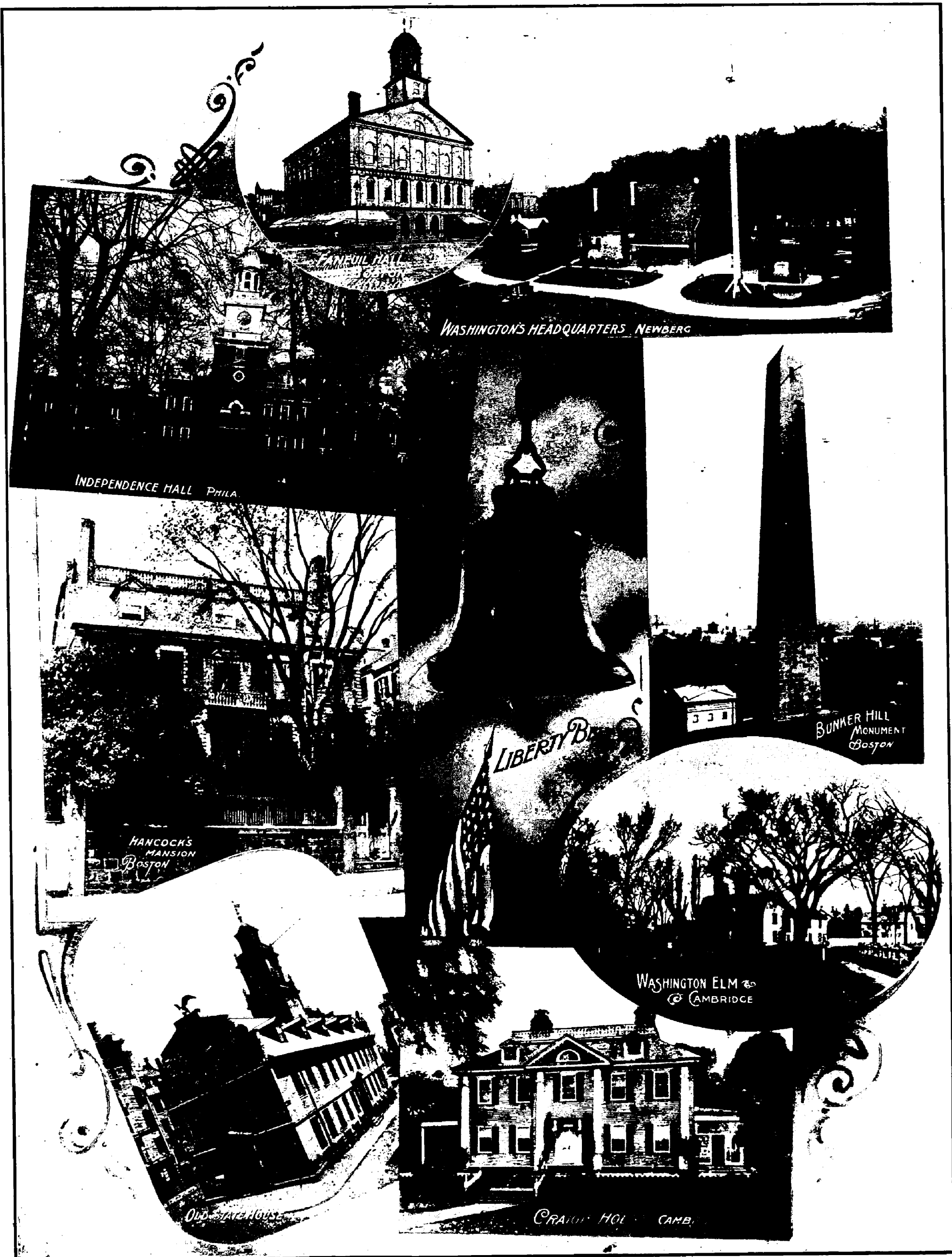
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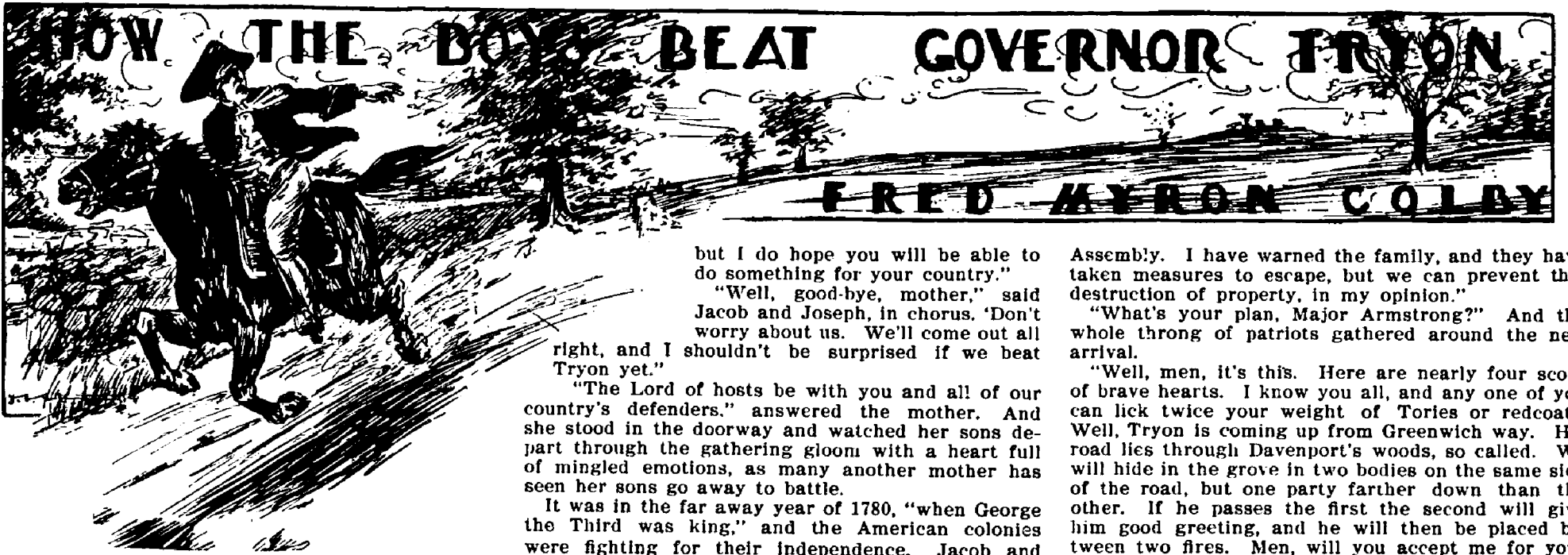
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OLD STATE HOUSE

CRAIG HOUSE CAMB.







JACOB and Joseph Rodney were hoeing corn in their father's great field beyond the orchard. It was getting late in the hot July afternoon. The sun hanging just above the western woods glowed sullenly through the haze at the green growing shoots whose leaves in many places were beginning to curl from the protracted drouth. The two boys had nearly finished their labor, and the cornfield looked as new and fresh as a field could look in a dry and thirsty time.

"It don't look like rain to-morrow," said Joseph as he straightened up for a moment, leaning upon his hoe handle, "and the last moon was a dry one."

"I don't know what will happen if the drouth keeps on," answered Jacob. "Though perhaps 'twon't make any difference if the British—"

"There's Ben Waldron coming back," interrupted Joseph, as a cloud of dust appeared in the road on the other side of the wall, and a horse and wagon rattled into view.

Both of the boys started for the wall, their hoes in their hands.

"What's the news, Ben?" they halloed, as the old gray mare halted in the road.

"News enough, I should think," answered Ben, who was about Jacob's age, Joseph being a year younger. "Old Governor Tryon's down in Greenwich with a body of British and Tories burning and destroying everything. They say there's more than five hundred, and they are sure to come this way."

The Rodney boys stood staring at the informant of this startling tale. At last Jacob managed to gasp:

"Governor Tryon coming! That's a pretty pass. Then there will be a fight!"

Just then there was the sound of galloping hoofs down the road, and a horseman all dust and sweat and his steed all foam dashed by.

"To arms! Tryon is coming! Tryon is coming! Meet at the old church at the corner at dark," and the rider swept on.

"That's Jim Carter, the landlord's boy at the Red Shield down at Stamford Borough. He'll stir them up, I reckon," said Ben. "What do you suppose they'll do?"

"Fight the old Tory, I hope," replied Jacob, with emphasis. "We can make it hot for him if we half try."

"That's so," assented Ben. "We can give them a smell of Yankee powder anyway."

"Well, Jake, there isn't much use in trying to finish that piece to-night, so let's go home to supper."

"You'll be there, Ben?" inquired Jacob.

"Of course, and a dozen more of us," answered the lad in the wagon, as he chirruped to old Dobbin.

"If we are boys we can do something."

Old Dobbin started into a slow, heavy trot, and as Ben went up the road in his old rumbling wagon the Rodney boys walked across lots to their home.

The Rodney farm house stood off from the main road, a long walled lane connecting it with the country thoroughfare. The father of the family was away in the patriot army under Washington, and the management of the great farm was left with Mrs. Rodney and the two boys, who were aged respectively fifteen and fourteen years. It was hard work but by dint of persistent effort and good judgment they had succeeded in keeping their farm up to the standard, and raising crops that were the envy of their neighbors. The outlook presented by the raid of Tryon's dreaded dragoons was not a pleasant one. It was a very solemn repast—that evening meal in the Rodney household.

As Jacob took down the two muskets that hung over the mantel, and loaded and primed the weapons after supper, Mrs. Rodney observed in a serious tone: "Do not run into needless danger, my children,

but I do hope you will be able to do something for your country."

"Well, good-bye, mother," said Jacob and Joseph, in chorus. "Don't worry about us. We'll come out all

right, and I shouldn't be surprised if we beat Tryon yet."

"The Lord of hosts be with you and all of our country's defenders," answered the mother. And she stood in the doorway and watched her sons depart through the gathering gloom with a heart full of mingled emotions, as many another mother has seen her sons go away to battle.

It was in the far away year of 1780, "when George the Third was king," and the American colonies were fighting for their independence. Jacob and Joseph Rodney were live boys and knew what the war all meant. They could remember how their young blood thrilled when the news came to the little Connecticut town of the first blood shed at Concord and Lexington. It was stirred anew at the battle of Bunker Hill and the Declaration of Independence. They knew that the next day was the anniversary of the latter event, and though it had not yet become the custom to celebrate it as it is celebrated now, still the boys had made arrangements for a little Fourth of July fun. The prospect of this was all changed now by the raid of the Tory troopers, and any thought of observing Independence Day was as absent from their minds as though it had never existed, as they hastened to the church at the Corner.

The old church at Stamford Corner presented a strange spectacle as the late summer night shut down. A couple of lamps filled with whale oil cast a dim light over the interior. Some sixty or seventy men and a dozen or fifteen boys were assembled there, each one with his musket in his hand. Every few minutes others came in. All were stern and determined, and in small groups they gravely discussed the situation. Once in a while some youngster, wholly unpledged in the tactics of war, would break out into a wild, wire-drawn whistling that would fairly set on edge the teeth of the more wary portion.

"Look here, Bill Weston, if I hear any more noise out'n that head of yours, I'll show you how to be quiet more quick than perllite."

The young fellow slunk away at this rebuke, and somebody said, "Don't, Cap'en, be cross. I reckon not another man of us would stick to his post here better than Bill would."

Here the young man called Bill reached over and touched the "Cap'en's" arm.

"Look ye there, Cap'en, to the sou'west."

"What is it, Bill?" asked an old bronzed-cheeked man, farthest in the group, as he put his finger on the breech of his flintlock.

"There's a fire off there a mile and a half. It's some farm house the Tories are burning."

At that moment a horse dashed up to the door. Everybody turned toward the entrance as a young man entered who had a decided military air.

"Well, Major, what's the news?" cried a dozen voices.

"They're coming, but it's not as bad as I feared. Four hundred of the Tories have camped down at Greenwich, but Tryon and about two hundred dragoons are riding up this way. They mean to burn Colonel Davenport's house and some others, and ride back at their leisure."

"Where is the Colonel?"

"Up at Hartford, at the

Assembly. I have warned the family, and they have taken measures to escape, but we can prevent this destruction of property, in my opinion."

"What's your plan, Major Armstrong?" And the whole throng of patriots gathered around the new arrival.

"Well, men, it's this. Here are nearly four score of brave hearts. I know you all, and any one of you can lick twice your weight of Tories or redcoats. Well, Tryon is coming up from Greenwich way. His road lies through Davenport's woods, so called. We will hide in the grove in two bodies on the same side of the road, but one party farther down than the other. If he passes the first the second will give him good greeting, and he will then be placed between two fires. Men, will you accept me for your leader?"

"Aye! aye! to the death," was the answering shout.

"It is well," returned the major. "Captain Simpson, will you take charge of the second division? Men, are your weapons in order? If so, let us be on our way, and remember the hearthstones they have devastated in their ravaging career."

In less than five minutes the church was empty, and they were on their way to the grove, half a mile distant.

Our boys followed the rush, but once out in the night air they lost their timidity and began to talk among themselves.

"I know of a trick as good as any of theirs," said Ben Waldron, with a wise shake of his head.

"What's that?" and the dozen or so of lads gathered around the speaker.

"Well, you know there's Old Tige all loaded and ready for the morrow. It's at your house, Alf Peasly, and we go right by there. Now, four of us can carry it to the grove. Then we'll get a couple of lines and stretch them across the road some twenty feet apart and about two feet high, and we'll take our stations. See?"

"Of course! It's a splendid idea, Ben, and we will make you captain."



"No; I want Jake Rodney here for captain."  
 "All right; he's our man," they cried in chorus.  
 "Now, Ben, this isn't fair. You are a month older, and it's your idea," said Jacob, holding back.  
 "It doesn't make any difference," answered Ben.  
 "As the descendant of Sir Richard Rodney, the favorite knight of Coeur-de-Lion, you have a claim."  
 "But the Declaration of Independence knocks all such claims higher than a kite," protested Jacob.  
 "Captain Rodney, time is short, and there is much to be done," said Ben, taking off his ragged hat, and the other boys exclaimed, "That's so; let's hurry up."  
 Captain Rodney gracefully accepted the situation.  
 "Well, then, boys, business is business," he said.  
 "Alf, I delegate you to look after Old Tige; you can select the others to help you. And, Ben, you must procure the two ropes. They'll need to be twenty feet long or so, and we'll march for the ravine."

"There's your mother in the door now, Alf," cried a voice.  
 "What is it, boys?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"We are going to beat old Governor Tryon and his Tory crew," answered Alf, and four of the boys brought out Old Tige, which you must know was a homemade cannon. The idea had been suggested by a print in an old illustrated copy of Froissart's Chronicles, and the boys had put their wits together and manufactured quite a respectable piece of ordnance. It was made of six pieces of two inch oak plank three inches wide riveted together, and the whole strongly hooped with iron at the blacksmith's. The cannon had been tested, and had given so good satisfaction, speaking with thunderous tones, that the boys christened it Old Tige. Of the work it performed this July night we have to tell.

The cannon, mounted on its temporary framework, was taken in hand and carried by the young patriots to the scene of action. Jacob's plan was to cut across the fields and take a position a little lower down than that proposed by Major Armstrong. Here was a narrow gulch through which a small stream flowed on its way to join the Turn River. A growth of wood was on either side of the road, which made the place quite dark, although the stars shone brightly in the sky.

Arrived at this point, it was but a moment's work to stretch the two lines across the highway, making them fast to saplings on either side of the way. The cannon was pitched in the middle of the road about four rods above and facing the approach from Greenwich. It had been previously loaded nearly to the muzzle with nails, old spikes and small pebbles, and a bush was placed in front of it, so that the light of the blazing fuse might not be visible to the approaching Britons.

At Jacob's command, the boys armed themselves with a handful of good-sized cobble stones, which they had orders to throw as soon as the dragoons crossed the first rope. They were then to give as loud a yell as their united voices could make, touch off the cannon, discharge their muskets, and await developments. Jacob had taken it upon himself to fire Old Tige, and he had thoughtfully provided a flint and tinder box with which to light the fuse.

Meanwhile one of the boys had gone down the road a distance to procure information of the enemy's approach. In less than fifteen minutes he returned reporting that they were coming half a mile below. Instantly every boy was in position, and with beating hearts they awaited the appearance of the British squadron.

It seemed an age to the anxious and impatient young patriots, but it probably was not more than ten minutes before tramp! tramp! tramp! came the sound of horses' hoofs along the hard-worn highway. And now their hearts almost stood still, as, peering through the darkness, they could perceive the moving shadows of men on horseback advancing up the road. The dragoons came on in a close mass, little dreaming of the reception that was prepared for them. The boys had not long to wait.

The enemy rode forward en masse, talking and laughing of their exploits among the Yankee rebels, when suddenly their laughter was turned to angry oaths. What had been an orderly, compact body was a struggling, confused mass. The concealed rope had tripped their foremost ranks so beautifully that nothing could have done better.

"Now, give it to them, boys!" rang the fearless voice of the young patriot leader, and on the

moment, rattle and whiz fell the shower of stones on the struggling mass of men and horses. In their fright and in the darkness they could see nothing, but the Tory leader did not lose heart.

"Forward!" he cried. "It's a rebel trick, but there ain't a baker's dozen of them."

Crack! crack! crack! blazed the musketry in the hands of the young patriots, and just then came the recoil from contact with the second rope. The ranks were threatened with complete disorder, when, to add to the dismay of the redcoats, there came a report that shook the ground beneath their feet. A deadly storm of iron cut down men and horses, and the flying pieces of the burst cannon injured quite a number more.

If anything else was needed to turn the rout into a flight it was presented by the appearance of the band of patriots, who, alarmed by the sound of war below them, now poured from their hiding place in the grove. Before they arrived at the scene they were met by Jacob, who was running with all his might.

"We've beat them! we've beat them! hurrah! hurrah!" he cried, and he danced up and down in the middle of the road like a crazy person.

The patriots dashed down the hill, but the enemy had fled. Broken and dismayed, they were in hot flight and did not draw their reins until they arrived at the camp from which they had ridden so proudly a few hours before. Stamford had been saved, and Governor Tryon and his redcoat troopers were fairly beaten by a parcel of patriot boys.

"Three cheers for young America!" cried Major Armstrong. "Independence is secure so long as young hearts beat with patriotism."

And the three lusty cheers echoed and re-echoed among those old Connecticut hills until one might have thought that Freedom herself had spread her wings over a liberated land. The very stars as they listened from their heights in the blue space of heaven, knew that America was freer, stronger, for the throb of patriotic fervor that pulsed through those young hearts and voiced itself in those glad huzzas.



QUESTION.

In the February number of "THE AMERICAN BOY," on page 110, there is an article entitled "A Country Start." It tells of the need of instructed farmers and their good prospects. Will you kindly send to me all information necessary to a young man of twenty years, who is interested in this opportunity; also information as to how he may be able to get training to become fitted for such a position.

Thanking you in advance, I am, Yours truly, A. C. K.

I read a paragraph in your paper (February number) entitled "A Country Start." Would you kindly send me a letter giving the name and address of a reliable agricultural college in some state in the west, and what wages a graduate of such a college might get on a cattle ranch. Yours respectfully, H. B.

ANSWER.

Dear Boys:  
 As you are both interested in the same thing I answer your letters in one: As the same appropriation, \$25,000 annually, is made by Congress for the agricultural college for each state, these colleges should be equally good. That in your own state would probably offer as much opportunity in preparation for the work you wish to engage in as those farther west. All agricultural colleges are supposed to give practical instruction on experimental farms, where students may learn the rotation of crops, the effects on different crops and soils of the several kinds of fertilizers, the breeding and care of stock, the making of butter and cheese, and all other matters associated with the successful pursuit of agriculture.

The curriculum aims to give a general as well as technical education, and includes language, literature, history and general science. Particular attention is paid, however, to those studies which relate directly or indirectly to the interests of the farming community, such as chemistry, geology, botany, zoology, entomology, horticulture, veterinary science, etc. The colleges of agriculture are generally, though not always, associated with similar institutions for giving instruction in the mechanic arts. In Massachusetts the Institution of Technology at Boston receives a part of the income from the Land Grant Act of 1862, by which every state and territory received a gift from Congress of land script representing 30,000 acres for each Senator and Representative, which amounted in your state (Mass.) to 390,000 acres, from which was realized

Familiar Talks With Boys—H. R. Wells

Questions from Boys Will be Welcomed.

\$219,000. A part goes to the Agricultural College at Amherst.

In the agricultural colleges tuition is usually free, while in the technological schools the charge for instruction varies according to location, from fifty to two hundred dollars a year.

Each of these colleges issues an annual catalogue which contains carefully prepared information concerning courses of study; these will be sent gratuitously to any applicant. From a careful examination of these you may find it possible to fit yourselves for the special line of work you prefer without taking the whole four years' course, if you find that more than you are able to compass.

Michigan's Agricultural College is at Lansing, Ohio's at Columbus, Colorado's at Fort Collins, Illinois' at Urbana, Indiana's at Lafayette, Iowa's at Ames, Kansas' at Manhattan, Missouri's at Columbia and Wisconsin's at Madison.

I hope to hear further of your undertakings and of your success.

QUESTION.

I want to ask your advice as to how I can earn some money. I just commenced to take THE AMERICAN BOY last 'Xmas and I can hardly wait for it to come. I do not want to sell papers, because you would have to be out all kinds of weather. I could not drive a grocery wagon because I cannot drive. I would like your advice on the matter. As I glance over the pages of THE AMERICAN BOY I notice that you are asked all manner of questions, and I thought you would answer mine. I am twelve years old. Yours respectfully—N. W.

ANSWER.

Dear N.:  
 I know several boys of about your age who work in groceries or dry goods stores on Saturdays as cash or errand boys. Several even younger than you who make very pretty and salable articles with a scroll saw in their spare time. Others who make and sell hot buttered pop corn, candy, etc.

Last summer quite a thriving business was carried on by several little fellows who had a stand of their own contriving on the pavement in front of their homes, where thirsty and hungry passersby were tempted to invest their pennies and nickels

in cool drinks, hot cakes, confectionery and fruit.

I was thinking the other day when witnessing the difficulties of a grown person in getting down to pull tacks out of a carpet that a willing boy might work up quite a business in this line during the house-cleaning season. I know a boy who makes his spending money in the summer time mowing lawns for several neighbors, and one who takes care of canaries and other pets for people who like to have such things, but do not like to attend to them. Another boy has made a thorough study of mushrooms from The Mushroom Book in The New Nature Library, published by Doubleday, Page & Co., from which he can tell the edible kinds, for which he can always find a market and good prices from early spring until late November.

If you are anything of an artist you could, by taking a few lessons in pyrography or burnt wood decoration that is now so popular, learn to do this work satisfactorily and sell all you could do of it.

If none of these things suit you, let me know and we will try to think of something else.

QUESTION.

Will you please let me know how a weekly and daily paper in a town of 8,000 or 10,000 gets the news of the world and the country in general? Do they copy from other papers without arrangements beforehand? Also can you copy from other papers the stories without first making arrangements? Also by belonging to the Associated Press, does it give any more benefit? Hoping that it will not inconvenience you and that it will not give you much trouble, and thanking you for any information that you can give, I remain, Yours respectfully—L. E. S., Waukesha.

ANSWER.

Dear L.:  
 The practice of clipping from other papers is very largely indulged in. Each paper has what is called an "Exchange list" for this purpose; but the rule with which all right-minded editors comply is to give credit to the paper from which an item is taken. Stories may also be copied, giving due credit, unless copyrighted, in which case special permission must first be obtained.

It is an advantage to get matter from

The Associated Press because you then have it fresh.

If you expect your circulation to reach near-by villages, it is a good idea to have correspondents in the most important ones to send local news and happenings from their town and neighboring country.

Please feel free to ask any further information you wish on the subject.

QUESTION.

I am thinking of learning the art of hypnotism and want to know if you have anything to say against it. Do you think that it would pay me if I learn it, I can cure diseases, teach the art to others and give exhibitions and make lots of money? Do you think that there is anything wrong in it?—G. D. A.

ANSWER.

I must tell you frankly that hypnotism, as usually taught and practiced, is in bad repute with respectable people. Many dabble in hypnotism who really know nothing about it and whose practices and performances, therefore, are only trickery; while others have some power, but are unscrupulous in its use. The prejudice that has arisen against hypnotism because of these pretensions and impositions has probably prevented its merits from being properly tested and valued in the United States. In European countries it has been successfully used in the cure of hysteria in all its forms, minor nervous troubles, insomnia, drunkenness, lighter cases of rheumatism, digestive disorders; and a host of smaller temporary causes of pain have been relieved, but that any organic structural disease has ever been cured by hypnotism is unproven. It has been used in great city hospitals, asylums and reformatories to take the place of anaesthetics in operations, and for controlling violent and refractory patients.

In Russia a decree of 1893 permits physicians to practice hypnotism for purposes of cure under certificates.

In France where people seem most susceptible to the treatment, the Nancy school was the first to use hypnosis as a remedial agent; but public exhibitions are forbidden. It is evident that the abnormal state produced by frequent hypnotization is damaging to both the subject and the operator. Only those competent scientists, therefore, who understand the subject, and those who can apply it with the skill of regular physicians should ever attempt its use.

There are many things much more safe and certain in their usefulness for boys to engage in, I feel sure.

SELLING PAPERS.

Chesley R. Graves, agent for the Denver Post at Cripple Creek, Col., during one week in April cleared over one hundred dollars. This young man is doing a thriving business and has a snug bank account.

BLACKING BOOTS.

Two boys, the McGillis brothers, run a handsomely furnished "bootblacking parlor" under the name, "Royal Palace Bootblack Parlor," at Cripple Creek, Col. These two boys employ two assistants and the four are kept busy all the time; Their motto is, "This is where we shine."

CANDY MAKING.

One of our subscribers at Davilsville, N. H., writes that on reading the candy making articles in THE AMERICAN BOY he started out to make some money by making and selling candy. His success, which he details at some length, proved very satisfactory to him, and he very soon took his sister into partnership and they are doing quite a thriving business.

FARMING AND PRINTING.

Earl B. Gerlach, Crown City, O., made money last summer farming and printing. He has a press that prints a form 6x8. He cleared fifteen dollars last summer. This coming summer he is going to raise onions and chickens.

PRINTING.

Arthur J. Bryant, Middleboro, Mass., has the use of a printing press 6x9, with considerable type. He has all the work he can do in the way of printing supplies for several firms who give him their work, and picks up many odd jobs, such as labels, tags, calling cards, business cards, etc. He thinks this is the best way for a boy to earn money, and wants to know the name of some magazine or paper on printing. The Inland Printer, published in Chicago, is perhaps the leading paper in this line.

COLLECTING BOTTLES AND RUBBER-RAISING STOCK.

Frank McCauley, Bozeman, Mont., made seventy five dollars collecting bottles and old rubber among the mining camps and selling them. He got ten cents a dozen for the bottles and from half a cent to three cents a pound for clean rubber. He invested his money in young stock, and now owns six hogs, a three-year-old colt, a cow and a calf, and a half interest in five other cows. Most of the stock he bought when it was young. He buys all of his own clothes and has his own spending money. He is fourteen years old.

...HONEST BOYS AND GIRLS... ARE WANTED AT ONCE... SEND US NAMES OF MAGAZINE READERS \$12 TO \$18 A WEEK FOR THIS WORK. Men, women and young people, here is a splendid opening. Write for particulars. L. M. PUBLICATION COMPANY, Dept. 15, 125 E. 24th Street, New York.

AGENTS—Now is the time to make big money selling our CORRUGATED CREAM SEPARATORS. Salary or commission. Every farmer & dairyman uses them. Write at once for territory. Ed. S. Cushman, Sole Mfr., P.O. Box 147, Cantonville, Ia.

VACATION MONEY MAKER For BOYS and GIRLS. Sell twenty pieces of our fine jewelry for two dollars, send us one dollar, keep one dollar. We trust you for the goods. Address: The Clinton M. Hudson Co., 519 Logan St., Newkirk, Pa.

WANTED BOYS AND GIRLS TO WORK FOR US—for cash and prizes. Send for particulars. Special plan, pleasant and profitable. The Hillmore Wheat-Flour Co., 401 Electric Bldg., Cleveland, O.

\$3.00 PER DAY Selling our NEW ENAMEL. Makes a patent leather of any shoe. Sells for 25 cents per bottle. Send for FREE sample. SELL TO EVERY FARMER. Address: LOCK BOX 5044, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

\$8 PAID Per 100 DISTRICTS. Sample of Washing Fluids. Send six stamps and return territory to A. W. SCOTT, COHOES, N. Y.

COASTER BRAKE FOR BICYCLE. Inside prices or one free for a little work. Write F. H. Collins, W. Inland, Conn.

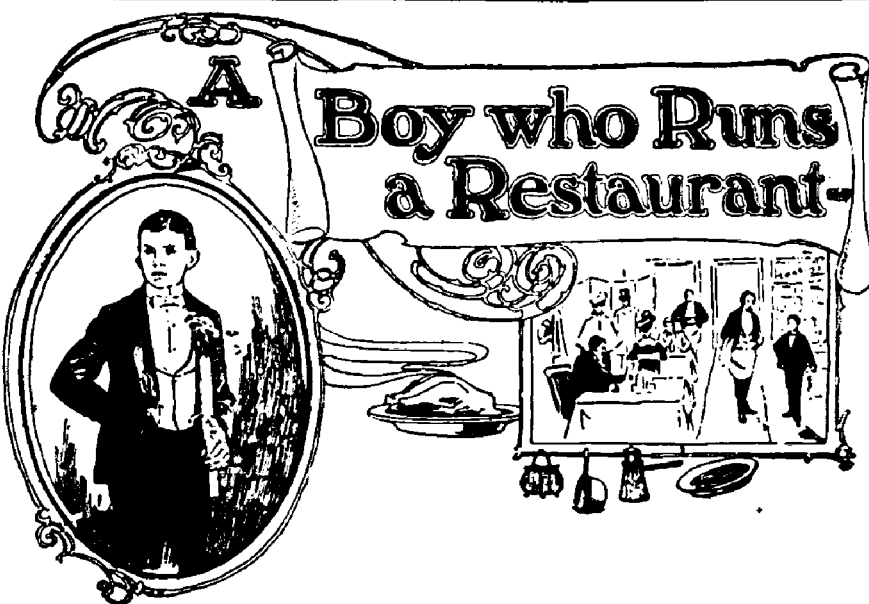
BOYS CAN START IN BUSINESS with very little capital. Particulars FREE. Eldridge Specialty Co., 185 Ridgewood Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

\$10 For RUBBER STAMPS BIG PROFITS. Making RUBBER & FANCY INITIALS 10c. A. B. STEELE, 3215 Beech Ave., Baltimore, Md.

AGENTS Here is a Corker. New thing. Great catch. The only griddle in the world baking square pancakes. Catches everybody. 100 per cent profit. CANTON GRIDDLE COMPANY, CANTON, OHIO.

\$50 A MONTH EARNED Distributing Samples. Enclose stamp. International Distributing Bureau, 150 Nassau Street, New York.

BOYS AS MONEY MAKERS and MONEY SAVERS



Some boys aim at heroic things, like commanding a battleship or a forlorn hope; but when they dream of these deeds they think generally only of the glory and rarity of the work that goes with the tasks.

Now there is a boy in the city of New York who is not doing anything glorious like that, but whose deeds are far more effective than those of many a grown man—for this boy, who is only 15 years old, is running a restaurant and running it so well that it is making money fast and gaining and rapidly increasing trade.

To operate a restaurant in a big city is a work that never would appeal to man or boy who has any touch of laziness in him. Almost any one who ever has been in one of these busy, bustling places during meal hours will know without needing to be told that the work of management demands all the nerve, push and go that a man possesses. It is a business that admits no excuses and no half measures. If the meals are not just right, if the dishes are not novel and tempting, if the service is poor, the owner of the restaurant will find it of little benefit to explain to his patrons that this thing or that thing happened to set things awry. His patrons will go away and seek some other restaurant where mistakes do not happen.

So it was no light task that Charles Helm of New York set his son when he put him to work conducting a restaurant all by himself, for little Charlie Helm is only 15 years old and was graduated from public school sixteen only last summer.

When he left school he began at once to assist his father in the downtown cafe, which is one of the restaurants owned by the elder Helm. He did so well that his father conceived the idea of testing his mettle by placing him in charge of an uptown place, and the experiment was so successful that now the boy conducts that restaurant entirely.

He not only has a wise head, but his industry is equal to the not entirely delightful work of getting up every morning early enough to be in the restaurant at six o'clock. From that time on he is hard at work until 8 o'clock at night. It is a real sight to see "Charley," as he is called by guests and waiters, attend to the manifold duties that pertain to his office. His first act is to inspect his force to make sure that they are all on hand. Then he directs the work of cleaning the dining-room and preparing it for the guests. Even before this work has been entirely finished, the merchants begin to arrive with supplies. Cans of milk come rattling in, ice-men come with a banging and a clattering of tongs, the bakers' carts dash up with a desperate air as if they were delivering the very last rolls and bread that ever would be delivered in this world, the butcher staggers in bearing rounds of beef bigger than himself; for two hours there is nothing but rush and worry and confusion.

Many a grown man would become excited and flurried. Charles never is. He is as methodical as an adult, and at the same time his cheerfulness and ready smiles are those of a boy, so that his customers are unconsciously wooed to good humor by him. Nobody can resist a happy boy's smile. Charley's restaurant is becoming popular on account of it.

Boys Making and Saving Money.

Julian R. Mincer, Waco, Tex., earned the dollar that he paid us for his subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY by selling old iron and bottles to a junk dealer. He is not yet five years old. Very good for so young a boy—certainly an example for many an older lad.—Sidney F. Smith, Ithaca, N. Y., attends school and carries papers, making enough from his paper route to keep him in school supplies. In vacations he works in the lumber yard at North Tonawanda as a tally boy, earning about four dollars a week. He expects to be a reader of THE AMERICAN BOY all his life.—Richard A. Gould, St. Simons Mills, Ga., makes money under difficulties. He attends school from eight in the morning to one in the afternoon. The school is four and one half miles from his home. After he has reached home and

eaten his dinner there is very little of the afternoon left, but that he puts to good use. When nine years old he started to raise watermelons, making five dollars in the first year, ten dollars the second, fifteen dollars the third, and is in hopes to make twenty dollars this year.—Robert Preston, Lockhart, Tex., made five dollars last year out of his garden, besides supplying the home table.—Wilfred G. Shannon, Merrill, Mich., earned his dollar that buys him THE AMERICAN BOY by lighting the fire and sweeping the floor of the schoolhouse for one month.—Percy Davis, Maryville, Kas., is quite a financier. A short time ago when a herd of burros was being taken through the town, Percy conceived the idea that he wanted one of them. Picking out one, he dickered with the owner until he got the price fixed at five dollars, but he didn't have the five dollars. Going to a friend he borrowed the money and bought the burro. Then he went to work blacking boots to pay back the money and buy a three dollar and a half harness for the animal. Then he made a cart, and with his burro, cart and harness he has had a good time. The other day an Uncle Tom's Cabin troupe visited Marysville and Percy sold his outfit to the troupe for sixteen dollars.—Righter A. Cogswell, Sherman Heights, Tenn., makes money raising

strawberries. He is but eleven years old and has been remarkably successful. He has also made something pushing the interests of THE AMERICAN BOY.

BOYS EARN MONEY DURING VACATION

You can earn from 5 to 20 dollars a week selling our 10 cent home specialties, used in every home, sells at eight. Every package sold makes a steady customer. Arthur Winsor, Concord, N. H., earned \$54 last month working before and after school. Special prizes of Stetson Rifles, Watches, Cameras given to boys selling the most goods during July. Write for premium list and sample. Hakes Specialty Co., Hakes Bldg., Jersey City, N. J.

FREE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

SEND NO MONEY—Send your name and address, and we will send you 12 Handsome Pearler Mitek Pins (for ladies or gentlemen), and a catalog of handsome presents FREE. Sell the stick pins at 10 cents each, send us the \$1.20, and any present you select from the catalog will be sent you by return mail, postpaid, FREE! Do it now. Address: Kollins Supply Co., Box 286 D, Chicago, Ill.

WE GIVE YOU THIS

Guaranteed stem wind and set, nickel watch and chain, for selling 30 packages containing 2 pieces each, full size sheet music, vocal or instrumental, for 25c. each package. Send 25c. for sample and list and win this grand watch. Manufacturer Agency, P. O. Drawer, 154 Buffalo, N. Y.

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Invest 1 cent 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 vouch for the truth of this statement. We are willing to guarantee any honest, energetic person, with out previous experience, from a year's salary. Write to-day \$700 to \$1,000

J. L. NICHOLS & CO., Naperville, Ills.

VACATION MONEY EASILY MADE

Boys every where find our plan the best way to earn vacation money. Send at once for our free letter. LITTLE LEADERS CO., P. O. Box N. Y. City, 1869.

Agent's Outfit Free.—Delight, Bloomit, Cake and Doughnut Cutter, Apple Corer, and Rinsiner. 5 articles in one. Sells on sight. Large Catalog free. RICHARDSON MFG. CO., Dept. 18, BATH, N. Y.

BOYS

Let us start you in a clean profitable business requiring only your spare moments. No canvassing. WRITE TO-DAY. Our plan is free. REPUBLIC CO., Dept. F. 211-212 Barber Bldg., Joliet, Ill.

BOYS AND GIRLS

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We Will Start any bright boy in business. ANY ambitious boy can begin at once to establish a business that will pay well by selling The Saturday Evening Post. No money required. We will mail absolutely FREE to copies the first week. These can be sold for five cents each, and will provide the capital for the next supply. The work is easy. Can be done on Friday afternoon after school hours, and on Saturday. \$200.00 In Extra Cash Prizes will be distributed next month to boys selling fifteen, or more, copies weekly. Our free booklet gives the photographs of some of the most successful of our 3000 boy agents, and describes their methods. Send for it. State if you wish to begin selling papers at once, and we will send the first week's free supply. The Curtis Publishing Co. Phila. Pa.

# The Boys' Brain "Gym"

## Problems.

Tom W. Parker, Kansas City, Mo., sends the following:

A boy driving some cattle home from the field was asked how many he had. He answered: "If I should send twenty five to my brother our herds would be equal; but if he should send twenty five to me I would have twice as many as he." How many had each?

Answer. 175 and 125.

Hans P. Larson, Tyler, Minn., sends the following:

A man goes to a store and says: "Give me as much money as I have and I will spend ten cents with you." This is done, and the man repeats the operation at another store, and still at another, and finds he has no money left. What did he start with?

Answer. 8 1/2 cents.

The same boy says: "I have not got it. I don't want it, but if I did have it I would not sell it for a million."

Answer. A bald head.

He also asks how many pins could be stuck in the earth, giving as the answer, 115,006,696,611,840,000,000.

Daniel Blanchard, Wakonda, S. D., sends the following:

A farmer was going to town with some sheep in a wagon. Some one said: "Where are you going with those eighty eight sheep?" "I have not eighty eight sheep," he said, "but if I had twice as many, one half as many, and one fourth as many as I have I would have eighty eight." How many sheep had he?

Answer. Thirty two.

Frederick E. Upham, Washington, D. C., sends the following and asks if we can read it:

O  
R  
E  
D

Answer. A little dark-e in bed with nothing over him.

George M. Shannon, Gregg's, Pa., asks who is the smallest man in the bible?

Answer. Nehemiah.

What five proper names of one family taken together is a command from one parent to the other to punish their child?

Answer. Adam Seth Eve Cain Abel.

What man's name is a father calling to his son and his son answering?

Answer. Ben Hadad.

Can a man legally marry his widow's sister? Dead men do not marry.

Frederick Phelps, Waukesha, Wis., sends the following:

What is the longest word in the English language?

Answer. Beleaguered, because it has a league between its first and last syllables. If the postmaster should visit the Zoo, and while there be eaten by the animals what time of day would it be?

Answer. 8 P. M.

Why is a race horse like a sugar plum?

Answer. The faster you lick it the faster it goes.

How does a farmer get water in his watermelons?

Answer. He plants his seeds in the spring.

Why is a hen sitting on the fence like a cent?

Answer. Because there is a head on one side and a tail on the other.

E. B. Ripley, South Windsor, Conn., sends the following:

McCarthy casts three votes in two minutes; McGrath casts five votes in three minutes; McKane casts two votes in three minutes. How many votes must each man cast so that the three combined shall cast just sixty votes in just sixty minutes?

Answer. McCarthy nine votes in six

minutes; McGrath twenty five votes in fifteen minutes; McKane twenty six votes in thirty nine minutes

Arthur Ellsworth, Corning, Ia., sends the following:

While hunting, two sons and two fathers shot three ducks. How could they each carry one duck home?

Answer. There was a grandfather, a father and a son, and each carried one.

How can you get a new set of teeth inserted free?

Answer. Kick a bulldog.

There were two great pianists who wanted to see who could play the longest time without stopping. One played "Yankee Doodle" for two hours. The other played "Stars and Stripes Forever."

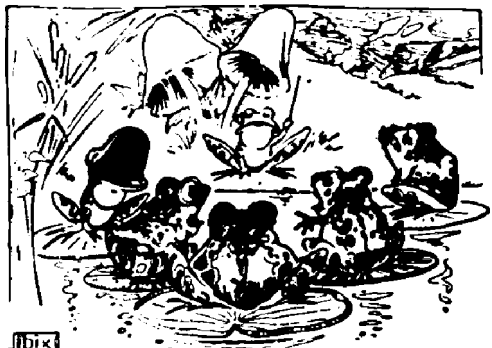
Howard Harrold, Chicago, Ill., sends the following:

Why is a Scotchman in his own country like a donkey?

Answer. Because he stands on the banks and brays.

Eddie Crown, Toronto, Ont., sends the following:

Put down the day of the month of your birth. Double it. Add seven. Multiply by fifty. Add your age. Subtract 35. Multiply by one hundred. Add the number of the month of your birth. Add 1,500. The figures that result will give, beginning at the left and reading toward the right, the day of the birth, the age, and the number of the month of the birth.



"The orchestra will strike up and resume business for the season. We will give them 'The Old Folks at Home' for a starter."—From Pets and Animals.

## Experiments.

A simple experiment that many boys have tried is the following: Fill a tumbler with water and on it place a sheet of paper. Place one hand on the paper and then invert the glass. Remove the hand from the paper and the water will not fall out.

Another interesting experiment is thus described: Heat a piece of thick brown paper before the fire. Place it on the table and rub it with a clothes brush for half a minute. Then sail the piece of brown paper over some small light body, such as a little piece of a blotting paper, and the light body will jump about in the most excited manner. If the brown paper is held over somebody's head the hairs will immediately stand straight up.

Still another is this: Cut a strip of paper 2x15 inches. Draw a line on both sides along the exact middle. Make the line on one side a series of dots, and on the other a series of dashes. Paste the ends of the paper together so that the line through the center will be continuous, but join the dotted line to the line of the dashes. With a pair of scissors carefully cut through the middle line all the way around the rings. How many rings this will make you will see for yourself.

**No. 15—22 CAL.**  
**IT ONLY COSTS \$2.00**  
**The Hamilton Rifle** is a perfect fire-arm, being ABSOLUTELY ACCURATE, STRONG and DURABLE, and WEIGHS BUT 2 LBS. Nothing better for all kinds of small game and target shooting. Ask your dealer for the HAMILTON. He should have them. If not, we will send by express (prepaid) upon receipt of price. Write us for complete illustrated circular.  
**THE HAMILTON RIFLE CO.,**  
Box No. 10, PLYMOUTH, MICH.

## A Few Conundrums.

What has only one foot?—A stocking.

How do bees dispose of their honey?—They cell it.

What game do the waves play at?—Pitch and toss.

What soup would cannibals prefer?—"A broth of a boy."

What sort of men are always above board?—Chessmen.

Who is the oldest lunatic on record?—Time out of mind.

When is a man more than a man?—When he is beside himself.

Why is an echo like a lady?—Because she will have the last word.

What is a muff?—Something that holds a lady's hand and doesn't squeeze it.

When is a c'lock on the stair dangerous?—When it runs down and strikes one.

Why should little birds in a nest agree?—Because it is dangerous to fall out.

Why is a pig in the kitchen like a house on fire?—The sooner it's out the better.

Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree?—Because it is farthest from the bark.

## Mr. Gladstone's Catch.

"How many members of this house," asked Mr. Gladstone once in the course of a debate on electoral qualifications "can divide £1,39 17s. 6d. by £2 13s. 8d.?"

"Six hundred and fifty eight!" shouted one member.

"The thing cannot be done!" exclaimed another.

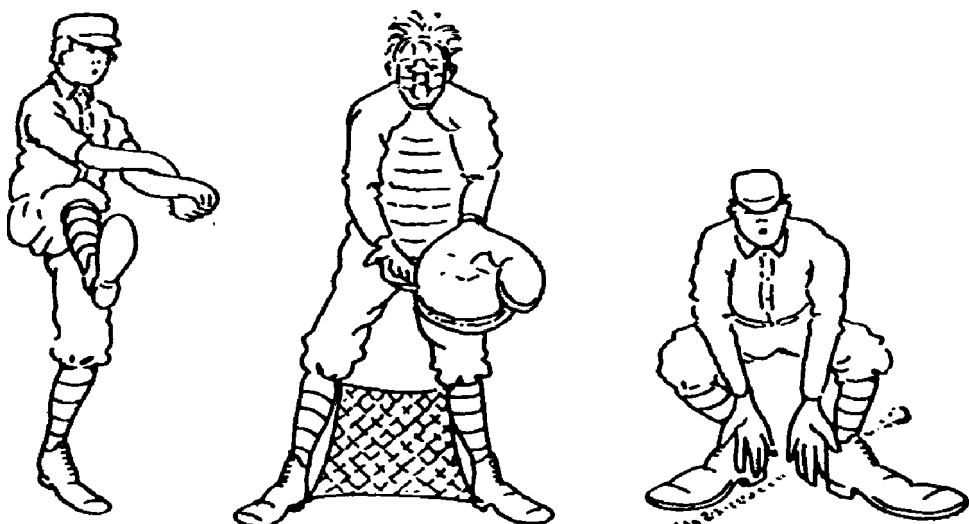
A roar of laughter greeted this last remark. But it was true, nevertheless. You cannot multiply or divide money by money. You may repeat a smaller sum of money as many times as it is contained in a larger sum of money, but that is a very different thing. If you repeat five shillings as often as there are hairs in a horse's tail, you do not multiply five shillings by a horse's tail. Perhaps you did not know this before. Never mind; you need not be ashamed of your ignorance, for it was shared, as has been demonstrated, by the entire house of commons (bar one member) including the then chancellor of the exchequer.

## How to Cut a Pear in Two.

A pear suspended from the ceiling by a piece of thread is to be cut exactly in halves as it falls, after burning the thread on which it hangs. How can we find the exact spot to place the knife on a chair or the floor so that the pear in falling will be cut? This is done by dipping the pear in a glass of water. After suspending the pear a few drops of water will fall on the exact spot, which must be noted. These preparations must be made before your exhibition, so that the audience will only see the suspended pear, without knowing anything of the drops of water. When the moment for the performance has arrived, place the edge of the knife on the exact spot, then burn the thread, and the pear in falling will be cut in two.

## Follows His Grandfather.

Another descendant of General U. S. Grant is to enter the army, in the person of Algernon Sartoris, the son of General Grant's daughter, Nellie Grant, who married Algernon Frederick Sartoris. The young man took the examination a few days ago as an applicant for a commission as second lieutenant in the cavalry service. He is a fine, strapping, athletic fellow with broad shoulders, somewhat the build of his uncle, General Frederick D. Grant. He was educated at Oxford University and reared as are the sons of rich Englishmen. During the Spanish War he served on the staff of General Fitzhugh Lee as a captain of volunteers.



SUGGESTIONS FOR AMATEURS.



By HARRY A. WHITNEY, Worcester, Mass.

# Harold Moore's Reputation—Ben Hains



HE clock struck six and Harold Moore put on his coat and started for the door. It had been a busy day and he was tired. A voice called to him:

"Wait a minute, Harold!" It was Stanley Roberts, back in the store. Stanley was a great friend of Harold's, scarcely sixteen yet,

a merry round-faced boy who looked even younger than he was. Harold, after watching for some time for an opening, had at last succeeded in getting him a place with Waters & Co., only the week before.

As they turned up the street they met Jack Sheldon lounging carelessly along. Harold was not surprised, for this had happened rather often of late, but he felt a little annoyed, he hardly knew why. Jack greeted them in a free and easy manner, and turned about to walk with them.

"Thought it was about time for you to be coming along," he said. "I suppose we will see you to-night?"

"I don't know," answered Harold. "We've had a busy day, and I'm awfully tired."

"O, you'll feel all right after a good feed," Jack rejoined. "We're going to have a good time; you'd better come—and you, too," turning to Stanley. The smaller boy's face flushed with pleasure, and he turned appealingly to Harold. It was the first time that he had been invited to join them.

"Well, I guess I'll be there," Harold said, "after I rest a bit." Jack kept up a stream of conversation, light and gay, until they reached Harold's gate, where Harold turned wearily up the walk. He thought he had seen his mother's face at the window watching them, and this disturbed him.

Supper over, he lay down to rest for a short time, and then arose and began preparations for going out.

"Are you going out to-night, Harold?" his mother said.

"Yes, I thought I would."

"With Jack Sheldon?" she asked, anxiously. Harold nodded.

"With some of the boys," he said. "I suppose Jack will be with them." There was a pause.

"Harold!" He looked up as unconcernedly as possible. "I wish you wouldn't go with Jack Sheldon so much!" The look in his mother's eyes troubled Harold, but he answered with a smile:

"Why, mother, Jack's all right."

"I don't know," she said. "I hear a good deal about him, and what I hear makes me uneasy. Your character is worth—"

"Oh, I know!" interrupted Harold impatiently. "but if my character won't stand associating with as respectable a fellow as Jack Sheldon it don't amount to much."

But within his own heart Harold knew that his mother was right, and he secretly wished that he had never gotten in with Jack and his crowd, for he well knew that he had no reason to expect any help toward better things from the company of these pleasure-worshipping young fellows. The trouble was that he had not the courage to break with them and face them afterward.

It was several weeks later when, as he came home from work one evening, his mother met him with



"We take no risks when we know it."



It was the first time he had been invited to join them.

a very grave face. He wondered what could be the trouble.

"I had a caller this afternoon," she said, as they were eating their supper together.

"Who was it?" asked Harold, looking up.

"Mrs. Roberts," replied his mother. "It was about Stanley, and I wish you could have been here to talk with her."

"Why—what's the matter with Stanley?" asked Harold, in some surprise.

"Mrs. Roberts is almost beside herself about him," his mother continued. "Stanley has always been such a good boy, trying to do just right, but she says that since he has been going with Jack Sheldon it is all different, and he is losing all interest in everything good. The poor woman just broke down and cried when she told me."

"What did she come to you for?" said Harold, in a suspiciously forced manner.

"You know how much Stanley thinks of you," replied Mrs. Moore. "His mother says that he thinks that whatever you do is just right, and so it doesn't do a bit of good for her to talk to him about this. She wants you to try to get him away from Jack and those other boys before it is too late. You know, Harold, that Stanley is very different from you—he hasn't that independence and will-power that you have to keep him straight. He just follows wherever he is led."

"Well, I can't help that!" said Harold a little shortly. "I can't be responsible for him because he is weak."

Nevertheless Harold was not at all easy in his mind about Stanley. It was not so much Jack Sheldon's influence that he feared, as that of Irwin Bland, a new member of their clique. Irwin was a smooth, pleasant spoken fellow, always gotten up in immaculate style, but with a heart foul and rotten to the core, and a new line of conversation had sprung up since his coming, in the way of low and vulgar tales and jokes that Harold abhorred. His heart smote him now as he remembered the picture of Stanley's boyish face, listening with uncontrollable eagerness to one of Irwin's smutty tales, the night before.

"It won't do for him," he said to himself. "I won't let Stanley go with us any more." Then aloud:

"Well, mother, I'll see what I can do."

"For Stanley?" asked his mother. "But what about yourself? I wish you could have heard what Mrs. Roberts told me about Jack Sheldon. I don't think you would care to go with him any more if you really knew what he is."

"Well, I'll think about it," Harold promised; "but he don't harm me."

"The boys," five of them, were in a particularly jolly mood the following Saturday evening; perhaps they were finding a more piquant leader in Irwin than Jack had been.

"I say," remarked Irwin, after they had walked the streets for half an hour or so, "let's go down to Bruner's new 'Palace.' This is the opening night." Harold demurred.

"Oh, we're just going by and peep in," explained Irwin. "It's a palace, sure enough. Everything is wide open to-night—free, you know—and there'll be

a great crowd, and we can see through the doors without going inside." So they went, and Harold followed.

It was truly a gorgeous affair, and the glimpses they caught through the open doors were enough to excite the curiosity of colder blooded young fellows than they. Soon Irwin said:

"We can't see a thing from out here—let's go inside a minute." Harold held back.

"Why, that's nothing!" exclaimed Irwin. "We're only going just inside the door and look—that can't hurt anybody. We won't go six steps from the door. Everybody's going in for a peep to-night, just lots of respectable people." And Harold yielded.

As they were going in the door two gentlemen came along the street. One of them uttered a slight exclamation, and stopped a moment to look at them. His companion turned his keen gray eyes upon them, too, and then the door closed.

Harold stood bewildered in the glare of electric lights, reflected from great plate glass mirrors. The long bar of white marble, with its rows of bottles and wealth of glittering cut glass was a marvel to him, and the music seemed entrancing. The frescoing was exquisite, but the pictures that hung upon the walls, in heavy, shining gilt frames, made him blush as he stole furtive glances at them. He wondered how the others could look at them so steadily, stopping before each one, as they went around, to comment upon it, for the "six steps" had lengthened out indefinitely. "I'm glad Stanley isn't here!" he said to himself, emphatically.

They steered clear of the bar, however, and came out again presently, "None the worse," as Irwin told Harold. But Harold did not feel so sure about that.

"By the way," observed Irwin, as they walked along the street, "another man is to leave our bank." Irwin himself had left a good place in the Bank of Commerce not many weeks before, for some unknown reason, and he still called it "our bank."

"Who is that?" asked Harold with interest.

"Barnard—foreign collection man—goes to Chicago. I suppose that will bring all the fellows below him up a place, and make room for a new runner."

"How much do they pay a runner?"

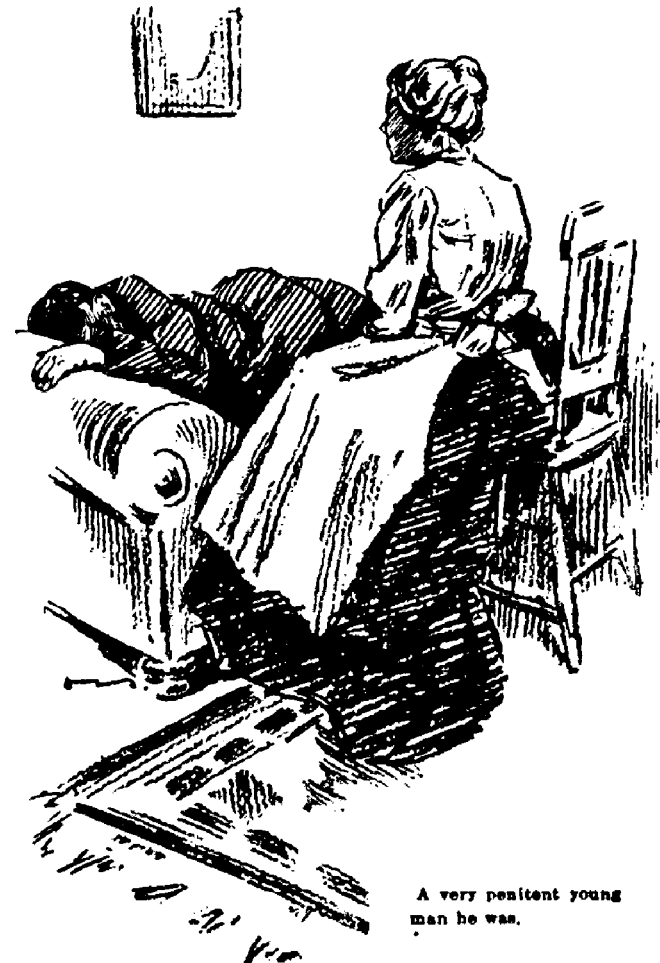
"Nine dollars a week," answered Irwin. Harold said no more, but when he reached home he told his mother that he meant to apply for the place.

"It's a dollar and a half more than I am getting now and shorter hours and a chance to work into a fine position in time," he said, with shining eyes. "And I can give them the best kind of references," he added.

Harold readily obtained Mr. Waters' consent to leave the store for a few minutes, Monday morning, and hurried around to the Bank of Commerce just at opening time. He inquired at the first window for the president, and was directed to his private office, a little room at the rear.

"Well, young man?" said he quickly, looking up.

"I hear that you want a runner," Harold began, "and if you have no one settled upon I would like the place."



A very penitent young man he was.

"Your name?"  
 "Harold Moore."  
 "You are working now at—?"  
 "Waters & Co." The president nodded.  
 "I suppose that you understand that there are chances for promotion in this business—that in time a runner might even become a teller?"  
 "Yes, sir, possibly," Harold answered complacently. What a pleasant gentleman this was, and what an interest he seemed to take in his welfare!  
 "And I suppose that you know that a teller handles a great deal of money?"  
 "Yes, sir."  
 "And consequently," continued the great man, looking at him very keenly, "we take no risks, when we know it, even in selecting a runner."  
 "I can furnish excellent references," said Harold.  
 "No doubt," replied the president, "but we shall not ask you for any. I have all that are necessary." Harold could not help smiling to himself a little, he felt so good.  
 "Do you know Irwin Bland?" was the next question.  
 "Yes, sir," Harold answered, looking up in surprise.  
 "You are with him occasionally?"  
 "Yes, sir."  
 "Perhaps you know that he was once in our employ?"  
 "Yes, sir," faintly.  
 "And that he is not now?" in a very significant tone.  
 "Yes, sir," more faintly.  
 "I believe I saw you with him Saturday night, and that you went into a saloon together, with several other young fellows of the same stripe?"  
 "Yes, sir," this time almost too faintly to be heard.  
 "We take no risks when we know it," said the president. "We cannot afford to in a place like this. Good day."

Harold left the private office, and made his way over the black and white marble floor, past the glittering brass network behind which pens scratched and money chinked, his head down and his face crimson in his first experience of mighty shame. Oh, if he could only hide his face from those curious eyes that he seemed to feel looking at him!  
 It was an experience that Harold could never forget, and he certainly realized that, whether or not his character might stand such company, his reputation could not. It was a miserable day for him, but he told his mother that night nothing more than that he had not been successful. He felt that he could not tell her more.  
 But one thing was settled—he was through with Jack Sheldon and his set. And, now that he had left them, he felt sure that he could keep Stanley from them, too. This thought made him happy for a moment, but the next one filled him with pain. The stains that Irwin had inflicted upon the boy's pure young soul could never be effaced, for they were of the kind that burn in! Stanley would never be the same boy again.  
 It was a sober, thoughtful week for Harold, but by Saturday he had recovered his old spirits. A little before closing time Mr. Waters called him into his office.  
 "I only wanted to tell you," said he, "that we will not need you after to-day. Joe Helm came in to see me this morning," he continued. "Joe used to work for us, and was one of the best men we ever had. He is out of work now, and his wife is sick, and I promised to take him back Monday." Harold's heart sank. Then he felt indignant.  
 "Are you going to turn me off without notice just to give the place to someone else, when I am giving satisfaction?" he asked.  
 "Who said you were?" inquired Mr. Waters, coolly. "Do you know who it was that I saw loafing on the street last Saturday night with that scalla-

wag, Jack Sheldon, and finally diving into Bruner's saloon with him and some more like him?"  
 Harold's face was a sight to see. Mr. Waters pitied him.  
 "I could hardly refuse Joe under the circumstances," he said, kindly, "and he is really a valuable man to us, but the truth is that I would have strained a point and kept you anyhow if it had not been for what I have told you. When Joe begged so hard for a place I thought of that, and just told him that he might come."  
 This time Harold could not keep his disgrace from his mother, and along with it came out the story of Monday. A very penitent young man he was indeed, and he really expected sympathy. But, while an expression of deepest pain showed in his mother's face, she only said:  
 "I'm so glad!"  
 "Glad!" exclaimed Harold, almost savagely.  
 "Yes," answered she. "It is worth more than a thousand dollars to you—don't you see?"  
 Harold saw, and said no more, but the results of his indiscretion were greater than he thought, for at every place that he applied for work the question invariably came, sooner or later, "Where did you work last?" and then, "Have you a recommendation from them?" And Harold had none, and would ask for none.  
 At last he gave up trying at places where a recommendation would be required, and where the work was such as he would have liked, and adopted another plan. This soon met with success, and he was hired in a lumber yard at a dollar a day, and no questions asked. All that they wanted was muscle at the price of muscle, and he was not yet a man.  
 But this did not last long. Harold was not afraid of work, and he soon began to rise again in the world, as any energetic and straightforward young man may hope to, but he was sure that there was one lesson that he would never have to learn over.

# 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 1878. Incorporated in 1902.  
 Short notes of personal observations are particularly desired for use in the A. A. department. Send illustrations when convenient. Questions are invited.  
 Address H. H. BALLARD, Pittsfield, Mass.

## Cleveland, O., Chapter, No: 305.

The first response to our request for photographs of our chapters and members comes from Cleveland, O., and we take great pleasure in reproducing this handsome group. The central figure in the front row, with an open book before him, is the president of the chapter, Mr. Jay E. Roberts.  
 The well-mounted birds, carefully preserved butterflies and moths, the interesting frog-study at the right, and the prepared ferns, are evidences of excellent work; which are well supplemented by the four microscopes, two butterfly nets and numerous books of reference. We can only guess at the contents of the tall glass jar, but it may contain water animals or plants whose development is being watched. We want pictures of all our chapters and members.

## Double Stone.

I have found a curious stone. It is yellow and smooth. In the top is a basin. In the basin is a smaller stone. The two stones are of the same color. The little stone is loose in the basin, and could not be removed until the larger one was broken.—Newell Robb, Neal, Kansas, April 17, 1902.  
 Cases of this sort may be explained in several ways. It may be that the inner

## The Building of the Earth.

Ernest S. Reynolds, of Chapter 852, Providence, R. I., has cleverly put his thoughts about this great world of ours into rhyme, as follows:

This solid globe of ours was first  
 A ring around the sun;  
 At last the sun did throw it off,  
 A ball was then begun.

And as this fiery ball of gas  
 Whirled rapidly in space,  
 It slowly cooled, and smaller grew,  
 Because of its headlong race!

A liquid center now was made,  
 The gas enveloped it;  
 A solid crust at last appeared,  
 By heat and moisture knit.

The vapor, cooled, had fallen back,  
 Condensed to snow and rain,  
 And this to vapor changed once more,  
 To earth returned again.

## Gift to Agassiz Museum.

(From the "Boston Herald.")

The Museum of Comparative Zoology, better known as the Agassiz Museum, at Cambridge, has recently been presented with a number of splendid specimens of rare animals by Frank C. Bostock, the animal trainer and circus manager. Mr. Bostock had a zoological arena at the Buffalo exhibition, which was one of the star features of the Pan-American, and while his collection was on its way to this city, where it will be installed for the winter, several of the animals died, and were presented to Dr. Samuel Henshaw, who is having the specimens mounted by a local taxidermist to be placed in the museum at Cambridge.  
 Mr. Bostock's gift consists of a sacred bull, or cebu, from India; a Sambar deer from China, a baboon from Africa and an Asiatic ostrich or cassowary. The death of the animals was due, it is thought, to the change of climate in transportation. Mr. Bostock's animals arrived in this city at 11:30 o'clock Sunday night, and will be at once placed in their quarters at the Cyclorama building, on Tremont street.

## Luna Moths.

Grall Mcomber, of Marlon, N. Y., sends a photograph, and Wallen Elton, of Toano, Va., a drawing of the same sort of moth, desiring to know its name.  
 The insect is the beautiful Luna moth, *Tropaea Luna*, formerly called *Attacus Luna*. A full account of this moth is given in Mrs. J. P. Ballard's book, "Among the Moths and Butterflies," which, by the way, every young entomologist should own. The eggs are dark brown, and about the size of pinheads. The young caterpillars are light pea-green, less than an inch in length. They begin at once to eat walnut leaves, and after several moultings they appear as large caterpillars, adorned with rows of garnet-colored spots, bordered by lemon, and from the center of each rises a little tuft of hair.  
 The moth is of exquisite form and delicate coloring. It is light pea-green. The forewings are bordered with dark purplish brown. Its long, slightly-twisted tails are very striking. The forewings are centered by large, transparent, oval eye-spots. The body is covered with soft, white down. The plumed antennae are yellow, the legs purple brown. It is one of the most beautiful insects in the world.

## Sparrows Build in a Hornets' Nest.

Last summer hornets built a large nest in a gable of our house. This Spring a pair of sparrows found it and had a feast of dead hornets. Now they are building a nest in it.—C. M. Liggett.  
 In the St. Nicholas for May, Dr. C. C. Abbott describes a parallel instance: A pair of house-wrens built a nest in an old hornets' nest. Dr. Abbott's article is an excellent illustration of the way to describe such things. Much of the interest depends upon the way the story is written up. First of all there must be accuracy, simple statement of fact. Then there must be fullness of detail, both as to date and place, and manner of building. A final charm is added by excellent pictures.



CLEVELAND (O.) CHAPTER NO. 305, AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.

"stone" is a fossil of some kind which has become loosened from the rock in which it was embedded; or it may be the whole is a piece of "conglomerate." A fuller description is necessary.

## Birds of Lakeville, Mass.

Mr. F. Seymour Hersey sends us a list of ninety birds which he has found and identified during the past year. With few exceptions they were all seen upon a farm of one hundred acres.

At last the waters gathered there,  
 Had formed the ocean wild;  
 But then the roaring fires within  
 Burst forth; the mountains piled!

And thus it came that all the crust  
 Of this rock-layered ball,  
 Was tilted into mountain-chains,  
 With water 'twixt them all.

And who has this great wonder done?  
 And who has made the rock?  
 'Tis He who over us doth watch—  
 The mysteries He'll unlock!



DOUBLE STONE.



LUNA MOTH.









"TAKE two such young critters as they be, an' hitch 'em up together," said the old postmaster of Grahamville, "an' they're bound to be heerd from. You mark my word." This piece of information was delivered by the village oracle, as he was distributing the mail in the office, on the day Martha Brinton married Joe Hunter.

"Is she goin' to give up her millinery business?" asked one man, as he received his paper.

"No sir-ee, Marthy ain't that kind. When her ma died, she undertook to carry on her business, an' bring up Bob, an' pay off the mortgage on the shop. She ain't been able to do much payin', but she's kep' up the interest; an' with Joe's help, things'll just go hummin' with 'em. Joe's a right smart feller, an' a fine painter. Ain't none better."

"Why don't she make Bob go to work? He won't do nuthin' at his books, an' he's lazy as a mule. P'raps Joe'll do a little proddin', an' stir him up a bit."

"Naw he won't," drawled the postmaster. "Anybody that'd try proddin' on Bob Brinton 'd hear from Marthy pretty quick. Her leanin' to Bobby 's her one weak pint; but her ma made her promise to be always good to him, an' she's done it conscientious ever sence. Now he's a great strappin' boy of fifteen, an' she don't know what to do with him. He jest won't study, an' as fer workin', well, work an' him don't feel friendly. He seems jest to like to lie 'round the house, an' laze. But I guess he'll git interested in somethin', if ye give him time."

The sanguine friends of the young couple, however, could not foresee the series of calamities which were to beset the first three years of their married life. Joe's health was shattered, and his right arm paralyzed by a severe attack of paint poisoning. A sickly little daughter, born during his illness, lingered for a few months and died, and, to add to Martha's troubles, a competitor had arisen in business, who joined forces with the village merchant, and gradually drew away her trade.

During the spring following Joe's sickness, his father, an old canal boat captain, died, leaving as his one earthly possession the grain boat on which for years he had made his home. About this time Martha came to a realizing sense that it would be impossible for her to keep up the interest on her little shop, and was at her wit's end, when she had an inspiration which changed the tide of their fortune.

She came into the back yard one warm May morning, smiling and rosy, to the place under the blossoming apple boughs, where Joe was trying, with his left hand, to split some wood.

"My, Marthy," he said wonderingly. "Have you heard some good news? I ain't seen you lookin' so chipper in many a day."

"Joe," she said, putting her arm lovingly about his shoulder, and drawing him down to a seat on the wood-pile beside her, "I've thought of something we can do to make a livin', an' I think it will work, too."

"Ye have?" said Joe eagerly. "Well, fer pity sakes tell us about it quick as you can."

"Well," she continued, patting his withered hand gently, "you see, there ain't no use tryin' to keep up the store here; that's hopeless, but there is one thing we can do, and that's to move on to the old canal boat with our fixin's, an' I can go on with the business, an' you can run the boat. Nobody's ever had a floatin' millinery store before, an' it might be a takin' notion. We'll give up the place here an' Bob can help you fix up the boat. With your father's mule, we can start out, advertisin' first in the villages along the canal that we're comin'. It won't cost much to try, an' you can carry freight cheap between towns when we move. What do you say?"

"I say, Marthy, that you're the smartest, as well as the sweetest and pootiest woman the Lord ever made," said Joe, drawing her to him. "I say it's a great idee, an' I'll go right down an' look at the old



BOB.

boat now. I'm sure Jehu'll be glad to git back on the towpath again."

"Bob's promised to help all he can," said Martha, as Joe started down the road. "I'll send him after you, and you'd better get out some of your old paints, an' he can put 'em on good enough."

By the first of June, the old boat had been transformed externally by a coat of pale green paint, ornamented about the top with festoons of large pink blotches supposed to represent roses, put on by Bob's unpracticed hand. The small cabin was painted white, and fresh muslin curtains draped its tiny windows, through which prettily trimmed hats could be seen by admiring spectators, who watched the proceedings from the bank. The floor of the show room was stained a dark brown, while two large mirrors from the old shop lent an air of spaciousness to the apartment.

Two small sleeping rooms were fitted up, and with Bob's help, Joe planed off the deck between these and the stable for the mule, at the bow. He covered this space with a green and white awning; set flowering plants in light green boxes around the edge; partitioned off a tiny kitchen which served also for dining room in wet weather, and the household arrangements were complete.

As soon as the family were settled in their new quarters, Martha issued invitations to her old friends for the opening day of the "Floating Emporium of Fashion." A large sign, painted in bright letters at one end of the craft, proclaimed its name. All day long people came in flocks, and were served with lemonade by Joe under the cool awning, while Martha displayed her wares in the cabin.

"We've cleared enough today to almost cover all you've spent in fitting things up," Martha announced late that evening, as Joe came into the salesroom after taking down the colored lanterns with which the deck had been illuminated. "Now, if people will only read our ads. I'm sure we'll make this thing go. Bob's been real helpful, hasn't he? Now if he'll only tend to the drivin' an' you can do the steerin', I can make up hats as we're movin' along. We must get a good start to-morrow so's to get settled at the next town before night."

Bright and early the following day, Jehu was hitched up, and the Emporium of Fashion glided

out of town among the fields and pastures which were carpeted with fresh spring green. Birds sang in the woods through which the canal wound its way, and people from the farm houses waved at the trim little craft, which shone so bright and clean in the clear morning light. Jehu needed no urging, and Bob had his hands full to keep him down to a steady pull.

"Don't let the critter go so jerky," called Joe from the stern.

"Can't help it," Bob yelled back over his shoulder. "He's got too much beezum in him. Here, you ole fool, you, what yer doin'?" he cried, as Jehu flapped his long ears and showed an alarming tendency to throw up his hind legs. Between the friskiness of the mule, the dust and heat, Bob was quite discouraged when at noon the boat halted, and he came on board for dinner.

"Ain't this great," said Joe, exultantly, as they sat back from a full meal.

"Yes, this is, but 'tain't no fun leadin' that old mule out there in the sun. 'Tain't a job I'm hankerin' fer neither," said Bob, dejectedly.

Martha grew grave. "Oh, Bobbie," she said reproachfully, "you ain't goin' to back out now when we're just gettin' on so nice, are you?"

"No, I don't say's I be," said Bob laconically, "but I ain't sayin' how long I'll keep it up. They ain't nuthin' funny about it, I kin tell you."

Martha's hopes of finding purchasers were fulfilled at their first stop. For a week they stayed by the bank, while Jehu disported himself in a neighboring field. Then the craft moved on, but there were strong and increasing signs of discontent with his job, on Bob's part.

"That's always the trouble with Bobbie," lamented his distressed sister. "He hasn't got any stick-to-ness in him. He's always wantin' to change work. They say they's always some one thing everybody's cut out to do, an' most of 'em never light on that particular thing. I wish to mercy I could find out what Bob's is. I'm afraid it ain't mule drivin'."

Martha was still more assured of this the next day, when Bob almost guided Jehu off the bank into the water. Joe's frantic yell prevented such a calamity. When this was repeated several times, Joe decided that the risk to the mule was too great; so he arranged to try the leading himself, and left Bob to steer the boat. Bob soon tired of that, and refused to stay at the tiller unless Martha brought her bonnets up and sat beside him, when he became so much interested in watching her deft fingers that he, several times, ran imminent danger of getting his head struck by the low bridges, and once steered the boat into the bank, and scraped a long piece of wood from its side.

"Oh, Bob, how can you be so careless?" said his sister, in distress at this mishap. "It seems such a little thing to do, to just hold the boat straight; I don't see why you can't do it right. It doesn't seem's if you'd ever be good for anything, if you don't begin pretty soon."

"Trouble is you don't set me at doin' the things I like," said Bob disgustedly.

"Well, what do you want to do?"

"Oh, I dunno know. Not ridin' after mules, ner steerin' boats, anyhow. I ain't struck any kind of work I did hanker fer yet."

That afternoon, Bob redeemed himself somewhat for his carelessness of the morning, by leaping into the water after a little girl, daughter of one of the customers, who had leaned too far over the edge of the boat. The child's father, the village merchant, came down to see him later in the day. When the boy refused to accept a gift of money for his brave act, the merchant offered him a position as clerk in his store. Bob, who sat on the edge of the dock, skimming stones over the water, shoved his hat back on his shock of red curls, and looked the man over critically with his observant brown eyes. "What'd I have to do?" he asked at length.

When his duties were explained to him, he said, "Well, I dunno but I'm willin'. Ain't sure I'll like it, but can't never tell without makin' a try, I s'pose," and the next morning Martha waved him good-bye from her position at the helm, as the boat glided off down the canal.

For several weeks they traveled, meeting with varying success at their stopping places, and at length reached a town where Martha hoped they might lie to for some time, as it contained several large summer hotels. She made dainty, washable summer hats out of pretty muslins, and of these she hoped to sell large numbers.

The arrival of the Floating Emporium of Fashion was widely advertised, and the hats caught the popular fancy. The boat was polished and swept till it shone, and Martha, in white muslin, and Joe in white duck, were daily ready to receive the laughing groups who thronged the tiny salesroom or lounged in the easy chairs on deck to be served with lemonade.

While things were going so smoothly on the boat, Bob was not happy. He really tried, at first, to please his employer, but the work became irksome, and it was not long before he was dissatisfied, careless and forgetful. Things went on from bad to worse, till one evening he appeared at the gang plank, just as Martha and Joe had finished their supper.

"Oh, Bob," Martha cried, "what is the matter? Are you sick? What are you here for?"

"Naw," replied the boy, helping himself to the cakes heaped upon a plate at Joe's elbow, "but I ain't goin' to hang 'round that there store any more. 'Tain't the kind of work I like."

"Oh, Bob, when we thought you were so nicely fixed," said Martha tearfully. "I don't know what's goin' to become of you. I really don't."

"I do, I'm going to stay here," said Bob, placidly attacking the pickles when the cakes were exhausted. "Don't worry, Marthy, this family's too small to be divided; an' I'll find somethin' to do sometime, see if I don't. Havin' any luck here?"

"Yes, your sister has more than she can do," replied Joe, somewhat sternly. "an' if you intend to stay around here you've got to make yourself useful."

"Oh, yes, I'll help all right," drawled Bob. "Say, Marthy, I'm holler way down to my toes. Footed it all the way 'long the towpath, 'cause I didn't know how fur you'd got." Of course, Martha provided him with an ample supper.

One evening, a few days after Bob's return, as Martha was hurrying down to the boat, having been up to the shops to buy material for her work, she slipped and fell. When she picked herself up her wrist throbbled painfully. She hastened home, and Bob went at once for a doctor.

"I shall have to put your arm in a splint, I fear," he said, after an examination. "It is a very bad fracture."

"You don't mean to say I can't use it?" gasped Martha. "Oh, I must. Can't you do something to help me so that I can sew with it? I can't afford to lay off work now," she added beseechingly.

"I am very sorry, madam, but it is quite impossible for you to use it for a long time. If you are not careful now, it may be stiff all your life."

"That's tough, ain't it, Sis?" said Bob, with real feeling, as the doctor left. "Never mind, old girl, I'll try an' help Joe about the boat all I can, I will, honest."

"Oh, it ain't the boat," wailed Martha, "but all those orders, and there those hats lie most done, a whole lot of 'em, when we're makin' money so fast; an' here I can't do a thing for the rest of the summer. Oh dear, oh dear," and Martha, usually so brave, broke down and cried on Joe's shoulder.

"Never mind, little woman," said Joe, soothingly. "We'll manage somehow. We can take out excursion parties for picnics, among the hotel people. I was thinkin' of that this afternoon, an' was goin' to speak to you about it. Perhaps it's just as well anyway, for you're gettin' all thin an' wore out from workin' so hard."

That night Martha was wakened from her restless sleep by a noise in the cabin. "Joe," she called softly to her husband sleeping beside her; "Joe, get up still, an' look through the window into the show-room. I'm sure there's someone in there."

Joe crawled out of bed and raised the white curtain which hung over the window. "Great Jehosha-

phat, Marthy," he whispered breathlessly, "jest set up in bed an' look here a minute."

Martha raised herself and saw, sitting beside her work table on which was a lighted lantern, Bob, his fingers deftly adjusting a muslin scarf into shapely bows, on one of the half-finished hats.

"Bob!" screamed Martha, in her astonishment, "what are you up to?"

The boy dropped the hat as if it burned his hands, and, jumping to his feet, seized the lantern and made a dash for his bedroom, slamming the door after him.

"Fer mercy's sake, Joe, light the candle, an' go bring me that hat. I'm afraid he's been up to some mischief an' ruined it."

Joe rescued the bit of finery from the floor, and brought it to his startled wife, who examined it critically. "As true as I live, Joe, he's done that better than I could have put it on myself. Ain't it a stylish bow, just see?" and Martha clapped the hat on her brown curls.

"'Tis a stunner an' no mistake," said Joe. "Why, Marthy, perhaps the boy's got your an' your mother's genius fer hat trimmin'. Ain't it funny he should have tried it, anyhow I 'spect he really wants to



help you. They's a lot of good in Bob, if he is lazy. But say, can't I go back to bed now? He's gone to his bunk, an' I'm awtul sleepy."

Martha lay awake for a long time after her husband was again snoring. Once in a while she laughed softly to herself, and once said out loud, "Well, it does beat all."

The next morning when Joe got up, Bob was nowhere to be found.

"He's ashamed, an' don't want us to see him," said Martha, when Joe reported his absence. "You go up into town, Joe, and see if you can find him. Tell him I particularly want to see him. Say you're afraid I'll work myself into a fever if he don't hurry. I guess that'll fetch him."

An hour later Bob lounged sheepishly into the little cabin, where Martha sat in the midst of her unfinished work, her arm in a sling.

"Bob," she said, as he stood awkwardly beside the door, "they say the Lord gives everybody a talent like that man in the Bible, an' He expects 'em to make the best use of that talent they can. Now, that bow," she said, holding up the hat to the light. "is as far ahead of anything I can do as anything in this world, an' I've come to the conclusion that the

Lord meant you to trim hats. It ain't a disgrace for a man to do any kind of honest work he's fitted for, an' if you'll help me out now with these orders, an' get your hand in, they ain't no tellin' how famous you may be before you die. In the big cities, they's lots of men who make fortunes doin' just this kind of thing, an' I expect they all had to begin in a small way as we're doin' now. What do you say, will you help me?"

Bob stood for some time thinking. "I'll do it, if you won't tell anybody," he agreed, at last.

"Very well, you can work in my room and nobody'll know. By and by when you're famous you'll be proud to have your name hitched on your Paris hats—see if you ain't."

Several years later the postmaster at Grahamville was reading the local weekly paper to some cronies, after supper, in one corner of the office. "Well, I'll be gummed," he said, after a moment's silence, "if here ain't an account of the way Bob Brinton's carnin' a whoppin' salary in a big store on Fifth avenoo. Says he seems to have a positive genius fer creatin' hats. Says he don't do it himself, not the work, I mean, but jest stands 'round, all dressed up, in the elegant parlor of the store, and kind 'er sizes up the swells, an' tells the clerks how to fix hats to make the ladies look their prettiest. Who'd a thought lazy Bob Brinton'd ever make his fortune trimmin' bunnits?"

WANTED!

Boys of spirit, boys of will,  
Boys of muscle, brain and power,  
Fit to cope with everything—  
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones  
Who all troubles magnify;  
Not the watchword of, "I can't,"  
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do  
With a true and earnest zeal;  
Bend your sinews to the task—  
"Put your shoulder to the wheel."

Though your duty may be hard,  
Look not on it as an ill;  
If it be an honest task,  
Do it with an honest will.

In the school-room, on the farm,  
At the desk, where'er you be,  
From your future efforts, boys,  
Comes a nation's destiny.

—Selected.

THE AMERICAN BOY.

CLARENCE D. VIBBERTS.

We come, we come, an army true,  
Our banners proudly bringing;  
With an anchor of faith and suit of blue,  
And a song of victory singing.

We come, we come, a joyful band,  
In the freshness of life's morning;  
We are growing up with a purpose grand,  
And a glad new day is dawning.

We march, we march, with prayer and song,  
On the field you're sure to find us;  
In a fight for right and a war with wrong,  
We'll cast all fear behind us.

American Boys, may we ever stand,  
Mid the storm of earth's temptation,  
In days to come joined hand in hand,  
We'll help to save the nation.

Independence of Ad Hunter

(Continued from page 260.)

"You light out for home, now, you young scoundrel, or I'll—"

"You'll continue your brutality to him, I suppose?" said the old Squire sternly. "I can tell you right now, Mr. Ripley, that this lad is done with you. I can well believe all and more than he has told me about your vile treatment of him, and he shall never fall into your hands again! If I should tell the people all I know about you it would be expedient for you to 'light out' for home yourself. It behooves you to be a little careful what you say to me."

Micah knew this to be true, and he skulked away to nurse his wrath and to vent some of it on Fred because he had been defeated by that "pauper boy," as he called Adnah.

The time came when "that pauper boy" stood in the halls of the senate of his state and thrilled all who heard him by his eloquence. He became one of the most prominent men in his state, and I have heard him say that the most memorable day of his life was that Fourth of July of which I have told you—the day on which the splendid spirit of independence entered his soul.



# Oratory and Debating

This paper is the Official Organ of The Lyceum League of North America

## A Boys' Oratorical Contest.

The Litchfield County (Conn.) University Club has for two years conducted an oratorical contest for boys under twenty residing in the county. The first contest in 1901 was limited to boys in Litchfield county schools, but this year it was open to boys who were not in any school as well as to those who were. The contest was held in the Gilbert School Hall, Winsted, Conn., on Friday, May 9th. The committee had previously given out fifteen subjects from which each contestant was to choose one as the subject of his oration. Twenty one boys entered the competition and submitted papers to the committee on examinations who had no clue as to the identity of the writers. From these twenty one ten were selected as worthy to appear in the public contest on May 9th. The order of exercises was as follows: Invocation. Statement by Chairman of Committee in Charge. An Indian Story of the Litchfield Hills, Stanly Mills Hunt; William McKinley, Norman Travers Simpkin; The Town Representation Question in Connecticut, Sydney Dodd Frissell; Electricity, Dewey Cooke Canfield; William McKinley, Frank Ward Strong; An Indian Story of the Litchfield Hills, Donald Ticknor Warner; The Reform Campaign in New York City, Ernest Dwight Clark; William McKinley, Arthur Cornell Thompson; Forestry as a Profession, Joseph Warren Cone; The Town Representation Question in Connecticut, Walter Alderman Swett; The Singing of America by the Audience. Announcement of the Judges' Decision and Presentation of the Prizes. The three prizes which had been offered by the club of twenty five dollars, fifteen dollars and ten dollars respectively, were won by Sydney Dodd Frissell, age 17, whose home is Hampton, Va.; Walter A. Swett, age 17, of the Gilbert School, Winsted, Conn., and Jos. W. Cone, age 20, of the Robbins School, Norfolk, Conn.

## A College Debate.

The Irving and Zetagathian Debating Societies of the University of Iowa have had a series of joint debates during the year, the last of which was held on Friday evening, May 30. The Irving Society was victorious. It is reported that the contest on the whole was a good one and quite up to the high standard that usually marks the contests of these two societies. The question was: "Resolved, That illiterate immigrants should not be admitted into the United States." The Irvings upheld the affirmative of the proposition, contending that the rapidly increasing stream of ignorant foreigners, because of their low standard of living, competed with American labor and drove it out of employment, or dragged American laborers down to their level; that they gravitated to the slums and so lowered our standard socially, and that they were opposed to our free institutions, being incapable of governing themselves. The Zetagathians for the negative of the proposition argued that this class of foreigners pushed American labor up to a higher standard by doing the lowest class of labor. The six debaters were: For the Irving Society, Messrs. Buckley, Johnson and Walker; and for the Zetagathian, Messrs. Brackney, Lewis and Bryson.

## The Lyceum League of North America.

Among the new applicants for membership in the League is the Tenney Fraternity, of Dorchester, Mass. Alan T. Tarnbell, 343 Washington St., New Dorchester, Mass., is the Secretary. The meetings of the Fraternity are held on the first and third Mondays in each month in the Grove Hall Universalist Church. At the meeting on April 7 there was a debate, open to all the members of the society, on the question: "Resolved, That the United States should subsidize its merchant marine," the affirmative winning the debate. On April 21 the debate was on the subject: "Resolved, That capital punishment should be abolished," the negative winning.

This society has as one of its officers a critic, who, at each meeting, reports his criticism on the debaters of the previous meeting. The society observed April 19 by a pleasure trip to the Lexington battle ground.

## VALUE OF DEBATE.

Brings Out Originality and Severely Tests Students.

The Modern Culture Magazine recently contained a timely and able article on college debating and citizenship. In reviewing the article, The Wisconsin University Cardinal says:

From the moment preparation begins the debater finds himself under the necessity of using his own ingenuity in locating material, in choosing and organizing it. Whatever puts a premium upon individual research, as debating certainly does, goes a long distance towards developing true students. Yet it is not the preparation which is the severest test of a debater's originality. That which constitutes at once the severest test as well as the best training for one's original genius is found in the debate itself. Opposition is the essence of debate. Hence the debater must develop the power to meet opposition successfully. The pedant soon comes to grief in debate. He cannot hope to win, because a narrow view, in others, does not appeal to the judges. The muddled metaphysics of Mediaevalism must give way to plain, practical common sense.

Systematic discussion is at once the best mirror for revealing a man's mental powers to himself, to dissipate his effervescent emotionalities and leave but the crystallized grains of pure truth. Training in debate cannot fail to teach economy of energy, nervous as well as mental; and, here, as elsewhere, the prerequisite to economy is the recognition of limitations and the relative effectiveness of means at one's disposal. In short, a debater who loses his head is ipso facto out of the contest.

However, I am pleased to note that inter-collegiate debates are attracting more and more general attention as can be seen by the increased space given to them in the columns of the cosmopolitan dailies.

## Choate School Debates.

Although debating is not a prescribed part of the school curriculum, yet the students of the Choate School, at Wallingford, Conn., have not neglected this important feature of mental development. It has been the function of the Good Government Club to conduct several debates during the year. This club was organized when pupils and faculty united to form a club for the co-operative government of the school. Regular meetings of the club were held, the officers being a Speaker and a Clerk, and matters pertaining to methods of school government and the general welfare of the school were the sole topics discussed originally. The club finally evolved into a club for the promotion of debates and declamations, several very good debates being held two years ago, although more debates and much better work resulted this year, as the fondness for debate and the ability of the speakers developed. One of the recent debates was on the question: "Resolved, That the intervention of the United States in the affairs of Cuba has been of great benefit to that island." In this debate the members of the club had the unique experience of listening to a Cuban boy, Demetrio Santalla, who was one of the debaters on the affirmative. Theodore Lindley and Albert Hemphill also supported the affirmative. Marvin Vincent, Stone Douglass and Charles Vezin took the negative. By a rising vote of the school it was decided that the affirmative had presented the better arguments. The principal points made by Demetrio Santalla in his argument were, first, the condition of Cuba from the standpoint of health under the old regime and its condition now; second, the primitive condition of the island previous to the American intervention and its development to the point of modern means of travel, electric cars, etc.; third, the old condition of law and government, or rather misgovernment and disorder, through the mal-administration and misapplication of the funds collected for government and the present conditions in that respect, and the clean and orderly appearance of things in the Cuban States.

The principal debate of the year was on the question: "Resolved, That the Chinese Exclusion Act should be re-enacted." Paul Ruttkay, Marvin Vincent and Charles Vezin spoke for the affirmative, while Huntington Atwater, Tom Saul and Stanton Leeds supported the negative. The principal arguments of the affirmative were the Chinaman's degrading methods of living and the danger of disease therefrom, his low moral standards and his competition with American labor, and the danger of reducing the American laborer to the Chinaman's condition if Chinese were allowed to come into this country in large numbers. The principal contentions of the negative were that the Exclusion Act has been detrimental to the highest commercial interests of our country; that the Exclusion Act is wrong in principle; that the Chinese are not so bad as they are said to be; that the Chinese laborer is very beneficial to the welfare of our country. The judges rendered their decision, however, in favor of the debaters for the affirmative.

## The Prize Essay

The prize medal for best essay on "The Evacuation of Valley Forge" has been awarded to Howard Pence, of Dunavant, Kas. Many other very good essays were sent in, the one by Harry Reidmeyer, of the Buckingham Industrial School at Buckeystown, Md., being worthy of special mention. As a reward, this boy may send us the name of some boy friend to whom we will send THE AMERICAN BOY for one year free.

The essays are as follows:

### HOWARD PENCE'S ESSAY.

Twenty miles northwest from Philadelphia is a little valley that opens upon a wide plain, through which flows the Schuylkill river. On a little stream in that valley, more than one hundred years ago, was a forge. It was called the valley forge, and after a while the region was called Valley Forge.

To that valley Washington led his troops from his encampment at Whitemarsh, through the snows of December, and there placed them in log huts for the winter. The soldiers suffered dreadfully on their march and in their huts for want of food and clothing. Many of them were barefooted, and their foot-prints on that march were marked by blood from their wounded feet. In the spring news reached that suffering army that French ships and soldiers were coming to help the Americans. This news created great joy. The Americans had secretly asked the French to help them.

When the capture of Burgoyne showed the world that the Americans could help themselves, the French openly made a treaty with the Congress of the United States, by which both nations agreed to help each other in time of war.

News also came that messengers of peace and reconciliation were coming from England. When they came they were kindly received. They would not acknowledge the independence of the Americans, so their errand was fruitless.

In May, General Howe left the British army in Philadelphia in charge of General Clinton, and returned to England. When the news reached the British commanders that a French fleet under Admiral D'Estaing was coming, they prepared to leave Philadelphia.

Admiral Howe sailed out of the Delaware River and went to Amboy Bay. Clinton crossed into New Jersey with his whole army, and hastened toward the fleet. This was about the middle of June.

Washington immediately left Valley Forge and pursued the British army with his own army of suffering men. He overtook them near Monmouth Court House, in West Jersey. There on Sunday, the 28th of June, the two armies fought a severe battle. The Americans would have won but for the bad conduct of General Lee. It was a very hot day and fifty American soldiers died of thirst.

Both armies rested on the battlefield that night. Washington intended to renew the fight in the morning, but Clinton stole away with his broken army in the dark, and escaped to the fleet.

Washington then marched his troops to the Hudson River, crossed it, and encamped near White Plains, in Westchester County. Late in autumn he made his winter quarters at Middlebrook, on the Raritan, in New Jersey. Thus the suffering at Valley Forge came to an end.

## HARRY REIDMEYER'S ESSAY.

It was a balmy day in June when a few thousand ill-fed and poorly clad soldiers broke the camp in which they had spent one of the severest winters of the American Revolution.

The hills were covered with green, and the trailing arbutus, the columbine and the violets were blooming on those same hillsides that had been made red by the blood stains from the frozen feet of the soldiers. The trees under which they had spent many a weary day were robed in a glorious mantle of green. Sweet singing birds were gaily flitting among the green sward, the squirrels were gleefully chasing each other, happy because the long winter was at an end. The rude huts that did not keep out the cold and in which the only things used for beds were pallets of straw, were left standing as silent mementos of that never-to-be-forgotten winter. The men were busily engaged in rolling up their ragged blankets when the last reveille that would ever be heard at Valley Forge sounded loud and clear on the summer air. They closed their knapsacks, shouldered their rusty muskets and assembled in front of the headquarters of their beloved commander. Washington came out of the cabin and the men gave him three hearty cheers. He raised his hand and they became silent, and then, looking at those devoted soldiers, he said, "Let us thank God for sparing our lives during the long, cold winter and ask Him to help us fight the battles in freedom's cause." When the prayer was concluded the men were formed in columns and they marched toward New Jersey. Their hearts were glad, for they had confidence in their chief and knew he would lead them on to victory. As they reached the top of the hill a messenger rode up on a foaming steed. The columns halted, and it was announced to them that help had been obtained from France. The men grasped each other by the hand and wept tears of joy and gratitude. They turned, and as they looked back upon those hills where they had suffered so much, they saw a number of their comrades' graves on which were blooming the buttercups and daisies. They vowed to one another and to God that they would shed the last drop of their life's blood if need be to prevent the invader treading upon and profaning those graves, and to obtain the freedom for which their beloved comrades had died. The bugle sounded the march, and as they turned away the hill of Valley Forge faded from their sight, but not from their memory.

## Putting "The American Boy" to Good Use.

Miss Mary Clark, Secretary of the Plymouth (Wis.) Library Board, was so well impressed with copies of THE AMERICAN BOY that she had seen that she set about planning how it might be a regular visitor to the Plymouth Public Library. She asked an eleven year old boy, Rex Rowe, to go about among the teachers, the boys and others and ask for five-cent subscriptions toward the amount necessary to pay for THE AMERICAN BOY for a year, with the result that in a short time he had the required dollar, and THE AMERICAN BOY is now on the library table of the Plymouth Public Library. She sends us the names of the boys who subscribed five cents each. We wish we had the space in which to publish the list.

# BOYS

from Maine to California are devoting a few spare moments each day to delightful and very profitable pastime during vacation. No cash outlay, and your reward is a

## COLLEGE EDUCATION ABSOLUTELY FREE

Any course you may select. Write today and we will tell you all about it. Hundreds of boys and girls have taken advantage of our liberal offer.

The Porto Rico Trading Co. Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.



"IN A GOOD THING."

First prize photo, Matthew H. Tardy, Birmingham, Ala.



## Selecting and Training Boys to Become Orchestra Musicians—A. F. Pinto

Director of the Boys' Symphony Orchestra of New York.

Four years ago there was not an orchestra in the country composed of boys under age. Now there is at least one, well equipped and carefully trained lads, holding their own with men of maturer years and developing some remarkable artists. It has been my pleasure to bring together this representative body, beginning with three or four and adding to the number at each rehearsal till now I can call together no less than ninety performers, of various musical talents, chosen out of no less than seven hundred applicants. So successful has been the enterprise from the first and such enthusiasm and right good will has been in evidence at all times, with the eager desire to make the most of our time and talents, that we have won the respect of musicians and the public alike. No doubt with this initiative there will soon be rivals in the field, and if by giving a few hints as to how boys are chosen and trained for this accomplishment I can spur others to follow our lead, I shall be gratified and possibly be doing a public service.

The symphony orchestra musician must first of all possess a musical ear and have a

natural feeling for rhythm. Professor Schroeder has said, "The finest faculties of hearing differ in many respects. For example, there are musicians who are able to detect the slightest inaccuracy of any note, who, nevertheless, in the absence of an instrument or tuning fork cannot name correctly a note when desired. Another may do this to a certainty, the faculty being inborn, and he cannot understand why it is not the case with every one else." Also Dr. Jovassohn writes, "It is a matter of fact that some musicians beginning the study of music at a very early age, acquire absolute pitch, while others, gifted in other respects, have no true tone conception whatsoever." I maintain that even those who have not this "absolute pitch" may acquire it by no great amount of labor, by a systematic study of the rules and regular daily practice suggested by the best authorities, such as "Jovassohn's Practical Course of Ear Training" and Heacox's valuable work on the same subject. A close and systematic study of rhythm is the first essential. As Heacox says, "rhythm must be felt." The regular grouping of beats must be

recognized by the ear first and not by the eye.

Too often orchestra playing is a matter of eyes and fingers instead of head and heart. Notes, bars and rests are, after all, but a picture of the real thing—namely, music. In too many cases, while there may be no lack of instrumental technique, the sense of rhythm has not been sufficiently developed and the true significance of the tone is not felt. Carlyle says, "Write from the heart and it will contrive to reach other hearts." The same may be said to the musician. No man ever held an audience spell-bound by mere finger-work. The head must be there—critical, appreciative, correct, with a due sense of rhythm—and then whatever depth there is in the soul beneath will come out. In my search for members to make up my orchestra I have found some with technique but no heart, some with plenty of heart and no head, and a few with a rare combination of the three. Whatever the applicant's natural talents, rhythm is the first essential study. In connection with instrumental work I always advise a close study of the theory

of music and all good literature bearing upon musical development. There are excellent books on every phase of musical life, expositions of the opera, novels based upon the musical expression, poetry that breathes music, and biographies of the great masters that have gone before. These are an immense help in creating and sustaining that enthusiasm which is essential to the accomplishment of anything worth doing. With that enthusiasm all things are possible. Technical work becomes no longer drudgery, rehearsals are no longer a bore, and the life and go which the musician feels breathes from his instrument. While denying himself the luxury of expressing too much of himself in his instrument, the musician in the orchestra is by no means a mere machine. Through the medium of the conductor, whose inspiration flows from him like a kind of magnetism from a magic wand, the musician realizes the spirit of music in its double capacity—an expression of the composer's thought, and the conductor's personal reading of that musical idea. The conductor is in the position of a soloist, one might say, his in-

strument the orchestra, but that instrument by no means a mere machine. The same number of instruments worked by steam power, for instance, might play the movements with absolute correctness, but it would not be an orchestral rendering of that work. There must be the life, the soul, the emotion. This comes by an enduring enthusiasm, by patient and persistent effort to seek out the beauties of the greatest masters and the holding of the mind upon a high musical plane. This can be done by any lad of eight or more years, as I have repeatedly proven. Appreciation of the musical idea comes often very early in life, and many have been able in their childhood to express emotions and thoughts on an instrument which they were never able to express in after life in words. Music is the universal language of the emotions, and many are born with a complete and rich vocabulary.

My first experience in selecting and training an orchestra of boys of my own age and younger was naturally fraught with many difficulties. What discouragements, what trials, what disappointments! Even when I had twenty or thirty drawn together, it would not surprise me to arrive at rehearsal and find an empty room. Then one by one they would straggle

along, tune up, and my real troubles began, whipping them into shape, stamping, shouting, beating my baton to pieces, and within an hour I would have the boys so thoroughly interested that they would forget all about their play engagements and prolong the rehearsal hours after the allotted time.

It was a long, hard tussle to bring the work of the orchestra up to a point where we could safely trust ourselves to the public, but once gaining that difficult height, everything became easy. I pleaded with a New York theatre manager to be allowed to give one number during his performance—just one—and I know that he consented through sheer pity. What could sixty or seventy lads, from eight to eighteen years of age, do with instruments anyway?

Well, we played the overture "Raymond," by Thomas, and I never threw myself into the work with such abandon. The boys seemed truly inspired, and the effect was electrical. At the close the people rose in their seats and shouted cheers. We picked up our instruments to go, but the audience would not let us. We played four more numbers, and at the end the manager offered us one hundred dollars to repeat the performance on the following day. That was our first success.

No longer now were the boys listless at rehearsal, no longer shirking practice. We had emerged from the long night of patient training into the light of public favor, and there was renewed desire to excel. Applications to join our ranks came faster, and we added to our number several boy soloists—scholarship pupils of various renowned institutions. At present, with a fine and varied repertoire, we are preparing for a tour throughout the country. I think we shall meet with appreciation, for, I believe it is as a celebrated musician put it to me recently after a concert of the works of such great masters as Greig, Wagner, Thomas, De Beriot, Oberthur, Weber, Suppe, Verdi, Massenet and others, "You are all right, boys, for your work is legitimate and your success well deserved." If I am the means of spurring others to a like achievement, I shall feel that I have done a real and lasting service.

## How to Make a Balloon—Jacob T. Bucher

What boy has not wanted to make a balloon? And why should he not, when it is not any more difficult than making a large kite.

To make a balloon about eight feet long and four feet wide, one should secure a dozen and a half sheets of tissue paper. A smaller balloon requires a less number, a larger one a greater number. The tissue paper is the kind that may be secured at any drug store or novelty store.

Before beginning to make the balloon one should have about a pint of thick starch or flour paste, such as any cook can make, also a pair of large shears, a stout string five feet long, with a piece of chalk or charcoal tied to the end.

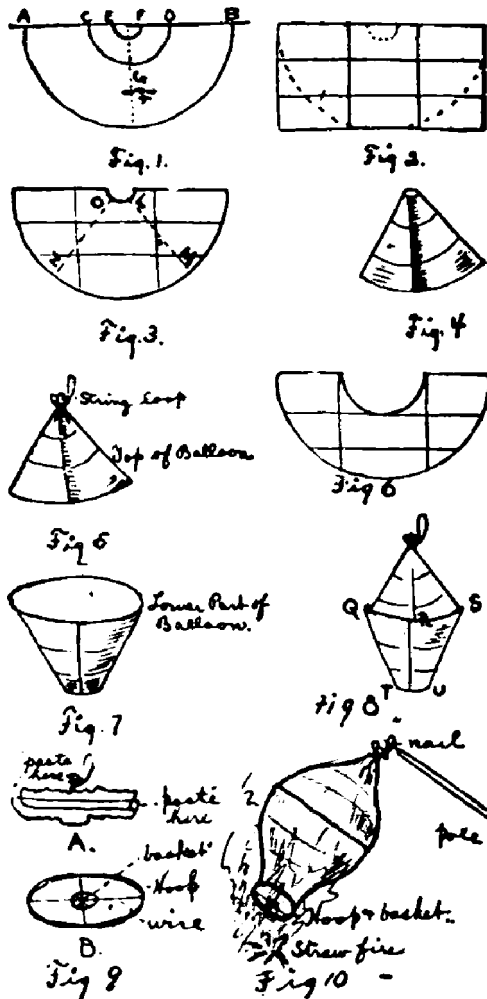
The first thing to be done is to select some clear floor space, either in the barn, woodshed or kitchen. The attic is a good place too, as it is free from air currents coming up through the floor. With the string and chalk or charcoal, lay off a half-circle having a radius of five feet. See Fig. 1, AB. Within this, draw another half-circle having a radius of one and one-half feet. See CD. Within this, draw yet another with a radius of six inches. See EF. Figure 1 shows how the floor should look with the half-circles drawn in chalk or charcoal as directed.

The next step is to paste the sheets of tissue paper together end to end and side to side, so that the entire half-circle is covered. See Fig. 2. The colors should be alternated so that no two that are alike come together. In pasting, be sure that there is a lap of about an inch and that no open spaces are left. Get the paste on evenly and in all places so that no holes will be left. Begin laying along the top first.

With a good pair of shears, cut very carefully along the lines AB, and EF, as shown by Figure 2. The paper will then look like Fig. 3. All the little scraps should be saved.

Now imagine the lines LM and ON, on Fig. 3. Fold the paper inward on these lines. Let one edge overlap the other as shown by Fig. 4, and paste these together. This will give you a paper cone with a hole in the top. See Fig. 4. Now gather the paper at the top so as to close this opening and tie a string around it, leaving a loop. See Fig. 5. Hang this loop over a nail on a rafter to let this part of the balloon dry. This is the top of the balloon.

To make the lower part of the balloon, again cover the half-circle on the floor by pasting pieces of tissue together. With the



shears now cut out along the lines AB and CD. See Fig. 1. When cut, it will look like Fig. 6. Fold this exactly as the first piece and paste the edges that overlap. Turn it upside down and it will look

like Fig. 7. This is the lower half of the balloon.

The next step is to bring the upper and lower parts together as shown in Fig. 8 and paste along the lines AB, QRS. To do this easily, crush down carefully the cones as shown in A, Fig. 9, and paste the edges. When these edges are dry, again lengthen out the balloon.

It is all complete now but the hoop and basket. Secure a thin light hoop from a fish barrel or whittle one from a hoop of a salt barrel and tie the ends together, if loose. It should be as light as possible. Unwrap some wire from an old broom and stretch it across the hoop as shown in B, Fig. 9, having a little wire basket made out of this same wire in the center to hold the tallow rags.

When the hoop is ready, bring it to the opening TU, as shown in Fig. 8, covering it first with paste, and paste the edges of TU, inward around the hoop. This part of the balloon may be further strengthened by additional strips of tissue paper cut from the scraps, covered with paste and passed from the outside of the balloon around over the hoop to the inside of the balloon. Fig. 10 shows the balloon with the hoop in place.

The balloon is now ready for drying. Make a small straw fire and allow the smoke to fill it completely. A long stick with a nail in the end may be used to hold the balloon steady over the fire as shown in Fig. 10. The smoke fills out the balloon so that very small holes become visible. Look for them and cover them with small patches of tissue or use more paste. Fifteen minutes of such drying is enough. The balloon is now ready for its ascension. When ready to launch the balloon, take it to some field or open space. Put into the wire basket a bunch of cloths torn into strips like carpet rags, that have been soaked in hot tallow over a fire. Hot lard will answer the purpose about as well. This soaking of the bunch may be done before going to the field. The tallow or lard need not be melted when the bunch is lighted. Support the balloon first at the top and then at the sides as it fills with warm air and allow it to expand fully with the hot air arising from the burning tallow. Free it as soon as it is full and buoyant.

It is a good plan to practice the cutting out of the balloon on a small scale, say in inches with ordinary paper so that you may get the idea. When once you have the idea, you can build a balloon of any size you choose, as it is simple enough.

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Our 200-page book "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering," with full particulars regarding treatment, sent free to any address. Enclose 5c to pay postage. Address: **Lewis School, 67 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.**



### The Rodney (Ont.) Public School Cadet Corps

The Rodney Public School Cadet Corps was organized in connection with the public school of Rodney, Ont., on March 15, 1900, under the supervision of the school's principal, Mr. Tanton. On May 24, 1901, which was the corps' field day, it went through many fancy evolutions in the presence of a large crowd, and at the close of the day a sham battle was given. The corps consists of thirty two privates, a drummer, a bugler, two lieutenants, and a captain. They wear khaki uniforms and parade twice a week on the school grounds. The photograph and description were sent us by Fred S. Morris, of Rodney.

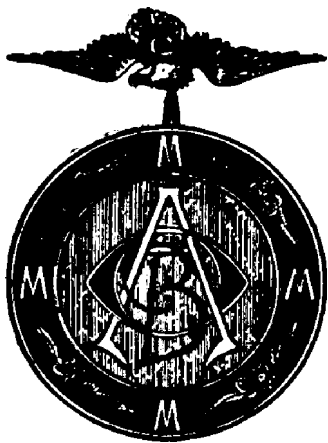
# The Order of The American Boy

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.

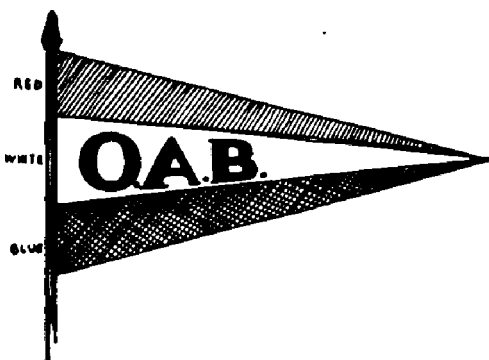


CAPTAIN'S BADGE. (Twice Actual Size.)

Boys desiring to Organize Companies may obtain a Pamphlet from us containing Directions. It is sent free.

## The Pennant.

Many designs for a pennant for THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY have been sent in. One design by Earle C. Annes, Galesburg, Mich., seems best suited to the purpose and has been selected. A sketch of it is given. The top triangle is to be red, the middle white, and the bottom blue. In the white triangle appears on one side "O. A. B." and on the other side "M. M. M. M." Some flag shapes were



submitted, but the pennant shape was deemed the most desirable. It can and should be used with the American flag, one above the other.

Among the handsome designs sent were those of Robert McCamman, St. Joseph, Mo.; Bennie Nusbaum, Bucyrus, O.; Keller E. Rocky, Waynesboro, Pa.; Henry Borge, Chicago, Ill.; Robert Cartwright, East Liverpool, O.; Walter Tubensing, Red Wing, Minn.; C. A. Seward, Chase, Kas.; William N. Auer, Danville, Ill.; Carl Parker, Owosso, Mich.; Ralph Lusk, Union, N. Y.; and Romaine Lowdermilk, Baldwin, Kas.

## A Monogram.

Roy Bradford, 613 Francis street, Madison, Wis., of Lake Shore Company, No. 6, suggests that a monogram of O. A. B. be adopted so that it can be used on sweaters or caps. He suggests the following:



We shall be glad to have suggestions from other members of the Order.

## Degrees Conferred.

Degrees are conferred on the following boys: Eugene Dolmetsch, Indianapolis, Ind., one degree for a conspicuous act of heroism; Harvey O. Chapman, Chesaning, Mich., one degree for good work in behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY and the Order.

## New Companies Organized.

The Alamo Company, No. 7, Division of Texas, San Antonio, Tex., Captain I. Seng.

Roosevelt Company, No. 18, Division of Illinois, Inghram, Ill., Captain Nelson Wood.

George Rings Company, No. 21, Division of Ohio, West Unity, O., Captain Merle Felger.

Tecumseh Company, No. 27, Division of Michigan, Tecumseh, Mich., Captain Wade L. Frost.

Pontiac Company, No. 4, Division of Missouri, St. Louis, Mo., Captain William G. Mackay.

Clifton Heights Company, No. 11, Division of Massachusetts, Campello, Mass., Captain Forest Hasey.

General Lew Wallace Company, No. 10, Division of Indiana, Brazil, Ind., Captain Harry Kitcher.

President Polk Company, No. 2, Division of Tennessee, Columbia, Tenn., Captain John B. Parham.

Liberty Company, No. 12, Division of Pennsylvania, West Reading, Pa., Captain Edwin J. Wagner.

Horseshoe Curve Company, No. 13, Division of Pennsylvania, Altoona, Pa., Captain Gale Burlingame.

Richmond P. Hobson Company, No. 14, Division of Pennsylvania, Swiftwater, Pa., Captain George Heller.

Honorable Samuel May Company, No. 12, Division of Massachusetts, Leicester, Mass., Captain Alvan L. Grout.

## Is Patriotism Dead?

Is patriotism dead? No, not while the American boy lives. The company is getting ready to make its first appearance by drilling every night and will attend the memorial services at the Baptist Church on Sunday by special invitation from Rev. Fletcher.

The company will soon have a gymnasium at their headquarters, and the best of reading matter. Uniforms will soon be purchased and the boys will make a fine showing. Shall we not all say good for the boys?—Chesaning (Mich.) Argus, May 24, 1902.

## The American Boy Field Day at Springfield, O.

Much interest was manifested by General George Rogers Clark Company, No. 18, in Field Day, May 24. Carl Gephart, age twelve, made the best record for standing long jump, his score for the three trials being, first, 7 feet, 4 1/4 inches; second, 7 feet, 6 inches; third, 7 feet, 7 1/4 inches.



CARL GEPHART.

## Company News.

Thomas A. Edison Company, No. 16, Division of Ohio, Celina, O., holds its meetings Friday evenings. This Company is chiefly interested in athletics.—Seth Low Company, No. 16, Tompkinsville, N. Y., holds its meetings at the homes of the various members, but hopes soon to have a club room of its own. It has organized a base ball team and has a library of thirty six books. The Captain writes us that the boys have recently had their pictures taken and promises to send us one.—Big Thunder Company, No. 16, Belvidere, Ill., is principally interested in athletics and literary work. They have two pairs of Indian clubs, a punching bag, and a Whitely exerciser, and have about one hundred papers and magazines in their library, including such magazines as St. Nicholas, The Ladies' Home Journal, McClure's, Munsey's, etc.—Timothy Murphy Company, No. 1, Cobleskill, N. Y., has decided to hold its meetings every week, instead of twice a month, as formerly, because of renewed interest in the Order. They have recently purchased a new silk American flag. This Company is literary in its tastes. At each meeting they have a paper entitled "The T. M. C. Tattler," which gives the news of the Company and other things of general benefit and interest regarding the Order. This paper is prepared for each meeting by some member of the company who also writes an original story to be read at the meeting; the Captain writes, "It is great sport." They also have a debate at each meeting and sometimes short speeches by the members. The subject for debate at the next

meeting is as follows: Resolved: That the discoveries made by the French in America have been of more benefit to America than those made by the Spanish.—George A. Custer Company, No. 1, Big Stone, S. D., holds its meetings every Tuesday evening. They have a fine club room furnished with chairs, desk, some gymnastic supplies, and will soon have a library. This Company recently held an ice cream social at which they took in ten dollars and fifty cents and cleared seven dollars, with which they bought a baseball outfit. The following is a copy of their poster:

### ICE CREAM!

Friday Eve., May 2.

### THE AMERICAN BOY COMPANY

will give an

ICE CREAM SOCIAL

In the Trapp Hall.

ICE CREAM

Ten Cents.

Come and bring somebody's sister.

Alamo Company, No. 7, Division of Texas, San Antonio, Tex., holds its meetings on Tuesday afternoons at the home of the Captain. The following are its officers: Captain, I. Seng; Vice-Captain, W. Herple; Secretary, J. Scully.—Red Letter Company, No. 2, Livermore, Ia., has recently had its charter framed. This Company has a special badge for its members. It is made of two colors of ribbon, on one of which is printed "O. A. B." and on the other "Red Letter Company, No. 2, Division of Iowa."—Theodore Roosevelt Company, No. 1, Washington, D. C., held its election of officers recently with the following result: Will Meyer, Captain; Richard Owen, Secretary; Stanley Willis, Treasurer. This Company holds its meetings at the home of one of its members, but hopes soon to have a room of its own.—President Polk Company, No. 2, Columbia, Tenn., has a fine club room. The room is carpeted, papered, furnished with electric lights and plenty of chairs and desks. They have a library, a number of curl, games of all kinds, and a punching bag, and will soon have a set of boxing gloves. The Company colors are blue and white.—Theodore Roosevelt Company, No. 4, Chesaning, Mich., is one of the most prosperous and flourishing Companies of the Order. It has at this writing twenty three members, and is adding new members. This Company was invited to march in the procession on Decoration Day and accepted the invitation. They carried a banner on which appeared the letters "O. A. B." together with the name, number, and division of the Company.—Three Bears Dakota Sioux Company, No. 5, Fargo, N. D., is progressing finely, and new members are being voted in at almost every meeting. This Company has now over fifty books in its library and a number of papers and magazines. They have a fine club room, which they are fixing up and improving all the time. The boys are very enthusiastic over the Field Day meets, and are practicing for the contests.—Thomas A. Edison Company, No. 16, Division of Ohio, Celina, O., held its election of officers recently. The following is the result: Charles Ellis, Captain; Elmer Stubbs, Vice-Captain; Justice Gilberg, Secretary; John Hattrey, Treasurer; Bronsart Gilberg, Librarian.—General George Rogers Clark Company, No. 18, Division of Ohio, Springfield, O., at a recent meeting elected the following officers: Captain, Justus Hahn; Vice-Captain, Fred Wylie; Secretary, Lew Wallace; Treasurer, Fred Funk.—Benjamin Harrison Company, No. 20, Canton, Ohio, holds its meetings Friday evenings. Dues, ten cents a month. This Company has a library of fifteen books, which have been donated by the members.—Big Thunder Company, No. 16, Belvidere, Ill., has the use of two rooms over a blacksmith shop free of charge. One of the rooms is very large, and this they are going to fit up as a gymnasium. The other is a smaller room and will be used as a reading room.—Celtax Company, No. 8, Division of Indiana, Indianapolis, Ind., has adopted as its colors red and white, and have recently had their charter framed in these colors. The Secretary promises us

a photograph of the Company in their Field Day costumes.—Englewood Company, No. 17, Chicago, Ill., organized April 11, has at this writing two dollars in its treasury. They have had their charter framed and hung up in their club room. This Company is interested in baseball, debating, etc.—Buffalo Bill Company, No. 6, Division of Nebraska, Stockville, Neb., is progressing finely. This Company holds its meetings on Friday evenings, and nearly every Saturday is devoted to outdoor sports and games. They have recently organized a baseball team. So far one public entertainment and one social have been held.—Perry Club for Boys Company, No. 19, Battle Creek, Mich., holds its meetings on Tuesday and Friday evenings of each week, from 7:00 to 9:00, in the Chapel of the Y. M. C. A. On Sunday evening, May 4, they were the guests of honor at an entertainment at the First Baptist Church, where they listened to an address by the Pastor of the church, Rev. John W. Crouch, on "The Life of Christ." Illustrated with fifty stereopticon views.—George Washington Company, No. 2, Division of Michigan, Lacota, Mich., recently elected the following officers: Captain, Rowland Golden; Vice-Captain, Roy Brooks; Treasurer, Royal Decker; Secretary, Harry Hoag; Librarian, Archie Myers.—Lake Shore Company, No. 6, Division of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis., has a fine club room. This Company is chiefly interested in athletics, and is organizing a baseball team. They promise to send us a picture of the club and some of their records.—The Coyotes Company, No. 3, Division of South Dakota, De Smet, S. D., comes out with a very neat letterhead bearing the name, number and division of the Company, and the names of the Captain, Secretary, Treasurer, and Librarian. At the left is the cut of the badge, and under it the words, "Office of the Captain."—Cuban Athletic Club Company, No. 7, Division of New York, Cuba, N. Y., has a ball team. In a recent game with the Cuba "Gypsies" the score resulted in a victory for the Cuban Athletic Club of 18 to 15.

The American Boy Basket Ball Team of the George H. Marshall Company, No. 1, Division of New Jersey, Trenton, N. J., is the champion boys' basket ball team in Trenton, the team having gone through the season without a defeat, making a score of 232 against 115 for its opponents. The Captain of the Company, R. L. Marshall, is Captain of the Basket Ball Team. A Trenton newspaper says that he has shown up in great form, and that he will receive from the Trenton Association a handsome medal for The American Boy Basket Ball championship. He has scored fifty seven field goals and two foul goals this season—a remarkable record considering the few games played. Truman Snyder, of the same Company, stands second in his record.

The record for the season is as follows: American Boys, 18; Station Tigers, 3. American Boys, 18; Station Tigers, 12. American Boys, 7; Evening Telegraph Newsboys, 6. American Boys, 46; Blue and White, 14. American Boys, 18; Pastime, Jrs., 12. American Boys, 21; Deaf Mutes Jrs., 11. American Boys, 16; Witzels, 12. American Boys, 12; Deaf Mute Srs., 8. American Boys, 34; Witzels, 13. American Boys, 60; Y. M. L., 27. The Company is planning to have an athletic field for use this summer.

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The Boys' Library

Start a Library.

Every young man should own a library; not necessarily a large one, not an extensive one, but still a library. One, two or three books will do as a nucleus. Number them in the order in which you procure them.

It has been said that from the Bible, a dictionary and a newspaper a very fair education might be acquired. Certainly you ought to have all these. Next you will want some books bearing directly upon your line of work. Consider your books as tools, or, better still, as friends. Now add some of the gems of literature that are always good reading. Put no bad or worthless books into your library; the possessor of such trash is apt to become even worse than the books themselves.

If your means be limited, do not buy many new copyrighted books. Several good ones that have stood the test of time can be purchased with the price of one recent publication.

If you will start a little library of your own as herein suggested, soon you will be surprised by its growth, and will become happier, more interested in your work, and better educated.—Clarence E. Birch, in "Chat"

Books Reviewed.

**YOUNG BARBARIANS**, by Ian Maclaren. The author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" and "Auld Lang Syne" is as well known in America as in Great Britain. He has lectured throughout the United States under his own name of the Reverend John Watson, and has made Muirtown, Drumtochty, Saunders, Dr. MacLure, Domsie and Drumsheuch familiar to thousands. In the volume before us we are again introduced to Muirtown, and the life of its people, especially of its boys. The boys are not patterns of propriety, they never could be Little Lord Fauntleroy's. In fact, they are tempestuous, unpolished, coarse and outwardly show a want of proper respect and reverence for the "powers that be," in a manner calculated to make prim and precise people hold up their hands in horror; but they have the stuff in them that makes men—men who will dare, do and die, if need be, for their loved ones and their country. We have laughed, aye, and cried at the Speug, as he lies among the hay in his father's stable and prays for the Bulldog's recovery from sickness. Rough, uncouth profane, maybe, but the real, true loving heart there gives utterance to its dearest wish, and who will say that he who knows the heart does not hear, appreciate and grant such prayers? Nestle, too, the young English boy, delicate in body but with the spirit of which heroes are made. Look at him as he stands up before Cosh in defense of his father, although he will be half killed if the Speug does not come to the rescue. And Bulldog, the mathematical master, the "unflinching, resolute, iron man" who by these, or despite

these qualities, endeared himself in the hearts of the folk of Muirtown. Possibly to some readers his different dealings with the Speug and Nestle inside and outside of the school may come as a surprise and a contradiction, but Scotchmen and Scotch schoolmasters do not wear their hearts on their sleeves; and their kindest feelings seldom come uppermost. Want of space forbids further enumeration of the inmates of the Muirtown Seminary and their friends; of honest, generous Duncan Robertson; of Peter McGuffie, Sr., the worthy sire of the Speug; of the Count, the lonely French gentleman, who "would not tell tales on any fellow," and became the aider and abettor and champion of the boys in most of their mischief, and of the Dowbiggins, the immaculate, who, on account of their uprightness and conceit, did not pass their school hours on beds of roses, and many others whom Dr. Watson has immortalized. The reader—boy or adult—cannot but enjoy this book. It is nicely illustrated, 318 pages, handsome cloth cover. Price \$1.25 net. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers.

**THREE YOUNG RANCHMEN**, by Captain Ralph Bonehill. A story of three boys who, by the death of their father, are living alone in a lonely ranch in the Idaho mountains. But the boys have pluck and courage and fight against their difficulties manfully. The account of their haps and mishaps can hardly fail to interest boys who love stirring tales of the mountain and prairie. Allen, Chetwood and Paul Winthrop have certainly a hard row to hoe; they have adventures with horse thieves and robbers who have stolen their horses and their money, hairbreadth escapes from drowning, but they finally triumph over all their troubles. The book is interesting and good, clean reading, and we are sure all boys will like it. It is nicely illustrated and contains 246 pages, with beautifully ornamental cloth cover. Price \$1.00. The Saalfeld Publishing Co., publishers.

**THE OUTDOOR HANDY BOOK**, for Playground, Field and Forest, by D. C. Beard. We are still of the opinion, notwithstanding Mr. Kipling's disparaging references, that the decisive victories of Great Britain have been won on the playgrounds of Eton and Harrow. American boys are not behind their British cousins in their enjoyment of the strenuous athletic life, and it is not a far-fetched idea that America's present and future pre-eminence in the world will be largely owing to the baseball diamond, the golfing green and the many other forms of honest, manly sport in which American boys and youth take delight. In Mr. Beard's book of nearly 500 pages there are found games and sports almost without number, from the old time game of marbles to football, baseball, golf and skating. The boy will indeed be hard to please who cannot here find instruction for splendid outdoor enjoyment, recreation and the cultivation of a strong, sturdy, rugged physique. Parents who desire to encourage their boys in doing things will be pleased

with this book, containing, as it does, plain and intelligent instructions in making kites, boats, sleds, etc. The 300 illustrations and diagrams will also be found of service to the young workman. We predict for this book even greater favor and popularity than was achieved by former editions. Handsome cloth cover, good paper, large, clear type. Price \$2.00. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

**WITH BOBS AND KRUGER**, by Frederic W. Unger. This is one of the best books we have read bearing upon the struggle between Great Britain and the Boers in South Africa. It is a record of real personal experiences, not a history, and is written with an honesty and impartiality which leave no room for caviling. Mr. Unger's trip to South Africa and his perseverance and stick-to-itiveness in eluding, circumventing and breaking through the barriers of British officialdom and finally obtaining the coveted authority as a war correspondent is thoroughly American. And the stirring and often exceedingly dangerous situations in which

he places himself in order to get a good story for his paper are told with the brevity and simplicity of the true correspondent. He tells what he saw on both sides, and that in a way to charm and delight his readers, be they Briton or Boer. The book is nicely gotten up and contains 412 pages. Price \$2.00. Henry T. Coates & Co., publishers.

**MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY FOR AMATEURS**: By J. Eaton Fearn. This is the fourth edition of this work, testifying to its popularity. Everything in the way of information and instruction in photography is here laid down in the simplest and most easily understood form, differing in this respect from the hard words and difficult technical terms with which other books on this most fascinating art confuse and perplex the amateur. We have not the space to enumerate a tithe of the pointers given, but throughout the eighteen chapters of the book the amateur will find information on such points as: History of Photography, Expense of Photography, Choice of Apparatus, Necessary Outfit, Dark Room, Fixing Camera, Light and Optics, Focus of Lens, Correct Exposure, Lesson in Development, Formula, Over and Under-Exposure, Remedies, Frilling, Fogs, Pinholes, Various Developers and Their Advantages, Films, Retouching, Toning and Fixing, Mounting, Burnishing, Outdoor Portraiture, Indoor Work, Lantern Slides, Different Processes, Enlargements, Copying, What to Photograph, with many hints on cameras, lenses and shutters. There is also a complete index. Altogether, the book is one which the amateur who wishes to become an expert in his work ought to have continually at his hand. 124 pages; paper cover. Price 25 cents. Charles Scribner's Sons, publisher.

**NESTLINGS OF FOREST AND MARSH**: By Irene Grosvenor Wheelock, with twelve beautiful illustrations from original photographs by Harry B. Wheelock. All lovers and students of birds and their habits will find in this book delight and instruction. Mrs. Wheelock has so clearly and vividly described the habits, customs and even costumes of the feathered inhabitants of field and marsh that no mistake can be made regarding the different varieties. To a student of ornithology or any one who likes birds, this book would be most helpful, especially if spending a summer vacation in the country. The volume, besides the illustrations, is printed on heavy paper in large, clear type, with ornamental cloth cover. 257 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers.

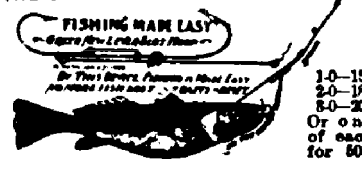
**LIGHTS OF CHILDLAND**: By Maud Ballington Booth, author of "Sleepy Time Stories," etc. Illustrated by Alice Farnsworth Drew. This is an ideal book for the little ones, full of pathos, yet not devoid of humor. Firelight, gaslight, moonlight, lovelight, homelight, sunshine and starlight. There are a few saddening rain clouds which, however, invariably turn their silver linings outward. Little readers will be simply delighted with Brown Eyes and Baby Dimple, with their cat Snowball, his little gray wife and the wee kittens, with little, crippled Rose, and Flip, the poor, homeless newsboy to whom Brown Eyes and Baby Dimple bring love and sunshine. The fault of the book will be to create a strong desire to beg for an extra half hour beyond bedtime to finish a chapter and take a peep into the next one; to see how the hospital children enjoyed the visits of Brown Eyes and Baby Dimple, or how little Rose loved her rose bush. The book is filled with child love and mother love and will delight both mother and child with the stories and the lessons they teach. Price \$1.35. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers.

Good Books a Blessing.

One of the greatest blessings that can come to the young is a love of reading, providing the books selected are good. By reading, the mind is brought into harmony with the hopes and aspirations, the ideals, the heroes of the author, and if those are of the wholesome kind the greatest good is effected. Books should form a portion of every present to boys. A book may make or mar a young person's life, and therefore discretion is needed in the selection. Wise reading widens thought. It lifts us out of sectionalism; it makes us welcome new truths, and it teaches us that after all there is a world into which we have been unable to travel, but whose beauties have been revealed to us through the printed page.

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"THEY DRANK WITHOUT ANY CUP."  
—From "The Young Barbarians."





FOR BOYS TO THINK ABOUT

PACIFIC CABLE FROM CANADA TO AUSTRALIA.

The English are laying a cable to connect Canada and Australia, which is to touch only at British landing places. The cost of construction will be about \$7,600,000.

A THOUSAND MILLION.

Perhaps no one can appreciate what is meant by a thousand million. A celebrated French astronomer says that just a thousand million minutes passed at 6:30 p. m. of April 18 last since the beginning of the year one.

JAPANESE COMMERCE.

In the past three and one half years Japan has added to its merchant navy 300 steamships and 3,000 sailing vessels. In 1896 the country possessed only one steamship of over 5,000 tons; it now has twenty one of this class.

A BOYS' WARD IMPROVEMENT CLUB.

Some boys in the thirty fifth ward of Chicago are organizing a club to aid in bettering the condition of the city and particularly in improving ward politics. This is a new departure in the line of clubs and organizations for boys.

HEAT FROM INCANDESCENT LIGHTS.

It is generally supposed that incandescent electric lamps give out comparatively small quantities of heat. Measurements show, however, that of the energy of the current only six per cent is turned into light; the other ninety four per cent manifests itself as heat.

THE CHEMICAL VALUE OF THE HUMAN BODY.

An ingenious chemist has made the claim that the average human being is worth about \$18,300 from a chemical standpoint. Among the valuable chemicals contained in the body is calcium, of which the human body contains three pounds and thirteen ounces. Calcium is worth \$300 an ounce.

MEASUREMENT CARRIED TO A FINE POINT.

There is a machine in existence capable of measuring a millionth part of an inch. It is the contrivance of a Pittsburg (Pa.) instrument manufacturer. The machine depends for its accuracy on an arrangement of six small mirrors which are partly opaque, a ray of light passing through them and being reflected back.

THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.

The temperature at the bottom of the ocean is nearly down to the freezing point. There is a total absence of sunlight, and there is an enormous pressure recorded at 160 times greater than that of the atmosphere we live in. At 2,500 fathoms the pressure is thirty times more powerful than the steam pressure of a locomotive when drawing a train.

THE TALLEST MAN ON EARTH.

Edward Beupre, a young French-Canadian giant, is probably the tallest man on earth. He is thirty years old, weighs 587 pounds, and stands 7 feet, 11 inches high. His hands measure 19 inches, and his feet 24 inches by 12 wide. A two-yard tape measure barely encircles his chest. There is enough cloth in one of his suits to outfit ten average men.

GERMAN TRADE EDUCATION.

In order to induce boys of German ancestry born abroad to retain their citizenship and interest in the Fatherland the German government votes money to aid schools abroad in which is taught the German curriculum. A recent bill in the Reichstag (the German Congress) makes appropriation for 125 such schools. There are twenty nine located in Brazil, twelve in China, twelve in Roumania, twelve in the British colonies and eleven in Egypt. In this way the German government aids in keeping the people and the products of Germany before foreign nations.

HIGH PRICED MAIL CARRIER.

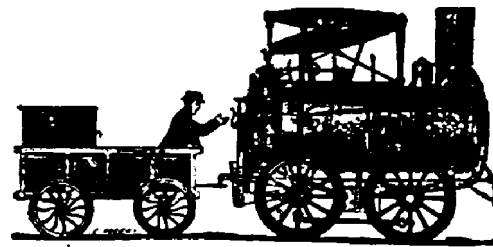
Oscar Fish, whose route is from Valdez to Eagle, Alaska, is Uncle Sam's highest priced mail carrier. He makes but two deliveries a month, but receives for each trip almost \$1,500. The total amount Fish receives is \$36,000 a year. The distance he travels on each trip is 413 miles. The amount he agrees to carry is not over 300 pounds, and this consists almost exclu-

sively of letters. Fish has the finest dog team in Alaska. The pay is not exorbitant, considering the fact that the man takes his life in his hands on each trip. He has been frostbitten, frozen, starved, hurled over precipices, mixed up with avalanches, but it is said he has never missed a trip.

SOMETHING ABOUT BUTTERFLIES AND CATERPILLARS.

Maunder, in his "Treasury of Natural History," says: "There are, perhaps, no insects which are so commonly and so universally destructive as caterpillars. They are inferior only to locusts in voracity, and equal or exceed them in their powers of increase, and in general are far more widely spread over vegetation. As each female butterfly or moth usually lays from 200 to 500 eggs, 1,000 different kinds of butterflies and moths will produce on an average 300,000 caterpillars. If one half of this number when arrived at maturity are females, they will give 45,000,000 caterpillars in the second, and 6,750,000,000 in the third generation.

"THE STOURBRIDGE LION."



The first locomotive run in America. Built by Foster, Warrick & Co., Stourbridge, England, 1825; operated at Honesdale, Pa., by Horatio Allen, August 9, 1825.

A THOUSAND MILES WITHOUT A RUDDER.

Captain Adolph Albers, of the great steamer Deutschland, one of the largest steamships in the world, steered his vessel for a thousand miles without the rudder, and at the end of the voyage fell dead in the chart-house of his vessel. For three days and nights the captain stood in his chart-house and steered his great steamship by means of two screws alone. When the rudder broke the vessel was 400 miles from land. Hundreds of lives and millions of dollars were at stake. To steer a ship without a rudder is like driving a team of horses without reins by touching up first one horse and then the other. Five minutes' carelessness or bad judgment would throw the steamship into the trough of the sea rolling like a log. For seventy two hours, with only an occasional wink of sleep, Captain Albers stood at his post. When the port of Cuxhaven, where the vessel was to be repaired, came in sight, he fell without a word into the arms of his first officer, dying in a few minutes. Emperor William sent a telegram of condolence to the steamship company in which he said that the steering of the rudderless Deutschland with her screws on her last homeward trip was a master stroke of seamanship.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE POPULATION.

There are 75,568,686 persons in the United States exclusive of Alaska and our other outlying possessions. We have less than a fifth as many people as has China. We

grew 20 per cent in our population from 1890 to 1900. Virginia had the largest population until 1820. Today there are sixteen states with a greater population than Virginia. In 1790 the center of population was twenty three miles east of Baltimore. In 10 years it has moved 519 miles, and is now six miles southeast of Columbus, Ind. The center of the country's area is in north Kansas and about half way across that state. New York state leads in population. One person in every eleven of the United States lives within the Empire State. New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio and Missouri together contain more than a quarter of all the people of the country. Rhode Island is the most densely populated. If the entire country were as densely populated as Rhode Island our population would be 1,400,000,000, or nearly the present population of the globe. Arizona, New Mexico and Wyoming together have fewer people than has Rhode Island, but they contain 316 times as much land area. Oklahoma has grown faster in the last decade than has any other state or territory. Nevada is the only state to show an actual loss. She has no more people today than she had thirty years ago. Nebraska gained only one per cent, and Kansas less than three. The purest American stock is to be found in the south. Ninety two per cent of the whites of the south Atlantic states are of native American birth and parentage. In the nine states of the north Atlantic only 48 per cent of the whites are of native birth and parentage. South Carolina and Mississippi have more blacks than whites, the negro population exceeding 58 per cent in both states. There are 22,000,000 women in the United States willing to admit that they are over eighteen years old. Standing in line with clasped hands they would make a girle around the world. There are 22,000,000 boys and girls of school age, and 9,000,000 babies under five. Think of 9,000,000 babies all crying at once.

ATHLETES IN JAPAN.

Athletics hold an important but subordinate position in the schools of Japan. Once a year there is a gathering of all the students in a district to engage in athletic contests. In those seen by Mr. Hearn, and described in "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," six thousand boys and girls from all the schools within a distance of twenty five miles were entered to take part. A circular race track, roomy enough for an army, allowed four different games to be played at the same time.

There were races between the best runners of different schools, and races in which the runners were tied together in pairs, the left leg of one to the right leg of the other.

Little girls—as pretty as butterflies in their sky-blue hakama and many-colored robes—contested in races in which each one had to pick up as she ran three balls of different colors out of a number scattered over the turf.

The most wonderful spectacle was the

dumb-bell exercise. Six thousand boys and girls massed in ranks above five hundred deep; six thousand pairs of arms rising and falling exactly together; six thousand pairs of sandaled feet advancing or retreating at the signal of the masters of gymnastics, directing all from the tops of little wooden towers; six thousand voices chanting at once the "One, two, three," at the dumb-bell drill; "Ich, ni—san, shi—go, roku—schischi, hachi."

The games began at eight o'clock in the morning and ended at five in the evening. Then, at a signal, fully six thousand voices pealed out the national anthem, and concluded it with three cheers for the emperor and empress of Japan.

A Fearful Situation.

In addressing a society for the Study of Life on the dangers that beset children, Anthony Comstock remarked that "It is safe to say there is not an institution of learning for the young that is wholly free from the corrupt and degrading influence of indecent literature and pictures." He then said: "A short time ago I was entering a car at a railroad station, and passed through a group of schoolboys on the platform. One was handing a small book to another, and as I took my seat I recalled it. I went out to the boy and asked him to let me see the pamphlet, which he finally did. I tried to find out where the boy procured it. He told me, and I got off the train at Newark with the group and went to their school. I found that every boy in that school and several girls from sixteen to nineteen years of age had the same kind of literature. Step by step I traced the source until I came to a beautiful girl in a lovely home, who received it from a young man of good family, living in a neighboring town."

Mr. Comstock then said, "If I had to choose between seeing the mind of my own little girl so corrupted, and burying her, I would cheerfully dig her grave with my own hands."

We have been informed of over twenty institutions of high grade, to whose schools Mr. Comstock's researches have led him, with similar results. His information is chiefly derived from parents who have found such abominable, corrupting things, worse than any adder, viper or other snake that injects venom, in the possession of their children. The anguish of parents who had the utmost confidence in their children, on ascertaining that they had been corrupted, is something indescribable. Mr. Comstock added: "No mother can be sure that her son is free from these degrading influences, for I have found them in the hands of youths of our best families; in some cases youths who had made themselves agents for the spread of corruption have been regarded as the best boys in school."

Let none who are responsible for children trust these statements of Mr. Comstock aside as the utterances of a crank or a man who is determined to find what he looks for.

The Boy Hero of La Grange.

BESSIE E. BRIGHAM.

The little town of La Grange, Illinois, has a hero in the person of fifteen year old Fred Carbine, who by his bravery and presence of mind saved a Chicago, Burlington & Quincy train from being wrecked one morning last December.

Young Carbine is employed as messenger for the Western Union Telegraph Company at the Fifth avenue station. In the dim light of early morning he had gone out on the tracks to pick up some mail sacks that had been thrown from the Burlington fast mail which had just passed through. He soon noticed that the switch was broken, and that passenger train No. 2, going at the rate of sixty miles an hour, was already in sight. Away he dashed over the icy ground to the blockhouse, one hundred yards off, and gave the warning to Operator Rounds, who quickly threw on the blocks. The engineer saw the signal, and stopped the train just before it reached the broken switch.

The employees of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy give the boy all the credit for having saved several lives and prevented what would otherwise have been a bad wreck, and it is hoped the Company will reward the lad in some substantial way.

Master Fred is an orphan, living with his grandmother. He graduated from the La Grange Grammar School in 1900, and since then he has been working for the telegraph company. He is trying to learn railroading, as he expresses it, by "beginning at the bottom."

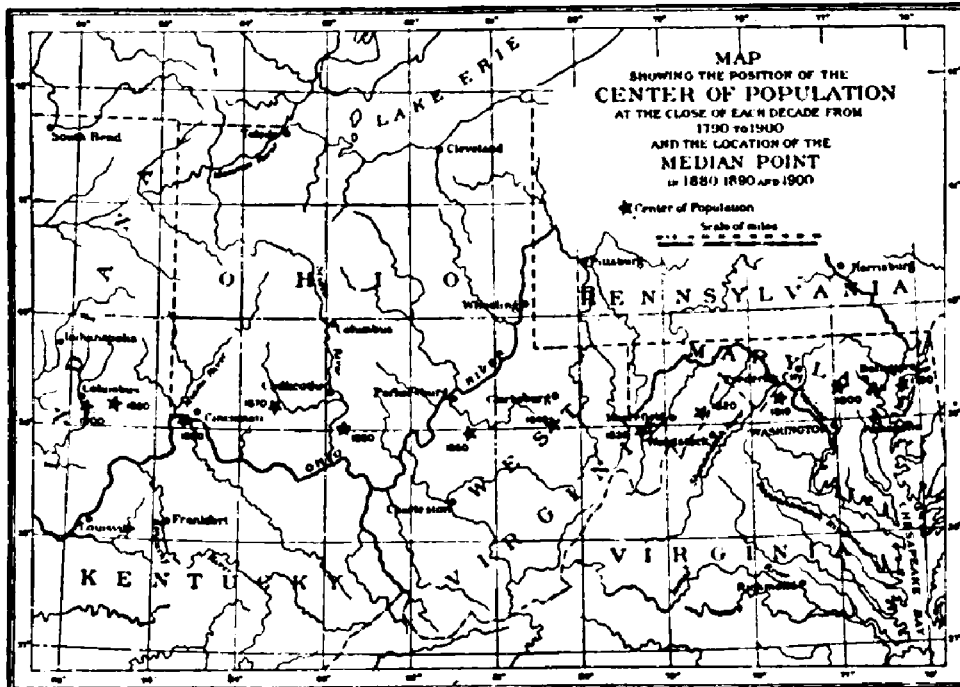
The Mistakes of Animals.

It is just as easy to deceive an animal as it is to take in human beings. Thousands of birds leave a field or a garden alone merely because a scarecrow has been stuck up in the middle of it.

Fishes are constantly swallowing hooks that are hidden in make-believe flies. A dog that worried a pasteboard cat looked a truly pitiable object when he found out his error.

Show a try snake to a monkey, and it will probably scream from terror. There is no word strong enough to express the feelings of a dog that fondled an India rubber pup and then discovered its error. When the grampus chases a herring boat painted white, its folly can only be accounted for on the supposition that it believes it to be a white whale.

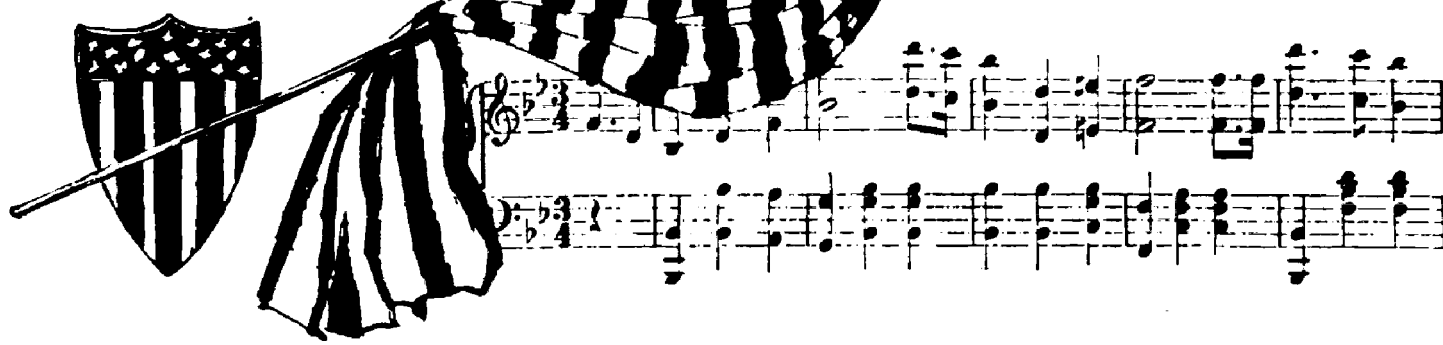
On the other hand, deer that come to the river bank to drink often do not live to be sorry that they mistook the crocodile floating on the surface for a log of wood.





THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

JENNIE CAMPBELL DOUGLASS



The old town of Frederick, Maryland, holds its head above most places of its size, and feels itself not a bit vain in so doing.

Historians differ as to the year in which the author of the Star-Spangled Banner was born, some saying 1779 and others 1780, but all agree in giving Frederick the honor of being his birthplace.

It was while Key lived here that the British invaded Washington in 1814. After committing many depredations and destroying property to the amount of two million dollars, they received word that American forces were gathering.

They found the fleet at the mouth of the Patapsco, off Fort McHenry, which commanded the harbor of Baltimore.

moved to their own vessels, under a guard of English soldiers. From this point they could watch the bombardment of Fort McHenry, and Key declared that he watched every shell from the time it started on its way until it reached its destination.

"This song was composed under the following circumstances: A gentleman left Baltimore under a flag of truce for the purpose of getting released from the British fleet a friend of his who had been captured at Marlborough.

Key lived, after the war, in his Georgetown home, where many of the ablest men of the day sought his counsel.

It was Key's expressed wish that his body should rest "beneath the shadows of the everlasting hills" of Frederick County, but this desire was not fulfilled until 1866, when he and his wife were placed side by side in Olivet cemetery.



Key's Monument, Frederick.

Key's Home, Baltimore.

Road over bridge to Bladensburg.

The Star-Spangled Banner

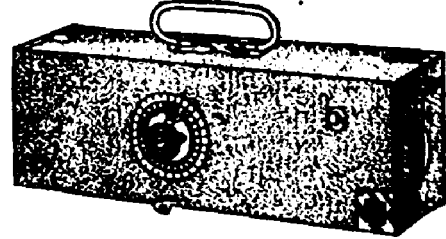
Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,

How many boys know by heart "The Star-Spangled Banner"? As a reward for the memorizing of it we will give to any boy who writes us that he has learned it, a copy of the song in the handwriting of General Russell A. Alger, who was once Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

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Premiums Free advertisement listing various gifts like watches, pens, and flashlights available for order.

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Brass Band advertisement for Lyon & Healy instruments, including trumpets, trombones, and drums.

If You Stammer advertisement offering a free book and consultation from a speech specialist.

Name Plates advertisement for personalized aluminum nameplates for various items like books and trunks.

Free Ping-Pong advertisement offering a complete set of equipment for a limited time.









# THE AMERICAN BOY

MONTHLY  
Vol. 3, No. 10

Detroit, Michigan, August, 1902

PRICE, \$1.00 a Year  
Ten Cents a Copy

## "Old Abe" the War

## Eagle—Edith M. Shortt

**A**S CHIEF SKY, of a band of Wisconsin Chippewas, was on a hunting tour one day in the spring of 1861, he climbed a ledge of rocks from the top of which he saw a large nest containing two young eagles. As the mother bird was not in sight he took the eagles home as playthings for his papoose. One died soon after, but the other thrived.

In the fall of 1861 a band of soldiers stopped at the home of Chief Sky and before they departed purchased the bird for a bushel of corn. Later they presented the lively young eagle to their regiment. The men were very fond of him and named him "Old Abe," after President Lincoln, whom they all loved.

Old Abe was placed in the charge of one of the soldiers and during the long marches this soldier often carried him on a shield fastened to a standard. The big bird would not touch food unless his soldier gave it to him, nor would he ride on the standard unless his soldier carried it. Sometimes when he was tired of riding or when he felt that his master was tired from carrying his heavy load, or when he needed exercise, he would leave his perch and fly away. The cheers of the men as he soared aloft must have warmed his heart.

Old Abe received his rations as regularly as did the soldiers. He was particular about his food; if fresh meat became scarce he would fly away and be gone for several days, returning with a lamb in his talons. The men never feared but that he would return. He could distinguish between the blue and the gray, and was never known to alight in a Confederate camp, though he sometimes went to the wrong Union regiment before finding his own.

During the battle at Jackson, Mississippi, Old Abe flew into the air and there remained from dawn till dusk. What a picture we should have had if he had been given us a "birds-eye view!"

At Missionary Ridge, in which the Eighth Wisconsin, his regiment, participated, Old Abe was struck several times by bullets, but he was so high in the air and his



feathers were so thick he suffered little harm.

Sometimes when the din of battle was the loudest, Old Abe would dance on his perch and let his screams be heard above the boom of cannon. His savage, eagle nature seemed to delight in scenes of carnage. Once while he was dancing a feather fell from his wing and a soldier in the battle line wished to get and keep it as a souvenir. The feather floated toward the front of battle, but the soldier rushed after it, captured it and stuck it inside his blouse. This feather, encased in glass, now hangs in the house in Washington where President Lincoln breathed his last.

When the war ended and the Wisconsin Eighth, like other regiments, disbanded, the soldiers once more to become merchants, artisans and farmers, Old Abe became the property of the State of Wisconsin, being given a home in the capitol at Madison. In the winter he roomed within the building, and in the summer he occupied a cage on the grounds.

A live animal was always given him for his breakfast. A white chicken was offered to him one morning, but, whether it was from compassion or from a longing to have a feathered friend share his loneliness, he fed the chicken some of his corn, allowed her to share his perch at night, and sheltered her with his big wing.

In 1876 Old Abe was taken to the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia. Visitors from all parts of the country came to see him and he seemed to feel that he was highly honored. He was old and dignified and appeared to watch the sale of his pictures and the story of his life with interest. Some of his quills sold for five dollars apiece, the money going to charitable objects.

In the spring of 1881 Old Abe took sick. The doctors pronounced it a case of lung trouble. Everything was done for him, but he soon died. His body is preserved in the museum of the State Historical Library at Madison, Wisconsin.

As Old Abe did not speak English, we shall never know whether he was content to give up his life of freedom and dwell with the maddening throng. There must have been moments in which he would have preferred a nest on the rocks with young eagles to care for to all the pomp and ceremony of his life. There must have been times when a kind look from a fierce mother eagle would have meant more to him than General Price's exclamation, "I would rather capture Old Abe than a whole regiment."

# Won by a — Ellery

**A** COLLEGE athlete who is a good sportsman hates "professionalism" with a feeling akin to loathing. He might be accused of many worse things and not so feelingly resent them as he would an imputation that he was receiving pay in the form of money for his efforts on the gridiron or the track. It is a good thing, too, that a high sense of honor thus characterizes the undergraduate.

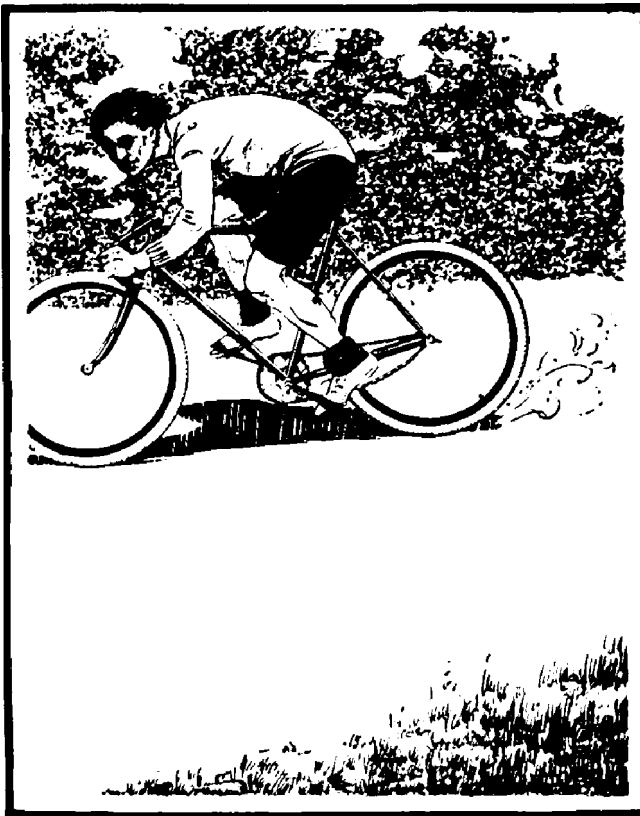
But the circumstances may excuse a trespass. Kane's name was high up on the roll of honor among the athletes of his college. He was known as a man who never gave up—who hung on to every last chance. There were few men who averaged better in their studies than he. He was working his way through and found it hard work, for he had not the money-making faculty. There was not a more popular man in the college. Never was he the victim of that snobbishness that sometimes crushes a too sensitive man in such an institution. Perhaps the fact that in addition to his perpetual good nature he was the fastest man on the bicycle in the college, during the brief period that bicycle racing held a high place in college athletics, and, according to the college boast, was the best man in the Intercollegiate Athletic Association, had something to do with it.

More than once had the college, implicitly counting on Kane to win a certain number of points, been generously rewarded for its faith. There was no one who hated that word "professionalism" more than he did. Indeed, he was always a leader in the crusade against every appearance of professionalism in his own college or in others in the Association.

One day when he thought himself in the pink of condition, for he was well on with his training for an Intercollegiate Field Day, he was taken sick. He tried to fight it, hoping to throw it off rather than submit, but it was of no use. It was a malady that would not be treated in that way—typhoid. It was pretty rough on Kane. It meant much to him to be sick—much more than the physical pain—more than the disappointment. It meant the wrecking of his pitifully insignificant savings—savings that he had almost literally stolen from himself. Not only that, but it meant debt—a thing that Kane dreaded, for it meant that he must leave college. It meant to him apparently the shattering of his opportunity for success in what he had hoped to make his life work.

He had not long to worry. When enteric fever attacks a strong man it forces him to succumb just as it does a weak man. Kane fell into the depths of suffering and then came delirium, and day after day he lay helpless while the red corpuscles in his veins fought to defend themselves against the poisons of the fever. It was a terrific fight. It racked and tore poor Kane. He did not realize it, save in his moments of consciousness. Then he thrilled at times with a pathetic hopefulness and imagined himself on the road to recovery. He told himself that he must recover in time for the race. He lost all record of time. The Field Day came. They did not dare to let him know of it—it passed. The college track team was defeated by a narrow margin of points. Whether it was a fact or only the excuse defeat usually finds necessary, it was regretfully asserted that had Kane ridden, the day would have been saved. But on that day Kane had been wildly delirious.

Then after days had elapsed the change came. He picked up with rapidity the strength he had lost. Soon he was on the gradual road to recovery. He was greatly disappointed when he learned of the Field Day and the disastrous result. He had been at a nervous tension over the race and over the probable necessity of his leaving college, throughout



his illness. A fit of depression came upon him that he either could not or would not shake off. It was unusual in Kane. His chums could hardly understand it in him though their sympathy was deep and real. They could not realize how great was his disappointment nor did they know the bitter necessity his finances were forcing upon his thoughts.

It was four weeks from the time that Kane was allowed to step into his clothes and out into the free air when he came across news which drove him to do something which the doctors, had they known it, would have warned him against as suicidal. He knew the danger. He was desperate to a degree. He was willing to win or lose all on a chance. His college course meant to him the accomplishment of his whole future. If he could not complete it he felt that life would mean nothing worth while to him.

About this time some rebellious members of the League of American Wheelmen formed the National Racing Association with the avowed intention of wresting control of bicycle races from the original organization. They divided bicycle racers into different classes—degrees of amateurism and professionalism. The National Racing Association, to show what they could do alone, made their race meetings as attractive as possible to every one—rider and spectator.

On the fifth of August, 18—, the association gave a big meet. The feature of the day was a one mile open professional race, the first prize for which was one thousand dollars in cash.

# Finger-Tip Crosby

It was Kane's quiet determination to enter that race, "professional" though it would brand him always, whether he won or lost. The stake was his whole career he felt—not merely what the surface of things might seem to others. It hurt him to think of doing it, for his pride in his amateur standing would be gone forever. But he had thought it all out and he was decided. He knew it might kill him, but, again—he had decided.

He had three weeks in which to train. Any one with common sense and many who are without it would tell you and did tell him that he was crazy to attempt it. The tension that he had been in all through his illness gave him a nervous strength that he hoped might take him through—nothing else could. He trained with care and with secrecy, but some one who caught him at it and could imagine no earthly excuse for his riding then of all times, told the regular trainer who went for Kane with many persuasive words and humoring cajolery, but to no effect.

The day of the race came. Kane had sent in his entry at the last possible moment to avoid notoriety. He boarded a train and started for the town, not many miles away, where the meet was to be held. The day before, on a pledge of absolute secrecy, Kane had told his plan to Arkwright, one of his most intimate friends, and asked him to go with him to take care of him. He had met a surprised and indignant refusal, followed by an emphatic torrent of abuse. He stood up under it, tried to smile a little, and remarked simply, "All right, I'll take care of myself, I've got to do it."

The day of the race Arkwright boarded the same train with Kane. He did not know why. He did not wish Kane to see him, but he felt certain something unusual indeed was driving Kane to this. For the honor of the college, if for no other reason, he would keep an eye on him.

The other races did not count. They were started and finished slowly enough to try every one's patience. The last event of the day was the great race. There were thirty six to start in it, but as the track was a wide one the race was run in a single heat. Among the thirty six men were some of the fastest riders in the country. Twelve of the best ones were men of whom it had been said that they "stood together" in that, by fair means or foul, they had one of their number win every race they wanted and divided the spoils. One of those men who knows, but never accuses, was heard to say that this band was determined at any cost, to divide that thousand dollars among themselves and that no outsider was to have a ghost of a show at it.

Kane, in his familiar white sweater, without, however, the college emblem on his breast, pushed his wheel onto the track. He kept his face turned from the grand stand, but he was quickly recognized. There was some applause, much surprised comment,

one or two hisses. He heard only the hisses, and they cut him. He mounted his wheel and sprinted a little to limber up. His teeth chattered from a nervous chill.

The second bell rang. He spoke to a strong appearing track laborer and asked him to push him off from the tape. The man assented with eager willingness and together they walked toward the starting point.

Arkwright, up in the grand stand, could not endure that. He had started Kane in a good many successful races. Except for circumstances he should be doing it now. But he had begun to realize a possible excuse for Kane that he had not before thought of. He noted how thin and pale Kane was. He could see his nervousness. That was something Kane had not suffered from in other races. Though he was younger than Kane, Arkwright felt



• • Lunged blindly forward, and collapsed in a shapeless heap.

a great wave of paternal pity come over him—he left his seat and rushed down upon the track.

"Kane, old man, I can't let you start this way. You're in it. Don't let them beat you. Win—win good. I'll give you such a start as you never had before."

Kane just chattered a thanks to him and shut his lips tight together. Arkwright took off his coat, cuffs and hat and asked the supplanted track laborer to take care of them. Then he grasped the wheel and dug his heels into the earth, bracing himself.

At the pistol shot Kane's wheel shot forward nearly a full length ahead of the others. It was what he wanted. The nervous energy that had made his teeth chatter made his response quicker than a steel spring. He felt himself, exultantly, master of his machine. Kane's start enabled him to take a place nearer the rail and still keep with the foremost. At the eighth the riders were strung out raggedly—then they gathered into several groups. As Kane realized that it was with comparative ease he was holding his place in the foremost bunch he felt a greater strength born of confidence. He was one of five in that bunch. Now the other four were making a tremendous spurt. In an instant he was with them, but he was puzzled a little by so early—so unexpected an action. It occurred to him that they had tried to "shake" him. From somewhere behind him there came a quick, sharp whistle. Deliberately the man on his right crowded toward him. To save himself he slowed and lost his place. The bunch promptly spurred again. Kane's instant thought was that he would take the outside if necessary, but he would keep with that bunch. With his head bent low he saw only the rear tires of the wheels ahead. The line had stretched out to the right longer, for the second group of six riders had spurred up the

moment he was crowded out of line. He was "pocketed" in earnest, it seemed, and not he alone, apparently, for several others had ridden up near him. They were nearly at the half mile. Arkwright, with a pair of glasses to his eyes, groaned in impotent anguish.

Then he saw Kane spurt suddenly close up to the line in front, then in a diagonal direction follow the long line of riders to its outer end.

The three quarters post was near. Other riders were closing up. Some who had been "loafing," spurred forward now. The line in front hung together with diabolical steadiness.

Kane, from his hard earned place on the end of that seemingly invincible line, suddenly shot forward and away from the bunch—far from the rail, but apparently in the lead. Arkwright could see it all and the wildness of his excitement made him shout again and again.

Then in a flash, from the center of the line, sprung a rider who shot diagonally outward also, directly and deliberately into Kane's path. They met in front of the line near its outer end. Kane tried unsuccessfully to dodge, then a diabolical fury possessed him and forgetting the race—everything save a horrible frenzied hatred for this man who blocked his way—he willed every atom of energy into his strokes and shot like a fiend, without a diverging wiggle of his wheel, into the wheel of the other rider. They both went down, but Kane immediately leaped to his feet and into his saddle again.

So closely were the men riding that because of this unexpected action of Kane's, not only those who crashed into the prostrated wheel and rider, but many of those behind fell in the melee. The line of riders went over almost as do ten pins when struck and hit against each other till all are down. For a

moment every rider who spurred from the rear was obliged to pick his way around the tangled group of wheels and men. Kane was thirty feet away and on the home stretch before he was followed. Then one, two, three, four and then, save for a few injured ones the whole crowd gave chase.

Kane was hurt—he did not know where—black spots danced before his eyes. The wire he was to pass under he saw only in his mind's eye. It seemed a thousand miles away. He wondered if he would live to pass under it. He did not know it, but Arkwright saw him gaining steadily, surely. He would win by seventy yards at the least, it seemed to the watchers. Then, to his horror, Arkwright saw the wheel wiggling—then it was braced a moment—then wobbled again more wildly—then in one confused mass Kane and the wheel crashed down in the dust—five feet from the finish line. No hope! No chance now!

A groan came from the spellbound audience, and then as the riders whirled almost past him, Kane rose spasmodically, gripping the wrecked wheel, and with one arm wildly outstretched lunged blindly forward and collapsed in a shapeless heap, winning the race by a finger-tip.

It was many moons before Kane recovered from that terrible strain. His relapse was more serious than his first illness, but besides the thousand dollars he gained scores of friends that day—friends who helped him through his college days and to the success he has since attained. When the whole story came out he was the hero of the day.

Kane never raced again anywhere. The stigma of "professionalism" kept him, to his continuing regret, from entering college contests, but his college never ceased to brag of the victories he had won for it.

## Lafayette at

The first battle in the War of the Revolution in which General Lafayette, then a mere boy of twenty, took part was the battle of Brandywine. In that battle he received a musket ball in the thigh. The wound kept him confined for six weeks, first at Bristol and afterwards at Bethlehem. On the 11th of September, the day after he received the wound, he wrote to his wife; "Our Americans held their ground firmly for quite a time but were finally put to rout. In trying to rally them, messieurs, the English, paid me the compliment of a gunshot, which wounded me slightly in the leg; but that's nothing, my dear heart; the bullet touched neither bone nor nerve, and it will cost nothing more than lying on my back some time, which put me in bad humor."

Later he wrote to his wife as follows: "As General Howe, when he gives his Royal Master a high-flown account of his American exploits, must report me wounded, he may report me killed; it would cost nothing; but I hope you won't put any faith in such reports. As to the wound, the surgeons are astonished at the promptness of its healing. They fall into ecstasies whenever they dress it and protest that it's the most beautiful thing in the world. As for me, I find it a very disgusting thing, wearisome and quite painful. That depends on tastes. But, after all, if a man wanted to wound himself for fun,



LAFAYETTE.

## Brandywine

he ought to come and see how much I enjoy it. All the doctors in America are in motion for me. I have a friend who has spoken in such a way that I am well nursed—General Washington. This worthy man, whose talents and virtues I admire, whom I venerate more the more I know him, has kindly become my intimate friend. I am established in his family; we live like two brothers closely united in reciprocal intimacy and friendship. When he sent me his chief surgeon he told him to care for me as if I were his son, for he loved me as such."

After Washington was elected President the French people arose against their government and drove away many of their rulers, cutting off their King's head. Among the leaders was Lafayette, who, however, took no part in the cruel proceedings. In the war that followed Lafayette was taken prisoner and closely confined. His wife wrote to Washington, asking him to try and get him released. Washington gladly did all that he could, but his efforts were of no avail. However, he sent money to Madame Lafayette, for her property had been taken away, and he brought over to this country one of Lafayette's sons, took him into his family and cared for him as if he were his own. The boy was named after Washington and always remembered gratefully the President's kindness.

## Napoleon Bonaparte—A HISTORY OF HIS LIFE AND TIMES

WRITTEN FOR AMERICAN BOYS BY WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN BOY

**B**EGINNING with our next (September) number, the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY will tell the story of the life of Napoleon Bonaparte, considered by many the most remarkable man that ever lived. The story will be told for boys, with a view not only of teaching history, but also of teaching the lessons of history. Fierce word battles without number have been fought between those who would deify the name of Napoleon and those who would have us believe that he was a brute in human form. Whether the truth lies on the one side or the other or whether it falls between them, it is not the purpose of the writer to discuss. His object will be to present, as nearly as he can, an unbiased story of a life; and his hope is that he may so present it that boys may be made thereby the wiser and the better.

*The Story as Printed, will be Profusely Illustrated*

AND WILL CONTINUE THROUGH TEN OR MORE ISSUES OF "THE AMERICAN BOY."

# RELIQS OF EARLY AMERICAN DAYS BY Morris Wade

Plymouth Rock. Pot and plate belonging to Miles Standish. Sword of Miles Standish. Ancient spinning wheel. Governor Carver's chair.

soap kettles, and one could carve a turkey on the dinner plate.

You would be interested in seeing the queer old cradle of Peregrine White, the first white child born in New England. When little Peregrine's father died his mother married Governor Winslow, so the old cradle was once a part of the household belongings of that noted man. The cradle, crude and clumsy as it is, was an elegant affair compared to the rude wooden cradles in which other children in the colonies were rocked.

Near the cradle is the chair of Elder Brewster, Another valued Mayflower relic and one before which some visitors to the hall linger for a long time calling to mind the scenes with which the old chair is associated. One may also see the chair of Governor Carver, which is similar in shape and construction to the Brewster chair. Then there is an old spinning wheel that once spun the threads from which some of the clothing of Governor Bradford was made. The old wheel looks quite like the spinning wheels in use two hundred years after the landing of the Pilgrims, for this useful and simple household necessity of long ago did not undergo many changes until it was displaced by the elaborate machinery of our day that has caused hundreds of the old spinning wheels to be relegated to the attics. Spinning was a homely industry, but one in which our foremothers took great satisfaction as they stood or sat by their wheels spinning in the long winter evenings. A more useful bit of clumsy machinery than the spinning wheel never was made, and it deserves an honored place in any collection of useful household articles.

One may see in Pilgrim Hall an old clock that once told the time in the home of John Hancock. Although it is almost two hundred years old the old clock will tell you the time of day now as truly and as faithfully as it did when it was first made. There is also a huge sofa covered with green cloth that once stood in the Hancock home. There is a case full of articles of various kinds that once belonged to the Alden family, and in another case may be seen little garments said to have been worn by little Peregrine White.

Girls who visit Pilgrim Hall are interested in some of the queer old samplers worked by the little girls of long years ago. One of the most ancient and interesting of them is the one worked by Lorea, a daughter of Miles Standish. The year in which the sampler was made, 1653, is worked in it and also these lines:

"Lorea Standish is my name,  
Lord, guide my hart  
that I may doe thy  
will;  
Also fill my hands  
with such conven-  
ient skill  
As may conduce to  
virtue void of  
shame;  
And I will give the  
glory to thy name."

The oldest state document in the United States may be seen in the collection of rare old documents. It bears the date of 1621 and it is the first patent granted to the colonists. It was brought over from England in the good ship Fortune in November, 1621, and it bears the seals and the signatures of the Earl of Warwick, the Duke of Lenox and other court officials of that day.

ONE of our old New England towns are richer in historical associations than Plymouth, with its rich store of Mayflower relics, its old houses, its sacred graves,

its famous Plymouth Rock, its narrow by-ways once trod by the feet of Bradford, Standish, Carver, Winslow and the men

and the women who carved so much that they might have "freedom to worship to God." Not the least interesting among the many treasures to be found in Pilgrim Hall is the original manuscript of Mrs. Heman's stirring hymn—

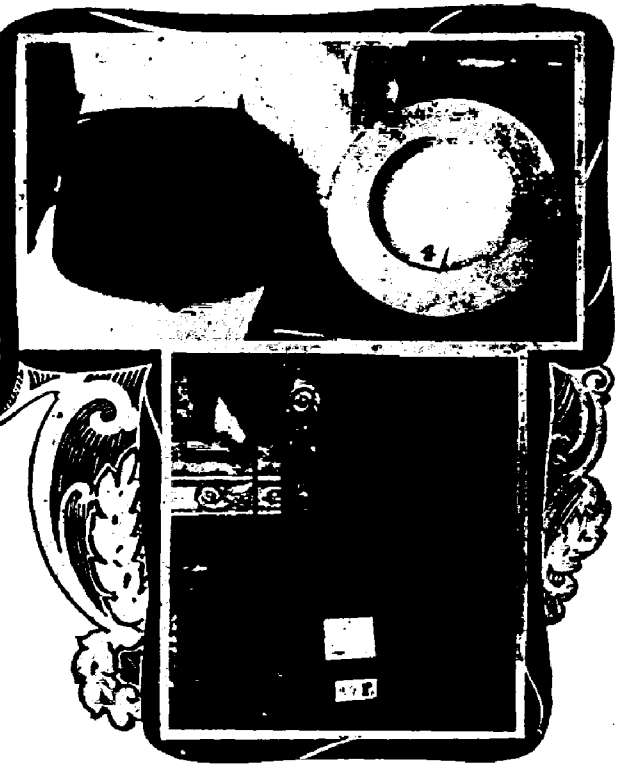
"The breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches tossed,  
And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore."

It is well worth while to climb the hill to the old cemetery and do reverence to the graves of men and women who laid the foundation of our country's greatness. It is worth while to stand on the spot on which they built their fort and look out over the sea to Clark's Island where they spent their first Sunday before landing on Plymouth Rock. You will find the Rock itself under a great canopy of stone with an iron grating around it to protect it from the relic hunters who would long ago have carried away the last vestige of it had they been allowed to do so. You will be allowed to pass under the canopy and step on the Rock itself, but there will be some one to lay a restraining hand upon you if you try to chip off even a tiny bit of the famous old Rock for that cabinet of yours at home.

One could spend a day with great profit in Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth because of the great number and variety of the relics to be seen there. The boys would be particularly interested in the sword of Miles Standish with which he did valiant service in his day and generation. It was a sword that was many years old before it came into the possession of Standish, and it is believed that it came down to Miles Standish from the Crusaders. Upon the blade are engravings of the sun, moon and stars and there are many Arabic inscriptions which were never deciphered until the year 1881, when a party of Arabians from Palestine, accompanied by a fine Arabic scholar, visited Plymouth and Pilgrim Hall, and two of the inscriptions on the sword were deciphered by them, but they could not decipher the third inscription. One of the inscriptions on the old sword is as follows:

"With peace God ruled his slaves, and with judgment of His arm He gave trouble to the valiant of the mighty and courageous." The other inscription deciphered is, "In God is all might."

One will see also in Pilgrim Hall a huge iron dinner pot and a pewter plate that once formed a part of the household possessions of Miles Standish. If the pot and plate correspond to the size of the appetite of the Standish family they must have been tremendously "hearty eaters," for the dinner pot is almost as large as one of our grandmother's



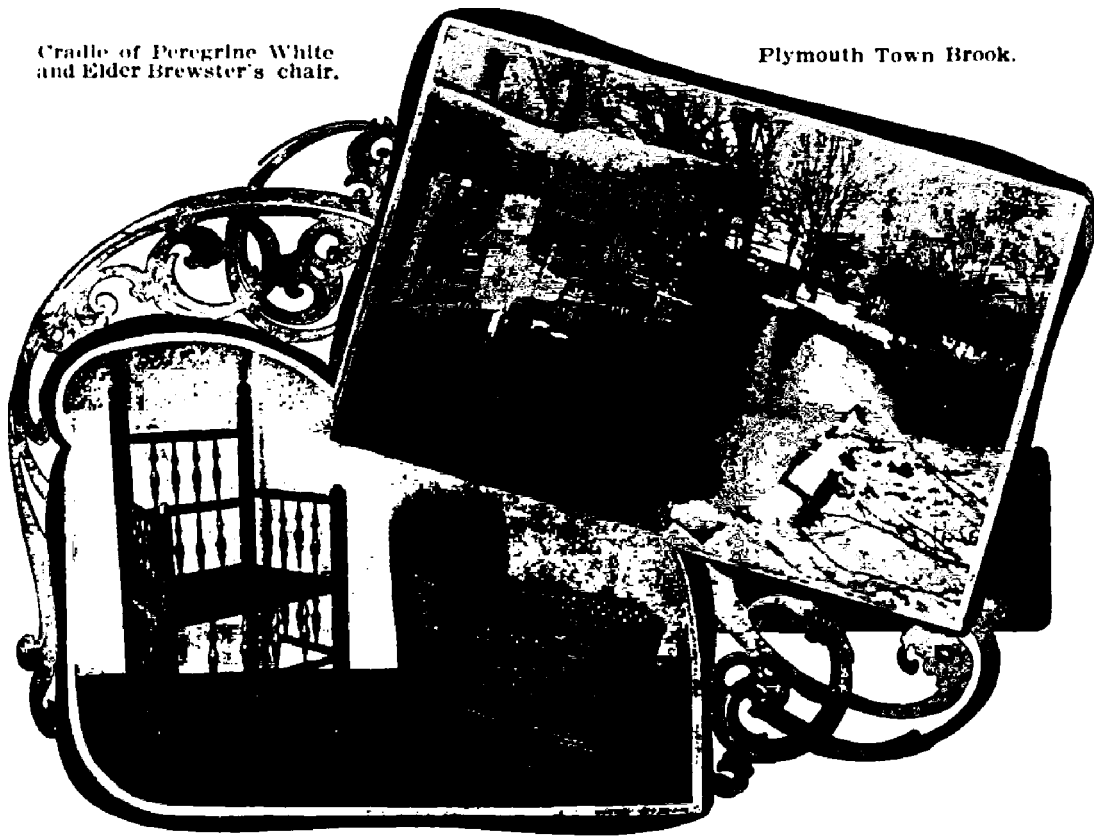
The boys would be interested in seeing the barrel of the gun with which King Phillip was killed, and a great many other queer old guns and other implements of warfare used both by the Indians and by the Pilgrims.

A curious and interesting relic in one of the rooms is the hulk of a vessel called the Sparrowhawk, which was wrecked on Cape Cod in 1626, and which was embedded in the sands of the Plymouth coast for more than two hundred years before it was finally removed to Pilgrim Hall. Governor Bradford gives an account of the ship in his history of those days: She had been six weeks at sea, and having lost her way, the master being sick, and the supply of water food and wood giving out, she was steered in the direction of land; and coming upon a "small, blind harbore," she ran upon "a drie slate within ye harbore close by a beach." The Sparrowhawk was not bound for Plymouth, but for Virginia. The captain, discovering that he was near Plymouth, sent word to Governor Bradford of the distress in which he was and relief was at once sent from Plymouth. Repairs were made in the Sparrowhawk and she again started on her journey, but a second storm drove her ashore and her crew and passengers came to Plymouth, where they remained for some months before they went on their way. No doubt they were a welcome addition to the town.

Some of the old houses in Plymouth are extremely interesting, and there are many landmarks one will want to see. All visitors to Plymouth visit the quaint store of Miles Standish, a descendant of the famous Miles Standish. Down in a narrow and crooked street near the wharf is the modern "Old Curiosity Shop" kept by Mr. Standish, and here you will find a curious collection of antique things all of which are for sale, and you will want to take away with you some trifle "to remember your visit by." But then one is not likely to ever forget one's first visit to the historic old town which to many is hallowed ground.

Cradle of Peregrine White and Elder Brewster's chair.

Plymouth Town Brook.





**T**HE autumn of 1871 was an eventful one throughout the Northwest. The unprecedented drouth, to which was due the terrible fire that devastated the city of Chicago in October of that year, also gave rise to forest fires that swept through the timbered regions of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan with a fierceness and fatality never known before or since. Whole counties were swept from end to end by furnace-like blasts that spared neither vegetable, animal, nor human life. Small settlements were reduced to ashes and their inhabitants cremated in a single night. People living along the logging rivers of the west, far south of the timber belts, felt the effect of the conflagration in the pine lands fifty miles or more to the north. Smoke so filled the air for weeks that it dimmed the sun and parched the throat, and wild animals were driven from their usual haunts, so that deer and bear were plentiful where such animals had not been seen for years.

This was particularly true of the "bottoms" of the Black River, near the junction of that stream with the Mississippi in western Wisconsin. This swampy bottom land, covered for the most part with timber, was the common fall pasture for all the stock of our settlement.

There was consequently great excitement, especially among us boys who had to bring home the cows at night, when we discovered in a muddy cow path curious tracks as long and wide as a man's hand. My cousins, Ted and George, and myself, were three mischievous youngsters, so uncle Dan was skeptical when we told him of the tracks.

"Why, you young scamps," he said, with a broad grin, "that's a bear's track, and there hasn't been a bear in those bottoms since you were born. You rascals want to carry guns when you go after the cows and think a bear would be excuse enough for a chance to shoot your own legs off; now don't you?"

Our faces betrayed too plainly that the tracks had inspired us with that very hope.

"Well, there's a bear there now," said Ted stoutly, "and when we come home all chewed up some night you'll wish you'd let us have guns," he continued with a reproachful look at his father.

"Ask Sammy Dixon there if we didn't see the tracks," I volunteered.

"Yeth, thir," said Sammy, "we thaw 'em plain ath day, ath big ath a fellerth hand." Which was surely no exaggeration if he meant his own hand, for Sammy was the midget as well as the "gump" of the neighborhood.

"Was there any heel to the tracks, Sammy?" asked uncle, soberly.

"Yeth, thir," replied Sammy, excitedly; "kind of round, thquare oneth."

"Kind of wide and narrow, too, weren't they, Sammy?"

"Yeth, thir," quickly assented Sammy, encouraged by uncle's serious manner, "and they wath tho long," he rattled on measuring with his hands, "and ath wide ath—outh! Quit pinthing me, Ted Hopper!" Uncle roared with laughter and went off to his work.

"You made a pretty mess of it with your baby talk, didn't you?" said Ted, with a contempt that withered Sammy. "Better go home and have your mother put short dresses on you again; you ain't got sense enough to wear pants nohow."

But Sammy had his revenge when he appeared the following afternoon with a gun nearly twice as long as himself—an old army musket with a bore big enough to take in a man's thumb, and noted for the execution it could do among a flock of wild ducks at short range. The stock ran the whole length of the long barrel and was so straight at the breech that for once Sammy's short neck was a decided advantage, making it easy for him to get his eye down in line with the sights. The lock was so stiff that Sammy could not raise the clumsy hammer with his thumb in the ordinary way, but had to plant the butt on the ground and press the hammer back with both hands when he cocked it.

Uncle nearly had a fit laughing, when Sammy came up the path with the gun over his shoulder, the weight of the long barrel tilting it down and making it hard for Sammy with his short stature to keep the muzzle off the ground.

"Is she loaded, Sammy?" he asked.

"Yeth, thir-ee!" replied Sammy proudly; "loaded for bear; thix buckthot and a marble!"

Uncle roared again. "You're safe enough with that gun, Sammy," he said; "it's so much longer than you that you can't shoot it and get in front of it at the same time if you try."

"Yeth, thir," echoed Sammy, not just catching the point of uncle's joke, "thath what father thaid, and that the other boyth muth look out for themselveth."

Still laughing, as much at our long faces as at Sammy's exuberant confidence, uncle called us into the house and in spite of Aunt Polly's protests, sent us off for the cows, each with a gun over his shoulder.

A more valiant band—in our own estimation—never went to the wars than we four youngsters as we filed down the road with our guns at "shoulder arms!" I had uncle's rifle, while Ted and George carried, one a rifle, the other a shotgun, belonging to my older cousins. Sammy was no longer in disgrace; in fact he had bounded suddenly into such popularity that we dropped the snubbing manner with which his diminutive size had always prompted us to treat him and made a hero of him on the spot. Uncle would not trust us to load the guns and gave us no ammunition, charging us strictly not to point them at one another and to shoot nothing but bears.

With fast-beating hearts we scoured every thicket on our way, but came home that night without having seen so much as a fresh bear track. Even the old tracks had been obliterated by the cattle. But, though we had to endure no end of chaffing from uncle and my older cousins, we started out day after day with hopes as eager as ever.

"He's there and we'll have him yet," said Ted, and when one night some heavy animal sprang out of a thicket and went crashing through the brush as we were on our way home just after dusk, he charged us not to say a word about it at home. "They'll only laugh at us like as not, and if they should believe it the men folks might go on a hunt and get him away from us," said he.

One day, however, when we had been carrying our guns for a week, uncle's threshing machine was at work in the field of a neighbor some distance from any house. Just before sundown one of the crew saw a large black animal making its way from a corn field across a strip of prairie toward the bottoms.

"A bear! a bear!" he shouted, and the feeder chucked the butt of a bundle into the cylinder so suddenly that the hum of the machine quickly stopped with a throbbing rumble like a huge bee caught under a boy's cap. Some of the men ran for guns while others caught up pitchforks, and on foot or mounted on the bare backs of horses swiftly unhitched from the horse-power, gave chase to the bear.

Several horsemen overtook and surrounded bruin before he reached the timber, but the horses were so shy of the brute that their riders could not get near enough to render their pitchforks effective,

although the bear received enough sharp prods to make him desperate with rage. He could wheel and dodge, too, so much quicker than his assailants that he was fast gaining ground and nearing the woods.

Just then Bijie Loney, a six foot young backwoodsman, the champion runner, jumper and boxer for miles around, and the only man with speed and courage enough to reach the combat on foot, came panting up with a three-tined hayfork. Bijie saw that the bear was about to get away from the horsemen, and recognizing an opportunity to add fresh laurels to his brow, with a wild whoop and his pitchfork at "charge bayonets," he dashed boldly at the bear.

Startled by Bijie's whoop bruin wheeled, and rearing on his hind feet to receive the charge, by a couple of furious swipes of his prodigious paws right and left he sent the fork spinning in one direction and the valiant Bijie sprawling in another. Then bolting between the legs of a horse he upset both steed and rider, bounded over the ridge and disappeared in the timber.

We were driving the cows home from a distance of several miles back in the bottoms when this happened, and, as usual, struck off to one side of the trail for a hunt on the way home; for the cows, once started in that direction, could be trusted not to stop until they reached their respective barnyards.

This evening we had planned to visit the "plum patch," a spot of sandy ground some feet higher than the surrounding marshes and overgrown with wild plum trees and grapevines. This plum grove was in the edge of the bottoms, and the sun was just setting when we reached it.

The stock had beaten paths all through the thicket, and we marched around and through it with our plans all laid as to just what we should do in case we "jumped" a bear. Ted and I were to do the execution with our rifles, and should we fail to kill at the first fire and the bear take after us, George was to blind him with the two charges of duckshot in his shotgun so that Sammy might finish him at close range with his old musket.

We were pretty nervous when we first approached the thicket, for the rank growth of plum trees, overgrown and matted with grapevines, afforded ideal hiding places for bears, aside from the attraction we knew the fruit would have for them. We grew bolder, however, when we had traversed the patch quite thoroughly, examining the paths for tracks and peering cautiously into every dark covert. When we had made pretty sure there was no bear there we



"Help! Murder! Oh, he's got me."





Two Blind Boy Musicians.

PAUL VANDERBIKE.

Walter Goetzinger and Leo Lange are two blind boys living in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who have made great advancement in music while attending the school for the blind at Janesville, Wisconsin.

Walter is sixteen years of age, and, though born blind, seems to be more talented than Leo, but he does not love his instrument one whit more than Leo does his violin and his flute.



clarinet, in fact, any wind instrument played in a band, and plays them with a remarkable finish. His favorite instrument is the piano, on which he renders classical selections from Wagner, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Beethoven, and others.

Walter leads the band at the blind school," says his mother, "and when any of the boys are away he takes the instrument and plays it himself.

Leo is twenty and of a quieter temperament than Walter, and his violin or flute or clarinet hums and sings in a rather doleful manner under his deft fingers.

Both boys have composed pieces of music, which have been pronounced excellent.

A Young Drummer Boy.

Floyd Stewart Loomis, of Grand Rapids, Mich., nine years old last May, is perhaps the youngest drummer boy in the country.



FLOYD LOOMIS.

the bass drum and the snare drum at one and the same time, beating the bass drum with his foot and the snare drum with his hands.

BOYS IN THE HOME, CHURCH AND SCHOOL

"Tell Them We Are Rising."

J. L. HARBOUR.

Soon after the war General O. O. Howard was addressing a school for colored boys and girls in Atlanta, Georgia.

"What shall I tell your friends in the North about you?" Immediately a barefooted and ragged little black fellow with the light of courage and hope and enthusiasm shining in his big, dark eyes, called out:

"Tell them we are rising."

The good Quaker poet, John G. Whittier, heard of the incident and he wrote these lines founded upon it:

"Oh, black boy of Atlanta, but half was spoken; The slave's chains and the master's are broken, The one curse of the races held both in tether, They are rising, all are rising, the black and white together."

They were prophetic words, but it is doubtful if, when those words were spoken by that little black boy, he or any of the most hopeful of his race ever expected to see the time when a Negro but little more than a boy in years would be chosen class orator at Harvard University.



ROSCOE CONKLING BRUCE.

ing by the hardest kind of work. He is a "born orator," and few young men of his years think more deeply or reason more logically.

His father named him Roscoe Conkling for the reason that at the time when Senator Bruce entered the senate the prejudice against men of his race was far stronger than it is now.

A Natural History Cabinet.

CAROLINE O. LEIGHTON.

Several years ago when I was teaching school in a sparsely settled country, the boys were in the habit of bringing me any little odd things they happened to pick up and asking a great many questions about them.

I was surprised to see how sharp their eyes were in discovering so many curiosities and what an interest they took in finding out about them.

A deep cut in the neighborhood, made for a railroad tunnel, gave them a chance to find many kinds of rocks.

they polished, bringing out the pretty shades and markings. They were much interested in picking out the constituents of granite, and trying to find some of the same minerals uncombined.

In the summer vacation one of the boys went to Colorado and brought back some "potatoes," "potato stones" he said they called them out there.

We had the spotted eggs of the meadow lark, the blue ones of the robin, and the little white ones of the humming bird in the deep cup-shaped nest coated on the outside with lichens and lined with soft white down.

The second division contained insects—butterflies and their chrysalids, spiders and the delicate little cradles they make for their young, fantastic walking sticks, and many-colored beetles.

The material for the third division was collected in visits to the seashore; starfish and sea urchins of all sizes, crabs, shrimps, sand skippers, a variety of shells and some of the curious receptacles in which sea creatures deposit their eggs.

The fourth division was for rocks. After the cabinet was completed and put in place something curious happened. A beautiful partridge appeared and conducted itself so mysteriously we did not know what to make of it.

The schoolroom seemed a much pleasanter place to us after the cabinet was installed there. The boys' minds were quickened by the entertaining work of collecting and arranging the specimens, and their habits of observation were strengthened.

Tree Albums.

A novel and instructive collection is that of bark, leaves and blossoms of trees. There are very few boys who have more than a passing acquaintance with the trees growing in their own neighborhood.

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The superintendent of a school some years ago organized his schoolroom into a city, each boy representing a thousand persons, and the aisles that separated the rows of

desks representing streets. Boys who didn't learn their lessons very well sat on Blunderbuss avenue. Those who insisted on whispering sat on Talkers street.

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# Suggestions for a Boy's Room— A. Neely Hall

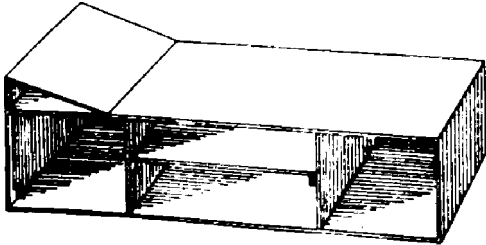


FIG. 1.

A boy will enjoy his room more for having its furniture suited to his taste. A boy's room does not need elegant furniture and draperies. What a boy wants in his room is handy places in which to put things—a sort of a den. He wants it suggestive of games, sports and handicraft. It ought to be made inviting, so that the boys of the neighborhood will be glad to have an invitation to spend an evening there.

Any boy who is handy with tools may make many pieces of furniture by using his ingenuity; and here are a few suggestions on which he can go to work at once.

A couch may be made from a dry goods box. Get one that is about six feet long, two feet six inches wide, and twelve inches deep. Remove one side of the box and nail the cover on. When this has been done make an incline about eighteen inches long and fasten it to one end of the cover. Afterwards partition off the inside of the box for magazines and pamphlets. Now you have the frame work complete. (See Fig. 1.) You can make a mattress out of one or two old quilts. Buy several yards of cretonne, some small upholstering tacks and several dozen brass-headed tacks. Cut a piece of cretonne large enough to cover the mattress and tack it to the box, using the small black tacks for the purpose. Make a valance of the same material, gathering the cretonne so as to form a heading at the top, and tack it around the box. Brass tacks should be tacked around the top of the box every few inches.

Figure 2 suggests a seat made out of a dry goods box. Cut two arms like those in the figure and nail them to the ends of the box. Take some cretonne and cover the arms and outside of the box. Hinge the cover on with large fancy brass hinges. Use brass tacks along the edges of the arms and seat. This box may be used for soiled clothes.

A writing desk may be made as follows: For the sides cut two boards ten inches wide by twelve inches long and taper each from ten inches at one end to six inches at the other end. Cut a board thirty inches long by ten inches wide for the bottom of the desk, and another thirty inches long by six inches wide for the top. Nail these

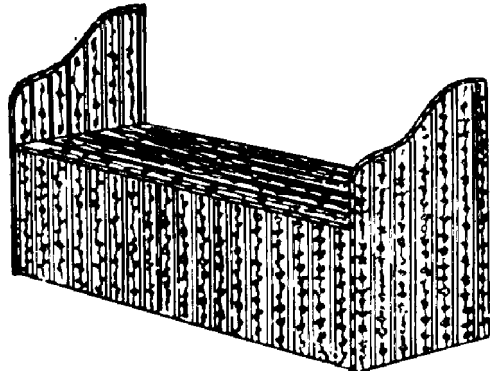


FIG. 2.

to the two end pieces, after which saw two boards thirty inches long and about fourteen inches wide for the front and back of the desk. When this has been done nail the back in place and hinge the front on so that it will lift up and down. The inside of the desk may be partitioned off into pigeon holes by means of pieces of white wood one-quarter of an inch in thickness. Fig. 3 shows the desk completed, with the pigeon holes so made that cigar boxes may be used for drawers. Nail a cornice around the top of the desk and fasten a knob to the front. To put a finish to the desk, rub down the whole surface with sandpaper and paint the wood a color that will harmonize with the other pieces of furniture. This desk should be fastened to the wall by means of tacks and screws.

To make a set of bookshelves, secure three boards each about twenty four inches long by eight inches wide, and fifty or more spools all of the same size. (Those on which No. 36 cotton thread comes are the best length.) Bore holes in the four corners of each shelf. Then, beginning with the bottom shelf, pass the ropes down through the holes on one side and across under the shelf and up through the holes on the other. Now string six spools on each rope

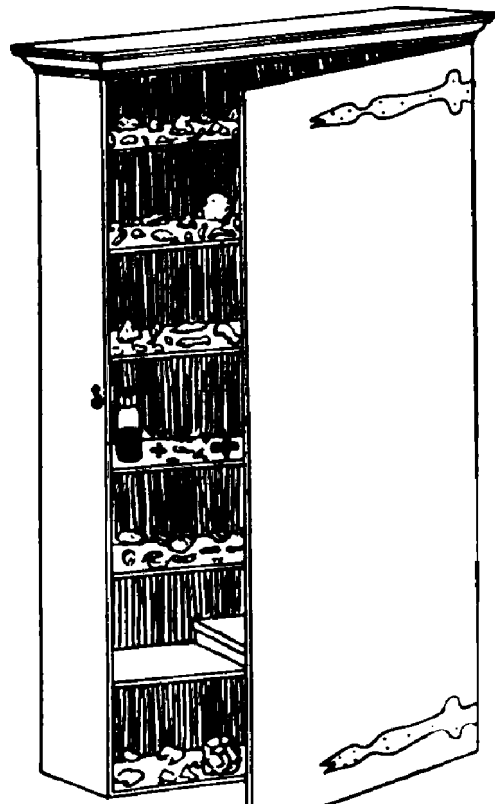


FIG. 5.

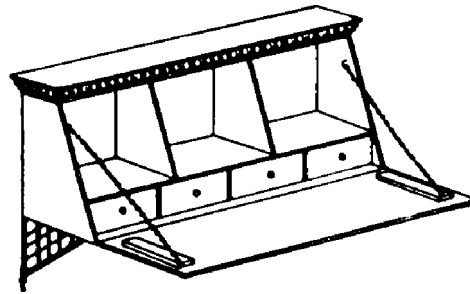


FIG. 3.

and pass the rope through the next shelf. String six more and pass them through the next and so on to the top. Tie the ropes together about a foot above the top shelf, making tassels of the ends. Fig. 4 shows the shelves completed.

Every boy will want a curio cabinet in which to keep stamps, coins, shells, birds' eggs, etc. This can be made from a shallow box, say three feet six inches long by twenty four inches wide. Fasten shelves within it, six inches apart, and nail a cornice molding around the top of the box. While a batten door does not take the place of a sash door it can be made much cheaper than the latter, and with a pair of ornamental hinges will be very attractive. Sandpaper the cabinet inside and out, and after putting up all the cracks finish the wood in some pretty color. The shelves should be covered with felt. The curios may be placed on the shelves, each curio bearing a number corresponding to the name of the article as shown on a list which you can paste on the inside of the door.

A medicine case may be made out of a soap box. Shelves may be arranged inside of the box about eight inches apart. A door may be made from the cover of the box. A mirror and several hooks should be fastened to the inside of the door. Nail a piece of cornice molding around the top of the cabinet, and finish by sandpapering and painting.

Boys who mean business will find that it takes very little money and very little work to fit up a cozy and cheerful den. A few bright colored posters will add to the tone. A boy can make his own picture frames out of narrow moldings. In a word, there is scarcely anything that the boy needs but what, with the use of a few tools, he can make. How much pleasanter is a room fitted up with one's own hands, without somebody having to sacrifice, perhaps, to buy its appointments?

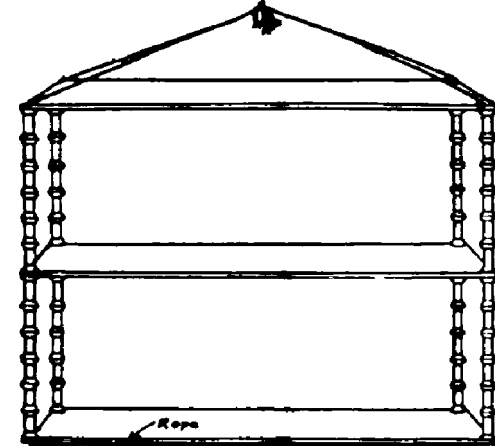


FIG. 4.

## Homemade Traps.

In Gibson's "Camp Life in the Woods and the Tricks of Trapping," published some years ago, the following effective traps that can be easily made are described:

A mouse trap may be made with a bowl and a knife blade. Put a piece of cheese on the end of the blade of a table knife. Lift one edge of the bowl and put the knife, standing on its edge, under it, allowing the bait to be about an inch and a half beneath the bowl. The odor of cheese will attract the mouse and he will find his way under the edge of the bowl, and a very slight nibble will tip the blade and the bowl will fall over on the prisoner.

A thimble may be used in place of the knife. Force the cheese into the thimble and put the thimble under the bowl with the open end inward, allowing about half the length of the thimble to project out of it. The mouse, in trying to get the cheese out of the thimble, will cause the bowl to fall. If the thimble be too small to allow the mouse to pass under the edge of the bowl, put a bit of pasteboard or a flat chip under the thimble.

To make a fly trap, take a tumbler and half fill it with strong soapuds. Cut a circle of stiff paper which will exactly fit into the top of the glass, and in the center of the paper cut a hole half an inch in diameter. A slice of bread may be used in place of the stiff paper. Smear the under side of the disc with molasses before inserting. Flies will find their way downward through the hole, and once below the paper their doom is sealed. In their efforts to escape they will fall into the soapuds and speedily perish. By setting a number of such traps in a room it will soon be rid of the pests.

Teacher—Willie, you may spell "felt." Willie—F-e-l-l-t.  
Teacher—That's right. Now, Johnnie, what is felt?  
Johnnie—Mamma's slipper.

## How to Tie Knots

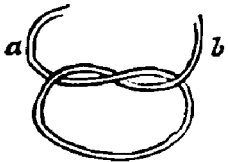


FIG. 1.

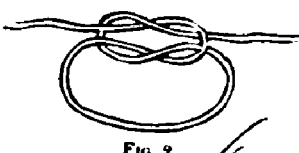


FIG. 2.

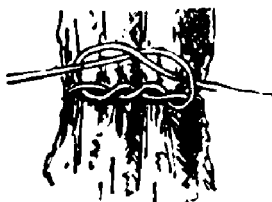


FIG. 3.

### A Square or Reef Knot.

First, make a plain overhand knot as in Fig. 1. Take the end B, place it over and under the part A, and draw the ends tightly; then it will appear as in Fig. 2. If you place the ends in the other direction they will make what sailors call a "granny knot," a term of ridicule used of one who ties the knot thus through mistake. The square knot can be easily undone. If you want a knot that will not slip in doing up bundles with twine, take another turn, as in Fig. 3.

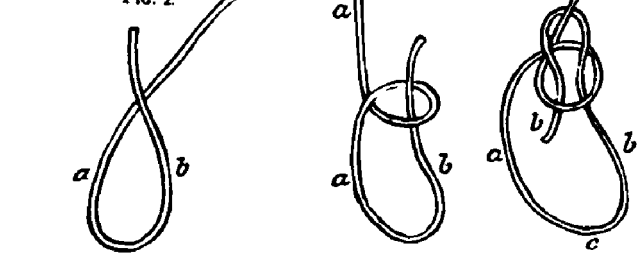


FIG. 4.

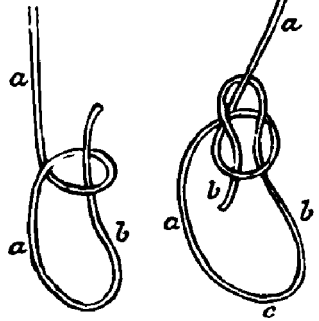


FIG. 5.

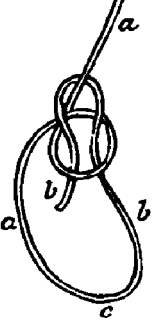


FIG. 6.

### A Bowline Knot.

Lay the parts together as in Fig. 4. Then curl the part A over B, bringing the end up through the loop as in Fig. 5. Now carry B around and under A, passing it down through the loop as in Fig. 6. This knot will not slip. A man can sit in C and be hoisted to any height in safety. This is the kind of a knot to make if you want to lead an ox or a horse by a halter, as it will not slip and choke the animal. This is really the most important knot that is made. It is handy in making fast a boat's painter and in tying fish lines and sinkers.

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WOMEN AND CHILDREN PARTICIPATING IN A FLORAL PROCESSION.

## An American — Hugo



**I**KNEW that Tommy Saunders was back by the cheery laugh that rang out the minute he came into the house. It was like opening the door and letting a flood of sunshine in. Hilarity is infectious and soon the two of us were happily smiling at each other and shaking hands vigorously.

"Doctor," he cried, "I thought of you many a time in Japan."

"You may be sure, Tommy, I didn't forget you," I replied and added: "How did you like it?"

"O, great," he said, "it's great and no mistake. The Japs are bright; there's no use denying that. But it would make you laugh to see how the people dress, especially the women."

"Over here, you know, the girls are the whole thing, but in Japan they don't count for much. When a boy comes into the world in Nippon, they raise a white flag with a red disc on the house, and relatives and friends flock from all directions to offer congratulations to the happy parents. But when it happens to be a girl, there are no ceremonies. Instead the father heaves a sigh and says: 'The Gods have willed it so.'"

"Wouldn't you wish this were Japan?" I observed, just to see what he would say, "then you boys would have everything your own way. Your mother would have to obey you, in the absence of your father, and your sister would not be entitled to the slightest consideration."

He was always an honest, level-headed little chap, and now, at the age of fifteen, with his Oriental experience behind him, more manly than ever. He straightened himself up, brushed his brown hair from his temples and clear eyes, and said emphatically:

"No, sir. My mother knows best what is good for me. She knows more than I'll ever learn, if I live to be a hundred years old. And, as for my sister, I wouldn't trade her for a dozen boys."

But before long he grew reminiscent again.

"As I said before," he continued, "it would make you laugh to see the clothes Japanese women wear. Some years ago my uncle, who is in the tea business, told me the ladies of the Imperial Court adopted European gowns, but it made them look too funny for anything, because they are so small. Now they have gone back to their national costumes, except on high state occasions, when they rig out in Parisian gowns. But the minute they get back home, on go their comfortable robes again. Their street dresses would be pretty if it were not for the ungainly hump of material hunched up at the back with a sash. They call it an Obl."

"Some women wear a purple or striped sash with a family crest embroidered upon it. They do not care much for jewelry, with the exception of earrings, and generally do not wear any head-covering. They seem fond of some ornaments for their hair though, such as artificial butterflies and comical, long hairpins—I believe they are called cross sticks—that project from the head above and below."

"Aunt says Japanese girls sleep in their house dresses and, for fear of disarranging their hair, lay their heads on queer little affairs that have a hollow in it to accommodate the neck and lower part of the head. Just imagine an American girl sleeping that way all night."

"Nellie Thompson, for instance," I said, interrupting him. Nellie is his sweetheart.

He blushed a little, but laughed.

"She couldn't hold still long enough," he observed, and then resumed the thread of his discourse. Apparently he had made some mental comparison, for



DAIBUTSU IDOL AT KIOTO.

Length of face, 16 ft., breadth, 9 ft. 6 in.; length of eyebrow, 6 ft. 6 in.; eyes, 3 ft. 11 in.; ears, 8 ft. 6 in.; nose, 1 ft. 7 in.

he remarked: "Lots of the Japanese girls are good-looking, too. They laugh a great deal, have pretty manners, and low, pleasant voices. They are smaller than the men and better looking. But it's funny to see them walk. They have to waddle on account of their queer shoes. With a fine complexion, lots of black hair on the top of the head and snow-white teeth, they are stunning—that's what cousin George, of Tokio, calls them; he's an artist, you know."

"Uncle says all Japanese women smoke, just think of it! They carry little brass pipes about with them, in silk-embroidered cases, with a tobacco pouch. When they want to take a whiff they stuff the small bowl of the pipe with tobacco, apply a light and inhale the smoke. This is repeated once or twice, until they are satisfied."

"An American gentleman in Kioto told me that the married women of Japan used to shave their eyebrows off and blacken their teeth. This made them look hideous to everybody except their husbands. They don't do it any more now, except way back in the interior, where they do things the old way."

"Once I accompanied uncle to the province of Awa, where the prettiest girls in all Japan live. They were taller than the girls of other parts of the empire and more beautiful, even more handsome than many American girls, except—"

He paused.

"Well," I said, encouragingly.

"Except Nellie Thompson," he concluded.

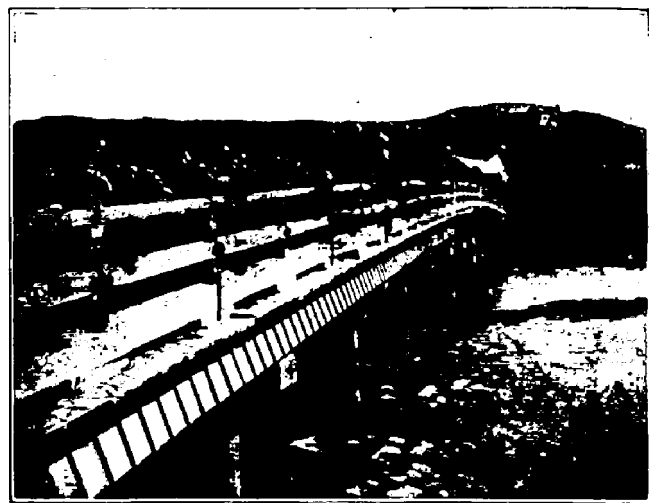
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Tommy Saunders was having tea with us and sat a long time holding the cup in his hand and inhaling the aroma of the beverage before he helped himself to sugar and milk.

"Every time I smell tea now," he said, "I am reminded of a trip I took with uncle to the Uji tea district. Uji is situated on the river of the same name, about fifteen miles from Kioto, and is famous for producing the best varieties of tea, what they call the Uji-cha. For the production of the varieties included under this name plants must be at least from fifty to two hundred years old. In June hundreds of women are employed in this district to gather the tea. During this time the fields present a picturesque sight and people come for many miles from the surrounding country to see it. The tea pickers are apparently happy while at work and sing and laugh and chatter all day long. The plants are about the size of our gooseberry bushes and grow in rows like the fruit trees in our orchards. They look very much like California privets, the kind we use for hedges, and have dull green leaves and white flowers. You'd never guess by looking at them they'd be of the slightest use. And yet they are very valuable."

"During the picking season many houses in Uji are occupied by women and children who sort and dry the tea leaves in shallow baskets exposed to the rays of the sun."

"The 'firing' of the tea is generally done, however, in low rambling stone buildings erected for the purpose and called go-downs. In one of these we found several hundred little copper boilers and at each a woman, constantly stirring the tea leaves until the heat curled them up and made them look familiar to us. We then saw men shake them on sieves to remove all dust and dirt. The next step was to pack them in the chests one may see at any tea store, cover these rough boxes with stout mat-



THE ARRIVAL OF THE BONES OF BUDDHA AT KIOTO.

## Boy in Japan Ericksen

ting and brand them with the name of the steamer that is to take them to far America.

"They told us," Tommy said, proudly, "that we drink most of the tea produced in Japan." And he looked as though he meant that "we" in a personal sense and would claim all the credit for himself.

"I'm sorry for some of those poor Japanese women, though," he continued presently. "I mean the wretched beings that work in the go-downs. They lead a dog's life. How they can be merry under the circumstances is more than I can understand. They have to work from twelve to fifteen hours a day in an atmosphere poisoned by the fumes of a hundred charcoal fires and the almost unbearable odor of burning tea. Not infrequently, too, the air in which their labor is filled with dust. In the evening, when work is over, they tramp a weary five or six miles back to their homes and all this for about a dollar and fifty cents a week."

"Better help the poor women out by abolishing tea drinking," I suggested, thinking to disconcert my boy friend. "Let's begin right now."

But it is hard to get the best of Tommy. He saw the point instantly and grinned.

"That would hardly be fair to uncle," he rejoined. "Please let me have another cup of tea."

As my wife, who is just as fond of him as I am, handed him the cup, he caught hold of the flowing sleeve of her silk gown.

"I know how that is made and where it comes from," he said. "Uncle and I visited several villages devoted to silk culture, on our way to Uji. We traversed one of the most beautiful parts of Japan. I wish I could give you a description of it, but no words of mine could do it justice. It is simply too beautiful for anything. The foliage of Japanese trees, especially the maples, is very delicate and of various colors, even in the spring and summer. This makes the scenery in the land of the Mikado look like one of our fall landscapes and gives it an indescribable charm."

"Oh, yes, about silk culture, I nearly forgot. At Kujimoto we saw a lot of young girls sorting and feeding thousands of silkworms on shallow baskets suspended like hammocks from the roof. The worms have to be watched closely night and day and girls require considerable experience to feed them properly. To produce yellow cocoons the worms are fed on the fresh green leaf, chopped fine, but when white cocoons are wanted dried leaves are substituted."

"A lot of cocoons raised in Japan are shipped to China every year, which also imports silkworm eggs in large quantities. Sheets of cardboard are coated with the eggs until they look like sandpaper. A carpenter would get badly fooled if he'd try to use one of them though."

"During the feeding time the cocoons have to be lifted from one tray to another by means of chopsticks. Human fingers are too rough to handle them. For five weeks the worms feed on the mulberry leaves; at the end of that time they begin to wind themselves up in cocoons."

"Then," I interposed, "the cauldron of boiling water and whirling reel change the yellow balls into great skeins of shining silk, ready to be twisted, tied and woven. Many of them are packed in bales and shipped to this country. I saw a large number of these bales of raw silk at Belding, Michigan, the other day, where I visited one of the silk factories and witnessed the various processes through which silk passes before it becomes the finished product we know. I saw it graded, divided into skeins for facility of handling, dyed, and spun until it became silk thread, in hundreds of tints. Finally it was wound on spools, packed in boxes and sent to the stock room to await shipment. It was really won-

derful to see how intricate machinery and skilled fingers disposed of the raw material and transformed it into a delight of embroideries. Do you know which nation is the greatest consumer of Japanese silk, Tommy?"

"You bet I do," he answered; "the United States. Nothing is too good for us; we are the people."

"Wasn't it lucky I was in Kioto when the bones of Buddha arrived from India," Tommy Saunders remarked, in the course of a conversation during the visit he paid us last Sunday.

"Were they really his bones?" I said, with a skeptical smile.

"Well," he returned, somewhat nettled, "that's what they said. They claimed they were four thousand years old. The whole town turned out to see them landed with great ceremony. You ought to have seen the way one of the bridges was crowded near the landing place. There were so many people on it, a mob of men, I thought it would break down. Most of them didn't have any hats on and they all stared at us, as though their eyes would bulge out, when Uncle got out his camera to take a picture.

"All shops were closed that day and people were enjoying themselves. Banners and flags were displayed everywhere and booths had been erected here and there for the entertainment of the multitude. Japanese musical instruments filled the air with sound. Sometimes there was so much noise going on Uncle had to shout at the top of his voice to make me understand him.

"I didn't care much for the procession that took the relics to one of the temples, where they are now kept in a glass case. Our Fourth of July processions beat it all hollow."

"Did you visit any of the native temples?" I asked.

He nodded.

"Uncle never passed a temple without going in," he observed; "he used to dicker with the Buddhist priests for some of the fine iron and brass temple lamps they had. I wonder what he did with them all. Perhaps he gave them away to his friends. I wish he'd give me one."

"What would you do with it?" I asked; I was really curious to know.

"Light up the den I fixed up in the attic," he replied.

"Yes, and set the house on fire," I rejoined.

"Not much," he said, "but I was going to tell you about those temples. The first one we visited was the Zotokuin. It is the oldest temple at Yokohama. They have an idol there that was carved by one of the early princes imperial. When he had finished the dummy, he prayed to it for protection. What do you think of that? Near this temple there is a very old tea house called Fujita. A great many foreign ladies and gentlemen go there to see the fine view. It is situated on a bluff. Commodore Perry visited it when he was in Japan. They still have a harp there he tried to play. General Grant had a cup of tea there, too. Uncle and I were there on a clear day and had a splendid view of the bay, surrounded by the Tokaido hills. In the western sky, above the hills, appeared the snow-clad peak of Fujiyama, the holy mountain."

"I've got a fan with a picture of it," I interposed; "you know, you sent me one."

"Yes," he answered, "I remember, there are many of them. The Japs use that old mountain design in most of their art work. They embroider it in silver on black screens, paint it on vases and even decorate lanterns with it."



THE CHRYSANTHEMUM GARDEN.

"When we got down from the bluff uncle and I went to see the Myokji temple, where they had a bell that has a very mellow tone. When struck, the vibrations continue for an unusually long time."

"Didn't you get hungry, visiting so many places on one day?" I inquired.

"O, no," Tommy replied. "At many of the Buddhist temples they supply you with food and accommodate you with lodging, too, if you want it. Uncle could speak Japanese like a native and so we had no trouble in getting what we needed. But, say, isn't it funny, priests over there are not allowed to eat fish. They can eat anything else but that. They are queer looking, for they haven't a hair on their heads. They've got to keep their heads shaved all the time. It would pay to be a barber to those heathens."

"Even they have their good points," I said. "There is not a religion on earth that has not some good in it. Buddhism teaches its adherents not to kill, not

to be dishonest, not to lie and not to drink intoxicating beverages. They are told, moreover, to be kind to all living beings, to employ gentle and peace-making language, to use refined words, to express everything in a plain unexaggerated manner, to practice charity and patience, and to cultivate pure intentions."

But Tommy was not listening.

"I never saw one of those Buddhist priests without imagining that one of their bronze idols had come to life," he said. "Their skin presents a bronzed appearance, you know."

"At the Gion temple in Kioto I witnessed one of the Japs saying his prayers. He did this before entering by flinging a coin into the contribution box, ringing a bell, clapping his hands and mumbling something even uncle couldn't make out. The 'cash' of Japan is equivalent to one-fortieth part of one of our pennies. Four of these coins deposited in the temple box are considered a generous contribution; no wonder, then, the boxes for this purpose have to be so large."

"Just imagine," I interjected, "what some of the people of our church would say, if one of those contribution boxes should be carried down the aisle on a Sunday."

Whereupon we all laughed.

Presently Tommy resumed his narrative.

"Uncle told me," he said, "that the poor people of Japan are nearly all Buddhists, but the Imperial house and nobility are Shintoists, a sect that believes in a sort of modified Buddhism."

"On the road to the temple of Nara we passed a lot of fine old Japanese evergreens and a double line of stone lanterns, all the way up to the temple steps. The idols in the temple were railed off and some of them looked horrible. If you want to see any goo-goo eyes, that is the place to go. What surprised us was the resemblance of the services in this temple to those of some of our churches at home. The priests appeared in red and purple robes, chanted litanies and recited from a book called the Sutra, the air was fragrant with incense, myriads of candles flooded the place with light, and acolytes served the priests. The worshippers rolled the beads of rosaries through their fingers and, later on, listened to a sermon, sitting on the floor in a semi-circle around the priest. For all that, the Japanese are not very pious, however, and appeared very inattentive during the services."

"In the woods about this temple there are many tame deer that have become so used to people they will eat out of your hand. Many years ago the slaying of one of these pretty animals was considered a crime punishable by death, and even now they are protected by law. There are booths in several places near the temple where they sell food to feed the deer with. Did you ever hear of a dance in a temple? Well, that's what they have at Nara. Uncle saw some young girls dance the Kaguro on the occasion of one of his visits and he said the priests mulcted him good and hard. What does mulct mean, anyway?"

I couldn't tell him and he skipped into the library to find out.

## Small Change — Frank H. Sweet

Did you ever know a millionaire who insisted upon going about with nothing less than twenty-dollar bills in his pocket?

No; however much money a man may have, he generally realizes that the majority of people are not rich, and for their convenience, as well as his own, he provides himself with the silver and small bills, which will make it easy for him to deal with them.

Now, though most people are careful not to start out on a day's business or pleasure without the necessary dimes, quarters and dollars, there is another kind of small change quite as important, which is often forgotten. It is the small change of kindness as shown in the smiling face, the pleasant greeting, the cordial chat, the little act of generosity, or self-sacrifice.

There is a man who is always ready to charm a company of cultured or distinguished people with his wonderful conversational powers, but for ordinary mortals his lips are sealed, and in

his own family he will often sit a whole evening without the slightest attempt to enliven the dullness of wife and daughter, who have been kept at home all day.

Then there is a woman who is brilliant as an officer in various societies and clubs, but, unless she is given a position of prominence, she will do absolutely nothing.

A certain boy, who can be entrusted with an important errand, and who would risk his life to save a comrade from drowning, will not get up when he is called in the morning; he is seldom at the table when a meal is served, and he is careless and heedless about all the little duties of life.

A girl plays the piano and sings beautifully. She is considered very obliging, and even self-sacrificing, by those who know her slightly, for she is always ready to sing and play for an admiring audience. But, when her father comes home at night, tired, and longing for the restful influence of her music, she hurries through one

or two songs in a half-hearted way, as though she were granting a favor, while it would never occur to her to give up a social engagement, because her mother had a headache and needed her at home.

Then, there is the man whose name usually heads the subscription list, but who hires his workmen for the lowest possible figure; the woman who is an active temperance worker, but leaves her own boys to roam the streets at will; the young man who is a leader in his class at college, but how holds himself aloof from the young people with whom he has grown up; the girl who can talk by the hour with her friends, but who grows suddenly dumb when mother's elderly friend is to be entertained.

These all have their virtues and noble qualities in twenty-dollar bills, but they need to learn that in order to be of real use in this world of commonplace people they must provide themselves with small change.

A Story About Mayor Johnson.

The man who was recently elected Mayor of Cleveland, familiarly known as "Tom Johnson," when at the age of fourteen lived in Louisville, Ky., and secured employment as an office boy at two dollars a week in a foundry. His duties consisted of keeping the office clean, running errands and picking up odd scraps that got into other people's way.

B. du Pont, who was part owner of the foundry, saw the industrious office boy rush one day into the street, pick up a bit of iron and, returning, throw it on the scrap heap inside. When the boy reentered the office, Mr. du Pont said to him: "Why, did you do that, my son?"

"Why, sir," said Tom, a bit embarrassed, "there was no use wasting it. They can put it in the furnace and use it over again." "Well, I just think I can use you, young man, in the street car business. How would you like to come at \$7 a week?"

Young Johnson accepted the \$5 raise with alacrity. Mr. du Pont controlled the Fourth avenue and Walnut street lines. One barn was at Eighteenth and Walnut streets and at Fourth avenue and Main street was the drawing station. All the cars of the system had to pass there and it was there that the money was drawn from the big clumsy boxes into which the fares were dropped.

One of the rules of the company was that as each bag of money was drawn, the drawer must carry it into the office, put it into the safe and close the door. To this rule Johnson owed his promotion from office boy.

Mr. du Pont was seldom at the drawing station during the day and in time the drawers grew careless. No one had access to the room but the drawers, and knowing one another to be honest, they formed the habit of carelessly throwing the bags of money on the floor and piling them all into the safe in a heap at the end of the day or when they thought Mr. du Pont might be around.

One day the chief drawer was ill and young Johnson, the office boy, was sent by Mr. du Pont from Eighteenth and Walnut streets to Fourth and Main to help out. Johnson read the rules and in drawing the bag of money from the first car, he bounded up the steps to the room, opened the safe, threw in the money and slammed the door.

"What did you do that for?" demanded the bookkeeper. "The rules say so," answered the sub-drawer over his shoulder as he ran down the steps to meet another car.

The same thing was repeated a dozen times. Then the bookkeeper wheeled around and demanded: "Don't you think I'm honest? Do you think I want to steal any of that money?" "Dunno," answered Johnson, "but the rule says, 'Put the bag in the safe and shut the door' and that's what I'm going to do whether you like it or not."

The bookkeeper jumped off his stool just as Mr. du Pont stepped in. "What's all this row about?" he asked. "This young fool is acting as if he thought I was trying to steal your money," the bookkeeper replied.

"I was just obeying the rule, Mr. du Pont," spoke up young Johnson. "Here it is," and he showed the president of the company the rule.

"All right, my boy," said Mr. du Pont, "since you obey the rules so well I'll make you chief drawer right now."

Two years later, when he was seventeen, Johnson was superintendent of the road.

Jefferson's Ten Rules.

- Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself. Never spend your money before you have earned it. Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap. Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold. We seldom repent of having eaten too little. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly. How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened! Take things always by the smooth handle. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred. Office Boy—Will you please raise my salary? Employer—Why I gave you a raise only last week because you told me you had your mother to support. Office Boy—I know, but my mother got married and now I have two to support.

BOYS AS MONEY MAKERS and MONEY SAVERS

The Youngest Newsboy in Philadelphia, Pa.

On the corner of Tenth and Arch streets, in the heart of the city of Philadelphia, is seen "Little Joe," as he is called, tending a news stand. On an opposite corner is seen his mother, who has charge of the main stand. Joe is six years of age, quick



and active and always ready with his customers' favorite newspaper. He is up bright and early to tend to business. He consented to pose for our picture only when it would not interfere with his business. However, Joe believes that all work and no play makes a dull boy, and at certain hours he can be seen riding his tricycle or romping around with his companions in the neighborhood.

Arithmetic and Cigars.

HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

"How did you keep your boys from smoking?" I asked a friend. "I gave them examples in arithmetic," was the reply.

How this could have kept three wide-awake boys from smoking was an enigma to me until she explained: "During the long winter evenings James and Charles and Cornelius were always teasing me to give them sums to do. Very frequently I would give them an example like this: If a man should smoke three ten-cent cigars in a day, how many would he smoke in a year? Or, how long would it take a man to spend seventy three dollars for cigars, if he smoked two cigars a day?"

"They soon learned to figure up how much the one hundred and nine dollars and five cents of the man who smoked three cigars a day would gain in ten years, at four per cent interest. Then they began to give examples to one another.

"One day Cornelius asked at the table: 'Father, do you know how much money you have smoked up since I was born?' 'This was rather a hard question for his father to answer, but Cornelius had it all figured out in this way. His father had once said in his hearing that he averaged about five cigars a day, and that the best were none too good for him. As his father did not answer, Cornelius went on: 'Well, I gave the sum to Charlie, last night, and he says you've smoked up two thousand, one hundred and ninety dollars.' And the boy was right. Cornelius was twelve years old; and in that time, at the rate of five ten-cent cigars a day, his father had used up that amount of money, smoking."

"Charlie was anxious to tell what the interest on the money would have amounted to, at four per cent, but his father stopped him, saying: 'My boy, you have told me enough. If I have spent over two thousand dollars for cigars in twelve years it is time I stopped.' He never smoked a cigar after that.

"As the boys grew older and got to work they got into the habit of saving up what they used to call 'cigar money,' and by the time they were twenty one years of age, each boy had several hundred dollars in the bank." It is needless to say that all three of those boys are now successful business men, and that they do not smoke. They have had no money except what they have earned, and they date their success back to the time when their mother began to give them examples on the cigar question. Early in life James went to California. At that time this was the Mecca of all boyish aspirations, as being the place where money was quickly accumulated. Here the lad carried the same thrifty zeal which had animated him when he began to save up his small earnings at home. His honesty and strict attention to business soon opened a career for him, and in less than ten years he had accumulated thirty thousand dollars. Then came a financial crisis, and James' fortune vanished in a day. In a letter to his mother, soon after, he said: "I am a poor man again, mother, but I have the same hands and head to work with, and I am not discouraged." Never for a moment did he allow his misfortune to daunt him. "The same hands and head" went right to work again, and James was soon mounting the ladder of success. He gave no thought to the past and its failure, but kept his eyes ever ahead. His pluck and perseverance won the admiration of all.

When asked what he should do if he lost his fortune again, he said: "Begin over again; there is no satisfaction like that which comes from success out of failure." And this is what he has done all through life. He is now an old man, but he never tires of giving the credit of his business success, which has been unusual, to the wise forethought of his mother in teaching her boys not to smoke.

An Eight-Year-Old Gould in the Pin Business.

New York papers are telling of little Edwin Gould, Jr., whose father, Edwin Gould, is a multi-millionaire and the son of Jay Gould, the great money maker, that he has developed money-making propensities, as shown by his engaging in the retail pin business. Young Edwin picks up every pin that he finds and saves it, having made an arrangement, presumably with his father or mother, to supply 200 pins for one cent.

The Goulds have always appreciated the value of money. Jay Gould was the son of a poverty-stricken farmer in Delaware county, New York. When fourteen years old he started out to make his way in the world with a total capital of fifty cents, and in the next thirty years carved his way to a fortune of more than a million dollars. Edwin Gould also has exact knowledge as to the value of a cent.

A Father Surprised.

A Michigan newspaper informs us that Ernest Pfander, of Battle Creek, Mich., was surprised when he received a check for \$118, the insurance on his twelve-year-old son, who died a short time ago. The boy, unknown to his father, had taken out a policy and had kept up the premium with the money he received by running errands. Besides this the boy had thirty eight dollars in the bank, all of his own earning.

A boy can imagine almost anything. He can carry an unloaded old gun about all day and be under the impression that he is having a splendid time; but all attempts to induce a boy to imagine that he is chasing Red Indians when he is running an errand have up to the present proved futile.

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# A Page of Tricks, New and Old



## Tricks With Handkerchiefs.

JOHN NORTHERN HILLIARD.

(Continued from July.)

### V. THE INSTANTANEOUS KNOT.

This trick is similar. In effect, to the preceding one, only in this case the knot is produced by means of magic. After you have exhibited the puzzle described above, take the handkerchief by the two opposite corners, one in each hand and roll it into a loose rope. Remarking that there are more ways of catching a pig than by the tail, breathe on the handkerchief, and lo! a large knot instantly appears in the center.

The above paragraph describes the effect of the illusion on the spectators, but, of course, the reader will understand that it is something more than the breath that produces the knot. The trick depends largely on the manner in which the handkerchief is held, but the reader must practice the tying movement before he can hope to produce the illusion with effect. This movement contains no element of sleight of hand, but, nevertheless, needs considerable deftness of manipulation. Any boy, however, can obtain the desired results after an hour's practice.

Take an end of the handkerchief in either hand between the thumb and forefinger, the end in the left hand pointing inwards, and that in the right hand outwards, the hands being held so that their backs are toward the company, the thumbs on top and the little fingers below. Open the fingers of each hand at the first and middle fingers, and then bring the hands together until they overlap about two inches, the right hand on the outside. This will bring the end of the handkerchief in either hand between the opened fingers of the opposite one. The fingers close on the ends and the hands are at once separated, when a knot will be found to be tied. This may be practiced at first with a stout string, and it is astonishing what perfection can be attained, the knot seeming to appear on the handkerchief instead of being tied.

### VI. THE JUGGLER'S KNOT.

Jerk the right hand towards the left one, so as to throw a loop in the handkerchief, through which dart the left hand, still holding its end, and a knot will appear on the wrist. This little trick, done in a careless manner, forms a pleasing interlude.

### VII. THE HANDKERCHIEF THAT WILL NOT BURN.

This feat may be used in conjunction with the foregoing experiments. Taking the handkerchief by the corners you draw it three or four times obliquely upwards across the flame of a lighted candle. There is no mystery about this, though it appears very surprising. You have only to keep the handkerchief moving slowly while in contact with the flame. Be very deliberate, as haste spoils the effect. Do not attempt to use a handkerchief on which there is any perfume—it will place you in an awkward position.

### VIII. THE HANDKERCHIEF THAT CANNOT BE TIED.

The performer borrows a large handkerchief—a silk one if possible—and, twisting it like a rope, he throws the two ends, one over the other, as in the ordinary method of tying a knot, and pulls smartly on the handkerchief; but instead of a knot appearing on the handkerchief it comes out quite straight. To do this the performer, before he pulls the knot tight, slips his left thumb just below the "tie."

### IX. ROPE AND HANDKERCHIEF.

Exhibit a piece of rope about twenty feet long, and let your audience examine it. Borrow a handkerchief, and request some person to tie your wrists together with it. Have the rope drawn through the arms, and ask someone to hold the two ends of the rope tightly, bringing the rope between the wrists, running over and under the handkerchief. The person holding the rope as directed, the performer pulls tightly against him, and this will bring the rope well down between the wrists. Slacken the rope slightly, and with the fingers of the right hand draw the rope through the handkerchief and slip the hand through the loop of rope thus drawn through. Then, by making a sudden and slight pull, the performer will be free from the rope, his hand remaining tied as at first. If you wave your hands gently while slipping the right hand through the rope, it will confuse the eyes of the company, and they will not be able to discover the modus operandi.

### X. THE SPIRIT HANDKERCHIEF.

This trick is an especial favorite with Prof. Keller, who never fails to astound and mystify his audiences with it. In effect, as Keller performs it, it is as follows: The performer borrows a white silk handkerchief, and after making a knot in one

of its corners drops the handkerchief on the floor. Requesting the orchestra to furnish music of the gentle trickling kind, he commands the handkerchief to assume an erect position, which it immediately does. Passing his hands continually above and around all sides of the handkerchief, the performer causes it to go through a series of very mystifying movements. For a finish the borrowed handkerchief jumps into the hand of the performer, who immediately returns it to its owner, who fails to find anything indicative of preparation about it.

The secret of this trick lies in the use of a black silk thread, which may be called the conjurer's friend, as it is the basis of many of the most mystifying illusions in the domain of magic. You must have two boys to assist you in this experiment, which should only be performed in a room having double doors. Keep your audience in the next room, and in such a position that they cannot see your two assistants, who are stationed at either end. Before the trick and during the borrowing of the handkerchief the thread is allowed to lie loosely on the floor, from where it is raised to a level with the performer's hand. This thread is invisible at a distance of a few feet. Secretly seizing the thread he manages to make a knot in the handkerchief around it, and then drops it to the floor as described. The rest of the trick is simple enough, the concealed assistants working the thread, causing the handkerchief to rise, lie down, dance, glide back and forth, according to the will of the performer. The strong point of the trick lies in the fact that the performer passes his hands or a stick around and especially above the handkerchief. The idea of a thread stretched across the stage or room never seems to strike an audience, who seem to think that there is a thread hanging from above. Waving your wand or hands above the handkerchief will therefore completely confound them.

The detaching of the thread previous to the return of the handkerchief needs to be explained. This is accomplished by the performer seizing the knot of the handkerchief, after it has jumped into his hand—one assistant drops his end of the thread, while the other rapidly gathers his in, pulling the thread out through the knot and leaving the handkerchief ready to be returned and inspected.

### XI. THE DECANTED HANDKERCHIEF

This is a favorite feat of Buatier de Kolta, the most expert sleight of hand performer at present before the public, and the inventor of "The Vanishing Lady" and many other illusions that have mystified the peoples of many countries. It is a brilliant stage illusion, but I will present it in such a simple form that the reader will have no difficulty in producing the same effect. I could not conclude this article with a better handkerchief trick. The illusion produced is as follows:

The performer comes forward with an empty decanter (an ordinary tumbler will do, but a decanter is better for effect), which is examined, and then covered with a large silk handkerchief and given to a spectator to hold. The performer takes a second decanter, and places in it a handkerchief. Holding the decanter in his hand, he commands the handkerchief to disappear from the decanter, which is not covered. It vanishes mysteriously, and, on the cloth being removed from the first decanter the handkerchief is found inside.

This pretty trick is thus performed: Procure two water bottles, or decanters, with as wide necks as possible, and two small silk handkerchiefs, precisely alike. They should be less than 15 inches square. Fold up one of the handkerchiefs into a small compass and conceal it in the handkerchief

with which you cover the decanter. This large handkerchief, or piece of cloth, should be of the same color as the small handkerchief, which the audience will not be able to see. After the first decanter has been examined, throw this cloth over it, allowing the concealed handkerchief to fall into the bottle during the process. This will give you no trouble. The bottle should be wrapped up completely in the cloth, bottom and all, and the person into whose hands it is placed must be enjoined to place one hand on the top and another at the bottom. The performer now proceeds with his other bottle and the visible handkerchief. Around his left wrist he has attached a fish line, which passes up the sleeve, round the back, and down the right-hand sleeve, where it has a small hook attached. In order that it may be readily found this hook should be fixed in the inside of the coat cuff. The performer allows the handkerchief to be examined, leaving the second decanter on the table. As he turns to fetch the bottle, the hook is got down and fixed firmly to the center of the handkerchief. The handkerchief is then pushed down the neck of the bottle. Standing with his right side towards the company the performer holds out the bottle and announces his intention of causing the handkerchief to fly from it into the one held by the spectator. Counting "one," "two," "three" slowly, at the word "three" the performer thrusts out both hands to their fullest extent, when the handkerchief will fly up the sleeve with lightning rapidity, its flight being shielded by the right hand. The spectator holding the second decanter is asked to remove the cloth and examine the bottle as much as he pleases. The performer also hands the second bottle for examination, which has not been done before. The length of the cord will require careful adjustment, and it should be as short as the reader can conveniently manage without cramping the movement of the arms. Personally, I prefer a slip knot on the end of the string to a hook, as there is then no danger of the handkerchief being caught and hanging ignominiously from the cuff—an awkward predicament, to say the least.

## To Get a Ring Out of a Handkerchief.

Bend a piece of wire into the form of a ring, having previously sharpened both ends of it. Then take a real ring made of the same sort of wire, and, concealing the false ring in your hand, offer the real one to be examined. When it is returned borrow a handkerchief, and while taking it from the lender slip the real ring into your left hand and take the false one at its point of junction. Throw the handkerchief over the false ring and give it to some one to hold between his finger and thumb. Give a piece of string to a second



CITY HALL, SKAGWAY, ALASKA.

spectator, directing him to tie it around the handkerchief about two inches below the ring, thus enclosing it in a little bag. When the knot is tied step forward, passing your conjuring rod into your left hand, taking care to slip over it the real ring which has lain concealed there. Slip your left hand to the center of the rod and direct each of the two persons to hold one end of it in his right hand. Then tell the one who has the ring and the handkerchief to lay them on your left hand, which you immediately cover with your right. Then tell them to spread another handkerchief over your hands and to say after you any nonsense that you like to invent. While they are so doing unbend the false ring and draw it through the handkerchief by one of its points, carefully rubbing between the thumb and finger the place where it came through. Hang the empty handkerchief over the ring which is on the rod and take away your hands, which you exhibit, empty, as you have stuck the false ring inside your cuff. Take away the upper handkerchief and let a third person come and examine, when he will find the ring gone out of the handkerchief and upon the rod.

*Your very truly*  
*Paul De Chaillou*  
*Feb 12<sup>th</sup> 1899*

AUTOGRAPH OF A GREAT EXPLORER.

### A Candle Trick.

Procure a good large apple or turnip, and cut from it a piece resembling the butt end of a tallow candle. Then from an almond or other nut whittle out a small peg, which stick into the piece of apple for a wick. You have now a very fair representation of a candle. You can light the wick and it will burn for at least a minute. After lighting the candle and letting it burn for a minute, blow it out. Tell your friends that you are very fond of eating candles; that they are not bad to the taste; that in cold countries, as in Greenland, they are considered delicacies. Ask your friends if they would like a bite. They will of course say no. Then say you will eat it yourself, whereupon you can put it in your mouth and chew it up, to the surprise of the company.

### The Impromptu Dessert Trick.

You hand the audience a dessert plate and a cambric handkerchief for examination. These being returned, place the plate upon a table near you and spread the handkerchief out quite flat over it. Lift up the handkerchief and the audience will see pouring out of it into the plate almonds, nuts and candies. To perform this trick you must have made a calico bag large enough to hold the nuts and candies after the pattern of a nightcap or letter A. A small selvedge is turned up at the bottom of the bag. Procure two pieces of watch spring and bend them flat, each spring to be exactly half the diameter of the bag. These are put into the selvedge and sewn up. When the bag is opened it will close itself in consequence of the springs. A long pin is passed through the top of the bag and bent hook-shape. When the bag is filled with nuts it may be suspended by the hook without any danger of the nuts or anything else falling out, because, although the mouth of the bag is downward, the springs keep it shut. When you go to show the trick you hang the bag on the side of the table that is away from the audience. You place the plate on that side, and when the handkerchief is laid over the plate a portion of it is left to fall over the side of the table. Now the handkerchief is picked up with the right hand in the center and with it the bag of nuts. The folds of the handkerchief hide the bag. The left hand is now used to draw over the handkerchief and press the bag. This causes the springs to open and out fall the goodies. During the merriment that follows drop the bag behind the table unseen and advance to the audience with your plate of nuts and sweetmeats.



SUGGESTIONS FOR BALL PLAYERS.

By HARRY A. WHITNEY.

## E Pluribus Unum

## Its Origin and Meaning

B. J. Cigrand, B. S., M. S., D. D. S.

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ON THE Fourth of July, 1776, when the Declaration of Independence had just been finally acted upon and the old bell over Liberty Hall had rung out to the world the keynote of a song destined never to die, a spirit of national aspiration was enkindled in American hearts.

John Hancock, president of the continental congress, on the afternoon of this memorable day arose from his chair and with the dignity of a conqueror, said: "We now are a nation, and I appoint Dr. Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson a committee to prepare a design for a device for a great seal of the United States of America."

The committee immediately proceeded to perform its assigned duty and after six weeks of labor, during which time many designs were submitted and considered, it was agreed that the design of Jefferson be reported to Congress on August 10, 1776. His device for a great seal was very elaborate, containing on a shield something emblematic of the several nations from which America was peopled. Thus, for England, a rose; for Scotland, a thistle; for Ireland, a harp; for France, a fleur de lis; for Germany, a black eagle, and for the Netherlands, a lion. As supporters of this he chose the goddess of liberty and goddess of justice. Above these cherished emblems he blazoned the eye of Providence in a radiant triangle. Under the shield a national motto, "E Pluribus Unum." Surrounding these appropriate tokens a red border, upon which appeared entwined the thirteen escutcheons of the original colonies. The reverse side of the proposed seal portrayed "Pharaoh sitting in an open chariot, passing through the divided water of the Red Sea in pursuit of Moses and the Israelites." Surrounding the biblical lesson a war cry, "Rebellion to Tyrants is Obedience to God."

The continental congress was hard to please; after thoroughly discussing the report of the committee it was voted that the report lay upon the table. A new committee was appointed and their efforts met the same fate. The five subsequent committees fared no happier. No less than twenty designs were submitted to congress, all meeting with disapproval. Finally the entire matter was placed in the hands of the venerable Charles Thomson, secretary of the continental congress, and he with the aid of William Barton reported a draught which was accepted June 20, 1782, and to-day stands as the nation's handimark, containing the bald eagle, eye of Providence, American shield, olive branch, arrows, constellation of thirteen stars and "E Pluribus Unum."

The epigraph "E Pluribus Unum," which figures upon our present great seal and is the cherished

By SYLVANUS URBAN, Gent.

VOL. I.



Prodesse &amp; delectare.

E Pluribus Unum.

LONDON:

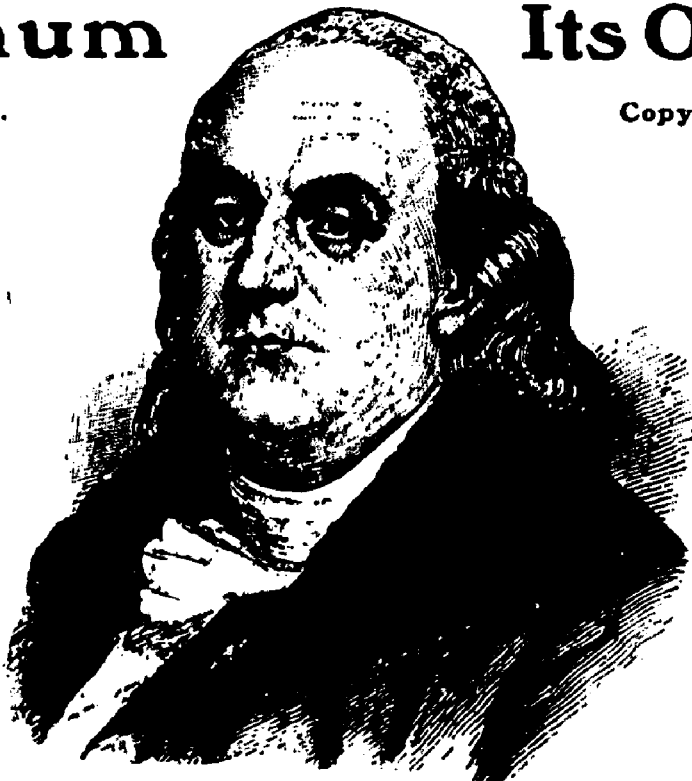
Printed, and sold at St John's Gate, by F. Jeffries in Ludgate-street, and most Bookfellers.

TITLE PAGE OF GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

motto of our proud nation, has been universally admired; nothing could have been happier or more appropriate.

It will be my aim to determine if possible its noble birth and disprove beyond a shadow of doubt some of the sources attributed by present and past historians. Any of the following origins are possible, and I shall speak of the most plausible source first and follow with such as are less authentic.

First theoretical origin: In colonial times as early as 1731 an English monthly paper, known as the Gentleman's Magazine, was the chief periodical of the day, and this magazine had on its title page the Latin motto, "E Pluribus Unum." It has been suggested that since this periodical had a popular circulation in the colonies the leaders of our revolution of '76 were certainly familiar with this title page and motto, especially so since in it Dr. Johnson wrote the reports of debates in parliament. The managing editor of this paper, a Mr. Urban, said that "the contents are collected chiefly from the public papers and thus the motto 'E Pluribus Unum,' meaning many (papers) in one (paper)."



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

In 1833 this motto on the magazine was discontinued after having served over 100 years.

Second theoretical origin: Another popular magazine, though not so extensively read, during the colonial period of our country, was the Spectator, which was the only English magazine that reached the colonists prior to the Gentleman's Magazine. The Spectator was a periodical which clearly illustrated the manners and morals of that time and contained the choicest literary workmanship. Among the principal contributors were Addison and Steele. The essays in the Spectator were without title and were dominated by respective numbers. Thus essay No. 148, dated Monday, August 20, 1711, opens with this Latin phrase: "Exempta juvat spinis e pluribus una," followed by "Better one thorn plucked out than all remain." Here then we find our American motto, with the slight grammatical change in "unum" to "una," to agree in gender with "thorn."

This essay containing "E pluribus una," was written by Steele. The Latin phrase is not original with Steele, but he was conscientious, and quoted as the author Horace. This occurrence of the motto antedates the one on the title page of the Gentleman's Magazine some twenty years, but this is not yet the natal period of our motto, and we must travel backward.

Third theoretical origin: On close search we find that the Latin phrase not only figured in modern, but also in early ancient times. The "beggar's poet," Horace, used it in 20 B. C., and it occurs in his second book of "Epistles," on page 212, as follows; "Exempta juva spinis e pluribus una." But on further investigation we find that, although Horace used an expression conveying the same thought as does our national motto, he is not the "father of the thought," but rather the "child of the idea," he having borrowed the phrase from one of his predecessors.

Fourth theoretical origin: Virgil, it is claimed, is the inventor of the epigraph in question. Virgil was born but a few years prior to the birth of Horace. His writings, as we well know, were extensive, and several hundreds of his manuscripts were deposited in the archives at Rome; his influence on Rome's literature and the literature of the middle ages was without an equal in the history of writings. His poems were the text-books of the Roman youths, great men of all ages were his admirers and imitators, Horace not excepted. If we turn to a complete edition of the works of Virgil we will discover among his shorter poems one entitled "Moretum," which is the name of a kind of salad composed of many herbs and vegetables in combination with cheese. This dish was in great demand in the Italian army. Virgil vividly expressed the composition of the dish, and he pictures the peasant at day dawn swiftly stirring in a bowl of many-hued ingredients, until at last the color of the compound becomes from "many one," "E pluribus unum." The lines in which the Latin phrase appears read as follows:

It manus in gyrum:  
Paulatim singula vires  
Deperdunt proprias;  
Color est e pluribus unus.

Here, then, we have in its earliest form our national motto, with "unum" changed to "unus" to agree in gender with color. Thus to the immortal Virgil belongs the honor and the glory of having been the father of that happy association of words, "E Pluribus Unum."

Now, having traced the migration of our motto to its fountain head the next matter relative to this

phrase rises in the form of a query, namely: "Who proposed or suggested this matter as one typifying the American colonies?" Although the honor is partially clothed with uncertainties, still sufficient truth manifests itself as to prove evidently that the honor lies between two great Americans, namely, Jefferson and Franklin. Jefferson, we remember, in his conjoint design for a seal, had on a scroll the words, "E Pluribus Unum." It is admitted that this, beyond a doubt, is the first time the Latin phrase is used in an American sense, i. e., with reference to the union of the several states. We are naturally led to conclude that inasmuch as Jefferson was the first to use the expression of our motto, he being a scholarly man, searched for some significant legend, and by chance met the Latin phrase.

But we must not be too hasty with conclusions, especially when dealing with our patient friend, Franklin. While Jefferson was busy gathering together in one conjoint design the many beautiful and appropriate devices suggested by Adams and Franklin, the latter gentleman occupied his time in searching for new ideas and devising appropriate emblems. There is abundant evidence to show that Dr. Franklin was acquainted with the motto years before the colonies ever intended a union. Franklin had in his day the reputation of knowing more maxims, sayings, mottoes and legends than any dozen men of his age. His "Poor Richard's Almanac" testifies this, and, as we know, harvested for him the fictitious name "Poor Richard." The fact of his being well versed in maxims, etc., does not satisfactorily prove that he was familiar with the phrase "E Pluribus Unum," but I find that his autobiography assists in substantiating the fact that the legend was likely to have been known to him. In his authentic work, his "Life," we are informed by Franklin that in his early manhood he had in his small library a few numbers of the Spectator. He further tells us that having good sense to perceive and admire in the essays contained in the Spectator their various merits, the desire to form his style of language on the model of the London Spectator took full possession of him. He says, further: "I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before in any suitable words that should occur to me. Then I compared my essay with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them."

Now, it is possible when he proceeded to analyze essay No. 148 of the Spectator he came to the phrase "E Pluribus Una," which happened to be the index statement of that essay. He no doubt studied out the Latin meaning, as he did in all previous essays, and in subsequent years, when the Gentleman's Magazine adopted the motto, "E Pluribus Unum," Franklin was again reminded of the same phrase in the Spectator, and in like manner, when in search of an appropriate motto for the infant nation, his mind's eye reflected and chose the grand combination of letters, "E Pluribus Unum."

It takes talent to devise a good national motto, especially so in Latin. It must be good Latin, good sense and in good keeping; dense, elliptical and significant. It should be without a verb and easily translated into other languages. The one in question—"E Pluribus Unum"—answers all of these requirements. Possibly the only fault with our legend is that the ellipses could be variously supplied, namely, E (from) pluribus (many) unum (one), and may suggest to the scrutinizing mind various ideas, as the following renderings go to illustrate: Many in one, many to one, many from one, many within one, one from many, one of many, one out of many, of many one, from many to one, and many to one.

... irregular. ... you  
...um, 'Do you read. ... you  
sing, you sing very ill.'  
I. "Your most humble servant."

No. 148.] MONDAY, AUGUST 20, 1711.

Exempta juvat spinis e pluribus una.  
Mon. 2 Ep. II. 212

Better one thorn pluck'd out, than all remain.

My correspondents assure me, that the enormities which they lately complained of, and I published an account of, are so far from being amended, that new evils arise every day to interrupt their conversation, in contempt of my reproofs. My friend who writes from the coffee-house near the Temple, informs me that the gentleman who constantly sings a voluntary in spite of the whole company, was more musical than ordinary after reading my paper; and has not been contented with that, but has danced up to the

o Probably Dr. Smalridge.  
? Si legit, caecae: si cecitas, male cecitas

EXTRACT FROM THE SPECTATOR.



JEFFERSON'S DESIGN.

Whether by coincidence or design, our motto contains "thirteen" letters.

The following three meanings are given in order that we as Americans may be posted as to its true interpretation. The first definition is the true and now generally accepted one, the latter two possible but not probable:

First definition—The Declaration of Independence, which bound the "many colonies" into "one nation," put before the world a document soliciting governmental recognition, and had in a hidden form the present national motto. The "oneness" of our country from 1779 to 1820 was plainly and constantly present, and consequently when on June 20, 1782, "E Pluribus Unum" was adopted as a national legend it came to mean many colonies in one (many) nation. Devices on currency of that time illustrate.

Second definition—The idea has been fostered, and especially so by naturalized citizens of our nation, that inasmuch as the American population is composed of people from all countries of the earth, it is possible, they argue, that our forefathers, recognizing this fact, intended to represent in a memorable way the union of all nationalities in one nationality—the American. Thus from many people one race or people. And much proof can be gathered to sub-

stantiate that such an interpretation of our motto is correct. One finds that Jefferson, Adams and Franklin, in their conjoint device for a seal, cherished the idea of blazoning "many shields in one" shield, to designate that the many shields respectively represented the many people and the union of these shields meant the one people thus created. On close study we are impelled to believe that much weight must be given to this definition, however incorrect it may appear at this late date of our national existence.

Third definition—Immediately after the formation of our constitutional government many of the leading thinkers were in doubt as to the real strength and meaning of our new powers as a nation. The following definition by Alexander Stephens will demonstrate what other statesmen thought "E Pluribus Unum" meant:

"They have no specified name for this new development or discovery in the science of government. Hence the great variety of sentiments in the several conventions—some calling it a "consolidated government" and some of its friends styling it a "mixed government," partly federal and partly national, federal in its formation and national in its operations. Of this latter class was James Madison. And hence also some in later times have styled it a "composition government."

"All its powers are derived—all are specific, all are limited, all are delegated, all may be resumed, all may be forfeited by misuser, and as well by nonuser. It is created by separate republics forming it. They are the creators. It is but their creation, subject to their will and control. This is the basis and these are the principles upon which all confederated republics are constructed. The new conventional nation thus formed is brought into being by the will of the several states or nations forming it.

"A government so constructed, being itself formed on compact between distinct sovereign states, is necessarily federal in its nature, while at the same time giving one national character and position among the other powers of the world to all parties



THE DESIGN ACCEPTED.

constituting it. In this sense all confederated governments are both federal and national. The government of the United States is no exception to the rule. In this sense Washington, Jefferson and Jackson spoke of the United States under the Constitution as a nation as well as a confederate republic. In this sense it is properly styled by all a nation. This was the idea symbolized in the motto, 'E Pluribus Unum,' one from many, that is, one state or nation—one federal republic from many republics, states or nations. This is what is meant by the nation when properly applied to the United States."

Had the colonies intended that the union of colonies was to be a mere temporary association joined together for the purpose of international recognition alone, our forefathers would have designated this by having adopted a motto something like "Junta in Unum"—joined in one. But our grandfathers were far-sighted and chose to have a legend which would signify unity, and where does the world find a better example of the adage, "In union there is strength," than in that nation which seals its documents and purpose in the spirit of "E Pluribus Unum?"

EDITOR'S NOTE: See page 261 July number for statement as to the probable source of the escutcheon and the eagle in the accepted design.

# 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 1875. Incorporated in 1887. 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.

### Do Insects Reason?

A recent examination of the head measurements of the students in one of our larger colleges has tended to show that the popular belief that intelligence is proportioned to the size of the head is unfounded. Students wearing number 6½ hats have as high marks as those that wear 7½ hats. But can there be any sense in the head of an ant, which is no larger than the head of a pin?

I saw ants do a thing a week or two since. It was on May 25, to be exact, which proved that the tiny insects possessed a high degree of thinking power.

There is on the portico of a house in West Stockbridge a large round wooden pillar, which has become partially decayed on the inside. For a reason, unknown to me, the ants needed some of this decayed wood. The place where they needed it was in the ground, under the piazza, and the distance it had to be carried was about four feet. I give a sketch of the situation. The problem was to transport the decayed wood from the interior of the pillar through the hole A, which had apparently been made by some boring insect, to a place at some distance under the piazza, the entrance to which was at the point B.

I should have supposed that the ants would simply have carried the material down, a grain at a time, making the rather difficult descent and ascent as best they could by clinging to the slight irregularities of the wood and stone. They did much better. They divided their working force into

three gangs, and each gang had its own particular part of the job to do, and did it. I do not know how many workers there were inside the pillar, delving in the wooden quarry, nor how many were out of sight under the piazza, but there were about twenty ants in each of the three gangs whose operations I could observe.

The first ants entered the pillar at A, one at a time, and came back in due time each bearing a bit of the rotten wood in its jaws. These bits of wood were carried down the short distance from the hole to the top of the base of the pillar, and thence in a direct line to the edge of the base, where, to my surprise and delight, they were carefully dropped to the floor of the piazza, a distance of about twelve inches, the ant in every case taking the fragment from his jaws with his two forelegs and striking it off from one claw with the other just over the edge of the base. The ants then invariably returned to the pillar for another load, never going down the base to take up the piece which had been dropped.

A second detachment of workers carried the bits of wood from the growing pile at the foot of the base of the pillar to the edge of the piazza floor and dropped them to the ground. These ants, too, confined themselves strictly to their limited duty, never climbing up to the pillar, and never going down to the ground.

On the ground a third set of carriers waited to receive the falling grains, which they carried in patient procession out of sight under the piazza.

The more I have thought of this whole proceeding, the more wonderful has it seemed. We have here an evident and wise organization of labor; and that, too, for the purpose of meeting a special emergency, the discovery of the decayed wood in the pillar, and not permanent hereditary organization such as is shown by the daily labor of bees in the hive.

I could discover no "boss" or leader. The movements of each division appeared to be voluntary. Yet all were acting in concert. How the plan was devised; whether by one directing head, which was within the pillar or down in the nest; or whether it was the result of a general discussion in a committee of the whole, I do not know. Yet I cannot but be reminded of Solomon's belief that these tiny creatures work with the wisdom of a common intelligence, or even, it may be, under the guidance of the divine providence. Every one knows the verse, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise;" but we may have forgotten the following verses: "Which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."

### Great Gray Slug.

Mr. Palmer Briggs asks us about a strange creature which he has found in Fairport, N. Y. It measures, he says, six inches or more in length when crawling, but if touched draws up into a ball about an inch and a half in diameter. It is gray with dark spots all over its back. It leaves a wide trail which is sticky, and of many colors.

This is a very fair description of the great gray slug, *Limax maximus*. Slugs are distinguishable from snails by the absence of a shell, but on the back, near the head, is a fleshy plate called the "mantle." Near the right hand edge of this mantle is an opening through which the animal breathes. Slugs do great mischief in gardens, chiefly at night. In the daytime they hide under boards and fallen trees and in other dark places. As their feeding is done at night the injury which they cause is often wrongly charged to birds. They are betrayed by their trails of glistening slime. When they are irritated they excrete an unusual quantity of this slimy mucus, and this fact helps us to get rid of them by sprinkling coal ashes about plants which need protection. The grit of the ashes irritates them, and they



pour out the mucus to such an extent that they are soon exhausted, when the mucus hardens through exposure to air, and holds them prisoners in their own trail.

Slugs often climb fruit trees, and when through feeding, descend by an air line cable. That is, the so-called "foot" pours out mucus, which is passed along to the rear end of the body, and attached to a limb, much as a spider attaches its web. The slug then casts itself loose. Its weight draws the mucus out into a fine thread, and as more is excreted, the slug lets itself safely down. In Europe slugs are eaten, as we eat oysters, but the American appetite has not yet been conquered by them.

### An Agassiz Boy Promoted.

State School of Mines, Golden, Colorado, April 16, 1902.

My Dear Mr. Ballard: Chapter 136, New London, Conn., is still in existence, though its members at present are somewhat scattered. Nearly every one is deeply interested in some line of natural history. I am still secretary, though now located here

as assistant in mineralogy and geology. During the summer I intend returning home and anticipate interesting Chapter meetings. We have eight members. Much really valuable and original work has been accomplished. Ours is the only scientific society in the city. With best wishes for the A. A.—Sincerely yours, Julius W. Eggleston.

### Dragon Flies.

Monroe Elliott, Childress, Texas, sends an insect and is very curious to know what it is. It is a large dragon fly, one of the most beautiful and interesting of our common insects. We give a picture of one of

these dragon flies, which, however, is not quite so large as the one sent to us. They belong to the neuroptera, or nerve-winged insects. They have powerful jaws, four netted gauzy wings, of which the hinder pair are the larger, and no sting. The popular name, "devil's darnin'-needle," is connected with the foolish belief that these beautiful creatures will sting severely, or, as the boys used to put it, "sew up your ears!"

They go through most interesting and wonderful formations. But I am forgetting. I must not tell all the strange secrets of the dragon fly until we find out whether some of our readers cannot find them out for themselves.

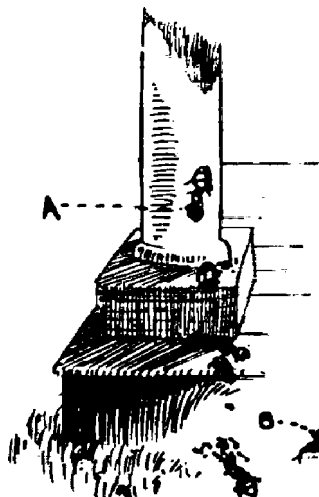
To encourage you, we will send a copy of the handbook of the Agassiz Association and a certificate of membership to the one who shall send us the best account of the dragon fly before September 1. Not out of books, though! Use your own eyes and ears.

### Unbidden Guests.

Amandus A. Brock, of St. Louis, has turned the corner of a dark and mysterious page in nature's book; a page in which are written secrets of life and death; matters which boys know little about, but which men have long been studying with all their energy and skill.

Mr. Brock writes: "On one summer evening while I was sitting near an open window, a grasshopper jumped in and fell into a dish. After a vain struggle to escape, it became quiet. In a little while a slender, yellowish worm, about an inch long, came out of its body. After a short time another appeared. Both lived for about half an hour. The grasshopper died

(Continued on Page 306.)





### GOOD DOGS

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No. 1 is from a photograph sent us by H. B. Conyers, Urbana, O. This fine St. Bernard was poisoned about Christmas time, 1901. No. 2 is "Grandpa," owned by Bart Bonebrake, Enid, Okla. No. 3 is "Tip," a poodle that does many tricks, owned by Clarence W. Lewis, New York City. No. 4 is "Nigger," owned by E. C. Parker, Meriden, Conn. No. 5 is an affectionate mother and her children out for an airing. These dogs are owned by Julian H. Gist, Cedar Falls, Ia. Nos. 6, 7, 8 and 11 are pictures of "Don," owned by Lyman H. North, Waukegan, Ill. No. 9 is a little fox terrier, owned by C. M. Fessenden, Stamford, Conn. The dog is about ready to catch a ball that is to be thrown him. No. 10 is "Gyp," owned by Norris C. Gordon, Loveland, Col. No. 12 is a fox terrier named "Spot," who can do almost anything she is told to do, and is owned by Lynn Kendall, Indianapolis, Ind. No. 13 is an intelligent little fellow owned by W. F. Larber, Warsaw, Ind. This dog was killed a short time ago by a street car. No. 14 is an ambitious dog learning to ride a bicycle, his owner is W. Earle Fisher, Detroit, Mich. No. 15 is a group of thoroughbreds raised by Dr. W. O. Robinson, Barker, So. Dak. No. 16 is a Kansas dog, owned by Paul H. Cottrell, who lives at Manhattan, Kansas. No. 17 is "Sport," a well bred bull dog, owned by Harold M. Poore, Goffstown, New Hampshire.

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# Herme Atkins' Practical Joke—F. S. Ballard



The old gentleman Burrows had just witnessed a playful attempt on the part of one of his two grandsons, who were visiting at his place, to pull a chair out from under the other as he started to sit down; the attempt failed, and there was a lively scuffle between the two boys.

"That reminds me," said Mr. Burrows, pausing to light his pipe, and beginning something funny

ning to smile at the recollection, "of that happened once."

Mr. Burrows' success as a story teller was pronounced; so the boys drew up their and the hired man pushed back from the supper table, wiped his chin, and crossed his legs in an expectant attitude.

"It happened a good while ago," said Mr. Burrows, beginning deliberately, and puffing strongly at his pipe to get it going good, "but I remember it well.

"I was a young fellow at the time, and was attending the academy at Saxton's River. I was stopping at the house of a man named Crocker, and doing chores about the place to pay for my board.

"In this family was a son and a daughter, a boy about seventeen and a girl of fifteen, or thereabouts, and living in the family at the time was a cousin, a boy of about the same age, whose father and mother had died, and who had come to make his home with his uncle and aunt.

"Well, this cousin, whose name was Herman Atkins—Herme, they called him, was the worst harum-scarum I ever knew. He seemed to be just bubbling over with surplus life and vitality, and was never still or serious for five minutes at a time.

"He just couldn't leave other people alone, and he was always getting hold of somebody, or giving them a poke or a yank, and there was almost sure to be a tussle whenever he appeared. I've seen him pull a chair out from under people, same as you tried to just now, many a time, and that's no laughing matter either, because a person's liable to get hurt that way.

"And perhaps three or four times a day you'd hear his cousin Louise Crocker pleading with him to go away and leave her alone; he was forever teasing her. And occasionally he'd burst out of the kitchen on the jump, with the girl who did the kitchen work after him, broom or poker in hand; he'd been up to something or other in the kitchen until the girl was ready to use a club on him.

"And he just ran to what they call practical jokes, though I can't see where there is anything practical about them. If there was anything of this kind took place, Herme was sure to have a hand in it. Some of the things he did on Hallowe'en nights would have landed him in the lockup if they'd a known who did it, and the trouble was he didn't confine himself to Hallowe'en with his jokes, but was at it all the time.

"I remember one night they had quite a gathering at the Crocker house. It was a kind of a literary or culture affair, I guess, anyway the best people in the town were there, and after they'd had refreshments the minister and others read selections from famous authors, the principal of the academy recited a long poem, and then a young fellow who sang in the church choir, and who was very proud of his tenor voice, sang a song.

"Herme's cousin Louise, who played the piano well, played the accompaniment. The young fellow had been at the house in the afternoon, and he and Louise had practiced the song together until they had it down fine.

"But sometime in the latter part of the afternoon, Herme had managed to get at the piano unobserved, and with a pair of pincers, had unscrewed three or four of the piano strings, and let them down out of tune.

"Well, after the principal had finished his poem, Louise sat down at the piano, and then the young tenor stepped up, and striking a confident attitude, with a kind of superior look on his face, began to sing.

"He started in low and tremulous like, singing with a great deal of expression; and for a few seconds everything went all right, then Louise hit one of the bad strings. It marred the effect, of course, but they went right on, and then pretty quick she hit a couple of them at once; it made a bad discord, people looked kind of surprised and turned their eyes towards the piano, the young fellow looked annoyed, and Louise's face began to get red.

"Then the discords kept coming one after another, people began to stir uneasily in their chairs and stare down at the carpet, and the young tenor, looking distressed and disgusted, began to waver and lose his grip on the song.

"Louise's face was scarlet by this time; she thought she was making mistakes, and her mother was mortified. Still they kept at it, hoping matters would mend, but just then the song quickened and struck into a kind of a waltz time, I guess it was,

hailed from somewhere out west—Michigan I think it was. The old lady made out that she was some distant relative of Mrs. Crocker's mother.

"The son was a kind of a curious specimen. He was somewhere about thirty, I should think, and claimed he was superintendent of the schools in the western town where he lived. He was a kind of what you'd call a lady-man. He had sort of dainty womanish ways about him, a voice like a girl's, and soft, white hands, which he was forever rolling and fondling together. To the contrary, he had a luxuriant crop of sunny brown whiskers, which reached down to the middle of his vest. He called his mother—m-u-ther, sort of drawing it out, and was always referring to her when he said anything; it was m-u-ther this, and m-u-ther that. He kind of made us all tired.

"Well, it happened that on the day these strangers arrived Jim Crocker, in company with some of his academy classmates, had made a trip to a neighboring town to attend some kind of an entertainment. He had gone away shortly after dinner, and was not expected to arrive back until quite late that evening.

"They had to change around some to make sleeping room for these strangers. Jim Crocker slept down stairs in a bedroom off from the sitting room, Mrs. Crocker put the old lady's son to sleep in Jim's room.

"As there was no other way to tell him, without sitting up for him, Mrs. Crocker wrote a note and pinned it up near the lamp where Jim would see it when he came in, telling him that they had put a stranger in his room to sleep, and for him to go upstairs and sleep with Herme.

"Well, Herme had taken note of all of this, and the opportunity for him to work off one of his jokes was too good to let go by. So what did Herme do, after everybody had gone to bed, but take down the note that Mrs. Crocker had left for Jim and pin another one in its place. This note that Herme pinned up read something like this: 'Jim, that Herme has got hold of a set of false whiskers, and has put them on and gone to bed in your room, so don't let him frighten you; he ought to be thrashed.' Herme imitated Louise's writing and signed Louise's name to the note.

"You see Herme felt that Jim was about ready to pitch into him if he tried any more funny business on him, and he knew that Jim would think it the most natural thing in the world for Louise to warn him if she knew of anything of the kind, because ever since the piano racket she wouldn't hear anything more of Herme's practical joking.

"Well, along about midnight Jim came home, and saw the note. As he read the note he smiled kind of grinly, and then stopped for a minute to think what he would do. If Jim had happened to think of it, it might have occurred to him that it didn't sound exactly like Louise to say that Herme ought to be thrashed; still he knew that she was provoked at Herme, and was never suspicious for a moment that everything was not just as the note stated.

"Finally Jim made up his mind, and taking off his shoes, he stepped softly to the door of his room, which was open a little ways, and looked in; yes, there was his whiskers stretched out in the bed. You see, Jim rarely lighted a lamp in his room, going to bed by the light of the sitting room lamp, and Herme had taken this into consideration when he laid his plans.

"Then Jim drew back, and went quietly out into the kitchen. There he took off one of his stockings, and going into the pantry he filled the stocking with a couple of scoops of cornmeal; this made a very respectable imitation of a sandbag. Then he happened to spy a pail of soot, with a brush in it, that had been left behind the stove by some one who had been cleaning out the chimney the day before. Jim hesitated a minute, and then deciding that it was no more than Herme deserved, he took the brush and worked it round in the pail until he got it well covered with soot, and then with the stocking of cornmeal in one hand, and the brush full of soot in the other, he stepped softly back into the sitting room. He turned the lamp down a ways, and then tiptoed into his room around to the side of the bed where the supposed Herme was stretched out.

"It was so dark in the room that Jim saw nothing about the appearance of the fellow in bed to make him think it wasn't Herme, and reaching down he



"The other fellow sat astride of him, gripping him by the arms."

and then you never heard such a noise; the discord was something terrible.

"The young fellow dropped his hands down at his sides in a despairing sort of way, and stopped singing. Just then a light dawned on Louise; she jumped to her feet, whirled round, and pointing her finger at Herme, who was sitting over in one corner, exclaimed: 'Herme Atkins, you did this,' and burst into tears and left the room.

"Well, that was just a sample of the kind of things that fellow was up to every now and then. People can stand something of this kind good-naturedly once in a while, but Herme was overdoing the thing entirely, and people were getting so they wouldn't look at his pranks as funny at all, and were getting out of patience with him.

"Herme's cousin, Jim Crocker, had been a victim several times, and while Jim was good-natured, and liked Herme well enough generally, he had got to the point where if any more tricks were played on him and he caught Herme at it he was disposed to make it interesting for him, for he felt that Herme had gone beyond the bounds of decency in his joking, and was making a kind of nuisance of himself.

"Well, one afternoon, the Crocker family were surprised by an old lady and her son walking in on them unannounced to stay a couple of days. They

grabbed his whiskers and gave them a good strong pull.

"The fellow was sound asleep, but when his whiskers were yanked he came right up to a sitting position with a gasp of surprise. Just as he did so, Jim daubed him across the face a couple of times with the soot brush.

"Well, you can just imagine how surprised he was; he hadn't the least idea in the world what was being done to him. He opened his mouth to let out a yell, but just then Jim gave him another slap with the soot brush, the brush went part way into his mouth, and the soot nearly strangled him. He let out a couple of noises such as you might hear when two dogs are fighting, and then made a frantic effort to jump out of bed.

"Just then Jim hit him a good sound crack over the head with his cornmeal club. That settled it, the fellow thought he was being murdered, and he let loose a piercing yell that woke up everybody in the house. Jim hit him one more crack that burst the stocking, and the cornmeal flew in all directions. Then the fellow grappled with Jim and a regular set-to commenced.

"Jim was beginning to realize by this time that there was a mistake somewhere, but there was no time for explanations. The fellow was fighting, as he thought, for his life, and Jim had his hands more than full.

"Around the room they wrestled and fought. They fell over the chairs, knocked down the wash bowl and pitcher, and all the time the old lady's son was yelling for help at the top of his voice. It was bedlam let loose in that sleeping room.

"Well, everybody upstairs was thoroughly frightened, the women began to scream, and pretty soon somebody turned up the light in the sitting room, and the old man Crocker, dressed in his nightgown, and with a heavy curtain pole in his hands, appeared in a cautious, crouching attitude before the bedroom door.

"Jim and the other fellow had just tumbled in a heap in one corner of the room, and as the light was turned up Jim called out: 'Father, if that's you, for mercy sake come in here and see what this is.' Then Mr. Crocker brought in the light, and he never saw such a sight in all his life.

"Jim had tumbled on his back between the bureau and the wall. The other fellow sat astride of him gripping him by the arms, and if he wasn't a ridiculous spectacle there never was one. His face was daubed black with the soot, with here and there a white patch that gave him an awful look. His nightgown was ripped up the back and spotted with soot patches, and his whiskers and hair were all tousled up and filled with a mixture of cornmeal and soot.

He was panting for breath, raking his throat, and trying to blow the soot out of his mouth.

"For the life of him Mr. Crocker couldn't at first think what it was sitting there on top of Jim, and he was nearly on the point of taking a crack at it with the curtain pole. Then when he saw it was the fellow who had come the day before he simply roared; anybody would have shouted that saw him.

"Mr. Crocker finally explained to him that the one he was sitting on was his son Jim, and then told Jim who the other fellow was, but he couldn't imagine how the old lady's son came to be all painted up with soot and cornmeal the way he was. But when Jim told a little of his side of the story, it all soon came out, and as usual Herme was found to be at the bottom of it.

"The old lady and her son left early the next morning in a highly indignant state. It didn't matter that they were profusely apologized to; the son's dignity had suffered such a humiliation that he wouldn't stay a minute longer.

"As for Herme, there was a disposition to take really serious measures with him that time. They talked of having him find some other place to live. But Herme, seeing how it was, became very meek and penitent about it; at least he pretended to, said he'd carried it too far, that he had got done, etc., and they let him off once more."

## HOW ROB WON A CHAMPION



FRED LOCKLEY, JR.

**R**OB, the new boy in school, stood irresolute. With scarlet cheeks, dilating nostrils, and fists tightly clenched, he stood, the center of a group of his schoolmates. Buck Clark, a boy of his own size, with coat and vest off and sleeves rolled up, blocked Rob's homeward way.

"Put up your fists and fight. What're ye 'fraid of?" sneered Buck.

"I have already told you that I do not care to fight," Rob answered.

"You're a coward, that's what's the matter with you. Take that and that to remember me by," said Buck as he struck at Rob.

"Leave him alone, Buck; you're always picking a fight," interposed an older boy.

The little boys standing about on the outskirts of the crowd, whooped and shouted. "'Fraid cat, 'fraid cat—Buck can lick you with one hand tied behind him—cowardy calf, cowardy calf."

Stung by these taunts, Rob said: "I would fight soon enough, but I promised my mother I wouldn't, and a McArthur never breaks his word." Then, lowering his voice and unclenching his fists at the thought of his mother, he added, "She isn't very strong and I'm all she's got. I don't like you boys to think I'm a coward, but I promised her I wouldn't fight and I won't."

"Girly boy. Tied to his mother's apron string. Where's your sunbonnet, sissy?" derisively hooted the small boys.

Rob, raising his head very high, apparently unmindful of the jeers and taunts flung at him brushed Buck to one side and started homeward.

"Buck, you had better be a little careful which way you stroke that new boy's fur," said one of the older boys. "He could lick you if he wanted to."

"Oh, he's strong all right, but he hasn't any sand. He's a coward," answered Buck.

"That's what he is," chimed in several of Buck's supporters.

The next few weeks were hard weeks for Rob. Buck Clark and his crowd made the boy's life miserable by all the petty annoyances they could devise; but Rob had good Scotch grit, and, tho' his eyes flashed and his fists involuntarily clenched at times, he kept the promise he had given. At home a frail and gentle little mother greeted him lovingly, smoothing his brow with her soft and gentle hand or caress-

ing his wavy brown hair. Not for worlds would Rob let his mother know by word or sign how much it was costing him to keep his promise. "Ah, Rob, my liddle, you are such a comfort to me, so tender, so thoughtful, and so manly. How proud your father would be of you, liddle; you are his very picture. God grant you may be as strong and brave and true as he."

Rob had all an active, growing boy's interest and curiosity in his new surroundings. He had come from an eastern state, and until his arrival in Butte a few months previous, he had never seen a mine or a smelter. Rob spent all his spare time visiting the mines and prospect holes near his home. One Saturday afternoon he went down in the cage at the Alice to the thousand foot level. It seemed like a page out of a fairy book to see men nearly a quarter of a mile beneath the surface of the earth, picking, drilling and blasting in the different drifts and tunnels. Rob was all the more attracted to mining as his uncle had been a man in a mine for many years, until he had been killed by the premature discharge of a blast a short time before they came to Butte. This uncle had left his property to Rob's mother; it consisted of a house and lot, a few hundred dollars in the bank, and several thousand shares in a mine, which in its early days had given promise of being a rich silver producer. Grossly incompetent management, coupled with the fact that expensive machinery must be purchased to keep the shaft free from water, led to the temporary closing of the mine.

Then the shares, which had been quoted at nearly par, could be had for a few cents.

Rob's mother brought the certificates of stock out to Rob one day, saying: "Here, liddle, you are so much interested in mines, you may have these shares for your very own." Rob was very anxious to visit "his mine," as he termed it, so the following Saturday his mother put up a good lunch for him, and cautioning him to be very careful, she let him visit it. After a brisk walk of several miles and a stiff climb up the mountain side, he reached the abandoned mine. The shaft house was standing and appeared to be in good condition. The long dump of gray ore from the mine extended along the hillside, and the dump car, red with rust, was still on the track.

After investigating the outside thoroughly, Rob climbed through one of the windows to explore the

interior of the shaft house. The machinery had been removed, all was confusion and disorder, bits of candle, well-worn oilskins and ore-stained overalls littered the floor. He peered down the dark mouth of the shaft. The ladder extended as far as he could see. Picking up a fragment of rock he dropped it down the shaft. After a short interval he heard the splash of the rock as it struck the water far below. He had not been in the shaft house long before he heard a muffled report down the mountain side in the direction of the tunnel. Wondering who could be blasting there, he hurried out of the shaft house and down the mountain side. When he arrived at the mouth of the tunnel, he peered in, but saw and heard nothing. In another moment he was startled by a loud report close at hand. Looking around hastily, he saw Buck Clark lowering an old army musket from his shoulder. Rob called out: "What are you shooting at?" Buck glanced quickly around at him and answered, "A jack rabbit. That's the second shot I've had at him, but I missed him both times." Putting the gun over his shoulder he joined Rob and glanced into the tunnel. "I'll back you out going in there," he said. Rob looked in doubtfully and answered, "I would kind of like to go in, but mother told me to be careful about going into dangerous places."

"Huh! When you're afraid to do anything, your mother is a pretty good excuse. What are you afraid of, anyway? There ain't no danger. I guess the trouble is it's pretty dark and sloppy and you haven't got the nerve to go in. Huh, before I'd be such a coward I'd wear dresses and play with a doll." Buck looked contemptuously at Rob. Rob flushed scarlet, but he gave no other sign of resentment.

"Maybe there is no danger after all. We will go to the end of the tunnel, come on," Rob said quietly.

Near the entrance a miner's candlestick with a few inches of candle in it was found stuck in one of the side timbers. Rob pulled it loose, and, protecting the candle from the draft, lit it. Buck hid his gun in the bushes near the tunnel and the boys started in. Water seeped from the roof and trickled thro' the side timbers. The footboard was wet and slippery. The smell of mold, of dampness and rotting wood, peculiar to abandoned mines and tunnels, pervaded the place. Attached to the timbers overhead and on both sides were beautiful snow-white fungus growths, which the flickering gleam of the moving candle

brought into ghostlike relief against the blackness of the wet and sodden timbers, like dim wraiths of the wildflowers abloom on the hillside above.

As the boys advanced, the trickle of water became more noticeable, and in places the plank underfoot was afloat. Several hundred feet from the entrance they came to a place where some of the timber overhead had rotted away, exposing the earth. Seeing a shiny bit of ore overhead Buck picked up a fragment of the fallen timber and dislodged it. Several bushels of loosened earth fell with it. Rob stopped, and by the uncertain light of the candle the two examined it. Rob, who was always on the alert to find a good specimen of wire-silver, examined it critically. "It's pyrites of iron, ain't it?" he asked. "Yes," Buck answered, "it's pretty enough, but not of any value. I know a place where there is any amount of such 'fool's gold' as this."

Throwing the specimen down, they pressed on, picking their way carefully over the slippery and uncertain footing by the dim light of their candle. A few score yards farther on they stopped to examine a curious growth of fungus. While doing so they heard the sound of breaking timbers, and then a terrific crash. Turning quickly toward the source of the sound they found the little square of daylight that marked the entrance to the tunnel blotted out. A momentary panic seized both of the boys, and in blind, unreasoning terror they rushed back the way they had come. Stumbling and falling they ran on till a pile of freshly fallen earth blocked their farther flight. Buck, with shrill cries of fear, like an imprisoned animal, furiously attacked the mass of earth. Rob, his momentary panic over, said, "Take it cool, Buck, it will take us both a good many hours, and maybe days, to move that dirt back out of the way."

Buck realizing how futile his efforts were, stopped and began to sob. Perhaps it was because he lacked the higher form of moral courage Rob possessed, or it may be he knew better than Rob the danger of their situation and the hopelessness of their being rescued, that caused him to break down and lose his nerve. "Don't worry, Buck," said Rob, "we can dig out of this in a day or two, and even if we can't we shall be missed and the searching parties will probably look in here. Brace up and don't cry." With their hands and bits of timber which they wrenched from the wall they dug at the mass of earth for hours, but their progress was pitifully slow.

While they were digging another small cave-in occurred, burying Buck completely from sight. Rob fell to work frantically and dug him out. A large piece of rock had fallen on Buck's hand, making a painful bruise. The earth overhead, saturated with the water seeping through it, needed but little encouragement to fall. Fearful lest a more extensive cave-in might occur, the boys drew back. The candle had been lost in the wild scramble at the beginning, and the darkness was total and complete. No sound came to their ears, but the drip, drip, drip of the water.

The boys then sat down some distance back from the cave-in and rested. Buck could not stand the inaction and broke down. "We're shut up here to die like rats in a trap. Our people will never know what has become of us. They will never think of looking here. It will take days and days for us to starve to death."

"Don't cry, Buck; keep a stiff upper lip; we'll get out of this some way," said Rob.

"I wouldn't care so much," sobbed Buck, "if we had a light. It's so dark I can't see my hand before my face, and my hand is mashed and I am awfully hungry. I don't believe we'll ever see daylight again."

"Let's see how far the tunnel runs back," Rob suggested. "It's better for us to be doing something than to sit here and get the blues."

Rob taking the lead, they groped their way onward. The tunnel seemed to sag slightly, the water becoming deeper as they advanced; it was now up to their shoe tops. "Let's stop; there's no good getting wet," Buck wailed. "No, I'm going on as far as I can. I want to find out if this tunnel leads to the shaft of the mine above. An old miner once told me that while tunnels were generally made to follow an outcropping vein of ore or to strike an ore vein, sometimes they were made to connect with a shaft to drain a mine where the pumps couldn't keep the water out. This one may be only a blind tunnel, or it may be an adit level."

With every step the water rose; now it was knee deep and icy cold, but the boys pressed on till it was waist deep. Buck, with woc-begone voice and chattering teeth, finally announced that he would go no farther. "We'll die soon enough, from starvation, without going out of our way to drown or be frozen to death in this ice water. I'm numb from my waist down, for all the feeling in them I don't know whether I've got any legs or not."

"I'm going on, Buck; you can go back if you want to. I'll come back pretty soon."

"I don't want to go back alone. I'm afraid you will get drowned, and I would go crazy if I was left



"Come on,"  
Rob said,  
quietly.

here all alone to starve to death while you were dead and floating around in the dark there. No, I'll stay here, and every little while we'll holler to each other."

Rob, feeling his way inch by inch, went forward. Higher and higher the water rose until only his arms and head were above water. Now he was walking on his tiptoes with the water splashing against his chin. He hesitated, his courage almost failed him; he put his hand out and was startled to touch some object floating in the water. Finding it was a piece of timber, he put his hand upon it so that if he should cramp he would have some support, then letting go his footing he began to swim. After a dozen strokes he let his feet down and found he could touch bottom. Pushing the stick before him he went on, the water rapidly becoming shallower. Suddenly the thought flashed into his mind, what if in the intense darkness he should come to the shaft and walk over the edge and fall down, down, down to the water below. He stopped; then feeling forward before taking his steps, he slowly went ahead.

In a little while it seemed as though the darkness was not so dense. He advanced cautiously and finally came to where the tunnel entered the main shaft. He clung tightly to the side wall and looked up to see the roof of the shaft house, two hundred feet above.

"Come on, Buck, we're saved." No answer. Again he called, and he heard a faint cry, "I can't come; my legs are all drawn up with cramps."

Rob retraced his way through the water-filled depression in the tunnel, and rejoined Buck. He rubbed his legs and made him stamp up and down till the cramp had become less severe. Walking ahead with Buck's hand on his shoulder, they entered the water. When they were shoulder deep Rob got the floating timber for Buck, and with its help got him safely across the deepest place. Soon they were both at the edge of the shaft. A ladder fastened to the shaft seemed to offer an immediate prospect of deliverance. Rob took off his wet clothing, wrung it as dry as possible, emptied the water out of his shoes, then testing each rung before he trusted his weight to it, he began the long climb. If Rob reached the top in safety, Buck was to follow him. Up, up, up, rung by rung, and ladder by ladder, he climbed. He was half way up, and finding the ladders sound and in good condition, he grew a trifle less cautious. Suddenly, without warning, when he was about in the center of one section of ladder, its top end came loose, and, Rob's weight pulling it outward, the ladder swung across the shaft and lodged against the opposite side, the lower fastening holding firm. It happened so suddenly that Rob was suspended on the under side of the ladder, his feet dangling in the air. For a second he was sick with the horror of the situation. Holding his breath, for fear of loosening the ladder, he lowered himself hand over hand till he regained the ladder beneath the broken one; then he climbed down and rejoined Buck. It seemed madness to tempt fate by another trial. "We will wait a day or two before we risk it, and if we are not discovered we can try it as a last resource," Rob suggested, with all the calmness he could summon.

The day wore on, darkness settled on the shaft house, and night came. "In a few hours they will begin to get pretty anxious because we don't come," said Rob. "My mother knew I was coming to this mine, so she will send some one here to look for us. We will take turns keeping awake, so that if any one comes we shall hear him."

A few hours later a party of men broke open the shaft house, peered down the yawning black shaft and shouted. Thro' it all two utterly worn out boys slept soundly. The searchers went back to Rob's mother and told her that Rob had probably wandered back into the hills and lost his way, and that he would doubtless turn up safely in the morning. They did not tell her about it, but they intended as soon as daylight came to take a rope and windlass and bucket and recover Rob's body, which they decided was probably afloat at the bottom of the shaft.

Stiff and lame, Rob arose next morning. For a moment the hard plank, the darkness, the unfamiliar surroundings, bewildered him; then it all flashed into his mind, and he hurried to the edge of the shaft to look up. It was growing light in the shaft house, so he knew a new day was dawning. Buck moved in his sleep.

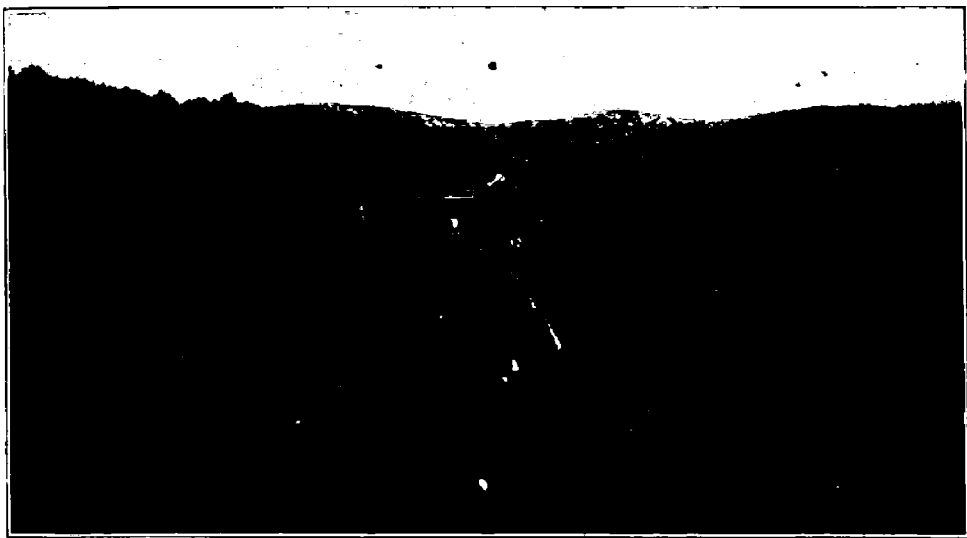
"Poor fellow, I'll let him sleep as long as he will," Rob whispered to himself; then he sat down to wait. Presently a sound caught his attention. Looking up eagerly, a dark form outlined itself above, and he heard a voice, "Hello, below there!" "Here we are, both of us," shouted Rob eagerly. "Thank God, lad," came back the voice. "Keep your courage up, lads. We'll have you up here in a jiffy." Then the men at the top rigged up a windlass, lowered a bucket with a miner in it, and a few minutes later two very happy boys were on terra firma once more.

Buck never again accused Rob of cowardice, and new boys in school who tried to impose on Rob and make him fight were astonished at a vigorous attack from Buck, who had no compunctions about fighting. "You'll leave him be after this. Him a coward? Huh! There's no braver boy in the whole school." Buck said this one day to a boy on whose chest he was sitting. Rob heard the remark and told Buck to let the boy up. "I'll do what you say, Rob," Buck answered, "but just remember, I don't expect you to do any fighting; I'll do it for you."

Buck is older now and less warlike, and tho' his devotion for Rob is no less than of yore, he shows his friendship in other and gentler ways.



**BOYS IN GAMES AND SPORT**



**Golf From a Caddy's Point of View.**

Golf, as a game, has been much written of and much talked about, but a very necessary adjunct of the game—the caddy—has been entirely overlooked. The caddy—the boy who watches the balls and carries the sticks and does the work of the game—must be missed to be appreciated. The caddy's duties are many: To keep his eye on the ball; to carry the bag of sticks (and good caddies know the names of these and are quick to pick out the one needed); to take out and replace the disk and mark the hole on the putting green, as the boy in the picture is doing; to make tees if asked to do so, or get the ball out of brooks or bunkers; perhaps to carry score card and pencil and keep score; to clean the sticks, for which he must provide emery paper at two cents a sheet; in short, to make himself generally useful and obliging, and not to speak while some one is playing. For all this, if he is a club caddy, he is paid—at some clubs—ten dollars a month. If paid by the round, the rate is generally fifteen cents for nine holes—twenty five for eighteen. Sometimes ten cents extra is given for cleaning the sticks and ten cents for chasing balls if the player stands in one place and drives a number of balls. This does not seem like very good pay and yet forty dollars, which a club caddy can make from June to September, inclusive, is quite a good sum of money to show for a summer's work. The caddies who are paid by the round sometimes make even more than this. Of course, their earnings vary greatly. It is possible to make as high as a dollar and a quarter a day or as low as thirty or even fifteen cents, and bad weather means no wages.

When a boy comes to be known as a good caddy, quick, quiet and obliging, he can be pretty sure of, at least, fifty cents a day, and nearly always more than that. And then there is plenty of fun in it. Caddies often have old sticks given to them and the balls they may find, not in play, belong to them by right. In the noon hour or after the day's work is over, they have many a good match themselves and some of them become quite expert players.

And so, when school begins in the autumn, the boys who have been caddies for the summer have had outdoor exercise, a great deal of fun and, if they have been steady workers, a good sum of money on hand for winter clothes and school books. It will pay any boy who lives near a golf course to try golf—from a "caddy's" point of view.

**The Game of Curling.**

Curling is a Scotch game, for which is needed a sheet of clear ice and a number of curling stones. These stones are about twelve inches in diameter and four or five inches high, polished until perfectly smooth, with a handle on the upper side. They weigh from thirty to fifty pounds, though in early days stones weighing as much as seventy pounds were used. At each end of the stretch of ice is a mark called the "tee," around which a circle is drawn measuring fourteen feet in diameter and which is called the "hoose." Each player has two stones, and they take turns to throw their stones along the ice, trying to make them stop as near the tee as they can. It is easy to make the stone slide along the ice, but not easy to make it stop where the player wants it to. The players are all armed with brooms to clear the snow in front of a stone that is lagging or liable to stop before it reaches the tee. Considerable skill is required in knowing just how much to sweep, for to sweep too little the stone will be too much retarded, and if you sweep too much the stone may go too far. If the stone passes the tee then the opponents begin to sweep and make the ice so smooth that the stone passes far away from the goal. The best players on each side are called the skips. Their plays are reserved for the last. When the last stones have been played the counting begins. Only one side counts at a time, and that side counts as many as it has stones nearer to the tee than the nearest stone belonging to the other side.

**The Game of King Simple.**

An old game for boys and girls is described as follows: A base is marked off at either end of the playground. One of the players is chosen catcher, sometimes called a "wolf." The catcher takes up his position in the middle between the two bases. The others run across from base to base while the wolf, or catcher, endeavors to catch and hold them. If he can hold one while he can count ten it is considered a fair catch, and the prisoner becomes wolf two and assists in the capture of more.

**The Game of Polo.**

The old game of polo is nothing more than the game of shinney on horseback, or rather on ponyback. The pony must be trained to play polo, and he must be gentle, quick and swift. There may be any number of players on a side. The ball is made of wood painted white and looks like a baseball. The stick has a handle six or seven feet long. Each side has its goal, made by driving two poles into the ground, about six feet apart. The ball is laid in the center of the ground, and at a signal the players make a dash for it. Whichever side succeeds in driving it through the goal of its opponents is the victor.

Harry V. Radford, in "The Four-Track News," speaking of trout fishing in the Adirondacks, suggests that no considerable supply of tackle is necessary for the success of a short fishing trip. A light "split bamboo" rod of four to eight ounces, equipped with a click reel and twenty five yards of waterproof silk line, two dozen flies, a dozen small Snell hooks and a dozen leaders are all the necessities. A small landing net and a willow trout-creel will be found serviceable.



**The Freeport (Mich.) High School Baseball Team.**

Through the kindness of Verne Brown, Prairieville, Mich., we are able to present to our readers a picture of the boys of the Freeport (Mich.) High School Baseball Team, of which young Brown is captain. This team has a remarkable record. Between May 3 and June 7, it played seven games, with teams from Hastings, Nashville, Middleville, Woodland and Saranac, Mich., making a total score in the seven games of 104 runs, against a total for their opponents of eight. In four of the games their opponents were "whitewashed." This

**Collecting Butterflies.**

You will first need a net with which to catch butterflies, and any ingenious boy can make his own. Get a smooth, light hoop about fifteen inches in diameter. Bind the hoop firmly to a rod about three feet long. Cut a round piece of mosquito netting about three quarters of a yard in diameter and fasten it to the hoop. You will need a case for your specimens, and this may be a neat, shallow box of some pretty wood with a glass cover. Thin pieces of cork should be glued onto the bottom at intervals on which to mount the insects. When the case is full, seal it airtight to keep out the moths. Take with you to the fields your net and some small paper boxes. The best thing with which to kill the butterfly is ether, as it evaporates quickly and doesn't injure the color of the insect, ending its life instantly without giving pain. There are other things used, but many of them are dangerous. The ether may be carried in a bottle with a glass stopper. A boy will soon learn how to entrap the butterfly in his net. Having captured a specimen, gather the net carefully in your hand so that the creature will have no room to flutter and break its wings. Pour a very little ether on its head. Two drops are enough. Take the dead insect in your hand, touching the wings as little as possible, and, passing a pin through its body, fasten it in the bottom of the box. Arrange the wings at once while they are soft and flexible. Do not injure the feelers. They are very delicate and easily broken. When your specimens are dry, remove them from the box into the case, sticking the pins into the little cork pedestals which you have prepared.



SECOND PRIZE PHOTO.

Geo. S. Kelley, 142 Perkins Avenue, Campello, Mass.

**A Miraculous Apple.**

You can divide an apple into several parts without cutting the rind. Pass a needle and thread under the rind of the apple, which is easily done by putting the needle in again each time at the same hole it came out of; and so passing on until you have gone around the apple. Then take both ends of the thread in your hands and pull; by this means the apple will be divided into two parts. In the same way you can divide it into as many parts as you please, the rind remaining entire.



**H. & R. SINGLE GUN**

IF IT'S A QUESTION OF QUALITY, THE H. & R. SINGLE GUN is the acknowledged leader, and it embodies many desirable features of construction not found in others. Simplest "take-down" gun made. There may be guns sold at a lower price, but—

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Makers of H. & R. Revolvers.

**Rider Agents Wanted**

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no other bicycle at any price.

Any other make or model you want at one-third usual price.

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**PUNCTUREPROOF SELF-HEALING PNEUMATIC BICYCLE TIRES**

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BE SURE THE IS BRANDED WITH AN ALLIGATOR IN RED LETTERS. NOT BE MISUSE

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Mention AMERICAN BOY.

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**Dept. X, Superior Company, North Adams, Mass.**

# ON THE WAR-PATH

## ALICE WARREN RENE POPE



**H**ELLO, Steve Martin, you're just the boy I want!" called Mr. Thacher, looking from the door of his office out into the big country store, where Steve sat jauntily perched on the counter.

"This is my nephew and namesake, Ben Thacher, Junior," continued Uncle Ben, slapping the shoulder of a bright-faced lad beside him, as Steve shyly joined them.

"He's a green city boy, fresh from the wilds of Cincinnati. Don't suppose he was ever in a saw-mill, or knows a cow by sight. Can't you take pity on him and show him some Maine fun to-day, eh? Trust you always to have plenty of it on hand! There; help yourselves at the banana bunch, and off with you, youngsters." And the jolly proprietor turned to his desk, while the two boys, thus cast adrift on one another's society, strolled out onto the store steps to make acquaintance.

City and country—good types they were of each. Steve the taller, but lessening his fine height by the slouching carriage that country boys affect; Ben, looking more than his inches from the erectness learned in military drill; well matched in age, size and boyish good looks, each recognized the other's good points and was secretly desirous to stand well in his opinion.

There was an awkward pause devoted to bananas; but Steve presently felt his responsibility as host.

"Do you like fishin'?" he inquired abruptly.

Ben blushed.

"I know I should, mighty well, but I never had a chance to try," he confessed.

"That's so; I s'pose brooks ain't very plenty in Cincinnati, but you'll catch on to fishin' in no time here," generously responded the country boy. "What do you city fellers do for fun, anyway?"

"Football's the best; that's great! I was captain of our class eleven last year," added that dignitary, feeling that his reputation was redeemed, though he could not fish. "But, I say, who's that?" he interrupted himself suddenly.

A boy a little older than themselves, with rough clothes, stiff black hair and copper-colored face, was coming toward them along the road. He carried a load of baskets of different shapes and sizes strung together across his back; as he reached the steps he sat stolidly down and laid off his burden, without a glance at his neighbors.

"Oh, that's just one of the young Injuns from the camp," Steve responded carelessly. "Come down to trade his baskets for provisions, or sell 'em, if he can."

"Jingo! is that an Indian? I never saw one before. He don't look very savage," Ben exclaimed under his breath.

The country boy's eyes twinkled.

"No, they don't wear their war paint and feathers much down town," he said.

"Do real Indians live near here, though—honest?" demanded Ben, eyeing the back of his brown brother with interest, not unmixed with awe.

"Bet they do! There's lots of 'em here in Maine. These fellers have a camp four or five miles up the river. They're peaceable enough down town among folks, but when they're on their reservation, look out for 'em!" Steve spoke impressively. "But see here—it's a prime day for fishin', and I know a first-rate place; not far off, either. Come on, and have a try!"

Fishing! Ben was down the steps with a whoop and a bound; but as he sprang past the young Indian, his foot struck the top handle of the basket-pile, and away went the whole structure—little baskets tumbling out of their places in larger ones, a bright-colored array in the dusty road.

Ben turned instantly, his first impulse to apologize and help repair damages; but there across the way stood his new acquaintance doubled up with laughter and calling:

"You're in for it now! He'll tomahawk you sure. Better stop and beg for your life."

"Beg!"

Ben's head went up as if the word had stung him, and, saying sharply over his shoulder to the Indian: "What did you leave your pesky baskets right in the path for?" he ran on after Steve.

Ashamed in his heart of his cowardice, as well as of his incivility, but determined to betray no such weakness to this mocking country boy, Ben said indifferently as he overtook him:

"Serves him right for blocking up the road," and plunged into an animated discussion of plans for the fishing trip.

Early afternoon found the two sportsmen, after a tramp through pasture and swamp, arrived at a brown brook among the willows, and soon afterward,

under Steve's veteran instructions, Ben had landed his first trout.

All fishermen will understand how for the rest of that August afternoon he was oblivious to everything in the world beside hook and brook; until at length a scarcity of fish recalled him to the claims of ordinary life and supper time, and he looked about for Steve.

"Come to think of it, he said he was going along the brook to find a place for himself. O Steve—hullo! Must be a good piece off not to hear that," soliloquized Ben. "I'll go after him."

And, picking up his fishing tackle, he started at a run along the brook, in the wrong direction, leaving innocent Steve fishing half a mile below.

"I'll bet he's gone home and left me," exclaimed excitable Ben, coming to a halt, warm and breathless. "If that's country manners, I don't think much of 'em. I call it a mighty mean trick, myself. Well, I'm not a baby; reckon I can find my way back alone. Let's see, we came in this way, I remember."

And the young pioneer struck gallantly into the woods, looking at every step for the path which should lead out into the open pasture by which they came.

A cold fog had crept in from the sea, hiding the sun and making the woods unseasonably dark; a partridge scurried from under foot with a "whir-r-r" startling in the stillness; the trees seemed to Ben closing in about him.

"I was dead sure this was the right direction, but I can't see the sun to tell where west is. Perhaps I'd better strike back for the brook."

Back he turned, forcing his way through the thick underbrush and low-hanging branches, tired and torn, hat gone, and trim hose ornamented by three-cornered rents; but still he kept manfully on, until the increas-



AMONG THE WILLOWS.

ing size and density of the trees convinced him of the truth.

"I'm lost, for a fact," he said.

A serious fact it was to the city boy, ignorant of the woods and surrounded by unknown dangers. Yet Ben had pluck, if not experience, and he determined to try all resources before resigning himself to a night in the wilderness.

"I may be nearer the road than I think; I'll just stand still and see if I can't make somebody hear me," he counselled with himself.

It was not the fault of Ben's vigorous lungs if somebody didn't hear.

"Hullo-o-o! Hullo-o-o-o!"

A pause to listen.

"Hullo-o-o-o!"

Hark! Was not that a faint call in reply?

Ben threw all the force of his voice into one prolonged shout. There was a shout in return, a distant crashing of underbrush, and through the trees came a figure at the sight of which Ben's heart stood still—the young Indian of the morning's encounter.

All that he had ever read or heard of Indian revenge flashed through Ben's mind. Steve's warning, "When they're on their Reservation, look out for 'em!" rang in his ears. His own unprovoked insult grew tenfold in remembrance. He would have fled into the lesser terrors of the woods, but his foe had seen him and it was useless to think of escape.

The Indian came nearer.

"You lost?" he demanded.

"Yes, I was fishing and lost my way," faintly responded Ben.

"You come with me," said his captor.

And Ben came, without a word. Perhaps he could escape by the way.

But the Indian kept a watchful eye upon his prisoner as he pointed him silently along the path which he himself had just made through the thick woods.

Ben's fears increased with each step. Was he being taken to the council fire? Should he be able to bear torture manfully? Or would the braves perhaps allow his uncle to ransom him? But no! An Indian never forgives an injury.

"I'll cut and run for it. He isn't much bigger than I am, and I could most always outrun the big fellows at football," thought the forlorn ex-captain.

Before he could execute this bold resolve, however, his guide gave a peculiar cry which brought Ben's heart into his throat. Two dogs came bounding through the woods, the young Indian pointed to a path among the bushes and announced briefly:

"There camp."

Just ahead was an opening in the trees, through which gleamed the river which Ben had supposed miles behind him. On the bluff above the water stood a tent; before it a tall dark man sat mending a paddle; in the doorway a squaw tended a wee papoose, and behind the tent an Indian girl was stirring a kettle over a crackling fire—a most peaceful family group.

Ben felt a ray of hope. The braves must be away on a hunt; the council would be postponed; and squaws sometimes saved the lives of captives in books.

He moved a step nearer the tent door, while the Indian boy with a gesture toward the prisoner spoke to his chief in a soft, rapid language, doubtless telling the insult of the morning.

The critical moment had come. The chief rose to his full height, regarded his victim with a friendly smile, and said in a peculiarly slow, pleasant voice:

"So, you Ben Thacher's boy. Yes, look 'um Thacher; look 'um Thacher very much."

"Ben Thacher's my uncle; I'm visiting him. I got lost, fishing, this afternoon," faltered the captive.

Sabattis laughed silently, and nodded.

"You not got woods-sense like Injun boy, but you get hungry all the same like Injun boy, guess. Eat 'um supper, then me take you home."

Could Ben believe his ears? Dared he trust such unsavage friendliness, or was it only a ruse to deceive him?

At any rate, the kettle of savory stew which the dusky maiden brought hot from the fire was no deception; and, whether this was to be his last meal or not, Ben ate ravenously, dipping his wooden spoon sociably into the kettle with that of his late captor, and finishing the repast with some corn bread, and blueberries eaten *al fresco* from a battered tin pail.

What a different boy Ben felt after food and rest, and with the fear of torture removed!

He took courage to look about his host's establishment. One tent, in which a straw bed was rolled up in a corner and a tiny hammock swung for the brown baby's cradle. A pile of skins and a dilapidated trunk filled with baskets, completed the furniture of this modern wigwam; behind it a rough lean-to of boards served as kitchen, pantry and extra shelter. The

tent floor was littered with thin strips of gaily-dyed wood and long wisps of sweet grass, which the squaw was rapidly weaving into basket ware while she crooned soft Indian baby-talk to the papoose in her lap.

"Sell 'um baskets down town," she told Ben, in response to a timid question. "Or store folks give flour, potatoes, we give 'um baskets."

"What kind of skins are those?"—encouraged by the squaw's affability and pointing to the pile in the corner.

"Seal skins. Ketch-um down river. Make slippers, mittens; nice, warm, for winter." And the obliging hostess handed for inspection some specimens made of the wiry gray fur of the native seal, which Ben examined with interest.

"This must be a cold place in winter," he ventured, looking out over the river below them. "But I suppose you go to another part of the Reservation then, don't you?"

"Me no understand. Go back to our town in winter," pointing down the river toward the East. Then seeing that the papoose had dropped asleep, the squaw mamma rose to deposit her treasure in its swinging cradle; and Ben was left to digest at leisure the humiliating truth which had been gradually dawning upon him since his arrival at the camp—that he was the easy victim of his own ignorance and a country boy's joke.

And as he watched this Indian family, comfortably dressed in ordinary clothes, absorbed in their homely tasks and chatting and laughing pleasantly together—a family whose good manners his, alas, had not equaled—the red man of Ben's acquaintance in story vanished forever, and in his stead, remained one less picturesque, but far more agreeable to encounter when lost in his domains.

"Ready now; take 'um home," announced the Indian paterfamilias, breaking in on Ben's reflections.

Ben looked about in honest shame for his rescuer of the afternoon, but the Indian boy and girl had disappeared with the dogs in the woods. So, with a grateful good night to his squaw hostess, he ran after his guide down the steep bank to the river, where—unforeseen delight!—floated a graceful birch canoe.

"Get in easy, sit still," directed Sabattis, pointing to the floor of the fragile craft; then, stepping lightly in himself, with a skillful stroke of his paddle he sent the canoe gliding far out into the stream.

Lost in the Maine woods and paddled home by a real Indian—here was an adventure to stir the envy of the boys in Cincinnati!

His confidence quite restored, Ben asked eager questions about the river, the woods, the game, to all of which Sabattis made most interesting replies in his brief fashion; and it seemed to the young adventurer an incredibly short time before the spire of the village church showed white in the twilight and the canoe touched the town landing.

"Thank you ever and ever so much; you've been awfully good to me," said Ben with bashful earnestness as he sprang ashore.



HERE WAS AN ADVENTURE TO STIR THE ENVY OF THE BOYS.

"That all right; like 'um Thachers," responded Sabattis, and paddled swiftly away up stream.

"Uncle Ben!" exclaimed Ben junior that evening after he had been duly rejoiced over by the search party just starting to his rescue, with anxious Steve as guide. "Uncle Ben, are all Indians in Maine as tame as these?"

"Expected better things of them, didn't you, boy?" queried his uncle, drolly. "You must have got a fine scare alone among the savages, eh? Why, bless your heart, old Sabattis is as well known hereabouts as I am, and as good a man. His father was Governor of the Passanaquoddy tribe, and Sabattis has been Indian representative to the Legislature. They live in their Indian village in winter; have houses, schools, Catholic church, just like anybody; only in summer their wild blood tells and they take to tents, making and selling their trinkets—mostly at the big resorts. But there's not much of the aboriginal savage about them now at their best. Sorry to disappoint you, Ben!"—with a roar of jolly laughter at his nephew's abashed face.

"But I would like to pay Sabattis somehow for

bringing me home; they were all so kind to me," ventured Ben, when he could be heard.

"So you shall, youngster, to-morrow," responded Uncle Ben, heartily. "I like to pay debts of kindness, too."

And true to his word, the next day the Benjamins, senior and junior, rowed up to Sabattis's camp, carrying bags of meal, flour and potatoes, which the Indians accepted with calm, but evident satisfaction, and Ben bought a lavish supply of baskets from the friendly squaw.

One point still troubled him secretly, however; and, finding the young Indian alone by the boat, he accosted him with "See here! I'm sorry I tipped over your baskets yesterday. I didn't mean to. But why didn't you pay me back when you had a chance? That's want I want to know."

The brown boy regarded the white boy a moment in silence; then he replied:

"Big dogs not mind when little dogs bark," he said. "You not mean to, that all right."

Ben dropped down on the bow of the boat and watched his companion as he went away.

"Well!" he ejaculated. "And I thought all Indians were savages."

**The Danish West Indies.**

Our boys in due time reached the Danish West Indies on their trip "around the world with The American Boy." The prize for best essay on the history of the islands goes to John Wilcox, Warsaw, Ind. It is as follows:

**HISTORY.**

"In giving the history of the Danish West Indies, it is necessary for a thorough comprehension to know the general location and characteristics of the islands. East of Porto Rico are the three small islands comprising the group. They contain about 33,000 people and 127 square miles of territory. They are small, and subject to terrific tropical hurricanes. Santa Cruz, or St. Croix, the largest of the three, was discovered by Columbus in 1493. After becoming the property of Spain, England and France, Denmark bought them in 1733. When the reconstruction troubles which followed the Civil War in our country were at their height, Secretary Seward by a brisk foreign policy sought to lead the attention of the public from domestic quarrels. The Danish West Indies were of little value to Denmark because she did not maintain a navy nor was she a colonial power. The United States needed, however, a coaling station in the Antilles very much. Negotiations were opened, and the Danish government set \$25,000,000 for a price and Seward offered \$5,000,000. At last the price was settled at \$7,500,000. A treaty was made but the senate refused to ratify it. In the recent war with Spain we encountered great difficulty by not having stations in the West Indies, and since the war negotiations have been renewed. In 1902 representatives of the two nations formed a treaty, which has been accepted by our senate and the Danish government."

**HOW TO MAKE THE TRIP.**

Harold R. Norris, Ivoryton, Conn., wins the prize for best statement of how we can reach the islands from the United States. He suggests that we leave New York July 3 on the steamship "Trinidad," sailing for Martinique, St. Vincent, St. Thomas and St. Croix. A first-class fare, round trip, would be from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars, according to the location of the stateroom. We would reach St. Croix in four or five days; and if we wanted to make the cruise touching

**Around the World with "The American Boy"**

all the points mentioned it would take nineteen or twenty days for the whole trip. Tickets could be bought in Quebec, Boston or New York of the agents of the Quebec Steamship Company, Limited. We take the steamer at Pier 47, North river, foot of West Tenth street, New York. The cost of cable messages home would be one dollar a word.

**MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.**

J. T. McCaffrey, Baltimore, Md., writes best regarding manners and customs of the people. He says there are about 30,000 black inhabitants and about 6,000 white, mainly English, Scotch and Dutch. The English language is spoken by a majority of the whites. To one visiting the country the entire population of the ports, as of St. Thomas, seems to be gathered about the wharfs, and one will see women engaged in coaling steamers. The women are said to be the most splendidly proportioned females in the world. The men, particularly the natives, are lazy, and agriculture has suffered therefrom. The children seem a happy and contented lot, much of their time being spent in splashing in the water. The people are of various religions. Since slavery was abolished in 1848 the population seems to have diminished. There have been several small rebellions on the islands, but they were quietly put down. The women sell tobacco, ornaments made of shells, and tropical fruits, which are carried about on the backs of small, sleepy-looking donkeys. There has never been much overland trade in the islands on account of the precipitous mountains. Every one owns a macneta—a large, heavy knife used for various things, but particularly in cutting the way through the thick and tangled growth peculiar to tropical countries.

**CLIMATE, INDUSTRIES AND PRODUCTS.**

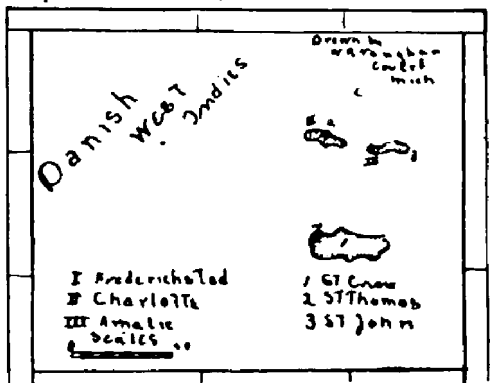
The prize for best essay on climate, industries and products goes to Gould Hunter, Scranton, Pa. He says the climate is

decidedly warm, as the islands are near the equator and they lie in the Gulf Stream. The products are such as are found in semi-tropical countries, the principal ones being coffee, tobacco, sugar cane, lemons, pineapples, bananas, oranges, limes, cotton, maize, sponges and arrowroot. Very many people are employed in the manufacture of cigars. The cultivation of sugar cane is carried on very extensively, and the finest qualities of sugar come from these islands. There are other minor industries but not of sufficient importance to be mentioned.

**ADVANTAGES IN OUR OWNING THE ISLANDS.**

James A. Peterson, Fishtail, Mont., makes the best statement of the advantages of the Danish West Indies to the United States. In the event of war, he says, between the United States and another country they would serve as a coaling station, a base of supplies, and a reserve for troops and munitions of war. They would act as a barricade against any European nation attempting an attack on our own country. In case of accident or storm a merchant vessel could stop there for coal and supplies and for safety. Securing control of the harbor of St. Thomas alone would be of great advantage. In the event of a trans-isthmian canal they would be of vast importance. Having a warm climate and fertile soil we could make use of them agriculturally, inasmuch as we import coffee, indigo, tropical fruits, and other such things as are grown easily on the islands. If we had them it would remove one more European nation from the Western continent and give us one more foothold in the carrying out of the Monroe Doctrine. We would not be purchasing a war, as we did in the case of the Philippines. We would be advancing the cause of civilization, as the islands are unhealthful and the inhabitants mostly ignorant. We could improve conditions materially.

W. R. Vaughan, Covert, Mich., is entitled to the prize for sending us the best map of the islands.



Drawn by W. R. Vaughan.

**Now for Martinique.**

About three hundred and fifty miles in a direct line southeast of the Danish West Indies lies the island of Martinique, where a few months ago thirty thousand human lives went out in the most terrible volcanic eruption of the world's history. Let us pay it a visit, as perhaps it is safe to do so now. To that boy living in the New England States who writes us the best history of the island, a prize of one dollar. To the boy living in New York or Pennsylvania writing the best essay on the manners and customs of the people and the products of the island, one dollar. To the boy of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois or Wisconsin who sends the best map of the island showing location of the principal towns, mountains, etc., one dollar. To the boy who lives either in California, Washington or Oregon writing the best essay on the climate and industries of the island, one dollar. To the boy in any of the states not named who writes the best description of the recent eruption of Mt. Pelee, one dollar. The essays must not be over three hundred words in length. We hope that every reader of The American Boy is with us on our journey around the world.

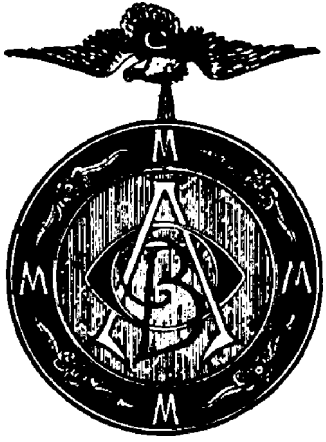
The Order of The American Boy

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.



CAPTAIN'S BADGE. (Twice Actual Size.)

Boys desiring to Organize Companies may obtain a Pamphlet from us containing Directions. It is sent free.

The Standing Broad Jump Championships.

The May AMERICAN BOY Field Day contest resulted in Roy Cramer, of Urbana, O., winning the Standing Broad Jump Senior Championship, and Stanley Wood, of Salt Lake City, Utah, winning the Standing Broad Jump Junior championship. Other boys of the Order who made good scores were, among the seniors, Walter James, — John W. Found, Chicago, Ill., and Charles M. Nielsen, Jr., Salt Lake City, Utah; and among the juniors Frank Fortna, Chase, Kas., Clarence Madison, Madison, Wis., and Harold Sexsmith, Madison, Wis.

The American Boy Standing Broad Jump Senior Champion for 1902-3.

Roy Cramer, Urbana, O., a member of Simon Kenton Company, No. 9, Division of Ohio, and winner of THE AMERICAN BOY Standing Broad Jump Senior Championship for 1902-3, is the holder of seven records in the Urbana High School, and three records in the Interurban High



ROY CRAMER.

School Athletic League. He was graduated from the Urbana High School June 12 last. A report of the contest in this Company was made by Professor J. M. Martin, of the department of history of the Urbana High School.

Theodore Roosevelt Company, No. 4, Chesaning, Mich.

On another page of this number of THE AMERICAN BOY we give a picture of Theodore Roosevelt Company, No. 4, Division of Michigan, Chesaning, Mich., as they appeared on last Decoration Day after taking part in the Decoration Day parade. The Company has just begun to do military work. The following boys were elected officers in March: Captain, Harvey O. Chapman; Vice-Captain, Allen S. Austin; Secretary, A. H. Dredge; Treasurer, Frank J. Stevens; Sergeant-at-Arms, Augustus Stewart; Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms, Frank Rodgers; Librarian, Oliver B. Whipple; Chaplain, Rev. C. W. Fletcher. Since the election of the Secretary has moved away and Earl E. Peer has been appointed.

New Companies Organized.

Sabaticook Company, No. 5, Division of Maine, Newport, Me., Captain T. S. Ross. C. E. Friend Company, No. 7, Division of Kansas, Soldier, Kas., Captain Blanchard Mickel.

Herring Boys Company, No. 11, Division of Indiana, Goshen, Ind., Captain Harry Opperman.

General Philip Sheridan Company, No. 3, Division of Oregon, Newberg, Ore., Captain Jay Heston.

Colonel Davenport Company, No. 8, Division of Iowa, Davenport, Ia., Captain Realf Ottesen.

George Washington Company, No. 19, Division of Illinois, London Mills, Ill., Captain Dee Kay Vose.

William McKinley Military Company, No. 22, Division of Ohio, Canton, O., Captain Elvin R. Hoover.

Mountain Home Company, No. 28, Division of Michigan, Otsego, Mich., Captain Clytus A. Freeman.

Joseph R. Hawley Company, No. 2, Division of Connecticut, Norfolk, Conn., Captain H. Cordis Carter.

Garret A. Hobart Company, No. 2, Division of New Jersey, Hoboken, N. J., Captain Walter W. Wilson.

Degrees Conferred.

Degrees are conferred on the following boys: For good work in behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY and the Order, one degree each upon Merle H. Felger, West Unity, O.; Richard Broat, Dansville, N. Y., and Robert Cordray, Canton, O.; for skill in athletics, one degree each upon Roy Cramer, Urbana, O., and Stanley Wood, Salt Lake City, Utah; Luman Shafer, Cobleskill, N. Y., one degree for excellence in public speaking, one degree for good scholarship, and one degree for habits of thrift; George Brunell, Cobleskill, N. Y., one degree for excellence in public speaking, one degree for habits of thrift, and one degree for industry and devotion to duty.

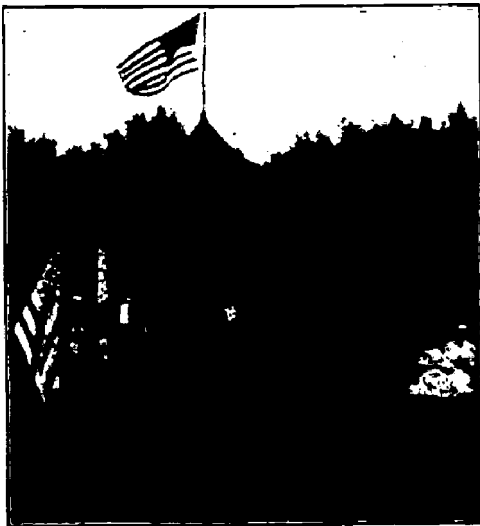
West Unity, O., June 16, 1902. Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: Received Library No. 1 and like it very well.

Yours for M. M. M. M., MERLE H. FELGER, Captain George Rings Company, No. 21.

Coyotes Company, No. 3, De Smet, S. D.

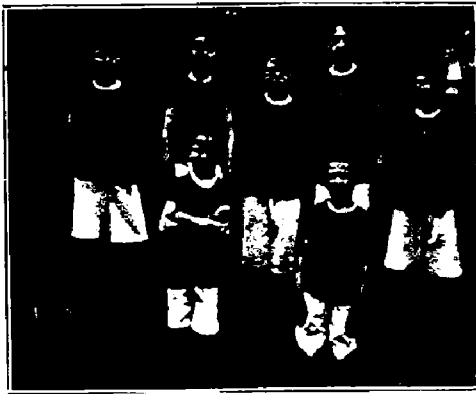
The picture representing Coyotes Company, No. 3, Division of South Dakota, located at De Smet, S. D., was taken in the back yard of the Captain's home. The tent in the background is where the Com-



pany holds its meetings. Captain Vincent M. Sherwood is the center one of the three boys who are sitting. On his right is Leslie Cooledge, Secretary and Treasurer, and on his left, Lester Carpenter, Librarian.

Company News.

Oglethorpe Company, No. 1, Divisions of Georgia, Culloden, Ga., will meet but once a month during the summer months, meetings to be held on Friday afternoons from four to seven.—George W. Steele Company, No. 6, Swayzee, Ind., holds its meetings every Monday evening at the home of the Captain, where they have fitted up a fine club room. They have had their charter framed and have a library of ten good books. This Company is very much interested in athletics, and has Indian clubs, dumb-bells and fencing foils. The secretary writes that they will soon have their pictures taken and promises to send us one.—Liberty Company, No. 12, West Reading, Pa., is principally interested in athletics, and is about to organize a baseball team. This Company holds its meetings Wednesday evenings at the homes of the various members. Dues, five cents a week. On Decoration Day the boys sold lemonade, netting \$1.34 for their treasury.—Mutherford M. Hayes Company, No. 18, Hamburg, N. Y., recently elected the following officers: Captain, Milton L. Sutter; Secretary and Treasurer, George F. Young; Sergeant-at-Arms, Henry A. Ingersoll.—Pontiac Company, No. 4, St. Louis, Mo., was named in honor of the great Indian Chief Pontiac. This Company holds its meetings on the first and third Saturdays of each month. An initiation fee of ten cents is charged, and the monthly dues are ten cents. A fine of one cent a



COLFAX COMPANY, No. 8, DIV. OF INDIANA, INDIANAPOLIS.

word has been imposed for the use of profane language. The boys have fitted up an attic in the home of the Vice-Captain for a club room, and have a punching bag.—John Marshall Company, No. 5, Marysville, Kas., is chiefly interested in athletics. They have a splendid baseball team and have played two games this season, winning both. In the first they defeated the Marysville Junior League team by a score of 24 to 16, and in the second the Marysville "Sluggers" by the overwhelming score of 55 to 13. The Company holds its meetings on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock at the home of the Captain. They have their gymnasium and reading room in a two-story frame building. The dues have been raised to ten cents a week for the purpose of purchasing athletic goods. They already have a punching bag, an American Association League ball, and a set of boxing gloves.—Santa Fe Company, No. 3, Chase, Kas., is progressing finely. Monthly dues have been abolished and assessments have been adopted instead. The boys hold field day exercises among themselves, and at the end of each term diplomas are awarded for best work done. They have started a museum and an outdoor gymnasium.—Lake Shore Company, No. 6, Madison, Wis., has fitted up a club room in the basement of the home of one of its members. The walls are draped with curtains and other draperies, and decorated with pictures, ball clubs, guns, etc., and the room is furnished with a nice large lounge, a desk, chairs, and shelves for books. The Company colors are red and blue. A fine has been imposed for the use of profane language, or quarreling or scuffling while in the club room.—Des Moines Valley Company, No. 5, Jackson, Minn., has formed a baseball league.—Bay State Company, No. 7, Springfield, Mass., have a set of quilts, ping-pong, two Crown combination game boards, and several smaller games.—Richmond P. Hobson Company, No. 14, Paradise Valley, Pa., holds its meetings on Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock. An initiation fee of twenty five cents is charged, and the monthly dues are ten cents. The boys expect to go camping this summer.—Millbury Company, No. 10, Millbury, Mass., holds its meetings on Thursday evenings at the home of the Captain. Dues, ten cents a month. This Company is very much interested in athletics. On Saturday afternoon, June 14, they had a bicycle race, the distance being one-half mile. They are planning to go camping the last two weeks in July, and are looking forward to a good time.—Robert Dale Owen Company, No. 4, Stewartville, Ind., went on a camping expedition on May 12 to Foot's Pond, about five miles from town, where they spent a week in fishing and hunting. They were accompanied by Charles Schultz, an expert hunter and fisherman. On Wednesday, May 14, the boys entertained their parents and some friends from town, who treated them to a fine dinner. The Company returned home on Saturday evening, considerably worn out but highly pleased with their week's outing.—William McKinley Military Company, No. 22, Canton, O., has a very competent drill master in the person of Henry Baird, who served in the late war with Spain. The

boys expect to march in the Labor Day parade. Up to this time meetings have been held at the home of one of the members, but they hope soon to have a club room, gymnasium, library, etc. They will also have a drum corps.—Little Egypt Company, No. 8, Mt. Vernon, Ill., is principally interested in athletics. They have a fine baseball team and some good athletes, and the Captain says they expect to win a good many of the Field Day contests this summer.—Moose Island Company, No. 4, Eastport, Me., is an athletic Company.—[Much company news is held over till next month.—EDITOR.]

BOYS

from Maine to California are devoting a few spare moments each day to delightful and very profitable pastime during vacation. No cash outlay, and your reward is a

COLLEGE EDUCATION ABSOLUTELY FREE

Any course you may select. Write today and we will tell you all about it. Hundreds of boys and girls have taken advantage of our liberal offer.

The Porto Rica Trading Co. 1021 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE MAGIC WALLET! Novel, Mystifying, Puzzling.

Place a bill on the straight bands, close wallet, open and the bill is under the crossed bands! Close wallet, open and the bill is under the straight bands. How is it done? Not a flimsy toy to be used a few times and then thrown away, but a strong, practical, durable novelty. Just the thing to carry bank bills, invoices, cards, etc. Black Seal Grain, 25c. E. H. Vincent & Co., 58 Havannah St., Rochester, N. Y. We have other Original Practical Novelties. Send for Circulars.

ARITHMETIC SELF-TAUGHT

DO NOT DESPAIR because through neglect you have forgotten what you once learned about Arithmetic, Prof. Spangenberg's NEW METHOD requires no teacher. 194 pages. Price 50 cents. Best book published. Geo. A. Zeller, Pub., Room 229, 18 S. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.



STANLEY WOOD.

American Boy Standing Long Jump, Junior Champion.

A SAMPLE FREE BICYCLE

High-Grade 1902 Roadster or Racing model. FULLY GUARANTEED, free to agents who will ride and exhibit our wheels. Send for particulars.

A FREE TRIAL

We ship our models everywhere subject to inspection and ten days' trial.

SAVE MONEY! Second-hand wheels, all makes, 1901 and 1902 models, \$3.50 to \$12.00. GOOD AS NEW. Guaranteed to be in first-class condition. Ask for July list.

Special Bargain and Premium List: Guns, Cameras and Supplies, Sporting and Athletic Novelties.

EARHART & MARSH, 501 Fullerton Ave., Chicago.

An American Knife for the American Boy

Here is a Beauty—Three Blades—Stag Handle—Brass Lined—German Silver Bolsters and Fully Warranted. Mailed to any address \$1.25 upon receipt of price. Drop us a card and we will tell you how to get one FREE OF COST. L. F. MARON SUPPLY CO., Dept. B, 848 State St., Rochester, N. Y.



# The Boys' Library

## A List of Books for Boys' Reading.

CAROLINE M. HEWINS.

For Boys under Twelve Years Old.

- "Clean Peter and the Children of Grubby-lea." Longmans. \$1.25.
- "Each and All." Ginn. 50c.
- "Seven Little Sisters." Ginn. 50c.
- "Fifty Famous Stories Retold." American Book Company. 35c.
- "Stories of the Red Children." Educational Publishing Company. 40c.
- "Cinderella." Longmans. 20c.
- "History of Jack the Giant Killer." Longmans. 20c.
- "History of Whittington." Longmans. 30c.
- "Little Red Riding-Hood." Longmans. 20c.
- "Nursery Rhyme-Book." Warne. \$2.00.
- "Princes on the Glass Hill." Longmans. 30c.
- "Sleeping Beauty." Macmillan. 20c.
- "Nonsense Books." Little. \$2.00.
- "Book of Fables." Houghton. 40c.
- "Book of Folk Stories." Houghton. 60c.
- "Arabella and Araminta Stories." Small. \$2.00.
- "Booby Book." Estes. 75c.
- "Roggie and Reggie Stories." Harper. \$1.50.
- "Child's Garden of Verses." Scribner. \$1.50.
- "Old Stories of the East." American Book Company. 45c.
- "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." Macmillan. \$1.00.
- "Through the Looking-Glass." Macmillan. \$1.00.
- "Friends and Helpers." Ginn. 70c.
- "Stories of American Life and Adventure." American Book Company. 50c.
- "Joyous Story of Toto." Little. \$1.25.
- "Toto's Merry Winter." Little. \$1.25.
- "King of the Golden River." Ginn. 25c.
- "Children of the Cold." Educational Publishing Company. \$1.25.
- "Cruise of the Canoe Club." Harper. 60c.
- "Moral Pirates." Harper. 60c.
- "Fairy Tales." Edited by Stickney. 2 series. Ginn. 40c each.
- "Fairy Stories and Fables." American Book Company. 35c.
- "Four American Naval Heroes." Werner. 50c.
- "True Story of Christopher Columbus." Lothrop. \$1.50.
- "True Story of George Washington." Lothrop. \$1.50.
- "True Story of the United States." Lothrop. \$1.50.
- "Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers." Houghton. \$1.00.
- "Admiral's Caravan." Century. \$1.50.
- "Davy and the Goblin." Houghton. \$1.50.
- "Gods and Heroes." Ginn. 40c.
- "Little Mr. Thimblefinger." Houghton. \$2.00.

- "Nights with Uncle Remus." Houghton. \$1.50.
  - "Uncle Remus; His Songs and His Sayings." Appleton. \$2.00.
  - "Wonder Book—Tanglewood Tales." (Holiday Edition.) Houghton. \$2.00.
  - "Blue Fairy Book." Longmans. \$2.00.
  - "A B C of Electricity." American Technology Book Company. 75c.
  - "Adventures of a Brownie." Harper. 60c.
  - "Mr. Stubbs's Brother." Harper. 60c.
  - "Tim and Tip." Harper. 60c.
  - "Toby Tyler." Harper. 60c.
  - "Black Beauty." Lothrop. \$1.00.
  - "Fanciful Tales." Scribner. 60c.
  - "Horse Fair." Century. \$1.50.
  - "Story of Siegfried." Scribner. \$1.50.
  - "Story of the Golden Age." Scribner. \$1.50.
  - "First Book in American History." American Book Company. 60c.
  - "Tales of King Arthur." Putnam. \$1.50.
  - "Water Babies." Macmillan. \$1.00.
  - "Jungle Book." Century. \$1.50.
  - "Second Jungle Book." Century. \$1.50.
  - "At the Back of the North Wind." Routledge. \$1.00.
  - "First Book of Birds." Houghton. \$1.00.
  - "Derrick Sterling." Harper. 60c.
  - "Flamingo Feather." Harper. 60c.
  - "Raising the Pearl." Harper. 60c.
  - "Tales from Munchausen." Edited by E. E. Hale. Heath. 20c.
  - "Little Jarvis." Appleton. \$1.00.
  - "Lobo, Rag and Vixen." Scribner. 60c.
  - "Bee-man of Orn." Scribner. \$1.25.
  - "Little Smoke." Appleton. \$1.50.
  - "Talking Leaves." Harper. 60c.
  - "Two Arrows." Harper. 60c.
- Any one of the foregoing may be bought of "The American Boy" at prices named. A list of books for boys from 12 to 16 years will be given next month.—Editor.

### The American Boy's Reading.

WARD MACAULEY.

One of the very best boys' books I have ever read, best from the standpoint of keen interest, delightful humor, and the naturalness of its characters, is "Phaeton Rogers," by Rossiter Johnson. There are few boy characters that can compare with this same Phaeton, whose right name was Fayette. He is a genius, and no reader, young or old, can resist the real fun afforded by Phaeton's latest "scheme." He always had some wonderful plan in view, something that was to make him either rich or famous, or both. One of the most ambitious of these was his underground railway. His scheme was to build a tunnel for the car to run through. These cars were to be propelled on what we might call an elastic band principle. In other words, a cable was to be stretched from one end of the "line" to the other, and then let go, the car with it. What boy can fail to find good entertainment in following the adventures of a hero capable of such ingenuity. Phaeton and his boy chums later open a printing office, and we all know the possibilities of an amateur shop, for storytelling purposes. It is a treat to read a book in which every paragraph sparkles with wit, and in which the funny points about the characters are so plainly brought out. "Jack-in-the-box," the man who let down the bars when a train was going by, and to whom the boys went with their schemes, is one of the best characters of the kind in all the literature of boyhood. Jimmy, the rhymer, the youthful bard who believed in limiting his efforts to writing of things that happened, and to tell them just as they happened, is also a good character. "Phaeton Rogers" was published in 1881, nearly twenty two years ago. Since then boys' stories have poured from the presses by the thousand. Many have been very good, others less worthy. Yet, I doubt if in the entire number there are ten which, purely as lively, entertaining stories, can be con-

sidered in the same class with "Phaeton Rogers." A very interesting, and at the same time very profitable, little volume is Henry D. Sedgwick's "Samuel de Champlain," in the Riverside Biographical series. Champlain's was an interesting career, full of adventures and romance in the New World. Mr. Sedgwick has the happy faculty of giving the important facts in as close an approach to the style of fiction as good biography can be. It is a book well worth reading, and as it is comparatively short, you need have no fear of becoming weary of the subject before you finish reading the book. "Practical Talks by an Astronomer" is a splendid book for you to read, if you will make up your mind to apply yourself a little. It is very interesting reading, but you will be obliged to read it with more care than most of the books I have recommended to you. A general knowledge of astronomy should be possessed by every man. Few, however, have time or inclination to study carefully the more technical works on the subject. Harold Jacoby, the author of this book, is a professor at Columbia College, and he certainly knows how to write so as to present the main facts and yet not make the book dull. In a brief, yet comprehensive form, we learn of the difficulties that confronted Galileo, one of the early astronomers who believed in our present idea of the solar system, as set down by Copernicus, rather than in the old idea that the earth is flat. Galileo was the first to use a telescope in studying the heavens, and the story of his life reads like a romance. Then we are told about the discovery of the planet of 1838, of the famous moon hoax in 1835, when the New York Sun claimed that a powerful telescope brought the moon so near the earth that wonderful discoveries were made. It was this "moon hoax" that suggested to Edgar Allan Poe the idea of his great story, "Hans Pfaall," which told of a wonderful trip to the moon. While there may be chapters that you will find a little hard to read, it will pay you to read them, and when you once get into the drift of the book, you will find it very interesting. It is the best book on astronomy, written in a popular style, that has been recently published.

### Reviews of Boys' Books

**ZANZIBAR TALES**—Told by natives of the East Coast of Africa. Translated from the original Swahili by George W. Bateman. The old nursery tales of "Jack and the Bean Stalk" and "Little Red Riding Hood" fame will be relegated to the background when Mr. Bateman's folklore stories of East Africa are read. Parents will now have fresh and pleasant reading matter to put into the hands of the young folks, and the stories will not hurt the readers in any way. Perhaps the pronouncing of strange and unfamiliar names like Keema, the monkey, Soongoor, the hare; Keeteete, the rabbit, or the poor man Haamdaanee will be found difficult, but Mr. Bateman's explanation that they are pronounced exactly as spelled will make them easy. The book altogether is one which will please and delight both parents and children, and many a hearty laugh will be indulged in at the funny illustrations, of which there are a large number. The book contains 224 pages, bound in ornamental cloth cover, and the publishers are A. C. McClurg & Co.

**TESTA: A BOOK FOR BOYS**, by Paolo Mantegazza, translated from the Italian of the tenth edition by the Italian class in Bangor, Maine, under the supervision of Luigi D. Ventura. This is the story of an Italian boy who became ill through overstudy and was sent to the seashore to live for a year with the farmers and fishermen. In the home of his uncle, Capt. Balcia, a retired mariner, at San Terenzo, on the Gulf of Spezia, away from books and schoolmasters, Enrico learns many practical lessons from the things around him. His uncle is a first-class teacher and has studied much from nature things

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not found in books. Under his care and teaching the twelve months pass very quickly and pleasantly, and the life that Enrico has led on the sea and in his uncle's garden has transformed him from a thin, puny, sickly lad into a healthy, robust, bronzed youth. All works suffer more or less in the translation from one language to another, and although it has been done in this instance with the greatest care, yet the language is somewhat stilted in places. Notwithstanding this we believe that the reader will obtain many good practical lessons from the book which if acted upon will materially assist in building up a good and truly successful life. A blank page is given for each month that the reader may write therein his good resolutions. 258 pages. Cloth cover. D. C. Heath & Co., publishers.

**LOST ON THE ORINOCO**; or American Boys in Venezuela—Pan-American series—by Edward Stratemyer. We have already had occasion to speak with approval of Mr. Stratemyer's rare qualities as a writer for boys, and in the present volume we find not only delightful entertainment but valuable instruction as well. The writer brings to his readers much information and many facts regarding this tempestuous South American Republic. The whole account of the journey from New York until the great Orinoco was reached must have been unalloyed enjoyment to the five boys, notwithstanding the little drawbacks and mishaps which they met with. Prof. Strong proved himself an able and wise tutor, and while the boys had plenty of hunting, shooting and fishing and other adventures, the most exciting of which gives the title to the book, they were not left in ignorance regarding the valuable products of the country. Their stay at the coffee and cocoa plantation and their visits to the rich gold and silver mines of the country, with the appearance and manners of the natives, gave them a high respect for the wealth of its resources. In these days when the Republics of South America are so prominently in the public gaze, parents will find this volume of considerable educational value, while the story is so lively and interesting, and the adventures are often of so thrilling a character that it will amply satisfy the most insatiable cravings of the American boy for fun, frolic and exciting incidents generally. The book—the first of a new series—has also some nice illustrations and is handsomely bound in ornamental cloth cover. 312 pages. Price \$1.00 net. Lee & Shepard, publishers.

## Speeches and Speechmaking

By Judge J. W. Donovan. Author of "Tact in Court," "Skill in Trials," Etc.

CICERO said, "Poets are born, but orators are made." He might have added that they make themselves. In the making of orators, this book has played a great part during the last few years. The fact that four large editions have been necessary in order to supply the demand, evidences its immense popularity. It has been helpful and therefore popular, because it is not a mere hand-book on elocution, but is a text-book on oratory—the preparation, arrangement and making of speeches for all kinds of purposes and occasions. Bound in cloth. Price, \$1.50 delivered.

The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

### EVERY BOY HIS OWN TOY MAKER.

Tells how to make all kinds Toys, Steam Engines, Photo Cameras, Windmills, Microscopes, Electric Telegraphs, Telephones, Magic Lanterns, Kites, Balloons, Boats, from a rowboat to a schooner; also Kites, Balloons, Masks, Wagons, Toy Houses, Bow and Arrow, Pop Guns, Rings, Stills, Fishing Tackle, Rabbit and Bird Traps, and many others. All made so plain that a boy can easily make them. 200 handsome illus. This great book by mail 50c. \$ for 25c. O. O. DeFov, Pub. Syracuse, N. Y.



ILLUSTRATION FROM "LOST ON THE ORINOCO."—Lee & Shepard.

Advertisements Here Pay

King's Head Issue.

Not only philatelists, but the British people generally, are greatly dissatisfied over the new King's head issue.

Many colonies are making preparations to issue King's head stamps.



BOSNIA. BULGARIA. HOLLAND.

We give a picture of a new Bosnia stamp, a 35 Heller. It is a bi-colored stamp, the figures of value in the corners being printed in black and the rest of the stamp in blue.

ECUADOR JUBILEE, 7 varieties, complete, unused, catalogue \$1.25.

\$10 For Only 7c.—\$1 Red, \$1 Green, \$1 Gray, \$1 Olive, \$2 Gray, \$2 Olive and \$2 Slate.

STAMPS 102 different genuine Labuan, Forno, China Zambesia, etc., with album, only 10c.

STAMPS 106, no two alike and genuine. Mauritius, Natal, Cape G.H., Cuba, Costa Rica, Honduras, Mexico, etc., and an ALBUM for 10c.

STAMPS FREE 100 all different free for names and addresses of two stamp collectors and 2c for postage.

100 PAN-AMERICAN SOUVENIR STAMPS All the Buildings—Four Colors.

500 Foreign Stamps, 10c. 104 all diff. from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc., with album, 10c.

FREE 100 varieties foreign stamps for names and addresses of 2 collectors.

EXCELLENT STAMPS ON APPROVAL at 1/2, 1 and 2 cents each.

STAMPS in album & cats. Free. Agents, 50% and prizes.

MEXICO A nice little set is now offered to all who apply for sheets.

FREE! 100 Varieties Genuine Stamps for the names of two collectors and 2c postage.

20 diff. Engine stamps, 10c. 10 Hamburg R. 5c. 20 Paris Exposition stamps, 10c.

FREE! A stamp worth 12c. given to all new applicants for approval sheets.

U. S. REVENUES \$1.00 green, \$1.00 red, \$1.00 gray, \$2.00 green and black, \$5.00 brown; the lot for 15 cents.

400 diff. stamps, a grand collection, worth \$2. price 90c.

A RARE CANADIAN stamp free to all who send the name of three or more collectors.

SEND For our approval sheets of good stamps at 50% discount.

The Boy Stamp, Coin and Curio Collector

Notes.

The stamps of Abyssinia have been surcharged Ethiopie. A large quantity of the stamps of Abyssinia were sold for a small fraction of their face value to a stamp speculator.

An old familiar philatelic landmark is to be removed. The figure of Hope, after adorning the stamps of the Cape of Good Hope for nearly 50 years, is to make way for a "King's Head" issue within a few months.

Many Japanese stamps have been counterfeited, but a test for counterfeits is to count the leaves of the chrysanthemum. In the genuine the flower has 16 leaves or petals.

Many of the younger collectors are at a loss to understand the meaning of the coupon on the stamps of Belgium.

The inscription on the coupon reads "Do not deliver on Sunday." The idea was that those who favored Sunday observance would leave their coupons attached, and their letters would not be delivered on that day.

Answers to Questions.

A. E. W., Oakland, Maine.—The stamp you enclose is worth one cent.

V. M. H.—The 2c Internal Revenue, perforated, is catalogued 1 cent.

R. H. E., Armagh, Pa.—The stamp you enclosed can be purchased at fifteen cents per hundred.

N. M., Charlesworth, Ill.—The stamps you describe are German locals and postage issue of Great Britain.

R. E. M., Rochester.—The 1c. Special Printing of 1880 is not priced used. Unused the stamp is priced at \$50.

M. H. F., West Unity, Ohio.—The five cent express catalogues six cents, and the three cent foreign exchange ten cents.

S. V. T., Chicago, Ill.—We believe that the American Bank Note Company furnish the stamps to the countries you mention.

O. E. F., Beatrice, Neb.—The following are catalogue prices of the British South Africa (Rhodesia) stamps mentioned by you:

G. M., Alma, Mich.—The two cent inland exchange, five cent certificate and five cent certificate catalogue one cent each.

H. T., Agricultural College.—Reprinted stamps usually differ from the originals in the shade of the ink used and in the paper and gum.

P. B., Haverhill, Mass.—The stamps you describe are German locals. They are not catalogued or usually sold by American dealers.

L. E. C., Yates Center, Kansas.—The half cent Canada, small stamp with the head turned to the right, catalogues at two cents.

K. B., Benton Harbor, Mich.—Following are the catalogue value of the stamps mentioned in your inquiry: one dollar conveyance, fifteen cents; fifty cent conveyance, one cent; fifty cent original process, two cents; fifty cent entry of goods, five cents; two dollar mortgage, fifteen cents; thirty six dollar newspaper and periodical, thirty dollars; sixty dollar newspaper and periodical, forty five dollars.

W. W. T., Stamford, Conn.—The one penny green of the 1877-80 issue of South Australia is watermarked with a crown and letters SA. It is catalogued at one cent.

P. B., Minneapolis, Minn.—The stamps described by you are revenue stamps used in certain proceedings in the courts of Great Britain.

The 1/2 red was issued in 1867 and catalogues eight cents. English revenue stamps are not catalogued by American dealers.

Collectors of Postal Cards.

The collectors of postal cards are increasing in number. A good collection of cards can be made for a small sum, as compared with stamps, and few cards are priced over 50 cents.

The Numismatic Sphinx.

Answers to questions regarding coins are herewith given in a condensed form, made necessary by the many questions received.

G. E.: See answer to R. B. H.—A half dime of 1853 has no premium.—The 1853 eagle cent commands no premium.—Yorkick Mathes, Limona, Fla.: Your rubbing is taken from a very common cent of Holland.

S. T.: Your other coin is a two real of Spain, Isabel II. (1833-68), 1860, and sells for twenty five cents.—The Prince Edward Island half-penny of 1857, "Self Government and Free Trade," sells for five cents.

G. M., Alma, Mich.—The two cent inland exchange, five cent certificate and five cent certificate catalogue one cent each.

H. T., Agricultural College.—Reprinted stamps usually differ from the originals in the shade of the ink used and in the paper and gum.

P. B., Haverhill, Mass.—The stamps you describe are German locals. They are not catalogued or usually sold by American dealers.

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P. B., Minneapolis, Minn.—The stamps described by you are revenue stamps used in certain proceedings in the courts of Great Britain.

as a general thing, are so common that one is satisfied if a good piece brings face value.—A. B.: Your rubbing is taken from a two ore copper coin of the present issue of Denmark.

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THE MYSTERIOUS SHELL. The greatest, most interesting puzzle of the age, made of polished ebony, size and shape of a 6-pound shell.

COINS

Any kind bought at big price. Rare nickel coin and list of prices we pay 10c. Selling lists FREE.

500 Foreign Stamps, 10c. 104 all diff. from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc., with album, 10c.





Familiar Talks With Boys.

Conducted by H. R. WELLS.

QUESTION.

I am a reader of your paper and get it every month. I am in here (a Massachusetts reformatory) for being stubborn. Your paper is an interesting one to me. Ever since I first got it I have been learning from it. My parents are too poor to get the paper for me, but a kind lady is paying for it and sending it to me. Can you give me a hint as to how my folks can get me out of here? Your paper has taught me how to behave myself and I would like to get out in the world and earn something. I am eighteen years old, but small for my age. Before I got in here I was a cigarmaker. I am now learning to be a cobbler and I am learning the Sloyd system. I never knew what a prison was before, and it makes me cry till my eyes are sore thinking of home. I go to school here every night and am allowed to write home once every two weeks. If you wish I will send you a copy of "Our Paper," which is published every week. I hope you will answer this letter and tell me what it will cost to buy myself out of here. Am recommending your paper to lots of boys. I am a native of Boston. Yours truly—I. G.

My Dear Friend:

Answering your inquiry as to how your folks may get you out of the Reformatory, I do not know the rules and regulations of the institution, but in those I do know of, the first requisite is good conduct.

I am very glad that reading THE AMERICAN BOY has helped you as you say. The improvement in your behavior will surely be noticed by those in authority and have its influence upon their disposition to liberate you, besides making you less unhappy in your confinement.

It is a good idea to learn all you can of whatever you have opportunity for that may be useful to you. Sloyd especially will make it easier for you to learn anything else that requires skill and dexterity in the use of your fingers.

Being industrious, obedient, kind, and as cheerful as possible, will help you and those about you while you stay, and form good habits that will remain with you afterwards.

I should like to see a copy of the publication, "Our Paper," you speak of. It would help me perhaps to get a clearer idea of your institution and to make further suggestions to you. Be sure of my sympathy and kindly feeling for you. Remember it is possible for you to learn to be free and happy in heart, although your body is imprisoned, which is infinitely better than to be at liberty in your person with the soul in bondage to sin and wrongdoing.

QUESTION.

What are the duties of a messenger on a railroad? Yours respectfully—W. P.

ANSWER.

Dear W.:

By "duties of a messenger on a railroad" I suppose you mean those of an express messenger?

Their duties are to receive and to distribute at stations along the line of their road, the packages sent by express. These messengers are under bond to account for and secure safe transportation of whatever goods, money, or articles of value are placed in their hands.

They are usually on duty either all day or all night. The through messengers of the Wells, Fargo Co., for instance, start from Salamanca, N. Y., at eight o'clock in the morning and reach Chicago at nine forty-five the same night.

Messengers are designated as "Through" messengers and "Helpers." The former receive about eighty five dollars per month and the latter fifty dollars.

If the object of your inquiry is to secure such a position, your application should first be made to some agent for work in an express office, which is a preparation for that of messenger, and the boy who proves himself efficient in office work is in line of advancement to messenger "helper," some offices in the road being, of course, in more direct line of promotion than others. The best points on the line of the company mentioned being Salamanca, N. Y., and Marion, O.

Be on Time.

The writer was not long ago instrumental in securing a good position in a store for a boy about fifteen years of age. He needed the place very much, for his mother was in the most reduced circumstances, and this boy was the eldest of six children, and the mother was a widow.

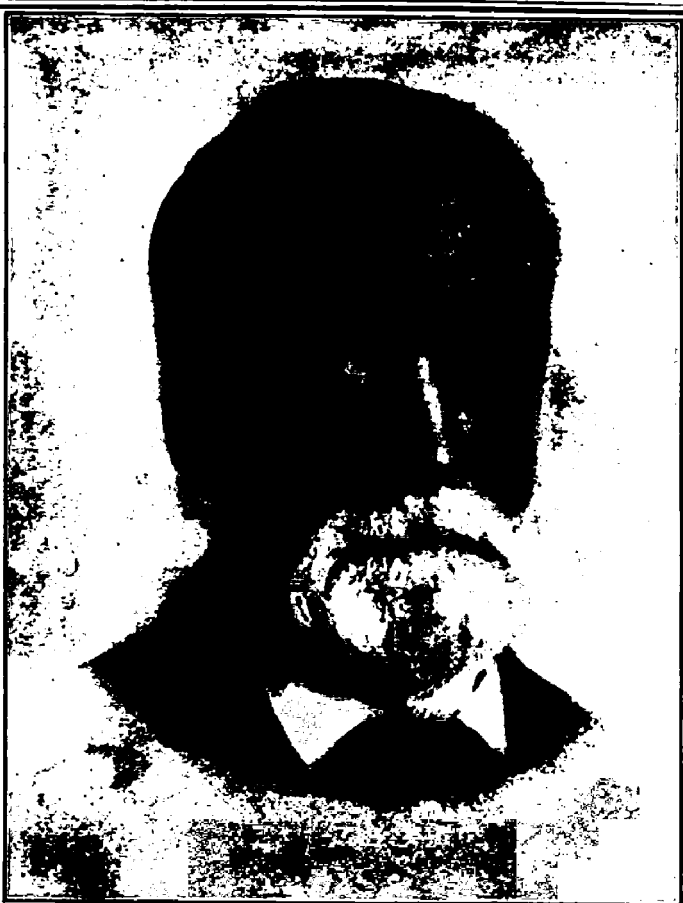
At the end of two weeks the mother came to me to ask if I would be willing to go to the store and ask the proprietor to take Willie back again.

"Take him back?" I said. "Has he lost his place?"

"Yes, sir; they sent him back home when he went to the store yesterday morning." A call on the proprietor of the store elicited the fact that the boy had been discharged because he was "never on time."

"He was late every morning," said the proprietor. "He always had some excuse, but I could not have a boy of that kind in my employ. If I excused him I must excuse others. I insist on every person in my employ being here on time. I am here myself on time, and it is only right and just that they should be here also."

It is right and just that every boy who is paid for his time should be at his post on time. He will find that punctuality is of high value, and that the lack of it will be a stumbling block in the road toward success.



J. P. McCASKEY.

—Author of "Flag of the Free."

A New National Song.

The words of Hail Columbia were written by Joseph Hopkinson in Philadelphia, in 1798, for the President's March, then a very popular air. The Star Spangled Banner was written in Baltimore in 1814 by Francis Scott Key, and adapted to an old French air long known in England as "Anacreon in Heaven," and later in America as "Adams and Liberty." My Country, tis of Thee, written in Boston in 1832 by Samuel F. Smith,

was set by Lowell Mason to the music of the old tune God Save the Queen. The words of Flag of the Free, here given, go well to the Wedding March in Lohengrin. There is always room for a new song that has in it anything to suggest the thought of country, to stir pride in the flag, to quicken the patriotic heart-beat. This music is distinctive in character and known throughout the world, and the song is already sung very widely.

FLAG OF THE FREE.

J. P. McCaskey. March from LOHENGRIN.

Musical score for 'Flag of the Free' with lyrics and musical notation. Includes sections like 'Steady Time', 'Chorus', 'Final ending', and 'D. C. for Chorus'.

A Son to Be Proud Of.

A Hartford, (Conn.) woman was left years ago a widow with two young children and almost penniless. There was a mortgage of five hundred dollars on the little house the family occupied, and in order to get money for daily expenses the widow had to take in washing. When one of the boys was eleven years old a friend gave him five dollars, which he put in the bank. At this time he went to work in a mill, and for ten years thereafter dressed himself at his own expense and paid his mother regularly for his board. In addition thereto he laid away money enough in the bank to amount to four hundred dollars, and in addition has paid premiums upon insurance on his life. During the last three years he has let his mother have two hundred dollars in money, and now, just coming of age, is about to assume the mortgage of five hundred dollars which has been so great a burden to the little family.

The Greatest Blunder of My Life.

In the Crerar Library, Chicago, is a book in which five hundred men, out of work, have written of "the greatest blunder of their life." It is a collection made by Dr. Earl Pratt. Here are some of them:

- 1. "Didn't save what I earned."
2. "Did not as a boy realize the value of an education."
3. "If I had taken better care of my money, I would be better in health and morals."
4. "Did not realize the importance of sticking to one kind of employment."
5. "The greatest blunder of my life was when I took my first drink."
6. "One of the greatest blunders of my life was not to perfect myself in one of the lines of business I started out to learn."
7. "My greatest blunder was when I left school in the fifth grade."
8. "The turning-point in my life was when at fifteen I ran away from home."
9. "Spent my money foolishly when I was earning good wages."
10. "When I let myself be misled in thinking that I need not stick to one thing."
11. "Self-conceit and not listening to my parents."
12. "Was to fool away my time when at school."

A Young Indianapolis Singer.

Marshall Brigham, an Indianapolis (Ind.) boy, is creating considerable enthusiasm as a singer. From the time he was four years old he displayed marked musical talent, and even at that early age he was singing before church audiences. On June 6 last, at a concert given by a chorus of 600 pupils of the Indianapolis public schools, he sang the verses of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" as a solo. An Indianapolis paper spoke of his sweet voice and unspolled manner as captivating the



MARSHALL BRIGHAM.

audience. Another paper said of him: "Clear and well modulated, the voice of the little fellow rang out, filling the entire auditorium and stirring the audience to abundant enthusiasm. Gifted with a 'clean' voice and with an enunciation rarely equaled by one so young, the boy sang the trying solo with an ease and self-confidence worthy of note." Marshall is the son of Dr. Edwin B. Brigham, of Indianapolis.

By and By.

The following is a stanza from one of the fishing poems in "Heart and Home Ballads," a book of verse from the pen of Joe Cone, recently published:

"By and by I'll git my pole,
By and by.
There'll be heaven in my soul,
By and by.
I will steal away from ma,
Down to where the fishes are;
I will spit upon my hook,
An' I'll drop it in the brook,
"By and by."

The youngest historian of the Boer war is said to be Allen Welsh Dalles, the eight year old grandson of the Honorable J. W. Foster, who was Secretary of State in President Harrison's administration. The young author's work is having quite a circulation in Washington at fifty cents a copy.



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WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, EDITOR. GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Another Pickle the Editor is In.

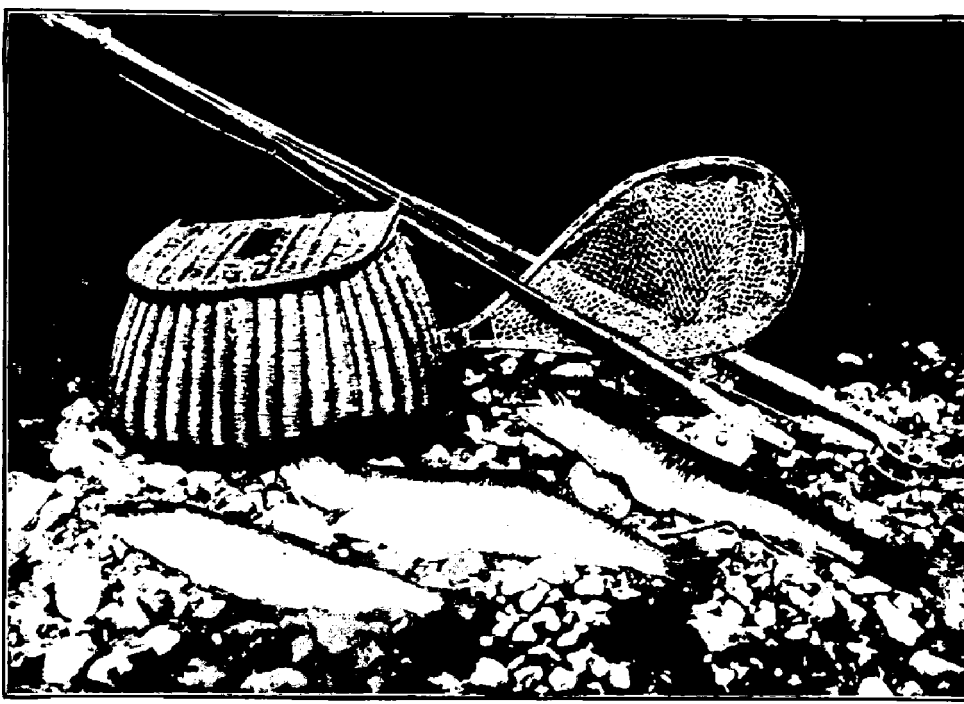
We ask of our adult friends if they have ever attempted to answer the questions one boy asks them in the course of a year? If they have, then perhaps they can begin to have a little idea of the troubles of the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY in attempting to answer the questions put by thousands of boys. It is said that a fool can ask questions that a wise man cannot answer. We do not mean to say that the boy is a fool by any means, for he is far from it usually, but certainly a boy can ask questions that a man cannot answer, and he can ask them as fast as he can talk. The editor has so many questions asked him that he often dreams in the night that he is in the center of a storm of interrogation points every one of which is pointed toward him. Boys want to know what is the best kind of an incubator, the name of some magazine on printing, the name and description of some new kind of game, whether boys ought to be allowed to play with girls, how to throw an incurve; and one boy wants to know what are the best exercises for a boy of twelve, what time of day is best for exercise, what is the best food for a boy, how often a boy ought to take a bath, how long he ought to sleep, etc., etc. Another wants to know how he could get out of jail. One boy the other day tried to find words in which to pay a compliment to the editor and evidently searched through the dictionary for a good big one, and finally summed it all up by saying that he thought the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY was the boys' encyclopaedia. The editor wishes he deserved the compliment. He never feels that he knows so little as when he is trying to answer questions asked by boys. One of our young friends tells us about the troubles of a certain editor. The editor was asked by one of his correspondents the number of seeds contained in a seventy three pound pumpkin, and by another he was asked the best way to bring up twins, and by still another the quickest method of getting rid of grasshoppers. The editor conscientiously answered the inquiries, but he got the letters in the wrong envelopes. The father of the twins was told to cover them carefully with straw and set fire to them, with the assurance that after a few moments the pests would be done for. The man troubled with grasshoppers was advised to give castor oil regularly in moderate doses and rub their gums with a bone. The editor of THE AMERICAN BOY hopes that his answers may not be as inappropriate to the questions as were these.

A County Shower Bath.

The County Commissioners of Denver, Col., have installed a shower bath in the basement of the Court House. Judge Ben Lindsey, of the Juvenile Court, is responsible for this new municipal enterprise. Many of the boys who come before Judge Lindsey are very dirty and sadly in need of soap and water. Judge Lindsey believes that cleanliness is an important factor in the reform of boys. The County Commissioners agreed to donate the room and fit it up. A towel supply company agreed to furnish towels; another concern offered soap. Boys who are out on probation have to report to the court every other Saturday, so the first Saturday after the bath room was ready Judge Lindsey made the boys a speech, in which he said that hereafter, instead of coming to the court Saturday afternoons, they should report at 9:30 to the probation officer, who would take them to the shower bath and allow them to take a good bath. "I trust," said he, "that this will aid you to make good men of yourselves." Then the boys all trooped down to the basement where they had the time of their lives.

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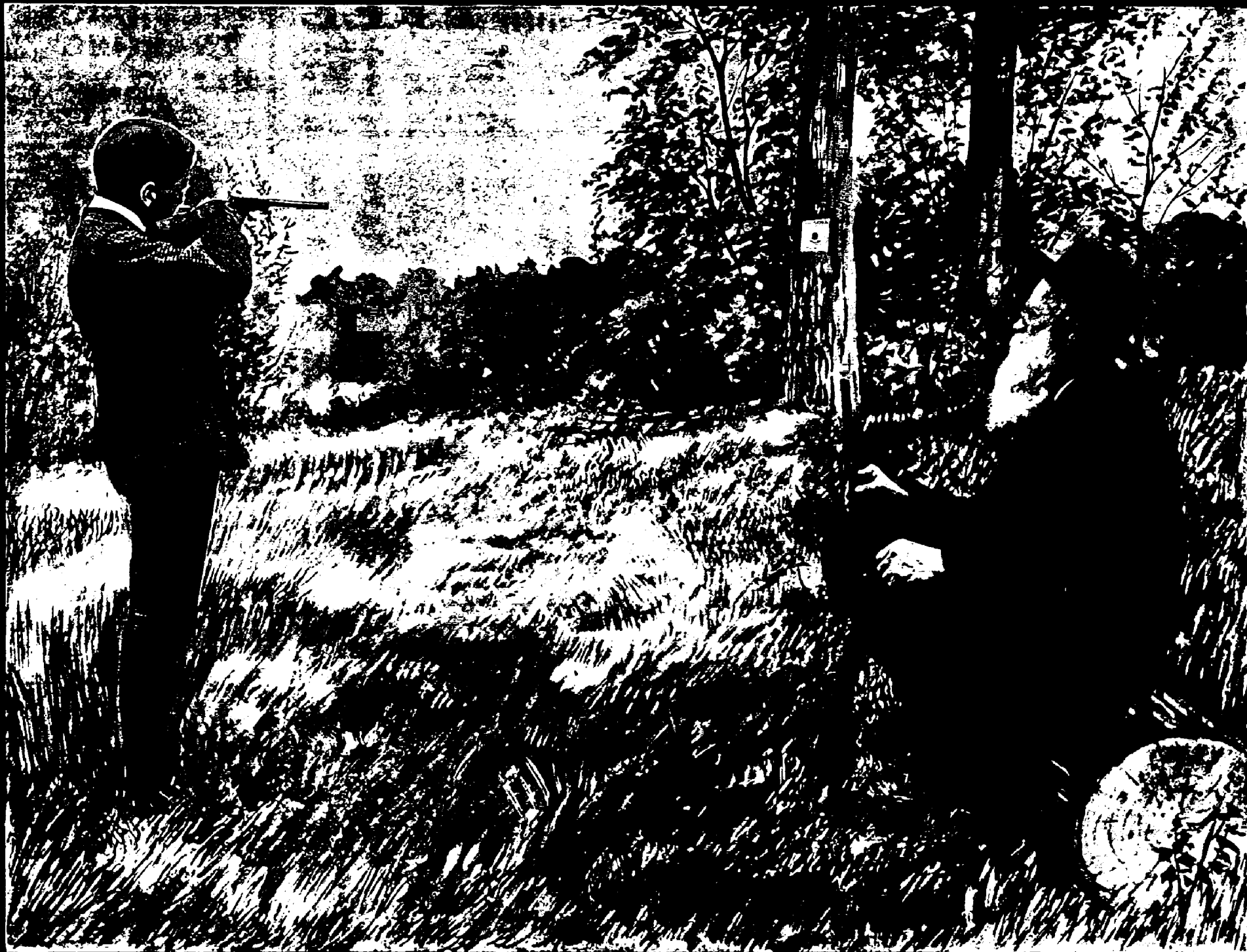
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# THE AMERICAN BOY

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## NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

.. ..

A History Written  
For Boys

.. ..

By the Editor

.. ..

BEGINS IN THIS  
NUMBER

THE YOUNG NAPOLEON

# Napoleon Bonaparte — A History Written for Boys by the Editor

## CHAPTER I.

### CORSICA AND THE CORSICANS.



IN THE sunny Mediterranean, one hundred and six miles southeast of Nice on the coast of France, ninety eight miles south of Genoa, where Christopher Columbus was born, and fifty four miles west of Tuscany, lies a rocky island known as Corsica, the birthplace of Napoleon Bonaparte.

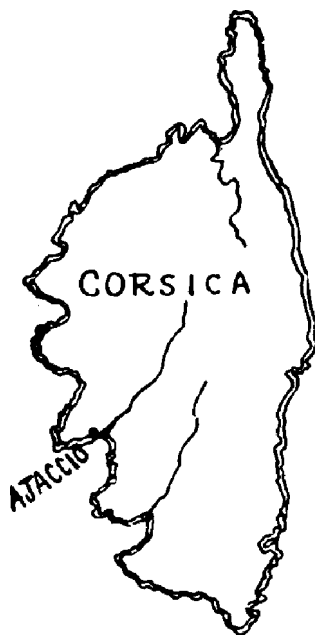
The island is not much larger than our state of Connecticut, and nine-tenths of it is uncultivated. Wild and forbidding mountains traverse it from end to end, some of whose peaks carry the eternal snows. Its lowlands are carpeted with luxuriant and varied vegetation, and its uplands are clothed with magnificent forests.

If, as some one has said, every hill has a history and every stream speaks a separate language, then the mountains and streams of this little island have a wonder tale to unfold. Indeed, few countries of the size of Corsica have produced more illustrious characters, or witnessed more thrilling achievements than has she. War was ever the principal occupation of her inhabitants. Scarcely a generation of Corsicans but has heard the tocsin ring. Their fight has not been the fight of aggressors but the fight of men and women battling for their homes and their lives, falling prey to each succeeding world power—a very shuttlecock on the battledoor of fate. This has had much to do with creating Corsican character—revengeful, ferocious, liberty-loving, hospitable, simple of manners.

In early days the Phocæans (an Asiatic people) settled here, but were compelled later to submit to the Etruscans, and then to the Carthaginians. The all-conquering Romans wrested it from the latter and used it as a place of banishment, and here the old Roman philosopher Seneca was compelled to

spend eight years of his life. Then came the Vandals, Byzantines, Ostragoths, Franks, Saracens, Pisans, Genoese and finally the French.

Modern history first finds the Corsicans fighting for independence against the Genoese. In 1735 the former were triumphant, proclaimed their independence, and declared that the people were the only source of the laws. Corsica now became a little democracy, broken up into village communities that were self-ruling, but all united in a confederation for mutual protection and defense. Considering the fact that the nations of Europe had at this time almost without exception despotic governments and were ruled by hereditary



kings, we wonder at seeing on this little island not only the seeds but the growing plant of freedom and equality.

We wish it were possible within the space at our command to trace step by step the story of Corsican history. Time and again would we be compelled to wonder at the bravery of a little people surrounded on all sides by enemies, and fighting, generation after generation, for their homes and their rights. But our story has not so much to do with Corsica as it has to do with Corsica's greatest son, Napoleon Bonaparte.

#### NAPOLEON'S PARENTAGE AND BIRTH.

Genoa ceded Corsica to France August 6, 1764, at a time when she had nothing to cede, and France at once set out to take possession of her new territory. The Corsicans resisted, but were unable to defend themselves against the tremendous odds, and on June 12, 1769, the island became a part of France. Just two months and three days later, August 15th, Napoleon Bonaparte was born at Ajaccio, a port town of Corsica, and hence escaped but a few days being born an alien. Dumas, the great French writer, says: "The new-born child breathed the air that was hot with civil hates, and the bell which sounded his baptism still quivered with the tocsin."

By blood, the young Napoleon was Italian. The name Bonaparte appears in the annals of the early Italian states, and often with distinction. His immediate ancestors were said to have come from Tuscany. His father, Charles Bonaparte, married, at the age of eighteen, Letitia Ramolino, a Corsican girl of fifteen, distinguished for her beauty, high spirit, intelligence, judgment, common sense, inflexible cour-

age, frugality, industry, loftiness and energy of character. Charles Bonaparte was a handsome, high-spirited man, a lawyer by profession, his degree in law having been taken in Italy. The family were not rich, and yet neither were they poor. They were looked upon as among the people of gentle blood and, as we shall see later, when Napoleon made application for admission to a military school, he was able to trace his nobility back through three generations, as required of an applicant.

Napoleon was one of thirteen children born to Charles and Letitia Bonaparte. Those who grew to manhood and womanhood were Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Louis, Jerome, Eliza, Caroline and Pauline.

After the war between France and Corsica ended, General Marboeuf, who became the French Governor of Corsica, made the home of Charles Bonaparte his favorite resort, and afterwards this French Count was of assistance to Napoleon when the latter came to seek a military education. Through the influence of General Marboeuf, Napoleon's father was made assessor of the high court of Ajaccio and a member of the council of Corsican nobles; and later he became a representative of these nobles at the Court of King Louis of France.

#### HIS CHILDHOOD.

We, of course, want to know something about Napoleon's childhood. The child being father to the man, perhaps we can find some explanation of his wonderful career in the conditions of his early life. We have seen that he was one of a number of children, and that the home was not a home of ease and idleness. The little Napoleon had no doubt his share of the work to do. How well he did it we are left only to surmise from the nature of the man into which he developed. He says of himself that he was not a good-natured boy and that he was inclined to be morose and quarrelsome; that he was always getting into trouble with his brothers. We can almost venture to guess that he was inclined to be imperious and want his own way, which does not always make a boy popular nor conduce to peace. He must have been something of a warrior from the beginning. But how could he well have been otherwise? The blood of warriors was in his veins. His father, and his father's father, had followed the Corsican patriots into the field and fought for home and country. It is said that even his mother, a very short time before his birth, followed the troops in the campaign against the French invader. In his boyhood he hated France, a country of whom later he was to be the idol. The atmosphere about him was filled with war. He heard nothing but the stories of fights, of plots and counterplots, of wrongs and of rebellion. No wonder he longed for a military education, the highest education then known, fit only for the sons of nobles. Historians all tell us, that the toy which he most prized was a little brass cannon weighing thirty pounds. This toy he planted on mimic batteries thrown up among the rocks, and there he pretended he was a Corsican army defending his country from the hated Frenchmen. There are indications that he early dreamed that some day he would rise like Paoli, the Corsican hero of whom his father must have told him, drive the Frenchmen from his native shores and bring back the days of Corsican independence.

There was one member of the family whom we must not forget. He is known in Napoleon's Memoirs as "Uncle Fesch." Napoleon's grandmother married a second husband, an army officer by the name of Fesch, and from this union came a son Joseph, who was the Uncle Fesch of history. From Uncle Fesch Napoleon learned his alphabet.

There are two spots in Corsica near together that tourists visit; one is the house in which Napoleon was born, a yellowish-gray plastered house of three stories in Ajaccio, which still remains. In it tourists find a small room, with two windows, a cupboard in the wall and a marble chimney-place, in which Napoleon was born; the other is a place about a mile from Ajaccio, where was located the summer home of the Bonapartes. Here is a sort of a summer house under a rock which stands out in full view of the sea. Napoleon, as a boy, loved to play here, and later as a young man he brought his books to this spot, and lay looking out on the sea and dreaming the wonderful dreams so soon to become realities.

#### AT SCHOOL AT AUTUN.

In his sixth year Napoleon was sent to a "dame's school;" and we now begin to see him developing the traits of character that afterwards distinguished him. We are pleased to see that at this school he did what many another little boy has done—fell in love with a little girl; her name was Giacomietta. Frequently they were seen walking hand in hand. Napoleon was a handsome boy, but he was careless about his dress, and this latter fact is indicated by a little couplet that mischievous boys in the school composed and called out to him whenever they saw the youthful lovers together:

"Napoleon with his stockings half off  
Makes love to Giacomietta."

Now the time has come, so important in a boy's life, when the young Napoleon must leave home to get an education. It was the ambition of every French boy at that time to attend a military school, but it was not possible for every French boy to do so, for these schools were largely reserved for the rich and the nobility. Napoleon didn't belong to a rich family, but he was able to trace his nobility through several generations. He wanted to enter the military school at Brienne, a town in France, and now it was fortunate that the family had the friendly aid of General Marboeuf, for it was through him that the application of young Napoleon was made and accepted. This was in the year 1776, when he was a little under seven years of age and the very year in which the American colonies declared their independence of Great Britain. From what we learn of Napoleon afterwards, we may believe that his boyish heart swelled with a feeling akin to joy at seeing the triumph of something like the principles of democracy. The boy had another difficulty to overcome, for he could not speak French; at least, he did it only imperfectly, for, as we have learned, his family and their neighbors were Italians. So before going to Brienne, he was sent to school to the Bishop of Autun, and he himself leaves evidence in his writings that his parting with his mother was one that gave him great grief, and that through all his life he remembered how sad he felt on that occasion. We are told that at the school at Autun he was a thoughtful and gloomy boy, and we need not think it strange when we remember how young he was and that he was away from home for the first time in his life, and in a strange land among boys whose language he did not understand. The boys nicknamed him, and made fun of his origin. The little island of Corsica was despised by them, for it had only been a part of the French domain a few years and its inhabitants were even then scarcely conquered. Probably young Napoleon incurred the enmity of his schoolmates by his loyalty to his native land and to his people. If so, all honor to him! Paoli, the great Corsican leader under whom his father had fought, was a hero in the boy's eyes. He could hear nothing said of



Paoli or his countrymen without becoming angry and taking up their cause. Most of the boys with whom he associated were the sons of nobles, and many of them were supplied with better clothing, better furnishings, and more money than he had. They made fun of his poverty; they taunted him with not having as good blood in his veins as they had; and we have a record of his replying to one of them, "I would rather be the son of a peasant than descended from any of the petty tyrants of Italy." Some one said in his presence, "The Corsicans are a lot of cowards," and his reply was, "Had you French been but four to one against us you would never have conquered us, but you were ten to one." His teacher then said, "But you had a good general, Paoli." "Yes," replied the boy, "and I would like to resemble him."

Napoleon says of himself that at this time he was headstrong, that nothing overawed him or disconcerted him, that he was quarrelsome, mischievous, and afraid of no one. But this temperament was not the result of bad training, for his mother had been very particular about his conduct—that mother of whom he once, when he had grown to manhood, exclaimed, "Ah, what a woman! Where look for her equal?"

#### AT SCHOOL AT BRIENNE.

On May 12, 1779, Napoleon left Autun, and seven days later, at about ten years of age, entered the military school of Brienne. He says of himself: "On entering Brienne I was delighted. My head began to ferment. I wanted to learn, to know, to distinguish myself. I devoured the books that came in my way." The teachers in this school were incompetent monks. His schoolmates were proud, idle, extravagant young aristocrats, most of them the sons of nobles. Here the experience he had at Autun was repeated. The boys made fun of his father's being a lawyer and reviled his mother.

Everything conspired against him! In personal appearance he was pitifully thin, short, awkward. He spoke but broken French. He was poor, and, what was more, he was bashful. He had come from a country where the people had learned to rule themselves and where there was equality of right, into an atmosphere of servile submission to inherited rank. Despised and neglected, he became moody and discontented and withdrew from society. Alone with his books, he studied and planned how some day, despite the unequal chances, he would make these proud fellows bow the knee. He studied hard, particularly in mathematics, and the records of the school at Brienne, show that he stood first in that study. This, too, no doubt, created jealousies that made matters hard for him. He stood fairly well in history and geography, but Latin and German and ornamental branches he disliked. Every student in the school received a bit of ground for his own use, and by some means Napoleon got the use of not only his own but of two other bits, the whole of which he hedged in, and here in seclusion he studied and dreamed. The more he withdrew himself from the society of the boys the less did they leave him alone. They followed him about calling him by his nicknames. Often he would remain silent, but at times with bursts of anger he would break out and defy them single-handed. Instead of compelling him by their taunts and abuses to ape their manners and despise his country and his countrymen, it drove him into that very state of mind which prompted him later to do the things that have made him famous. It gave him a hungering for distinction, not the kind of distinction that birth gives, but the kind that is won by work. Having felt the abuse of the slanderer he came to have a deep dread of disgrace and love of fame that would enable him to overcome inequalities of station. He learned to hate the nobility and to espouse the cause of the poor and the down-trodden. At times he broke out in torrents of invective against that minister of France who had brought war upon Corsica. To some one who had spoken slightly of Paoli he cried out, "Paoli was a great man; he loved his country. I will never forgive my father for his share in uniting Corsica to France. He should have followed Paoli," meaning that when Paoli refused to surrender to the French at the end of the war and left the island his father should have gone with him.

Notwithstanding the treatment his fellow students visited upon him still he compelled their respect at times, and so it has been and always will be with the boy who goes straight ahead and does his duty. In the school it was the custom to give each boy in turn charge for a certain time of the conduct of other boys. On such occasions when young Napoleon was chosen to take charge he never tattered. Then, too, he was brave, and when an opportunity arose requiring a strong, brave heart Napoleon became a hero even among those who affected to despise him. One winter Napoleon suggested that the students engage in mimic war. A snow fort was built, and Napoleon, first at the head of the defenders and then at the head of the attacking party, displayed something of the wonderful generalship that afterwards distinguished him. He studied his plan of attack or his plan of defense as a general would map out a real campaign. His imperious nature showed itself in the mimic attack on the snow fort when with a chunk of ice he knocked a boy down who disobeyed his orders. Afterwards, at Paris, when Napoleon was attending a higher military school, his biographers tell us that he was often seen at night in the fort drawing plans of attack and defense.

At another time, while at Brienne, the boys of the school had been refused permission to attend a fair which was being held in the neighborhood. Marshaling a number of the students together, he led them in an attempt to undermine the wall around their yard in order to effect their escape.

These incidents may, perhaps, be laid to boyish love of adventure, but they all indicated the uncurbed, imperious nature of the boy. Such a boy could not surrender his prejudices. He would not truckle or bow down to unjust authority. He was the kind of a boy to clench his fists and grind his teeth and vow, in the solitude of his room, undying hatred of shams and pretenses. He would stamp

his feet with impatience that the time was coming so slowly when he could show these boastful aristocrats that even without title and without wealth, a poor and despised Corsican, he would some day cause them to tremble. "I hope," he said, "some day to give Corsica her freedom," and he made every hour of his student life bend to the attainment of this ambition. His nature as a boy was a strange mixture of good and evil. While he was unsocial, quarrelsome, imperious, headstrong, and at times even savage toward his fellows, he was submissive, upright, thoughtful, exemplary, industrious, obedient in his deportment toward his teachers. He read almost constantly, and the books that he read were such books as "Plutarch's Lives" and the poetry of Ossian, books filled with stories of heroes, men of giant courage who did great things. He refused to borrow money, notwithstanding that he was poor and suffered the taunts of his fellow students by reason of his poor clothes. We even hear of his writing home to his father in his despair entreating him to take him away from the school or give him enough to support himself. His refusal to borrow was a noble one. "I have no right," he said, "to add

"nation" he meant the people who paid the taxes to support the royal bounties. In his letter to the head of the school decrying against the luxury of the young nobles, he said no man could be fitted for military life without habits of independence. He advised that the young men be obliged to clean their own rooms, groom their own horses, and inure themselves to hardship. "If I were King of France," he cried, "I would change this state of things very quick."

AT SCHOOL AT PARIS.

It was the custom every year to select three of the best scholars from each of the twelve provincial military schools to be sent to Paris to the higher school. It fell to the good fortune of Napoleon five years after his entering the school at Brienne to be thus selected for promotion, and on the 30th of October, 1784, he entered Paris as a student—that Paris that afterwards was to cry in a frenzy of joy at sight of him, "Vive l'Empereur!"

In an old manuscript which belonged to the then minister of war, in an article under the head, "School of Brienne," appears the following: "Bonaparte, five feet, six and one-half inches. Good constitution. Health excellent. Character mild, honest, grateful. Conduct exemplary. He has always distinguished himself by his application to mathematics. Understands history and geography tolerably well. Is indifferently skilled in merely ornamental studies. Would make an excellent sailor. Deserves to be passed on to the school at Paris."

On Napoleon's certificate which was furnished him on his graduation from Brienne, was written these words: "Character masterful, imperious and headstrong." His old history teacher, in a list of his scholars, wrote: "Napoleon Bonaparte—a Corsican by birth and character—he will do something great, if circumstances favor him." Hear this prophecy and then turn to the words of Lockhart, the historian, "Napoleon was the greatest actor the world has known since the time of Caesar. He moved over the earth as a meteor traverses the sky, astonishing and startling all by the suddenness and brilliancy of his career. The earth will feel his power till its last cycle shall have been run." Thus did his old master see the man in the boy.

Of Napoleon's course in the school at Paris we know but little. We hear once of his having written disrespectfully of the King and of his being ordered to burn the letter. One says of him at Paris, "He showed a great memory and great judgment, and here his mind appeared to those about him to have been molded in an antique cast."

In August, 1785, when at the age of sixteen, he was examined by the celebrated mathematician, La Place, he obtained the brevet of a second lieutenant of artillery in the regiment of La Fere. He at once joined the regiment which at that time was stationed at Valence. He and a comrade started from Paris to join the regiment, and on the way their money gave out, compelling them to make the remainder of their journey on foot. Joining his regiment, he was almost immediately promoted to the first lieutenantcy. He was now in the army of France, enrolled under the banner of King Louis XVI., and in the path that was so soon to lead to almost unparalleled glory.

(To be continued.)



With bursts of anger he would . . . defy them single-handed.

to the burdens of my mother by borrowing money that I may not be able to repay." He declaimed against the luxury of the young men about him who idled away their time and dressed and lived extravagantly. He denounced the French system of military education, even writing a letter to his instructors in which he drew a contrast between the sort of education the boys of France were getting and that which the Spartan youth enjoyed. Being reproved for his ingratitude as a pensioner of the King, for the schools were supported by the King's bounty, he broke out in furious indignation. "Silence!" said the gentleman at whose table he was sitting. "It ill becomes you who are educated by the King's bounty, to speak as you do." The boy was nearly stifled with rage, and turning red and pale by turns, he cried out, "I am not educated at the King's expense but at the expense of the nation," and by

"On, On, Sir!"

"When I was a boy," said a great astronomer, "I grew tired of mathematics."

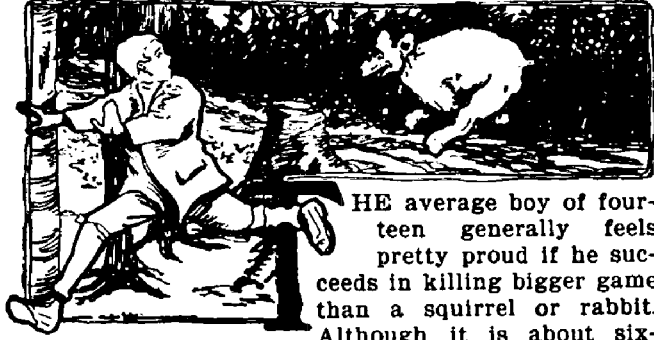
In one of his discouraging moments he declared he was going to give them up. He collected his books, and began to put them aside. One book, however, he thought best to look into again. Now, what think you, were the words that this boy found there that fixed his attention? These: "Go on, sir; go on, sir."

Did he take the advice?

Yes; he took these words for his master. All through his life, whenever he grew tired of any undertaking, this master was his teacher—"Go on, sir; go on, sir."

"No one ever won a victory by turning his back and running away," said this wise man.

# MY ONLY BEAR—Chas. E. Wells



HE average boy of fourteen generally feels pretty proud if he succeeds in killing bigger game than a squirrel or rabbit. Although it is about sixteen years since I made my first and only big killing, and I was fourteen at the time, I do not recall the fact with any degree of pride, and cannot remember that I felt particularly elated at the time.

Many will remember the fall of 1871, made doubly memorable by the great Chicago fire. There will also be remembered by those living at that time, the extreme drought which prevailed throughout the entire Northwest during the late summer and fall. Everything became parched and dried up, and the whole northwest country was a perfect tinder box. Fire broke out in the Green Bay region of Wisconsin, the city of Peshtigo was almost wiped off the map, the country was devastated, many lives were lost and the wild game of all kinds driven farther south.

At that time I was fourteen years of age and was living in Southern Wisconsin. My father's farm was situated in a heavily timbered section, with hills and valleys on all sides. The valleys, being well watered by small springs and streams, made good feeding ground for the cattle.

One of my daily duties was to turn the herd of cattle out to pasture in the morning and bring them home in the evening. As an assistant in this work I had an intelligent shepherd dog named Rover.

That year, by considerable coaxing and stout assertion on my part, I had convinced my mother that I could handle a gun without shooting myself. So old Rover and myself got considerable sport out of our "cow-hunting" trips in the way of an occasional squirrel or partridge.

Near the middle of October, the regular Indian summer haze was enhanced by the dense volumes of smoke which poured down from the Northern regions, and many reports came from different parts of the county that fox, deer and other wild game had been seen, evidently having been driven from the upper regions by the fire and smoke.

One evening, about five o'clock, I loaded up the old smoothbore, slung the powder flask over one shoulder and the shot-pouch over the other, and whistling to Rover, we started on our regular "cow-hunt." After following the ridge along for about a mile, and occasionally frightening a partridge from its log, finally I heard the familiar tinkle of the bell attached to the neck of the old bell cow and we turned down into the valley to round up the herd and start them on the home journey. This took some little time and work on the part of Rover, but finally he got them all in line and headed toward home. This duty done he began his usual side hunt for squirrels. It was not long before I heard him barking off to my left, and the barking and chattering of a grey squirrel in the same direction showed that he had treed his game. Hurrying over I found him sitting at the foot of a tall tree barking away as though he had treed a whole nest of them. I began circling the tree to get sight of the squirrel, which I soon saw lying close to a limb about forty feet up.

I raised the gun to my shoulder to take a shot, when I heard a crash in the underbrush behind me. At the same time old Rover ran toward me and began growling in a way that caused me to lower the gun and look around.

We read of the coolness and bravery of the average man or boy at times when sudden danger menaces him, but I can assure my readers that I was neither cool nor brave at that particular moment. As I turned around I saw what appeared to my frightened fancy an animal as big as an elephant bearing down on me as fast as the underbrush would permit.

Well, I didn't take the intended shot at that squirrel. In fact I did not do anything for an instant, but stood there like an idiot, too scared to even move. All this time that thing—and I had sense enough to note that it was a big, black bear—was coming straight for me. I do not know whether it was impulse, fright or desperation that prompted, but when he got within about twenty feet of me I blazed away at him, and, throwing down the gun, I turned, and with a yell that must have been heard from one end of the valley to the other, I made a dash for the nearest tree, expecting every instant to be dragged down by the paws of that bear.

I judged by the snarling and growling behind me that his bearship must have received part of my load of bird shot somewhere in his anatomy. I made a grab for the limb of a small maple tree and was soon

at home to my assistance. It was hard work to get him to give up hectoring the wounded bear, but finally by alternate scolding and coaxing I got him off on the cow's trail.

The bear, in the meantime, continued to growl and alternately paw his face and rub it on the ground. As soon as Rover left I climbed as high into the tree as I possibly could, so as to be as far away from the bear as possible should he attempt to follow me up. The air grew chilly soon after the sun went down and I began to grow cold. The bear came close to the tree and acted as if he was going to climb up, but he lay down by the foot and continued rubbing his face.

It soon grew dark, and I could see him no longer, but I was convinced that he was still there by an occasional whining and rustling. The time dragged by. It seemed to me that Rover had been gone hours, when I heard his familiar bark. Then I heard excited voices, which I soon recognized as those of my father and older brother. I called to them and they answered back and were soon crashing through the underbrush.

"Where are you, my boy, and what's the matter?" cried father.

"Here I am," I shouted, "treed by a bear. Don't you come too near!"

"Is your rifle all right?" I heard father ask my brother.

The next instant old Rover came tearing through the brush toward the tree and began barking and snapping at the bear.

"Go for him, Rover," I shouted; for I was brave now. There was no sound from the bear, and soon father and brother were close to where he lay and father flashed the lantern on him.

"Did you shoot him?" asked my brother, who had his rifle ready for use, but could not shoot for fear of hitting the dog.

"Yes, I gave him the whole charge right in the face and then I ran for this tree," I shouted back.

"Guess you finished him," said father, as he came up and gave the bear a kick. "You can come down now."

I was not long in scrambling out of that tree, and I do not know who was more pleased, old Rover or myself. Father and I hurried home, and he went back with one of the farm horses and brought the bear home.

I was the hero of the neighborhood for the rest of that winter, but somehow I never felt that I deserved much credit. It was my first and only bear.



When he got within about twenty feet of me I blazed away at him.

scrambling up among its branches. While climbing up I heard old Rover's barking and snapping mingled with the growling of the bear.

At the first opportunity I looked down and saw the bear only a few feet away from the tree with his head down between his paws, scraping and clawing as if he was in great agony. Then I knew I must have filled his face with shot. The dog kept running up behind the bear and nipping at him and then jumping away. The animal paid but very little attention to the dog, although he would occasionally strike at him, and once he hit him with such force as to roll him over and over. This caused Rover to be a little more careful.

The first few minutes after getting up into the tree I was too interested in watching the bear and dog to think of myself. But soon I realized that it was getting dark, and not knowing what minute the bear might take a notion to try to follow me up, or to stay at the foot and keep me prisoner, I tried to collect my wits in order to get out of the dilemma, if possible.

The dog was an intelligent and obedient animal and I determined to use that intelligence to extricate myself if it was possible. After calling and scolding for some time, I finally succeeded in getting his attention from the bear long enough to order him to take the cows home. I knew that should he go home with the herd and I fail to show up my father would know at once that something had happened, and I trusted to the dog's intelligence to lead those

## General Robert E. Lee's Advice to His Son.

General Robert E. Lee once wrote to his son at school; "You must study to be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot. You will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at such a sacrifice. Deal kindly, but firmly with all your classmates; you will find it the policy that wears the best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with anyone, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act and say nothing to the injury of anyone. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but is the pass to peace and honor."

# Bob's Race—W.

**I**T WAS a hot, sultry September day, and as Kirk Sanborn plodded wearily along the country turnpike road toward the village, teams of all descriptions sped by, leaving in their wake stifling, blinding clouds of dust.

It was the great day of the year; the county fair in all its glory was in full swing.

As the merry laughter of the young people passing by reached the boy's ears he bit his lip convulsively. Why should he not be happy and have pleasures and privileges like other boys of his age?

But these things were nothing compared to the bitter disappointment and the sorrow it had brought to him in not being allowed to ride Rob, his five-year-old colt, in the "Grand Running Race," the announcement of which stood out so prominently in large, red letters on the posters which were tacked up at many points along the country roads.

Kirk's father had been for years, and was at that time, one of the well-to-do farmers of that section. He had established more than a local reputation on the colts he had raised, and his success in this line was evident from the new additions which were continually being made to his already beautiful barns.

His only son had reached the age of sixteen years. He was a muscular, broad-shouldered lad, but short of stature. He was, too, an honest, open-hearted youth who made many friends, and some enemies, the latter because of an ungovernable temper.

The boy from the first showed an unusual amount of interest in horses, and for this reason when Rob was foaled Mr. Sanborn gave the colt to his son.

As the boy and colt grew up together they became greatly attached to each other, and the sight of the boy on his fiery steed, bare back, dashing up the road at an alarming gait, was a common one in the country round about.

When the colt had attained the age of three and one half years a western relative made a visit to Kirk's home. The youngster's riding so pleased the man of the plains that upon his return to the west he immediately sent him a large Mexican saddle and bridle. It is needless to say that the horse with his new paraphernalia and his rider won the admiration of the village boys and filled them with envy.

On the day of our story, as the boy trudged along the road on his way to the fair grounds his young heart was almost broken. He bent his head low and pulled his crumpled felt hat down over his eyes that the country folk passing by might not see the large tears that trickled down his cheeks. His mind could dwell on nothing but his disappointment over his father's refusal to let him ride his own colt in the great running race of the season—the race that was to determine the colt's career.

"No," Mr. Sanborn said, gently but firmly, "the colt needs a more experienced hand than yours, Kirk—a rider more used to horses. I have already sent to New York for a jockey to ride Rob through the race and I expect the colt to win."

"But, father, Rob will not run for him the way he will for me. Let me ride my own colt and I will win the race if any one can," the boy pleaded, but the father shook his head and walked away. His mother and two sisters sympathized with him but his father remained firm.

Rob was to race on the last day of the fair, and it was not until that eventful day arrived that Kirk made his way to the grounds alone. The others of the family had left some time before.

Once on the grounds, Kirk made his way immediately to the stables. Here disappointment and excitement reigned, for



Kirk Sanborn plodded wearily along.

Rob's rider had not yet shown up, and the race was to come off in half an hour.

Mr. Sanborn was hurrying excitedly about, talking first with one and then another of his friends and gesticulating wildly in his despair.

A sudden ray of hope came to Kirk as he stood silently on the outskirts of the nosy group and with a bound he was by his father's side. "Let me ride Rob?" he cried eagerly, his eyes snapping with fire and excitement. At the sound of the boy's voice the colt gave a gentle whinny and pawed the soft earth impatiently.

# Herbert Dunton

"No," thundered his father, almost fiercely, as he thrust his son aside. An angry reply came to the boy's lips, but it was not uttered and, instead, the tears came; as if seeking sympathy he went up and patted the colt's glossy flank and smoothed his flowing mane.

A man from the judges' stand came running up to Mr. Sanborn and exclaimed hurriedly, "The next train gets in from Boston in three quarters of an hour; that will delay the race fifteen minutes, but we'll wait. If your rider does not arrive then your horse will have to drop out."

"Have the colt all saddled and ready and I'll go to the station to meet my man," the latter exclaimed, and was off on a run.

Kirk hovered about the colt as if he were about to be separated from his companion forever. He saw the saddle and bridle put on his pet and adjusted by strange hands, and he ground his teeth and clinched his boyish fists.

The time set for the race was at hand; all the jockeys with the exception of the one who was to ride Rob were ready. The enthusiastic crowd which occupied the grand stand clamored impatiently at the delay until the starter stood up and announced that the race would be delayed fifteen minutes as the rider of "Rob" had not yet arrived but was expected on the next train.

Finally, as the bell was clanging impatiently from the judges' stand, a boy wet with perspiration and covered with dust broke into the little group surrounding Kirk and his horse, shouting, "Mr. Sanborn's jockey did not come, the race will have to start without Rob!"

"The horse shall run and win!" exclaimed Kirk excitedly, his eyes shining and his heart beating fast with suppressed excitement, and before the hostler, who had charge of the colt, could protest, the boy was mounted and galloping up the track where four other horses and their riders were impatiently waiting.

A great shout went up from the throats of the assembled crowd as they beheld Rob coming up the track, but his rider in an old felt hat and cowhide boots puzzled them and changed the applause into laughter.

As the horse and rider halted beneath the wire to have the number pinned on the latter's sleeve an urchin in the crowd yelled out, "It's Kirk Sanborn! Kirk's going to ride the colt!" A few roughs who lined the sides of the track began to jeer, but the boy did not heed them.

After receiving a little advice from the starter Kirk galloped up the track. He met his rivals, who were impatient for the start, wheeled into position and all were off down the course.

As the five horses and their riders passed under the wire and the starter, leaning far out over the railing of the judges' stand yelled "Go!" the enthusiastic crowd sent up a mighty yell.

Kirk's heart beat like a trip hammer; it was some seconds before the boy began to realize that he was riding a horse in a running race; then awakening to the seriousness of his position, the young rider leaned far out on the horse's neck and gradually pulled in his steed until two of the four of those in his rear had passed him.

The boy knew that by this time his father had returned from the depot and was among that crowd of eager spectators who craned their necks and swung their hats so excitedly as he sped by. He knew that his father had no confidence in his son's ability as a rider, and for that reason he would win—he must.



Deafening cheers rent the air.

(Continued on page 327.)



# STIFF-NECKED PETER

ALICE M. FRAZIER

WHEN he was a very wee boy, Peter's mother was almost dismayed at the amount of will-power he showed. He was obstinate, she declared, and she zealously strove to control his willfulness. But Mr. Rexton, Peter's father, attempted to comfort his wife with, "Sho now, Maria, don't be worried. He's got plenty o' will-power behind him; he comes from stiff-necked stock. The Greggses ain't any more likely to give in easy than the Rextons." And Maria Gregg Rexton would laugh a little, and allow the frown between her bright eyes to fade away. But she grew to call the boy her "Stiff-necked Peter."

Fifty years ago the babies came fast in the homes of Connecticut families, and by the time Peter was twelve years old there were five other children to claim their share of attention and discipline. The lad had not disproved his mother's early prophecies, but had for the most part come out of the various situations in which his obstinacy placed him without harm to himself or others.

To be sure, he had some rather uncomfortable experiences. He had trained Sukey, his pet pig, to follow him like a dog, and was absolutely sure that when she became the happy mother of a litter, she would not forsake her allegiance to him. The warnings of his father could not swerve him from his intention to give his theory a trial; with the result that he one day spent a warm two hours perched on a projecting timber at the end of the barn, "treed" by the irate Sukey.

It was during his twelfth year that Peter received an injury which resulted in life-long lameness. One of the mowers had carelessly dropped a scythe in the tall grass of the hayfield, and while kneeling to pick up that indispensable weapon of boyhood, his jackknife, Peter pressed his knee on the sharp scythe and received a serious cut. In the weary days that followed he would scarcely admit the pain and suffering he was enduring, and the mother often murmured, "My Stiff-necked Peter," with tears in her eyes as she kissed the boy's drawn lips.

Three years later, the family left their Connecticut home and moved into "York State." Mr. Rexton had



been forced to take a tavern in the Catskills for payment on a debt, and as he could not sell it, he decided to go there and open the business himself.

It was a big house, bare and uninteresting as to exterior, but possessing a large and cheery bar-room which was most enticing to the men of the village. Mr. Rexton was no "temperance crank," but he had always been a temperate man, and, until this time, had never bought or sold liquor to any great extent. The bar, however, was a part of the tavern, and, as he soon learned, quite an important part. So he mastered the art of mixing drinks, and taught Stiff-necked Peter to wait on the customers. Peter took all this as a matter of course, until one day Gretchen Farmton opened his eyes. Peter was sitting on a high stool behind the bar, poring over an

old Roman history, when he was startled by hearing a woman's voice raised in stern inquiry:

"Do you sell de drink to mine husband?"

"I don't know," the boy stammered, half-abashed. "Who is your husband?"

"Joe Farmton. He is von goot man when he is not full of de drink;" and rolling back her sleeve, she showed a heavy, purple bruise across the white flesh.

"He makes the baby to cry, he vas so unkind; and he used not so to do before dis place vas opened."

Peter stared at the woman in amazement and horror. The result of liquor selling had never before been brought home to him in this direct manner. The settlers in the region around were rough and hardy, and very rarely became intoxicated. It was as much for social intercourse, as for the liquor, that they congregated at Rexton's tavern. But Joe Farmton was a young, hot-headed fellow, who had wandered into the region and settled down on a small piece of land near the outskirts of the village. He had gained the heart of pretty Gretchen Vroom, the youngest daughter of a wealthy Dutch family in an adjoining neighborhood, and much against her parents' wishes, the girl married him. But the thirst was transforming the young husband, and now poor Gretchen was in the tavern showing Peter the bruises on her arm.

"Vill you not promise me dat you sell no more drink to mine man?" she begged pitifully.

Stiff-necked Peter was gazing at her arm as if he scarcely heard her words. Suddenly he slammed down his book on the counter.

"I'll never sell another drop to your husband, or any other man," he cried.

When Gretchen, after voluble thanks, had gone away, Peter went in search of his father.

"I cannot sell any more liquor, father," he said. "I will find something else to do; I will not do that."

Mr. Rexton gave the boy a long, sharp look, and then without a word of assent or disapproval turned and walked into the deserted bar.

Peter found some odd jobs at wood-chopping or field work, but no steady employment. He was nearly sixteen years old, but almost crippled from the stiff knee which was the result of the scythe wound. Because of this, he could not do the ordinary work in the fields a lad of his years could manage easily. As the weeks went by, he grew more and more sober. His mother coaxed him to come back to the tavern for a while longer.

"Father will not stay here many more years," she would say. "You know he does not like the tavern life, and he wants to go back to farming. Wait a little while. Don't sell to Joe Farmton, but stay and help father." Nevertheless, Peter remained stiff-necked as ever.

Each morning the boy would put one of his few books in his pocket and start out, determined to do any work that offered, if it were honest. But many evenings found his search for employment had been vain.

One afternoon, Peter was walking slowly along the road towards the tavern. He was very tired, having gone far that day, and his lame knee pained him cruelly. He heard the rumble of wheels, and a coach drove up behind him. A white-haired old gentleman leaned from the coach door and hailed the young traveler.

"Say, poy, tell me where Farmton lives."

Peter gave the desired information, and with a jovial "thank you," the old Dutchman drove on.

To Peter the rest of the way seemed longer and more dreary, because of the moment's glimpse of ease and plenty.

The next morning the coach drove up in front of the Rexton tavern, and the same white-haired old man asked for the boy who lived there. As there were three or four tow-headed urchins playing about the yard, the question was somewhat ambiguous. The man addressed was lounging on the tavern steps, but came down to the coach door.

"How big a boy? Lame, did ye say? Oh, that's Stiff-necked Peter."

"Stiff-necked Peter. Vy, dot name so strange?"

"Why, I don't know edzackly. Because he's so set in his ways, I guess."

The old man in the coach did not give his informant the story he had heard the night before from his niece, Gretchen Farmton, but after asking the direction Peter had taken, drove off toward the village. He soon overtook Peter, limping down the street. The boy looked up in surprise on being again ac-

costed by the occupant of the coach, but a greater surprise was in store for him.

"Are you ze Stiff-necked Peter?" demanded the old Dutchman, abruptly. A quizzical smile fitted across his face, as the boy responded, "Yes, sir."

"Jump in. I want to talk with you," were the next words the astonished Peter heard.

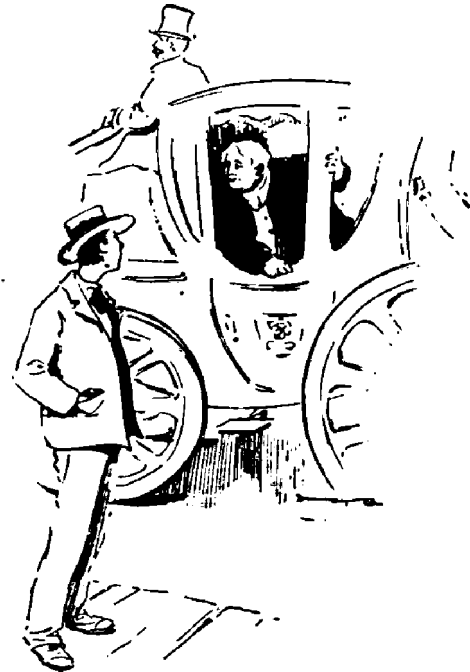
By means of a few judicious questions, the old man was soon in possession of the main facts of the case. He leaned back among the cushions apparently satisfied, and gazed out across the country. Peter sat beside him, considerably mystified at the kidnapping. Suddenly his companion turned toward him.

"Vat you call dat pook you carry?"

"A trigonometry," said Peter, a little shamefacedly. "I am trying to study it by myself. The last year we were in Connecticut we boarded the schoolmaster, and he helped me some, evenings."

"Say, poy, vill you like to teach in our school?" was the next question.

Peter looked up in astonishment, but met the old



man's gaze with a look as straight as his, and said simply: "I will."

"Goot, mine poy. You is young, burty young," wagging his head, "but you vas stiff-necked."

When Peter returned home that night, he proudly announced that he was engaged to teach the Butternut school for the next term.

The first morning when he limped into the school yard, Peter's heart almost failed him, for the group of big boys standing near the fence looked older and considerably bigger than himself, and their countenances were rather forbidding. He went into the little schoolhouse and began to coax the fire into a blaze. While he was still on his knees before the stove, some one of the boys entered and viewed the performance.

"That little chap our teacher?" said one big, heavy fellow, contemptuously.

"Yes, that's him. Sorter spindlin' hain't he?" said another.

"Huh! I don't have ter mind him," said the first speaker with a sneer.

Peter sprang up, seized the tongs and rushed at the boy.

"Don't have to mind me, eh?" he cried. "I wonder if you don't!" and the lame little master chased a much astonished bully around the room and out of doors. He had shown his hand in the beginning, and although there were occasional differences of opinion later, the young schoolmaster had little trouble, and taught several successful terms in the school.

Then he went away to continue his studies, and after a year's schooling he began to teach again. By dint of persevering, hard work, and a judicious exercise of his "stiff-neckedness," Peter advanced from one school to another, and finally became County Superintendent.

In later years he was sent to the State legislature, and served his state faithfully and well.

And the story his small grandchildren like best to hear is the tale of "Stiff-necked Peter."



"Say!  
Yor  
Auto  
ride to  
American  
Boy."

SKETCH BY FRANK SAVAGE, LEXINGTON, MO.







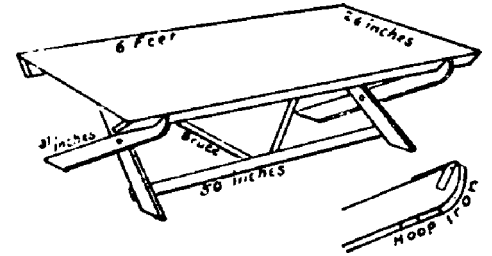
# HOW TO DO THINGS

## How to Make a Cot.

THOMAS C. HARRIS.

The accompanying diagram shows how a good, inexpensive cot, light but very strong, may be made by almost any boy who has a few tools. The timbers are of clear yellow pine, ash or oak, all two inches wide and three-quarters of an inch thick, excepting the two diagonal braces, which may be one inch by three-quarters. The length of each piece is shown, as well as the construction.

The legs are pivoted together by small iron carriage bolts, with a washer under the nuts. It will be seen that the side rails are let into oblique slots sawed into the upper ends of the legs. In such a way that the strain on the cloth comes almost edgewise to the rail. After the side rails

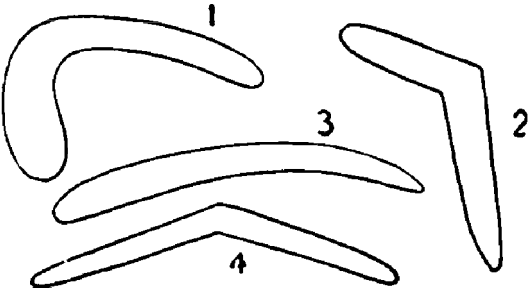


are put in place, a strap of hoop iron or stout tin must be drawn around the end of the leg, and over the rail and securely fastened with wire nails. This serves to prevent splitting of the leg, which will surely happen unless the strap is made use of. Two yards of strong cotton duck, thirty inches wide, securely tacked along both edges, completes the cot. When so made it weighs only twelve pounds, but will bear the heaviest man.

The materials for this cot, which need not cost over sixty cents, are as follows: Two pieces of dressed timber, two inches wide and six feet long; four pieces thirty one inches long; one piece fifty inches long; two small pieces for braces; two yards of cotton duck; two small bolts; and a paper of tinned carpet tacks.

## The Boomerang.

The boomerang is the weapon of the Australian savage. We give the pictures of several patterns that any boy can follow. They can be made of common cardboard, visiting cards, or playing cards; or, if you want a real weapon, they may be made of wood. The first requisite is that they be flat. It will be seen from the shapes given that it is not necessary to be exact as to form, but a boomerang with a sharp corner is better than one in which the curve is gradual or the angle obtuse. To shoot it, lay it upon a block with one end projecting over the side. Hold the block up to a level with the eyes and give the out-



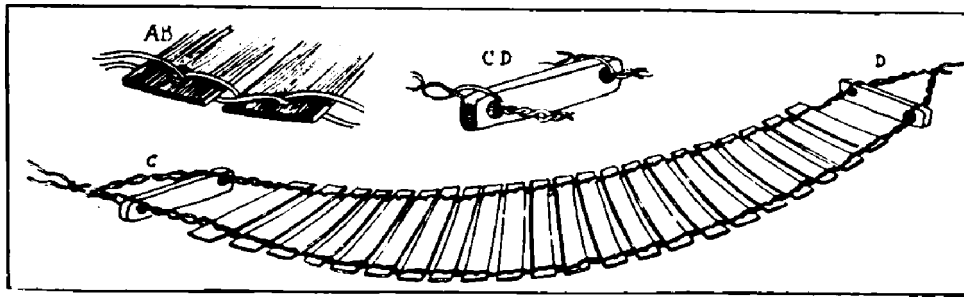
lying edge of the weapon a sharp rap with a small stick or lead pencil, striking the edge near the end and guiding the stick or pencil along the rim of the block as you strike. The weapon will shoot forward a few feet, rise a little, turn in its course and sail back to a point near that from which it started. If you are going to make a boomerang to throw by hand it should be not less than a foot or eighteen inches in length and about a third of an inch in thickness.

## To Make Mice Out of Apple Seeds.

With a fine needle draw black sewing silk through the pointed end of a good fat apple seed and clip it to about the proper length for ears. Then with a sharp pen-knife shave a narrow strip from the under or flat side of the seed and turn it out at the other end for the tail. Now pass the needle through a white card and through the seed near the tail, and again through the card, drawing it down snugly. Repeat the same at the ear end and you have a very realistic mouse.

## Simple But Curious.

Fill a glass with water up to the brim so that the surface of the water is rounded. Then ask your friends how many coins can be put into the glass without the water overflowing. Some will say that it will not hold one. By dropping the coins very carefully into the water edgewise it will be found that even as many as five or six coins, the size of a silver dollar, can be dropped into the water before it overflows.



## A Simple Rough-and-Ready Hammock.

There are times again and again in camp and in the out-of-doors dens that boys love to have, when a place to "roost" while reading or a place to "snooze" through a day of drizzling rain is in great demand. Generally just when one most wants it the forest branches and twigs are too wet to use for a bed, and, beside, it is too much trouble.

Now here is a way to make a really practical hammock that will just "fill the bill." Get several barrels, break them up and remove all the nails from the staves. Bore a three quarter inch hole in each end of each staff with a heated poker. Then lace thin rope (clothesline is good) through the holes. This can be accomplished easily by noting the method of lacing in fig AB. The stay-blocks C and D should be 12 inches long. The hammock can be made entirely comfortable by placing upon it several couch pillows and covering them with a shawl.

## Experiments to Prove the Resistance of Inertia.

Fix a needle in each end of a broomstick, rest the needles on two glasses placed on chairs, with the needles alone in contact with the glasses. If you strike the broomstick violently with another stick the former will be broken, but the glasses will remain intact. The impulse given by the blow has not time to pass on through the particles of the broomstick to the particles in the glass. The particles of the broomstick separate before the movement can be transmitted to the glasses. This explains how you can with a flat wooden rule strike one of a tall column of coins or checkers and displace it without toppling over the column.

## Experiments Illustrating Atmospheric Pressure.

Light a piece of paper, and when it begins to burn brightly thrust it into an empty decanter or water bottle. Within a few seconds close the neck of the bottle with a hard-boiled egg from which the shell has been removed. The burning of the paper exhausts the air in the bottle and the egg is gradually thrust in by the pressure of the outside atmosphere. It will finally pass completely through the neck of the bottle.

Another simple device illustrating the same principle is as follows: Fill a plate half full of water. Let a piece of cork float in the water and on it place a burning piece of paper. Cover the flame with a glass turned upside down. The water will rise in the glass, the reason being that the burning of the paper consumes a part of the oxygen in the air, thus diminishing its volume. The pressure of the outside atmosphere forces the water into the glass to fill up the vacuum.

## Experiments Illustrating One of the Laws of Force.

Spread out a cloth or napkin on the table. Place a dime on the cloth and over it put a glass turned upside down. You can draw the coin from beneath the glass without touching the glass or slipping anything under it. Simply scratch the cloth near the glass with the nail of the fore-finger, and the elasticity of the material communicates the motion to the dime, which will move slowly in the direction of the finger and finally come out entirely from beneath the glass.

Another simple experiment is this: Put an egg, preferably a hard-boiled one, into an empty claret glass. It is possible to cause it to jump out by simply blowing into the glass.

## The Five-Point Star.

Can any one tell us how to fold paper so that a five-point star may be made from it with one straight cut of the scissors? One dollar will be given for the best description accompanied by well constructed diagrams.

Fayette Scott Hemperley, Wymore, Neb., sends the following:  
If all the alphabet were invited out to dine when would U, V, W, X, Y and Z go? Answer. After T.  
Name in two letters the destiny of all earthly things.  
Answer. D. K.

## The Magic Pill Box.

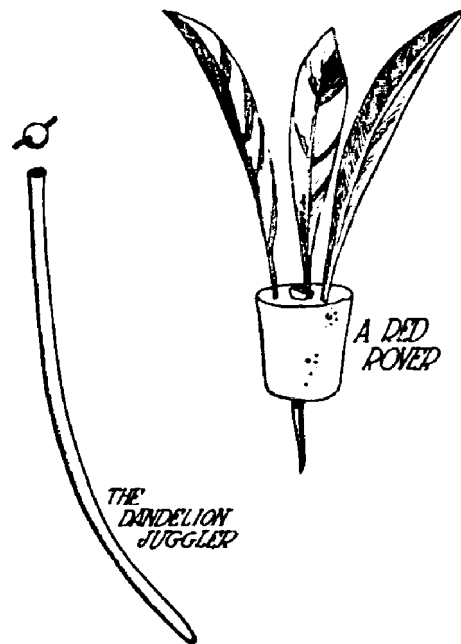
Take a small, round pill box and a coin that exactly fits into it. Cover one side of the coin with paper of exactly the color of the inside of the box. Now show the coin to the audience, being careful to show them only the face that is not covered. Now drop it into the box with the covered face up. Put the cover on the box and talk mysteriously; then open the box and show the audience that the coin has disappeared. Put the lid on the box again, make a few passes, open the box and let the coin fall out into your hand, with its uncovered face up. When you show it to the audience they will be mystified.

## The Egg and Card Trick.

Stick an egg, the contents of which have been blown out, onto the back of a card with a little wax. Now show the card to the audience in such a way that they do not see the egg. Now holding up the card with the right hand, show to the audience that your left hand is empty. Then swing it around and take the card in the palm of the hand, at the same time holding onto the egg with the right hand. With a quick movement drop the left hand, having the card in the palm, at the same time disengaging it from the egg, which remains in the right hand. The audience doesn't see what has become of the card, but sees in place of the card an egg. Instead of an egg you may use a small bunch of flowers.

## The Dandelion Juggler and the Red Rover.

To make a dandelion juggler, stick a short piece of straw through a pea, then place the pea on the end of a dandelion stem and blow; it will dance about in the air without falling away from the stem. To make a red rover, get a good-sized



cork and stick through it a sharp horseshoe nail and place three feathers in the top. Throw it by grasping the end of one of the feathers. It will always fall point first like an arrow or spear and stick in anything that is not harder than wood.

## The Small Boy.

The small boy refused to say his prayers the other night on going to bed. "Don't you wish God to take care of you?" asked his mother. "Well, there's no use in asking him to. He will anyway," replied the young hopeful. The next day the small boy went a-fishing with his father, and the event of his life happened. He caught a three-pound pickerel. "There," he said, "beating his little sides with joy; 'there, daddy, what do you think of that for a boy with only one pocket in his knickerbockers, and who won't say his prayers?'"

One of our friends has inscribed over his open fireplace the following:  
If the B m t put:  
If the B. putting:  
What is the meaning of it?

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# Abe's Luck

## -Bissell Brice



placed the cover on his ink well, "You are a chump if you don't go. That's all I have to say. He gave me some of old Willard's stuff to do, too, but you can bet your bottom dollar I'm not going to hang 'round here to do it this afternoon. We do enough for all we get. Saturday afternoon belongs to us and I am going to take it."

"But suppose he wants the work done to-day," Abe began. "Then let him hire enough clerks to get it done in time," interrupted Sands slamming the drawer of his desk and pushing back his chair. "Stay here if you want to, but you don't catch me doing it," and he strode out of the door, muttering something about a "silly fool."

Forty eight hours had not passed ere he was wondering enviously at the luck, as he saw fit to express it, of this same "silly fool," to whom there had come a bit of good fortune as wonderful as any of which he had ever dreamed. But, dear me, what a habit I have of getting ahead of my story.

Sands had been in the office a year longer, and was supposed to know more about Mr. Whiting's wishes and habits, than Abe, who now looked musingly out the window.

It was a bright midsummer afternoon. The office was well toward the top of one of the highest buildings and he could see the flags flying from the masts of the vessels down in the harbor; the vessels that came and went like huge dragons between here and those fairy lands of foreign shores of which he had so often mused.

A big excursion boat was just coming in past the breakwater. Over to the right the sun had put a golden plating on the river that made one's eyes ache to look at.

A vapor launch was saucily barking its way across this glaring streak, while, from the inter-

vening roofs, the heat waves quivered upward like the folds of a waving banner.

Through this blinking atmosphere he could see the dim blue shore line of the island, far down the river.

He knew the delights of Jim's grandfather's, and the grassy lawns and red-roofed boathouse seemed to beckon him.

"I don't think I ought to go," he said at last, turning sadly from the window. "Mr. Whiting may want it."

"Oh, come, now. He can't blame you if he should want it. He ought to have told you," exclaimed the boy impatiently.

"I'm not thinking about the blame. I am only thinking that it may be needed."

"All right. I can't wait any longer," and the boy from Sterling's office slammed the door behind him with an expressive "bang."

Abe wearily resumed his task. The office was deserted by all save himself, and in the stillness the metal tongue of his pen could be plainly heard complaining to the paper.

Occasionally an elevator door slammed or a solitary footstep echoed down the tiled halls; the clicking pulse of the office clock tolled off the passing seconds monotonously.

He had been alone nearly half an hour when he heard the knocking of two pairs of heels coming rapidly down the hall. They paused at his door. A key rattled in the lock, but it refusing to turn, the knob was tried and the door found to be unfastened.

Abe looked up from his work just as Mr. Whiting and Mr. Willard entered.

"Well!" exclaimed the former gentleman, pretty well out of breathing commodity, "I was afraid you might be gone. I had forgotten this was Saturday. Where's Sands?"

"He has gone home."

"Pshaw! I wanted to see him. Do you know what he did with those papers I gave him?"

"I think he put them in his drawer," said Abe.

Mr. Whiting went to the desk and drew out the drawer. As he looked at the half-finished work he bit his lips but said nothing.

He gathered up the papers and started for the other room, but as he was passing Abe he paused, saying: "Did I tell you I was anxious to have this done to-day?"

"No, sir," responded Abe, "you didn't say."

"Then why did you remain?"

"I was afraid you might want it."

"Um—" was Mr. Whiting's uncertain comment, but there was a light in his eye which meant much. "How long will it take you to finish?"

Abe looked at the sheets before him and then replied, "Just a few minutes. There is only about half a page more."

"All right. When you get it done bring it in to me," and Mr. Whiting passed on with Mr. Willard to the private room.

Had Abe known all that transpired there, his hand would not have been so steady nor his head so clear.

The attorney and his client were discussing matters of great interest.

"If you don't want to bother with it yourself," said the former, "you ought to put it into the hands of someone you can trust. It isn't very difficult, but it is too important to take any chances."

"Whom do you think I could get?" inquired Mr. Willard. The question was carefully considered and Mr. Whiting was just saying, "He is rather young, but you can

**A**BE BATES had been promoted. He had ceased running errands and had been given a desk where he was kept busy entering the proceedings in the various actions in the office register, copying papers and doing other work of a like nature which required care and neatness.

He was seated at his desk making a copy of "the Last Will and Testament of George Willard," the draft for which, in Mr. Whiting's handwriting, lay before him.

Mr. Willard was a very eccentric old gentleman who drew his breath with but little more frequency than he did his will. No sooner was one executed than he thought of some change that he desired to make. Consequently, Abe had been through it so often that he could go over the main items of Mr. Willard's "giving and bequeathing" without referring to the draft.

He was diligently screwing his tongue about in his left cheek, imitating the up curves and the down curves of a true Spencerian slant. His head was tilted to one side and his eyes followed the movements of his pen with hawk-like intentness.

It was Saturday noon. The other clerks were clearing up their desks preparatory to leaving for a half holiday. The boy from Sterling's office, just across the hall, came in soon after the clock struck twelve.

"Come on, Abe," he said, his hand grasping the door knob, "it's time to quit."

Abe's cheek bulged with extra pressure as he put a heavy shade on the stem of a capital T. Then it flattened to normal size as his tongue was given an opportunity to say, "Can't, I ain't through yet."

"What of it; the office is supposed to close at noon, isn't it?"

"Um, hum," mumbled Abe, taking up a fresh sheet of paper and proceeding on his inky way.

"Well, come on then. We are going to have lots of fun down the river this afternoon. Jim is going down to his grandfather's place on the island and he wants you and me to go along."

Abe paused. A trip to the island was very tempting. He looked over the pages yet unfinished, wishing heartily that Mr. Willard had left out a few friends and cut off a few relatives who would not miss their legacies as much as he would this trip down the river.

"Hurry up," said his visitor, "we haven't any time to lose."

"I don't think I can," said Abe, ruefully inspecting the unfinished work. "Mr. Whiting gave me this to do before he went out and I'm only about half through."

"Did he say you must finish it before you left?"

"N-o," responded Abe, hesitatingly, "he didn't say so, but then he might want it."

"Oh, well, if that's all," replied the other, very much relieved, "I wouldn't stay. If he had wanted it he would have told you so. Saturday afternoon is a half holiday. He hasn't any reason to expect you to stay here. Anyway he might not want it at all."

"But suppose he did want it?" questioned Abe.

"Oh, pshaw! he won't or he would have told you. It is his fault if he did not say anything."

George Sands, another of Mr. Whiting's clerks, who was standing near and who had heard the conversation, remarked as he



"Wait a moment, Abe, I want to speak to you!"

trust him to attend strictly to business," when Abe came to the door with the finished work.

He placed the papers in front of Mr. Whiting and turned to leave the room when his employer said, "Wait a moment, Abe, I want to speak to you. I am very glad you waited to finish this. Mr. Willard is going away and it is quite important that this should be done first, but I am afraid it has spoiled your holiday."

"I did want to go down the river," responded Abe, "but it does not matter much."

"Well," Mr. Whiting lowered his head and glanced over the upper edge of his glasses, "perhaps we can fix it so that you can have a trip after all."

A plan was then unfolded which made Abe fairly want to shout.

He got up and sat down a half dozen times; twisted his handkerchief into a limp rope and nearly wound a button off his coat while Mr. Whiting was explaining.

Mr. Whiting concluded by saying, "Now, I wish you would finish the work I gave Sands to do, and then go home and see if your mother is willing to have you go."

Do Sand's work? Abe would almost have been willing to undertake to do the work for the entire office. His spirits were light enough to have buoyed him up under a job of almost any weight. He would have undertaken to have made a copy of the English dictionary, had Mr. Whiting requested it.

But what a job it was to keep his mind from playing truant and romping away into the anticipated pleasures before it had finished its task.

How hard it was to attend carefully to the setting in order of "said party of the first part," with a host of "sands" and "afosands," and "the agree-

ments and provisions above mentioned," with a riot and excitement more thrilling than a dozen Christmases and Fourths of July playing havoc with his thoughts.

His mind refused to follow his pen, with the result that the latter indulged in provoking pranks of turning "ands" into "angs;" g's developed a hilarious tendency of flirting their tails into the air and becoming d's, while letters danced around each other until they spelled nothing but jumble.

But at last all was in order and he started for home.

He fairly ran to the elevator. The car dropped speedily to the ground floor, measured in feet and seconds, but in Abe's impatience it fairly crawled.

The motorman on the trolley car seemed to be unusually alert to see passengers waiting on every corner, for whom he must stop.

His mother was standing in the doorway when he arrived, looking anxiously for him and wondering at his delay. He came up the steps in leaps that made him look like a human kangaroo. He was panting and glowing with excitement as he burst into the hall like a leaf blown in from the street.

Door mats were too insignificant for him to notice, but the one in the entry was of sufficient consequence to trip him up and send him sprawling.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Bates, "are you hurt?"

"I am going to Europe," was the astonishing answer as her excited son rose to a sitting posture.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Mrs. Bates, expecting some joke. "You seemed to be going somewhere, but I did not know just where. Since when did the way to Europe lay up our front steps?"

"No, honest," remonstrated Abe, hopping about on

one leg while he rubbed an injured shin. "I'm going on a ship."

"Indeed," Mrs. Bates smiled. "That's a very unusual way to cross the ocean, isn't it? I thought you were going to run over."

"Now, quit fooling," said Abe. "I'm in earnest, and Mr. Whiting said for me to ask you if I couldn't go. Mr. Willard wants me to go over to Berlin with him. There are some important papers over there. He wants them taken to London to have some people sign them and then brought over here."

"Mr. Whiting recommended me. I am to get my salary just the same and all expenses paid, and—"

"Goodness me," interrupted his mother, resting one hand on her hip and holding to the door with the other. "Stop a bit. Don't go so fast. Your tongue is running away. You going to Europe?"

"Yes, and I have to get ready right off, for we start Monday morning."

By degrees the matter was made clear and explained to Mrs. Bates, after which Abe went upstairs.

Such an exciting time had never been known among Abe's clothes and belongings. Collars, shirts, neckties and other things were whirled about like leaves in a cyclone. Coats and trousers seemed seized with attacks of St. Vitus' dance, for Abe was "packing," which, in his present state of mind, was certainly a wonderful and bewildering process.

It was not until his mother came in that this potpourri of clothes was reduced to order.

"Ain't I glad I stayed, though," said Abe from the depths of the closet. "If Sands had been there I guess he would have been sent. He is older than I am."

"Giminy, this is going to be the longest and best Saturday afternoon I ever had."

**A Hero**

"Oh how cold!" escaped my lips as I stumbled through the door of a miserable attic tenement, says a writer in Watchman.

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

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

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

**Making a Gentleman**

Rev. Dr. Madison Peters, of Brooklyn, N. Y., tells the mothers of the land how to make their boys gentlemen. He says:

"Let your boy with the first lisplings of speech be taught to speak accurately on all subjects, be they trivial or important, and when he becomes a man he will scorn to tell a lie.

"Early instill into your boy's mind decision of character. Undecided, purposeless boys make namby-pamby men, useless to themselves and to everybody else.

"Teach your boy to have an object in view, the backbone to go after it and then stick.

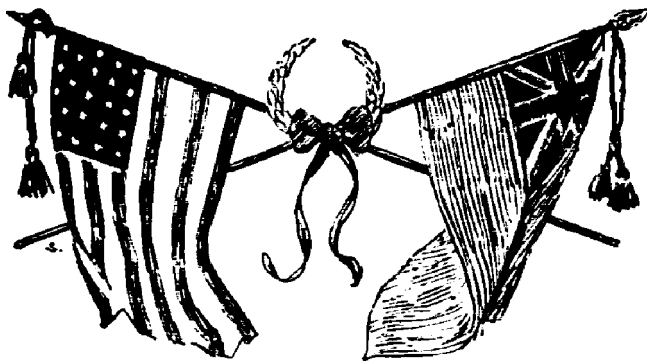
"Teach your boy to disdain revenge. Revenge is a sin that grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength. Teach him to write kindnesses in marble, injuries in the dust.

"There is nothing that improves a boy's character so much as putting him on his honor—trusting to his honor. I have little hope for the boy who is dead to the feeling of honor. The boy who needs to be continually looked after is on the road to ruin. If treating your boy as a gentleman does not make him a gentleman, nothing else will.

"Let your boy wait upon himself as much as possible. The more he has to depend upon himself the more manly a little fellow he will show himself. Self-dependence will call out his energies, bring into exercise his talents. The wisest charity is to help a boy to help himself.

"Happy is the father who is happy in his boy, and happy is the boy who is happy in his father.

"Many sons of most pious fathers turn out badly because they are self-felted with severe religion, not the religion of Christ, who was himself reproved by the prototypes of such severe men."



**An English Boy to the American Boy**

The following letter was received by the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY from Ansel Duncan, a loyal subject of King Edward VII., who lives at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Canada:

Dear Sir: Enclosed please find one dollar for renewal subscription to your very excellent paper, THE AMERICAN BOY.

In your "Announcement" you promise your "utmost endeavors to make THE AMERICAN BOY the true representative of the boys of the greatest country on which the sun shines." That's a noble ideal; but, as a boy, I would say that the first and most important—AND MOST DIFFICULT—thing to do would be to make the United States "the greatest country on which the sun shines." This is perhaps what you are going TO TRY. When boys fail to do some task set them, they are told to "try, try again." It is the boy's turn now to give advice, and so I would say—when you fail to make the United States "the greatest country on which the sun shines," then "try, try again." If you intended to convey the idea that the country to the south of Canada is "the greatest country on which the sun shines," then, be sure, you didn't think! Assyria, Chaldea, Babylon, Medea, Greece, and Rome, once held mighty sway over peoples, and to-day the United States we regard as a great nation; but Great Britain holds the proud position of being the mightiest empire, past or present, that has ever existed, and is to-day the greatest factor in the world's civilization, progress and enlightenment. Great Britain is what her boys have made her; and since you are going to do so much for the American boy, please don't forget that the British boy needs assistance and is worth giving a thought about, and that he can, and will, be thankful for all helps given.

The United States is great—she couldn't be otherwise. She had a great mother; and, doubtless, she will fulfill her part in the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race in its upward and onward course UNLESS she allows the foreign element within her borders to dominate her homes. We like to see the boys of the United States true to their country's flag, and with Sir Walter Scott, I would ask:

"Breathes there a boy with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said—  
"This is my own, my native land?"

But they should not boast beyond their measure—perhaps they learn this from older folks! Great Britain has her faults—what nation hasn't? But with all her faults we love her still.

You see how your innocent remark in your announcement has called forth this expression of my feelings towards your great country and my outburst of loyalty to "the greatest country on which the sun shines." In conclusion permit me to say that we boys—British and American—are the coming men. May we never do aught to sully the name of or bring dishonor on our respective countries; but may we live

"For the good that needs assistance  
For the wrong that needs resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that we can do."

May the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes ever entwine one another in friendly embrace, is the sincere wish of

Very truly yours,

**Lost at the Start—A. W. Tolman**

Some years ago the writer chanced to be one of the judges at a college field day. There was a strong rivalry between the different classes, and all the events were closely contested.

Toward the end of the programme came the two mile race.

Among the entries for this race were a Senior and a Junior, whom for the purposes of this article we will call respectively Black and White. In speed and endurance these men surpassed the other contestants, and it was pretty generally understood that one of them would carry off the prize.

Black, the Senior, was the better runner of the two; feeling confident of victory he had done little training. White, the Junior, knew that his only chance of winning lay in hard work; and he had trained faithfully.

At the report of the pistol White was away from the tape like a shot; he knew that from start to finish he must run for all there was in him.

Black, sure of success and wishing to show a little bravado, instead of starting straight away, made a half-turn, thus losing perhaps two feet—but what was such a trifle, when compared with the thousands in the two miles? He soon overtook and passed his rival, who had doggedly done his best from the first.

Three times they circled the half mile track, and the distance between them remained practically unchanged. It was the fourth time round, and the pace was beginning to tell on both; but still the Senior led, though the grim determination of the other was slowly closing the gap between them.

Down toward the finish they came, the shouts of their classmates spurring each man on to do his best.

One yard from the end Black was ahead; but in the fraction of a second that remained White, mustering all his powers for one final effort, leaped forward, and his breast touched the string not six inches in advance of his antagonist!

That little piece of folly at the start, utterly needless, had cost the Senior the race. The fact that he had kept the lead for almost the entire distance availed him nothing. He had thrown away two feet at the beginning, and he lost by less than one-quarter of that amount at the end.

And the bitterest thing about his defeat was not the defeat itself, but the fact that it had been deliberately incurred.

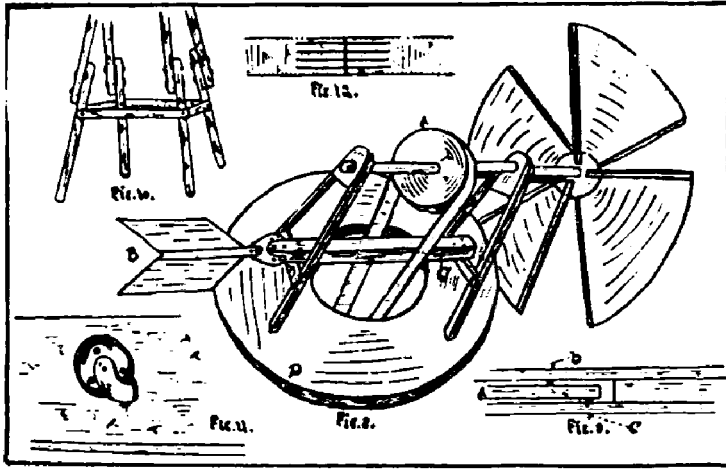
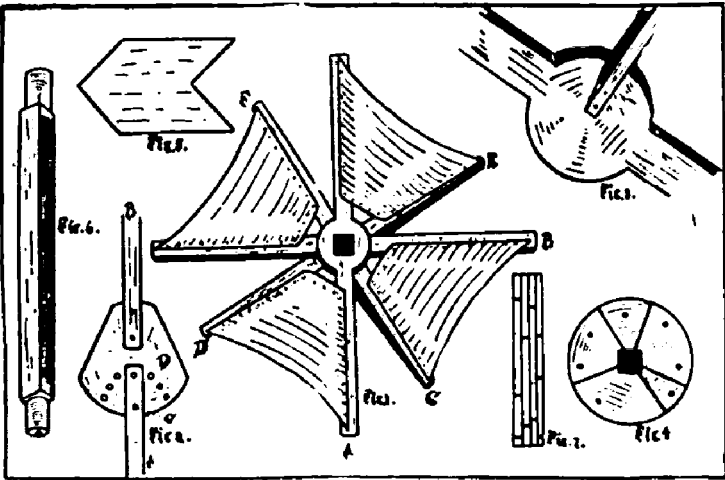
May there not be a lesson here for some reader of these lines?

The precious fragments of time that are thrown away in idle folly; the trivial advantage that is allowed to slip by, because it seems to be of no immediate value, the habit that would have been so easy to conquer that its possessor did not think it worth while to make the effort; these things seem of little importance at the beginning of life's race, but at some crisis later on they may mean all the difference between victory and defeat!

Finis coronat opus, runs the old Latin proverb, "The end crowns the work," and it is as true today as when its author penned it two thousand years ago.

**Woe to the parent who is raising up street boys to be a curse to his old age!**

# How to Make a Windmill — J. Carter Beard



Toys must not only have motion, but they must accomplish something. A device which will satisfy these two cravings of a boy's heart, first movement and second movement put to some use, is described here as it actually was made by three Long Island boys on the shore of Great South Bay.

Figure 1 shows the wheel, very like a huge pinwheel. The size of this must depend largely upon the materials at hand—somewhere between six and ten feet will make a good diameter for the wheel. The supports, A and B are one piece. C, D, E and F are four different pieces; these slant back from the main supports, A and B, to give the wind a surface on which to act.

Figure 3 shows the method of fastening the four pieces to the back of the main support, B, which, in turn, is fastened to the back of the main support, A.

The axle, figure 6, must be made from some tough wood, preferably oak. The body of the axle is made square. This is done to prevent the windwheel from turning on the axle. The ribbon or belt wheel, figure 4, or A on figure 8, can be pieced together from any sort of wood. It should be about eighteen inches in diameter and perhaps six inches wide. Figure 7 shows a side view of this wheel. Figure 8 shows the large windwheel fastened to the top of the framework. In order to have a windmill go round it is necessary that it should face the wind, and to insure this a tail piece, B, figure 8, must be fastened to the stand. It is often desirable when the wind is very strong or where the windmill is not working that the wheel should not face directly into the wind, and for this reason the tail piece must be made movable, that is, it must be so arranged that it can be set at any angle desired. Figure 2 shows how to surmount this difficulty. A is the crosspiece (marked C, figure 8), and B is the tail piece. A pivot is placed at C,

figure 2, so that the piece D will move to the right or left. By running a bolt through the hole in the end of the piece A and through one of the holes in the piece D the tail piece may be fastened at the desired angle.

In order that the windwheel may face the wind, no matter what direction it comes from, it is necessary that the upper part of

the windmill should turn on the framework. Figure 9 shows an excellent way of arranging this. A on figure 9 is the bottom piece, shown in D, figure 8. B and C, figure 9, are ordinary furniture casters, see figure 11. The casters allow the bottom piece as shown in D, figure 8, to run smoothly.

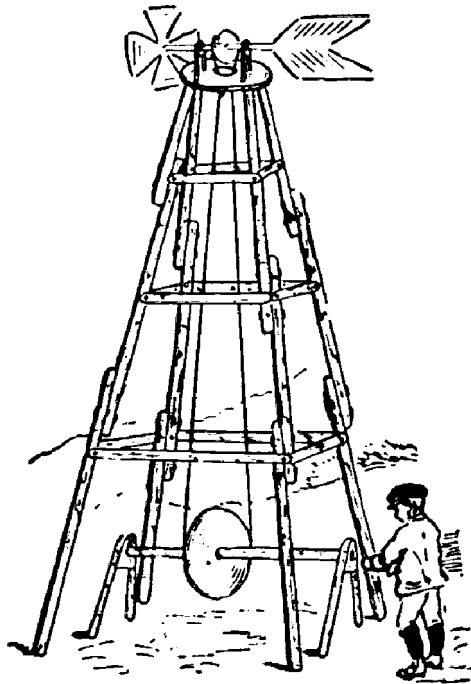
Three such supports as figure 9 will answer to hold the bottom piece in place at the top of the supporting framework. When the wind blows against the tail piece the windmill moves just like an enormous weather vane.

The supporting framework made for their windmill by the three Long Island boys, was constructed of small saplings bolted together. A section of this is shown in figure 10. Saplings answered the purpose admirably. Any tough timber, however, will do quite as well. The bottom pieces of the framework should be imbedded in the ground to the depth of at least three feet. If two bolts are used at each joint as indicated in the diagram, the work will be as solid as can be desired.

The sails of the windmill can be made either of canvas or of unbleached muslin. If the sails are laced to the supports instead of being tacked on, they can be removed when desired. This is often essential in the case of storms, when the wind is likely to damage the wheel.

The ribbon, or belt, which carries the power from the windwheel to the ground should be made of strong canvas hemmed at the edges. The ends are joined together with strips of soft leather. See figure 12.

There are many ways in which the windmill can pay for the trouble it will cost to make it. The wheel can be made to pump water or grind the tools of the amateur workman. It can saw wood or earn money by running a printing press. In fact, the wheel will furnish a considerable amount of power, which, with a little ingenuity, can be arranged to do almost any sort of rough work.



## BOYS AND ANIMALS

Charles W. Steele, Altamont, Mo., owns a number of rabbits as white as snow, keeping them in a large pen, 9x38 feet. He sells the young, and has had as high as fifteen little ones from his stock at one time. He advises every American boy to raise rabbits.—**M. Leighton Wade**, Kamloops, B. C., is having some trouble raising rabbits. A few weeks ago he lost six young ones, five weeks old, that were not weaned. He fed dandelions, grass, clover, oats and bran mash, giving fresh water every second day. The young ones would not drink. He keeps them in a large, well-ventilated shed, with a hutch

some healthful foods for them?—**Cayson L. Branch**, Parker, S. D., noticing the statements that had been made from time to time with reference to the fact that one seldom sees a white colt, says that he has not only seen one but has taken a snapshot at him. The white colt shown in the picture was in a herd of Indian ponies that passed through Parker last fall. It was perfectly white, and its mother coal black. Now all our boys will be able to say that even if they haven't seen a white colt they have seen a picture of one.—**Roy Price**, Macedonia, Ia., is another boy who is fond of raising stock. He has seven hogs, a cow and a calf, and a good shepherd dog that will go and fetch the stock from the fields. He is something of a hunter, too, having caught twelve gophers and shot twenty five grown squirrels this past spring.—**John Johnson**, Kensington, Conn., has two old Belgian hares and five little ones, as well as six pigeons, some ducks and a calf. This boy is a worker. He gets up at half past three every morning and helps milk the cows, and then peddles one hundred quarts of milk. The rest of the day he works on the farm; still he has time to play the mandolin and the autoharp.—**Ray Crouch**, Bristol, Conn., writes us an interesting story about finding four baby squirrels in a hollow log. The squirrels appeared to be frozen, but on taking them home and putting them near the stove the little animals revived. Buying a cage, he kept them until they were full grown, and enjoyed caring for them and watching their interesting antics.—**Maurice C. Latimer**, Cannelton, Ind., has a good canary singer whose feet are rough and inflamed, and he wants to know what the trouble is and what is good for it.—**George R. Wentz**, Westminster, Md., tells of his success in raising chickens. Some time ago he bought four buff Plymouth Rock hens and one rooster for fifteen dollars. He set some common hens on the eggs from the Plymouth Rocks and hatched a fair number. He has sold about fifteen settings of eggs at one dollar a setting, and up to date has cleared expenses and a little more.—**Leonard L. Colt**, New London, Conn., sends us a picture of his dog "Teddy," taken with a Brownie No. 2. He took the picture, developed, printed and toned it himself, and it is very well done. The dog is a handsome fellow.—**Roscoe Jones**,

Round Valley, Cal., is successful with poultry. He spends hours every day feeding and working with them. Last year he raised 560 chickens. His father considers him the "chicken boss" on the farm, and only interferes when it comes to the matter of selling them. Then Roscoe receives, as he says, a satisfactory "divvy." His father promises to buy him an incubator next year. "Just now," says he, "we are having lots of fun fishing. The streams are alive with trout, and we are catching some that weigh five pounds."—**Earle Foote**, Nebraska City, Neb., sends a picture of himself astride of his calf "Billy." He says he is a farmer's boy and appears to be proud of it. His father has fifty head of cattle. Earle is ten years old and the calf is three, and the latter has been trained to drive and ride, and kick. Earle has sheared Billy's



A WHITE COLT.

for the doe and young ones and another for the buck, and on fine days he gives them a romp on the lawn. He wants to know what the trouble is. The rabbits are of the common English breed.—**Harry J. Ritter**, Burlington, Ia., tells a fish story which he says is not a fish story. "While fishing once," he says, "I caught a pike without a hook and line. It was a sultry day and the pike rose to the surface, and when I took hold of it it made no effort to get away." He wants to know the cause of it. Harry is captain of a baseball team and his team has won all the games it has played.—**Walcott Hubbell**, Cedar Falls, Ia., asks what is the "proper treatment of rabbits," and



EARL FOOTE AND BILLY.

tail so that it looks like a mule's.—**Solon H. Rhodes**, Irwindale, Cal., says that he enjoyed very much the series of articles we recently published entitled "Fun and Profit in Trapping." He is somewhat of a trapper himself. From the 26th of May, 1901, to January 1, 1902, he had caught 87 rabbits, 22 squirrels, 10 gophers, 30 quail, 44 kangaroo rats, two weasels, and two skunks. From January 1 up to this time he has caught 28 rabbits, 30 gophers, 20 rats, two squirrels and five quail. He has used all the way from four to ten traps. He uses steel traps and trap-door box traps.



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# A Young Hero of the Frontier—

Written for the American Boy by Capt. Jack Crawford, Ex-chief of Scouts

**J**IM IRION was a seventeen year old boy. He was as fair as a girl, straight and supple as a hickory, and the most lovable, handsome, blue-eyed boy I ever knew. He met me in Sydney, Nebraska, in the winter of 1876, when old Sitting Bull was on the warpath, and when a few of us were trying to open up the Black Hills to the miners and prospectors.

"Captain Jack," said Jim walking up to me and saluting, "here is a note from Mr. Al Sampson of the Omaha Bee." I read the note which told me that the bearer, James Irion, was a Kentucky boy who had come west to seek his fortune, and was anxious to accompany me to the Hills. "I have no money," said the boy, "but I am not afraid of work and if you just let me start with you, captain, if I don't obey orders and please you, you may drop me on the trail and I will walk back to the railroad." I grasped his hand, looked into his honest eyes, and said "Jim, I will never drop you. Help that one-armed comrade of mine, John Smiley, to hitch up the oxen. We are ready to pull out."

In an hour we were on the way to Custer, via the Red Cloud Agency. The next day in crossing the Platte our two wagons, bull teams and all, went through the ice. Axes were gotten out and everyone went to work cutting the ice, as it was impossible to mount its brittle edges. A keg of brandy was taken out and tapped. The weather was about ten below zero and blowing. Everyone took a good horn of brandy, except Jim and me.

"Don't you drink, Captain Jack?" asked Jim.

"No," I replied, "I do not know the taste of liquor. I had a saintly, God-fearing, devoted mother who suffered much from my unfortunate father's intemperance, which also deprived me of even the rudiments of an education, and when on her deathbed she asked me to promise her that I would never drink, I did. I have kept that promise and, God helping me, I will until the Master calls me to answer tattoo."

"Do you drink, Jim?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "nearly everyone drinks where I come from, but I shall never drink another drop, so help me, God," and he reached for my hand while his blue eyes filled with tears. "I tell you, Captain Jack, when I write and tell that good mother of mine that I have signed the pledge, and why, she will get right down on her knees and thank God, and she will pray for you and for me every night."

I cannot remember when I was so much affected, and yet during all this time Jim and I were up to our knees in the cold water, chopping for dear life. We got our teams out at last and Jim and I hunted brush and dead wood and soon had a blazing fire crackling and spurting its sparks out into the snow. In a short time we had another job on hand. There were six men besides Jim and me, and some part of each of them was frozen—fingers, toes, ears or nose—while Jim and I were actually perspiring. We rubbed the frozen parts with snow and there was no loss of any members. It is a fact, however, for I have proven it on the Klondyke in three years' experience there, that men freeze more quickly who drink than do those who do not.

In due time we reached the mouth of Buffalo Gap, an entrance to the Hills, just twenty five miles from Custer City. We camped on a high piece of ground about a hundred yards from the creek. It was about four in the afternoon, and after turning our oxen and saddle-horses loose to graze we went to work fixing up for the night against a possible attack from a band of Sioux which Jim and I had sighted about noon that day, and which disappeared upon seeing our train.

"Do you think they will attack us?" Jim asked, while I was rubbing up my Winchester.

"Yes, I do, and we must be prepared for them. See that the Long Toms are all in order, because if they do attack we must repulse them with our Winchester and then hold them at a long distance with the Long Toms."

"Say, Cap," said John Smiley, who was an old Indian fighter, "take a peep through these glasses. If there ain't an Indian laying flat on top of that knob I'm much mistaken." And, sure enough, just as I got a focus on the object it seemed to sink into the ground.

"That's sure an Indian, John," said I, "and he's gone." We knew then that they were watching us.

Just at dusk twenty mounted Sioux made their appearance half a mile south of where we saw the Indian lookout. Smiley was captain of the outfit and gave us orders like the veteran that he was. I watched Jim, his eyes sparkling, and a serious light coming into his blue orbs as he approached me and said, "Captain Jack, can I fight near you?"

"Yes, my boy," said I. "Are you a good shot?"

"I can knock an eye out of a squirrel as far as I can see it, and if I don't get too badly scared I think

I can knock an Indian's eye out, too. But I don't feel as though I was going to weaken while you are close by."

"Don't fire a single shot, boys, until you hear my rifle crack," the captain said, "but each pick out his Injun."

On they came—a thousand yards away—nine hundred—eight—seven—six—five—four—and yet no rifle shot and none from the other side. Jim and I, lying on our stomachs and sighting along the barrels of our guns and an Indian on the front sight, waiting—wondering why Jack Smiley's gun did not ring out the signal—when suddenly and before a shot was fired the Indians dropped into a gulch or swaig three hundred yards in front and out of sight.

"Ready!" said the captain, and ready we were, as soon as they should show their heads, two hundred yards away—but we waited and waited, one—two—three minutes—when Smiley exclaimed, "Euchred! Look at them! Where the infernal red devils have got to!" and looking to the left the entire band was seen bunched on a hill over a thousand yards away. They evidently saw that the emigrants were ready for them and not going to stampede, and they figured that most of them would go down if they ever came up over the rise on our side of the swaig. A council was held and it was decided that the Indians would not attack until after sundown or in the night, and that someone must go to Custer and bring out help, as there was no doubt that they contemplated besieging us. We had the advantage of the hill and open ground, and, as it was moonlight, they could not very well approach unobserved.

Jim volunteered to run the gauntlet and go for help, and most of the others were in favor of his doing so. He was light, cool, and courageous, and the chances were in his favor if he was well mounted. But I demurred and gave my reasons, declaring that I myself would go just before the moon rose. Jim had no experience, the road was rough, and I knew the cut-offs. It was fairly dark and the moon would



Captain Jack, the poet scout, is one of those brave-hearted, fearless men of western pioneer days. He entered the Union army at the age of sixteen and served during the Civil war. In 1875 he was appointed as chief government scout. In fulfillment of a promise to his dying mother, he never drank intoxicating liquors. Rough men have ordered him at the point of a revolver to drink with them, but his calm answer was, "You may shoot me, but you cannot make me break my promise to my dying mother." He is an enthusiastic admirer of THE AMERICAN BOY, and calls it "The greatest boys' paper on earth."

be up in half an hour. Bidding good-bye to the little party, with a warm grip from Jim's honest hand as he said, "God be with you, Jack," I started, leading my horse to the creek below. Here I took off my moccasins and, leading my horse, started to wade up stream, the current being swift and in the center open; this was to avoid leaving a trail. Nearly a mile I waded, and then, emerging into a clump of willows, I dried my feet with a towel from my saddle pockets, and rubbed until warm. I then donned my moccasins and mounting rode on half a mile farther up stream, where I could ride unobstructed by the willows which grew so thickly below. Then leaving the creek I urged my faithful little mustang into a lope for Custer City. It was all uphill so it was almost morning before I entered the cabin of Mose Melner, known as California Joe, and formerly one of Bedoun's Sharpshooters.

By seven o'clock twenty men were mounted and jogging along rapidly toward the Gap. It was about noon when we came in sight of the camp and heard the sharp report of the rifles. The camp was surrounded and besieged. California Joe gave orders about as follows: "Keep under cover as long as you can. When you can no longer keep out of sight use your spurs freely. Leave your guns in your slings. Get your six-shooters ready, and follow me. Deploy as you go and don't stop for nothing, understand!"

"All right, and I guess that's plain enough," said Frank Smith, "Antelope Frank."

No word was spoken until with a yell we dashed out into the open. The Indians never dreamed of help coming for they had not discovered my trail, and our presence was a complete surprise. Such a stampede is seldom seen. The Indians nearest us were compelled to ride within range of the campers. The result was, two Indians dropped from their horses, while another, badly hit, dropped his rifle and held on with both hands to the saddle. Some twelve more Indians had joined the original party and had

opened on the camp just at daylight by charging, but were repulsed with the loss of one Indian. They then kept up the siege at long range, the boys using the Long Toms. One man and two oxen were wounded but the oxen could nevertheless help pull their loads into Custer before noon the next day.

John Smiley rode ahead with me after starting, and when I asked him how our scout, meaning Jim Irion, acted, he said, "Jack, that boy is a devil and an angel. When the Indians charged at daybreak I was sound asleep, being worn out watching, while Jim was up and around an hour before I dared trust myself to leave him. 'Cap,' said he, 'can't you trust me and go to sleep. I don't believe I will scare if they come, and you need sleep.' When I jumped to my feet at the first crack of Jim's rifle the boy was hatless and in his shirt sleeves, yelling to the men to look through their sights, 'Don't get excited! Give it to them!' and as I jumped to his side outside the wagon he was pumping his Winchester like a veteran and yelling all the time like an Apache. The first thing he said was 'Cap, this reminds me of the Fourth of July. There they go, I knew they would quit before they got up to us. Get out your Long Toms!' and jumping for one of the long rangers he commenced firing and never let up until the Indians were a good mile off, and then turning to me he exclaimed, 'Oh, Cap, did I do the right thing?' And when I told him he was a hero and shook his hand, he said, 'I am awfully glad because it will please Captain Jack.'"

Well, Jim was really a hero, and if there is any one thing that a frontiersman, especially an old timer, loves, it is a tenderfoot that shows courage on such an occasion.

Jim stayed with me in Custer for months, helping me to build my cabin, and when I was made Chief of the Rangers he was my most trusty scout. I went to Chicago with someone to show the richness of our new Eldorado, the following June, and it was while there that Gen. P. H. Sheridan said, as I laid my ore speckled with gold upon his desk, "Captain Jack, this is the first substantial evidence of quartz gold from the Hills," and my report and interview which appeared in the Chicago Tribune sent the first capital in to develop that wonderful country.

Jim and I had taken up some land as homesteads at the outlet of the Spearfish, where the city of that name now stands. The Indians were bad. While some men were cutting hay on the low land Jim was on a high hill watching for them, with his horse grazing near. He was looking out over the country toward Bear Butte, with my field glasses, while half a dozen Indians were worming their way on their hands and knees through the tall grass just below him. When within range six shots rang out almost as one. Jim reeled, fell to his knee, recovered, and, seizing his rifle, commenced to shoot. The men on the other side of the hill grasped their rifles and ran to his assistance. When they reached the spot Jim was unconscious and bleeding profusely from a wound in the left groin and another just above the heart. Jim had shot one Indian dead and wounded another, and the men drove the others off.

I reached our little cabin just as the men carried my dying boy from the wagon. He was as pale as death, but when he saw me a bright light came into his eyes and he reached out his hand to me, whispering, "Jack, dear Jack."

I could not speak; I only knelt by his side, smoothing back his yellow locks, while tears coursed down my cheeks. There had been a shooting tournament the day before at Spearfish and Jim competed. In his delirium he asked, "Jack, do I win a prize?" and just before the Angel of Death closed his eyes he said, "I did the best I could, somehow," and his last words were, "Jack, we'll meet again, somewhere."

We buried him in the shade of a pine tree and some of the pioneer women brought wild flowers and fairly covered the grave of a real boy hero.

The Indians, afterwards, while I was out with General Crook on the Big Horn campaign, burned my cabin and wagon and stole my team, and I have never laid claim to them since. I never could have lived there, even in luxury, with the memory of that dead boy comrade always with me, and his lovely eyes seeming to speak and saying, "I did the best I could, somehow."

I had a friend in days long dead,  
A friend into whose loving eyes  
I looked one afternoon and said,  
"To-night you win a heavenly prize."  
He turned his blue eyes up to mine,  
The dew of death was on his brow,  
And whispered, "Comrade, I resign,  
I did the best I could, somehow."

Some day, some way, that boy of mine,  
Who gave his sweet young life for me,  
Will join me in a fairer clime,  
Comrades through all eternity.

# Patsy Mulligan — Samuel J.

**M**R. ANDREWS, senior member of the firm of Andrews, Spencer & Kugler, and also acting manager, was a heavy set, jovial individual, whose bump of humor was abnormally developed. He had just returned from the enjoyment of a hearty lunch, and was seated at his desk deep in the pleasurable contemplation of a picture, in a glass paper weight, of two tiny little girls who called him "papa." Business had been prosperous, and enough contracts were already made to insure steady labor for a full force of men for some time to come. So there was not a thing to interfere with his mental satisfaction.

It was while he was in this state of beatitude that Patsy Mulligan opened the door and entered. Patsy was not, even by the greatest stretch of the imagination, a thing of beauty. His name indicated his Hibernian origin; but if a doubt had been raised, his fiery red hair, his freckled face, his large mouth, his snub nose slightly tilted, were in themselves indubitable proof that Patsy was Irish. He closed the door behind him and waited patiently until Mr. Andrews looked up.

"Need a kid?" asked Patsy.

Mr. Andrews gazed, with a solemnity he frequently affected, first at the dilapidated garments, all of which were in a uniformly tattered condition; then at the freckled, good-natured face, shaded by a torn straw hat, through which appeared stray wisps of Patsy's red hair.

"Need a kid?" repeated Patsy, unmoved by the close scrutiny to which he was subjected. "I wants a job."

Mr. Andrews suppressed something that sounded very much like a chuckle.

"Can you keep books?" he asked.

Patsy looked at him suspiciously. "Naw," he answered.

"Can you set type?"

"Naw."

"Can you run a press?"

"Say, quit your stringin'. Does you want a kid to chase errands, an' make hisself handy? I'm tired o' loafin'."

The bookkeeper, knowing Mr. Andrews' disposition and understanding his good humor, took part in the conversation. He had been making entries in a large book, and turning half around, asked in a serious tone: "How would you like to be manager?"

"Say, sonny," answered Patsy, with a majestic wave of his hand, "you keeps right on wid your work. I'm talkin' to de boss now. I'll atten' t' you later."

Mr. Andrews' frame shook with suppressed emotion. The discomfited bookkeeper returned to his work.

Patsy eyed Mr. Andrews calmly until the latter finally recovered composure.

"Well," he asked, "does I git de job?"

Mr. Andrews' face became serious for a moment. "How would you like to learn to set type?"

"Like de fellers dat does like dis?" asked Patsy, imitating rather awkwardly the motions of the compositor.

"Yes; would you like it?"

"Sure t'ing, if I gets any pay."

The sudden determination of Mr. Andrews was carried out. Patsy became "cub" in the composing room, and the next morning he was there bright and early, ready to begin mastering the complexities of his new business.

He had expected to be put right to work at the case setting type, but accepted with resignation the foreman's assurance that there were a few things he

had to learn as preliminary to becoming a compositor, just as the boy who had preceded him and who was now setting type had done.



"Need a kid?" asked Patsy.

He ran a great many errands the first day, and also learned to operate the proof press. In spite of the limited amount of ink he had to use in taking proofs, he nevertheless managed to daub himself liberally, to the intense delight of Mr. Andrews, who happened to observe him as he went out at closing time.

The second day he was on familiar terms with most of the compositors. When he had a few moments' freedom between running errands and proving the long brass galleys of type the printers had set up, he stood and watched with open mouth and wide, blue eyes, the rapid motion of the men at work. He frequently was in the way, but he was so good-natured in his apologies that the men did not mind.

Mr. Andrews observed him, after he had been there a few days, watching the compositors with an absorbed air.

"Well, Patsy," he asked, "have you learned how to set type yet?"

"Naw," answered Patsy. "I t'ink I'll quit me job an' drive a truck. I can't learn to do dat," and he pointed to the busy compositors with a most discouraged air.

"Now, Patsy, don't give up so soon," replied Mr. Andrews, winking at the men. "Have you learned the case yet?"

"You means where de dinky little t'ings go? I knows de "e" box, an' where to put de not'ings." Mr. Andrews had already heard of how Patsy had quaintly termed the quads and spaces "nothings," because he could find no characters on them, and he did not try to suppress his own hearty laugh which the printers took up.

Patsy's blue eyes opened wide, and his teeth set hard.

"Watcher givin' me?" he asked in a disgusted tone, "you're stringin' me."

A little later Mr. Andrews handed Patsy a card upon which he had pasted a plan of the cases that had been cut from an old type specimen book.

"Here, Patsy, study this, and don't get discouraged. It always seems hard to the beginner."

"T'anks, boss," exclaimed Patsy. "You're all right."

"Patsy," answered Mr. Andrews solemnly, "I t'ink you're stringin' me."

Even Patsy joined in the laugh.

Patsy's native ability, assisted by his eager desire to learn, made the grasping of the plan of the case a comparatively easy matter. The satisfaction he took from the first line he set up, which consisted of his own name, was so great that he promptly followed the advice of one of the printers and took it in the office to show Mr. Andrews. Had the line been printed it would have looked like this:

patsum yslap

for Patsy had not learned that the type was to be set upside down. He bravely marched into the office with the result of his labors and displayed it to Mr. Andrews. The glow on his face, which made each freckle stand out more conspicuously than ever, when he returned, indicated the intense satisfaction

# "The Cub" Steinberg

of having met with warm praise, which was further proven by his exclamation:

"Say, de boss is a peach!"

Patsy had an intense admiration for a number of the compositors, and a sincere regard for the foreman, who was so easy on his men; but for Mr. Andrews his feelings were of a deep devotional nature. There was a bond of affinity between the portly and prosperous publisher and the unkempt and uncouth Irish "cub." The smile with which they greeted each other—a smile that brought them both to a common level—was really the signal of recognition of the brotherhood to which they both belonged: the Brotherhood of Optimists, who see joy in their daily work, humor even in their misfortunes, and happiness in everything. Mr. Andrews understood Patsy, and Patsy understood Mr. Andrews, although beyond a few good-natured words that daily passed between them, one was still the employer and the other the employee.

Patsy's work, as far as proving galleys and running errands was considered, was most satisfactory to all concerned, and his desire to please so genuine that he could not be aught else put popular. The errands upon which he was sent by the firm made it possible for him to execute little commissions for the employees, which he did willingly.

Patsy's work of keeping the galleys proved up for the busy compositors was ordinarily no light task, but the rapidity with which he did the work made it an easy one. After the work of proving galleys had lost its novelty, Patsy, being only human, found it irksome. He did not mind so much the individual galleys the compositors filled, as this meant only a few moments away from his efforts to learn to set type; but when an order would come in to prove up all the galleys of a certain book, which might consist in number of anywhere from ten to fifty, he would feel aggrieved.

It was this kind of an order that had upset his usual placid temper after he had been there some time; and the only reason he had not grumbled was because the order had come from Mr. Andrews himself.

It was forty galleys of a medical book which had already passed through Patsy's hands. But both proofs and copy had miscarried in the mails and could not be traced. Mr. Andrews had concluded his instructions with the request to have them all finished by three o'clock.

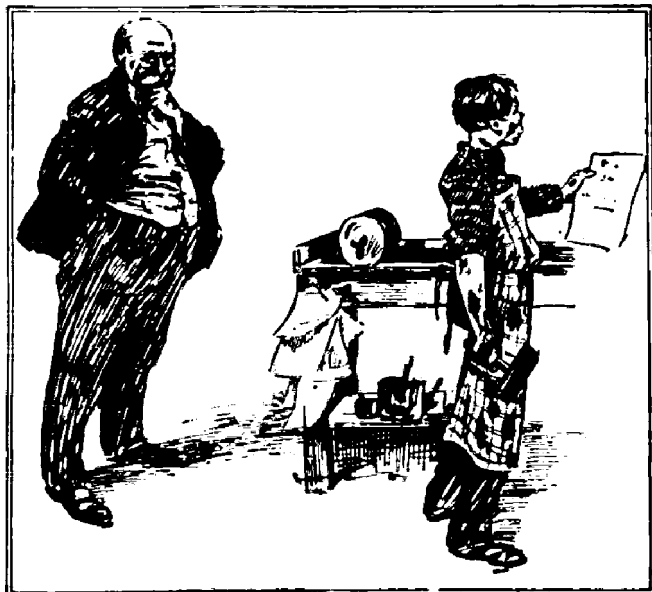
"Don't fail me, Patsy," he had said kindly. "I must have it at that time in order to catch the mails. If I disappoint them this time I may get no more of their books to print. Three o'clock, remember."

Patsy went quickly to work at the task. The noon hour came and at one o'clock Patsy resumed his labors, casting an impatient glance at his stick and case in the corner.

Thirty four of the galleys had been proved, and Patsy became cheerful as he realized that only six remained. Then his work suffered a momentary interruption from the clang, clang of the gong of a fire engine coming down the street. Patsy's ears pricked up, but unfortunately the windows of the composing room did not face the street, and he could not conceive of any excuse for going into the office.

One of the printers, whose window was open, sniffed the air. "The fire is close by!" he exclaimed. There was a distinct odor of smoke in the air.

Suddenly the door of the rarely used stairway was burst open with a rush, Mr. Andrews appearing in a state of considerable excitement.



He managed to daub himself liberally.



"But you risked your life, Patsy."

"Here," he shouted to the men, "get out! Do you want to get burned up? The whole lower floor is in a blaze. Hurry! Take the stairway; it's too late for the elevator!"

There was an immediate skurry for hats and coats. Mr. Andrews ran into the office where, with the assistance of the bookkeeper, he piled books, proofs, and untouched copy into the big iron safe. A hasty look around and the bookkeeper made for the stairway with great speed. Mr. Andrews stopped long enough to unlock his desk and take therefrom the paper weight containing the picture of his two little girls, which he thrust into his pocket. As he reached the head of the stairs the air was already becoming thick and difficult to breathe because of the smoke. He met the foreman just going down.

"All out?" he asked, taking a last regretful look at the racks and stands of type, and the huge presses and other machinery in the distance.

"All out," answered the foreman. They both reached the street in safety and turned to watch the certain destruction of the building.

But all were not out. On the announcement of the fire Patsy had been the first to run for his coat, but as he started for the stairs he happened to think of the proofs. Mr. Andrews' serious injunction to have them ready at three o'clock, and of the possible loss of future work if he failed, came back to him with full force. But above all Patsy understood how important the complete set of proofs would be if the type was destroyed, since the original copy was lost.

He had five galleys yet to prove. He determined to stay and finish them. By the time Mr. Andrews and the foreman had reached the head of the stairs there were but four, then three, then two, and finally one. In his excitement Patsy forgot himself and mechanically washed the ink off the last galley, and

put it back on the rack where it belonged. The dense smoke caused Patsy to quicken his speed. Hastily gathering the proofs together he thrust them into his pocket and made a run for the stairs.

But Patsy had stayed a little too long. As he opened the door of the stairway a huge wave of smoke rolled up and almost suffocated him. The draft caused by the opening of the door drew the flames to the stairway and soon it was in one great blaze. Patsy saw that egress by that way was impossible. The elevator was long gone. The windows that gave light to the compositors and pressmen looked out upon a roof at least two stories below. Patsy did not waste time with them. It was the front windows or nothing.

The air was already stifling in the front part of the building. He was dismayed, when he reached it after considerable difficulty, to see that the smoke from the lower floors arose like a huge black curtain, completely hiding him and the windows from the view of the crowd below, although he could easily discern the gathering multitude. Unless he could devise some way of quickly attracting the firemen's attention he would surely perish in the rapidly ascending flames. As he thought of the possibility of his death, the realization came upon him that perhaps his sacrifice would be for naught. He was quick of thought and quick of action. He rolled up the proofs in a compact bundle, and tied to it Mr. Andrews' office coat, which was the first thing that he happened to see, so that it would not fail to attract attention. Patsy stopped long enough to write in a scrawling hand on the roll: "For Mr. Andrews," and threw it with all his might into the street. As it sailed through the air Patsy heard a tremendous shout, a distinct shout of horror. The crowd knew, the crowd understood! The smoke began to over-

power Patsy and as he sank to the floor he heard or perhaps imagined he heard, the quick orders of the chief below, the rapid rush of willing men, and the sound of the bursting window as the ladder struck it. But when the fireman dashed in Patsy was unconscious.

When Patsy awoke he saw the kindly face of a physician and the anxious countenance of his employer bending over him.

"He is all right, now," said the doctor. "Patsy, you scamp," said Mr. Andrews, the touch of anxiety on his face gone, but leaving there one of care that had not been there the day before. "What did you mean by not coming down with the men?"

"I stayed to take de proofs," answered Patsy, faintly.

"What proofs?" "De proofs you told me to have ready by t'ree 'clock. You said you needed 'em."

Mr. Andrews looked at him in wonder. "But you risked your life, Patsy."

"You said dat p'raps dey wouldn't give you any more books to print, an', besides, dere wouldn't be no copy to go by."

Just then some one came in with the roll of proofs still tied to the coat. "It's marked for you, Mr. Andrews."

Mr. Andrews looked at the package and thought of the boy's devotion. He knew the reward that Patsy would best appreciate.

"Patsy," he said softly, smoothing back the hair from the boy's brow with a gentle, woman-like touch, "You don't know what a big thing you did for me to-day. It means more to me than you can possibly know."

Patsy looked up quizzically. "You ain't stringin' me, is you?" he asked weakly.

**A Young Soprano Soloist.**

Gregory Vigeant is soprano soloist at St. Chrysostom's Church, Chicago, Ill. He has sung in many churches throughout the country. He sang in "Hearst's Chicago American" benefit for the Jacksonville sufferers at McVicker's theater, and was soloist in fifty one consecutive performances of the "Village Postmaster" at the Chicago Great Northern theater. About a year ago he was graduated from a grammar school in Chicago. For the last six years he has kept up his school work, manual training, Sunday school, choir work, and special singing. He is such an



GREGORY VIGEANT.

intense student that his parents will be compelled to keep him out of school for a while and give him an outing in the country. His general health is good, but his inclinations are to apply himself too earnestly to study.

In writing his parents asking for particulars regarding his life, we suggested that we would be glad to give in return for the information a year's subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY. In reply the father says that Gregory is already a reader of the paper, and that it has been to show him the meaning and value

of money and the habit of not accepting property without just compensation. He therefore prefers that he renew his subscription by paying for it in money.

**A Colorado Boy Wins Honors.**

Tom Richards, whose home is in Colorado, is receiving great honor in a foreign country. He sang at the British embassy in Paris, June 29th, in company with Edouard De Reske, and many other celebrated artists. The boy is only twenty years old and is a thoroughly western boy, having been born in Como, Park County, Colorado. He has the distinction of being the first child born there. Tom's father and mother came to America from South Wales. He is their only child and to say that they are proud of him but poorly expresses it. For many years his home has been just outside of Colorado Springs, in a pretty little cottage in the midst of many trees and at this time of year surrounded by wild roses. A pretty mountain stream from the Rockies rushes along beside the



TOM RICHARDS.

cottage. He received his education in the public schools and was graduated from the High School of Colorado Springs in the year 1900. His musical talent being great, his father and mother sent him to New York. He remained a year, receiving instruction in vocal music from the great teacher, Isadore Luxton. From there he went to Paris, where he has been for the last six months. He receives three lessons a week from Sbreglia, a great teacher in Paris. He is also receiving instruction from Trabdello, a great Italian musician, preparatory to singing in grand opera. Trabdello has a villa in Spain. He will take Tom home with him as his guest to remain during the summer vacation of two months. Tom is a German scholar and is now mastering the French language. He is a quiet boy, but easily makes friends, especially with older people. Although in a foreign country, he is always proud of being an American boy.

**An Honor for a Denver Boy.**

Allen Tupper True, a graduate of the Manual Training High School of Denver, and for two years a student of Denver University, has been selected by Howard Pyle, an eastern artist and illustrator, as one of his favored "Twelve" who form a group of personal pupils of Mr. Pyle at Wilmington, Del. Allen was one of the

two pupils selected from all the prominent art schools of the country to join his private class this year. Allen has been attending the Corcoran Art School in Washington, and his success there has brought him into notice. The Washington Post speaks of him as one of the most earnest and competent students who ever attended the Corcoran School.

**A Fourteen-Year-Old Telegrapher.**

Jamie Bosworth, Alton, Ill., now but fourteen years of age, has become an expert telegrapher. His skill is said to be marvelous. There are many telegraphers who have worked for more years than he is old who have not his ability. He uses a typewriter in his work exclusively. He has been on the payroll of the Postal Telegraph Company for three years, having been selected as an assistant at the Alton (Ill.) office when he was eleven years old. He has now been assigned to duty as an operator in the general office of the company at St. Louis. He learned his dots and dashes while playing around the office of the Telegraph Company at Alton, where his mother was local manager. Jamie's brother Leo, who is now eleven years old, has succeeded him as his mother's assistant in the Alton office.



JAMIE BOSWORTH

**A Bright Young American Boy.**

Floyd M. Yaney, Coldwater, O., is the kind of a boy we like to honor. He takes delight in pet stock and owns a fine colt which he has broken to drive. He is in the eighth grade in school, standing first in his classes, being especially good in mathematics and drawing. In the latter branch he has won six first premiums in the educational exhibit of the Mercer County Fair. He reads good books and possesses noble traits of character which make friends for him wherever he goes. Floyd is treasurer of the Sabbath school to which he belongs, and probably there are few younger Sunday school treasurers in the country.



FLOYD M. YANEY.

**A Boy's Loyalty to His Mother.**

An article recently appeared in one of our daily papers from which we quote the following expressions: There is no one quality that will insure a man's success more than loyalty to his mother, because the qualities that produce success are largely the outgrowth of such loyalty. It is the foundation of manhood. It is a sad fact that the American youth lacks much of the love he should bear his mother. You may be grown to manhood in years, but your mother gave you more care during the first five years of your life than you have given her in all the years since. If I were to estimate a boy's future I should want to know first of all his regard for his mother. If I were to venture to name a fault in a great many boys it would be that they rarely think of kissing their mother good-by on leaving for school or work, or of greeting her when they return in the evening. I imagine that nothing can afford a mother more pleasure than to have her boy regret her absence and welcome her presence. Remember that the gray in her hair and the wrinkles in her face are often the symbols of concern and love for you. It does not belittle a boy to be affectionate and to love his mother. Just as surely as a boy forsakes the love of his mother and does not reciprocate it, just as surely he will drift into habits that wreck the lives of thousands. Bad habits represent a forsaken loyalty to mother.

**Goes to West Point.**

We present a picture of Harry D. Zimmerman, of Colorado Springs, Colo., who has recently received an appointment as a cadet at West Point. He entered the Academy June 16, after a rigid examination at Fort Logan. The young man is quite an athlete and has done considerable hard work in his life, having worked on railroads and in the mines. His father is dead. The appointment must be gratifying to the boy's friends, as he has had to surmount many obstacles, the most important of which was limited schooling. In a letter from West Point written a few days after he reached there, he expressed delight with his new work. A new cadet a time, says he, is fully employed. We have but a little time during the day for our own. We have a Y. M. C. A. here which meets twice a week. The discipline is extremely rigid. The bracing is very trying—head up, shoulders back, stomach drawn in, body inclined slightly forward. My "bunkie" is an Illinois boy. We answer some nine regular calls and several extra calls each day, changing uniforms as many times. West Point is one of the most beautiful places I ever saw. We can see the Hudson and see the trains going up and down either side of the river, as well as the steamers, tugs and canal boats. A call is sounding. We have three minutes to get into line.



HARRY D. ZIMMERMAN.

Some one who fails to sign his name to his letter sends the following: What has four eyes and always runs? Answer. The Mississippi.

# The Pennsyl- School—I an



AMERICAN boys for the American Merchant Marine, says Pennsylvania. That state has just put this declaration into practical effect by its annual appropriation for maintaining a nautical school where Pennsylvania boys are given an opportunity to become first-class seamen.

Until within a few years American boys had only an obscure chance of employment even upon American vessels of any importance excepting in a minor position. Our naval as well as our merchant vessels were manned by men from all countries but the United States, and it was impossible for an American boy to become a commander of an ocean-going vessel carrying the stars and stripes at her masthead.

No country which has attained the proud position among the nations of the earth that the United States now occupies, could afford to ignore its own citizens and it was to remedy this as nearly as possible, that provisions have been recently made by some of our states for the establishment of institutions similar to the Pennsylvania nautical school-ship which originated with Captain Lawrence.

The historic man-of-war *Saratoga*, that stood the brunt of many a bloody conflict during the Civil War, was presented to the state by the National government for a school-ship. On board of her bright, intelligent boys are being instructed in navigation, seamanship, marine engineering, boxing the compass, knotting, splicing, strapping blocks, the handling of boats under oars and sails, and swimming. Besides these studies, all matters pertaining to the equipment, construction and sailing of vessels are made a part of the routine of the pupils' work after the first year.

The state has made ample provision for the comfort of those admitted to the school-ship, and no parent could be more careful of his offspring than the management is of the juvenile sailor laddies. The boys are provided with wholesome diet and subjected to such a system of training as will, while inducing habits of good order and personal cleanliness, insure high physical development and robust health during the school term of two years.

A medical officer is constantly on board the *Saratoga* and the sanitary condition is minutely supervised, whether in port or on a cruise. The strictest discipline is observed, but not so to interfere with the health of the boys in any respect.

The *Saratoga* is in command of Lieutenant Commander Frank E. Beatty, of the United States Navy, with Lieutenants Hillary P. Jones and A. R. Hinds as assistants. The boys, a few days after the session opens, fall in with the discipline in a way that wins the admiration of their superiors. The American boy is an apt pupil especially if his studies savor of army or navy life.

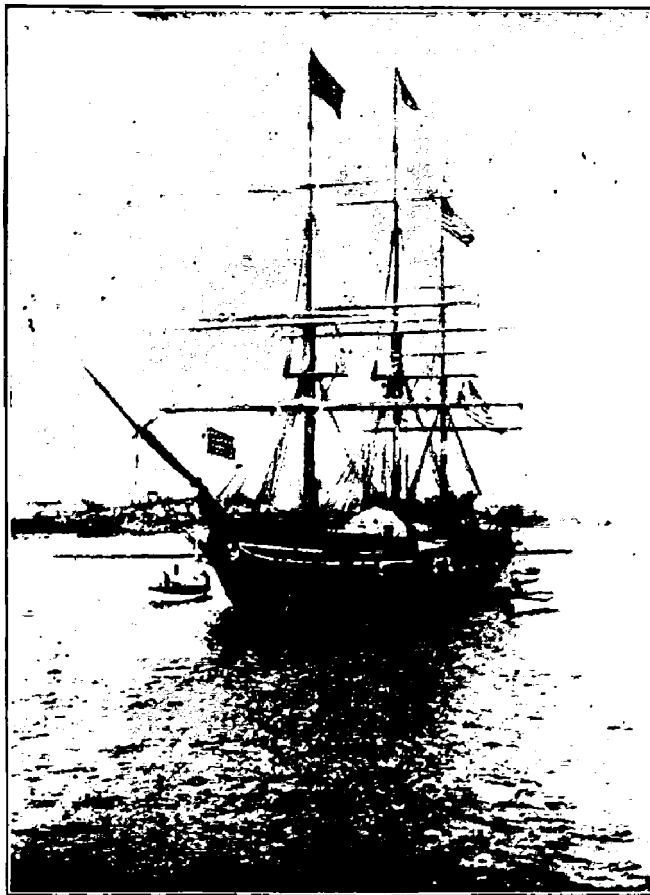
It was never intended, however, that the training received on the *Saratoga* should fit them for any other than the merchant marine service. This was the view taken by Captain Charles Lawrence, a veteran of the Civil War and one of the founders of the school, yet it has been shown that a nautical training together with scholastic training has enabled the boys to become adept men-of-war's men and even junior officers in the United States Navy.

Many of the *Saratoga* graduates distinguished themselves during the Spanish-American War in various capacities and on different vessels, and two of them were under Dewey on the *McCulloch* during the battle of Manila Bay.

The patriotic manner in which graduates of the school responded to the call of President McKinley at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War and their splendid records in the same, have imbued boys in every county of Pennsylvania with a desire to secure a nautical education, so that the number of applicants has lately increased twofold. Many *Saratoga* boys are now on the United States transports plying between our coasts and the Philippines and China.

They are also included in the lists of officers of American steamship lines such as the American, the International Navigation, the Red Star, the Morgan, the Pacific Mail and the Auckland and California lines.

President Clement H. Griscom, of the International Navigation Company, said recently in an address that the American boy made the best seaman and should be encouraged by American steamship companies.



THE SARATOGA.

Severe restrictions are not placed upon the boys who enter the *Saratoga* school-ship. They must be of sound mind and free from physical defects. The regulations also require that the applicant should show some aptitude or inclination for a sea life and be of good moral character, with certificates from two reputable citizens of the community where he resides, evidencing this fact. He must be able to spell with a fair degree of accuracy, to read with correctness, and to answer questions in arithmetic.

After the boys have passed the entrance examination one of them is appointed captain of the mess to see that order is maintained during the meals, thus starting them at once with responsibility. His duties continue one week when he gives way to another. Watches are arranged to alternate with four hours on and four hours off, except the first and second dog watches of two hours each between the hours of four and eight p. m. While the *Saratoga* is in the port of Philadelphia the regular watches are all dismissed excepting the anchor watch. When the cruise is in progress all hands are liable to be called at any hour to take in sail, but this is only in a case of extreme emergency.

At nine o'clock classes are called for muster and inspection, and at half past nine o'clock all assemble in divisions for instruction on the deck. After dinner instructions are resumed until supper, and then from seven until eight o'clock. An hour is given for recreation, and as soon as the bell announces nine o'clock, hammocks are piped down for the night. At daylight each morning hot cocoa is served to the watch on deck, and at seven o'clock all below are called to duty. Decks are cleaned and clothes scrubbed and then breakfast is provided for the



BOYS OF THE SARATOGA AND COMMANDER BEATTY.

# vania Nautical Jay McGarvey

juvenile sailors, followed by muster and inspection, instruction and the different watches.

The officer of the deck is in charge at sea and under his supervision some of the boys assist in unfurling and loosing sails, while others at the wheel are supervised by the quartermaster, who receives instruction from the officer of the deck. Sunday morning at sea all hands not actively engaged in the sailing of the vessel are mustered for religious services, conducted by the superintendent. Unlike the navy there is no regular chaplain to conduct religious exercises, the state wishing to avoid anything tending towards the clashing of creeds among the two hundred students.

At every port the boys are given liberty on Wednesdays and Saturdays from one o'clock until sundown, unless when in Philadelphia and in Europe. The stop in England is made at Southampton, and the pupils are given time enough to enable them to visit London and vicinity.

Briefly it can be said that the school opens up a means of providing a livelihood for boys who are attracted by a seafaring life. They obtain a knowledge of navigation and seamanship which it is impossible for them to get elsewhere.

Upon graduation the boys receive diplomas certifying to their proficiency and recommending them for employment in the merchant marine.

The management believes, encouraging as the past has been, that there is abundant reason for the conclusion that the future holds for the nautical school a success which will reach far beyond the hopes and anticipations of those who were its originators.

## You Can't Fool Us.

"You can't fool us!"

I turned to learn the cause of their evident derision, and saw, walking along with a very important air, a little fellow carrying what appeared to be a large book under his arm.

"There's nothing inside of it!" the boys continued to shout. "You can't fool us!"

I looked closer, and sure enough, the little chap had nothing but the cover of the book. He started off with a guilty expression on his face, as if ashamed of being discovered in the act of deception; for his evident purpose had been to impress his young friends with his superior literary attainments.

May I be permitted to say what passed through my mind as I went on my way?

I fancied I could see that same boy, after a few years, cheating in the sports which all boys love to play, and his lessons in school have not been prepared with painstaking care; yet he manages to pass—can any of you boys tell how he does it? But his friends cannot respect him, and they sneeringly remark, "You can't fool us!"

Some years later I see him applying for a position, but to his surprise a young fellow much inferior in personal appearance, and lacking that "I know it all" air, is given the preference.

"All on the surface there," thinks the man in the office, as he watches this applicant saunter off.

Boys, will you listen? I am not going to preach, so don't be alarmed. But I want to say a few direct words straight from my heart.

You can't fool the world. Always you will be judged at your real value. You may try to appear wiser than you really are, or you may brag ever so loudly of your capabilities, but if there is nothing inside the cover people will very soon find it out.

Our good old English word, character, is derived from the Greek meaning to engrave, to cut into furrows. Now, then, a good strong character does not come to one haphazard. The honest purpose, and lofty ideal, must be furrowed in, and engraved indelibly on heart and brain. Every wrong impulse resisted, and every decision made for the right, leaves an impression which goes toward the building of character.

"Build it well, whate'er you do;  
Build it straight and strong and true;  
Build it clean and high and broad;  
Build it for the eye of God."

First Small Boy—Johnny Smith's mother's awful good to him.

Second Small Boy—What's she done?

First Small Boy—Let him have the measles the day school opened.



# A Youthful Soldier

Left an orphan by the death of his father when less than eight years of age. Willie Doran sold papers in the streets of Portland, Oregon, to assist his mother to support herself and his sister a year or so older than himself. A year or so later his mother was also laid to rest, and the two children were left alone. Soon his sister was taken in charge by a kind stranger and went to live in Oakland, California, and Willie became a "newsy" in Frisco. It was not long after that the war with Spain broke out, and the Pacific coast metropolis was filled with soldiery, and there were strange sights for the youngsters of the city. For the first time in their lives were they permitted to witness a nation preparing for war. Night and day the streets were filled with martial music, and the steady tread of soldiers arriving from all parts of the country. In a few weeks thousands of blue-coated men were encamped at the Presidio, San Francisco's great military post, and in the Richmond district out at Golden Gate Park. In imitation of the soldiers the children drilled with broomsticks and tin guns, and they talked of nothing but the war, to them a strange thing.

Like thousands of other boys of the city, Willie Doran longed to be a soldier in spite of his few years and small stature. When the Tenth Pennsylvania Infantry arrived in Frisco, Willie soon became a favorite with the boys, and when the Zealandia bore the command out of the Golden Gate, he was among those who from the decks of the transport took a long farewell of their native land. Willie, being of a bright and social nature, soon became a favorite with men and officers, and when the regiment went into camp at Camp Dewey, on Manila Bay, he was installed in the position of Mascot, having by that time been rigged out in a regulation uniform. However, he still remained with Company D, some of whose members had been the first to show him kindnesses, and



BOYS GOING ALOFT FOR DRILL ON THE SARATOGA.

# -Wm. Gilbert Irwin

through all those hard days of campaigning in the jungles before Manila he helped the men in their work, and went through the terrible night battle at Malate, on July 31st, 1898, when so many of the brave Pennsylvanians went down before the leaden hail of the entire Spanish garrison of Manila. When, on August 13th, Manila fell, Willie marched with the victorious soldiers through the streets of the city, and was soon enjoying life on that far away shore and seeing the strange sights of the thrice century old capital.

About that time Admiral Dewey learned of the juvenile mascot of the Pennsylvania regiment, and when the Olympia sailed for Hong Kong a few weeks later, Willie, who by that time had won the soubriquet of "Searchlight," on account of his auburn hair, went along with the Admiral. As a result he completely won the friendship of every one on the Olympia, from Dewey down, and while he was loath to leave his friends of the Pennsylvania regiment, he was prevailed upon by the officers and men of the vessel to make his home with them, and accordingly he donned a miniature bluejacket uniform. At that time his young life was filled with promise, and had he been spared, it is certain that he would have been placed in the Naval Academy at Annapolis by Admiral Dewey when he had reached the proper age. However, Providence ruled otherwise, for after a short illness he succumbed to an attack of pneumonia, and thus was sadly ended the life of a brave boy. He was buried with full military honors side by side with the heroes who had fallen in the battles before Manila, and both army and navy did honor on the sad occasion; and now a suitable tablet marks his grave. Some day his remains will be brought to this country and re-interred in the National Cemetery at Washington along with the honored brave men of our nation.

# The Boy Photographer

Edited by Judson Grenell



ALL READY! LOOK PLEASANT!

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. Write on the back of the photograph its title, with a description of the picture, and the full name and address of the contestant, who in every case must be the artist who took the picture.

## Photographic Notes.

The Pressed Steel Car Co., Pittsburg, advertises for negatives of railroad wrecks where wood and steel cars are in collision, offering a good price.

There is a metal "kit" on the market with spring grippers at the sides which engage and center the small plates. "Kits" allow of the use of small plates in large cameras.

Some photographers keep on hand a dress made of cheese cloth in a deep cream color for their patrons to slip over the dress they wear to the gallery, but which is not a good color to photograph.

Salt is recommended as a restrainer, in making velox prints, instead of bromide. To each four ounces of the developer, the directions read, add as much salt as can be taken upon the point of a small knife.

As stories of wild animals are all the rage, the amateur photographer will find profit as well as pleasure in catching birds and all kinds of four-legged beasts in their native haunts. But it requires a deal of patience.

American manufacturers of photographic supplies beat the world in hand and stand cameras, but while American plates have a universal reputation, those manufactured in England are just about as good and only half the price. What keeps them out of this country, reducing the cost of picture-taking very materially, is the tariff.

## Answers to Correspondents.

John King—Any make of fast plates will answer your purpose for snap work on the street. But be sure your subjects are in focus, and that your camera is held level.

Stephen Hemlingway—Trim your uninteresting foreground off your prints, and they will be greatly improved. Size has nothing to do with the artistic value of a photograph.

Arthur Westaway—Strong or warm developers will cause some make of plates to fog. In summer it is well to dilute your developer by using a piece of ice in the graduate.

Willie Needham—Unless you want to burden yourself with quite a load, you will not buy a camera larger than 5x7. Anything larger than that will weigh, with three filled plateholders, anywhere from 10 to 15 pounds—perhaps more.

F. M. Phillips—You can buy an excellent 4x5 camera for \$15, and any of the standard makes would answer your purpose: Poco, Century, Premo, etc. Cannot advise as to the exact camera unless well acquainted with the temperament of the user. What is just right for one would be a little "off" for another.

Albert B. Newman—A good formula for sensitizing paper for blue prints consists of a two-solution process: (1) 1 ounce water, 64 grains of citrate of iron and ammonia; (2) 1 ounce water, 48 grains of red prussiate of potash. These are stock solutions. When ready to sensitize paper, take equal portions of each and mix; then float your paper on the mixture and dry in the dark. The stock solution while separate will keep indefinitely, but when mixed it rapidly deteriorates, so it only wants to be mixed just before using. To prevent films frilling, keep the developer cool, and handle as little as possible.

Charles English—There is no developer known that is "best" for everything. Pyro, it is claimed, however, comes nearest to this desideratum. Amateurs object to Pyro because it stains the fingers, but a formula for a non-staining pyro developer is as follows: No. 1—Potassium metabisulphite, 40 grains; pyro, 160 grains; distilled water, 20 ounces. Dissolve the metabisulphite in the water before adding the pyro. No. 2—Carbonate of soda crystals, 260 grains; sulphite of soda, crystals, 2

ounces; bromide of potassium, 4 grains; water, 20 ounces. To develop, take equal parts of No. 1 and No. 2, and the same bulk of water.

## A New Device for Developing Films.

Even the staid old-timers that could never quite come to using film cameras are carrying around one of the pocket editions when out for the day. I saw a funny looking little glass trough in the dark room of one of these fellows the other evening, and a few questions cleared up matters. He was using a pocket camera, and so he got a few strips of glass at the glazier's and made this trough. Two long strips formed the sides, one long narrow strip and two shorter lengths formed the bottom and ends. These, cemented together, surface to surface, formed a trough long enough to take half the spool, as deep as the film was wide and as wide as the thickness of the strips of glass used for the bottom and ends. The film is put in as one would slide a card into an envelope, and, the trough being transparent, development can be watched by holding the whole thing up to the ruby light. The glazier is glad to get rid of these strips, and a request will cause him to save you out just what you want. The cement my friend used is made as follows:

Twenty four parts of fish glue and five parts of whiting are dissolved in thirty two parts of water glass (silicate of soda), and well mixed in a mortar. Apply this to the surfaces to be united, binding the parts well together by means of a clamp or cord, and dry in a warm place.

This cement is also excellent for broken dishes, flower pots and the like, so that what is not used in making the trough may be turned to good service in the household.—Fayette J. Clute, in Camera Craft.

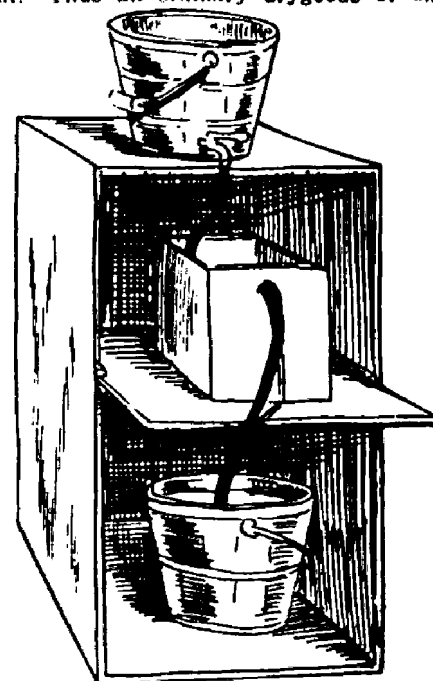
## Panoramic Photography.

A great deal of pleasure may be obtained from panoramic photography, which is possible with any camera having a ground glass. Set your camera perfectly level on your tripod, so that it will turn evenly and without change in level. Commencing at your extreme right, say, make your first exposure; then turn your camera enough to get the next adjoining view, with the two views overlapping just a little. Take the third one in the same way, and if the sun does not interfere the whole circle can be completed. The time of exposure should be the same on all the plates, and it will be well to develop all at the same time, also, having a tray big enough to take the set of plates or films. Print and mount carefully, trying to preserve the same tone throughout.

## Homemade Sink for Dark Room.

Here is a simple plan for a developing and washing stand. The illustration speaks for itself. While developing, remove the pail and use the top. After the plate is fixed, which follows the developing, put the negative, edge up, in the square box, set the pail on top of the stand, and let the water drip through a rubber tube which reaches to the bottom of the box. It will fill the box, which should be watertight, flow out through the rubber tube and

into the pail beneath. By the time the top pail is empty the bottom one will be full and enough water will have passed through the washing box to thoroughly wash the negative. The cleets on the sides of the sliding shelf allows it to be pulled in and out. Thus an ordinary drygoods or shoe



box, with a small box large enough to hold a few plates, a couple of pails, two pieces of rubber tubing gives the material for all the necessary furnishings of a dark room, with the exception of the developing and the fixing trays.

### LITTLE INDIAN CAMERA

And Complete **\$1.00.**

Outline

Amateur photography is growing. To take pictures of your friends and places you may visit is the most popular amusement for both young and old. Until we placed our LITTLE INDIAN CAMERA on the market, a really good camera could not be had for less than \$5.00. This little camera takes pictures 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 inches, and does as perfect work as the most expensive camera. We will send it to any address, express prepaid, for \$1.00, and will send with it 1 pkg. plates, 1 pkg. hypo, 1 pkg. developer, 1 pkg. card mounts, 1 pkg. sensitized paper, 1 sheet ruby paper, 1 developing tray, 1 printing block, 1 book of instructions, all for only \$1.00, and further, we will guarantee it as represented or will cheerfully refund the money. We use only the finest materials in making this camera and careful inspection is made of every lens. We will send you a photo made by one of these cameras for 5c stamp. Address THE AMERICAN COMPANY, 78 & 80 Wall St., New York.

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# A TALE of the SOUTHWEST

## E. E. BOWLES.

**M**OUNTAIN lions had stampeded every burro in the outfit and there was a strong probability that the frightened pack animals would not stop until they reached Horse Tanks, ten miles out on the desert and the nearest water hole to the present camp.

The party comprised Paystreak Johnson, Jack Edson and "Pete" and "Sam." Edson was a student in a school of mines and was spending his vacation in the desert and mountains of the southwest to acquire a practical knowledge of the details of prospecting for the precious metals. In nearly every vein there is a part that is richer or carries greater value than the rest of the vein and is called the paystreak. Johnson's sterling honesty, always ringing true, had earned for him the name of "Paystreak," and by that name he was generally known. Pete and Sam had other names, but they were never used save when written on the location notice of a prospect. To distinguish them from other Petes and Sams they were designated as Lickitycut Pete and Chloride Sam. The three were old prospectors and readily and willingly consented that Jack should accompany them. He would be good company, and about the campfire at night could tell them of life in eastern cities about which they had read but knew nothing.

They had heard the long, quavering night cry of the lions that evening away up in the pines far above camp, and Johnson had hurried from his brush jacal shouting:

"Hurry up, boys; let's round up the burros and picket 'em or there won't be one within ten miles of us by morning."

In the dim light of a five days' old moon they scattered through the brush calling to the pack animals, hoping that their fear might drive them to camp for protection, but the hope failed fruition. Away up the sidehill was heard the half human scream of a burro in mortal agony; another instant and the air was filled with their raucous brays, and then followed the rush and clatter of many hooved feet on the rocks in the canyon, the noise finally dying away far down the mountain where the gulch opened out on the mesa.

"There they go, lickity cut; we're too late, boys; they've got the lion's scent up their noses and it ain't likely they'll stop this side of Hoss Tanks. Might as well go back to camp." Of course it was Pete that said it and his sensible suggestion was followed.

The situation was trying. Only ten days' supply of provisions in camp and the nearest trading post forty five miles away across a desert mesa, their only means of transportation stampeded by an enemy held in mortal terror. Pete's review of the situation did not tend to lighten the gloom that settled over camp.

"Chances are they'll run their heads off before they stop; if they don't we'll find them at Hoss Tanks, mebber and mebber not, for they won't stop to eat or drink till they get over their scare." And Horse Tanks was ten miles across a dreary waste of sand that must be covered on foot. Lots were drawn to determine who should go after the burros and the task fell to Pete and Sam, a weary round trip under a burning sun. They started before it was light with a gallon canteen of water each, lunch, picket ropes, rifles and full cartridge belts. The others pitied them but could aid them only with their sympathy.

After they had gone Paystreak suggested to Jack that they go to the locality from whence had come the scream of the burro the night before. Five or six hundred yards up the canyon and on the sidehill they found its partially eaten carcass. Knowing the lions would go to water after eating they returned to the bed of the canyon, where a small stream trickled over the rocks. About a pool they found the tracks of two full grown lions and two whelps. From there the tracks led directly up the canyon. The trail was followed for a mile to a point where the walls were rocky and precipitous; there the lions had taken to the cliffs. Paystreak and Jack scouted for hours but their progress was necessarily slow, for if ever a mountain lion will fight it is when ac-

companied by its young; and a lion eight feet or over from tip to tip, with its powerful limbs and three-inch claws is not an agreeable burden to drop on one's back from an overhanging boulder or limb. So they moved carefully, their rifles at a "ready." Just after noon they caught sight of the lions gliding along a shelf of the cliff, their tawny bodies outlined against the wall of sun-blackened granite behind them. They saw their pursuers and paused a moment.

"A good eight hundred yards," said Paystreak. "It's a long ways to kill at the first shot even with a 30-40, and, if we crippled, it would take half an hour to climb to where they are. Let's go back to camp; I'm hungry;" so they turned back. Men in the mountains do not, needlessly, throw away a shot; they do not pack powder and ball to waste it. They had crossed a "hog-back" up near the head of the canyon and, returning, descended a canyon parallel to the one in which the tents were located; when opposite camp they again ascended this intervening ridge. Paystreak was in front and with the caution which years in the mountains and deserts of the southwest impresses on one, peeped over the crest and down at the camp before showing himself. He drew back and stopped Jack's advance with a gesture:

"Something's wrong down there," he said in a low tone. "Don't know what; mebber Pete and Sam's got back, but as well make sure." A few feet away exactly on the crest of the ridge was a clump of manzanita bushes, and sliding a little farther down they crawled into this thicket from where, screened by the dense foliage, they had a full view of the camp about five hundred feet away. The strip of heavy canvas that served as a door for Paystreak's jacal was torn down and two pack boxes, one on the other on poles driven in the ground and doing duty as a cupboard were overturned; these had caught Paystreak's eye the moment he peeped over the ridge. Now they had a view of the cook tent and saw that "something was wrong" there, for boxes that had been standing one on another were tipped over and some were partly outside.

"Tain't the boys, and I don't think it's Indians; now, don't git in a hurry! Whatever it is it'll keep. I reckon I've saved myself a heap of trouble in the mountains by not gittin' in a hurry when I didn't know jest what was what. It might be the wind and agin it mightn't. If it ain't we might drop into something down there that we'd have trouble gittin' out of. If they is anything there it is in the cook tent, so keep your eyes peeled on that." Almost as he spoke a little gust of wind came down the canyon, lifted the loose tent flaps and flopped them back on the corner guy ropes, where they hung lazily for a moment, then dropped back; but that moment gave a view of the interior.

"Well, I'm stumped, if it ain't bear; two big silvertips in there a helpin' themselves to our grub; don't that rasp you?"

"Now, keep quiet, son, don't git hot in the collar. Let 'em have the bacon and we'll have bear meat; but don't go rushin' down there, you might want to rush back when you couldn't. Jest lay right here and the minit that flap goes up, shoot. You take one and I'll take the other. They was settin' on their hunkers with their backs to us eatin' bacon and it's likely they're that way yit. It's a downhill shot, so shoot low; draw as fine as you have time for the back between the shoulders and mebber you'll break his neck or ketch him in the back of the head." They pushed forward their rifles and

with butts to shoulders waited while the tent flaps swung tantalizingly to and fro, but not far enough to permit of a shot. The breeze grew stronger and Jack laid his cheek to the stock of his rifle, when Paystreak grabbed his arm and whispered hoarsely:

"Paches! look!" and nodded his head towards the canyon. A hundred yards or more from the tent, bending, stooping, gliding from bush to bush and rock to rock as silently as shadows were five Apache Indians, each carrying a rifle at "trail." Each was naked save for a pair of old overalls held in place by a belt filled with rifle cartridges from which was suspended a long knife. Their long black hair hanging about their faces or tied back with a bit of buckskin, their greasy, naked bodies glistening coppery in the afternoon sun.

"Not painted," Jack whispered; "only hunting."

"Uh-huh," grunted Paystreak; "they're huntin'; huntin' anything from a white man to a dead mule; they're a pack of thievin' cutthroats; they'd murder us, take everything they could pack away and what they couldn't they'd burn and be back on the reservation before the agent missed 'em." Silently they continued their suspicious advance until within about fifty yards of the tent they halted for a brief consultation.

"Son, we're goin' to have a free show; a three-ringed circus with concert throwed in won't be in it," grinned Paystreak as he softly lowered the hammer of his rifle. "There's goin' to be a double-



"Something's wrong down there," he said in a low tone.





## THE BLUECOAT, A FAMOUS LONDON SCHOOL. By Ross Frame

LET knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell;  
That mind and soul according well,  
May make one music as before,  
But vaster."

The remarkable will of Cecil Rhodes, which provides scholarships at Oxford for representatives from every state and territory of the United States, must eventually bring into closer relations many of the youth of the two great English speaking nations.

The universities of Great Britain are filled with the graduates of the great public schools, such as Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Westminster and the Blue Coat. The term "public," as applied to schools in Great Britain, is used in an entirely different sense in the United States. With us a "public school" is a school free in every sense, to rich and poor alike. The English public schools are boarding schools for the sons of the nobility, gentry and great middle class. The foundations are very ancient, and the traditions have broadened down from "precedent to precedent." That most delightful book, "Tom Brown's School Days," is a faithful picture of life in an English public school, and the sequel, "Tom Brown at Oxford," follows in natural order.

One of the most famous of these public schools is the Blue Coat, founded by King Edward VI., in 1552. The coronation year of Edward VII. is witnessing the removal of this school from its London home to a new situation far out in the country at Horsham. The rapid growth of London and the immense volume of trade rolling through the streets of the city proper have led to the removal of many ancient landmarks that stood in the line of the utilitarian march.

Properly speaking, the Blue Coat school is Christ's Hospital, but the quaint blue frocks of the boys have fastened the popular name upon the school. Before the suppression of the monasteries, Christ's Hospital was the London home of the Gray Friars. A cloistered court sunken four feet below the present level of the grounds is a remnant of monastic days. This cloistered court was used as a burial place in bygone days; memorial stones with lettering almost obliterated by time, tell in pompous Latin of the virtues of those gone over to the silent majority. As if in anticipation of the time when the ancient landmarks of the fathers were to be removed, a tablet bears this inscription:

"Here lies a benefactor.  
Let no one move his bones."

The boys call this old cloister "Giff's Court," from an old caretaker whom they delighted to tease. "I'm comin'; I'm comin'," heralded Giff's peculiar shuffling run, and a hasty scampering of the tormenting boys. The Hospital grounds cover five acres, in the very busiest part of the city. The main entrance on Newgate street is a spacious stone gateway, iron-barred and surmounted by a figure of Edward VI. in his robes. The most imposing of the school buildings is the fine Gothic Hall, which bears the touch of the master-architect Wren. There are three asphalt playgrounds of spacious dimensions, the Hall, the Garden, and the Ditch, the latter reminiscent of the Fleet ditch, which flowed through it. In the floor of a swimming bath in one of the basements is a jagged line showing where the three parishes of St. Bartholomew, St. Saviour, and Christ's meet.

There are about seven hundred boys lodged in the buildings of the school, and a supplementary establishment is maintained at Hertford.

The new plan devised in 1889 provides for the education of two thousand three hundred and twenty children, five hundred of whom are girls. A third part of this large number is to be clothed, fed and

educated free. Edward VI., when he founded the school, designed it to be "a home where fatherless boys could be educated." Charles Lamb, one of its most distinguished graduates, says, "Christ's Hospital is an institution to keep those who have yet held up their heads in the world from sinking; to keep alive the spirit of a decent household, when poverty was in danger of crushing it; to assist those who are the most willing, but not always the most able to assist themselves."

The boys still wear the costume of the time of the foundation in 1552. A long dark blue frock, knee breeches, yellow stockings and belt, a narrow white tie, and no hat or cap. No matter what the weather or season, no head covering is worn. The school has long ceased to be a charity in the usual sense of the word. The income is large and there are heavy endowments. The government is vested in the Lord Mayor of London, the Aldermen, and contributors of £500. The Governors have the right of presentation to the school, and have also the patronage of certain ecclesiastical benefices. The majority of the pupils now entered are the sons of clergymen, of officers of the army and navy, and of freemen of the city of London. No pupils are admitted under seven years of age, and none can remain after fifteen, except in the cases of Greek and mathematical pupils. The course of study embraces all the branches needed in a sound elementary education. The two highest classes are called Grecians and Deputy Grecians.

Christ's Hospital has many graduates who have written their names upon the pages of history. Among them are Leigh Hunt, Campion the Jesuit, Bishop Middleton of Calcutta, Sir Louis Cavagnari, "the inspired charity-boy," Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Charles Lamb, who gives in his own quaint style a picture of the school. Coleridge was a pupil during the administration of Boyer, a master particularly noted for his skill in wielding the birch. Coleridge, on hearing of Boyer's death, remarked "It is fortunate that the cherubs who took him to Heaven were nothing but faces and wings or he would have infallibly flogged them by the way."

Besides the old-time costume, there are certain privileges and ceremonies retained by the blue coats. One of these is the "Public Suppings" during the Thursdays in Lent. These take place before the Lord Mayor and Governors, and those of the public who are fortunate enough to obtain tickets. The "Suppings" are held in the great hall, the walls of which are adorned with paintings, memorial tablets, and the arms of the presidents and treasurers. A memorial of two young officers (Blues) lost in the Victoria disaster bears the touching inscription:

"I will bring them again from the depths of the sea."

Some of the pictures are very old. A few of the most interesting are, "Edward VI. granting the charter to the school," "The pupils presenting their drawings to James II.," and an immense canvas, said to be seventy three feet long, representing "Charles II. founding the mathematical school." Charles II. associated himself in various ways with the school; and his endowments for the "King's boys" carry the privilege of a visit to the sovereign once a year. A picture that is of special interest to Americans is by Copley and portrays the "Adventure of Brook Watson with a shark in Havana Harbor."

The story of Brook Watson is as romantic as that of Dick Whittington, who, by the way, was the founder of the original library of the Gray Friars Monastery. Brook Watson was a Blue Coat boy, a penniless orphan, who was maintained by a distant relative in Boston, Massachusetts. He was sent to sea, and during a voyage to Havana, while bathing in the harbor, his leg was bitten off by a shark.

After a stirring career in Nova Scotia, he removed to London, where he became Alderman, Member of Parliament, Lord Mayor, and a Governor of the Blue Coat School.

Charles Lamb, in his essay on Christ's Hospital, takes us back to the days of his school life. He pictures with vivid minuteness the events of daily life there, and dwells particularly upon the weekly bill of fare, so coarse and unpalatable, and so inadequate for that large and healthy appetite and for the satisfying of hunger ("oldest, strongest of the passions"), so prominent and overwhelming in the schoolboy. Elia belonged to the days of wooden trenchers, the penny loaf, "our crug," and beer in wooden piggins, "tasting of the pitched leathern jack from which it was poured." There were four meat days and what he calls "three banyan days" in the week. Wednesday was one of the latter. Compare Wednesday's "mess of millet," eighty years ago, with the bill of fare for Wednesday, July 31st, 1901, which contains both hot and cold meats, a variety of vegetables, and dessert. The march of improvement is very evident in the change of cuisine, and the better hygienic arrangements of the school of the present.

As the visitor wanders through wards and halls, he sees on every side tokens of a fine taste in wood-carving. The Blues have adorned the oak desks and high benches with innumerable devices and the initials of many generations; even the stools of penitence by the masters' desks have not escaped.

It was an August day, holiday season, when I paid a farewell visit to the school. The deserted courts were flooded with sunshine, and the only sound that broke the stillness was the clang, clang, of the hammers of masons busily engaged in removing some stone work. The museum, always a favorite halting place, was closed. A particularly fine stained glass window had disappeared from the hall, and workmen were engaged in taking down the great organ that John Evelyn describes as "playing with cheerful harmony." "Ichabod" was written over the hospital. A small and forlorn Blue wandered with me through the sunny courts, where boys in the same garb, more than three hundred years before, had no doubt discussed the Spanish Armada, and the adventures of Captain John Smith in her majesty's plantations in America, and so on, from generation to generation, through the most stirring events of the nation's history.

There are Blues scattered throughout the lone outposts of the Empire, in Asia, Africa, Oceania and the Americas, particularly in the United States and Canada, who cannot but feel regret at the demolition of Christ's Hospital, in which so many years of care-free, happy boyhood were spent; and a still deeper regret that their descendants are barred from ever knowing, as they have known, the spot endeared to them by so many personal and historic associations.

### Four Great Questions for the Boys of this Century.

- (1) How to abolish wars and great standing armies.
- (2) How to settle and stop the conflicts between capital and labor.
- (3) How to nip in the bud the pestilences that now sweep over the earth.
- (4) How to humanely educate the people of all nations for the prevention of cruelty both to our own and the lower races.



# A LESSON IN BOTANY

## PARSHALL COGGINS

**“WATERMELONS!”**

It was a critical moment. Cid Boswell's exclamation had, for the instant, transfixed three boys to old Hopper's post-and-rail fence as effectually as the pin of the entomologist impales a bronze beetle to the floor of his show case.

It was an intensely hot day towards the close of July, and considering time, temperature and the surrounding circumstances, it is not difficult to understand the emotions of the three boys at the sound of that one word.

“Watermelons!”

There could be no doubt about it. There, right before their very mouths lay a tiny but well-kept watermelon patch. Not a weed invaded its sacred precincts, and the way those huge glossy melons protruded the swell of their dark green backs through the canopy of leaves suggested something very like vegetable vanity.

“Whillikins!” came from Fred in a tone which left no doubt as to his perfect sincerity.

“Cid, it's a pretty hot day,” remarked Herbert Marsh, mopping his flushed face.

“Awful,” admitted Cid, and then the conversation languished.

Fred Cramp was the first to break the silence. “Isn't it queer that you can't see even the top of old Clodhopper's barn from here?”

“I say, Herb,” queried Cid, “did you know it was here—this watermelon patch, I mean?”

“Did I? I did not.”

“Nor you, Fred?”

“Nix. Haven't been this way for a year.”

“Very well,” went on Cid, as if the mystery were clearing itself, “I didn't know anything about it, either. Now, under the circumstances, I'd like to know what it's all about. What has fate meant by dragging three such chaps as we are around through the woods on such a hot day as this, and finally setting us up in a row in front of a patch of ripe watermelons?”

“Perhaps,” replied Herbert, rubbing his chin reflectively as he spoke, “it may be some sort of a practical lesson in botany. You know we made rather a fluke of it last week. As for me, now, I couldn't tell how watermelons are fastened on to their vines, not if I was to hang for it the next minute. Some sort of a hook and eye attachment—wonderful example of the ingenuity of nature, isn't that it?”

“Hook and eye—nothing,” retorted Fred scornfully; “they're stuck on with Fish & Gilbert's glue.”

“Not at all,” interposed Cid in his customary man-of-the-world style, “you're miles away, both of you.”

As he spoke he dropped to the ground and made his way to a particularly fine melon that had been in his eye from the very first.

“See here,” as he stooped and pushed the leaves away from its stem end, “just as I thought. A kind of swivel attachment. You twist it to the right, and then—why, who'd have thought it?”

Of course, the melon was severed from the vine. Then came a moment of quickening pulses and furtive glances. No living creature was in sight and no human sound reached their ears. Suddenly and without a word, Fred Cramp clasped the melon like a football beneath his arm, and ran with it towards a big willow tree that grew just beside the patch.

Ten seconds later the green rind had been split from end to end and the ripe red core divided into three parts—just like “all of Gaul.” Herbert Marsh remarked, as he proceeded to dispose of his own share in the fewest possible mouthfuls. The dainty morsels, which seemed to melt by mere contact with their parched lips, only served to whet three very healthy appetites. When they were gone, Cid Boswell, with his dripping

knife in his hand, turned again towards the mutilated melon. How tempting it would have seemed, under other circumstances. Just now, however, it possessed the negative attraction of left-over victuals in the presence of a newly prepared feast. The boys' glances turned from the broken melon to the waving leaves of the vines close by, and then to one another's faces.

It was a moment even more potent in its possibilities for evil than that of their first temptation. The conscious violation of the rights of another had brought to them, as it must bring to all who have not sunk below its reach, a sense of moral discomfort which could not be wholly ignored. It might happily have checked the spirit of recklessness that was rising within them.

“Herb,” said Fred Cramp, lightly, “which of those great men was it, Homer or Marcus—Marcus—that other old party, who says you may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb?”

He had already started back to the melon patch and, without hesitation or objection, the others followed. This time each of them chose a melon for himself, and bore it, not quite so stealthily, back to the shade of the willow. With so rich a feast before them they became very dainty of appetite and ate only the very choicest of the cool red cores, abandoning the rest to the sun and the birds. Yet another invasion of the garden was made before Cid

closed his jackknife and returned it to his pocket. “Looks as if there'd been some sort of a misunderstanding between a melon wagon and a locomotive,” Fred remarked, gazing at the debris, while he dried his hands on the leaves of the tree.

“How do you suppose old Skinflint ever induced so nice a woman as Mrs. Hopper to have him?”

The question was Herbert's, albeit it had been asked by scores of his elders before him. Somehow it seemed a most appropriate question to discuss just then, and even brought a mild glow of virtue in its train. It was as if they had testified their regard for the wife in despoiling the penurious husband.

“My father says,” replied Cid, “that he thinks he must have induced some gentleman to do his courting.”

“Well, it's a miracle, anyhow,” contributed Fred, “but women are such a queer set. Sometimes it seems as if the best women were looking out for the meanest men. Now, you know if that patch had belonged to some men, we could have gone right up and asked for a melon or two, and got them. But just think of asking old Hopper.”

They laughed as they talked, and yet their laughter was never quite hearty. It was a new experience to them all. Slipping out between the lower rails of the fence they had so gaily climbed half an hour before, they wandered rather aimlessly off into the woods. Somehow the excursion which they had planned to the head of Bemis' Creek had lost its zest, and after tramping half the distance they abandoned their purpose and returned to their homes.

During the next few days three pairs of ears in three different households in the neighborhood of Wooddale were singularly alert to any mention of the Hopper family, or its concerns. It would be scarcely correct, however, to attribute this interest to the mere fear of detection. All things considered, there were not three boys in the township who were less likely to be suspected of serious wrong than themselves. With the exception of Fred Cramp they were not even regarded as mischievous, and even he had done nothing worse than to attach a flaming circus poster to the back of Deacon Mosley's family carriage as it drove sedately through the village on its way to the big revival meeting.

The simple fact was that, considered merely as a past event, the watermelon episode possessed no great charm. When the thrill of recklessness and the taste of the fruit had alike disappeared, there was but little left upon which a healthy boy would care to dwell. Even the reference to Mr. Hopper's parsimony, soon lost all virtue as a counter irritant to a smarting conscience. From some cause which neither of them could easily have named, the three boys found themselves rather avoiding than seeking one another's company. In point of fact each of them was doing more of serious thinking than he had ever before supposed possible to his particular brain.

“James,” said Mrs. Cramp at breakfast one morning shortly after the affair at the willow corner, “I have a little note this morning from Mrs. Hopper, relating to the subject of”—Mrs. Cramp paused a moment—“watermelons.”

As she spoke, she smiled pleasantly. Fred did not. Mr. Cramp looked up in mild surprise, but went on unfolding his morning paper.

“Hopper? Watermelons? Well, my dear?”

“If the cat had rubbed against my chair at the moment, I'd have tumbled over,” explained Fred, later to his companions.

“You know how I feel about Emily Hopper? She's a perfectly lovely woman.”

“Then why did she marry Hopper?” interposed Mr. Cramp.

“Really, my dear, I never asked her,” retorted the wife sweetly, “but I have talked with her about these watermelons.”

“Well?”



“What we want now is to buy some of your watermelons.”

"It's a bit of a secret. You see, Mr. Hopper never gives his wife any money of her own."

"Mrs. Cramp, I could have guessed that secret with one hand tied behind my back."

Mr. Cramp was never very patient when Enoch Hopper was under discussion. Certain business transactions between the two men, now some years in the past, had left them barely upon speaking terms. Mrs. Cramp perceived that her only hope was in going directly to the point.

"They're not his melons—not one of them. They're hers."

Mrs. Cramp spoke so earnestly now that her husband became at once an interested and docile listener.

"He allows her to use a little patch of ground somewheres down about the willow corner, for making a garden. What she raises there is her own. This year it was watermelons, and she has weeded and tended them in her 'leisure moments,' and goodness knows when she gets her leisure moments. James, it has been pitiful to see how important that dozen or two of melons have become to her. And now she writes me that she saw them last Friday afternoon and they're just ready for the market. She knows that you have pretty frequent dealings with Briarthwait & Wilson and she wants me to ask you—why, Fred, what's the matter?"

The matter was that a swallow of coffee on the way down had met something which, if Fred were not quite such a big boy, we must have called a sob on the way up. The trouble which ensued enabled him to escape from the room without more particular explanation.

Emily Hopper was one of those rare little women who, notwithstanding the stress of their own lives, always have something of good cheer to bestow upon those about him. She believed in boys, and, as one of them had expressed it, always talked to them "on the level." She never lectured them nor told how boys used to behave in her younger days. No one ever heard her complain of their noise, or regret their rough ways, or lament the prevalence of slang among them. Indeed, one might easily have imagined that she enjoyed it all. When she met them it was in a spirit of such genuine good fellowship that each boy was inclined to regard her as his own particular friend.

Within an hour from the disclosures of Mrs. Cramp's breakfast table the three boys were together in secret and earnest conference. The last tinge of bravado had vanished now, for, to their minds, the affair had become but little short of tragic. There could have been but slight difference of opinion among them as to the proper course, for it was not yet ten o'clock when they set off together towards the Hopper farm, just on the outskirts of Wooddale.

It is probable that Enoch Hopper was never so much surprised in his life. He was doing a bit of fence mending down by his wood lot, when Fred Cramp's greeting startled him from his work. He looked up hastily with an exclamation which could

hardly be called cordial, and found himself confronted by three very serious youths.

Then, with but the briefest of prefaces, and in a blunt, straightforward way, Fred told exactly what they had done.

But Mr. Hopper listened throughout in utter silence. At first he had felt sure that the boys were merely up to some mischief of which, doubtless, he was to be the victim. As Fred talked on, however, the man's doubts gave way and he knew that whatever it might all mean, the confession was coming from the depth of the boy's heart. But he was always very slow of speech, and he stood there looking dumbly from one to the other, until Fred again broke the silence.

"And now, Mr. Hopper, we want to settle the bill with Mrs. Hopper ourselves. May we?"

Enoch glanced at him with that expression of shrewdness upon his face, which was so apt to come whenever any matter of money was under consideration. Cid Boswell noticed the glance and spoke up.

"You see, Mrs. Hopper has done lots of things for us—for every last one of us—and, if you don't mind, we want to tell her about this ourselves before she hears it from anybody else. We'd like to pay her first, and make the—the explanation afterwards. Why," he broke out with sudden vehemence, "we'd have sat on that fence and—and eaten our hats, before we'd have touched one of those melons, if we'd known."

Enoch Hopper was outwardly too undemonstrative to give visible sign of his emotions, but the boy's words stirred both his pride and his affection.

"All right," he said, "you go straight up to the house and see Mrs. Hopper. I'd a sight rather you'd tell her than t' do it myself."

"Why, Herbert Marsh," exclaimed Mrs. Hopper, as she responded to their dubious knock, "I thought—well, if here aren't Cid and Fred Cramp. I might have known that you three'd be hunting together. Come right in."

The boys returned her salutations, but it required no very close observation to see that they were but ill at ease.

"I guess we can't stop, Mrs. Hopper, thank you. What we want now is to buy some of your watermelons. About—well, about ten of them, if you'll let us have them."

Mrs. Hopper's face must have disclosed the sinking at her heart, as she heard these words. How could she attempt to drive a bargain with her neighbors' boys who had come to her almost as guests. And yet all her own little hopes had been growing day by day, for many a week, with those melons. She knew it must all seem very trivial to those whose lives were not so restricted as her own, but she could not stifle the little pang of pain that came with the thought. But when she spoke it was with an effort to keep the cheerful note in her voice.

"Boys, I just wish I could say, 'help yourselves and don't mind the pay,' but I can't quite do that. I do wish, though," she added, after a moment of embarrassed hesitation, "that you'd all go down to the

corner and take one good look at those melons, and then tell me what they are really worth. You see, I've worked over them so much that I'm afraid they've become more precious in my eyes than they ever—"

"We don't want to look at them," interrupted Cid, in a voice that startled even himself, and brought an expression of sudden concern to Mrs. Hopper's face. The enforced vision of the havoc which that brief half hour had wrought, and what it had meant to this gentle, kindly woman, had roughly upset the boys' program. Cid hurried on, never once looking into the eyes which he felt were every moment fixed upon his own.

"We want to pay you for them and we don't want you to—haggle about the price."

There was a moment of painful silence, and when Mrs. Hopper spoke it was with a manifest effort at self-control.

"I shall certainly not 'haggle' over the price. But, boys, I can hardly tell you how sorry—"

"Yes, ma'am," interrupted Cid again, with no thought of discourtesy, but doing his level best to get over the thin ice without a break.

"There were ten of them, and we all agreed about what they were worth, and here it is."

He thrust something into her hand and, hardly stopping to take breath, went on.

"Now, Mrs. Hopper, won't you just—what we want, is for you always to think of it as if we had paid you first. Don't ever think of it the other way—please—will you?"

But the ice had broken, and Cid was winking hard to fight off something worse, and Fred and Herbert were but little better. Instinctively the woman felt the stress that was upon them, and forgot all about the melons, and the money, and her own embarrassment. Her hand went out to the boy.

"Why, Cid Boswell, haven't I known all you boys too long ever for one moment to think of you as thieves? I understand it perfectly, and I want you to be thankful—every one of you—that the melons were mine, instead of belonging to somebody who might not have known you as I do. It's just a matter between friends, and that's all there is about it. I'll explain it to Mr. Hopper."

The boys glanced at each other, and it was Fred Cramp who made the explanation.

"But you see, Mrs. Hopper, it was really Mr. Hopper we thought we were—were taking the melons from, and so it seemed right to go to him first. We've told him all about it."

"Have you? Have you?" There was a burst of pleased surprise in the sudden exclamation which the boys could never wholly understand, but instinctively they knew that in one thing, at least, they had done well that day.

With hasty "good-byes," they took their departure, and by the time Mrs. Hopper had thought to examine her crumpled bank note, they were so far away that they pretended not to hear her call. With her melons valued at a dollar apiece, she began to understand why she had been forbidden to haggle about the price.

## Leaving Home

Some time ago a bright, active boy of seventeen left his father's home in Connecticut with barely enough money in his pocket to carry him to Denver, Colorado, whither he went, lured by some false hope of bettering his condition outside the restraints and limitations of his home. His father is a well-to-do farmer, and there was no reason why the boy should have turned from the comforts of home and the love and care of indulgent parents; but, prompted by a desire to see the world, and to feel the freedom of one who "is looking out for himself," he crossed the great plains and reached Denver an almost penniless stranger.

He began to look for work, that he might obtain money to meet his actual needs, but he soon found that the great western city was already crowded with young men and boys who were "willing to do anything," and day after day of disappointment came to him. At length, after having been obliged to live without sufficient food and necessary protection, he was stricken with typhoid fever, was taken to the county hospital and there died.

His father was informed of the sad occurrence and, in accordance with his desire, the body of the boy was sent back to the Connecticut home.

A young man who is connected with the Y. M. C. A. of a large western city, says that scarcely a day passes without his meeting some of the homeless, friendless and moneyless young men and boys who throng the streets, and especially as winter approaches does he long to lift a voice that shall reach every home in the land that numbers among its members a restless, adventurous boy.

"Day after day they come into the rooms of the association with which I am connected," he says, "and just a look into the face of one of them will reveal his story, usually before he has had an opportunity to speak a word."



"MONOYO."  
A pretty little Jap, waiting for the school door to open.  
First Prize Photo, by E. Sobey, Hawaii

"I want to know if you can tell me where I can get work to do?" are words we hear every day from sad-faced, penniless young men; and all we can do for the majority of them is to try to let fall expressions of sympathy, instead of harsh words of blame, which often seem to rest on our lips—almost spoken—as we listen to the story we have heard so many times of the good homes in the east, and think of the expression which is sure to come in some part of the conversation:

"If I ever get back there, I'll be glad enough to stay."

## —Frank H. Sweet

Now, boys, I touch this subject carefully, for I know that, like many another matter, it has two sides, and that one who looks at it as he is likely to after listening to a story like the above, is apt to see but one side.

There may come a time in a boy's life when just the thing he ought to do would be to leave home and look out for himself.

It is possible that Bayard Taylor would never have won the honor which crowned his life had he not, a young man of nineteen, dared to leave his Pennsylvania home and attempt a trip to and through Europe, with only one hundred and forty dollars in his pocket.

But look at Bayard Taylor, his ability to take care of himself, his genius, his development in the commonplace paths of his early life, and then examine your own nature and capabilities, and see if you have as much to help you through as he had.

We find that a great many of these young men who express a willingness to do "anything, I don't care what," have never fitted themselves to do well at any one thing, and that is the main reason why they are penniless.

If you have a good home, stay there, and fit yourself for something you are sure you will want to do after a while when thrown upon your own resources.

If circumstances throw you out of your home while yet in your boyhood, go out into the world with some higher purpose than a mere thirst for adventure and a desire to be free from home restraint.

If obliged to assume the responsibility of taking care of yourself as a homeless, friendless, penniless boy, God help you to make the most and best of yourself, but do not walk deliberately into this latter condition, if it is in any way possible to keep out of it,

# Downfall of a Forest Tribe—Arthur J. Burdick



**A**N old-fashioned, clumsy, stern-wheel steamer was lazily combating the current of the Dulce river in Guatemala, one hot summer afternoon, while a little group of passengers sitting under an awning at the prow of the boat indolently watched the changing scenes along the shore.

They had left behind the picturesque seaport town of Livingstone, on the Caribbean Sea, and had passed beyond the cotton and coffee plantations, the fields of tobacco and cane, and were now in the midst of a dense tropical forest, from the trunks and branches of whose trees hung massive curtains of tangled vines and fibrous mosses.

The air was resonant with the chatter of innumerable monkeys and parrots, and many bright-plumaged birds flitted among the tree-tops. Little bayous held myriads of beautiful water lilies and a multitude of gay blossoms lined the shores, making it, indeed, an enchanting scene.

At the prow of the steamer, a little apart from the group of passengers, stood a tall, athletic-looking Carib, whose eyes were fastened intently upon the shore at the right of the steamer. Finally he gave a little grunt of satisfaction and made a signal to the helmsman. The prow of the boat turned toward the shore, the speed slackened, and soon the steamer came to a stop in a quiet little bay overhung with branches of gigantic trees. A plank was run out as the native disappeared down the hatchway of the vessel, soon to reappear with a large keg and several bright tin cups. Turning to the group at the prow he said to the one boy in the company:

"Come, Willie, see someting new. Make some fun wid dem monks."

Casting an inquiring glance at the man at his side, and receiving an assenting nod, Willie followed the black man down the plank and then a little way into the forest, where the keg was placed upright upon the ground, one head was knocked out, and the tin cups were scattered about the keg. Then the black man turned to the boy and said:

"Now hide in bush and see de monk make big fool of heself."

Willie drew back into the thick bushes and peeped out to see what was about to happen. In so doing he was not alone, for from scores of places bright, wondering eyes of monkeys were also noting what was taking place.

"Dees keg hab got rum an' molasses," called the Carib. "Now you see what happen." Then, taking one of the bright tin cups he dipped up some of the stuff and pretended to drink of it, smacking his lips with apparent satisfaction, and then began capering about the keg, stopping every now and then to dip up and taste more of its contents. After a few minutes thus spent the Carib joined Willie in the bushes and together they watched.

The monkey is a very curious animal and wonderfully imitative. Scarcely had the Carib reached his

hiding place before a half a hundred chattering monkeys gathered around the keg and peered enquiringly into it. Then they began handling the bright cups. Finally an old fellow who seemed to be the leader, ventured to dip up some of the mixture and taste it. He smacked his lips so precisely like the Carib that Willie laughed aloud. The old fellow then

turned and chattered excitedly to the other monkeys and seemed to be telling them that it was a good thing and all right, and then there was a scrambling for the cups and the contents of the keg were rapidly lowered. In less than half an hour the keg was emptied and the monkeys were in a sad state of intoxication. Then the Carib remarked:

"All right! Now, boy, see what come of drinkin' dis rum," and stepping into the midst of the reeling, grimacing throng he took the leader by the hand and led him unresistingly toward the boat. The other monkeys, seeing their leader being thus led away, made haste to fall into line, taking each other by the hand or tail, they formed a chain and marched meekly along to the shore, up the plank onto the steamer and thence down into the hold, where they were left prisoners to sober up and nurse the headaches which would follow their dissipation.

Thereafter, during the remainder of the trip, Willie frequently visited the hold to interview the captives—thirty seven in number—and on his return to Livingstone saw them, or rather thirty five of them, two having died on the way, turned over to a dealer, who said they would be sent to various parts of the United States, principally New York, Philadelphia, New Orleans and Chicago.

**Montrose Alexander Morris**, Dresden, Germany, who is an American boy and a former resident of Detroit, writes us a pleasant letter. He says there are other American boys in Dresden. He is about to leave there, going to Switzerland and afterwards to France, where he will remain some months. He says that he will send us some photographs which he and his brother have taken on their trips through Europe.—**Theodore J. Tyrrell**, Jacksonville, Ill., answers the inquiry of Lloyd Frost, saying that he can get from the Shady Grove Pet Stock Farm, Warrenton, O., a booklet on Belgian Hares.—**Marion P. Stear**, Irondale, O., wants some information as to how to kill, classify and mount butterflies, insects, etc. We have an article on this subject that will appear soon.—**Sewell Snyppe**, Spring Valley, O., is six years old and writes on the typewriter. His father is a banker, and Sewell has learned to count large sums of money. His father recently received from the mint some new nickels, one of which has a segment cut out of it, and Sewell thinks it should be kept as a curio. He says: "We have many old coins which were found in a glass jar by men digging a cellar. The oldest coin was that of 1812, and the latest of 1852."—**Garnett White**, Belle Plaine, Kas., wants to know where he can get a telegrapher's outfit.—**Gilbert H. Gavitz**, Sparta, Ont., wants directions for making a small electric motor.—**Bert F. Anderson**, Galesburg, Ill., wants to know how to make an incubator and brooder.—**Paul C. Hoover**, Columbus, Kas., says that his family name in German is Huber, and he would like to know the origin or meaning of the word.—**Robert Trains**, Savannah, Ga., twelve years old, has decided talent in verse making, as appears from a four-stanza poem before us entitled "The American Boy."—**Robert Dickerson**, Dresden, O., is cultivating 500 hills of musk-melons. He is going to report his success this fall in THE AMERICAN BOY. He is interested in printing also, and is quite anxious for the shorthand lessons to begin, as promised by the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY for this fall. This is another boy whose sister takes pleasure in reading the paper.—**J. S. Barry**, Albion, Mich., wishes to know where he can get the census reports. Let him address Census Bureau, Washington, D. C.—**Elvin Schlafer**, Menomonie Falls, Wis., tells us that his sister and himself have started to raise silkworms, and now have about one hundred.—**H. V. Christian**, 261 South Western Avenue, Chicago, Ill., wants to know what batteries he should use for ten candle-power incandescent light.—**Challis Gore**, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends some unusually fine pencil sketches.—**Charles Krossin**, Cedarburg, Wis., sent us some interesting matter for the July number, but sent it too late. Matter must be in from four to six weeks before date of issue.—**Carl Robertson**, Beloit, Wis., wants to know whether it is best to invest ten dollars in a gun, a garden or in poultry raising. A question of this kind is very hard for us to answer, as much depends upon circumstances. We believe most money and most good can be gotten out of ten dollars by putting it into a garden.—**E. E. Green**, McNoel, Ill., earned the money to pay for his subscription by working on his grandfather's farm at twenty five cents a day.—**William Lloyd Nesbitt**, Alliance, O., writes a very patriotic, inspiring letter under date of July 12, in which he expresses

## With the Boys

his great interest in THE AMERICAN BOY, and particularly in the Agassiz Association, a local chapter of which he, with others, has organized, and of which he is president. "By its aid," he says, "the boys of the village and town come to know and realize the marvelous beauties of nature. The country lad, by becoming familiar with the objects of nature, takes greater interest in his work, seeing what others fail to see. Nature inspires him and he wants to become better, stronger and wiser. As he sees beauty in nature he wants to become beautiful himself to the eyes of others, with a stronger body and a wiser mind. The habit of seeking knowledge may be-



"THE NIGHT OWLS."

come as strong as the habit of drinking." He suggests that parents take at least one day or evening in the week in which to encourage their children to study nature. He has much to say in his letter against the reading of trashy literature, and advises boys to read such literature as THE AMERICAN BOY.—**Harry C. Pifer**, Lovington, Ill., has a collection of stamps catalogued at \$110, and a nice boys' library. He is a great admirer of Henty and Stratemeyer.—**Challis Gore**, Brooklyn, N. Y., takes it somewhat to heart because of a paragraph in our July number entitled "Our Boys Must Brace Up," in which we printed something from the Atlanta (Ga.) Journal regarding girls carrying off the majority of the honors in Georgia schools. Challis says that he went to school for two terms in Hartford, Conn., and that in all that time the boys led their classes every month but one; that he afterwards moved

to Brooklyn, N. Y., where the boys and girls had frequent contests, and that not once did the girls come out ahead.—**J. Starr Armstrong**, Garland, Texas, writes an interesting letter in which he expresses the opinion that THE AMERICAN BOY is the most inspiring paper for boys in the world, and that it is sure to do the boys good. He says it makes him want to go and do better. With the letter comes some pencil sketches which show that the young man has talent for sketching.—**Clarence E. Higley**, Blenheim, Ont., sends us some interesting conundrums, which, however, we cannot publish for lack of space. He thinks more Canadian boys should take THE AMERICAN BOY.—**M. E. Dubble, Jr.**, Waynesboro, Pa., a thirteen year old boy, is clerk for the treasurer of the Geiser Manufacturing Company of Waynesboro. He has been working for that Company for five years. He sends a very complimentary verse, which he wishes to appear in THE AMERICAN BOY, the first few lines of which read:

"Of all the papers, east or west,  
Or anywhere between,  
THE AMERICAN BOY is the best,  
THE AMERICAN BOY is the queen."

**Walter B. Nissley**, Florin, Pa., has made a fine record in the Mt. Joy (Pa.) High School. He has to walk two miles every morning and every evening to and from school. His average on examinations at the close of the last term was 97 per cent. During his vacation he is working in the Union National Bank of Mt. Joy learning banking. He says: "I truly owe some of my success to THE AMERICAN BOY. It was through it that I started out to make my mark in the world, and I hope to reach it. I hope you are doing good to others also."—**John Hickman**, Greenacres, Ind., was so pleased with a copy of THE AMERICAN BOY that a friend showed him that he sold a pair of Belgian hares in order to get money to subscribe himself. He says that west of his town there is one of the finest swimming pools in the country, forty feet wide, with a gradual slope, and fifteen feet deep at the center. The four boys shown in the picture compose a swimming club called the "Night Owls." He says, "They take me along as a mascot (as they say), but I think they take me along just to duck me." The boy who is driving is John's brother.—**Arno Stein**, Sheboygan, Wis., suggests that the American boys have some sort of a convention or reunion of American boys at Detroit next year, for the purpose of making them acquainted with one another. My, what a time 100,000 boys would have on the Detroit river!—**W. H. Rich**, Rock

Island, Ill., is engaged in raising poultry. He has ten old chickens and seventeen young ones, and has made about eight dollars recently from the sale of eggs. He has also forty pigeons. **William H. Hirst, Jr.**, Hudson, N. Y., says that he is much interested in our picture of Washington's headquarters at Newberg. He says that he was on the spot about six weeks ago and feels sure that he will never forget it



J. STARR ARMSTRONG.

He writes us quite a lengthy description of his visit there, which we should be glad to print if we had space.—**Charles Hills Thompson**, Leaf, Miss., sends a very nice pencil drawing and tells us something about his home. He collects arrowheads and old stamps. He says that partridges abound in that country, and he has a 22-calibre single-shot rifle.—**Charles Atkinson**, Chicago, Ill., whose father is superintendent of the Chicago Boys' Club, writes an interesting letter about the club, which seeks to help the street boys of that great city by giving them a pleasant and profitable place where they can spend their evenings. The club occupies two floors at 262 State street. On the first floor are parlors, a library, and the room where the boys are taught drawing. There is a piano in the parlor. On the second floor are the offices, and places for playing basket ball, table croquet, and for various forms of athletics, such as a punching bag, Indian clubs, dumb bells, etc. Free spray paints are given the boys whenever they want

(Continued on page 347.)



# BOYS AS MONEY MAKERS and MONEY SAVERS

**William Clary**, of Fargo, N. Dakota, makes money by using his mother's two-seated carriage and horse carrying people to and from trains, ball games, etc., taking ladies shopping, or anywhere within a reasonable distance, for ten cents a trip. He says he has earned thirteen dollars in about a month's time.—**C. M. Tainy**, Itaca, N. Y., has been working in a bookstore for three years out of school hours. Last summer he earned enough to take a trip to Niagara Falls and Buffalo, and put some money in the bank besides. He pays for his own school supplies. He is a member of the Y. M. C. A., and a good, earnest boy.—**Vincent E. Bailey**, Albany, N. Y., in the spring of 1901 earned enough money with a small printing press to pay his way to the Pan-American Exposition.—**Ross Merrick**, Wood Hill, Mo., tells how he and his brother make money. They live on a farm in the Ozark Mountains. They had to give up their Fourth of July celebration to work in the oat field, as they were afraid the oats might be lost if the cutting was delayed. They got fifty cents each for the day's work. Some time ago they bought a pig for \$1.50, and a short time after sold her for \$9. This gave them enough profit with which to buy eight small pigs. After feeding these for a time they sold them for enough to net each of them \$10. Each then bought a calf. The calves sold for \$40. Pretty good result of a \$1.50 investment.—**Douglass and Tabb Middle**, Vernon, Tex., earned money to pay their subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY by selling watermelons. They have a patch of two acres, and have been in the business for four years. The first year they earned sixteen dollars, the second year ten dollars, the third year twenty five dollars, and this year they will make thirty dollars. Douglass is twelve and Tabb is eight.—**Walter Daniel**, Cedar Bayou, Tex., age fourteen, cleared twenty five dollars out of a small piece of land during the summer that has just passed, doing all the work himself.—**Harold E. Porter**, Kearsarge, N. H., a short time ago bought four dozen Brown Leghorns and Plymouth Rocks at fifty cents each. He is now making a profit of forty to fifty cents a day out of the sale of eggs.—**M. L. Dawson**, Des Moines, Ia., earned on the Fourth of July money with which to pay his subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY and much more. He says his father would gladly have paid his subscription for him, but that he preferred to pay for it himself. He made his money selling fireworks. He bought his fireworks for \$37.06, used three dollars' worth himself, sold \$62.76 worth, and has \$1.28 worth left over. After paying a freight bill and an advertising bill he found he had made a net profit of \$22.58.—**William Polkingham**, Leadville, Colorado, worked in a store a few days the early part of July, including the Fourth, and received for it one dollar's worth of peanuts. On the Fourth he sold these for \$2.40. His brother earned two dollars selling fireworks, lemonade and candy. The boys are fourteen and twelve years old, respectively. He says THE AMERICAN BOY gave them the ambition to earn some money.—**Edward Anderson**, Peoria, Ill., does the milking and other chores about the house, for which he gets three dollars a month. He has bought a wheel and has twelve dollars in the bank.—**Arthur Mosher**, ten years old, Hooper, Colo., earns ten cents a day taking a cow to and from pasture. Last summer he made ten dollars selling potatoes, and this summer expects to make more. He is saving every nickel and dime for an education, and has now thirty dollars. He is at the very head of his class in school.

## Overcaution.

Many honest people remain poor all their lives because of overcaution. Earning a dollar by honest toil, they appreciate every penny and are naturally slow to take any financial risk. "Nothing ventured nothing gained." If Elias Howe had never left his work as a mechanic he never could have invented the sewing machine. Leaving his position as a mechanic was a great risk. If Charles Brush, of Cleveland, Ohio, had not had the courage to resign a position of clerk at a salary of \$2,000 yearly, and used what little money he had accumulated and what he could borrow from his friends, to work in a garret to perfect the great electric light which now bears his name and is known as the Brush Electric System, and which returned to himself and friends many millions of dollars, he might still be a poor, struggling clerk.

Don't make the mistake of always holding the dime so near your nose that you lose sight of the dollar beyond.

## A Boy Dairyman.

It is something of an achievement for a boy of fourteen to have established himself in a year and a half as a dairyman with sixty regular customers who buy fifteen gallons of milk a day, and at the end of that time to have paid all expenses and put money in the bank. That is just what Hugh Pavey, of Columbus, O., has done, without financial aid from any one. Since the boy was eight years old his father has not had to buy him a suit of clothes or a schoolbook, for the boy has bought them all himself, earning the money

by carrying papers and selling matches and soap. Indeed, he saved enough money to buy his first cow. That was in November, 1900. Since that time he has purchased five more cows. At first he carried the milk in cans to his customers, all of whom live near by. Afterward he used a small wagon which he pulled around by hand, and then an open buggy, and about a year ago he purchased a wagon. The pony belongs to Hugh's father, but the boy takes care of it and pays for its food and shoeing. He has bought and paid for the feed for his stock and all its equipment. Hugh's work requires him to rise at 4:30 in the morning and milk the cows, then start to deliver the milk, and this must be done in all kinds of weather. Then there must be the feeding of the stock, the bottling of the milk, the cleaning of the cans and bottles. What seems remarkable is that the boy has attended school right along, and his grade card shows that he has not neglected his studies. He, of course, couldn't do all this work alone, so he hired another boy as an assistant, who works for him at a dollar a week.

What a lesson this boy's thrift and enterprise presents to many boys who are idling away their young manhood.

## A Young Stenographer.

Smaller than the smallest page in the house of representatives and less than fourteen years old, little Johnnie Black, of Chambersburg, Pa., holds the unique record of being stenographic clerk to two congressmen at one time. Every day during the last session he ground out premises of office, settled postmastership controversies, distributed garden seeds, besides doing the many other intricate tasks which fall to the lot of the private secretary.

The remarkable thing about this Lilliputian amanuensis is that he is as modest and retiring as he is bright and quick. If you ask him how he happens to be in Washington, he will tell you in a matter of fact way that he came here to work for Representative Mahon, of Pennsylvania; that after coming here he found he could do more work than Mr. Mahon required and "took on" Representative Woods, of California, in addition.

Johnnie has been writing shorthand for two years and is an expert at the business. He is painstaking, and whenever a word falls from the lips of his statesmen dictators which he does not understand he will refer to his ever ready dictionary for its meaning. This reference is never made but once for a single word, as he makes it a point to remember the word.

Johnnie has a hobby—baseball—which he rides at certain stated intervals during his leisure hours. He plays football also, and keeps in constant touch with the professional ballplayers and the standing of the clubs.

During the session of congress the smallest stenographer has made many friends among the members of the house. He has also made some friends with influence out-

side of the house, and notable among these is a railroad president. This friendship will result in a trip for the youngster to the Pacific Coast during the summer.

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Send for booklet, showing photographs and describing methods of some of our most successful boy agents.

**Circulation Bureau, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.**





When a boy has done almost everything in order to earn enough money to buy a ticket to the Wild West Show and has taken six weeks in earning it, he is anxious to cut as big a swath as possible in the buying of that ticket. It was, therefore, with the keenest disappointment that Joe noted the absence of Mugsey, Freckles, Stubby, and others of his chums when he marched up to the ticket wagon, laid down his quarter, and demanded out of the corner of his mouth (the way in which his big soldier brother talked) a ticket. The ticket seller, a terribly brutal man, took the quarter, sized Joe up, and tossed it back with the curt word, "Can't you read? Ten or over, 50 cents."

"I ain't ten yet," stoutly asserted Joe; but it was useless. A policeman roughly jerked him out of line and that closed the argument.

A quarter was all that Joe had, and now he certainly was in hard luck. Joe had never imagined that his size, which was suited to a boy of fifteen, would brand him as a deceiver when he represented himself, as he really was, as less than ten. The fly leaf of the family bible at home told that he was nine years and ten months old. But what did a ticket seller or a policeman care for family bibles! Despondingly he hid himself to a lonesome nook and wept bitterly. A kindly-faced old man espied him.

Washington's eyes bulged. "Well, you go and buy me a ticket and it's yours. Here's the money."

In less than a minute Joe was marching triumphantly through the entrance to the big show, while Washington was sucking a cut finger. Both, however, were perfectly satisfied. Indeed, all through



that September afternoon Joe was uproariously happy. "It beats a circus to a finish," he exclaimed time and time again, and that was a big compliment to Buffalo Bill, I assure you. The peanuts in Joe's pocket were never touched during the whole performance. A man passed with popcorn and Joe never winked an eye, but craned his neck and cheered lustily as Buffalo Bill, otherwise Colonel William F. Cody, single-handed, completely routed more than a hundred howling painted savages armed to the teeth. It was a brave act—just like they do out west hundreds of times every day. Joe knew this. Hadn't he read Indian stories? Well, he guessed yes. The Colonel then took off his hat to the grand stand and Joe simply howled.

Hardly had the excitement subsided when in dashed a detachment of the Rough Riders of the World: The Cossacks, with their red flannel coats, fur caps, and fierce whiskers; the Arabs, in their bloomers; the Mexicans, with their broad-brimmed sombreros; all these yelling and shouting, turning somersaults, picking coils off the ground from horseback, lassoing each other, and doing everything, in fact, but break their necks, and all the while riding at full speed around the arena. An old lady told Joe it made her



"What's the matter, Bub?" he asked, tapping the little five foot three on the head with his walking stick.

Joe was angry at being called "Bub," any right-minded boy would be; but, nevertheless, he told the good man his troubles.

"That's too bad," said he, "but cheer up. See, here's a —" and he fumbled in the depths of a well-filled pocket.

Joe pricked up his ears, his eyes snapped and sparkled. He would see the show, maybe, after all.

"Now run away and buy some candy," and the good and generous millionaire crowded a whole shiny new penny into Joe's honest palm. The next moment the penny was cleaving the azure sky. It was a clear case to Joe of adding insult to injury. But Joe was determined to see the show. He was not yet ten, and he had the price, and why shouldn't he? A bright idea struck him with the force of a July cannon cracker.

"Hey, Washington, come here!" he called to a little colored boy who chanced to be passing. Washington was very little and very colored.

"Wot yo want me fo?" asked Washington.

"Would you like to get this knife?" asked Joe, as he held out his knife temptingly to the boy. It was indeed a beautiful knife. Of course, it was a little old and used up, but it originally had been a real fine one.



dizzy, quite. Then they all went out as fast as they had come in.

The life-saving act was a disappointment to Joe. On the highly colored lithographs in the store windows illustrating this act he had seen the ocean, with its big waves and the red lights and rockets, the raging storm, the wrecked boat, but it was all tame at the show grounds. The boat sailed in on four wheels. The sky was clear. There was no chance for a wreck, and not even an ocean. Joe felt swindled. A real live ocean, to Joe's mind, would have improved it mightily, but it didn't show up. A rough official in a faded uniform told Joe it was in the repair tent; that it had got wet during the night.

The next act, however, was a hummer. "We will now," said the man who told what was going to happen, "show you how the Honorable Theodore Roosevelt, our beloved President, at the head of his gallant rough riders, stormed San Juan Hill, etc."

Fierce and bloody was the fight. The Spanish soldiers fell down like pippins in a windstorm in August. Then with a mighty shout that great host of conquering soldiers charged up a ten-foot wooden hill, seized the Spanish flag, and planted the glorious stars and stripes in the place that was marked with chalk, while round about, strewn like leaves in the autumn, were the bodies of three punctured Spanish soldiers.

Before the last act, a man dressed in a



# September 30

Young men, are you satisfied with your present position and income, or would you like to know more, be more important in the world's work and make more money? This is an age of specialists. Take up some special study and master it; then the world will pay well for your services.

Perhaps you are tied down by circumstances, and cannot spare the time or money necessary to go to a technical training-school—then let the school come to you. The study room is your own home. The study hours are whatever time you can give to it. Your lesson papers are examined and corrected by college professors, and everything is made clear, interesting and easy. If you act quickly you can take advantage of our correspondence course and secure a technical education for almost nothing. By vote of the Trustees of the American School of Correspondence we have for some time been issuing to deserving young men a limited number of

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sult that made the audience "see things" advertised a high-class vaudeville show after the congress of rough riders had had their fling.

Joe chuckled. Here's where he got even with the show; for the injustice of the ticket seller still rankled in his breast and made him feel revengeful. "There ain't no use in them going to the trouble," he told the old lady. "I ain't got a cent."

The final act was the best of all. The audience time and time again indicated, as only an American audience can, that those daring fellows, the cowboys, were all right. They were the star performers that afternoon. They could shoot anything, from a buffalo at two paces to an Indian, if he were willing to stand still.

For the first time in his life, Joe saw bucking ponies buck, and they certainly bucked, kicked, twisted, squirmed, reared, did everything but throw their riders, who stuck to them like flies on sticky paper. A young man with a red necktie, wilted collar and warty hands, unbosomed to a sweet and gentle thing who nestled up to him that "it took sometimes two years to learn them horses to buck properly," that "the trainers were imported from Europe." The lady said, "How cute!" Joe said nothing, but laughed immoderately. He knew better.

The show was over, but Joe lingered, for he had something on his mind. He rambled around till he came to the wigwags and living-tents of the showmen. Timidly stepping up to a full-blooded Indian, he asked him a question.

"My dear boy," replied the Indian, "I am sorry, but I cannot understand and talk English as fluently as I might. My early education was neglected. Then Joe accosted a man with brass buttons and told him what he wanted.

"What, President Roosevelt? Want to see him? What do you say? Oh, ha! ha! ha! Hey, Bill, come here. Here's a kid wot says as how as he was sitting away back he didn't get a good view of Teddy Roosevelt storming the hill and wants to know where he is kept. Say, kid, don't you think the President has got more to do than go round with this show?"

Thus did Joe come pretty near seeing the hero of all American boys—Theodore Roosevelt. Wednesday, the school that Joe attended had a brand new set of games: Scalping Indians, storming block houses, hunting buffalo, was the order of the day, and, indeed, for a good many days.

### With the Boys.

(Continued from page 344.)

them. The club is open Monday, Wednesday and Saturday nights from six to nine p. m. The record of the club for March showed twelve public meetings, with an aggregate attendance of 801. Free lodging is given to thirty one, free meals to ninety three. There were 159 members received during the month, which, by the way, was the first month of the club's history.—J. Bertram Hills, Vernon, N. Y., sends two nice pen and ink drawings. He received a grade of 100 in both elementary and advanced drawings in a recent examination.—E. Verden Bashore, Oakley, Kas., gives us a bit of interesting information in a recent letter. He says the reason why the elephant was the last one out of the ark was because he had to pack his trunk.—D. M. Reil, Stephenville, Texas, says that he would like to get his name on the Roll of Honor but that there is no water in his neighborhood so that he doesn't have any chance. It isn't neces-

sary to save somebody from drowning in order for him to get his name on the Roll of Honor. If he will read the matter at the head of the list of honor boys he will note that there are other means of getting on the list—means that are not half so dangerous.—A boy living at Snyderville, O., nearly sprains the English language in trying to express his sentiments regarding THE AMERICAN BOY. He says: "It is the best boys' paper out. The stories are inspiring and nearly make a feller hotter sometimes, they are so full of inspiration."

**A BARGAIN OUTFIT NO. 1.** Read carefully and See What You Get for \$12.50

Each Gun Fully Warranted for 1 Year

Will send to any person the goods mentioned below on following terms: Send One Dollar with order to guarantee express charges and I will send C.O.D. for balance, giving you privilege to examine Gun and Outfit, and if not as represented you need not take it. The dollar sent is credited on bill. You get for only \$12.50, one 12-Gauge Double-Barrel Repeating Shot Gun, Top Lever, Back Action Repeating Locks, Low Circular Hammer, Fine Twist Finished Steel Barrels, with Extension Rib, Case Hardened and Engraved Locks and Mountings, Pistol Grip Stock nicely Checkered, Patent Snap Fore-End, weight, 7 1/2 to 8 pounds, 30 or 32-inch Barrels; one Canvas Hunting Coat, with five Outside Pockets and two large Inside Game Pockets; one Canvas Cartridge Belt; one set of Repeating Tools, consisting of Re and Decapper; Loader, Powder and Shot Measure, one Shell Cleaner, one Jolated Cleaning Rod with Wire Brush, Oiling Swab and Rag Holder, one Shell Extractor, 250 Felt Gun Wads, 250 Card Board Wads, 25 Loaded Shot Cartridges, one Canvas Gun Cover, all for \$12.50. Send stamp for Catalogue of Guns, Fishing Tackle, Boxing Gloves, Football and Sporting Goods, to GEORGE W. HARDEE, Williamsport, Pa.

**PUNCTUREPROOF SELF-HEALING RUBBER SHOES**

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The original fish hook "that holds the fish tighter the more he pulls"

The only hook adjustable for any kind of fishing. Fish are caught by even touching the bait. Nickel Plated. Sample 10 cents, three sizes 25 cents. Agents Wanted.

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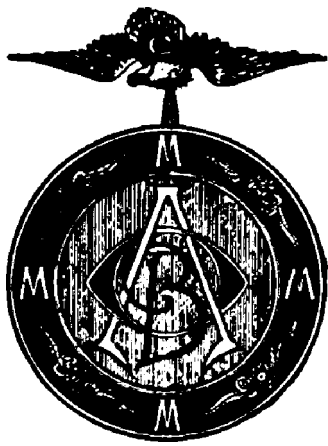
# The Order of The American Boy

A NATIONAL NON-SECRET SOCIETY FOR AMERICAN BOYS.

Under the Auspices of "THE AMERICAN BOY."

*Object:—The Cultivation of Manliness in 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.



CAPTAIN'S BADGE.  
Twice Actual Size.

Boys desiring to Organize Companies may obtain a Pamphlet from us containing Directions. It is sent free.

### Field Day Champions.

Roy Cramer, Urbana, Ohio, THE AMERICAN BOY Standing Broad Jump Senior Champion for 1902-3.  
Stanley Wood, Salt Lake City, Utah, THE AMERICAN BOY Standing Broad Jump Junior Champion for 1902-3.

### New Companies Organized.

Corning Company, No. 9, Division of Iowa, Corning, Ia., Captain C. N. Ross.  
Texas Rangers Company, No. 8, Division of Texas, Italy, Tex., Captain Paul Douglass.  
Old Reliable Athletic Company, No. 29, Division of Michigan, Lapeer, Mich., Captain William Martin.  
Washington Company, No. 15, Division of Pennsylvania, Washington, Pa., Captain Thomas Harter.  
George Washington Company, No. 1, Division of Virginia, Aspen View, Va., Captain Robert H. Poarch.  
Do and Dare Company, No. 1, Division of Florida, West Palm Beach, Fla., Captain H. Clarence Whipple.

### American Boy Celebration.

The Order of The "American Boy," fast growing in numbers and popularity, and as ever on the alert with the time, observed the Fourth in a fine and glorious manner.  
Thursday evening they gave a reception to their parents and friends, making the invitation general. A large company assembled at their club rooms to pay respect to the Order.  
As is generally known, the boys have club room and gymnasium in the vacant barn belonging to the Baptist parsonage, and Rev. C. W. Fletcher, who is much interested in the Order, supervises and is very helpful in many ways.  
The room was decorated for the occasion in red, white and blue bunting, flags, ferns and flowers, and presented a very pretty appearance. Opposite the double door is the motto, "Our object, the cultivation of manliness, muscle, mind and moral."  
The boys had arranged two booths, one for the reception committee and the other for the refreshments, so that all guests were nicely received and passed on for refreshments, which consisted of Nabisco wafers and lemonade.  
After receiving, they gave an exhibition of their gymnasium work, with trapeze bars, rings and wire walking. The boys then went into military camp, lying down in the barn with blankets wrapped about them, while a picket guard, changed three times during the night, kept watch outside.  
At 3 o'clock the reveille was sounded by the bugler and the boys all hustled out of camp to fire the salute of twenty one guns. After giving the first salute, they went to the school grounds and fired more guns and combustibles, and thence in different directions about town, letting the people know that the American Boy was on tap early for the glorious Fourth.  
Friday evening they gave a very creditable display of fireworks that was witnessed by a goodly number of friends. Among the "fiery flowerlets" was a toy balloon very successfully launched that could be seen all over town. This was a grand effort, for the first, on the part of the boys, and the Argus, with hosts of friends, wishes Theodore Roosevelt Company, No. 4, of Michigan O. A. B. every success. Long may their banner wave and may the Order be fruitful of the results for which it is organized—patriotism and manliness. The Order now has nearly forty members of bright, active boys.—From The Chesaning (Mich.) ARGUS of July 5, 1902.

### Company News.

**Honorable Samuel May Company, No. 12,** Leicester, Mass., recently elected the following officers: Captain, Alvin L.

Grant; Vice-Captain, Walter Wilson; Secretary, Everett Smith; Treasurer, Ewing Warner. This Company holds its meetings every two weeks and dues of six cents are charged at each meeting. A fine of two cents has been imposed for the use of profane language. They have a fine gymnasium, with punching bag, boxing gloves, etc.—**General Philip Sheridan Company, No. 3,** Newberg, Ore., is an athletic Company. The following officers have been elected: Jay Heston, Captain; J. G. Mitchell, Secretary; Clair Buchanan, Treasurer. They have adopted the proposed Constitution and By-laws.—**Olivet Company, No. 18,** Olivet, Mich., is progressing finely, and has recently added six new members. On the evening of June 13, the Company held a reception on the lawn at the home of the Captain. The Olivet College Conservatory orchestra rendered a number of pretty selections, after which a fine program was enjoyed. At the conclusion of the program the guests were served with ice cream and cake.—**Coyotes Company, No. 3,** De Smet, S. D., will hold its meetings in a tent in the backyard of the Captain's home during the summer. This Company has adopted the



WALTER W. WILSON,

Capt. of Garret A. Hobart Co., No. 2, Hoboken, N. J. proposed Constitution and By-laws. Meetings are held the second and fourth Fridays of each month. Dues, ten cents, payable quarterly.—**Benjamin Harrison Company, No. 20,** Canton, O., has had its charter framed. This Company held two gramophone concerts and a magic lantern entertainment recently, the proceeds of which were added to the treasury.—**Clifton Heights Company, No. 11,** Campello, Mass., holds its meetings every Thursday evening. Dues, one cent per week. A fine of one cent for each offense is imposed for using profane language or smoking. They have a neatly furnished club room at the home of one of the members. The boys have had their charter framed and hung upon the wall, and have a number of pictures, a desk, games, chairs, etc. A short time ago they held a "visitors' meeting," which was a great success.—**John Brown Company, No. 6,** Paola, Kas., expected to go on a camping expedition in May on the banks of a creek called "Wea." The Captain's father owns a good camping outfit, and he agreed to take the boys on a three days' trip. They were to raise five dollars and take their own fishing tackle, and expected to have music and a good time generally. The Captain promises to write us an account of their trip.—**Timothy Murphy Company, No. 1,** Cobleskill, N. Y., went for an outing "up the lake" on Decoration Day. The morning was a rainy one, but the boys put on rubber coats and started. Later in the day the sun came out and they enjoyed themselves playing baseball, fishing, eating, climbing trees, etc. They caught a number of large fish and some of them they cooked for their dinner. The party arrived home at 5:30, well satisfied with their day's sport. The Company is planning to go camping a little later on. In a recent letter to us the Captain says: "Our Company, I am sure, will soon be one of the foremost of the Order, and be more worthy of preserving the name of Timothy Murphy and of being No. 1 of New York State."—

**George Rings Company, No. 21,** West Unity, O., has elected the following officers: Captain, Merle H. Felger; Treasurer, Ivan Klinger; Secretary, Ray Stevenson. This Company has a club room and meetings are held every Tuesday evening.—**Lafayette Company, No. 9,** Carmel, Ind., holds its meetings every Saturday at the school house. Dues, three cents a week. The following are its officers: Captain, Malcolm Randall; Vice-Captain, Cecil Moore; Secretary, Clarence Lancaster; Treasurer, Virgil Bond. They have adopted the proposed Constitution and By-Laws. This Company expects soon to have a fine gymnasium.—**Phillip D. Armour Company, No. 15,** Onelda, N. Y., has the use of a tennis court which they have been fixing up this spring and expect to use a great deal this summer.—**Flower City Company, No. 17,** Rochester, N. Y., holds its meetings every Friday evening at the homes of the various members. The proposed Constitution and By-Laws have been adopted. This Company will soon have an outdoor gymnasium.—**General Joseph R. Hawley Company, No. 2,** Division of Connecticut, Norfolk, Conn., holds its meetings every other Wednesday evening. At its first meeting the proposed Constitution and By-laws, with a few minor changes, were adopted. An initiation fee of five cents is charged, and the monthly dues are ten cents. This Company recently went on a five-days' camping expedition to Tobey Pond, a small lake a few miles from Norfolk. A house was procured for ten dollars a week and this they turned into a camp. Mr. H. W. Carter accompanied the boys. They started on Friday morning, June 27, at ten o'clock, loaded with provisions, etc. On reaching the camp two of the boys took a boat and went over to an ice house, which was situated at the extreme end of the lake, after ice. On their return a cold dinner was heartily enjoyed by all. After dinner the boys went out in boats and amused themselves in various ways until supper time. Saturday, the 28th, was a beautiful warm day, and the morning was spent on the lake and in bathing. In the afternoon some of the boys went over to the town to witness the ball game. There were six of the boys in the party, and they took turns, two at a time, preparing meals, washing dishes and cleaning up. On the following Wednesday the little party returned home very much refreshed after a most enjoyable outing.—**Young American Company, No. 25,** Plainwell, Mich., recently elected the following officers: Captain, Frank Boville; Vice Captain, Wilbur Knapp; Secretary, Jobe Estes; Treasurer, Dwight Gilkey. Meetings are held on Monday evenings at the home of the Vice Captain. Dues, five cents a month. They have a small library.—**Red Letter Company, No. 2,** Livermore, Ia., took part in the Fourth of July parade in their town. They were dressed as callithumpians, one boy carrying the flag, and another a banner with the words "Order of The American Boy," inscribed thereon. They are trying to get up a zobo band.—**Roosevelt Company, No. 18,** Ingham, Ill., has taken up the study of the lives and works of great men.—**Little Egypt Company, No. 8,** Mt. Vernon, Ill., held its election of officers recently with the following result: Ollie Jackson, Captain; Howard Cochrane, Vice Captain; Fletcher Poole, Secretary; Van Johnson, Treasurer. This Company is very much interested in athletics.—**Washington Company, No. 13,** Washington, Pa., held its first meeting July 11, at which time the proposed Constitution and By-Laws were adopted.—**Celtic Company, No. 6,** Indianapolis, Ind., has adopted as its colors, red and white. It will have a nennant in these colors.—**Garret A. Hobart Company, No. 2,** Hoboken, N. J., recently elected the following officers: Captain, Walter W. Wilson; Vice Captain, Theo. Slerner; Secretary, Daniel Killion; Treasurer, Arthur Mortimer. Meetings are held on Monday afternoons at the homes of the members. Dues, ten cents a month. This Company is chiefly interested in athletics and debating, and hopes soon to have a club room.—**Honest Abe Company, No. 26,** Merrill, Mich., recently adopted an amendment empowering the Captain to expel a member from any meeting for disorderly conduct. Owing to the absence of so many of the members the regular meetings have been discontinued during the summer

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months.—**Santa Fe Company, No. 3,** Chase, Kas., holds its meetings on Saturday evenings. No meetings were held during harvest time as the boys were all busy in the harvest fields. This Company also comes out with a fine letter-head.—**Coyotes Company, No. 3,** De Smet, S. D., expected to go to Spirit Lake, a small lake ten miles north of De Smet, on a two days' camping expedition the week of July 14.—**Mountain Home Company, No. 3,** Foothill, Wash., held its semi-annual election on the evening of June 30, with the following result: Captain, Arthur Peterson; Vice-Captain, Herman Anderson; Secretary, William Peterson; Treasurer, Arthur Johnson; Librarian, Fred Cook.—**Cuban Athletic Club Company, No. 7,** Cuba, N. Y., expected to go on a camping expedition to Cuba Lake the latter part of July, and the Captain has promised us a picture of the club in camp. This Company has been showing renewed interest in the Order of late, its chief amusement being athletics.—**John Brown Company, No. 6,** Paola, Kas., went on a camping expedition late in June and report a "wet" time. It was very rainy and muddy, and on crossing one little stream the water came up over their feet in the buggy. When they reached their destination they found that the creeks had risen on account of the heavy rains, and the Captain says they didn't have a very good time. The boys went out and chopped wood for the fire in the morning. After the dinner dishes were washed they had races. They divided into two squads of four boys each. Capt. George E. Quimby won in his squad and Kenneth Gartner in his. In the evening they returned home. The boys expected to go out again on July 4 for a three days' stay, and had planned to have fireworks, music, etc. They will soon organize a baseball team.—**John Brown Company, No. 4,** Saratoga, Cal., went on a camping expedition to Castle Rock, a large rock in the Santa Cruz Mountains, on July 4. A splendid time was enjoyed by all, viewing the fireworks in the valley below, hunting, fishing, eating, and enjoying camp life in general. This is one of the flourishing Companies of the Order. On July 12 the following officers were elected for the coming six months: Captain, John W. Cox; Vice Captain, David N. Nerell; Secretary, Ephraim C. Nerell; Treasurer, Harry E. Smith; Librarian, Charles N. Cunningham; Sergeant-at-Arms, Paul Nerell. This Company has a fine baseball team. They recently played the Saratoga Grammar School team with a score of 45 to 43 in favor of the O. A. B. boys. The boys are very proud of their team, as the Grammar School boys are acknowledged to be an exceptionally strong team.—**Colonel Cody Company, No. 10,** Monmouth, Ill., has discontinued its meetings during the summer months. This Company has a track team. Dues, five cents a month. The officers are: J. Stewart Jamieson, Captain; Chauncey Sherrick, Treasurer, and Cliff Hamilton, Secretary.—**Theodore Roosevelt Company, No. 4,** Chesaning, Mich., held an ice cream social on the evening of July 22, clearing \$18.16, which goes to help pay expenses of their summer camp. Following is a copy of their poster:

ATTENTION!  
NOW FORWARD  
TO WALKER'S VACANT LOT ON  
BROAD STREET  
THEN HALT  
And Be Served With the Best of Ice Cream  
and Cake by a Genuine  
American Boy.

TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 22, 1902.  
ICE CREAM AND CAKE, 10 cts.  
Come and Bring a Friend to Help the Boys  
in Their Summer Camp.  
O. A. B. FOR M. M. M.



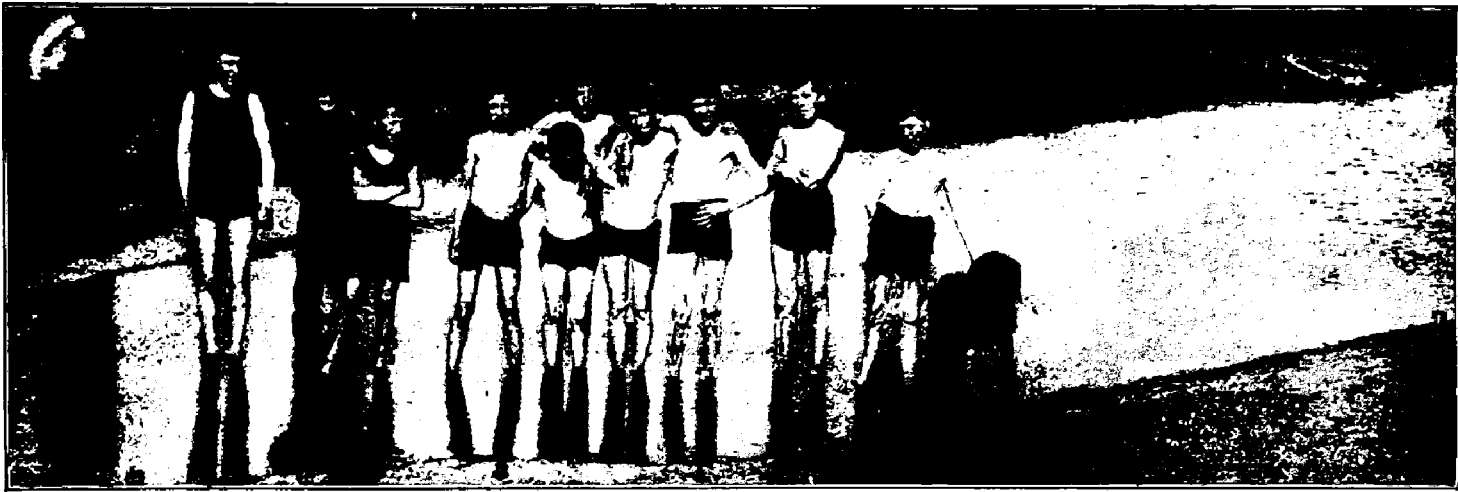
**The Coyotes,** Company No. 6, of  
De Smet, S. D.

X Order of The American Boy.

Dr. Sarr. S. D. June 30 1902

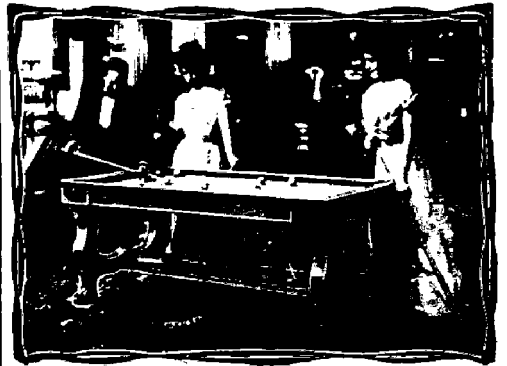
(Style of Letter-head used by one Company.)





A GROUP OF CALIFORNIA BOYS.

Photo by W. S. Haskell, Dimond, Cal.



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will be just as useful and afford great pleasure if you have our Combination Table, Billiard and Pool Tables have been costly cumbersome luxuries. The

Indianapolis Combination Table Library-Dining-Billiard-Pool

Makes a billiard room and good billiards possible in every home. A massive, beautiful piece of furniture—the most desirable dining or library table taste and money could acquire. Converted into a pool or billiard table of perfect playing qualities by removing the top. Constructed on exactly the same principle as regulation billiard tables. Beds of superior Vermont slate, quick, live, sensitive cushions, absolutely accurate angles. Billiard cloth is of finest quality, ball true, cues well balanced.

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BOYS IN GAMES AND SPORT

An "American Boy" Camp.

James A. Shope, a member of John Harris Company, No. 10, Harrisburg, Pa., thinking that our boys would be interested in knowing how he and three of his friends spent their vacation, tells us about a fifteen days camping experience. The camp was on the banks of a creek a mile and a half from town, and the boys called it "The American Boy Camp," and they say they were proud of the name. We are fortunate in being able to present a

body's "best girl." Their beds were made of the boughs of trees, covered with straw which they obtained at a farm house, all covered with burlap. He says: "We certainly slept well, but the mosquitoes were very bothersome." A spring near by furnished water. The boys had a fine time, swimming every day and doing all manner of things that boys are capable of devising under such circumstances.

"The Junior Athletic Association."

"The Junior Athletic Association" is composed of three boys of Verona, N. J. They built a little house of two small rooms, but when winter came they moved into the basement of one of the boys' homes. Then they gave a "magic entertainment" to raise some money for the club, and two dollars was the amount realized. Last spring one of the residents of Verona gave to the association the use of the top floor of his barn, which has two rooms. One they have fitted up with pictures, a bookshelf for books and magazines, chairs, table, stove, writing desk, and boxes to hold a variety of things. They have a homemade ping-pong set, the idea for which they got from THE AMERICAN BOY. Off the main room a small closet was made which they use as a dark room for their work in photography. The larger of the two rooms they use as a gymnasium, and on certain nights of the week the boys meet and practice gymnastics. A little way from the gymnasium is a swimming pool, and the boys are now constructing a raft. They have a secret writing by which they correspond with one another, and they subscribe for four papers. The colors of the association are blue and white. Regular meetings are held every Saturday night. The dues are five cents a week. Smoking, swearing and card playing are forbidden.



picture of the camp. To the right is the kitchen with a dog tent over it. The tent in the center is the cook's tent, where all the pans, dishes and vegetables were kept. The other two tents were each occupied by two boys, one of them being the cook. For breakfast they had fried potatoes and eggs, for dinner bean soup and crackers, and for supper bread and molasses. They made a boat which they describe as "sailing like a swan," to which they gave the name "Alice," presumably after some-



THE SOUTHWESTERN LOUISIANA INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE FOOTBALL TEAM in practice. This team has never been defeated.

Photo by J. M. Blossat, Jr., Lafayette, La.

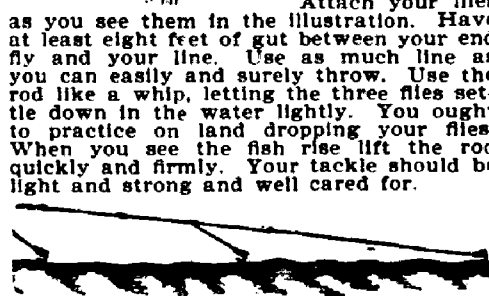
Trout Fishing.

There are two kinds of trout fishing; one is called bait-fishing and the other fly-fishing. The latter is the greater sport and requires more skill. A fly rod for trout should be about fourteen feet long and weigh about seven ounces, with a good reel and a silk or linen fibre line about thirty yards long. Then you should have a few gut casting lines and some flies; or, if you are bait-fishing, some hooks and a sinker heavy enough to keep the bait from being swept along too fast by the current. If you are fishing with bait, put the hook about a foot below the sinker, and let the hook be of about the size



shown in the illustration. Let the worm be about twice the length of the hook. The worm should be put on the hook cross-wise two or three times through its body, tucking him together on it and being careful that the point and barb are covered. Trout like fat, white grubs that may be found in old stumps. If you can't get either worms or grubs, use grasshoppers or minnows, or even snails and frogs. Fish with a line nearly the length of the rod, throwing the bait far from you. Try to keep yourself and your rod out of the fish's sight. Drop the line noiselessly into the stream above the eddy in the current, letting the hook drift quietly down. When you feel the fish bite raise the tip of the rod quickly. Then if you feel that you have him let him run with the bait, keeping the rod well up so that you can keep a steady strain on him. Don't slacken the line or he may spit out the hook. Keep a steady hand, and when you have a good head of speed on him guide him to his landing place.

In fly-fishing you want a gut casting line, with an assortment of flies and several lines in reserve. The flies are nothing but imitations of the insects that trout feed upon. You can make them yourself out of small feathers and bits of silk or woolen goods. Attach your flies as you see them in the illustration. Have at least eight feet of gut between your end fly and your line. Use as much line as you can easily and surely throw. Use the rod like a whip, letting the three flies settle down in the water lightly. You ought to practice on land dropping your flies. When you see the fish rise lift the rod quickly and firmly. Your tackle should be light and strong and well cared for.



H. G. Dixon is a thirteen year old Santa Rosa (Cal.) boy who delights in athletics, particularly in pole-vaulting. He can vault seven feet, and can high jump about four feet. He is five feet tall.

How Far Do You Walk In a Day? The average person has no idea how far he walks, at home, at work or at play.

THE AMERICAN PEDOMETER Registers every step you take. It is to the pedestrian what the cyclometer is to the bicyclist. It is carried in the pocket the same as a watch, and is about the size of a lady's watch. Heretofore a really good Pedometer could not be bought for less than \$4 to \$15. This one is equal to any on the market. It is made in this country, impossible to produce a better one, and the price is only \$1.00 each. It can be regulated to accord with the step of the wearer, and each one carries our unqualified guarantee. If your dealer does not handle it send us \$1.00 and we will mail one to you prepaid. THE AMERICAN PEDOMETER CO., Dept. C, 46 Maiden Lane, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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IF YOU SHOOT a rifle, pistol or shotgun you'll make a Bull's Eye by sending three 2c stamps for the new Ideal Hand-book, No. 12, 128 pages. Free. Latest Encyclopedia of Arms, Powder, Shot and Bullets. Mention "The American Boy" Ideal Mfg. Co., New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.

SEND FOR our catalogue of Small Steam Boilers, Engines, Electric Dynamos, Motors, Fans, Batteries, Telephone and Telegraph Instruments. Martin Mfg. Co., 189 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

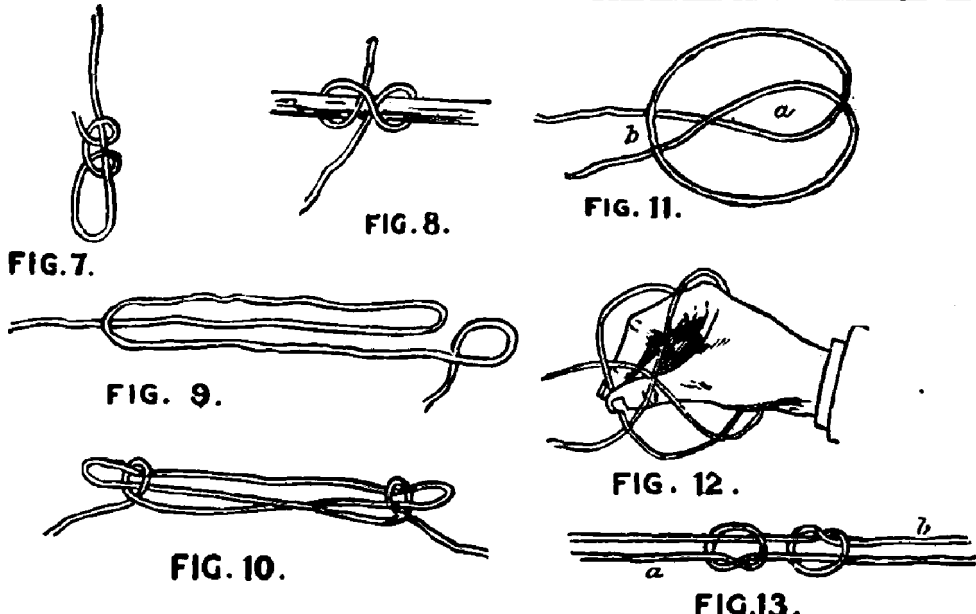
BITE if you use the right thing on your bait. Secret and catalogue of novelties only 10c. Send-to-day. GLOBE NOVELTY COMPANY, CHILL, N. Y.

BOYS PERPETUAL MOTION SPIROMOTOR SEND DIME FOR A SAMPLE and you can sell hundreds to your friends. ENTERPRISE SUPPLY CO., Los Angeles, Cal.

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BEGUN IN AUGUST NUMBER.



Half Hitches.

By means of two half hitches as in Fig. 7, one can secure with the end of a rope almost anything. When the same hitch is made around a spar it is called a clove hitch. (See Fig. 8.)

Sheepshanks.

If you have a very long rope and wish to shorten it, the best way to do is to make a sheepshank, which will never slip no matter how taut the strain may be. Lay the parts as in Fig. 9, and then take half hitches over the bights, as in Fig. 10.

A True-Lovers' Knot.

This knot is useful between sailors and their sweethearts. It has the peculiar charm of foretelling the feelings of the one you love. Place your cord or ribbon as in Fig. 11. Then put your fingers down through the loop A, and catch hold of the bight, as in Fig. 12. Now withdraw your hand, carrying the bight along, and you will have the two knots as they appear in Fig. 13. After this conceal them with your hand and ask your fair friend to select one cord from each side and pull. If the knots separate, your hopes have been drawn asunder, but if they remain together your future prospects are assured.

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### The Amateur Journalist.

(Continued from page 37.)

torial work and the printing have been more carefully and tastefully done than in the preceding numbers. The publisher of every amateur magazine should give us an opportunity to say this of his magazine. There is no use working even at a hobby unless one continually strives for improvement. The Venture is edited and published by Ira Eugene Seymour, 713 W. Thirteenth street, Kansas City, Mo. It might be in better taste if the editor did not describe his magazine in the title lines as "An amateur magazine of merit," though the description is true. It is a very tastefully-printed, as well as an excellently-edited little magazine. The editor is the new Vice-President of the U. A. P. A., and his publication is a credit to the Association, as well as to himself. Good Things showed its enterprise by promptly issuing a convention extra, giving a report of the U. A. P. A. convention.

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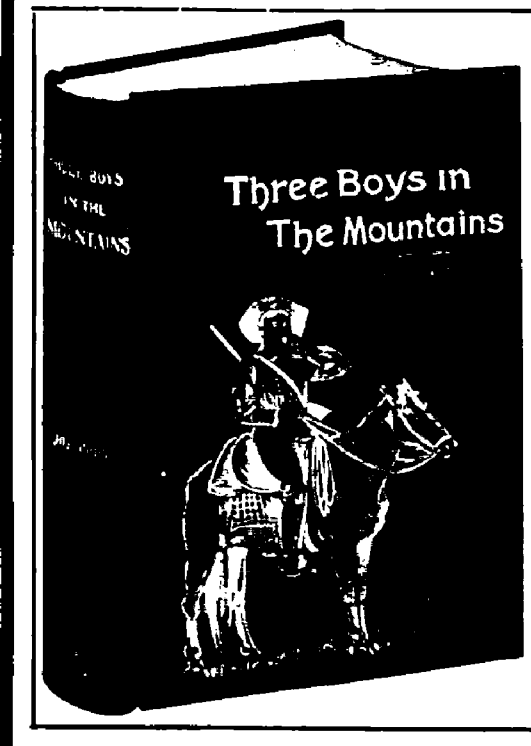
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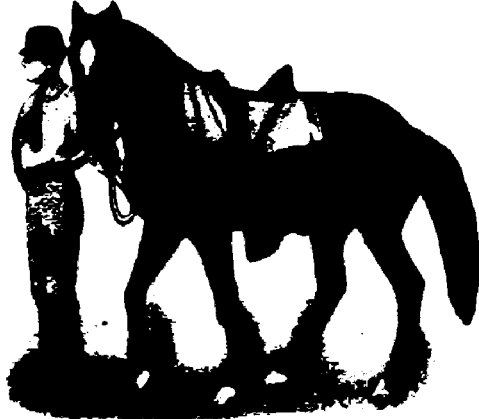
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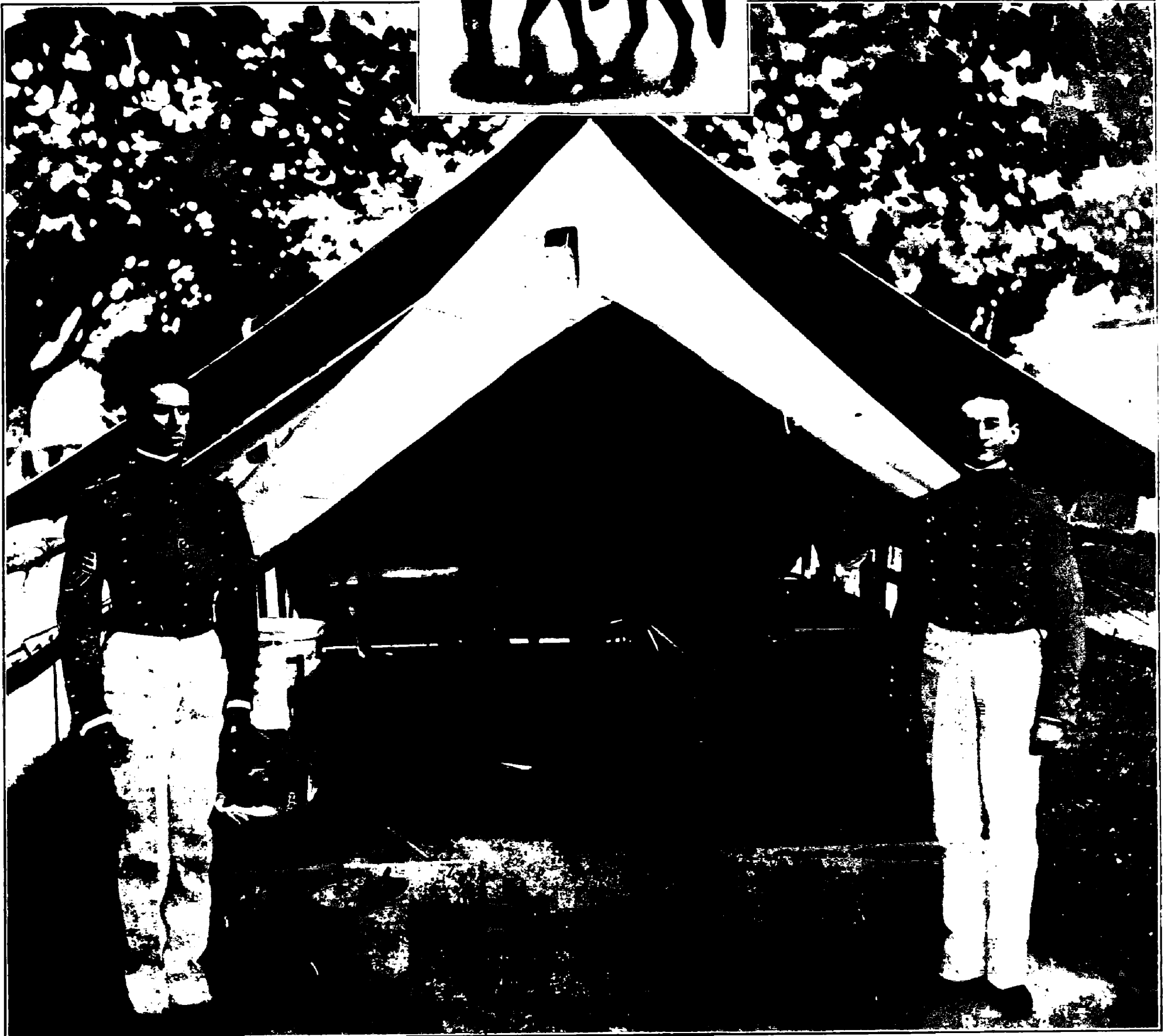
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# Napoleon

## A History Written for

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

**L**EAVING Bonaparte, the sixteen year old lieutenant of artillery, with his regiment at Valance, let us take a glance at the condition of France at that time—that France which was about to become the theater of the most terrible drama the world has ever seen, whose leading figure was to be our young Corsican lieutenant. It can only be a glance because history moved wonderfully fast near the close of the eighteenth century, and the space at our command is limited. Still something must be said of the great French Revolution and the causes that led up to it, or we shall fail to understand much that we shall hereafter read.

At just about the time when the American colonies were engaged in a war with the mother country to rid themselves of the burdens of unjust taxation and to set up for themselves a free and independent government of which liberty and equality should be the watchwords, the French people were manifesting an impatience with their king and giving signs of the approach of that time when they should follow the example of the hardy pioneers of America and throw off the rule of a sovereign whose right to rule lay solely in the fact that he was the descendant of a king, and declare for the principles of democracy. Indeed, within seventeen years from the time of the signing of our Declaration of Independence the head of Louis XVI. dropped from the block, to be followed soon after by that of his queen, Marie Antoinette, and the rule of kings and queens in France, at least for a time, was at an end.

The French Revolution did not come in a moment. There was warning enough if men had stopped to think. When the storm burst the world stood in amazement at its fury, but the clouds had been gathering for many years. A great change had been coming over the disposition of the people of France toward royalty; and when we say "people" we mean the masses of the population aside from the nobles, and the high church officials. Perhaps no people in Europe had been for centuries more loyal to their rulers than were the French. Their loyalty was even of an unreasoning kind. They were ready to suffer any burdens if by doing so they could add to the glory of their king. They paid heavy taxes. They impoverished themselves. They gave their children to fight in war. They seemed to find compensation enough for it all in seeing magnificent palaces arise on every side and in witnessing the pomp and glory of royal display.

But a change had finally come. First, whispered criticism, then murmurs of complaint, then remonstrance and protest, and finally open revolt and insurrection. Taxes grew heavier and heavier, and still there was not enough money in the royal treasury to meet the extravagant expenditures made in keeping up the royal show. And what seems strange to us in this enlightened day, the common people, the burghers in the small towns, the small traders and the farmers paid all the taxes, while the nobles and the clergy, for whom the bulk of the taxes were levied, paid none. Knowing this fact alone, we are led to wonder that the ancient system lasted as long as it did.

But there were other causes of discontent. For fifty years prior to the reign of Louis XVI. the French armies had been defeated on every side and had lost spirit. France had been forced to give Canada to England. The soldiers themselves were now joining in the popular cry against the privileged classes. The common soldier could never expect to be an officer, or if an officer, could never rise to a position higher than that of captain. The chief positions in the army were reserved for the nobles and were filled by the king's appointment, and generally went to his poverty-stricken favorites among the nobility.

The church, which in every country must be one of the leading pillars of the state, had become corrupt. The higher offices in the church were given to young nobles, many of whom were without pretense of piety, while the lower offices were held by priests and curates on poor pay who could never hope to rise above their station. There was, therefore, dissatisfaction and dissension in that one part of the nation in which we would last expect to see discontent. Religion itself had fallen into disrepute. With the quarrelings among the churchmen themselves and the errors that had crept into church doctrines and dogmas, men turned their backs upon religion and declared the whole thing to be a lie. France became frightfully infidel. Men openly blasphemed God and ridiculed His church. As a result the grossest immorality flourished. Men and women became



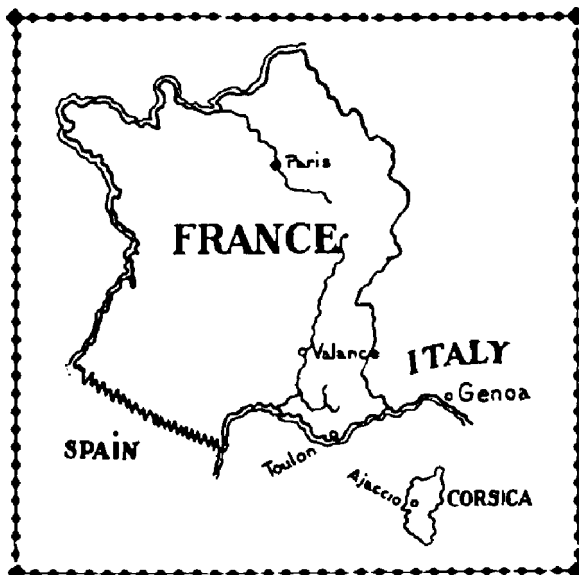
NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

vulgar. The literature of the day was full of disgusting stories. Even the greatest minds of the time, like Rousseau, and Voltaire, and Montesquieu, and even that wonderful woman, Madame Roland, stooped to the most disgusting tales of licentiousness. The passions of men were inflamed, and France became a hotbed of unbridled passion.

It came to be the style, too, for writers and speakers to talk prettily about equality and liberty—words that Frenchmen had never theretofore understood. The king and the nobles, who had the most to fear from these words, took them as a joke, listened and applauded, not thinking that they were standing on the brink of a precipice, and that the ideas behind these words were making their way into the hearts and minds of men; and not dreaming that soon these words would be sung in the blood-red streets of Paris to the stirring music of The Marseillaise.

The French officers and private soldiers who had volunteered to cross the ocean to fight for American independence, such men as Lafayette and Rochambeau, returned to France as heroes. They had helped to set a people free from the rule of King George of England. Why could they not help to set another people free from the rule of King Louis of France? These soldiers came back filled with the new spirit of liberty absorbed from the air of a new land and caught up from the association with men of heroic virtue and manly thought. They dreamed it and they talked it now for France and Frenchmen. Wherever they went they became the centers of interest and influence.

As a result of this discontent, this newborn spirit of debate and discovery, clubs began to form in every part of France where the most violent revolutionary language was freely used. Paris itself took the lead in complaining of the unjust taxes imposed by the



# Bonaparte

## Boys by the Editor

king and the burdens imposed by the privileged classes. The country provinces were not slow in following it. For the first time in the history of France there was published a detailed account of the king's receipts and expenditures; and strange to say the publication was made with the king's consent. The people criticised the throne for its extravagance. They saw for the first time with their eyes wide open that the king and the nobles were well fed, well housed, well clothed, and lived in sumptuous ease, while they themselves paid for it all by the sweat of their brows.

Out of it all came the Revolution. Just as swollen mountain streams, emptying themselves into a single channel, make the awful torrent that sweeps before it every barrier in the valley below, so in revolutionary France, with its twenty five millions of people, all of whom, with the exception of a few paltry thousands, labored that these few thousands might not labor, the growing discontent gathered from every hamlet and country place, and every street of every city, into one vast volume of insurrection. France became as a mountain shaking under the volcano. All Europe looked on in dismay. The vilest element of every city of every country, expecting a conflagration in which they might rob and pillage, flocked into France and, like moths drawn to the center of the flame, poured from every road and avenue into Paris, already disturbed and shaken to its very center.

Interesting, yes, thrilling as is the story of the years from 1788 to 1795, we must pass it by with the single assertion that out of all its bloodshed and its devilish cruelty came the end of the monarchy and the birth of Republican France. Louis XVI.—a better king than many who had preceded him, a victim to the onward march of mind which he could neither understand nor keep pace with—laid his head upon the block, saying, "Frenchmen, I die innocent of the offences imputed to me. I pardon all my enemies, and I implore Heaven that my beloved France—" then the drums beat, the guillotine descended, the priest exclaimed, "Son of St. Louis! Ascend to Heaven," and the populace shouted, "Vive la Republique!"

### CHAPTER III.

#### NAPOLÉON'S FIRST SEVEN YEARS AS A SOLDIER.

To return now to Napoleon. Into this seething caldron of blood and fury he came, a lieutenant in the king's army. It was eight years before king Louis' death. We have seen that as a Corsican boy he had hated the French. He could not forget the struggles by which Corsica, his native land, had sought to retain her independence; nor could he fail to remember that she had lost it to this very king in whose army he was now a paid officer. We might reasonably expect that in the midst of this struggle between king and people Napoleon would be found among those who sided with the people, and so it was.

The first seven years after he entered the army Napoleon spent much of his time on furloughs at his home in Corsica, and one reading the account of these seven years cannot but feel that the young officer was half-hearted, to say the least, in his service as a soldier in the royal army, and must conclude that his heart was set on some day becoming another Paoli and freeing Corsica from French rule.

With his regiment at Valance we find Napoleon more sociable and more contented than when he was in school. He went more into society; indeed, we find him again falling in love, and this time he proposed and was rejected. But he still kept up his reading and study. A rich bookseller in the city freely loaned him books, and we find him reading such authors as Adam Smith, and Voltaire, and Rousseau, and Raynal—books that breathed the new philosophy of freedom and equality, and that did much to fan the fires of the Revolution. In the pages of Raynal he must have read that author's prediction that if France did not mend her way a revolution was at hand.

At this time the young lieutenant is described as being short, slim, active, and awkward, with boots so big for his legs that a young woman nicknamed him "Puss in Boots." His eyes were deep set and brilliant. He wore his hair in immense "dog ears," which was the fashion of the time, and this is said to have given his dark Italian face a sinister look, though the outline of his face was classic. He was still inclined to be silent and moody, but he could be drawn out by congenial company, and when he tried to be pleasant he could be magnetic and fascinating. He was often criticised for not joining in the amusements of young people. On one occasion he replied, "It is not by playing and dancing that a man is to be

formed." His landlady once complained to him of his silence and his unsocial ways. Afterwards, when at the head of the army of Italy, he met this woman, and in the course of his conversation with her said, "Ah, my good woman, had I passed my time as you wished to have me, I should not now be in command of the army of Italy." He was not a braggart, but in a quiet way he was imperious and acted as if he felt himself better than his fellows and capable of any task, and to a great degree his estimate of himself was a true one.

We must pass rapidly over these seven years that may be called the Corsican period of his life, although it is important. As we have said, during these years, from 1789 to 1796, he spent most of his time in taking long holidays at Ajaccio, his Corsican home, where still lived his mother, brothers and sisters, his father having died the year the boy entered the army. Historians disagree as to just how Napoleon was able to obtain these long furloughs. Some say that he was ill most of the time, but others more than hint that he was not so ill as he pretended to be, and that he told downright lies to get away from the army and be at home. One thing seems certain: he at this time disliked the routine of camp life. Loafing about the camp and doing its petty duties fretted him. He was ambitious to be doing something great. In the army of France, too, he could never expect, without more influence than he had, to rise above the position of captain, and this was not enough. He felt himself born to greatness, and this was no place for him. We are

was: Napoleon had been abroad he had been to the great Paris. He had been graduated from a military school and wore the King's uniform, and was under pay from the King. The boys with whom he used to play, of course, easily misunderstood him and thought him stuck up; and yet there was something of the mischievous boy about him after all. He and his sister Pauline once were caught mimicking the tottering gait of their old grandmother. Pauline got a spanking for it, but Napoleon, being dressed in his regimentals, escaped for the time being; but a few hours later his mother suggested that he had been invited to dinner by some important personage and Napoleon rushed off to his bedroom to change his clothes. This gave his mother the opportunity she was after, and as soon as his regimentals were off she spanked him good.

Napoleon frequently dined with the French officers at Ajaccio, and invariably he fell to talking of history and the science of government. They didn't like this, for they could see underneath it all that Napoleon was a very poor Frenchman, and that he knew too much for them, so they called his talk "ridiculous stuff and pedantry." Sometimes he came so near being disloyal in his talk that the Frenchmen quit him or refused to invite him again to their tables.

When the Revolution broke out Napoleon was with his regiment in France. Getting a leave of absence on the pretext of illness he hurried home to stir up the island, with a vague hope that out of it all would come independence for Corsica. Paoli, of whom we read in our first chapter, since Corsica had fallen into the hands of France, had been staying in England. Now the Revolutionary Assembly of Paris called upon him to return, guaranteeing to Corsica considerable local freedom. So the old hero returned to his native land in May of 1790, and on landing upon the shore dropped upon his knees and kissed the earth. Napoleon was one of those who welcomed the great leader to his native land. Together one day they rode over the old battlefield of Ponte Nuovo, where Corsica made her last stand for freedom. Paoli was struck with Napoleon's manner and talk, and said of him on this occasion, "He is not modern, but reminds me of Plutarch's heroes." Napoleon, though an officer in the King's army, at once set to work organizing volunteer regiments of the National Guard in behalf of the Revolutionary Assembly, and by the volunteers he was elected to the position of lieutenant colonel.

In February, 1791, his leave of absence having expired, we find Napoleon at Auxonne with his old regiment, having taken with him his twelve year old brother Louis, in order to relieve his mother and educate the boy. He was now getting a salary of two hundred and sixty dollars a year, and it was only by the strictest economy that he and his little brother could live. He avoided society at this time. He ate, for the most part, only bread, and gave all his spare time to teaching his brother. Indeed, there is nothing in the life of Napoleon so captivating as his care of his own family. It is an admirable trait in a young man, and even the enemies of Napoleon must give him credit here. We can imagine that one great reason for his frequent absences from the army was that he might be with his mother and assist her in her poverty. Afterwards, on being raised to a position where he could command money and influence, his first thought was to put them beyond want.

While still in the army of the King, he was attending secret meetings. Indeed, he became a member of a political club, and filled all the offices in turn—librarian, secretary and president. He afterwards said that if at this time he had been ordered to fire upon the people, habit, prejudice, education, and the King's name would not have induced him to obey.

Finally, on the occasion of his last visit home, he overstayed his time, and his name was stricken from the regular army list in consequence. At this time he was both a lieutenant in the army of the King and a lieutenant colonel of the National Guard of Corsica. In the latter he probably received no pay, and in the former but a paltry two hundred and sixty dollars, and now he had lost even this and was without any resources whatever. He longed to go to Paris and throw himself into its exciting life, but he was so poor that he had to pawn his watch in order to buy bread and keep soul and body together. He wrote to his rich uncle in Ajaccio for a loan, saying that he must go to Paris. In his letter he says: "There one can push to the forefront. I feel assured of success. Will you bar my road for the lack of a hundred crowns?"

In May, 1792, we find him in Paris without work and without an office, wandering about its streets looking with mingled feelings of exultation and pity upon the horrible scenes passing before his eyes, and burning with a desire to do something great. He was in Paris on that memorable twentieth of June, 1792, when the Paris mob, bearing the red cap of liberty, marched to the Tuilleries to make demands on the king. He was there on the tenth of August of that same year and saw the royal Swiss guards that were protecting the king cut to pieces and five thousand persons massacred. He was there when the Revolutionary Tribunal was set up and

the National Assembly exiled forty thousand persons.

In September, 1792, the school at St. Cyr, which one of his sisters was attending, was abolished by the Government, and he returned to Corsica as her escort. Here he found Paoli growing lukewarm toward the Revolution. England was trying to get hold of Corsica, and Paoli favored England over revolutionary France. Bonaparte was rabid either for independence for the island or for revolutionary France in preference to England, so Paoli and Napoleon quarreled and the latter joined the former's enemies. Then Napoleon tried to get possession of the citadel of Ajaccio, and failing in his attempt, the Corsican government, which, with Paoli, was favorable to England, drove the whole Bonaparte family out of the island, Napoleon himself barely escaping with his life.

The Revolutionary government of France, being sorely in need of all its skilled army officers, now readily forgave Napoleon for his disobedience to orders and restored him to the army, and he now becomes a red-hot Revolutionist. There were two great parties among the Revolutionists, namely, the Girondists, who were moderate in their views, and the Jacobins, who were radical, and believed in and preached absolute equality among men. They would have no king, no nobility. This was well enough, but they carried their views and their actions to extremes. They were brutal and cruel, and among



CHARLES BONAPARTE.  
FATHER OF NAPOLEON. BORN, 1746; DIED, 1785.

driven to the conclusion that he wanted to go to Corsica in these troublous times in order to take advantage of any opportunity that might come to him to spring forth as a leader of the Corsicans and strike for them a blow for independence.

During these years he tried authorship, partly, perhaps, to make money out of it with which to support the family, for they were poor, his salary as a lieutenant being only \$225 a year, but mostly to give vent to his deep and serious thoughts and feelings which burned for utterance. His most ambitious work was a history of Corsica, in which he tried to tell the story of Corsica's wrongs and her struggles for independence. He wrote and rewrote this. Nothing discouraged him—not even the adverse opinions of his friends. It was never published, but manuscript pages of it are still in existence. It shows a heart burning with love of country. The whole purpose of it seems to have been to arouse the Corsicans to renewed effort to regain their freedom. He wrote a story entitled "Count of Essex," which breathed hatred of France. He competed for a prize offered by the Academy of Lyons for the best essay on "What truths are most important to inculcate in men for their happiness?" All his writings of this period show a seriousness far beyond his years and a fierce impatience, as if he felt he had a great work to accomplish in the world and was not willing to wait for it.

His furloughs in Corsica during these seven years were four in number, at least one of more than a year in length. In the case of two of these furloughs he overstayed his time. In one instance his excuse was a lie, and the other he was dismissed from the French army for disobedience to orders.

We are told that when on these holidays in Ajaccio he spent much of his time in an attic of his mother's home reading and writing, and that when he appeared on the streets he held himself aloof from his former companions. We can easily imagine how it



LETITIA BONAPARTE.  
MOTHER OF NAPOLEON. BORN, 1750; DIED, 1838.

them were the Terrorists, with such men as Maximilien Robespierre at their head. There can be no doubt but that Napoleon made friends with the most bloodthirsty of the Jacobin party, though there is evidence that he did not approve of the most violent part of their program. He became personally acquainted with Augustine Robespierre, brother of the all-powerful leader, and allied himself, in a measure, with the most extreme Republicans under whom Paris was flowing with blood.

(To be Continued.)

A man or woman whose ideal boys' club would consist of prayer meetings and bible classes, with an occasional missionary talk as a treat, checkers, spelling matches, etc., for amusements, and perhaps magic lantern views of the Holy Land as a dizzy climax, hasn't a right conception of the boy nature and never will make a success of his work for boys.

The Sunday school does not by any means reach a solution of the boy problem. To teach a boy religion on one day out of the seven, and to leave him to the streets and miscellaneous amusements on the six, is not a campaign that commends itself to reasonable men.

# The Strike at the Continental—John A. Foote

## CHAPTER I.

IT was pleasant to ramble along the banks of Fern Creek. But it was not alone for the beauty of its scenery, nor for its wealth of fern and mountain laurel, that people came here. Fern Creek was one of the few trout streams that had not been despoiled by unregulated fishing; the Continental Mining Company owned it and only a limited number of employees and friends of the management had permission to fish along its banks.

Charles Hawthorne, the only son of President Hawthorne, of the Continental Company, had often, during the winter months at college, told his companions of the pleasure he anticipated in passing the summer vacation at his home. Outdoor sports of any kind appealed strongly to him—a typically, healthy, active boy of seventeen—and he was an enthusiastic and skillful fisherman. Often he passed an entire day whipping the stream, and returned to his home at sundown, hungry, wet and tired, but with a basket of trout that was the admiration of all who saw it.

One day, when the month of June was nearly spent, Charley started out early in the morning, confident from the appearance of the sky that he would have a successful day. The atmosphere was hazy and the air was humid and filled with omens of an impending shower. By noon, nothing daunted by the thin rain that fell at intervals, he had secured a fine string of fish, and he determined to rest for a while and enjoy his lunch. The rain had ceased for a time and he soon found a dry spot under the shade of a giant tree that grew on a knoll, halfway up the ravine. Lying on the rich green grass, his lunch finished, he gazed with enjoyment at the little patches of blue sky that showed here and there among the waving branches of the trees, and yielding to the irresistible temptation of his surroundings he closed his eyes in lazy contentment and in a little while was asleep.

It was late in the afternoon when he awoke. Below him in the bed of the creek, two men were fishing and he could plainly hear what they said. One of the speakers he recognized as Henry Hartman, an employee at the coal breaker; but he could not identify the other man. He was about to gather up his string of fish and leave for home when he heard his father's name mentioned. He paused, listening intently; for he had heard his father speak of the discontented feeling of the men at the mines and the probability of "trouble" in the near future.

"Yes," said Hartman, "the union is now thoroughly organized, and, unless our demands are conceded tomorrow, we will surely declare a strike. But, remember, I make this statement to you in confidence and must not be quoted if you repeat it."

"Of course," said the other man. "I understand your position perfectly, and you need not worry about anything you have told me. But what are the men's grievances?"

"Same as everywhere else. Conditions are much the same here as they are down the valley. The new, so-called, improved breaker machinery grinds the coal to small sizes, and since, of course, we get no pay for what falls through the screens, we are obliged to work, at the risk of our lives, for practically nothing. To begin with, we must mine three thousand pounds for a ton, then we are 'docked' an average of about five hundred pounds on each ton for the supposed rock or waste in the coal, and the remainder is ground so fine that six hundred pounds out of every three thousand pounds falls through the screens and we get no credit for it. To sum it all up, we must mine about forty one hundred pounds of coal before we get paid for mining a ton. We get sixty seven cents for this and then have to pay the company two hundred per cent profit on powder and oil. Then the company takes the fine pea coal from us and refuses to pay us for it. When we pay for all this, and pay our helpers we generally have to go to the 'company store' and find out how much we are in debt to the company for food. It's robbery, downright robbery; that's what it is! But I guess it's the same at nearly every mine in this region." Hartman's voice had a ring of genuine indignation. "You expect to meet Mr. Hawthorne to-morrow, then, and present your demands?"

"Yes, I will see him at his office here. He generally drives over every Wednesday, and if he does not come tomorrow, I intend to go to his residence. The union has given me full power to treat with him. Complete plans of action were arranged at the meeting held last night. I have authority to order an immediate strike in case Mr. Hawthorne refuses to make concessions. The signal will be given by the steam whistle in the engine room of the coal breaker. Two strokes of the bell in the engine room, operated from my post at the 'head' of the breaker will announce to the engineer that our overtures have been rejected. At the second blast of the whistle all of the breaker machinery will stop, fires will be pulled and every man and boy will leave the breaker and the mines."

Charley Hawthorne's interest was now thoroughly aroused, and he listened eagerly for what might follow. There was a pause in the conversation for about a minute, and then the voice of the stranger was heard:

"Do you think that Hawthorne will grant what you ask?"

"No," said Hartman, gravely. "To tell the truth, I have little hope of it. The men are determined in their course—they cannot well be blamed—and Hawthorne



THE BREAKER.

does not differ much from the usual run of coal operators. Remember, now, you must not breathe a word of what I have told you to any person. I have confided this to you, not as a friend, but as a brother member of the union; for, in the event of a strike, we may need assistance from your district." "Don't worry," the other man answered; "I understand that very well. But, say, what's the matter with these trout today? they've stopped biting. Are they on strike, too?"

Hartman laughed, and then Charley heard the click of a reel. "Shouldn't wonder if they were," he said. "The strike fever is in the very air of this place. Let us go up a little farther and try our luck."

Charley did not move from his hiding place until their voices died away up the creek. What he had heard amazed him. He was pained at the words of Hartman, in which his father's justice and honesty were questioned, and he was terrified at the nearness of the threatened strike. He could not believe that his father was an unjust man; he thought there must be some terrible misunderstanding. He felt it his duty to tell his father what he had heard, and to advise him to deal generously with the men. Hartman he knew to be a practical, cool-headed man, one of his father's best workmen, whose intelligence was far above that of his fellows. When such a man as he advised a strike, there must surely be some wrong at the bottom of the matter.

Gathering up his fish, his mind surcharged with these ideas, he hastened down to the village, and half an hour later was at his home in the suburbs of Scranton. Although it was past the regular dinner hour, he learned that his father had not yet arrived from the city, and so, thinking from this that he would dine at his club, Charley decided not to wait for him; but he had hardly seated himself at the table when the mine owner entered.

Mr. Hawthorne was a self-made man. He began life as an ordinary miner; later he became a mine contractor, and by judicious foresight in investing his savings in coal lands, he was now worth fully half a million dollars. He had no time for society or home life; his business was to him the sole end of his existence. Like many self-made men, he had an exaggerated opinion of his ability to manage his own affairs, and for this reason he bore personally the responsibility of many things that might, perhaps, have been attended to more successfully by his subordinates. Charley knew little or nothing of his father's business matters, so he approached the subject that lay uppermost in his mind with some timidity.

Mr. Hawthorne listened to what his son had to say in a manner which plainly showed that he was interested.

"Hum! So Hartman said that, did he? Hartman, of all other men! I'm surprised—surprised that a man of his sense should be mixed up in such a foolish piece of business. But it's another instance of 'Put a beggar on horseback—'

"But is what he says true, father?" interrupted Charley. Mr. Hawthorne tapped his plate with his fork, and cleared his throat uneasily, before he answered:

"That is a hard question, my boy. There are many aspects of this subject which are beyond your understanding; it is purely a business matter. From a business standpoint, we are acting within our rights; and if the men do not care to work for us, and, saying so, quit, they are also acting within their rights. From a sentimental standpoint, perhaps, our course may be open to criticism; but no successful business can be adjusted to sentiment. The schedule of wages paid at our mine is in operation at all of the mines hereabouts; so, if I am unjust, all are unjust. To be sure, we have some improved machinery in our breaker, and I will admit that there ought to be a readjustment of the scale of wages; but I alone can do nothing, for I must compete with others who use the same scale."

Charley noticed the evasive character of the answer to his question, and the tacit

admission that injustice was being done to the men, and so his father's answer, instead of clearing up his doubts, only strengthened his impression that Hartman spoke the truth. He did not ask any more questions until his father rose from the table. Then he decided to make an appeal to his father's sense of justice. "Are you going to the mine tomorrow?" he asked, timidly.

"Yes, I intend to see Hartman about these grievances, and try to get him to listen to reason." The mine owner moved toward the door as he spoke.

"Don't be hard on the men, father; you know they have to work very hard. Let me go with you—"

"I am glad to see you take an interest in my affairs, my boy," said Mr. Hawthorne, as he noted Charley's eager face, "but you know this is a business matter and boys—"

"But, father, I have a right to be there! It was I who warned you of this thing!" Charley spoke with a spirit that was new to him, and his father was evidently surprised at his self-assertiveness.

"Well! well!" he said, at last. "We won't quarrel over it. I suppose if you want to be there so badly, I'll have to take you along. I'll drive over at about nine o'clock, so be ready in time. Don't worry about the strike. I think Hartman will listen to reason; he always was a sensible fellow. Good night!"

Mr. Hawthorne spoke with a cheerfulness that was belied by his manner. It was evident that Charley's information worried him. He knew that the Miners' Union had been gaining strength for months and that a general strike was contemplated. So, late into the night Mr. Hawthorne was engaged in writing letters and telegrams, and adjusting his affairs to meet the crisis that he felt was near at hand.

## CHAPTER II.

The next morning, shortly after nine o'clock, Charley and his father were driving to the Continental mine. Mr. Hawthorne unusually silent and morose. When they arrived at the tall, black coal breaker, where the coal is crushed and sorted into various sizes for market, Mr. Hawthorne threw the reins to a grimy-faced attendant and started toward the breaker building, Charley following him. When they stopped for a moment at the weighing office, where

the coal is weighed, an old man, the "weighmaster," came to the door of the office and respectfully saluted Mr. Hawthorne.

"Where is Hartman today?" asked Mr. Hawthorne.

"I think he's up helpin' Griffiths at the main chute, near the 'head' of the breaker. Take a seat in here, sir, an' I'll get him for you."

"Never mind, Rennie, I'll find him myself." Mr. Hawthorne was evidently both nervous and impatient.

They passed into the noisy, dusty structure, where the whirr of machinery and the clatter of falling coal was almost deafening. Up flights of blackened stairs they climbed, past the flat chutes where hundreds of boys were sitting on little benches, watching the coal that came down with a whirl of dust, and picking out the pieces of slate and rock; past the immense screens that shook continuously, causing the coal to dance a measure in jerky polka-time; past the ponderous iron cylinders that, armed with steel teeth, smashed and chewed the coal so that it could be digested in the maw of the furnace, until, at last, they stood at the extreme top or "head" of the breaker building, where the cars coming from the mine were emptied of their contents.

Just as they reached the head, a car was "dumped" and its contents fell into the flat chute directly underneath. This chute, open on top, led through a hole in the floor about five feet square to the immense crushers that were enclosed in a wooden box on the floor below. Standing on little platforms over the chute were two men who pushed with long iron pokers at the moving masses of coal, so that the passageway might not become clogged. One of these men was Hartman, and he seemed much absorbed in his work.

When Hartman observed that his employer wanted him, he said: "I'll see you in a few minutes, Mr. Hawthorne. I have something of importance to say to you."

Mr. Hawthorne colored. Hartman's tone angered him. Charley, watching his father from the head of the stairs, noticed this and feared for the peaceable termination of the interview. Instinctively his eye sought the bell-wire that was to proclaim the strike. It was right above his head.

Hartman continued to push the masses of coal down the chute as another car was emptied. Mr. Hawthorne stood looking at him, angrily striking at small lumps of coal that lay on the floor.

At last he stepped toward the chute and, raising his voice above the noise of the breaker, spoke decisively. "Stop work this instant, both of you!"

Hartman's companion obeyed, but Hartman redoubled his efforts, and replied: "Just a minute, Mr. Hawthorne; the machinery may suffer."

"Drop that tool this instant," shouted the mine owner, now wholly losing his self-control. "I'm master, here."

Hartman, appearing not to hear him, continued as coolly as ever; for the absence of his helper made his vigilance more necessary, and the chute needed all of his attention. Mr. Hawthorne, now carried by his passion beyond all reason, muttered some incoherent words, and then jumped up on the platform beside Hartman.

"I said drop that tool, you impertinent puppy! Drop it! You're discharged! You're no longer in my employ! Do you hear me? Give me that tool!" The mine owner suddenly grasped the long bar, and in the next instant Hartman released his hold on it and stepped from the platform. The sudden release of the tension with which Hartman had held the instrument threw Mr. Hawthorne off his balance, and before the horrified onlookers could realize the peril, he had fallen back into the black mouth of the chute.



THE CHUTES WHERE THE BREAKER BOYS PICK SLATE FROM THE COAL.

A cry of horror burst from Charley's lips when he saw his father, with bleeding hands, grasp frantically at the lumps of coal that were slowly carrying him toward the crushers. There was a large beam of wood where the chute passed into the floor, and for an instant the unfortunate man grasped that, but the moving masses of coal passing underneath him tore his clothing into tatters and bruised and cut him until he screamed in a frenzy of agony and fright.

For the moment Charley was paralyzed with terror at the awful catastrophe; he tried to shout, to scream for help, but the power to use his voice had left him. The next instant he was himself again, his mind turning over innumerable schemes for his father's release. There seemed only one way to help him and that was to stop the machinery instantly; but he did not know the signal. Then like an inspiration came Hartman's words of the previous day: "Two strokes of the bell operated from my post in the breaker will stop the machinery and declare the strike."

The bell-wire was directly over the boy's head. With an energy borne of despair he grasped it and gave two mighty pulls, and then, fearful lest he had been too late, he looked again toward the chute. Mr. Hawthorne still clung to the beam, and Hartman was endeavoring to reach him, all the while shouting to him to have courage. But the next instant the unfortunate man, with a despairing cry, loosened his grasp and disappeared into the darkness below.

It seemed to Charley as if hours had passed since he had given the signal, yet he could still hear the machinery working with a monotonous rhythm that was maddening. Hartman was now hurriedly divesting himself of his coat and talking excitedly to his helper, and in another moment had crawled into the chute on top of the moving mass of coal and was making his way into the depths where the coal operator had disappeared.

Hardly had Charley noticed this when the rumble of the machinery grew less pronounced, and a minute later ceased entirely. The wheels ceased to revolve and the belts hung idly on the pulleys; the signal had been obeyed.

The coal operator, now entirely unconscious and bleeding from numerous cuts and bruises, was drawn from his perilous position. Fortunately Hartman had reached him while he still had sufficient strength to keep the moving coal from pushing him into the crushers, and the stopping of the machinery made his rescue an easy matter.

There was a strange silence in the big building now that work had ceased. Hartman had hurried away to secure a conveyance for the injured man, and Charley and the other man were left to take care of him. Then came the sound of rushing feet and the babel of hundreds of voices: "The strike! The strike! Everybody out! We want our rights! The strike!" Charley heard it. This, then, was the



"I'm very sorry," began Charley, with assumed humility.

price of his father's life—a strike among the men—the most peculiar strike, perhaps, that had ever taken place, for he, the son of the capitalist, had given the signal.

Hartman soon appeared, however, with the ambulance. As carefully as possible Mr. Hawthorne was placed on a litter and carried to the conveyance. Charley

and Hartman took places beside him, and as they drove through the field adjoining the breaker, they heard the voice of a speaker addressing a crowd of men, referring in strident tones to "the rights of the working men," "bloated monopolists," etc., with frequent interruptions of cheers and applause. At Mr. Hawthorne's home they found a surgeon awaiting them, who, after examination, pronounced Mr. Hawthorne's injuries as not of a serious nature. Rest and quiet were prescribed, and, after bandaging the injured man and promising to send a nurse, the surgeon left, announcing that his patient would be able to be out again in a month.

Almost a week later, when Mr. Hawthorne was nursing his sore ribs in an invalid's chair, he sent a message to Charley, asking him to come to the library. When Charley entered the room he was surprised to find his father in conversation with Hartman.

"Well, Charley," said Mr. Hawthorne, "Hartman and myself have been discussing the strike, and we've come to the conclusion that you are the cause of the whole trouble. Hartman says the men would not have struck at that time if the signal had not been given, and the evidence that you gave the signal is conclusive. You saw him do it, Mr. Hartman?"

"Yes," said Hartman. "I saw him do it." "I'm very sorry," began Charley, with assumed humility—but he got no further, for the two men laughed heartily at the way he had turned the joke.

"Ah, you rascal!" said Mr. Hawthorne, "that's a nice way to talk to your crippled father. But now to business. This strike is on and we—that is, you and I—are to blame for it. It must be settled at once, notwithstanding that the demands are unreasonable and that I'll be certain to lose money for awhile. But for the courage of Hartman, from whom I deserved nothing, you might have been called upon to face the problem alone. Therefore, I am quite content to have you settle it now. My hands at the present time are not very serviceable," he went on with a grim smile, "but if you will sign, as my attorney, this agreement to the strikers' demands and fill out a check for one thousand dollars, payable to Henry Hartman, you will assist me in paying, in a very small degree, a very great obligation."

Charley did as he was bid, and Hartman, speechless with surprise and gratitude, tried to vainly utter his thanks. The following day work at the mine was resumed. Later the other mines in that vicinity were obliged to follow Mr. Hawthorne's example in the scale of wages.

Charley soon took an active interest in his father's affairs, and no real grievance of the men was ever denied a hearing, and to this day in the entire anthracite coal regions there are no men more devoted to their employer than those who participated in the memorable strike at "The Continental."

# The Boy Photographer

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 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, who in every case must be the artist who took the picture.

## Handling Sensitive Plates.

The average amateur photographer always desires a very rapid plate, and the consequence is that unless he exercises the greatest care, he is liable to spoil it even before he makes an exposure. Such plates must be religiously guarded against diffused light entering the lens, camera or dark room, and the ruby light must be removed quite a distance from the plate when developing.

Be very particular when drawing the slide, that no light enters, as a single ray will most certainly spoil the plate. Have the camera in the shade while both pulling out and putting in the slide, or cover it with the focusing cloth.

One of the manufacturers of fast plates gives the following directions for testing the light: Cover one-half of a plate with opaque paper and hold it close to the light for about one minute. Develop, and if the unprotected part shows fog, screen the light with additional paper until it is safe. It is advisable to have a second ruby glass arranged in a sliding frame to serve as a safeguard when working the "isochromatic" plates. This frame should only be removed while examining the progress of development.

To examine the lens, point it toward a strong light, and if there are any reflections caused by the shining edges of the diaphragm or the inner walls of the tube, they should be blackened.

## Photographic Notes.

Many plates developed by amateur photographers are spoiled by under-development rather than under-exposure.

Papers easy to tone are Kloro and Solfo, but the effect is better when Aristo-platino is used, and still better with platinum.

The photographer who goes prepared for a dozen exposures and only makes two is pretty sure to have two good negatives.

The latest efforts of the camera manufacturers to produce a perfect camera requires a mechanic and a mathematician to run it.

Most fine pictures are no longer mounted on white cardboard. Different shades of



SISTER AND "KITTY BELL."

Second prize photo: Alvin Schneider, McKees Rocks, Pa.

gray are preferred. Some prints look best on black cardboard.

Snap pictures taken when the sun is behind a fleecy cloud will make a better negative than when the sky is cloudless, everything else being equal.

All the photographic supply houses now keep on hand both reducing and intensifying solutions, so that if anything at all is on the plate, worth preserving, it can be saved.

Much of the staring look to be found in flashlight photographs can be done away with by allowing all the lights in the room to remain burning when touching off the powder.

One way to get bird pictures is to accustom them to a certain spot by leaving food there for them several days in succession. In the meantime the camera has been focused on that spot, and then it becomes an easy matter to "touch the button" at the right time.

In photographic establishments connected

with daily newspapers, where quick work is required, the print is made directly from a wet negative, the "velox" or "argo" paper being floated in water on the negative. Anyone can do this, but care must be used, or the negative will get scratched, or it may frill at the edges.

## Answers to Correspondents.

H. W. Browning—The yellow in your print was caused by having the toning solution too warm, or by keeping it in the solution too long—probably the first.

Lawrence Barns—Burnishing tins grow old from use, and finally must be discarded. But they will last longer and not stick if rubbed with kerosene in which a few shavings of paraffine have been dropped.

C. W. Tillett, Jr.—Sometimes in attempting to get too much out of a negative it is over-developed, and a chemical fog is the result. A plate should be washed at least half an hour in running water. Longer than that is unnecessary.

J. G. Imeson—The sensitized paper to be used in the place of plates is manufactured by a St. Louis firm. Write to any depot supplying photographic material and the price can be ascertained. Try the Photographic Supply Co., Detroit, Mich.

Will Watson—Do not be alarmed when the figures on the plate you are developing "disappear." To take the plate out before the developer has worked clear through to the back is to have a thin negative. The image will come back in the fixing bath.

Charles Crawford—No two cameras are alike, and no two persons alike; so it is impossible to say which is the "best" camera for any particular person. Much depends on the temperament of the user. In a general way it can be said that any camera made by a reputable manufacturing concern is good enough.

D. J. Noland—Drug store chemicals are generally pure enough to make developers. Sulphite of soda marked "C. P." which means chemically pure, can be used in the place of the kind you mention. The combined developing and fixing solution is not so good as using them separately, unless the timing has been just right. It is still best to develop and fix in the old-fashioned way. Never heard of lenses being affected by changes in the atmosphere. There is little if any difference between the effect of the dopes, etc., you mention in preparing a plate for retouching.



SALTING THE SHEEP.

First prize photo: Fred B. Compton, Coshocton, Ohio.

# The Resurrection of Sleepy Hollow—Emma Gary Wallace



Grandma Burgess sat at the little window.

GRANDMA BURGESS sat at the kitchen window enjoying the warm spring sunshine which flooded the room. Her knitting needles were polished to dazzling brightness by the rapidity with which they flew in and out of the stocking that was steadily growing under her skilled fingers. It was a boy's stocking, and the boy was none other than Harold Frederick Burgess. He was sometimes known as Frederick—that, however, was when he needed reproof; as Teddy, by the home folks, and as Ted, by the boys; while in the opening pages of his school books he was inscribed as H. Frederick Burgess, Esq.

He was tall and broad-shouldered for his fourteen years and always had an idea of some kind ready for execution. Perhaps that was why half the boys in Sleepy Hollow could usually be found in his immediate vicinity, and he was the acknowledged leader of the crowd. Even as grandma Burgess added round after round to the leg and prepared to narrow at the heel, she could hear the shouts of the boys as they played in the orchard below the house. Above the babel of voices she could readily distinguish Ted, shrilly directing the movements.

"Tom Rhody," he screamed, "you are to be a rich banker, and this heap of stones is just a pile of gold dollars and nuggets. Will Green, you are his cashier, a city chap, but awful brave. Harry Snider and Jack Brown will be the two terrible desperadoes, Slippery Jim and Red-Handed Mike, and I am the Indian chief, Big Thunder, and all the rest of you are my braves.

"Now, while the banker and the tenderfoot lock up their vaults and begin countin' their gold, you two villains rush in and bind them hand and foot and rob the bank. Here is a whole ball of twine, but you must forget to gag 'em, and so they holler and in rushes Big Thunder with his braves, and they seize the two villains and set the others free. Now, everybody get out of sight while Tom and Will fix up the bank."

There was a yell of approval over the prospect of this exciting sport, and Indians and desperadoes speedily disappeared behind apple tree trunks and the neighboring hen house.

Grandma Burgess's knitting had dropped into her lap, and, unnoticed, the kitten was slyly pulling the needles out of the even stitches.

"Mary," she began briskly, when her daughter-in-law entered the room a few moments later, "do you remember the book you found hidden in Teddy's room several weeks ago?"

"Yes, mother, why?"

"What was the name of it, my dear?"

"Oh, something about a bank robbery at Lone Pine, I did not think it was a book with a good influence, and I burned it, you remember."

"Yes, I know you did," the old lady continued, "but has it ever occurred to you that you cannot burn influences; they are branded into our being and unconsciously become part of the warp and woof of our characters? Now, Teddy has his usual following of a dozen or so boys, and they are acting that silly book out in a very realistic way. Just listen!"

The shouts and yells of the baffled burglars resounded from the orchard as Big Thunder pounced upon them.

"I tell you," resumed grandma Burgess, "we are to blame. I don't mean that we have neglected them in the way of victuals and clothes and things, but in the way of food for the mind. How many families in Sleepy Hollow do you suppose take a boy's paper or buy an up-to-date boy's book once a year? These active minds and brains must have employment and if we don't provide good readin', why, they'll find bad. I tell you Sleepy Hollow has got to be awakened and I declare I don't know but it'll most need resurrectin'."

"I know, mother, but the boys must play in the open air and they don't mean any harm, although what you say is all true enough. And I can't see what can be done, can you?"

"To be sure they must play out of doors," responded the old lady with a frown, "but they needn't play they are a pack of desperate characters, or first you know, Mary Burgess, these same boys will think it smart to be desperate in reality. Everything must have a beginnin' somewhere. Now, I think a good paper that told those boys how to build a boat would be more instructive and would give them just as much fresh air, and as for what can

be done—wait," and the speaker nodded her head, and seized the neglected knitting.

When Ted came in to dinner, he was almost minus one coat sleeve that had all but parted company with the armhole in the thick of the fray. As grandma Burgess stitched away at the yawning rent, she asked abruptly:

"Teddy, how many eggs do you expect to have to color, and make pinholes in, and roast in the ashes for your Easter celebration?"

"I don't know, grandma; about two dozen I guess. Father gave me three dozen last year, but eggs are higher this year."

Grandma nodded. "Twenty cents a dozen, and two dozen would be worth forty cents, and the dye-stuffs and brushes another ten?"

"Yes," replied Ted wonderingly. "Why?"

"Well, I was thinking we could have all our Easter except those eggs, and if you wanted to take that fifty cents I would put another fifty with it, and that would give you a whole year's subscription to some good paper."

Ted looked interested.

"I know," he said eagerly, "say THE AMERICAN BOY, you remember Cousin Ray sent me two copies at Christmas and they were great!"

"That would be a wise selection, Teddy, I am sure, but isn't it too bad you will be the only boy in Sleepy Hollow to have such a treat. Now, suppose it shows you how to build a boat, or make a stamp collection. No other boy can help you because, you see, they will not know how."

"I could lend the paper after I finish, but, say, why couldn't the other boys save their money and have papers, too? We could take different ones and trade when we finished them; that would be jim-dandy." Ted was getting excited. Already the idea was fermenting in his brain, and rendering his feet uneasy.

Grandma Burgess looked over her glasses, with a twinkle in her eye. The coat sleeve was almost in, but she was sewing very slowly. "That would be fine," grandma assented; "perhaps you could have a readin' room where you all could go when it rained or was stormy."

Ted sat thoughtfully quiet. "I can see the way clear," he said, "to talk the boys over, but I can't see how we could have a room, can you?"

"Well, I don't know," the old lady answered cautiously, "if you get the boys to contribute the Easter egg money, I will see what I can do; only remember, you must go right to work, as it is to be an Easter affair, you know, instead of the eggs."

For several days Ted was very important with a notebook and pencil much in evidence, and grandma Burgess was not far behind in her mysterious journeyings to and fro. She called upon the ministers of the two churches and the school teacher, and almost all of the village people. Every one seemed to have been waiting for some one else to start the ball rolling.



"Teddy, how many eggs do you expect to have to color?"

The widow Brown was sure it was lack of profitable recreation that had led her Ben into the wild life that had been his ruin. Mrs. Pratt acknowledged her inability to supply her three boys with the reading of which they were so fond, and wept as she thought how John, the oldest lad, had tired of the monotonous home life, and run away to find the adventures of which he read in the few trashy novels that had fallen into his hands. More than one mother confessed to having intercepted and destroyed books that ought never to have seen the light of day.

"It just seems," said grandma Burgess that night when she reached home, "as if Sleepy Hollow people have been sleeping right on the very line of a lighted fuse, and haven't had gumption enough to get up and put it out, before it threatened to blow the prospects of our boys higher'n a kite. Queer, but I suppose we are as bad as the rest."

However, now that there was some one to go ahead and take the initiative, the response was both hearty and unanimous. When Ted proudly showed his book to his grandmother at the end of the week, she gave him a pat of approval.

"You have done well, dear," she said; "twelve dollars will buy a lot of good readin' these days."

"Yes, but the place, grandma?"

The old lady smiled, and drew out her book, which Ted had not seen before.

"In the first place," she said, wiping her glasses and adjusting them carefully, "the school trustees have promised us the use of that unused classroom, provided we heat and light it and keep it in order, and have somebody grown-up in charge while it is open. Next, the teacher, Miss Henry, and three other young ladies have promised to take turns in bein' there when it is open."

Ted whistled, "Well, who would have thought anybody cared about us fellows that much!"

"Mr. Durgan, the grocer, says he will contribute enough kerosene to light the room for a year, and says to tell you boys that he does it in remembrance of his boy Sammy, who lies on the hill, you know. A number who couldn't give money have promised to help with wood in the fall. And old man Bennet, that every one has called such a crusty old fellow, listened to my story and then asked me to go into a big storeroom off the hall. Without a word he took a hammer and knocked the covers loose from three big boxes filled with books. 'Take 'em,' he said hoarsely, 'they were Tom's when he was a lad, and now he rests in some unknown spot beneath Cuban skies. They may as well go to the other boys now; they, too, may some day fall for their country's sake; let them be happy while they may. Say they are from Tom, not from me, and here's a little something to buy some newer reading for them.' And, would you believe it, Teddy Burgess, that old man put a crisp new ten dollar bill into my hand. What do you think of that?" and the old lady looked triumphantly about the room. "The folks of Sleepy Hollow ain't overburdened with money, and yet they have subscribed just thirty seven dollars and ninety four cents in cash, and I call that a pretty respectable showin'."

"You're a brick, grandma," declared Ted so heartily that his mother smiled. "And all the boys will say so, too. My, but jolly isn't any name for it! But what shall we do first to get her a-going?"

"Well, since you are one of the pioneers in this work, you might call a business meetin' of the boys and the friends of the boys. Committees will be appointed, and before you know it, your work is well under way."

A suggestion was enough for Ted, and the meeting was accordingly called, by means of school announcements, and a notice tacked up in the post-office. The response was gratifying, because every boy was there, and most of their mothers and sisters, and some of the fathers, not to mention the few who came from a purely disinterested motive.

A competent chairman was elected and it was decided to call the headquarters "The Wide Awake Reading Room, which was to be kept open three evenings in the week and Saturday afternoons. Between times the books and papers could be taken home subject to certain regulations. A committee of three boys and the teacher was appointed to select the reading material. Every one interested was asked to hand the committee a slip of paper containing the names of two magazines and one book which were desired. These slips were to be filed, and as far as advisable and possible this reading obtained.

The boys were to take turns in keeping the room in order, and the room was at all times to be open to visitors. Another committee had the task of drawing up a few simple regulations, and sure enough the work was well under way.

Every one labored with a will, and it was amazing how much was accomplished in a short time. By taking advantage of clubbing rates the purchasing power of the money was almost doubled, and the showing was far from meager when the books and papers were distributed about the long classroom table.

By means of some hurrying, "The Wide Awake Reading Room" was opened for the Easter holidays. The papers had not nearly all come, but enough to present a tempting array. A neatly written list on the blackboard announced the reading on hand, and that still expected.

Ted said it was like sitting down to a dinner of roast turkey, with the prospect of ice cream and cake to top off with.

The American Boy ROLL OF HONOR

The publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY publish under this head, from month to month, the names of boys, who, in any field of honorable effort have earned distinction, whether in school work, home work, office, factory or farm work, money making pursuits, sports, or any other department of boy activity; acts of heroism, self-sacrifice, manly effort for others will here find recognition, thus giving inspiration to thousands of boys. The roll is not restricted to subscribers to THE AMERICAN BOY. The list will be kept standing and will be added to from month to month, until January, 1903, at which time the Roll will be printed on heavy paper, in colors, ready for framing, and presented free of charge to every one whose name appears thereon. We invite information that will assist us in making up the Roll. The conduct or acts meriting this recognition must bear date since January 1, 1902.

Every Boy Can Have Honorable Distinction in 1902.

- JACOB BLUESTONE, age 16, St. Louis, Mo. Saved a life. EDISON CURRY, age 13, DeLand, Fla. Saved a life May 14. PAUL ROSS, Cato, N. Y. Saved his brother from drowning. ROY K. BENNER, Hazleton, Pa. Excellence in school work. WALTER B. NISSLEY, Florin, Pa. Excellence in school work. SOLON H. RHODES, Irwindale, Cal. Excellence in school work.

- LORENZO MOSHEIM, Seguin, Tex. Excellence in school work. ARTHUR MOSER, age 10, Hooper, Colo. Excellence in school work. BENJAMIN HARRISON, Normal, Ill. Excellence in school work. ERNEST LEROY, age 11, Trenton, N. J. Excellence in school work. KENNETH MOORE, age 10, Baltimore, Md. Excellence in school work. HAROLD HARTSOUGH, age 11, Cleveland, O. Excellence in school work. RODDY MURCHISON, age 16, Terry, Mont. Rescuing a baby from drowning. GLEN B. CLIPPELL, age 16, Colon, Mich. Bravery in attempting to save life. RAYMOND CLARK, age 15, Chicago, Ill. Saved the life of a little girl in a runaway. ARCHIE KAY, age 7, New York City. Saved the life of a playmate January 17th. DONALD RIGG, age 10, Kidder, Mo. Sacrifice for others. High standing in school. JAMES HORTON, Philadelphia. Saved lives by stopping a runaway horse, January 2d. OSCAR BELA, Chicago, Ill. As elevator boy, saved the lives of many people, January 18th. EDWARD O'DEA, age 14, Buffalo, N. Y. Medal winner in school work and excellence in athletics. JAMES SHEA, Age 14, Philadelphia, Pa. Heroic attempt to save the life of a drowning playmate, July 7. HARRY BROOKS, age 14, Hinton Ky. Successfully passed the teachers' examination at Cynthiana, Ky. J. DE VOE WILKINS, age 12, Port Chester, N. Y. Attended school for five years without missing a day. BEN O. WILKINS, age 15, Port Chester, N. Y. Attended school for eight years without missing a day.

- EDWARD MAHER, age 12, Williamsburg, N. Y. Save his brother from drowning at the risk of his own life. VINCENT E. DAILEY, Albany, N. Y. Excellence in school work and effective work in athletics and money earning. STURLEY CUTHBERT WOLFF, age 13, St. Louis, Mo. Remarkable intelligence and enterprise in school work and in money making. BYRON L. KELSO, aged 14, Terre Haute, Ind. Highest grade in school work in five successive examinations. His grades in no case fell below 90. TOMMY DEAN, age 16, Cincinnati, O., who has won the title in Cincinnati of "Canal life-saver" by having rescued four boys from drowning in the canal. EDWARD A. HANCHETT, Dallas, Tex. Medal winner in St. Mathew's Cathedral Choir. Greatest general usefulness and highest excellence in choir work. WILLIAM SCHILL, Detroit, Mich. Prize winner in a newspaper literary contest and one of the most provident among Detroit newsboys. GEORGE N. RAGAN, Pueblo, Colo. Remarkable industry and enterprise shown in money making pursuits, and unusual wisdom shown in taking care of and spending his money.

Wish Till It Hurts.

Some one in telling boys how to succeed says that they must learn to wish. To wish until it hurts and hurts—that is the wish that comes true! Wish till the whole world and poverty and no friends and ill health cannot stop it. If the boy wishes this way he will work. A boy who would just like to succeed will probably not succeed; but the boy who wishes to succeed till he cannot eat or sleep or do anything but work for wishing, will have success.

The Care of the Dog.

A dog should have exercise, not simply be led about by a chain, but allowed and encouraged to run. For small pet dogs a good way to induce exercise is to give the animal a rubber ball. In the case of large dogs they ought to have a run of at least six miles a day. We have often heard pity expressed for dogs that are compelled to follow their master on long rides, and particularly when the master is bowling along in a street car. The pity is usually wasted, as the dog is getting the very best of exercise and his long run will do him good. Dogs that are kept indoors, as pet dogs, will not need kennels, but the out-of-door dog will need some kind of a home built for him. If there are several dogs each should have a sleeping place of his own. A good kennel is a house about four feet long, two feet wide and three feet high, with a peaked roof, sloping on two sides, and a removable bottom. The house should stand on four posts about six inches from the ground. If it is desirable to keep the dog chained up it is a good plan to fix near the kennel two posts some fifteen feet apart on which stout wire is strung about three feet from the ground. On this wire an iron ring should run, to which the dog's chain is attached. By making the chain long enough the dog can run in and out of his kennel and have considerable space for romping and playing, and still be confined. The house should be divided into two rooms, with a door fourteen inches high leading into one of them from the outside. There should, of course, be a door between the two rooms. The inner room should be the dog's bedroom, and that this may be warm enough in winter a carpet may be hung over the outside door. The kennel should face the south, and every few weeks it should be thoroughly disinfected. This may be done by applying bichloride of mercury with a brush to every crevice. Then the interior should be exposed for a time to the sun. Cedar or pine shavings make good bedding for the summer, and rye straw for the winter. The dog should be washed once a week. Short-haired pet dogs should be brushed every day with a stiff brush, and long-haired dogs should be combed frequently.

BOYS AND ANIMALS



A Cart Full of Friends.

Mrs. M. E. Stone, Waldron, Mo., sends us a photograph of her four children, for whom, she says, she subscribed for THE AMERICAN BOY nearly three years ago. The quartet is older now by several years than when the picture was taken. The boy driving the goat can now drive a two-horse team. That little girl in the front seat says she doesn't understand why so much is done for the boys. Mrs. Stone wants us to know how much THE AMERICAN BOY is admired by her little family. "This is our glorious Fourth," she says, "and they all hurrah for THE AMERICAN BOY. May it live to celebrate its centennial."

E. H. CLAYTON, Bayonne, N. J., gave some carrier pigeons to a man living at Fishkill, N. Y., seventy miles from Bayonne. After the pigeons were confined two months and a half three of them were liberated. These three circled around a few times and flew to Bayonne, arriving there in two hours.—HUGH PIKE, Birmingham, Ala., is a chicken fancier, having brown Leghorns, light Brahmas and black Spanish. In three days he got three dozen eggs from fourteen hens.—NELSON BROWNE, Waterville, N. Y., has found much pleasure the few weeks last past in watching a few simple plants grow. He has an orange tree, a primrose, and a pot of green moss. He also has a plant that he has watched with interest, and that he says is so common that almost any boy can grow it. He took a good healthy carrot, cut the top off three inches down, then cut the top part, making a little hanging basket out of it. He filled the cavity with water. In a short time the carrot sprouted beautiful green shoots of foliage. He intends to grow some peanuts this year.—J. C. ERTANS, Waterloo, Ia., has been

training his dog after directions found in THE AMERICAN BOY, and the dog is showing what he can do after having had two lessons.—JAMES IFILL, of Philadelphia, fourteen years old, and his dog "Jack" are having a good time sailing around the world in the fastest sailing vessel afloat. The boy is a guest of the son of the captain of the vessel. He is accompanied by a tutor, who is attending to his education. He is studying the customs of the people and the political conditions of the countries he visits, and with a camera taking pictures of everything that impresses him.

Composition on Hens.

"Hens is curious animals. They don't have no nose, nor no teeth, nor no ears. "The outside of hens is generally put into pillars and feather dusters. The inside of a hen is sometimes filled up with marbles and shirt buttons and sich. A hen is very much smaller than a good many other animals, but they'll dig up



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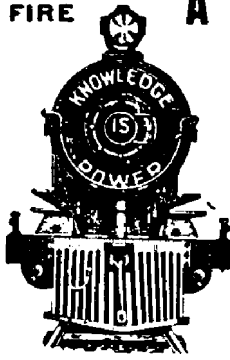
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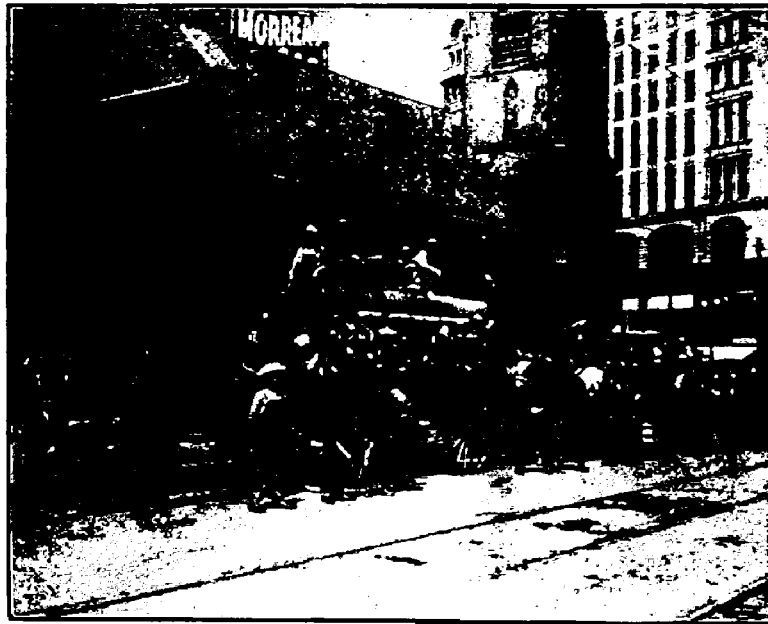


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BOYS in the HOME, CHURCH and SCHOOL



Y. M. C. A. JUNIORS, OF CLEVELAND, ON THEIR MARCH.

Y. M. C. A. Juniors on Their Long Journey Through Ohio.

Shortly after dark on the evening of July 21, there passed through Hudson, O., a lively cavalcade of boys who made the place echo with their yells. These boys were the members of the Central and West Side Junior departments of the Cleveland Y. M. C. A. on their tour, gypsy fashion, through the state. Instead of selecting any one place to camp it was decided to spend two weeks on the road, advancing at the rate of from twenty to thirty miles a day and visiting many historic places. The start was made from the Y. M. C. A. building of Cleveland about 9:30 o'clock on the morning of the 21st, their first stop being made at Hudson, where they pitched camp a short distance north of the town. The party numbered thirty six, thirty one of whom were boys. Of the five men two were Y. M. C. A. workers, two were drivers, and one a cook.

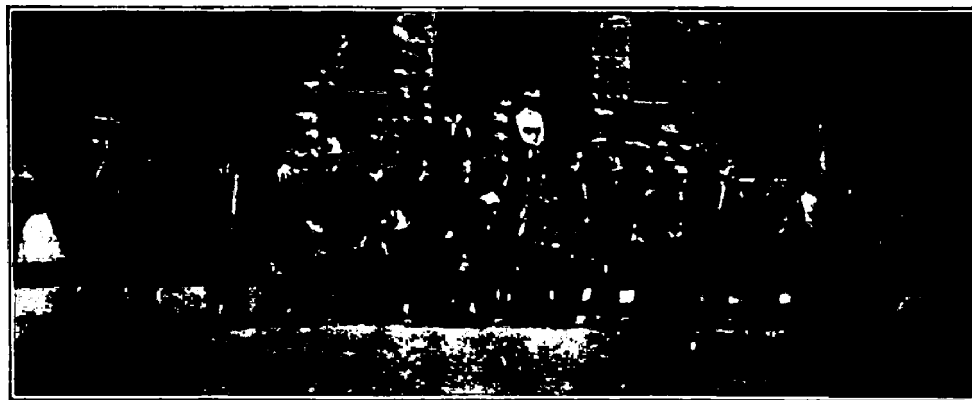
chastised forty nine pupils in thirty seven minutes. A minstrel parade appeared just before the time for the school to assemble for the afternoon session. Every one of the pupils, even to the "littlest girl," struck and followed the band. During the afternoon the children straggled in and when the last one had appeared the professor called an executive session in the basement, where he had put away a nice piece of garden hose of convenient length. In thirty seven minutes after the forty nine children had assembled in the cellar they were marched back to their desks and every one of them had had a taste of garden hose.

His Repertoire.

"Have you learned any fancy methods of skating?" asked the young woman. "No," replied Willie Washington, "I can skate only two ways." "Which are they?" "Standing up and sitting down."—Washington Star.

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A Waterbury, Conn., teacher is the champion spanker of the world. Recently he



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A Cure for Crime.

A writer in the North American Review asserts that manual training is almost as good a preventative of crime as vaccination is of smallpox. "What per cent. of the prisoners under your care have received any manual training?" a northern man asked the warden of a southern penitentiary. "Not one per cent.," replied the warden. "Have you no mechanics in prison?" "Only one mechanic, a house-painter." "Have you any shoemakers?" "Never had a shoemaker." "Have you any tailors?" "Never had a tailor." "Any carpenters?" "Never had a man in this prison that could draw a straight line."

QUITE CORRECT.—Teacher: "What zone is this in which we live?" Johnny: "Temperate." Teacher: "Correct. Now, what is meant by a 'temperate zone?'" Johnny: "It's a place where it's freezin' cold in winter an' red-hot in summer."



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# The Inventor

## Margaret Went-

ON Main street, in Charlestown, Mass., almost within the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument, stands a small, old-fashioned wooden house. Most of the surrounding buildings, which are brick, tower far above it. Elm trees shade the front from the fiery summer sun and their branches tap at the small, square-paned windows when fierce winter winds hold sway. The lower floor is used for shops. On the second floor is a square, low studded room with two windows looking toward Boston, a mile or more away, and two others looking down on the busy thoroughfare below.

A hundred and eleven years ago in this room a boy was born. He was called Samuel, and one day, as he lay in his cradle, a friend of his father's came to see him. This visitor, describing the child to a friend, said, "I saw him asleep, so can say nothing of his eye or the genius peeping through it. He may have the sagacity of a Jewish Rabbi, or the profundity of a Calvin, or the sublimity of a Homer, for aught I know, but time will bring forth all things," which in this case it surely did, for the birth of that child was destined to make a great change over the whole civilized world.

Samuel grew apace, and when he was four years old his father sent him to Ma'am Rand's school. Now Ma'am Rand was an old woman, so feeble that she did not once rise from her chair after seating herself in it in the morning, till school was finished in the afternoon. Perhaps you will think that the boys and girls in her school must have had a jolly time, and that they could whisper, write notes, play, and do about as they chose, and that the poor old teacher could be none the wiser; but not so. Ma'am Rand not only possessed an "eagle eye," which she seemed to be able to keep fixed upon every child all of the time, but a rattan that was long enough to reach to the farthest corners of the room. No sooner did she see one of her little flock turn, with a mischievous look toward his neighbor, than the rattan descended on his unlucky head in no gentle manner.

Samuel, when still a very little boy, began to develop a taste for drawing. One day, when Ma'am Rand's attention was for a few minutes occupied in looking over the children's sums he seized the opportunity to hastily sketch her portrait. This he drew with a pin on a chest that stood in the room. No sooner was it discovered than Samuel was called up and securely pinned to Ma'am's gown. This being little to his taste, he began to pull, and so well did he succeed that not only he, but the dress skirt itself, parted company from the angry schoolma'am. After this experience she concluded that Samuel was



SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE.

grown too large for this kind of punishment, and vigorously used the rattan upon him whenever she thought it necessary.

When Samuel was seven years old he parted, no doubt with little regret, from his old teacher, and went to the preparatory school at Andover, where he was fitted for Phillips Academy, and at fourteen he entered Yale College, where he graduated in 1810. It was there, in Prof. Day's class in Natural Philosophy, that he first became interested in experiments in electricity—experiments that finally led to the invention of the electric telegraph, the most marvelous invention of the nineteenth century, indeed of all time.

Samuel's father being poor, was not able to support him through college, but the boy painted portraits of his classmates and his landlord, to help pay his board and tuition. He received the generous price of one dollar each for profiles. In 1811 he went to England with Washington Allston, where he studied the art of painting under Benjamin West. In 1813 he received the gold medal of the Adelphi Society of Arts for an original model of a dying Hercules, his first attempt in sculpture. On his return home in 1815, he practiced the art of painting, chiefly in portraiture, in Boston, Charleston, S. C., and in New York, where, in 1824-5, he laid the foundation of the National Academy of Design, becoming its first president and retaining the office sixteen years.

At the same time his interest was turning more and more towards electrical matters. One day, in 1832, on a voyage home from Europe, after a conversation with Dr. Jackson on the latest discoveries in electro-magnetism, he said to the Captain,

# of the Telegraph

## worth Leighton

"Well, if you hear of the telegraph one of those days as the wonder of the world, remember that the discovery, was made on board the good ship Sully."

Before the close of the year he had a mile of telegraph wire producing satisfactory results, in a room at the University of the city of New York in which, while abroad, he had been elected to a professorship.

Samuel had a brother, a New York newspaper editor, who gave him an upper room in the newspaper building and here he worked, ate and slept. At this time he was so poor he bought his food after dark, so that people would be less likely to know how little he had to live upon. One of his art pupils tells how sorry he and his fellow pupils were when Morse called them together to see some of his electrical experiments, because they "grieved to see the sketch upon the canvas untouched."

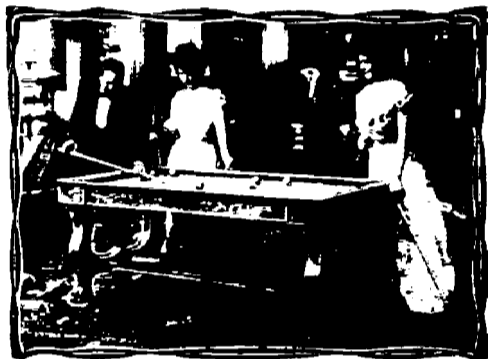
During all the time of his experiments, he tried very hard to get Congress to appropriate a sum of money for him to try his telegraph between two cities, but the appropriation was very slow in coming. At last after twelve years of bitter poverty, ridicule and hardship, he gave up all hope of money from the government. When about starting for New York from Washington, he found he had just thirty seven and a half cents more than enough to pay his fare. The hotel porter roused him from his bed in the early morning, saying that a young lady waited below to see him. He hurried down and found Miss Annie Ellsworth, the daughter of his friend, the Commissioner of Patents. It seems that his bill had passed the night before and the young lady had come to congratulate him.

The bill which passed on the last evening of the session of 1842-43, at near the midnight hour, placed at his disposal \$30,000.

You can imagine his joy to think that now at last he could build the trial line, which had been his dream for so many years. The line was laid in the spring of 1844 between Washington and Baltimore. Miss Ellsworth suggested that the first message should be, "What hath God wrought?" and this was sent by Morse in Washington and received by his assistant, Henry T. Rogers, in Baltimore. Then the skeptical, scoffing public was forced to admit at last that Morse's telegraph was truly the greatest invention of the age.

At that time the Democratic National Convention was in session at Baltimore and the first public message that was flashed over the wires was the announcement of that convention to their friends in Washington of the nomination of James K. Polk for President of the United States. Then came fame and honor. Yale College conferred on him the degree of L. D.

(Continued on page 362.)



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# Muswak—A Tale of the North Woods—Frederick E. Scottford



**M**HIS is a story of Muswak. Not "the" story mind, for stories of this far famed stag are as plentiful among the Chippewas, as blackberries are in their country in August. This story was told me by Tonka himself, one chill October evening, as he crouched in the heat of a great camp fire which cast a ruddy glow upon the uneasy waters of the Namekogin.

Far to the north, upon the great backbone of iron and copper which separates the waters of Lake Superior from the Mississippi Valley, in the great forests of pine and hemlock and spruce which hide uncounted myriads of God's creatures, lived a stag.

The Chippewas called him Muswak—"the cunning one"—because year after year their best hunters tracked him in vain, year after year the great antlers grew wider and heavier, and the spreading hoofprints eclipsed in size those of all the other stags which roamed the great woods.

Muswak was the undisputed monarch of the range, the pride and terror of the fattest, sleekest does, and the envy of innumerable spikehorns who secretly aspired to the leadership of his herd.

Even Shunta, the great timber wolf, who led a devastating pack of his kind through the forests during the cold winter months when snow was deep and food scarce, bearing down by sheer force of numbers every living thing, found in Muswak and his herd more than a match in cunning and resourcefulness.

As the years passed, Muswak grew shrewder and still more cunning—versed in the ways of men with guns, wise in all the baffling tricks which lead wolves and men astray.

For miles to the East and South and West and North his track was known, three wide spreading double crescents driven well into the moist earth at their slender points, and the fourth—that made by the right forefoot a clumsy, unformed patch, a grim reminder of his younger and less wise days when the ball from a rifle had found and shattered the bone just above the graceful hoof.

Tonka was unhappy.

The demon of envy had taken possession of him, and instead of the light-hearted, active young Indian his friends were accustomed to, he moped about the village of tepees by the shore of Namekogin Lake, a very disagreeable young redskin indeed.

Tonka had no gun.

Years before in his boyhood days, he had acquired the steel ramrod from an old army musket, but of what earthly value to Tonka was a ramrod, when every other young buck in the village of his age, was the proud possessor of some sort of firearm, and most of them were fond of telling long tales of successful hunts and were the vain owners of savage necklaces of the claws or teeth of bears, wolves, lynx or wildcats, which in those days abounded in that region.

The ridicule of the squaws and girls of the village was hard enough for the youngster to bear, but when the young men, his former companions, let drop unpleasant remarks about his lack of skill as a hunter, and that morning before daylight roughly told him to stay and play with the girls, when he would have accompanied them upon a hunting excursion, his cup of woe was more than full.

Deep in his heart Tonka knew that he, the swiftest runner and best trailer among the youths of the

village, could do as well as any of them if he was only given a chance.

Into the gray murkiness before the chill northern dawn went Tonka, mad with rage and disappointment, determined to leave the village and its unpleasant associations forever.

Break of day found him skirting the sandy, wave-washed beach of one of the many lakes thereabout.

As he arose from his knees after slaking his thirst from the clear, cold waters of the lake his eyes detected a confusion of hoofprints in the sand by the water's edge, and in the snow beyond the wash of the waves.

Muswak had also stopped there for a drink and that within the past ten minutes. The deep pointed hoofprints in the wet sand, not yet filled with water told that story.

Idly examining the footprints Tonka was struck with a brilliant idea. He had often heard old White Eagle say that a strong runner might run down and

Tightening the leathern thong about his slender waist, and grasping his precious ramrod with a firmer grip, Tonka picked up the trail where the stag had trotted quietly out of sight among the balsams and jack pines which covered the hillside, and as noiselessly as Imashun, the tawny lynx that slunk from his approach, he crept up the hillside along the trail of the stag.

So quietly did he move that as he raised himself above the great trunk of a fallen pine, he found himself face to face with the deer, who was standing quietly, looking back along the trail.

For a moment the stag seemed petrified by surprise, then with a w-h-e-e-e-w of alarm, he wheeled and dashed away in a series of magnificent leaps that carried him out of sight before the boy could realize that he had gone.

Tonka had forgotten his anger, now. Filled with the lust of hunting he trotted doggedly along the trail, watching each hilltop within sight as he ran, in the hope of getting another glimpse of the deer in his winding flight. He knew that the stag would stop and rest before going far.

As the great leaps grew shorter and shorter, the trail became easier to follow, and when the footprints showed that the buck had merged the run into a trot and finally a walk, Tonka knew that he was nearby.

A little farther and he was rewarded by a momentary glimpse of the great antlers waved in ironical farewell, as Muswak raced away for the second time that morning from the hated sight and odor of man.

Muswak was annoyed—he would trick this red shadow as he had dozens of others before.

By what right did this impertinent manling follow the ruler of the Namekogin range?

Muswak now set himself seriously to eluding his pursuer, never doubting that he would puzzle him, mystify him, lead him astray and shortly lose him altogether.

For a mile he picked his way carefully along the hillsides, choosing those spots where the sun had melted the snow and walking upon stones and even upon fallen trees, wherever possible, and finally from the vantage of an outjutting shelf of rock leaped far up the hill in one mighty bound, and after trotting a short distance on up the slope to a point where he could overlook a wide stretch of country, lay down among the dry pine needles under a bunch of "jacks" to rejoice over the discomfiture of Tonka. He was just a little tired after the unaccustomed exercise, and needed rest.

But his rejoicing was short lived.

He had hardly lain down, it seemed to him, before even his near-sighted eyes made out a moving blur far down the valley, which shortly took the form of a moving man. Uneasily he noted that the Indian was hardly delayed by the imperfect trail he had left.

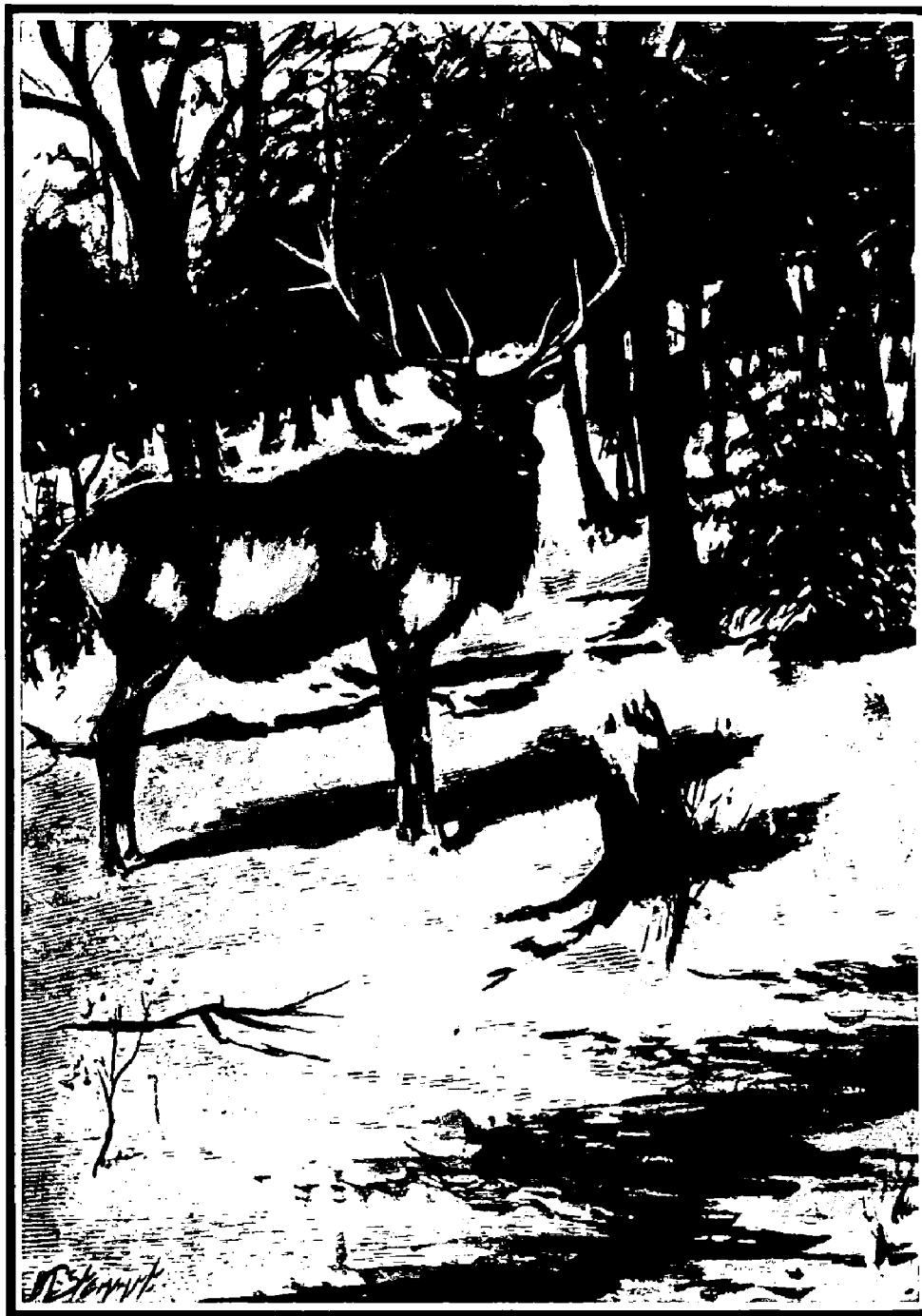
Like a hound at fault Tonka overran the trail, and the stag breathed freer as the boy worked back and forth, casting here and there for the lost tracks, always too far down the back trail to find them.

Bending low, his eyes intently searching the surface of the soil, Tonka worked down toward the out-

jutting shelf of sandstone from which the stag had made that leap.

A carelessly loosened stone caught his eye; the faintest possible indentation of the soil by a pointed hoof near the edge of the rocky shelf, brought the youngster to the end of the trail.

Slowly he circled, examining every inch of soil,



THE UNDISPUTED MONARCH OF THE RANGE.

tire out the fleetest deer in a few hours. Why should not he, who could run from morning to night without rest, do this very thing.

To his youthful mind it was as good as accomplished, he could almost hear the chorus of approving grunts the recital of the tale would call forth around the lodge fire.

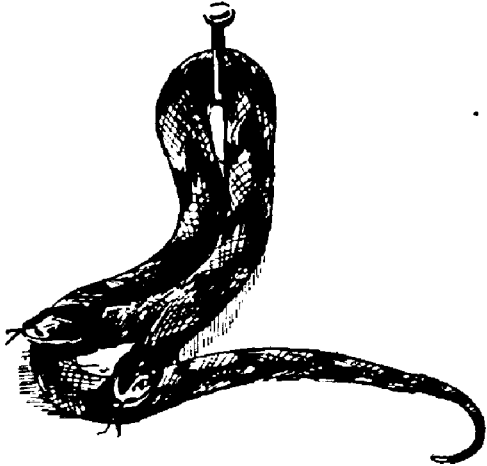


Two-Headed Snake at the Park.

A snake with two distinct heads is a much prized acquisition to the serpent population of the New York Zoological Park. It is only a little milk snake, about ten inches long, but as a freak it is almost perfect. It was caught three days ago in Pelham avenue, where that thoroughfare crosses the Bronx park.

When the snake was first seen it was lying in the road, and could easily have escaped had not one head wanted to go one way and the other head the other.

The keeper in charge of the snakes is much afraid that the freak will die, for it



will not eat. It drinks all right, but when food is placed before it the two heads fall to fighting and try to bite each other.

In other ways, however, the two heads show a commendable inclination to cooperate. The little serpent has been shedding its skin. When the discarding of the old coat had got as far as the junction of the necks, the heads combined their efforts to finishing the job. It was hoped that this display of brotherly feeling on the part of the two heads meant a reformation, but hope died away when the snake was tempted to eat again. The heads renewed their fight.

Mr. Ditmars was worried yesterday over the condition of Sultan, one of the orang outangs. He seemed to be suffering from a kind of fever.—Exchange.

The Dragon Fly Prize.

The prize offered in the August number of THE AMERICAN BOY for the best account of the dragon fly made up entirely from original observation is awarded to A. T. Welker, Collomsville, Pa. Honorary mention is awarded to Willie M. Lunt, San Francisco. Among the good papers offered in competition choice was difficult. The closeness of observation shown in the

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 1876. Incorporated in 1892. Short notes of personal observations are particularly desired for use in the A. A. department. Send illustrations when convenient. Questions are invited. Address H. H. BALLARD, Pittsfield, Mass.

following extract from the successful paper decided the question:

"One day I saw crawling out of the mud of the brook a something that looked like the chrysalis of a locust, only a little larger. It fastened itself by the porch steps, about one and a half feet from the ground. Soon another followed in the same manner. The sunshine dried the pupa, and shortly there appeared a crack, which gradually widened from the shoulders toward the neck. The inside began to swell and bulge and heave. Soon the head and legs were out. To extract the abdomen and all of its belongings was not so easy; yet after some hard twisting and



DRAGON FLIES IN THE LARVA PUPA AND IMAGO STATE.

jerking movements, there appeared what looked twice as large as the pupa. It seemed to have no wings, but a mass of muclage-like substance where the wings should be.

The air and sunshine cured it well, and little by little it began to spread the little membranes, which, when fully extended, were four large wings, that, as soon as entirely dried, carried it away out of sight." We reproduce from Tenney's "Elements of Zoology" a picture which clearly shows the strange transformation of these insects. Some minds discern a spiritual significance in the operations of nature, and to such the emergence of the grub of the dragon fly from its native watery home into the freedom of the air and the sunlight appear to be prophetic of the passage of the soul of man from a world of death to a world of immortal life. Mrs. Gatty, who, by the way, was the mother of the famous author of "Jack-anapee," has embodied this view most beautifully in her Parables from Nature, in that exquisite story, "Not Lost, But Gone Before."

Swift Snap Shot.

One day as my brother and I were walking by an old barn, we saw some swallows flying around. One of them was carrying a feather in its bill. My brother threw a stone at it, and it dropped the feather. Another swallow came along and caught the feather in the air and carried it off.—Paul K. Burroughs, West Franklin, Pa.

Bushes in Trees.

I saw an elder bush about two feet high growing in the crotch of a tree. I wish you would tell me whether a bird carried the seed there.—Leon Kelly, Montrose, Pa. Owing to decay and various causes a quantity of vegetable mould often accumulates in the crotch of a large tree. Seeds dropped into this mould by birds or squirrels, or the wind sometimes sprout and grow into well-developed plants. Such plants are not parasites, because they do not draw their sustenance from the tree itself, as the mistletoe, for example, does. They may be called guests of the tree.

Annual reports of the Ninth Century Chapters 801-900, should reach the President by November 1.

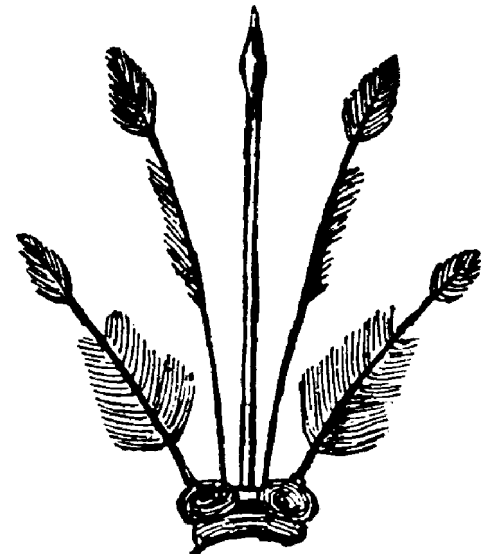
Monstrosities.

We have many letters describing monstrosities, such as chickens with three legs, two-headed colts and the like. It is one of the significant and important facts in nature that such abnormal forms occur, but as a rule they are not particularly pleasant objects to consider, except to the physician or professional scientist. Sometimes they have an interesting bearing on the question of evolution, but they are usually deformities, the result of accident, and result in death. Among other similar freaks quite often reported is the double hen's egg, the latest one being described by Miss Fanny Munshaw, of Crosby, Mich., as follows: "It measured three inches in its long and two in its shorter diameter, and inside it was another hard-shelled egg of ordinary size."

Grows Upside Down.

Last summer my father cut a post of locust. He set the post upside down in the ground, and now it has limbs growing out from all sides.—Floyd Cary Lewis O.

Always send a picture to illustrate your observations, when possible.



As this has been a busy year for mosquitoes and we have become better acquainted with them, it may be interesting to know how they look at close range. Here is a picture of the head of a mosquito under a microscope. The feather-like objects are his feelers, and the pointer in the middle his proboscis.

The Amateur Journalist and Printer

Wolverine Amateur Press Club Convention.

The second annual convention of the Wolverine Amateur Press Club was held at Monroe, Michigan, on July 15 and 16. Amateur journalists were present from many parts of the state. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Franklin A. DeVos, Coopersville; Vice President, James H. Smith, Bay City; Secretary, Earle J. McKain, Jackson; Treasurer, Millard D. Betts, Jackson; Official Editor, James S. Hitchcock, Lansing; Manuscript Manager, Donald R. Heath, Monroe. Next convention city, Jackson. The contest for office was very warm, the Secretary being elected on the fourth ballot. The banquet served at the club rooms of the local club was a great success. The next convention, to be held in Jackson in July, 1903, from present indications, promises to be the greatest gathering of amateur journalists in the history of Michigan. All persons interested in amateur journalism are invited to attend. Full particulars of the objects and benefits of amateur journalism and the Wolverine Amateur Press Club in particular will be cheerfully furnished by any of the officers.

A Good Example of Persistent Energy.

GEORGE WHITFIELD D'VYS.

"Amateurism" issues many creditable papers, but it is a question if there is a brighter, natter or more perfect publication than the fifty cent per annum magazine, the Printer-Journalist, published bi-monthly at 372 Pearl street, Brooklyn, N. Y., by Charles A. Williams and his associate, John B. Kelly.

It will surprise our readers to learn that Charles Williams is yet in his sixteenth year. He has always had the "printers' ink fever," for at nine years of age we find him sticking type for his own 2x3 hand press, surmounting all difficulties, and turning out some really creditable work. Years roll on and the "fever" sticks to the extent that today his printing outfit is

worth about \$175, all the cash this enthusiast could secure going toward enlarging his printing facilities.

Young Williams was born in London, England, July 1, 1886, his family coming to America the following year and settling in Brooklyn. He graduated from Public School No. 1 in February, 1900, when the tiny press gave way to the 9x6 self-inking hand press which prints the Printer-Journalist of to-day, and strikes off many a job, the profits from which are devoted to "enlargement."

So in love with the "art preservative" is he that printing-trade journals and books on the subject dear to his heart form a large and well read library.

His first journalistic venture was "Ben, the Bootblack," and, at a nickel each, about 150 copies were sold. This was a twenty four page booklet and was revised by his high school teacher.

During the vacation after a term at the Commercial High School, he secured employment in the office of Warland and Warland, prominent New York lawyers. In order to retain this position and at the same time continue his education, he availed himself of that priceless boon to aspiring youth, the evening school, and attended Browne's Business College, from which, in March last, he received a diploma for efficiency in shorthand and typewriting. In November, 1900, with F. Wulf, he

launched The Enterprise, which continued until June, 1901, and was succeeded in October by The Clipper, with John B. Kelly, of 121 Tillary street, Brooklyn, as successor to Mr. Wulf, and the same enthusiasts publish the Printer-Journalist.

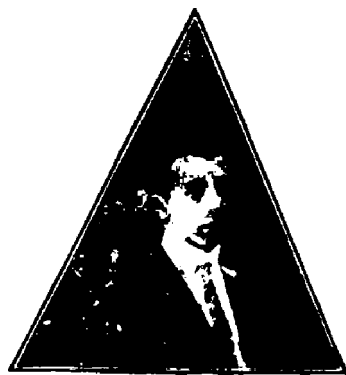
With truth and integrity as a safeguard, we hail boys like Williams, for just such push, force and energy in the men of tomorrow will keep America where she stands to-day—a leader among nations.



IRA EUGENE SEYMOUR, Kansas City, Mo. Vice-President U. A. P. A.

School Papers.

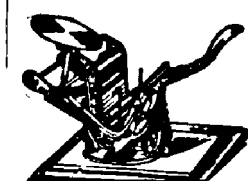
The Choate School Brief, published by the students of the Choate School, at Wallingford, Conn., is a publication that does credit to the students and also to the school. Why is it that so many private boys' schools get out commendable publications either annually or monthly while so few public schools have such publications? There is no fact that is more beneficial than amateur journalism, and nothing does more to foster a good, healthy school spirit than a well-conducted school publication, edited and managed by the students. There is not a high school in the country that would not benefit by having such a publication. If the teachers don't take it up, we commend the idea to the boys themselves. They will have to be the workers when it is started, so they might as well be the initiators. They will find it pleasant work and well worth their while.



CHARLES A. WILLIAMS.

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# How to Make Things

## How to Make a Wheelbarrow.

The sailor who made this wheelbarrow was cast on an island where he knew he would have to wait for some time before a ship was likely to take him off. So in the meantime he had to provide himself with food and shelter. This was not difficult, for the wreck of his little vessel was close by on the beach. But carrying the material out of it and well up the beach, where it would be safe from tides and storms entailed much labor, so he set to work to make a wheelbarrow. He took a four barrel and a soap box that had washed ashore, and, with hammer and nails from the wreck, he soon finished a perfectly practical wheelbarrow.

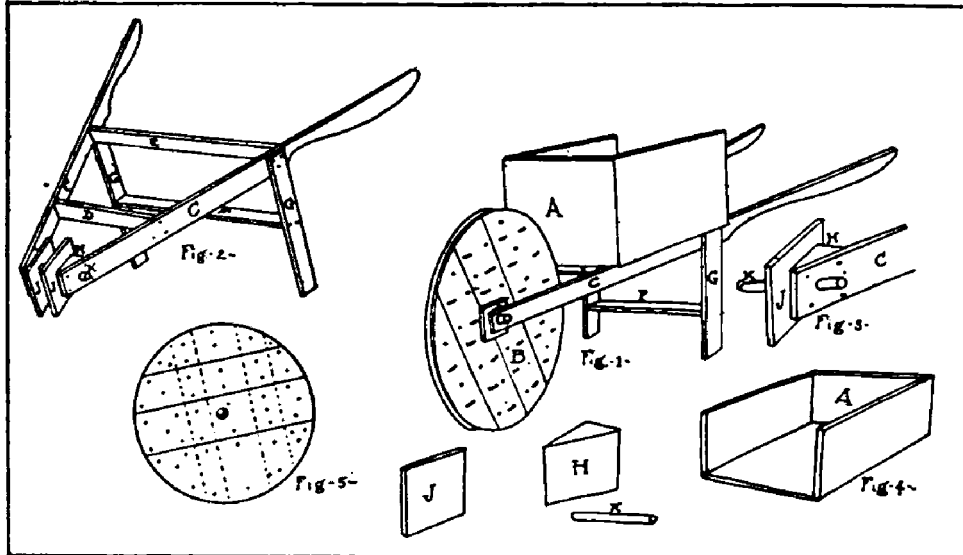
This is the way to do what he did:

## How to Make a Double Swing.

In getting ready to make the swing described here the best thing to do first is to study figure 1 in this picture. It shows the swing complete, and when its details have been mastered the steps told here will be perfectly clear.

To begin, get two old wooden chairs of the common kind used in kitchens. Saw the legs off neatly, so that the bottom of the seats will be entirely smooth.

Then get two strong boards of good wood about twelve inches wide and at least one inch thick. The length of these boards must be such that each one will project twelve inches on either side of the chairs after the latter have been fastened to the boards in the position shown in



Take the two heads out of a barrel. Do it carefully, so that the wood shall not be split. Now, lay these two heads on top of each other, in such a manner that the cracks in the upper one will be at right angles to the cracks in the lower one. The idea, of course, is that the grain of the wood shall be balanced so that whatever way the strain may come the wheel will not split under it.

Having placed the two heads carefully together so that they are exactly true, nail them to each other with short nails, driving some in one side and some in the other. In figure 5, the dotted lines show how the head that is underneath should lie in relation to the top one.

After the two parts have been firmly nailed together so that they will not yield, take a plane and carefully smooth off the edges of the wheel that has been thus made, so that it will be perfectly round. Be careful to plane only a very little at one time. A good way to make sure that the wheel is true is to draw a circle of just the size of the wheel. You can make it with a piece of string and a nail for a compass. Then you can lay the wheel on the drawing from time to time to compare it until it is perfect.

Now, get two pieces of wood about four inches wide, three quarters of an inch thick and four feet long and shape the ends into neat, comfortable handles as shown in C in figure 1. To the square end of each handle (at K, in figure 2) nail a wedge-shaped block. This block should be made of a piece of wood about four inches square on the sides. One edge should be pointed, just like the wedge. The other end of it should be about three quarters of an inch thick.

Nail this to the square end of each handle, as shown in H, figure 3.

Now, when you have thus finished both handles, you will be ready to make the axle and the wheel blocks.

The axle, K, is merely a piece of broomstick six inches long. The wheel blocks are intended to give the wheel a steady support so that it will not wobble on the axle. They are made of a piece of wood about half an inch thick and six inches square, and are nailed firmly to the wedge, as shown in figure 3.

Now, bore holes through the handles, wedges and wheel blocks to admit the axle. Then bore holes through the wheel, but be careful to make this hole a little smaller than the others, for the object is to have the wheel grip the axle so firmly that instead of the wheel revolving on the axle, the axle will do the turning in the handle.

After the wheel has been properly adjusted, the handles will be in just the position that they are to maintain in the completed wheelbarrow. All they need are braces to keep them rigid. These braces are shown in D and E, figure 2. It is better to screw these to the handles. Nails are too likely to work loose after a while.

After this has been done, all that remains to complete the frame is to attach the legs G and G in figure 2. These must be strengthened with the frame F, as otherwise they would spread apart when the wheelbarrow is loaded.

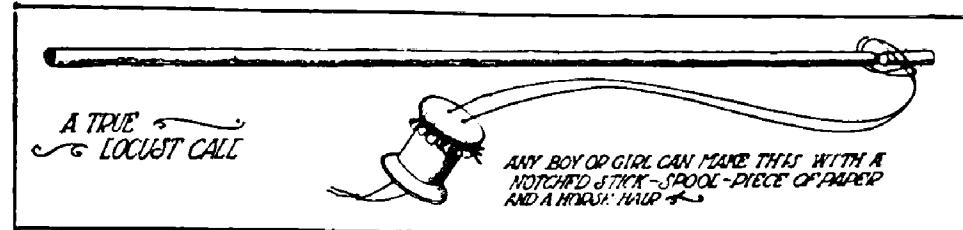
You are ready now to make the body of the wheelbarrow. This is a much more simple matter than the rest of the work, for you need only to knock the top and end out of an ordinary soapbox. Set this on top of the frame as shown in A, figure 1. Screw or nail it on firmly.

figure 4. In fastening the chair seats, remember that the wood of which chairs are made is extremely likely to split along the grain. It is better to bore holes for the screws or nails first, with a sharp gimlet.

Now get two boards six feet long each, twelve inches wide and one inch or more in thickness. Set the boards that have the chairs fastened to them on the floor, the proper distance apart and lay the long boards, C and D, over the ends of the short boards, E and F, figure 4.

Screw them together with the largest screws that you can handle. If possible, bolt them instead of screwing them. Boys do not use bolts often enough for their work. They are quite as easy to put in as screws and they not only make a much firmer job, but also one that is far neater.

Whether bolts or screws are used, enough must be put in to assure complete rigidity. If only one is used at each corner, the entire frame will have a constant liability to give sideways.



Now you have your framework complete. The next step is to bore holes for ropes to hang the swing.

If the ropes are simply put through holes bored to receive them, the chafing that occurs constantly when the swing is in motion, will soon fray them out and they will be dangerously weak before the swing has been used many days. But this difficulty can be overcome in a simple and easy manner.

Get a piece of old, worn-out garden hose, which can be obtained almost anywhere. A hardware store will be sure to have some if you cannot find a piece knocking around the house. Cut it into sections a few inches in length. Then heat a poker

red hot and with it burn holes, just large enough to allow the hose to pass through, into each corner of the frame six inches from the ends and sides.

Then comes the operation of making the stay block, which is to act as support for the swing when it is hung. This stay block is shown as figure G in figure 1. It is simply a good strong block of wood, hickory preferred, with holes bored into it just as in the frame. Its dimensions are four feet long by four inches square and the holes are four inches from the end. Figure 2 shows the direction in which the ropes must be passed through the frame, up to and through the stay block and the loop that they form above it.

Two ropes of exactly equal length must be used. They must be just thick enough to fill the diameter of the hose. First pass the end of a rope through the hole near E, having first inserted the bit of hose to guard it from the wood. Draw the rope through until only enough remains of the loose end to reach to the middle of D, as shown in figure 1. Draw the rope O into the hole into the stay block. When it emerges draw it through a section of rubber tube long enough to reach around a post or branch as thick as the one shown as H and K in figure 1.

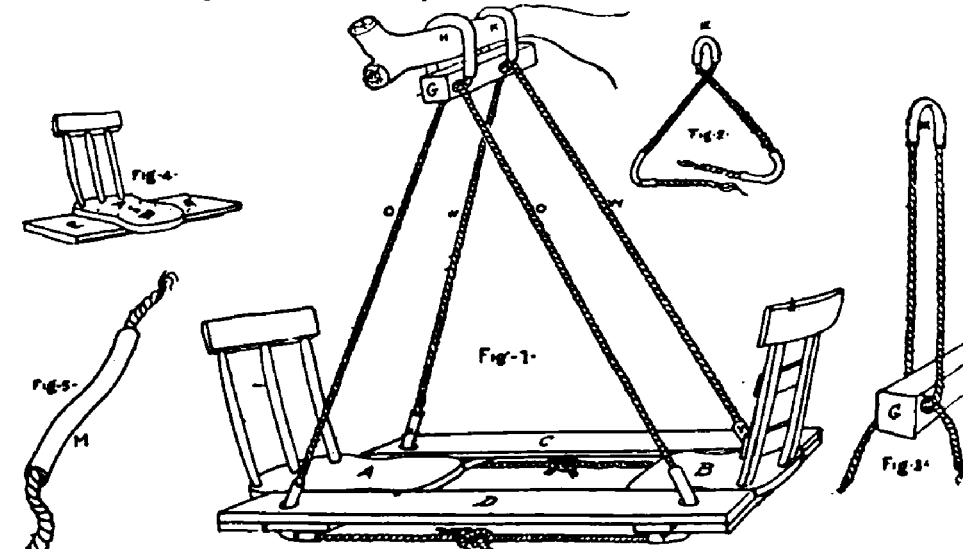
Then the rope passes back again through the hole in the stay block, down to the frame, through the hole opposite the one where it entered, and then the two ends are knotted firmly together underneath. Figure 2 shows how the ropes are to be drawn through the frame and the stay block.

Figure 3 shows a method of making a swing that looks more graceful. It is made by merely making a long loop above the stay block instead of the short one shown in figure 1.

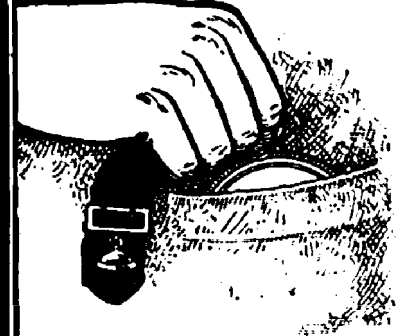
Figure 5 shows how the rope passes through the hose M.

## A True Locust Call.

Bind a piece of stout writing paper over one end of a spool. Punch two small holes into it with a pin, and pass the two ends of a horse hair through them. Tie the loose ends in a knot so that, when drawn up, the knot will be against the inner part of the writing paper inside of the spool. Make a slip knot of the looped end of the horse hair and fit it over a notch in a smoothly rounded stick. Rub some resin on the notch. By whirling this arrangement rapidly, the instrument will produce a sound that is an exact imitation of a locust.



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# A MATTER OF SAND



THE members of Bellaire high school football team were excited, and with reason. It had just been reported to them while at practice on the field that the Chelsea team, with which they were to play the great game of the season the following week, had secured the services of two players from Audley Academy, Worthington and Fitzgerald, two of the best young backs in the state, harring Shirley College men. It had been tacitly understood that only members of the school should be used and the young men of Bellaire were hot over the matter. There was a proposition on foot to adopt a like course and most of the school, even including Coach Campbell, a Shirley man himself, favored the idea. But Walter Standart, the young captain and quarter back of the team was firmly opposed to the plan.

"If Bellaire is to play, let it be Bellaire that plays," he said, and for the honor of the school he stood sturdily by the principle. His position was unpopular and he had the best of reasons for knowing it, but he was staunch. The grumbling and growling was strong and bitter, and the young captain could not fail to gather from the remarks he overheard that the feeling against him grew with each day. He knew he was right but it made him none the less sick at heart, for stinging things were said within his hearing and disparaging remarks made upon his own play and upon his loyalty to his school, and even the faithfulness of some of his friends who stood by him for friendship's sake, could not entirely heal the hurt of these. Indeed, he was miserable.

During the days which followed the announcement of the news, he strove to bring the team to adopt his point of view and to see that honorable defeat would be far better for the record of Bellaire than dishonorable victory, but he found that it was only his position and the fact that Bellaire boys well knew that they could not spare him from the team which kept them from open revolt. Up to the very day of the game the unfriendliness toward him increased.

In the final signal practice on the morning before the great game, Jarvis, the big guard, a true friend of Standart, at last broke out and savagely scored the team for their attitude. This was a signal for a general expression of feeling and bitter things were said. Standart was accused of cowardice, of usurpation of authority, of conceit, of disloyalty. He was challenged, abused and berated, and finally young Burke, right tackle, who was hot-headed and hasty, even dared him to fight the matter out then and there.

It was then that Standart made a quiet little speech, containing no bitterness nor bravado, but carrying a sentence which Bellaire boys, in the light of events of that day, never forgot.

"Fellows," he said, "you are saying some hard things, but I am not going to take them up, for I know that at the bottom it is because you are as anxious to win from Chelsea as I am. I'll tell you one thing, though, and that is that we are going to win today or some of us won't walk off the field alone. It's a matter of sand, and we'll see who's got it!"

A big crowd gathered to see the Chelsea-Bellaire football game, for though the game took place on the neutral ground at Starington, the rival towns sent large delegations to witness the contest. The story of the action of Chelsea had spread far and wide, but there was sufficient doubt as to the outcome of the game to bring out all the football enthusiasts. On the field, the red ribbons of Chelsea appeared on as many coats, caps and canes as bore the blue of Bellaire.

When the teams lined up against each other the two men from Audley were in the ranks of Chelsea and they were promptly and unequivocally hissed by Bellaire supporters, but when play began it was quickly seen that their presence in the game made a terrible difference in the play of Chelsea. Bellaire was strong, perhaps stronger than Bellaire had ever been before, but the heavy backs from Audley crashed through Bellaire's line continually for one, two and sometimes the full five yards gain at a play. Jarvis and Bruin and Harris, Bellaire's guards and left tackle, and the backs, Childs and Fisk, were playing the game of their lives and Moeller, Bellaire's big center, was staunch as a rock, yet in the first fifteen minutes of play, every Bellaire man, in

the team or on the side lines, knew that little short of the miraculous could save the blue from defeat. The weak place in the line was at right tackle and Chelsea had found it, and her heavy backs battered away at poor Burke till he could scarcely stand in his place.

Yet Bellaire had still one splendid resource, and that lay in the wonderful kicking ability of Walker, the full back, and, though it was an indication of the weakness of the team that this should be called early into the game, Walker covered himself with glory with thirty and forty-yard punts at critical moments. Despite all, however, despite the fierce fight over every inch of ground, despite the heroic work of the guards, of Harris and of the ends, despite the punts and the sure, hard tackling of Walker, Bellaire was slowly and surely forced back upon her own goal, and just five minutes before the end of play for the first half, Fitzgerald carried the ball across the line for a touchdown.

Bellaire was sick at heart, and though no goal was kicked, and for the next five minutes Bellaire held the ball in Chelsea's territory, the Blues could see nothing ahead but blackness and despair.

"We're up against it this time," panted Fisk, as the team gathered with Coach Campbell in the dressing room under the stand. "It's all off with us." He glanced covertly at Standart.

"We had no business to try it," said Corcoran, the left end. "We can't hold up their weight. It's no use."

"So much for Standart's pig-headedness," exclaimed Burke, whom the constant attack against his position in the line and his inability to hold it up had fairly maddened. "Any fool ought to have known that we couldn't hold up those fellows. What have you got to say now, Standart?"

The young captain was sitting silent on the window sill and he did not reply. His play, so far in the game, had not been showy. He had merely played his position, passing the ball with faultless accuracy in offensive play, filling his place in the interference and trying to bolster up the line. There were few besides Campbell and one or two others who had watched the game from the side-lines, who recognized how great a source of strength and steadiness he was to the team, and how his wise judgment in directing the play had thus far saved Bellaire from being hopelessly overrun. That he had not spared himself could be seen by a glance at his face. Sweat and dirt covered it and were matted in his hair, while a cut over his eye was bleeding slowly and a big, red and blue bruise showed on his cheekbone. He looked from one to another of the team and saw in each face more or less of the feeling so bitterly expressed by Burke. He saw criticism and even suspicion with open unfriendliness in some. The impulse was upon him to cry out against the injustice of it all, for was he not, as much as any of them, standing for the honor of the school and fighting with all his strength of body and brain for victory on the field? His heart filled with a quick resentment, but almost at once it took a form other than bitter-

ness against his companions. He suddenly felt his great desire and eagerness to win harden into a determination which had in it some of the elements of desperation. He set his teeth hard and would not speak, but when he looked up at Burke there was a gleam in his eyes which made that young man regret his hasty words.

Campbell harangued the team as they stood about in their sweaters during the ten-minute rest. He rallied the men on their allowing even the big Audley backs to break their line. He said cutting things of fumbles and misplays, and then he stirred every fellow's heart to the depths by an appeal for his best "for the sake of Old Bellaire. Play," he said, at the end, "as though it meant death to lose. Don't let any man give up as long as he has a leg under him and breath in him, and win if you have to be carried off the field afterward."

Not a man in the team but felt the thrill of encouragement, but Standart had besides a fierce resolve that he would see Bellaire win if all the life and heart in him would avail.

The score was now five to nothing in Chelsea's favor. The second half commenced with a kick-off by Bellaire, and as Walker sent the ball far down into Chelsea's territory, every man in Bellaire's team was after it in savage earnest. It was Standart who downed the runner attempting to return with it. Then Chelsea lined up and, with masses on tackle, began again the tactics which had won in the first half. Burke played like a tiger, but over or by him the play would go every time it struck the line till Standart or Easton would hit the runner with a tackle which would stop his forward career. Up the field came the ball in spite of all the noble efforts of the Blues. The faces of Bellaire's boys were white and their teeth were set.

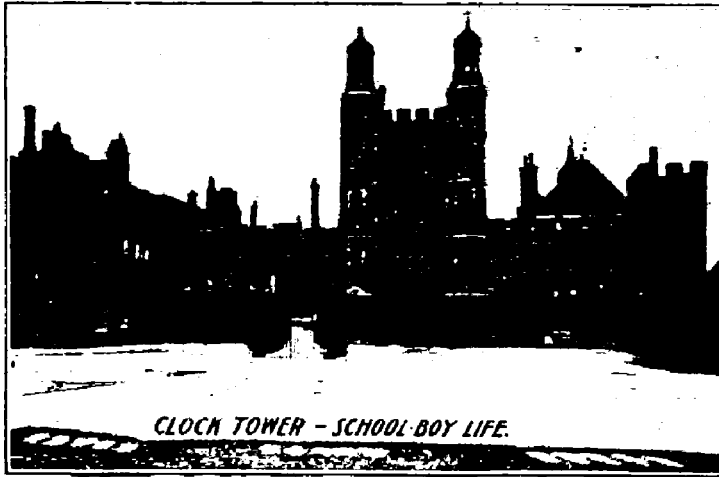
Then suddenly Fisk, by a desperate plunge through Chelsea's interference as an end-run was attempted, caused a break in the steady advance. One of the invincible Audley backs fumbled and Standart, ever alert, was on the ball in the flash of an eye. Only twenty yards more and Chelsea would have scored again, but the ball was Bellaire's.

Standart rose from the ground and shook the dizziness out of his eyes for the crash and jar were making his head swim and ache. As the teams lined up more slowly he drew Walker aside and whispered in his ear, and the full back, unnoticed, drew away to the side. The signal was called. Chelsea plunged into stop the play. Standart caught the



"It's a matter of sand, and we'll see who's got it!"

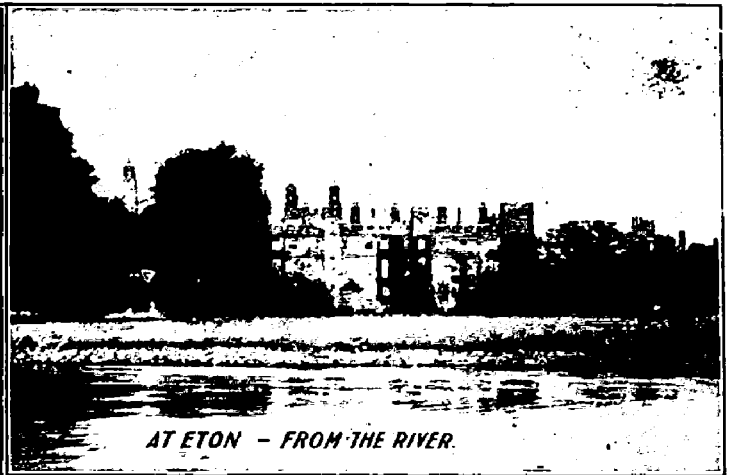




CLOCK TOWER - SCHOOL BOY LIFE.



GATEWAY - BOYS IN SCHOOL UNIFORM.



AT ETON - FROM THE RIVER.

## Harry Steele Morrison



ETON is the largest, as well as the most famous of English public schools, and on my last visit to the shady lanes of John Bull's island I determined to visit the institution. It is well to understand at the outset that English public schools are not at all like ours, for no boy can attend them without paying his tuition fee. It has been said by one that the English schools are called public because only the upper classes attend them, and they are called schools because they teach the boys athletics. It is true that at Eton the fellows learn much beside reading and writing and mathematics. The training there is moral as well as intellectual, and calculated to make boys manly, honorable and self-reliant.

Those who have read the story of Tom Brown at Rugby will have an excellent idea of life at that school, and will know something of Dr. Arnold, the famous head-master. His influence over all the English schools was very strong. Before his time the morals of the boys were at a very low ebb, and their manners were on a par with their morals. It was considered smart to tell lies, and it was quite the usual thing for public school fellows to be drunk in the streets of Eton and Rugby. He led them to see things differently and to him is due in a great measure the manly tone which characterizes the English schools to-day.

Next to Winchester, Eton is the oldest school for boys in the United Kingdom. Winchester was founded long before Columbus thought of discovering America, and Eton was established by King Henry VI., just fifty three years later. In looking about for a site His Majesty chose a level plain along the Thames near Windsor Castle which is in full view from the grounds, so that Eton is very fortunate in the beauty of its surroundings. It must be quite impossible for any bright boy to look up at the stately castle day after day, and not feel the inspiration that comes from historic scenes.

Eton has long been the resort of boys of the upper classes, and the fact that such men as Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery and Mr A. J. Balfour are numbered among its graduates, shows what a large influence it has had in English life. As one enters the fine old quadrangle he feels at once the atmosphere of the place, its antiquity, its seclusiveness, and its detachment from all the cheaper side of life. As I entered I saw across the quadrangle the Fellows' lodgings, on the right the famous chapel with its great organ, and on the left the school buildings themselves.

I decided to visit the schoolrooms first, and they were most interesting. They remain practically unchanged after four centuries of use. On these very benches, so frayed and cut and worn, the old books have been studied by countless generations of boys. On visiting these rooms one can understand that in the olden times the surroundings were not only learned, but austere. The modern American schoolboy would never be satisfied with such straight old benches. But on these crude benches have sat many of the greatest Englishmen of the past four centuries, and on them to-day sit the representatives of the greatest titles and estates in the kingdom. It is a good thing that the English schoolboy should still feel this touch of severity, for it is of great advantage in his education, but I wondered what the feelings of young dukes and earls must be when they sit in those uncomfortable rooms for the first time.

What I found particularly interesting in the schoolrooms was the woodwork. It is carved all over with the names of pupils of former years, presenting a kind of informal history of Eton. On one post I saw the name of H. Wesley, and was told that the great Duke of Wellington used to sign his name in that way before he became rich and famous. I saw the name of Pitt carved twice, in modest little italics. That of Fox was printed in bold capitals, high up on the wainscoting. Mr. Gladstone's was there, too, and that of Shelley, the poet. It gave me a feeling of awe to think of all the famous men who had learned their Greek and Latin in those severe old

rooms, and of the innumerable others who never became famous, but had a good time and were popular with their fellows.

Nowadays the boys are not allowed to carve their names, but when leaving school they pay two dollars to have a carver do it for them. I am sure the old way must have been more fun. Sometimes the names are placed alongside those of father and grandfather who attended the school before them, and very often several fellows who are friends arrange to have all their names appear together.

When I entered the library I was told about the famous flogging-block which used to stand in the room. It seems that in 1832 there was a master at the school who didn't believe in sparing the rod, and who whipped the boys on every possible occasion. June 30th will always be famous in the annals of Eton, because on that day Dr. Keate flogged nearly a hundred boys who had been guilty of some breach of discipline. They were all summoned to the block in the morning, but relying upon their numbers for safety, they refused to accept the punishment. The doctor let them pass out and said nothing. The evening passed uneventfully, but in the darkness of the night retribution overtook the boys. They were hastily brought from their beds in small detach-



HEAD-MASTER'S ROOM.

ments, so that it was impossible for them to combine. One by one they were flogged by the master until long after midnight, and the memory of that awful occasion has been preserved in the following lines:

Then cleft the room with screeches riven,  
Then rushed the boys to flogging driven,  
And louder than the winds of heaven,  
Far flew the duds quite terribly.

Few, few, shall stay where many are,  
No refuge bed shall be from care,  
And every cry that comes from far  
Is, "Oh, that hurts most woefully."

On one occasion, so the story goes, Dr. Keate entered his room and found several boys waiting for him. Without stopping to inquire the object of their visit he pulled off his coat, seized the birch, and began flogging them in turn. It is said he had passed half down the line before one small boy summoned courage to cry out: "If you please, sir, we're not here to be flogged; we're the confirmation class."

When Dr. Keate left Eton a Dr. Hawtrey took his place and nobly sustained the traditions of flogging. It is related that on one memorable occasion he

## -The Boy Traveler

plied the birch on every boy in one of the largest houses. I was curious to see the old flogging-block, but it is no longer at Eton. It seems that a party of old Etonians once celebrated a boat race by a dinner at the Christopher, a famous old inn. After the meal they felt inclined to revive the exploits of their undergraduate days, and by forcing doors and climbing through the library window, they seized the old block and carried it away. They took it to London, where it became the official seat of the President of the Eton Block Club, to which no person is eligible unless he was flogged at school at least three times.

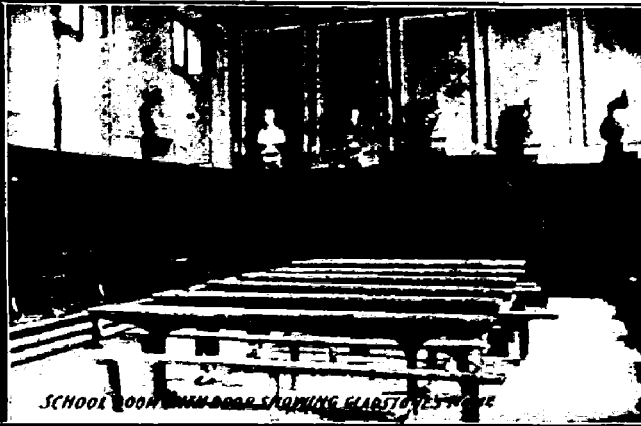
There are over eleven hundred pupils at Eton, and of these seventy are known as "King's scholars," because they are supported by the original foundation furnished by King Henry. In the slang of the school they are known as "tugs" and very often the other boys speak of them as "beastly tugs." They have always been held rather in contempt by the others on account of their poverty and the conditions under which they live. Even within the past fifty years they had not such necessities as wash-stands and basins, and they were given inferior food. But now this is all changed. They are properly cared for, and they no longer wear the mediaeval black gown which used to be a badge of social inferiority. The scholarships are now to be obtained only by passing a rigid examination, and some of the "tugs" come from excellent homes. In years past they were forced to do "fagging" for the other boys, and though this system is still somewhat in vogue, the services required of the "fags" are not so hard. An old Etonian, who went into the college in 1824, says that he was often beaten on the back with a brush and struck on both sides of the face because he failed to close tight the shutter near his fagmaster's bed, or because in making the bed he had left the seam of the lower sheet uppermost. And when the "collegers" were kept up late at night with fagging they had to expect a flogging the next day in school because they didn't know their lessons. It is to the credit of the masters that such conditions no longer exist, but from what I saw I believe that a still further improvement is possible.

The boys who are not supported by scholarships are known as "oppidans," and live in various houses near the college buildings. In 1765 there were thirteen of these boarding houses and those which were not presided over by masters were kept by "dames," whose position probably corresponded to that of the women under whom boys board at Exeter and Andover. To-day all the houses are in charge of masters, who become responsible for the manners and morals of the boys, and serve as tutors to them. As soon as a boy arrives at Eton he is given a home in one of these houses, where he at once becomes a part of the college life. I visited some of the boys' rooms and found them to be small, but comfortable. They are each about twelve feet square, and besides a folding bed, a tin bath tub and washstand, they contain a fireplace, a tea table, a study table and a chair.

They tell many stories of the rackets that go on in the houses in spite of the masters' watchful eyes. One is about a boy whose room was crammed with a lot of tin bath tubs, which were shoved through the transom by his fellows. He hardly had room to move about, and was obliged to drag each one out into the hall, making a dreadful noise. On rainy days, in winter, the boys play football up and down the passages, and occasionally they have a rough and tumble game of cricket.

Every new boy entering a house is obliged to serve under a fagmaster. His chief duties are to cook breakfast and supper in the house kitchen and serve it in his master's room; but in some of the houses the boys eat all their meals together. Too much has been said and written about the brutality of the fagging system, for in very few cases is it ever abused. Most of the small boys are glad enough to be with the big boys and enjoy their friendship, and a senior who is famous in athletics





can get as many to wait on him as he wants. The fagmaster is often the fag's best friend. Sometimes a fag develops into a fine cricketer or oarsman and then the master is exceedingly proud of him. Very often in after life it happens that a country parson has had his bishop for a fag, or a common lawyer has lorded it over the Chief Justice of England.

It is very pleasant to live in a house with a few fellows, with whom one can get well acquainted, and a boy is sure to make some pleasant friends. The houses all have their cricket and football teams, and each its "house-four" upon the river. The boys are brought closely together at meal times and at night, and are kept in touch with the school by chapel, school hours, roll call and sports in the fields.

The discipline at Eton is enforced by the sixth form, in which are the oldest and best pupils in the school, and the tugs and oppidans have each a captain, who is responsible for their good behavior. The fellow who stands highest in his lessons leads all the rest, and if he isn't man enough to quell the disturbances in the houses, the leading athletes step in and take matters into their own hands. When a fellow doesn't behave he is sure to get a "smacking," as the boys call it. The captains do not hesitate to use the birch, and the offending pupil usually puts his head under the table during the operation, so that it may not be struck. The offenses punished by smacking are, disorder and disobedience in the house, and I was told that the average boy is not smacked more than half a dozen times during his six years at Eton. It would be hard to persuade a public school boy in England that bodily punishment is brutal, and after visiting Eton I am forced to think that such discipline is really more humane than the neglect practiced at so many American preparatory schools.

Football is played a great deal at Eton and the annual cricket match with Harrow is one of the events of the year, but the greatest sport is rowing and the supreme interest of the college is centered in it. It is only since 1840 that water sports have been recognized by the authorities, and in the time of old Dr. Keate the boys who wished to row had rather a hard time. On one occasion the headmaster heard that an eight was planning to row on the river and he determined to stop it. He announced that any fellow rowing in the eight would be expelled. At the time appointed for the row he went out on the towpath for a stroll. A crew dressed like the Eton eight and wearing masks came along, and when Dr. Keate caught up with them he called out to them to stop. "Foolish boys, I know you all," he shouted; "Lord ———, I know you; Sir George, I see you there. You had better come ashore or you will be expelled." The only answer was the hooting of the boys who were stationed behind the hedges. The crew rowed on for some distance, followed by masters on horseback, and

finally they stopped and took off their masks. It was then seen that they were laborers whom the boys had dressed up to fool Dr. Keate. The headmaster was furious, and declared that there would be no Easter holiday unless the boys who had hooted gave themselves up to justice. Twenty of them were flogged, but the incident strengthened the sentiment in favor of the sport.

To-day swimming is taught by regular masters, and no boy is allowed in the water unless he has been "passed." On a certain day one of the masters stands on the Acropolis, a high point near the swimming hole, and the boys swim back and forth before him. Their form must be so good that the master is convinced they will be able to swim in their clothing, and when they have satisfied him of this they are free to go on the river whenever they choose. Since this system of "passing" has been adopted, only one boy has been drowned, and boating has become the most popular sport in the school.

There are innumerable races rowed at Eton, but

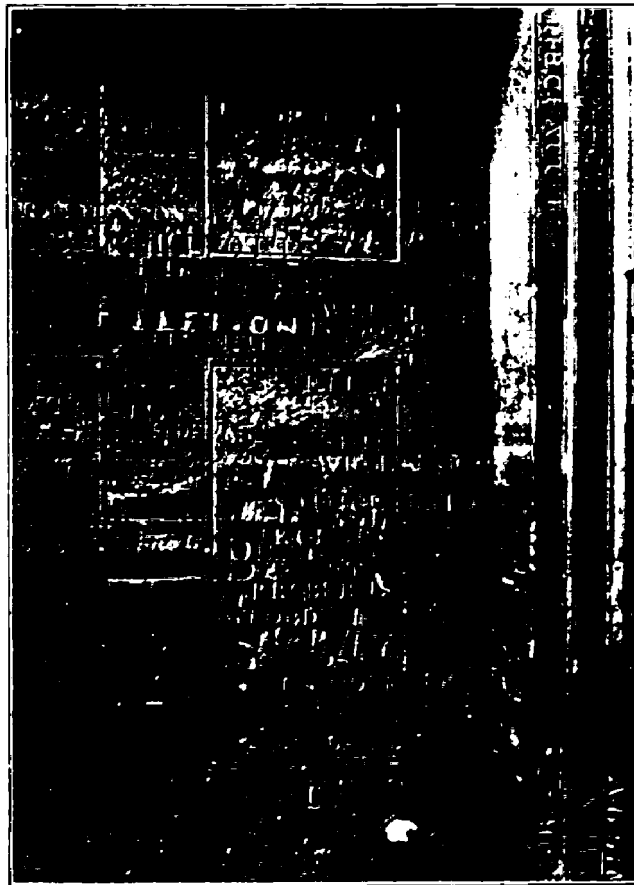
the greatest event of the year is the regatta at Henley, where the school team enters into competition with organizations from other schools and colleges. The greatest athletic honor a boy can achieve is to be selected for the Henley team.

The greatest day in the Eton calendar is the Fourth of June, which is celebrated by all Etonians, wherever they may be. The town on this day is filled to overflowing with gayly dressed mothers and sisters, the river swarms with all sorts of craft, and very often some members of the royal family come down from Windsor Castle. There is music, a game of cricket, and a great procession of the crews on the river to Surly, where dinner is had under tents in a meadow. In the evening the boats return to Eton and their progress is marked by Roman candles and rockets and other fireworks. This annual celebration extends around the world, and last year telegrams were received by the headmaster from graduates in India, Australia, Ceylon, Canada, South Africa and others of the British possessions.

The boys at Eton are not altogether free from class prejudice, but a young earl or duke is treated there the same as anyone else. If an Eton boy is a gentleman by birth and behaves himself as he should, nothing more is required. Very often a boy gets to know another very well at Eton without finding out that he has a title, and the royal princes, even, have been obliged to boil their own kettles for tea and serve as fags, just the same as the other boys. If a lord goes about presenting his card in stores and other places he is sure to get into trouble; his safest plan is to sink his personality on every occasion and be "one of the boys." He must be judged by the same standard as his schoolfellows. It has been said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playgrounds of Eton, because the boys met there on equal terms and learned valuable lessons in manly unselfishness.

After one has visited the quaint old town on the Thames, and has gone through the different college buildings, he does not wonder that Eton awakens and retains the love of all its boys. One could not imagine a more delightful place in which to attend school, and I found myself wishing that I were twelve again, so that I could begin my education there. A boy who graduates from Eton is ever after anxious to visit the place on every possible occasion. One famous Etonian, the Marquis of Wellesley, desired to be buried there, and composed the following beautiful lines for his epitaph:

Long tost on Fortune's waves I come to rest,  
Eton, once more, on thy maternal breast.  
On loftiest deeds to fix the aspiring gaze,  
To seek the purer lights of ancient days,  
To love the simple paths of manly truth.—  
These were thy lessons to my opening youth.  
If on my later life some glory shine,  
Some honors grace my name, the meed is thine.  
My boyhood's nurse, my ancient dust receive,  
And one last tear of kind remembrance give.



DOOR ON WHICH GLADSTONE CARVED HIS NAME.

**I**T IS not accident that helps a man in the world so much as purpose and persistent industry. There are exceptions to this as to all other rules, of course, but it is as certainly true that no great and lasting achievement is accomplished without great application and effort.

All great men have worked for their success—worked unweariedly and unremittingly. It is the constant stroke that tells. Said the sacred writer long ago, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business he shall stand before kings."

Elihu Burritt, the "learned blacksmith," mastered eighteen ancient and modern languages, together with twenty two European dialects during those invaluable fragments of time known as "odd moments."

Sir Matthew Hale studied sixteen hours a day and wrote his valuable and comprehensive volumes on law while on his circuits.

Erasmus, the Dutch scholar and philosopher, pursued his studies in Paris clothed in a garb of rags and denying himself sufficient food. At one time it is reported that he said: "As soon as I get any money I will buy first Greek books and then clothes." Thus nurtured in the school of adversity, rose to a proud distinction, the originator of the Reformation.

**The Industry of Genius**  
Fred Myron Colby

Said Dr. Benjamin Rush, signer of the Declaration, and one of the famous men of the Revolution: "I have never lost an hour in amusement for the last thirty years." Then producing a note book he continued: "I fill such a book once a week with observations and thoughts which occur to me, and facts collected in the rooms of my patients, all of which is preserved and used."

Martin Luther, during an interval of thirty years, published seven hundred and fifty volumes, many of them large, elaborate works. When asked how he had found time to translate the Bible, he replied: "I do a little every day."

Melanchthon noted the time lost by him and afterward labored with greater industry so that he should not lose an hour.

Cicero declared that he had not given a moment to his philosophical studies save the time that others had passed in pleasure and pastime.

John Bunyan, while imprisoned in Bedford jail on account of his religion, wrote his immortal "Pilgrim's Progress" to beguile the time, thus improving what

many would have wasted. Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned twelve years in the Tower of London, during which time he wrote his exhaustive and discriminating History of the World, a standard work for all time.

Henry Martyn was known as the "man who never wasted an hour." Kirke White learned the Greek nouns and verbs while going to and from a lawyer's office, and Dr. Burney mastered the French and Italian languages while traveling on horseback from one musical pupil to another. Dr. Mason Good made his translation of Lucretius as he made his professional visits. Darwin was jealous of every minute of time, and could not have accomplished half of his great work without the most unremitting industry.

The polished French scholar, Vaugelas, was twenty years translating Quintus Curtius. Buffon's "Studies of Nature" was the result of half a century's hard work. Truly the road to fame lies over a rocky way, unstrewn with roses.

Be careful of the spare moments. Fortunes are made or lost in these short intervals of time. No one can estimate the value of these odd moments. If you neglect them, all may go wrong; if you improve them, the gain will not only be yours, but the world will be the better for it.

# Kit Carson,

# The Scout



HE name of Kit Carson conjures up to the minds of some of the older boys many tales of adventure on the plains and in the mountains. A recent article in the "Garden of the Gods Magazine" gives some personal reminiscences of one who knew Kit Carson personally and called him friend and comrade.

"There was never a kinder or braver man," says he. "The day that I met him he was, with forty two determined men about him, heavily armed and jaded from a hard night's ride over the trail. The Kiowa Indians were on the warpath, and Kit Carson and his little band had been sent with a message from the Santa Fe Company to a long wagon train that was crossing the plains. Carson, like his men, was dressed in buckskin and carried the latest pattern of rifle and revolvers. He rode a fine charger with a glossy black coat. He himself was of commanding appearance, though not a tall man, for his height was about five feet eight inches. His face was browned by years of life in the open air, his eyes a clear blue, and his air determined, yet kindly. Stocky in build, he seemed born for this very life of excitement and danger. Carson and his men, after he had delivered his message, accompanied the train as an escort. They swapped stories with the guards and traders and the tedious hours of daylight were spent right merrily. At night there was especial precaution in caring for the animals and picketing the camp.

"On the morning of the third day, Carson held a hurried consultation with his men, and in a few minutes the saddle horses of the scouts had been fastened to the rear of the wagons, each with a halter lariat tied inside of a wagon cover. Stranger still each man silently disappeared under the cover of a big wagon and unfastened the side walls as the train moved on. In ten minutes an outsider would have been led to believe that the wagon train was traveling unguarded.

"I marveled at this," says the writer, "but I had been roasted for a tenderfoot too often, and I determined to wait for an explanation. It came soon enough. About three hours afterwards a scout who had been sent ahead, came flying back along the trail like mad. He fired a shot in the air as he came into sight and his yells of warning caused a commotion. Instantly the older of the men in the Cavy squad began rushing the live stock into the center of an enclosure formed by the drivers hastily drawing into a sort of circle and I was half pushed, half commanded to lie down under a wagon.

"We hadn't long to wait. A cloud of dust on the trail was followed by the appearance of at least three hundred redskins—the first I had ever seen on the warpath—rushing down upon us and yelling like demons. They were painted gaudily and their feather headdress added to their terrifying appearance. Up went their bows for a volley as they neared our improvised line of protection, and with a whirr the arrows flew thick among us.

"Two poor fellows, drivers, fell forward pierced with the deadly arrows, but the rest of us escaped without a scratch. That was the last volley from the redskins. Every wagon cover flew open as if by magic and a volley of rifle shots rang out.

"It was the worst demoralized crowd of heathen you ever saw. Every bullet had found either an Indian or a pony. The drivers were armed with old-fashioned flintlocks, but they had joined in the



KIT CARSON.

fusillade, with deadly effect. Under a wagon I had drawn my little pepper box piece, but when the Indians gave the first charge I believe I must have dropped it, for it was a little too exciting to please me, and I don't think I ever shot the thing off. Anyhow I never saw the revolver again.

"When the volley came from the wagons, the Indians realized that they had been trapped and they tried to rally for a second onslaught. It was terrible disorder that followed. Wounded horses were plunging madly about, half dragging Indian riders from whom blood was streaming. Riderless horses were running over the plains frightened by the smoke and din. Fiendish savages were yelling and making vain attempts to reach the wagons while the more sensible were gathering horses to make a dash out of danger.

"Carson was ready on the instant. His voice rang clear, above the yells of the savages and the popping of guns:

"'After 'em boys!'

"The tether lariats seemed to have been unfastened just as mysteriously as everything else had occurred, and from the rear of each wagon the scouts leaped to the saddles and, Carson in the lead, dashed out into the midst of the disorganized crowd of warriors. The Indians made for the plains with the scouts at their heels and there was a hot chase for a few miles with bad results for the redmen. Heaven only knows how long I lay under the wagon watching the thrilling scene, but I didn't stir until hauled out by the drivers, who were reloading their old flintlocks.

"The scouts returned after their ammunition had been spent and then came the sad part of the inci-

dent—the burying of our dead comrades, and the dozen redskins who had fallen in an unholy cause. It was my first work of this kind, and I confess that the wild western life didn't seem so attractive for a few days after that.

"Kit Carson and his men remained with the train for a month and there sprang up a love between us which was like that of a younger and an elder brother. Carson became my ideal—he was the ideal of all of his men—and although there was no actual military discipline among the company, the word of Carson was law. Kit took my part in all disputes, told me much about the west and about his home, and gave me good advice. My enthusiastic young soul was soon irrevocably enlisted in the service of the trapper.

"Where the trail split off to go over to Taos, the town founded in New Mexico by Carson a few years before, I attempted to leave the train. The death of the drivers in the Indian fight had so reduced our numbers that the traders refused to allow me to leave. I was virtually under contract and had no right to quarrel with them, but when Chamberlin, the first lieutenant of Carson, suggested to me in a whisper that I would see the camp fires of the scouts a smart walk to the north, I took the hint and without a sign of my intentions carried into execution a plan which put me within the lines of Carson's camp before morning, and we made a hurried ride toward Taos.

"That was the beginning of years of happy comradeship with the man who, more than any one else, laid the foundation for the rapid settling of the western country. When we arrived at Taos I found the town composed of the large hewn log cabin of the Carson family, a number of adobe huts where lived the trappers and scouts of Carson's little army, and innumerable sheds and stables where were gathered the live stock of the community. My early book-learning qualified me for the position of stock-keeper for Carson, and I was installed in his home at once.

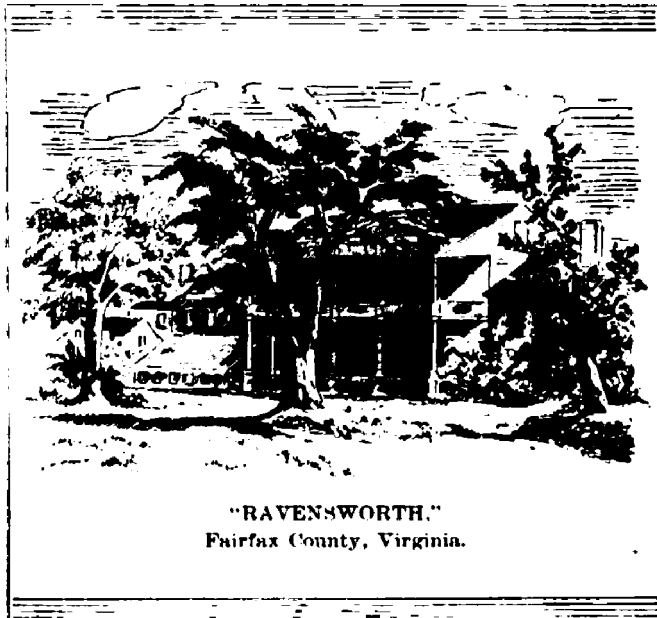
"Carson's family was an interesting one and no man ever lived who loved his home better or was more fond of wife and child. Mrs. Carson, 'Alice,' we called her, was a squaw and a chief's daughter, who had fallen in love with the daring hunter before the war of extermination began. She was a fine woman, and their little girl was one of the sweetest of children. In his home life I had great opportunity to study the character of the man who was my ideal.

"Mentally, he always gave one the impression of meekness. He was quiet about all that he did, ordinarily. He never blustered or boasted and never quarreled of his own choosing. But in resenting an insult or defending life he became a perfect devil and as fearless as if he had possessed a charmed life—which we all verily believed that he did—more or less. Contrary to the popular belief of the people who never heard of him except as an Indian fighter, Kit Carson was an exceptionally pure man. He seldom used profanity and never told an unclean story, although he never openly objected to his men telling anything they chose. Born a Kentuckian, he rarely drank intoxicants and it was seldom that he smoked. In our hunting and trapping expeditions which led us into the Rockies as far north as Fort Benton, I saw and heard many things that proved to me that Kit Carson, while brave as a lion, was a man of dual character, as tender as a woman and as lovable as a man of the rougher life could well be."

## The Lees of Virginia—G. I. Cervus

VOLUMES instead of a few brief paragraphs might be written concerning the Lees of Virginia, and galleries of pictures of the homes of the various branches, instead of one sketch, and that of one of the simplest, most "homely" of them all. Ravensworth, the ancient seat of the Fitzhughs and home of General W. H. F. Lee, is a comfortable, old-time mansion, embowered in foliage—a home in the best sense of the charming word. One look suffices for conviction as to its charm. One can easily imagine the broad lower veranda filled with guests, entertained with modest but admirable hospitality. And the upper veranda, what a charming place to swing a hammock for an afternoon siesta on a sultry August day, lulled to sleep by the droning of bees among the flower beds and the soft breezes swaying the boughs of the sentinel trees.

Aristocrats, in the best sense of that often quoted and ill understood word, the Lees have



"RAVENSWORTH."  
Fairfax County, Virginia.

always been. For three generations they have served their state and country in both civil and military capacities and equally eminent in both, from the Richard Henry Lee of the Continental Congress, reporting to that body that "these united colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states," to that sterling representative, Fitzhugh Lee, bravely facing the truculent and vindictive Spaniards in Cuba, in the same spirit that Israel Putnam crawled into the wolf's den.

We all remember how at Monmouth Washington for once lost his temper and, they say, berated Charles Lee, one of his major generals. This Lee was, however, no kin of the more famous family. To none of their members has it ever happened to be tried and found guilty (as Charles Lee was for his conduct in retiring from the field of Monmouth) of "disobedience of orders," "disrespect to the commander-in-chief," and "misbehavior before the enemy."

# The Wonder-Hezekiah

Boy, take up the map of the world. Look at its present divisions. It is the old world and the new world now, as it once was supposed to consist of Greeks and barbarians, or of Jews and Gentiles.

If you should live fifty years, there will be no old world and new world, but simply—the World. The families of nations will be traveling common highways. If you will call the Behring Sea a ferryage—and its straits may be spanned by a bridge—you may then go to Paris by land, through the great northern wheat fields of the globe.

The new railway that may bring you to Paris without change of cars, will start from the Puget Sound. It will pass along the eastern coast of British America to Alaska and thence across the Behring Sea to Siberia, and there it will meet the projected branch of the Trans-Siberian Railroad.

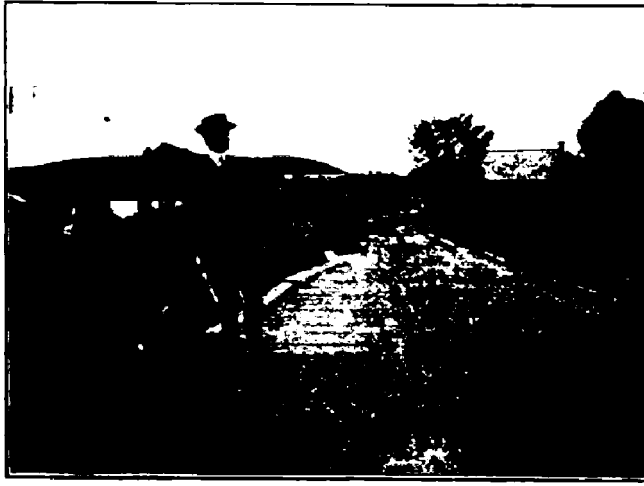
The Trans-Siberian Railroad! What a world highway! One can travel over it from Moscow to Port Arthur, or the great Amoor River, in a few days, and go 6,000 miles of the distance for a \$60.00 fare, or even less. This will be one of the new ways around the world: the way by the wheat fields of America and Russia.

One may go now from New York to Moscow in less than two weeks, and in some three weeks find one's self on the Amoor, or in about a month be sailing on the Yellow Sea with the swarming port of Peking before him.

He may cross the ocean to Bremen for a second-class fare of \$50.00 and less than that fare will take him to Moscow, and \$60.00 more across Siberia.

One might go around the world by this route for \$500.00, possibly for \$400.00. What an education it would be!

But this is not the only new route around the world. Another is in sight, and will be discussed in



THE WORLD BEFORE HIM.

Photo by Harry F. Blanchard, Ticonderoga, N. Y.

the near future. It is the way not by the wheat fields and the pine lands, but by the sugar fields and the palm lands.

The Panama Canal will be digged, and then from the port of Panama, or from some near port on the west South American coast, a fleet of steamers will sail directly for Australia and the islands of the austral world. What a voyage that will be! Run your eye along the equator. After a few thousand miles this fleet may be in the island world of the Pacific. Look at the ocean chain: Australia, New Guinea, Borneo, the Philippines, Hong Kong! One may go by the southern way and return to New York by the northern way.

The ports of the world will change. Seattle and Tacoma may become great port cities on the northern way; and Savannah, Key West and Panama on the southern way. San Francisco may rival New York.

You may live to go over these routes in the reconstructed world.

# ful Future—Butterworth

Education is changing its form. Swiss kindergarten, or the education of the heart, conscience and imagination, is taking the place of the primary school, and educational travel is to become a part of the school of the future—the school on wheels.

Nothing educates like travel, and travel to be useful to life should be made in youth, in the glowing teens, before one is twenty one years of age; not after sixty. A young man needs this clear training to take into his business. It will become a part of his university course.

But that is not all. The young traveler may speak English all the way. The beautiful Spanish language is disappearing in the American Latin lands, and English is becoming the railroad language, and the language of the sea.

And better than all—the families of the world are becoming ONE family, and are preparing to live in peace.

"My country is the world," said William Lloyd Garretson, "and my countrymen are all mankind."

YOU will yet say that. "I know not what record of sin awaits me in another world," said John A. Andrew, "but this I do know, that I never despised a man because he was poor, because he was ignorant, or because he was black."

This, also, YOU will come to say. "The true eminence of a nation," said William McKinley, "consists not in the victories of war, but in those of peace."

This will become YOUR conclusion, and you will vote your conscience every time.

What, a new world faces you! Read, travel, essay! The flag floats for the best of all ages, and the best of all ages is NOW."

## Top or Bottom—Which?—By Archer Brown of Rogers, Brown & Co., New York

A Study of the Factors Which Most Contribute to the Success of Young Men

[BEGUN IN SEPTEMBER.]

### III.—USE AND ABUSE OF TIME.

Time is the stuff life is made of, says Benjamin Franklin. Every man has exactly the same amount of it in a year. One improves it and reaps great results. Another wastes it and reaps failure. The first class they call lucky; the second, unfortunate. The unfortunates form the mass of mankind, it should be noted.

To use time aright, have a system. Shape everything to it. Divide the twenty-four hours between work, recreation, sleep, and mental culture according to a scheme that suits your judgment and circumstances. Then make things go that way. The scheme will quickly go to pieces unless backed by persistent purpose.

When you work, work. Put the whole mind and heart in it. Know nothing else. Do everything the very best. Distance everybody about you. This will not be hard, for the other fellows are not trying much. Master details and difficulties. Be always ready for the next step up. If a bookkeeper, be an expert. If a machinist, know more than the boss. If an office boy, surprise the employer by model work. If in school, go to the head and stay there. All this is easy when the habit of conquering takes possession. It is wholesome in this connection to read what men have accomplished who have once learned the art of redeeming the time. Study the causes of the success of Benjamin Franklin, of Lincoln, of Garfield, of Sir Michael Faraday, of Agassiz, of Edison. Learn the might of minutes.

"Every day is a little life, and our whole life is a day repeated. Those that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it, desperate." Emerson says: "The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn."

Sound and wholesome recreation is important in our scheme; but in this age of athletic frenzy the danger of neglect on that line is not excessive. The real fact is that athletic sports are educating the muscles too often at the expense of the brains.

It is the mind-work that diffrentiates you from the herd. Mental culture calls for study carefully planned, regular, persistent. One or two hours a day, aiming at some distinct object, mastering what you learn, adding little by little, like a miser to his store, will in a few years make of you a broad, educated man, no matter what your schooling.

To abuse time, have no system. Chance everything. Do your work indifferently. Growl if too much is asked. Hunt for an easy job. Change often. Dodge obstacles. Always come a little short of the standard. Fritter away in silly things the few golden moments left for self-culture. Then you

will not crowd anybody very hard in the contest for leadership.

Time abused is bad luck.

### IV.—THE POWER OF CHOICE—YES OR NO.

There is a day (it is somewhere between twelve and twenty) when the boy takes command of his own bark and begins to navigate it. Hitherto it has been steered by others—father, mother, teacher, friend. That was the age of irresponsible childhood. But now he is a free agent. No man can restrain him. God Himself cannot make him say yes or no. He holds the awful power of choice. If it were otherwise, he would be like the Chinaman in the Eden Musee, made of wires and mechanism, who plays chess. Without absolute freedom of will he is not a man.

Think what a great and dangerous gift is this power of choice! It means that I have the initiative as well as the veto in every act of life, combining the functions of the Congress and the President in our scheme of government. Scarcely an hour of the day but I must face an issue. Judge between two courses, the one right, the other wrong, say yes to one and no to the other. It is in business; it is in study; it is in athletics; it is in amusements. If I decide right, it is a stone in the structure of success and character. If I decide wrong, never, while the stars run in their courses, can the act be recalled and the mistake rectified.

Initiative and veto! Suppose I continue, after the age of judgment has arrived, to let my friends do all my thinking for me. My father decides my business or professional career, and manages all the preparations. My mother plans and regulates my morals. My pastor shapes my spiritual course. What am I but the Chinese automaton? What will I do when these supporting props are removed?

If you are ever to be a man, my young friend—a real type of Christian manhood—the motive must spring from within. It can never be plastered or veneered on from the outside. I heard Mr. Depew say at a dinner that the great moving forces in the life of the metropolis were not the sons of wealthy families, with the highest advantages of culture, travel, and personal influence, but the boys that came in from the farms and villages of New England, New York, and the West. Why? Because the latter, in working for the fulfillment of ambitious plans, developed the strength that wins. The former didn't have the needed motive.

But as I look around among the young fellows in our Christian homes, I find a good many of them drawing on toward manhood only too willingly, apparently, to leave the navigation of their ship to parent or teacher, anybody who will relieve them of the trouble. The idea seems to be to

dodge the responsibility that is put upon them by the very law of God. But that will not work. There is a point where the ways part. One goes one way, one another. They diverge slowly at first, then widely. I must choose, no less volens, I am choosing, even though I try to think otherwise.

In the late fierce storms on the Atlantic several steamers and sailing vessels, not properly equipped, drifted to disaster, and many scores of men perished, some under appalling circumstances of suffering. But the big steamers, well planned, well built, well manned, all navigated triumphantly the wildest seas. If your ship drifts to wreck instead of navigates to success, it will be because you do not rightly use this God-given power of choice; because you say "yes" when the small voice within says "no" and "no" when the answer should be "yes."

### V.—THE INFLUENCE OF COMPANIONS

Most men let others mark out their course for them. Most boys are what other boys make them. Most characters are formed by accident, not by mature purpose. Nearly every failure is caused by another's influence. Is there a smoker in the land who did not get his first friendly start from a boy companion around the fence corner or behind the barn? Is there a drinker who started the habit alone and because he wanted to? Is there a business or social wreck who cannot, in part at least, trace his misfortune to the influence of a false or misguided friend? If so, the exceptions prove the rule.

Companionship is a leading force in life. Every boy of health and spirit has his friends. They are of two kinds—the helpful and the hurtful. Rare it is that the influence of a fellow-being, of like age and habits, crossing one's life in youth, does not distinctly mar or improve the character. It is as natural for a boy to like another boy and want to be with him as it is for him to breathe. It is quite as natural, also, for him to absorb from that other boy whatever of good or bad he has to give off. Any man who remembers his boyhood need not be told that the chance influence of a companion, picked up on the street, in the school, or in the shop, may strike deeper and last longer than the thousand-times reiterated advice of mother or father or minister.

All this is a queer phase of human nature, but it is true, and, being true, must be reckoned with in the plans which surround every youth's life. My point is that the wise boy will bridle this force and put it to work for him rather than let it creep in and undermine him. Later in life we know it is easier to discriminate and select among our associates. But then our character is formed and their power over us is limited. It is unfortunately in the period from

twelve to twenty, when the nature is plastic and impressions form quickly, that companionships come mainly by pure chance. The real time to select and discriminate is at the outset. I truly believe that as much hangs upon what kind of a boy you select to run with, to get deep into your inner life and confidence, my young friend, as upon the selection of your school, your Sunday school, or even your church. Shall this companion, then, be the one who happens to live nearest in the block, or sit nearest in school, or ride the same bicycle? How will you utilize this influence for good? Here is the way: By many independence, backed up by a little judgment. Be yourself the leader, not the traller. Set the standard as conscience dictates. Then you will mold instead of be molded. Associations will form on the line of natural selection. The boy of impure thoughts and habits will not take long to find out that you are not his kind, and he will hunt another fellow. In his place one will turn up who has aspirations and ideals like your own. If he does not turn up, hunt him up. You will find he wants you, for friendships of the higher sort are not so common.

Cultivate and elevate such a friendship when formed. Help each other in every little thing that builds up Christian manhood. Encourage each other to despise the mean, the shiftless, the unclean. Surprisingly quick others will see this type of manliness (which, after all, is attractive to boys), and you will be the nucleus of an ever-widening group. You will make sure your own character, and become a silent preacher of the Gospel of the manliness of Christ.

(To be Continued.)



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# The Wreck of the My Love—Norman Duncan



WHEN Skipper Tom Black had obtained the command of the schooner My Love, bound north from Ruddy Cove—which is on the east coast of Newfoundland—to the Labrador, to trade for fish and oil, his friend, the shifty-eyed stranger, left the harbor by the first craft sailing south,

though the My Love still had to be refitted and loaded with merchandise. At the time no significance was attached to this sudden departure. Nor, at the time, did the men of Ruddy Cove think it extraordinary that Skipper Tom should develop a strong fancy for the companionship of the young supercargo, late o' nights, in such places as where they might talk without interruption. Moreover, such was the skipper's reputation it was but to be expected that his cook and crew of two should be chosen from among the reckless spirits ashore—good sailors all, but men of careless habits of thought and conduct, or of weak will.

"Skipper Tom Black," said old man Topsail, with a shake of his head, some days before the My Love set sail, "'tis a queer crew you've picked."

"Maybe," said Skipper Tom, winking broadly, "she'll go to her wreck."

The supercargo, who of late had found some difficulty in looking honest men in the eyes, stood near. He burst into a loud, hard laugh, in which merriment was conspicuously lacking.

"Sure, and perhaps she will," he cried. "Who knows that the My Love won't be wrecked this voyage?"

Old man Topsail remembered the words and the laugh.

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The My Love was fourteen hours out from Ruddy Cove, with a fair wind blowing, when Mark Trimlet, a stowaway, disclosed himself. It was then evening. The schooner was far on her course—far beyond the point where her owners would have excused a return to the Cove to land the boy. John Arnot, of the firm of Arnot & Co., traders, was not the man to overlook a sheer waste of time.

Skipper Tom knew this, and Mark Trimlet knew it, when they met face to face on the after deck. Mark had heard boisterous laughter in the fore-castle when the skipper was at supper. He had made haste to take advantage of this period of good humor in which to brave the inevitable. To be sure, he was not prepared for the reception he got, for this man had given him many a jolly word in passing, ashore.

Skipper Tom stopped dead. His eyes, small and shot with red, opened wide and flared.

"Mark, b'y," said he, his voice charged with ironical pleasantry, "what be you doing aboard the My Love? Does you not know that I'm skipper of this craft?"

"Sure, Skipper Tom," Mark answered with a quick smile. "I stowed away."

The skipper drew down his thick eyebrows until they almost hid his eyes. It was a black scowl, full of the light of evil intention. The boy cowered before it.

"Now, did you, b'y?" said Tom, sweetly. "'Tis kind of you. And why did you stow away?"

"'Twas yourself that told me you might take me along, sir. You said I was a good boy, and you might have work for me aboard the My Love."

"'Twas when I thought I might make use o' you; but I changed my mind. And where do you think you be going?"

"The My Love's bound for the Labrador," said Mark. "'Tis a coast I've never seen."

Such was his rage that Skipper Tom's great body fairly quivered. His voice, however, when he spoke again, was soft as a lover's whisper.

"The My Love, b'y," he said slowly, "is bound for the bottom. That, my b'y, is where you will strike land, if I have to heave you over the side to send you there."

Skipper Tom reached for a belaying pin. Mark started back in terror. The supercargo, who had been standing near, stepped forward and caught the skipper's arm.

"He's in the way," Tom protested angrily.

"None o' that," said the supercargo. "You shan't hurt the boy. 'Tis bad enough now. We'll be caught if you're not careful. We can get clear o' the boy later, Mark," turning to the lad. "Get for'ard, and keep out o' the way."

\*\*\*

Mark fell easily into the routine of work aboard the My Love. He had known the schooner from the day her keel was put down in old John Arnot's little shipyard at Ruddy Cove. The Cove harbors but six hundred souls; so, as a matter of course, he was on familiar terms with the cook and the two hands. It was plain, however, that he was not welcome. As the ship went from harbor to harbor, seeking trade where it was most likely to be found, he grew firm in the impression that some plan was afoot in which he was not concerned—some wicked plan in which

they dared not let him have a part. He was uneasy; he wished that he had stayed at home to fish from his father's punt.

One night, when the vessel lay at anchor in Rocky Harbor, Skipper Tom and Ben Roth, the supercargo, came aboard late and went together to the after cabin. Mark crept along the deck to the companionway, and there lay still, listening intently. The crew were sound asleep in their hammocks in the fore-castle.

"Put him ashore," Mark heard the skipper growl.

"'Twould be too suspicious," Roth replied. "He'd get back to Ruddy Cove somehow, and he'd tell a tale there that might land us in the jail at St. Johns. We can't afford to have talk."

"He mustn't be hurt," the skipper muttered.

"No!" Roth exclaimed. "I'll have no hand in that."

"Nor I," said the skipper. Then, after a pause: "He's a bad boy. Sure, there's not a worse boy in Ruddy Cove. Do you think—"

"He's got a bad name," said the supercargo, "but I don't think he's a bad boy. He—"

"A bad name's enough for me," the skipper interrupted. "The one's same as t'other. I had my eye on that boy before I shipped Bill for cook. He'll join. We'll take him in—give him a share—say a hundred. That'll close his mouth."

"Tell him all?"

"Sure—tell him all. He's a bad boy, I say. Everybody says so. He'll join. Leave him to me. I'll speak when we get the fish ashore."

"And if—"

"Wait till the time comes," said the skipper sharply.

It was far into the night before Mark Trimlet fell asleep. He had not thought that he could fall into misery so deep. He was not a bad boy—not a vicious boy. But he was a careless fellow, with spirits so high that many a time they had leaped the bounds of good behavior. His pranks had been many and wild, his indiscretions many; all done through thoughtlessness. He had made mistakes which had brought bitterness to him. It was a mistake to run away—a sad mistake to go away without kissing his mother, though it was but for a month, and his brother Hugh would tell her where he had gone. But he had not meant to be wicked.

"A bad name!" he said to himself. "Sure, 'tis a bad one, indeed, I must have. They think because I've a bad name I'll do some wicked thing with them. Skipper Tom thinks so. Ben Roth thinks so. But I'll not do a wicked thing—no matter what 'tis—no matter what they do. I'm not bad. I never meant to be bad. A bad name! I'll change it; sure, I will. I'll get my good name back. I'll not have folk think I'll do anything they want just because I've a bad name. 'Twill be a good one after this. There'll not be a better name in Ruddy Cove!"

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For two weeks after that night the My Love traded in the harbors of Labrador. At last, her merchandise was all exchanged for dried fish and seal oil and the livers of cod. Flour and salt pork, nails, homespun, sugar, molasses, spinning wheels, lanterns, needles, axes, feathers and ribbons, and all the rest of it, were disposed of. The hold was filled to the hatches with fish, packed away like cordwood; and the deck was crowded with casks and tierces. With a glad heart Mark saw the day of departure for the south approach. He wanted to be home—to be in an atmosphere of honest purpose once again. He was sick of the dread of some dark deed. Many a word and look had fed his suspicion since the time he lay on the deck by the companionway.

"'Tis time to be off," he heard Skipper Tom say to the supercargo, one day. "He'll be at Red Man's Island before us, if we stay any longer. Next week was the time fixed."

Red Man's Island. That was up the coast, far out of the homeward course. Why should the My Love make that a port of call? And whom was she to meet there? Mark was puzzled.

"We'll go out with the next gale," the supercargo replied. "'Tis a good wind we must have to bear out our story."

There was a gale in the eastern sky the next morning. The My Love went out in the teeth of it; and all the people in the harbor she left marveled. She ran north, and was soon enveloped in dense fog—hidden from the eyes of the folk ashore. All that day she labored through high seas. The skipper told the supercargo that it was fine weather, and the supercargo boisterously agreed. Skipper and crew were in high good humor, though the My Love buried her rail and a great wave washed part of her deckload away. All that day she labored; but, when night came, the wind fell somewhat, and she swept smoothly on to her destination. She was off Red Man's Island at dawn of the next day—a clear, warm day, when it broke, with smooth water inshore.

"Now for the land, lads," the skipper cried, when the anchor was dropped.

"Quick work for it, lads," said the supercargo.

Red Man's Island is a bleak, uninhabited place, three miles off the Labrador coast, which itself in that part is a desolation. Few ships pass that way in a year. There was no eye to see what might be done—no tongue to tell of the deed. The skipper and the supercargo went ashore. When they returned the crew was set to work. Mark asked no questions. He was not invited to bear a hand; nor would he have done so, even had he been commanded. What was the meaning of this work? They were unloading the ship. What right had they to do that? They were taking the fish to a gulch three hundred yards inland. Why? In three days, working laboriously, they had the fish and deckload stowed away ashore, and covered all over with tarpaulin. They had stripped the My Love of every



dollar's worth of cargo. What was the plot? Mark was still outcast from it. But he knew that he would be informed.

"Mark, b'y," said the skipper on the fourth day, "come ashore with me."

The lad was taken to the spot where the cargo lay hidden. He prepared himself to say "No!"

"They be nine hundred quintals o' fish there," said the skipper. "Fish is worth four dollars and twenty cents a quintal, laid down in St. Johns. 'Tis three thousand seven hundred and eighty dollars that fish is worth in all. The deckload's worth four hundred dollars more."

Mark looked up, for the skipper had paused.

"'Tis all ours," said the skipper.

"No," said Mark quickly. "'Tis John Arnot & Co.'s of Ruddy Cove."

"'Tis ours," said the skipper. "Yours, too, if you be smart enough. The My Love was wrecked in the last gale. A flaw of wind turned her over. She went down off the Labrador coast—down in a hundred fathoms o' water. Understand? She was blown out of her course and capsized, and the crew was cast away on Red Man's Island, which they reached in the punt. Pretty soon they'll sail off in the punt to Rocky Harbor. Then they'll get gov'ment relief and be sent home to Ruddy Cove."

"Sure," Mark burst out, "the My Love's as sound as a bell!"

"B'y," Skipper Tom said impressively, "she'll be taken off shore this night and sunk."

"The My Love!" cried Mark, horrified. "Sunk! Scuttled!"

"Scuttled," said the skipper. Then, in a confidential way: "Do you remember my friend? Sure, you know him. The man with the shiny shoes. Came with me to Ruddy Cove. Well, b'y, he'll be here in a schooner in three days. He'll load this cargo and carry it to St. Johns as fast as the wind'll take him. He'll sell it on the docks, and when we meet him in the States we'll be rich. Who's to know where it came from? Who's to know the crew of the My Love wasn't cast away? Now, b'y, will you join us?"

Mark was dumbfounded. He stared at Skipper Tom without saying a word. Join them?

"Think it over, b'y," said the skipper. "Tell me tomorrow." His face flushed as he continued. "'Twould be hard to have to tell the folk at Ruddy

Cove that Mark Trimlet was in the fore-castle when the My Love turned over—was in the fore-castle, b'y, and went down with her."

Mark waited his time. Nothing was to be gained by precipitate action. He knew in his heart whether or not he would join in the plot. How clever a plot it was! The My Love disposed of, who could doubt the story of the crew? They could load the expected schooner, and sell the cargo in far away, busy St. Johns, without suspicion. Now the lad knew why he was not made welcome aboard. But what could they have done with him? They could not have put him ashore at one of the Labrador ports, for it would have made awkward questions for them at home. They could not murder him. They were not men of that stamp. Nor could they put off the deed. The arrangements were made. The plot must be executed. Then what was there for them to do, the boy thought, but to approach him as the skipper had done, relying upon his bad name for success? They were simple men, after all. It may be that they did not realize how deeply they would commit themselves in making that proposition.

"They'll not hurt me," thought Mark. "They'll send me south in that schooner. Maybe they'll carry me off to the States. That's just what they'll do. 'Twill give them time to get clear."

Skipper Tom was as good as his word. That night the My Love was towed off shore, and, under cover of darkness shamelessly scuttled. Mark saw her, in shadowy form, as she heeled and went down; and he grieved for as fine a schooner as ever sailed the Newfoundland seas. A desperate deed thus to sink her. A foul deed for which punishment should be meted out—for this and for the robbery of John Arnot & Co., who were honest, generous traders!

No watch was kept on Mark. It did not appear to the conspirators that he could escape. Red Man's Island is not so large that a boy could not be found if he hid himself away. But they forgot the punt, which, all fitted out, was moored to the rocks. In the dead of night, when the skipper and all lay sound asleep, Mark stole from the dying fire to the water's edge. A quick search assured him that the punt was provided with sails and food and water. He cast off the painter and sculled noiselessly into deep water.

While he was setting the sail he heard a man stumble along the rocky shore—stumble in haste.

"What you doing there, b'y?" Skipper Tom called.

The wind caught the sail. The boat heeled slightly under its influence, and moved swiftly from the shore.

"Sure, skipper," said Mark, "I be bound for Rocky Harbor. 'Tis a fair wind I have."

The punt was soon borne out of sound of Skipper Tom's voice. The island and the helpless men marooned there were soon lost in the night behind. A fair, strong wind took the little boat across the channel to the coast. Rocky Harbor lay twenty one miles to the south. Mark could make the port by the night following if the wind held good. But could he make it in time to organize a party to return? Punishment was what these men deserved. Could he get back before the stranger's schooner arrived from the south? The men were in a trap, but the schooner would take them out if she came in time.

Contrary winds came. The punt made slow headway. Mark feared that he could not make Rocky Harbor by night. The difficulty, however, was solved for him. As he rounded the Cape of Bells a great steamer disclosed herself. She was a British man-o'-war—one of the fleet Great Britain keeps in those waters to protect her people on the shores where French and Newfoundlanders have equal rights to fish, as the treaty provides. They patrol the coast. So it was not at all surprising that she was steaming round the Cape of Bells.

"Yes, my boy," said the captain, when Mark had told his story. "It's in the line of my duty. I'll run down to Red Man's Island and take those scoundrels into custody."

Within a few hours the skipper, the supercargo, the cook and the crew of two were in irons. Within two days the schooner from the south was seized and her crew sent to keep company with their accomplices. There was no denying the charge. Evidence of guilt and to spare was found in the heaps of cargo ashore and in the auger holes in the bottom of the My Love, which a diver from the man-o'-war discovered.

Within two months the conspirators were in the jail at St. Johns.

At the same time Mark Trimlet was behind the counter in John Arnot & Co.'s store at Ruddy Cove, his good name restored.

## Boys' Books Reviewed

TALES OF PASSED TIMES, told by Master Charles Perrault with twelve illustrations by Charles Robinson. Here are, indeed, old friends, Perrault's Fairy Tales, the oldest almost we have, for we knew Cinderella, Little Red Riding Hood, Blue Beard, Beauty and the Beast, The Sleeping Beauty and the host of other heroes, heroines and villains when we were very young indeed, and now when "age sits upon our visage," we still remember that we once were young, and find as we renew our friendship with these old characters that they have lost little of their old-time charm and fascination. These tales of robbers, giants and fairies have a perennial existence and will enchant and captivate the boys and girls of to-day in as great a degree as they did their forbears of old. As a gift for young people, this little classic could not be equalled. The volume in its make up is a handsome specimen of the printers' art. 192 pages. Cloth cover. Price 50 cents. The Macmillan Company, publishers.

RATAPLAN, A ROGUE ELEPHANT, AND OTHER STORIES, by Ellen Velvin, F. Z. S. The author of this volume has already made her mark in her delineation of animal life, as witness her "Tales Told at the Zoo," and "Wild Creatures Afield—Nature Studies of Forest Folk." It may be said that Miss Velvin's acquaintance with the habits and varied characteristics of the brute creation is exceedingly intimate, and the stories she tells are accurate and true. Rataplan, the elephant, shows himself to be depraved and full of deceit; Jinks, the jackal, exhibits his true nature notwithstanding the efforts made to overcome it; Keesa, the kangaroo, shows his adventurous disposition; Mona, the monkey, is always meeting with reverses; and other characters, including Osra and Gean, are all vividly and forcibly portrayed. Not the least interesting part of the book is the story of Siccatee, the pet squirrel, showing how boys and girls in their efforts to be kind to their pets are often ignorantly cruel. The book is one which will appeal to the kindly and sympathetic natures of boys and girls, and the reading of it will do them good. The twelve full-page drawings by Gustave Verbeck will doubtless enhance the reader's enjoyment. Ornamental cloth cover, printed on nice paper. Price \$1.25. Henry Altemus Co., publishers.

PING-PONG (TABLE TENNIS). THE GAME AND HOW TO PLAY IT, by Arnold Parker. It is barely two years ago since this game was played only by a few persons, now to plead ignorance of the game is almost unpardonable. Mr. Parker's qualifications for writing such a book are ample as he was the

winner of the Queen's Hall Open Ping-Pong Tournament. While no literary merit is claimed for the book, it is written in such clear and simple terms that the veriest tyro will find it understandable. Part of the contents have to do with the history of the game, implements, grip of the racket and first steps, service, styles of play and strokes to be used, half-volley strokes, fore-hand strokes, back-hand strokes, making the ball break, general remarks on playing the game, how to run a tournament, official rules of the Ping-Pong Association, etc. There is also a chapter by Mrs. Houlbrook, winner of the second prize Queen's Hall Tournament on ping-pong for ladies, giving advice as to proper costume. There are plenty of illustrations and diagrams to aid the amateur in becoming a good player. 112 pages. Cloth cover. G. P. Putnam's Sons (The Knickerbocker Press), publishers.

CUB'S CAREER, by Harriet Wheeler. Stories of animals and by animals are greatly in vogue, and this book will be found very interesting by the boys and girls who love animal pets. Cub tells the story of his experiences. His mother was killed by hunters who took possession of him and his brother. His captor, tiring of him, the little bear finally became a member of a missionary's family who lived among the Ojibway Indians of Lake Superior. While the missionary, his family and the Indians are principally dealt with in the book, the little bear keeps himself well in evidence, and the many amusing incidents and escapades will be heartily enjoyed by the young reader. According to Cub's own showing he was very mischievous, often ill-natured, destructive and had a regular penchant for getting into as well as making trouble. The circus man's treatment of him will be condemned as harsh and cruel and Cub's final escape and return to the woods and freedom will be heartily applauded. The new and hitherto unpublished legends of Hiawatha will prove delightful reading to all lovers of Longfellow. There are some nice reproductions of photographs taken in the Indian country which enhance the interest of the reader. It is a book we can well recommend to the American boy and his sister. Printed on nice paper. 173 pages. With handsome cloth cover. Price \$1.00. The Abbey Press, publishers.

THE FIRST CAPTURE, or Hauling Down the FLAG of England, by Harry Castlemon. The many books for boys which this author has written vouches for his popularity. This story is of the time of the Revolutionary war, opening on the arrival at the village of Machias on the coast of Maine of the news of the fight at Lexington. Enoch Crosby and Caleb

Young are two of the boys who hear of the provincials' victory with gladness, and at once join a band of the colonists prepared to capture the king's vessel, Margaretta. There are a number of Tories in the village who give considerable trouble, but after many adventures and overcoming innumerable difficulties, the colonists at length succeed in their enterprise, and all are enabled afterward to do valiant service in the provincial cause. It is a book which will do a boy no harm, and will whet his appetite for more knowledge of his country's history. It is nicely illustrated. 248 pages. Ornamental cloth cover. Price \$1.00. The Saalfeld Publishing Co., publishers.

THE WILD-FOWLERS, by Charles Bradford. The author of "The Determined Angler" has, in his latest work, something which will be gladly welcomed by sportsmen and hunters, especially by those who prefer, like ex-President Cleveland, to whom the volume is dedicated, the sport of hunting and shooting the denizens of lake and marsh. Mr. Bradford sets forth some well-known sporting scenes and characters, and the advice which he gives as to the haunts, habits and nature of wild-fowl, the best kind of guns, ammunition, etc., to use when hunting, as well as sportsmanlike methods, will be found valuable. The book is nicely illustrated, well printed on good paper and contains 175 pages, with ornamental cloth cover. Price \$1.00 net. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers.

MY DOG DAYS AND OTHER STORIES, by Elizabeth Adams Wells. The animal creation seems to have presented a most fertile field for writers of all degrees. We are at a loss to account for this save on the ground that humanity in all its varied and various phases has become exhausted and authors are looking for "fresh woods and pastures new" to satisfy their exuberant, or otherwise, imagination. The volume before us in addition to "My Dog Days," which supplies the title, contains the stories of "Bunny," the spry little squirrel; "Canary Song," sung by a little canary full of sweet fancies as well as keen observation of what goes on around its cage; "Cat Tales," being a relation of amusing incidents in the life of "Bobby," the big black cat, who was also a great lover of music; and "The Miller's Horse," the story of his life told by himself. The stories are simply and sympathetically told and will be a welcome addition to the tales which a mother reads to the children when the twilight gathers and the parlor lamp is lighted. The illustrations are good and apt and will increase the reader's interest. 170 pages. Cloth cover. Review and Herald Publishing Co., publishers.

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# DICKEY'S FIRST NIGHT MESSAGE

Caroline K. Herrick

a grand idea that his small brain could scarcely hold it. As soon as he had eaten his dinner and learned that his mother had nothing for him to do that afternoon, he ran to the telegraph office.

"Do you want a boy, sir?" he asked in his politest manner.

"I want a boy—not a baby," replied the telegraph operator mockingly. The young face that hardly reached the level of his high desk was so full of manly purpose that he regretted his jest and added, "You're too young, sonny. You couldn't do it."

"If you'd only give me the job, I'd show I could do it," pleaded Dickey.

A gentleman entered the office; "Can you send this note immediately?" he asked.

"I can send it in twenty minutes," replied the man. "Just now I haven't a boy in the place."

"Lemme take it, sir!" said Dickey.

"Are you a messenger boy?" asked the gentleman, eyeing him rather suspiciously. "You're not in the uniform."

"I can run just as fast as if I was," replied Dickey.

"How much do you get for that distance?" the gentleman asked the operator.

"Twenty cents," was the answer.

"Well, my little man," said the gentleman, "if I give you a quarter will you run just as fast as those short legs will carry you?"

"Yes, sir," promised Dickey, adding with pride, "I'm a nawful fast runner."

"Be off then and prove it," and Dickey darted away at a pace that the bicycle messenger could hardly have beaten.

When he entered the office again the telegrapher addressed him angrily: "See here, you little beggar, what have you done with that note you were paid to deliver? You've not been there and back in this time."

"Yes, sir—I have—sure," panted Dickey, all out of breath with running; "and the lady kept me while she wrote this telegram," and he handed in a written message.

"Well, you're a regular little steam engine!" exclaimed the operator. "Would you do that sort of thing right along if I gave you a job?"

"Sure," answered Dickey.

"Then you may come at seven o'clock tomorrow."

Twenty five cents, and his own earnings! His face beamed with delight as he laid it in his mother's lap. "It's for you, mother," he said. "I earned it! You won't need to wash any more now, for I'm goin' to earn money for you."

To his consternation neither of his parents seemed to approve of his fine plan. But he pleaded so well that his mother was soon won to his side and joined him in persuading his father. "He is doing a great deal of work now," she said, "and getting nothing for it. He ought to have something to say about the kind of work he shall do, when he works so willingly. Suppose he tries it for a week."

Mr. Shayne consented to this and the trial week passed so satisfactorily that the engagement was confirmed and Dickey's small figure was soon a familiar object in the streets of Fenwood, hurrying along with parcel or yellow envelope. He had worked a month without having been obliged to do night work, but one of the boys was taken ill, and Dickey had to take his turn with the others in making up deficiencies.

It was half an hour after midnight and Dickey was dozing on a bench in the back of the office. The machine began to click and presently the operator called:

"Here, Richard, you must carry this out Warfield avenue." Warfield avenue! the street where he hated to go—even by day; almost every one kept a dog, and the houses all stood so far back from the street.

He trudged off, trying to think that he didn't care. Not a light was to be seen in any house along the way. The

follage was so thick overhead that hardly a ray of the electric lights above penetrated to the sidewalk. He had set out whistling, but the sound was so loud and shrill in the midnight stillness that he stopped. He found himself looking nervously at each bush as he approached it, then hurrying by with quickened

breath. He realized that he was becoming frightened. "This won't do," he thought. "I'm not agoin' to be afraid of the dark. Father'd be ashamed of me. He thinks I'm brave." So he plodded on, repeating, to the beat of his own footsteps:

"Brave little man;  
Brave little man,  
My father says  
I'm a brave little man."

Mr. Alfred Findlay Greer and Mrs. Anna Frances Green were neighbors on Warfield avenue with only a hedge between their lawns. The ownership of the land was clearly indicated by the hedge, not so the ownership of sundry letters, express packages and parcels of various sorts that came addressed to Mrs. A. F. Greer or Mrs. A. F. Green. The result was constant mistakes and delays and irritation that made Mrs. Greer wish a dozen times a week that Mrs. Green would move away, and made Mrs. Green wish that Mr. Greer had never built his house on Warfield avenue.

"Did the boss say 'Greer' or 'Green,'" thought Dickey, and stopped under a light to read the address. "I thought he said 'Greer,' but that looks more like 'Green.' But that is 'Mr.' surely, and there isn't any Mr. at Green's; so I'll take it to Greer's."

He tiptoed up the steps—as if afraid of waking the sleeping inmates of the house, and gently pushed in the button of the bell. He heard a faint tinkle in the silent house, but no sound of answering footsteps. Again he rang, more loudly, and again waited in vain.

"There isn't anyone in this house," he thought. "It must be Green, after all."

As Dickey ran down the steps Mr. Greer called to his son who was sleeping in an adjoining room:

"Foster, did you hear that?"

"Hear what, father?" answered a drowsy voice.

"That ringing at the front door. I dreamed that a policeman was ringing the bell, and woke to find it sounding. While I waited—just to make sure,



"I'm a nawful fast runner."

there was another furious ring, and now someone is running away. Those young loafers are being funny again, running around and ringing bells. They'd better not come here when I'm awake!"

Next door Mrs. Green and her daughter were awakened by the first tinkle of the bell.

"Nannie," called the mother, in a terrified whisper, "do you suppose that's a burglar?"

"A burglar wouldn't ring the bell, mother," replied Miss Anna. "Perhaps it's a drunken man."

Again the bell sounded, more loudly, and again, impatiently. Both ladies rose and stole silently downstairs and listened at the door. When Dickey rang the fourth time he was startled by an instant response from the other side of the door: "Who is there?"

"A telegram," answered Dickey, with his mouth at the keyhole, but poor Mrs. Green was so frightened that the blood was surging in her ears and she could not distinguish a syllable.

"He's so tipsy that he can't speak plainly," she whispered to her daughter. "His breath is so strong of liquor that I can smell it through the keyhole." Then she put her lips to the keyhole and screamed. "Go away, or I'll let the dog out!" while Miss Green gave a fairly good impersonation of a growling dog.

It was natural enough to frighten Dickey, who hastened to explain—speaking very slowly and distinctly. "I'm a telegraph boy. I've got a message for you."

"A telegram, Nannie," cried Mrs. Green—who was almost as much afraid of a telegram as of a bur-

**T**HE first time Dickey Shayne saw his mother at the washtub he ran into the garden, sat down behind a currant bush and wished he was a man.

Second thought suggested that, since he couldn't be a man for years and years yet, he had better try to be a helpful boy. So he went back to the house, turned the wringer and carried the basket of clothes out to the drying-green, and when he came from school in the afternoon helped to sprinkle and fold them for ironing. He ran on errands, he washed dishes, he did everything that a boy of his age could do to help his mother. "If I don't pitch in and help," he said to himself, "mother'll be wishin' that I was a girl."

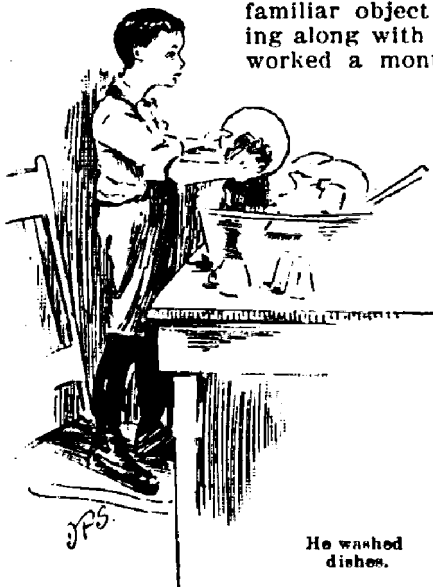
Dickey's father had been very ill. When the crisis was past and the invalid convalescent, Mrs. Shayne sat down to reckon up the cost, and to arrange her affairs for the many weeks that must elapse before her husband would be able to return to work. His employers had sent word that they would keep his position for him until the New Year and would pay half his salary in his absence; but the half salary was insufficient to keep up the little home in its former comfort, and there were all the heavy expenses of sickness in addition to the ordinary household expenditure. The good family doctor would wait for the payment of his bill; but the druggist's bill must be paid at once—for another was already accumulating; so must the grocer's bill, in which many unusual items made the monthly total very large. When all these were provided for there was not much left of the "rainy day fund" that had been slowly accumulating in the bank for some years. Mrs. Shayne went over her calculations a second time, hoping she had made some mistake, but found her balance sadly correct.

"How are we to live for the next two or three months?" she asked herself. "There isn't a chance for me to earn anything, while Richard requires so much care. There's nothing for me to do but to save all I can. I must do without Mrs. Fogarty." Mrs. Fogarty was the woman who came every week to do the laundry work and sweeping.

She tried hard to save in every way; but it was weary work and accomplished but little. The curtailed expenses were still in excess of the reduced income and the remnant of the "rainy day fund" was dwindling alarmingly.

Dickey saw his mother's face growing more careworn day by day, and wished with all his generous little heart that he was old enough to earn money.

Returning from school one day he fell in with a telegraph messenger boy going his way. Five minutes' talk with him gave Dickey a new idea—such



He washed dishes.

glar. Her hands trembled so that she fumbled at the bolt.

"You needn't open the door wide," called Dickey—who was very much afraid that the dog would get out. "If you open it just a crack, I'll push the telegram in."

The door was opened the length of the chain bolt and Dickey thrust the envelope through. Miss Green turned on the electric light and read the address.

"This isn't for us," she exclaimed indignantly; "it's for Mr. Greer. Here, you stupid boy; aren't you ashamed of yourself, to rouse us up in the middle of the night, all for nothing! This is for Mr. Greer, next door."

"There isn't anyone in the house," replied Dickey. "I tried there first."

"You're telling a story," cried the angry lady.



"Help! Fire!—  
Mr. Greer, help!"

"Mrs. Greer is away, but Mr. Greer and his son are in the house." She threw the envelope on the floor of the porch and slammed the door. Dickey groped in the darkness for the telegram, found it and started again for Mr. Greer's.

"If they're in the house, I guess I'll make 'em hear, this time," he thought, and held the button down a full half minute. The bell made such a noise that he did not hear the creaking of the stairs as Mr. Greer and his son ran down. Suddenly the door flew open and the horrified boy saw, by the gleam of the street light just before the house, the angry face of a man who pointed a pistol at him, while above the man's shoulder scowled another face and the barrel of another pistol reflected the light. Dickey did not wait to explain his errand. At a bound he cleared the steps and landed in the middle of a flower bed. Scrambling to his feet, he dashed through the hedge, just as a sharp report rang out and a tingling pain ran along his leg.

"Don't be a fool, Foster! Don't shoot him!" cried Mr. Greer.

"I only shot to frighten him," replied the young man. "Which way is he gone?" and the two men sprang after the flying boy.

Up the steps of Mrs. Green's house rushed Dickey, and threw himself frantically on the bell, shrieking, "Lemme in, lemme in! They're tryin' to kill me!"

"There he is again," cried Mrs. Green. "It isn't any telegraph boy! It's a crazy lunatic! Hear him saying that someone's trying to kill him."

"Oh, oh," shuddered Miss Green, "I'm sure it's a burglar! That story about the telegram was only a ruse to get the door open. The boy was an accomplice—they're trying another plan now."

Meanwhile, Dickey, trembling like a leaf, was listening to the steps of his pursuers who were drawing nearer. They were almost at the front of the house now—and the door was still closed. "I'll shinny up that post," he thought. "They'll never

think of lookin' for me up there," and he shinned up one of the slender pillars that supported the porch.

"Mother, mother!" shrieked Miss Anna. "They're trying to break into the second story! I hear steps on the roof outside my window!"

"Where's the horn? Find me the horn, Nannie," cried her mother. "I'll call Mr. Greer."

The horn was a large tin one which Mrs. Green had purchased some years before, in view of the possibility of such an emergency as this, but the neighborhood had never yet heard its voice. She threw up the window and blew a blast that might have been heard to the middle of the village: "Help! Fire! Mr. Greer, help! Help!" she screamed.

Mr. Greer and his son, having gone around the house in different directions, met under the window where Mrs. Green, not expecting such a ready response to her appeal, leaned out, a spectral figure in white, blowing her horn with such deafening effect that she could not hear the voice that called to her from below, "What's the matter? Where is he? What's the matter, Mrs. Green?"

When at last she stopped blowing—because she had no breath to blow longer—and heard Mr. Greer's voice, she began a confused story about "men ringing the bell, accomplices, etc., etc."

"The same fellows who have been ringing my bell," interrupted her neighbor. "Just let me catch them! I'll—"

"Mr. Greer!" called a weak voice from somewhere overhead; "Mr. Greer, don't shoot! It's only me; a messenger boy. I've been tryin' to deliver a telegram."

"Oh, the wretch!" shrieked Mrs. Green. "That's the story he told us; trying to get let into the house! Oh, Mr. Greer, protect us!"

"I don't want to hurt anybody," the small voice went on. Mr. Greer, looking up to see where the sound came from, saw a little pale face with staring eyes peering out from between the rails of the balustrade that surrounded the top of the porch. "Don't shoot!" he said, pleadingly. "I'm only a little boy. I don't want to hurt anybody."

"If you have a telegram, come down here and deliver it," snapped Mr. Greer, who began to find his role of protector a rather undignified one.

Dickey slid down the pillar, keeping an apprehensive eye upon young Mr. Greer's pistol, and gave the envelope to Mr. Greer, while neighbors who had been aroused by the hubbub came flocking across the lawn and Mrs. Green, becoming conscious of the airy nature of her costume, retired behind the window curtains.

"What's the row? A telegram! Hope it's not bad news," said one and another, and the whole crowd trooped across the street into the bright circle under an electric light, while Mr. Greer tore open the envelope.

"This excitement has given me a nervous chill," he said. "I declare, I can't read a word of it."

"Brace up, old man," said a cheerful neighbor at his elbow. "Don't get shaky. Here, I'll read it for you, and you'll see it's nothing serious."

"It's not likely to be anything but bad news, coming at such a time," said a gloomy neighbor in an audible whisper.

As Mr. Talbot glanced over the paper his face twitched and he hesitated.

"Out with it, Talbot!" cried Mr. Greer, excitedly. "Let me hear it, whatever it is. Is it about my wife?"

"It is," said Mr. Talbot, and, clearing his throat, he read: "Send on my mauve silk dress at once. Clara Greer."

"Thunder!" exclaimed Mr. Greer, seizing the paper and crumpling it angrily. A slight laugh on the outskirts of the group was quickly suppressed, but Mr. Greer had heard it and it made him more angry. He turned savagely on poor little Dickey, who had pulled his sleeve.

"Well, you nuisance; what do you want now?"

"Sign the book, please."

Mr. Greer signed and tossed the book back.

Dickey still waited. "Well, what do you want now?" Mr. Greer demanded.

"Fifteen cents for delivery," whimpered the trembling messenger.

"There's your money. Now, be off!" But as his eyes followed the childish figure pushing its way through the crowd, he felt ashamed of venting his wrath on such a puny object. "Hello, boy!" he called. Dickey turned. "How old are you?"

"Ten, sir."

"You poor little kid! We gave you an awful scare, didn't we?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll not go gunning for you the next time you have to come here at night. Will you be willing to try it again if I give you fifty cents to pay for your fright?"

"Yes, sir," replied Dickey cheerfully, as he rammed the coin well down in his pocket.

"Now, sonny," said Mr. Talbot, "don't spend all of that for cigarettes, or you'll never grow any bigger than you are now."

Dickey ran all the way back to the office. He had been so badly frightened that he was no longer ashamed of his fears.

When he went home to breakfast he told the story to his mother, who was full of pity and indignation at the recital of his adventures. "And, mother," he added, "I think you'd better look at my leg. It hurts me awfully now. I guess the ball must be in there, it's so hard."

The wound had bled, and the stocking was stuck fast. As Mrs. Shayne dabbled it with warm water she shuddered to think of the peril her boy had been in. But when the stocking was removed, she heaved a sigh of relief, for in place of the deep wound she had expected to see there was only a long, ragged scratch made by a thorn of the hedge.

Dickey's career as a messenger boy was not a long one. By the middle of December Mr. Shayne was able to take up his work, and Dickey laid his down at the end of the same month. The first of the year he returned to school. Of course, he had lost ground in his classes, but this seemed but a little thing to him in comparison with the pleasure he felt in having given his parents substantial help at the time when it was so much needed. Even the terrors of that night errand he came to look upon as a matter of business for which he had been fairly paid. "For," he said, "I don't believe I had more than about fifty cents worth of scare."



There was only a long, ragged scratch.

## An Oration Unspoken—Garland P. Ferrell

**A**T THE recent commencement exercises at Harvard University occurred an incident full of instruction for those who saw it. It is often the habit of boys to judge of things by the way they look; but as one grows older he learns that appearance is not all. "Handsome is as handsome does," is an adage that becomes clearer as one learns more of the world.

At these exercises at the big college there were over one thousand students ready to receive diplomas; their friends who had come from all over the country; besides scores of wise men and great. President Eliot conferred honorary degrees upon many distinguished guests who were present. One of these was Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, who arose in the fullness of all his sturdy manhood and bowed his thanks. There were scientists, inventors, famous preachers, great judges, diplomats and statesmen.

Once when a name was called, a soldier in full uniform bedecked with gold braid and shining buttons arose. He was a surgeon of the army, and was thus honored by Harvard, because he has discovered how to check the dreadful scourge, yellow fever, an enemy that mows down more soldiers than the bullets.

Each of these men, seated in a circle on the stage before the vast audience, arose in turn and bowed in all his honor and glory. It was a sight, magnificent and inspiring, to see these distinguished men, famous, worthy of honor, handsome.

The president of the college then read from his list another name that Harvard wished to honor. His deep, full voice pronounced these words:

"Charles Proteus Steinmetz, the foremost expert in applied electricity of this country, and therefore of the world."

From out of the bank of seats there arose a dwarf-

ish, misshapen figure, a tiny man, humpbacked, his face peering out between his shoulders, his black hair bristling all on end. He bowed smiling and with the dignity of the others took his seat.

The applause that followed shook the vast concourse. Every one felt the meaning of the bestowed honor. Every one thought of electricity, the greatest factor of this scientific age; of telegraphs, trolley cars, electric lights, of the lightning serving for men; electricity, king of sciences; and this tiny man, "half made up" like Shakespeare's Richard, king of magic.

"The foremost expert in applied electricity in all the world" spoke then and there a wordless oration. Take good cheer, boys cast down with misshapen bodies, of ill-moulded features, boys who pine over appearances that they fain would change. Take good cheer. It is deeds, not looks, that count. "Handsome is as handsome does."



**The Washington Times Newsboys' Band**

**L**AST spring the Washington Times Newsboys' Band made a triumphal entry into Washington musical circles. The band was organized by the Washington Times, which procured the services of Prof. G. M. White, of Detroit, as instructor. Professor White began his task January 15, and in three months had trained the band to play well such selections as make up the repertoire of military bands generally. Two hundred newsboys applied for places in the band. Every applicant was given a trial, and if he showed any evidence of inherent talent he was placed on the list to have his fitness further tested. Forty boys, ranging from nine to sixteen years of age, now constitute the organization. In the beginning not one of the forty knew a musical note from a Chinese numeral. The youngsters are enthusiastic over their work and many of them are destined to gain distinction as musicians. Lieutenant Sautelmann, leader of the famous Marine Band of Washington—the President's band—has warmly commended the Times for its public-spiritedness in organizing a band among the newsboys. He says that it means that these boys are going to be thrown in contact with people of culture and refinement, and that it will implant higher ideals in youthful minds. The training of the newsboys in music will have an effect on other boys of the community, as well as on the community at large.

*With the Boys*

GLENN AUGLE, Imlay City, Mich., is fortunate in having a grandmother who is thoroughly interested in him. She writes us that Glenn is not yet twelve years old and is in the sixth grade of the public schools. He is a bright and good boy and loves THE AMERICAN BOY. One of his playmates suffered a misfortune in falling and breaking his leg. Glenn sits with his friend and reads to him out of THE AMERICAN BOY. Glenn's grandmother wishes that every boy in America took THE AMERICAN BOY.—BERNHARD RAY, 893

North Rockwell street, Chicago, Ill., is interested in ostriches and wants to know if there is any magazine or paper treating of ostrich raising. We know of none.—FRANK GATES, Chicago, Ill., worked some drug store problems that appeared in the Pharmaceutical Era and received the third prize of ten dollars offered by the magazine. He is fourteen years old. One of the problems was: "From what height, in meters, must a block of ice at zero degrees centigrade fall that the heat generated by its collision with the earth shall be just sufficient to melt it?" Another was: "In a rectangular court yard there are laid 12,800 paving stones, the number in the length being twice the number in the width. What is the number each way?"—WILL G. CHRISTY, Jerseyville, Ill., takes exception to the article in our July number entitled "Our Boys Must Brace Up," which refers to the fact that the girls were beating them in school work in some localities. He says that at Jerseyville (Ill.) the boys keep ahead. He gives the names of the three who stood at the head of the last graduating class in the Jerseyville High School and they are all boys, and the class consisted of fifteen boys and six girls. Our correspondent is a very enthusiastic friend of THE AMERICAN BOY, and a very big one, as he is six feet two inches in height and weighs 230 pounds, although but seventeen years old. There is room here for considerable enthusiasm.—CHARLES SMITH, Brockton, N. Y., wants to know how to make a good swing-board.—W. EVERETT BAKER, Denver, Colo., sends a well-written poem entitled, "The Schoolboy."—BEN G. JASPER, Ridgeville, Tenn., suggests that every boy make an inventory of his property from time to time, putting opposite each article its value. Men do this every year just to know how much they are worth, and why shouldn't boys? Ben attaches to his letter an inventory of his own effects and it is



WHAT HAPPENS TO BOYS WHO PIN BEETLES TO TREES.

Copy made by Raymond G. Wilkins, San Jose, Cal., from a picture he saw in a book.

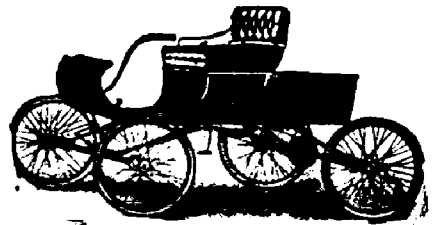
very interesting. According to Ben's inventory he is worth \$740, but we are afraid that some of his values are put too high. After enumerating bicycle, clothing, games, and a number of other things, he puts down, "1,000 miscellaneous things, \$200." Among his effects are a Shetland colt, a watch, a fine dog, which he values at \$50, tool chest, desk, Scranton scholarship, volumes of THE AMERICAN BOY, and so on. One of the things Ben and other boys should learn is to value their belongings at a reasonable figure. Better not make any inventory at all than make one that is deceptive as to the value of the goods.—A Bowler (Mont.) boy who doesn't want his name put in the paper, writes:

(Continued on page 384.)



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By Chalmers Johnson.

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# BOYS AS MONEY MAKERS and MONEY SAVERS

FLOYD THOMAS, South Ottumwa, Ia., is a little money maker who buys all his own clothes and has money in the bank. He earns \$1.25 a week carrying papers. He mows lawns, sells peanuts, and does many other things that bring in money.—HERBERT JORDAN, Cloud Chief, Okla., is eleven years old. Last fall he made twenty dollars picking cotton. This fall he is going to increase the amount to thirty dollars and put half of it in bank to help him pay his way to the great exposition at St. Louis in 1904. He is going to try to save money to help him get an education. He lives on a farm, and is the proud owner of a calf. He milks three cows twice a day and feeds the horses and hogs. He can hitch up a team and plow. Very good for an eleven-year-old.—RALPH REES, Lake Bluff, Ill., lights the gas in the streets of his town every night and puts it out again at midnight. It is rather dreary work, but he earns three dollars a week by doing it, part of which he pays to his father for his board. It takes him two hours to light the lamps and one hour to put them out. He is trying to save enough money to take him to California this winter. He spent five dollars for a lawn mower and receives twenty cents an hour for mowing lawns, but has only enough work to keep him busy an hour or two a day.—EDGAR BAGG, Warsaw, N. Y., as stated by his mother in a letter to us, earned the money which pays for THE AMERICAN BOY by helping on the farm. He is fourteen years of age and though so young milked eight cows night and morning during the seven weeks of vacation and once a day for two other weeks.—EARLE STUDDWELL, Stamford, Conn., says he has made money out of our suggestions as to how to make a canoe. He has made altogether twelve canoes, running all the way from six feet to fourteen feet in length.—HENRY B. MUSSER, Columbus, Neb., received a pig from his father when it was a few days old. He fattened it and sold it for twelve dollars. Then he bought a red heifer calf for six dollars, which, after she had grown and raised a calf of her own, brought, with the calf, thirty five dollars. Then he sold his dog for three dollars, with the result that he had fifty dollars in bank. With thirty five dollars of this money he bought a Duroc Jersey sow, registered, and she now has five fine pigs, three of which he has already bargained to sell in the fall at fifteen dollars each.

## Boys, Be Honest.

### How One Man Chooses Boys.

A gentleman who has charge of 200 boys in a large department store loves to talk about boys.

"How do you choose your boys?" was asked.

"My first question is, 'Where is the boy?' You see, it all depends upon the boy himself. You can judge the boy better from his appearance, his manner, his dress and the way he comes into an office than from any description of him. Character shows forth in little things—you can't hide it. I take boys by what you might almost term first impressions. I have 'sized him up' before he enters the office, the respectful and self-respecting way in which he meets my look and questions, and gives me an idea of his bringing up and the stuff that is in him. As to appearance, I look at once for these things: Polished shoes, clean clothes and clean finger nails. Good clothes are not requisites. A boy's clothes may be ragged, his shoes have holes in them, yet his appearance may still give evidence of a desire to be neat. I will not employ a cigarette smoker if I know it. As for reference, a boy's teacher is the best reference that he can have. The recommendation which a good boy in our employ gives a boy applying for a position always receives marked consideration."

"A cash boy's first advance is to stock boy, office boy, or cadet. A stock boy attends to the work in whatever stock he is in. A cadet is a general utility boy; an office boy works around some one of the offices of the house. We promote according to merit, length of service, or combined. Whenever possible, we try to give our oldest employes preference; but if another boy who has not been here as long as another shows greater fitness for a vacancy, in justice to the house and the boy he gets it. A cash boy gets \$2.50 a week; when he has been here three months, \$3; or if he has shown marked ability \$3.50.—Exchange.

### The Making of Workmen.

The product of the apprentice system that existed in this country a generation ago was a splendid average of mechanical ability displayed by workmen. This system has gone out of vogue, partly through the bitter opposition of labor unions. To-day there are few or no recruits added to the ranks of handicraftsmen from this source. The son of the electrical worker, the iron moulder, the pattern maker, or what not, is debarred from entering the shop as an apprentice to become in time as good a workman as his father, or a better one. Even the few boys who are allowed in the shop under present conditions are kept as ignorant as possible for fear that they may know too much. The

situation is in a certain way pitiful. The need of the country is for more men with hands, brains and eyes trained to work; in short, for skilled artisans. Succeeding generations will rise up to condemn the present for its unwise, unfeeling attitude toward boys who have an inclination and an aptitude to become skilled artisans.

### The Life of a Coal Miner.

First, the boy of eight or ten is sent to the breaker to pick the slate and other impurities from the coal which has been brought up from the mine. From there he is promoted and becomes a door boy, working in the mine. As he grows older and stronger he is advanced to the position and given the pay of a laborer. There he gains the experience which secures him a place as a miner's helper, and as he acquires skill and strength he becomes, when in the height of his manhood and vigor, a full fledged miner.

If he is fortunate enough to escape the falls of rock and coal, he may retain this position as a miner for a number of years. But as age creeps on and he is attacked by some of the many diseases incident to work in the mines he makes way for those younger and more vigorous following him up the ladder whose summit he has reached. He then starts on the descent, going back to become a miner's helper, then a mine laborer, now a door boy, and when old and decrepit he finally returns to the breaker where he started as a child, earning the same wages as are received by the little urchins who work at his side. There is no incentive for ambition in the average miner's life. He cannot rise to places of eminence and wealth. Only one in five hundred can even be given place as a foreman or superintendent, and these are positions which few miners care to hold.—John Mitchell in Cosmopolitan.

### Man's Inhumanity to Children.

We learn on good authority that twenty five per cent of the workers in the cotton fields of South Carolina are children under fourteen years of age, working sixty six hours a week. This means something like 12,000 little toilers in South Carolina alone. In the eight mills of one Georgia town the percentage of factory operators under fourteen years of age is not less than one third. Some of the little workers are under nine years of age. Is it strange that some of these mills declared two years ago sixty per cent to ninety five per cent dividends?

Sure punishment waits on this blunting of morals, blinding of intellect and stunting of body. Some day a terrible retribution will arouse the public mind from its guilty sleep.

This sort of inhumanity is not confined to the South. According to the annual report of the State Factory Commission the employment of child-labor in Illinois has increased thirty nine per cent in the last year. In 1900 the inspectors found 14,256 children at work in the factories, and in 1901 the number had grown to 19,389.

## BOYS EARN CHRISTMAS MONEY

Selling the Continental Welsh Rarebit recipe to ladies in your neighborhood for 5 cents per copy, single copies 2 cents, 6 for 10 cents, 75 for \$1.00. To the boy who buys the largest number of copies from us by December 10, 1902, we will send postoffice money order for \$5.00 on December 20th, next largest \$3.00 and the next 5 \$1.00 each.

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**\$100 WEEKLY** for our Agents. Portraits, frames, art goods. Also wholesale to consumers. Free catalog.

**KIEZART CO.,** 250 N. Clark St., Chicago.

**MANUSCRIPTS** Neatly and accurately typewritten at \$1c. per 100 words. No extra charges for two copies. **BEST WORK** at lowest prices.

**EDW. ROSE,** 1623 Lewis Street, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

**FIFTY CENTS A DAY AFTER SCHOOL** FOR BOYS. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

**IMPERIAL NEEDLE CO.,** Box 10, East St. Louis, Ill.

**WE PAY YOU \$4.00 PER WEEK**—To write 10 letters per day for us. Easy money made at leisure moments. Write for particulars.

**Wabash Novelty Co.,** 209 Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

## Bright Boy Wanted

We shall engage a bright business boy to represent us in cities and towns where we have no regular dealers. There is nothing more easily sold when once seen than our **PATENT ADJUSTABLE SHEAR**. It can be tightened or loosened with the fingers and made to cut just right in any material. Every pair fully warranted. They are made of the best possible material and workmanship. We are one of the largest factories engaged in this line of manufacture and want responsible agents, for whom we have an interesting proposition.

If desired, we will be pleased to send the name of a boy who has sold as high as thirty pairs of these shears in a day. He says that it is the best money maker he has ever struck. State age, previous occupation, and give references when you write. No attention will be given to letters neglecting these points.

**MACON SHEAR COMPANY**  
Quality Makers **MACON, MO.**

### AGENTS WANTED

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#### HAVE YOU TRIED THE KLIP?

Covers to Order.  
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YOU CAN BIND one sheet or three hundred sheets in ten seconds. The Klip binds loose sheets, pamphlets or magazines.

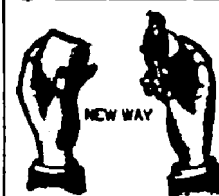
**H. H. BALLARD, 275 Pittsfield, Mass.**

### AGENTS WANTED

## BOYS

make money during your spare time. Send 10c for samples and our liberal offer. Address **W. M. J. DRAIN, JR.,** 1620 Venango St., Phila., Pa.

## CHAMPION EGG OPENER



Opens Soft, Medium, Hard Boiled or Fresh Laid EGGS in a Neat, Clean Manner.

BY MAIL:

**NICKEL PLATED, - 25c.**  
**SILVER PLATED, - 50c.**

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258 Asylum Street, HARTFORD, CONN.



Money Returned if not Satisfactory. WRITE FOR PREMIUM OFFER TO AGENTS.

**PAYS** to write for our 200-page free book. Tells how men with small capital can make money with a **MAGIC LANTERN** or **STEREOPTICON**.

**McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.**

**\$8 PAID Per 100** for DISTRIBUTION of Washing Fluids. Send 1c in stamp and cover territory to **A. W. SCOTT, CONOES, N. Y.**

## BOYS MAKE 50 CENTS AN HOUR

Showing sample and taking orders for our patent **FIRE KINDLER**. Send 2c for prepaid sample and get to work. **KINDLER CO., HILLBORO, ILLINOIS.**

**Agent's Outfit Free.**—Delight, Biscuit, Cake and Doughnut Cutter, Apple Corer, and Strainer. 5 articles in one. Sells on sight. Large Catalog free. **RICHARDSON MFG. CO., Dept. 12, BATH, N.Y.**

**ANGELS WHISPER** Beautiful, Large, Colored **PICTURE!** Sells quick at 25 cents a sample, 12 cents 9 for \$1.00. **J. LEE, OMAHA BUILDING, CHICAGO.**

**HOLIDAY MONEY MAKER**—Sell twenty pieces of our jewelry for \$2.00. Keep one dollar, send us one dollar. Now is the time to work for Christmas money. **The C. M. Hudson Co., 319 Logan St., Sewickley, Pa.**

**BIG MONEY** in Mail-Order Business. Conducted by anyone, anywhere. Our plan for starting beginners is marvelously successful. Send stamp for comp. plan. **Central Supply A. Co., Kansas City, Mo.**

# Spare-Time Work for Boys

WE WILL provide not only the work but the capital to start any bright boy making money in his spare time—after school hours and on Saturdays. We have already started **THREE THOUSAND BOYS**. Some of them are making \$8.00 to \$10.00 a week regularly. In addition many of them are getting handsome cash prizes at the end of each month.

We want **1000 new boys** at once to act as agents for

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The work is easy The magazines can be sold among relatives and friends. No money required to start. We send the first week's supply free.

**\$200.00 in Extra Cash Prizes will be distributed among boys selling FIVE or More Copies Next Month**

Our free booklet gives the photographs of some of the most successful of our boy agents. Send for it. State if you wish to begin selling the magazines at once and we will send you the first week's supply.

Circulation Department, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.





AN ENJOYABLE FEATURE OF CAMP LIFE.

**The C. T. A. C. Camp.**

We present two interesting pictures of groups of boys taken at the Sixth Annual Summer Encampment of the Chicago Catholic Total Abstinence Cadets held at Bangs Lake, Ill., in July, last. The boys each took with them two pairs of very heavy blankets, a suit of light and a suit of heavy underwear, stockings, handkerchiefs, a bathing suit, towels, soap, comb and brush, clothes brush, pins, thread and needles, witch hazel, vaseline, a pillowcase, prayer book, rosary, hymn book, khaki pants, leggings, soldier's canvas campaign hat, and cadet uniform coat. Each company had to provide a lantern and decorations for its tent, and books and papers, fishing tackle, base ball and other supplies for athletic and recreative amusements. The entire cost was six dollars and fifty cents, including transportation, lodging, meals, and use of boats for ten days.

**The Devil's Office Boy.**

Some one has said that the idle man, whether millionaire or tramp, is the devil's attorney, so we might say that the idle boy is the devil's office boy. In this connection it is interesting to recall that Mr. Gladstone once said that in all the great controversies in the last fifty years the leisure classes have always been wrong.

**An Artist in Embryo.**

We present a portrait of James Meyers, Portsmouth, O., whose age is eleven, together with a half-tone reproduction of a wash drawing made by him. James is in the Portsmouth Grammar school and is popular with his teachers and his school-fellows. He has done work with the pen, pencil and brush for more than two years, and his talent in this direction has won him considerable local fame, and not a little money, as, at Christmas, Easter and Valentine time, cards designed by him are much sought after. The boy should some day be sent to an art school and his talent developed. He has no doubt a bright future before him.



JAMES MEYERS.  
Photo by Willis Bros., Portsmouth, O.

**Mamma's Little Boy.**

A smart little boy is—or was—rather ambitious to be a letter carrier, says the London Weekly Telegraph. A short time ago he secured a bundle of old love letters that his mother had treasured since her courtship days, and distributed them from house to house throughout the neighborhood.



THE C. T. A. C. IN CAMP.

**The Bad Boy and the School.**

This item is for the 15-year-old boy who thinks it is a smart thing to act up so mean at school that he wears out the life of his teacher and destroys the good work which the school was intended to accomplish. This sort of boy is found in country as well as city schools. They are too big for a little woman to thrash and seem to have no moral sense which may be appealed to. Now, boys, you are the architects of your own fortunes. You can improve the educational advantages given you and become useful and worthy citizens or you can raise Cain, as you do in school, graduate from there into brake beam tramp and die a dirty bum. You can make your choice. The sure way to get into plenty of trouble when grown to manhood is to make lots of trouble in the public schools. You ought to have the meanness well licked out of you, but the teacher can't do it, your father won't, and the school board had rather fire you than lick you. Fun and plenty of it is a birthright of the American boy, but your type of meanness is not fun; it is the outcropping of the heathen in you, and you belong with the Moros or Tagals of the Philippines rather than with the people of civilized North America. Turn over a new leaf.—Exchange.

**The Emperor's Little Friend.**

A little Austrian boy recently met with a piece of luck. He lives in a street in Budapest, and whenever the Emperor Francis Joseph drove past on his way to the station the lad always greeted his majesty by vigorously waving his hat. The emperor noticed the child, and whenever he was in the Hungarian capital looked out for his young friend. This continued for quite six years, until one day in April the emperor noticed that the boy was missing from his usual post. An hour later a messenger from the emperor called at the house and inquired what had become of him. On learning that the lad, who was now twelve years of age, had been sent to school, the emperor promised to pay for his education and afterward make an officer of him if he were physically fit.

**President Roosevelt on Boys.**

No boy can afford to neglect his work, and with a boy work, as a rule, means study. I am no advocate of senseless cramming in studies, but a boy should work, and should work hard at his lessons, in the first place, for the sake of the effect upon his own character of settling to learn it. Shiftlessness, slackness, indifference to studying, are all most certain to mean inability to get on in other walks of life. Of course, as a boy grows older it is a good thing if he can shape his studies in the direction toward which he has a natural bent; but whether he can do this or not, he must put his whole heart into it. I do not believe in mischief-making in school hours, as this is the kind of animal spirits that makes poor scholars; and I believe that those boys who take part in rough, hard play out of school will not find any need of it.—President Roosevelt.

Not long ago, when the venerable Edward Everett Hale was on a visit to New York, he boarded a crowded Broadway car for a trip up town. A lad in a corner rose and politely offered the grand old man his seat. Dr. Hale took it, saying in his hearty way as he did so: "Thank you, my boy, thank you. I'll do as much for you when you are eighty, if I happen to be around then."

The **HAMILTON** RIFLE

A weapon for Boys that **KILLS**.

Costs Only **\$2.00**

The Hamilton No. 15 22-caliber Rifle is a perfect fire-arm, absolutely accurate, strong and durable and weighs only 2 pounds.

Nothing better for all kinds of small game and target practice.

Ask your dealer for a Hamilton. He should have them - if not we will send by express prepaid—upon receipt of \$2.00.

Write for complete illustrated circular.

The Hamilton Rifle Co.,  
Box 10,  
Plymouth, Mich.

**FREE** COLUMBIAN WITH 5 PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

This genuine Columbia Phonograph reproduces s-s, s-s, s-s, etc., as finely as a \$100 dollar machine. We give it complete with 5 up-to-date records for selling only \$6 of our new Jewelry Novelties. Goods that sell—having genuine value and real merit. Send name and address we send you **FREE**, postpaid, with 36 pieces of art Jewelry. Sell at 10 cts. **TRUST YOU** When sold send us the \$3.60 and we send this Columbia Phonograph or give your own choice of 50 other reliable premiums. Each and every one as good or if possible better than this. There is no trick about this. We will forfeit \$1.00 to anyone who sends us \$3.60 and can prove we do not send Phonograph at once. Send us your order to-day. **ROSE MFG. CO., Dept. 100, CHICAGO.**

**WATCH FREE** and CHAIN FREE

**BOYS AND GIRLS**, send your name and address. We will mail you 12 boxes Petrie's Jersey Cream Ointment to sell at 25c each. When sold, send us \$3.00 and we will send you, charges prepaid, this handsome Watch and Chain free. Write at once. Petrie Jersey Cream Ointment Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**FREE SAMPLES** TO AGENTS

Self Lighting Pocket Lamp Size of pencil, can be carried in vest pocket, takes the place of kerosene lamp or candles, and does away with matches, burns perfectly, quick seller. See seeing believing, send stamp. **FOUNTAIN POCKET LAMP CO., Dept. G, 117 LEXINGTON BLDG., NEW YORK.**

**BOYS! A GUN FREE!**

WRITE TO-DAY. NO MONEY REQUIRED!

**ABSOLUTELY FREE TO ANY BOY**

By our plan any bright boy may get a Fine Shot Gun or Rifle absolutely free; not a cent of money required. Our Guns are beautiful, and serviceable. **C. O. MYERS COMPANY, ATCHISON, KAS.**

**FREE** THIS BEAUTIFUL AIR RIFLE

shoots B. B. shot with great force, and is just the gun for small game or target practice. Barrel is nicely nickel-plated and stock is of wood with mahogany finish. **SENT, ALL PREPAID**, to any boy for selling 18 of our beautiful scarf-pins at 10c each. We trust you. **New England Supply Co., 111a St., West Hartford, Conn.**

**BOYS, GIRLS, LADIES** Our specialty sells at 10c. Unlike anything else. Every person wants it. Liberal cash commission. Send 5 cents for sample and particulars. **Bredshull Co., 192 Grand Ave., Chicago.**

**NOVEL PLAN** a good watch, camera, or fountain pen absolutely **FREE** No canvassing or peddling. Write for particulars. **EASTERN INVESTMENT CO., Auburn, Maine.**



HALF-TONE FROM WASH DRAWING BY JAMES MEYERS.

**Camera and Complete Outfit FREE**

**BOYS** you can get this fine premium free for selling only 18 packages of our **EGYPTIAN** at 10 cents each. Sells like "Hot Cakes." Write to-day and we will send the goods by mail; when sold, send us the money (\$1.50), and we will send premium, all charges paid. This camera takes fine 2 1/2 x 2 1/2 pictures and the outfit consists of chemicals, cards, paper and everything needed to take a perfect picture. Address **EGYPTIAN MFG. CO., TRENTON, N. J.**

# 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.



CAPTAIN'S BADGE. (Twice Actual Size.)

Boys desiring to Organize Companies may obtain a Pamphlet from us containing Directions. It is sent free.

### Notice.

All names of new members should be sent in by the Captain. Any member can send in a subscription, but if the subscriber is to be a member of the Company the Captain should notify us to that effect.

### Field Day Champions.

Roy Cramer, Urbana, Ohio, THE AMERICAN BOY Standing Broad Jump Senior Champion for 1902-3.

Clarence E. Lancaster, Carmel, Ind., THE AMERICAN BOY Running Broad Jump Junior Champion for 1902-3.

Charles M. Neilson, Jr., Salt Lake City, Utah, THE AMERICAN BOY Running Broad Jump Senior Champion for 1902-3.

Jay Mitchell, Newberg, Ore., THE AMERICAN BOY Standing Hop, Step and Jump Junior Champion for 1902-3.

Stanley Wood, Salt Lake City, Utah, THE AMERICAN BOY Standing Broad Jump Junior Champion for 1902-3.

### New Companies Organized.

Massasoit Company, No. 5, Division of Missouri, St. Louis, Mo., Captain Bennie Geiger.

Stephen F. Austin Company, No. 9, Division of Texas, Ennis, Texas, Captain Olin F. Hardy.

Honest Abe Company, No. 6, Division of Missouri, Springfield, Mo., Captain Herbert Pickering.

William McKinley Company, No. 20, Division of Illinois, Marissa, Ill., Captain Harry Christopher.

William J. Samford Company, No. 3, Division of Alabama, Opelika, Ala., Captain Casey Greene.

Empire State Company, No. 18, Division of New York, Lorraine, N. Y., Captain Roselle Wagner.

Rutherford B. Hayes Company, No. 23, Division of Ohio, Lindsey, O., Captain William M. Yost.

Texas Panhandle Company, No. 10, Division of Texas, Quanah, Texas, Captain Howard N. Bridendall.

### Standing Hop, Step and Jump, Junior Championship.

The July AMERICAN BOY Field Day contest resulted in the Standing Hop, Step and Jump Junior Championship going to Jay Mitchell, Newberg, Ore., his record being twenty eight feet.



THE TRACK TEAM OF JOHN BROWN COMPANY, No. 4, DIVISION OF CALIFORNIA, SARATOGA, CAL.

Which defeated the Saratoga Grammar School by the score of 44 to 44 in a recent Field Day. The picture is furnished by David M. Nerell, Vice Captain of the Company.

### Running Broad Jump Senior and Junior Championships.



CHAR. M. NEILSON, JR.

The June AMERICAN BOY Field Day contests resulted in the Running Broad Jump Senior Championship going to Charles M. Neilson, Jr., Salt Lake City, Utah, his record being fifteen feet, and the Junior Championship to Clarence E. Lancaster, Carmel, Ind., with a record of fifteen feet and one inch.

### Company News.

TIMOTHY MURPHY COMPANY, No. 1, Cobleskill, N. Y., is nicely settled in its new quarters. It has one large reading room, with a smaller room adjoining which it uses as a library, and another room used as a boxing room. The captain writes that they enjoy their new home very much, as they have plenty of good reading matter and games. He says the people are taking great interest in the company and one gentleman told them if they lacked money to

First Sergeant, Rudolf F. Koessler; Second Sergeant, Walter Jones; Treasurer and Color Sergeant, John C. Benson. The boys wear caps like those worn by the United States army. They have a fine baseball team and have played six games, winning five of them. The captain promises us a picture of the company soon.—GENERAL LEW WALLACE COMPANY, No. 10, Brazil, Ind., holds its meetings Thursday evenings. Dues, fifteen cents per month. A fine is imposed for smoking or quarreling.—RUTHERFORD B. HAYES COMPANY, No. 13, Hamburg, N. Y., is fixing up a fine gymnasium for use during the coming winter.—TECUMSEH COMPANY, No. 27, Tecumseh, Mich., holds its meetings on Friday evenings. This company is chiefly interested in athletics and is building a gymnasium.—COLFAX COMPANY, No. 8, Indianapolis, Ind., will soon have a small library.—WASHINGTON COMPANY, No. 15, Washington, Pa., has organized a baseball team with Harry Steuber as captain and George Aiken as manager. They will play a series of four games with the Ridge Avenue Athletic Club of Washington.—BLACK HAWK COMPANY, No. 9, Sheboygan, Wis., on August 2 elected the following officers: Captain, William Kreuter; vice Captain, Edwin Fessler; Secretary, Arno Stein; Treasurer, Andrew Bielafeld; Librarian, Lester Slyfield; Sergeant-at-Arms, Henry



VINCENT M. SHERWOOD, Capt. Coyotes Co., No. 3, De Smet, S. D.



MALCOLM RANDALL, Capt. Lafayette Co., No. 9, Carmel, Ind.

call on him.—STEPHEN F. AUSTIN COMPANY, No. 9, Ennis, Texas, holds its meetings every Friday evening at 7:30. Dues, ten cents per month. They have a fine library and are very much interested in stamp and curio collecting.—RIVER VIEW COMPANY, No. 1, Rio Vista, Cal., has its club room decorated with red, white and blue bunting. They are having a flag made which is to be four feet long and two feet wide. They also have a special badge of red, white and blue ribbon, with gilt fringe at the bottom and a gilt bow at the top, and on the white ribbon is printed "River View Co., No. 1, O. A. B." The captain suggests that the companies of the Order have a seal, like other lodges, so that all letters may bear their stamp, and would like to know what the other companies think of this idea. He made a writing desk like the one described in the August number of THE AMERICAN BOY and put it in the club room. This company is very much interested in curio collecting.—DANIEL BOONE COMPANY, No. 1, Bunce-ton, Mo., has a fine club room located over the bank. They have a baseball team and have won three games so far and lost none. The captain promises us a picture of their team.—CUSHMAN K. DAVIS COMPANY, No. 2, Heron Lake, Minn., on the evening of August 8, elected the following officers: Captain, Walter J. Gessell; vice Captain, or First Lieutenant, Charles J. Johnson; Second Lieutenant, Paul Benson; Secretary, or

Fessler. Meetings are held every Friday. On August 10, the company held a picnic at Black River, about three miles from Sheboygan, and the secretary has promised to write us about it.—JOHN BROWN COMPANY, No. 6, Paola, Kas., holds its meetings Wednesday evenings. Dues, five cents per month. A fine of one cent is imposed for absence from meetings without a good excuse. This company went on a camping expedition this summer. They are going to organize a football eleven, and expect soon to have a library.—RUTHERFORD B. HAYES COMPANY, No. 23, Lindsey, O., have rented a club room. They have a variety of games, and will have a library and a gymnasium.—SETH LOW COMPANY, No. 16, Tompkinsville, Staten Island, N. Y., has built a club room of its own. Meetings are held every Friday evening. The following are its officers: Captain, Arthur Peterson; Lieutenant Captain, Kenneth McIntyre; Secretary, Harold Van Duzer; Treasurer, William Mustoe; Librarian, Nathaniel Middleton.—RED LETTER COMPANY, No. 2, Livermore, Ia., held its inauguration of officers September 10, that being its first anniversary.—MASSASOIT COMPANY, No. 5, St. Louis, Mo., is named in honor of the great Indian Chief Massasoit, "because," the captain writes, "we think no greater American ever lived. When the Mayflower landed in 1620, he could have successfully resisted, but instead, he said, 'Welcome Englishmen.'"

As TIME is the stuff Life's made of, take it from an

## Elgin Watch

the timekeeper of a lifetime—the world's standard pocket timepiece. Sold everywhere; fully guaranteed. Booklet free.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, ILLINOIS.

### KIRTLAND'S SPECIAL BREECH-LOADING SHELL-EXTRACTING SHOT GUN FOR



It is a PERFECT WONDER. Excellent and strong shooting. Equal to guns sold elsewhere for \$5.50 to \$9.50. Our Special 12 gauge DOUBLE GU. N. extension rib, pistol grip, top snap, 30 or 32-inch laminated steel barrels (left full choke, right modified), for ONLY \$7.25. They are really worth \$12.00 or \$15.00, as guns are usually sold. We have them in either 10 or 12 gauge. Of course you know these prices are rock bottom, but you may want some other style of gun. Then send for our Catalogue of Guns. All at bargain prices. Terms cash with order for either of two guns described above. Include this ad. with your letter. KIRTLAND BROS. & CO., 296 Broadway, New York

### FREE GOLD WATCH

This watch with fully guaranteed American movement, is sent FREE to anyone for selling 20 pieces of our jewelry at 10 cents each. The case is gold plated and equal in appearance to a gold filled watch, warranted 20 years. No money required. Write to-day and we shall send the jewelry postpaid. Return the \$2.00 when sold and you will positively receive the watch. Numerous other premiums as Boy's Suits, Rifles, Revolver, Ladies' Watches, Hats, Shirt Waists, Tool Chests etc. L. S. Mfg. Co., Dept. H. 42 E. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

### PHOTOS! 25c Per DOZ.



Size 2 by 3 inches. FINELY FINISHED PHOTOS. How to Get Them. Send any Photo with 25c and 2c stamp for return postage and get 12 elegantly finished "TRILBY" Photos made from it. Original photo returned unharmed. Send for free sample. STANTON PORTRAIT CO., 40 Market St. Springfield, O.

### FREE OUR SOUVENIR

TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL IN UNITED STATES. A very useful article. Send name and address by return mail. MONDAY MFG. CO., Dept. K, Rochester, N. Y.

BOYS & GIRLS can get a beautiful Doll with 3 dresses and 3 hats or a Complete Printing Outfit FREE! Send in the names of eight young friends with 5c. to pay postage and packing. TRIPLETT & CO., Central Bank Bldg., New York City.

### MUSICAL STRINGS

For the VIOLIN, MANDOLIN, GUITAR & BANJO. Silver Steel, 15c. per set, postpaid. Bell Brand, 25c. per set, postpaid. Damascus Steel, 35c. per set, postpaid.

STAR SPECIALTY CO., Dept. F., 10555 Lowe Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

### LINGOLN at GETTYSBURGH

His immortal speech, printed in artistic type on egg shell paper. Initial letter hand illuminated. In mat 4x10, ready to frame.

### EVERY PATRIOTIC BOY AND GIRL

wants one. Mailed flat for 10 cts. Captains of companies U. O. A. B. send your address. We have something to interest you. Material Prices A. H., Sta. E. Brooklyn, N. Y.

**IF YOU STAMMER**  
I CAN CURE YOU. I cured myself after stammering nearly 20 years. Write for my free book "Advice to Stammerers." Address BENJ. N. ROGUE, Speech Specialist, P. O. box 383, Indianapolis, Ind.

**OMNIGRAPH**  
absolutely correct in the shortest possible time at a total cost of four dollars. TRANSMITTER, Key and Sounder. Expert operator with you all the time. Circular free. THE OMNIGRAPH MFG. CO., Dept. 619, Broadway St., New York.

Free Watch, Ring, Rifle, &c. for giving away tickets. It's easy, you don't pay a cent. You can't see how I do it? try me today. B. F. Pierce, P. M. 1420 Monroe, Chicago.

**TOM CRANE, LOAFER** Story you should read in neat booklet with other good original reading matter. Sent to anybody for STAMP THE ERICSON CO., ELROY, WIS.

"Keep Pegging Away" A Boys' Friend

This was what that exemplary man, Abraham Lincoln said, when asked by an anxious visitor, what he would do provided the war was not over after three or four years' effort.

"Oh," said the President, "there is no alternative but to keep pegging away."

Perhaps the fault of the modern boy is that he lacks true and steady purpose, or, in other words, he lacks perseverance. Perhaps the reason the modern boy does not persevere in trying to reach a certain goal is that there is so much said about "the hustler," who is the hero of the present age.

"Perseverance" is slow and steady, but always moving; just the opposite of the freak, the hustler, who is quick and nervous and goes by jerks.

Boys, don't grow envious of the hustling abilities of your comrade. If you have the ability to persevere under adverse circumstances, you may be as well equipped for ultimate success.

When a boy gains success by a short period of hustling, he may have a kind of exultant, ephemeral joy; but if he gains success by long continued perseverance, his joy is more placid and lasting.

Be sure you have your foundation stones of honesty, sobriety, frugality and industry laid deep; and then peg away. When you have marked out your course in life, do not be carried away by elusive shadows, which promise success without work; do not be dropping your oars and catching at every floating object, hoping to catch something to hasten success. The time thus lost would have sent your boat a long distance toward your goal.

Steadiness of purpose, the ability to grind, has made many an otherwise ordinary boy a success in school or business.

If your friends neglect giving encouragement, just keep "pegging away." Perhaps the time will come when they will be glad they know you.

Be honest with yourself as well as those with whom you have to deal.

Early in the struggle make a place in the world for yourself, while hope is fresh and dangers are untried. Cultivate



You wouldn't think that reading THE AMERICAN BOY would cause a boy's legs and feet to swell; yet this picture, by Chas. D. Reese, Newman, Ohio, shows that it does.

a patient, persevering state of mind, that you may be able to meet long trials not wholly unprepared.

With this end in view, read the lives of Cyrus Field, Elias Howe and other persevering men. Away to your history, read again the old story of Columbus, who kept "pegging away" until success crowned his efforts. Read about Benjamin Franklin's boyhood and imagine you have just as much grit as Benjamin, and determine not to be outdone by him. Perseverance is irresistible; by this means time attacks and destroys the strongest things upon earth.

"The hustler" has his place in the world, but let us keep the old-fashioned persevering boy, too.

Have you read of the plan Sertorius took to give his army a lesson in perseverance? After assembling his forces he brought two horses before them; the one old and feeble, the other large and strong, with a remarkably fine flowing tail.

By the poor, weak horse stood a robust, able-bodied man, and by the strong horse stood a little man of very contemptible appearance.

Upon a signal given the strong man began to pull and drag the weak horse by the tail, as if he would pull it off; and the little man began to pluck off the hairs of the great horse's tail, one by one.

The strong tugged and toiled a long time to the great diversion of the spectators, and at last was forced to give it up; the little man, without much difficulty, soon stripped the great horse's tail of all its hair.

Then Sertorius rose and said: "You see, my friends and fellow soldiers, how much greater are the effects of perseverance than those of force, and that there are many things invincible in their collective capacity and in a state of union, which may be gradually overcome when they are once separated."



BEN O. AND J. DEVOE WILKINS, Port Chester, N. Y., one in school eight years, the other five, without missing a day.

He Left the Farm.

He went wrong, did he? That strong, well-meaning boy who worked so hard and patiently with you through so many discouraging though sometimes pleasant years? He would not stay by the land—anything, anything but that. "Yes, yes," you answer. "I did all I could to keep him on the old farm and to make him love the country home." Did you? Were the chores made just as few as possible, and the work planned so that rainy days and Sundays were resting places, instead of times to be dreaded? Was now and then a day found for all hands to go fishing? Was there a week or two set apart every summer for a genuine outing to some lake, stream or forest, where all that is wild and beautiful in nature could be felt and seen, and the tired brain and muscles relaxed and strengthened for the coming work? Did you see to it that the best boys of the neighborhood were made welcome at your home, now and then, on long winter evenings, and that a few of the best and latest books and magazines were there to interest and please them? Were only kind words spoken in that now deserted home, and did you teach them from the start, and live what you taught, that the farm home is the grandest, the most independent one on earth and can be made the most beautiful one? That farming is a profession of professions—one requiring the very brightest and best of our boys, one to be mastered and one to be proud of? Did you do all this, and still the boy would not stay on the farm?—Dakota Farmer.

"Harry," said a mother to her incorrigible son and heir, "did you bring that mud into the house?"

"No, mamma," replied Harry; "it just stuck to my shoes and came in itself."



THE AMERICAN BOY DOESN'T HURT HIM; HE IS JUST SURPRISED.

Pen and ink sketch by Cyrus Hungerford, Manilla, Ind.



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The DUKE OF ARGYLL, The Ventures of Robt. Bruce.

JUSTICE DAVID J. BREWER, The Supreme Court.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT, The Lost Turkey. A Thanksgiving Story.

T. P. O'CONNOR, Prime Ministers' Wives.

THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN, The Victory of the "Penelope."

WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M. P., On the Flank of the Army.



PROFESSOR SIMON NEWCOMB, Are Other Worlds Inhabited? SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT, A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

Full Illustrated Announcement of the 1903 Volume sent to any address, free.

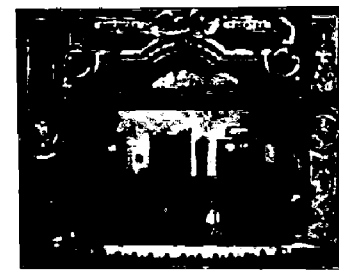
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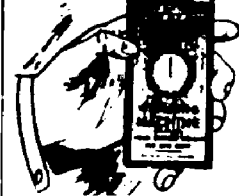
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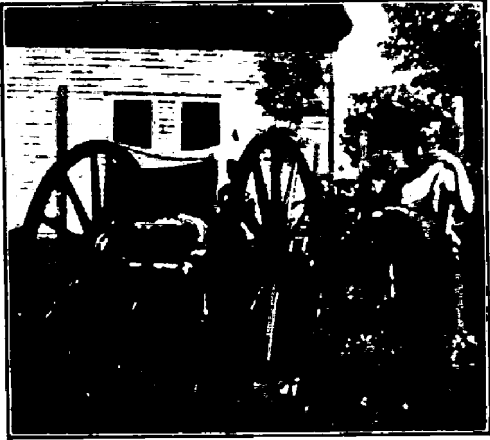
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# BOYS IN GAMES AND SPORT



**YOUNG ARTILLERYMEN AND THEIR IMPROVED CANNON.**  
Photo by L. Drk, Orange City, Ia.

ten. Your opponent now tries. If his fire-fly falls to the floor see which fly has fallen nearest to a certain line or point on the floor that you have previously agreed upon, and the owner of the nearest fly scores five. Whoever first scores one hundred wins the game.

### The Acrobat.

This acrobat can be made of heavy cardboard, or, better yet, can be cut from very thin boards with a scroll saw or a very sharp knife. The head and body are cut from one piece as shown in cut, the arms are each one piece and the legs are each in two parts as shown. The joints are all made by cord or wire being drawn through at the points indicated, with knots tied on each side so that the limbs may revolve readily, but cannot spread out from the body. The bar is run through the hands and fastened firmly. The pointed shoes are to catch over the stick, and the little pins in the heels are for the same purpose. The arms must be long enough for the head to pass readily between them. Little pegs are driven into the head, un-

### A Few Points on Football.

At this time of the year a few points on football will not come amiss. What we shall say will have to do with tackling, falling on the ball, catching, passing, kicking and running. Tackle low; the best place is right around the thighs. Don't jump in the air and catch a man around the neck. It is not only unfair but dangerous. The surest and safest way of stopping a man is to go for his legs. Practice falling on the ball; dive head foremost and land on your side. Catching is a difficult art and much practice is needed for it. Don't try to catch the ball in your hands but catch it with your arms and body, letting it strike the arms and body at the same time. In passing use the round arm method for long distances and under hand for short ones. The secret of running with the ball is to run low and hard, and ward off with your hands and arms. In running bend from the waist and keep your eyes open. Don't duck your head so that you can't see. Don't think about yourself, but think about the ball. A celebrated football captain once said that the more reckless one is the less chance he runs of coming to grief.

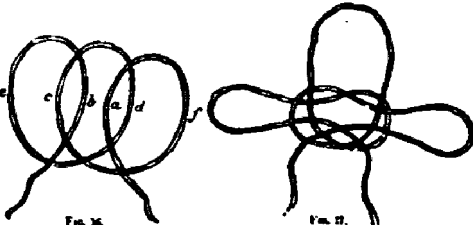
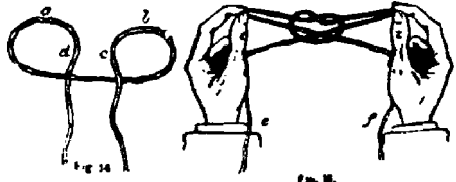


**THE RIGHT WAY. THE WRONG WAY.**

first object should be to hit the ball safely. It is better to be sure of making first base than to get put out trying to make a home run. The safest place to land a ball is between the infield and the outfield. A ball that goes from ten to fifteen feet above the ground and just spins over the short-stop or the second baseman, is sure to land the batter on base. A swift grounder between any two of the infielders is safe, but hits of this sort are hard to make. To make safe hits, don't hit with all your might. Don't think that because your friends are crying out to you, "Oh, hit at it," that you must hit at it as if you were going to knock the cover off. The batter should study the best position at the bat, as there are good and bad ways of facing the pitcher. Don't stand with the bat resting on your shoulder, for it takes time and strength to lift it from the shoulder. Stand firmly upon the right leg, the foot at right angles to an imaginary line between the pitcher and catcher. Let the body lean back toward the catcher, and extend the left foot so that the toe just touches the ground. Hold the big end of the bat above the right shoulder and as far away from it as the length of the left arm stretched across the chest will allow. The end of the bat should point upward and backward at an angle of about forty five to sixty degrees. In striking at the ball grip the bat firmly in both hands, and at the moment of swinging it forward throw the whole weight of the body forward, coming down squarely on the left foot which has been extended. Meet the ball squarely, striking forward and a trifle downward, but never upward. A noted batter once practiced by employing a boy to stand about twenty feet away from him and throw him balls. The batter didn't try to drive these balls any distance, but just swung the bat gently, endeavoring to meet every ball squarely and send it in a certain direction. This batter became one of the safest of the professional ball players. There is no use nowadays, with the swift "pitchers," of standing facing that part of the field toward which you want to knock your ball, for the pitcher will discover what you are trying to do and will curve his balls in such a way as to upset your calculations. The best way is to learn to meet the ball at different parts of its flight. Every one knows that if you hit a ball two feet in front of the plate it will be likely to go near third base, or outside of it; and if you wait to hit it until it gets past you it will go near or outside first base. You want to practice to meet the ball a little in front of the plate, which means a hit to left, or just over the plate, which means a center hit, or just behind the plate, which means a hit to right. We would advise our boys to practice hitting at slow balls pitched a short distance, then gradually working up in the speed and distance.

### How to Tie Knots.

(See also August and September numbers.)



### Tomfools Knot.

This is a trick knot. Hold the cord by the parts a and b, as in Fig. 14. Then pass, with the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, the part c under d and up through the loop. With the left hand pass d over c down through the loop, after which you will have the knot represented in Fig. 15, which can be at once drawn apart by the ends e and f.

### A BreastKnot.

This knot can be tied with ribbon, making a pretty bow. It consists first of three half hitches overlapping, as in Fig. 16. Interweave the part a under b and over c; b over a and under d. Then draw out the bight a over e, and the bight b over f, and we will have the knot as in Fig. 17.

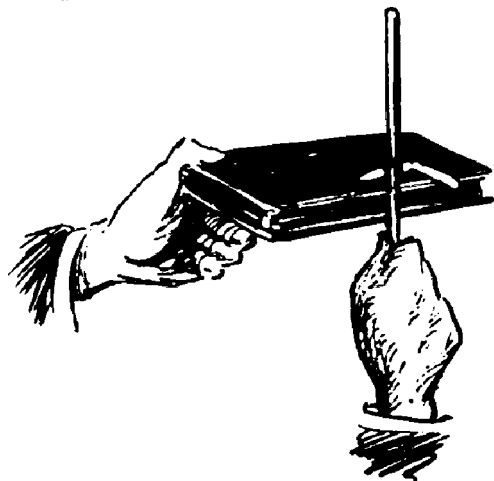


THOMAS A. GATES.

We give a picture of the Thomas A. Gates, a young athlete of the Tipton (Ind.) High School. At a recent field day meet at Tipton he won twenty eight points, being first in the hundred yard dash and the 220-yard dash, high jump and running broad jump, and also second and third in several other events.

### The Firefly Game.

Cut a boomerang out of a playing card. Lay it flat on the cover of a book so that part of one of the wings projects over the edge; hold the book at a slight angle pointing it toward the ceiling; then with a stick or pencil give the wing a blow. It will go toward the ceiling and will return.



The game consists in trying to catch it on the cover of the book when it comes back. If you don't catch it let it lie where it has fallen. If you do catch it it counts you

### A Becket Hitch.

If you wish to fasten together the ends of two ropes on which there is to be considerable strain, form them in the shape of a becket hitch, as in Fig. 18.

### Suggestions as to Batting.

Most boys think that in batting the main object is to knock the ball as far as possible—to "slug" it. A boy who makes this his aim will usually strike out or knock his ball into the hands of a fielder. The



### A \$36. COMBINATION MAGAZINE GUN FREE.



Guns of this style have been sold for \$36.00 but you can get one FREE.

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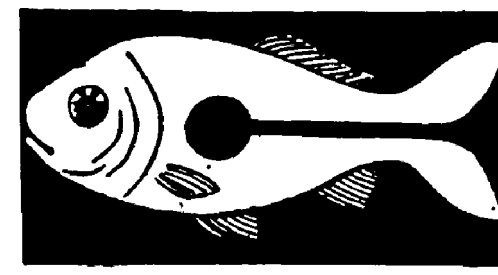
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**WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY** Tells how signals are sent without wires so plainly that a boy can construct and operate a system. 10c. Boys College of Science, Ypsilanti, Mich.



Cut a fish out of stiff writing paper with a round hole in the center and from there a narrow channel to the tail. Lay the fish flat on the water leaving the upper side dry. You can make him swim without touching him or blowing upon him by pouring a drop of oil in the hole cut out of its center.

Of all the young men of the country only five per cent are members of churches; of college young men fifty two per cent are members.



Address all communications for this department, Uncle Tangles, care American Boy, Detroit, Mich.

Rules to be observed: Write in ink and on but one side of the paper. Sign your name to every page. Write your address in full on one page. Send answers with all new puzzles to be printed. Send original puzzles only. We do not desire conundrums and cannot reply personally to letters.

Theo. G. Meyer, 228 Lombard street, Philadelphia, Pa., wins the prize for the best list of answers to the August Tangles.

Honorable mention for excellence in answers is accorded Harris Thompson Fulton, William John Potts, Lot Wilbur Armin, "Uncle Tangles' Niece," F. L. Sawyer, M. A. Brown, Ben Elcher, Gordon Andrews, Roy A. Paull, Kenneth Trainer, John Cramer, Harold R. Norris, Wilbur Grommon, Curtiss A. Bernier, Burton F. Jennings, Ralph W. Westcott, John H. Seaman, Helen Campbell, Edward Langdon Fernald, Shaffer Hood, and someone from Stamford, Conn., who forgot to sign his name.

Answers were also received from Otis D. Welsh, John H. Taylor, Elmer List, Eugene Carman, Elbert Holdren, Otis Barrow, Kedzie Foresman, M. S. Fife, C. A. Reece, Lester Chadderdon and Bennie Torpen.

The prize for best lot of new puzzles is awarded to Frank C. McMillan, Isaac's Harbor, Nova Scotia, Canada.

Others to contribute new Tangles are: Page A. Perry, Harris Thompson Fulton, Eugene M. Stewart, Howard P. Meyer, Lot W. Armin, Russell G. Davidson, Chas. C. Curtis, Edgar S. Borland, Karl Coolidge, Leo Smith, Nels Kindgren, B. Kirkman, Cecil Moore, Curtiss A. Bernier and W. H. Grimbail.

In considering the answers, due allowance was made for typographical errors in Tangle No. 23.

As announced in the September issue, the cash prize of two dollars will be awarded this month for the best original puzzle of any kind having your teacher's name for its answer, received by October 20.

An interesting new story book will be given for the best list of answers to this month's Tangles received by October 20.

The November cash prize will be for original puzzles pertaining to Christmas and the New Year.

Answers to September Tangles.

29. (1) Courtship. (2) Lordship. (3) Editorship. (4) Worship. (5) Statesmanship. (6) Fellowship, comradeship, companionship, friendship. (7) Citizenship. (8) Seaman's. (9) Scholarship. (10) Authorship. (11) Judgeship. (12) Clerkship. (13) Marksman's. (14) Salesmanship. (15) Workmanship.

SIX - IX = 8
2,000 lbs. = ton
1/2 of TEN = E

14 lbs. = 1 stone.

31. The pictures on the chessboard are as follows. In order: Owl, Urn, Ten, Ram, Imp, Mug, Rat, Yak, Nut, Top, Egg, Nag, Ant, Dog, Boy, One, XII., Cow, Leg, Key, Gnu, Oar, Arc, Ups, Fly, Oct., Man, LIV., Ark, Six, Saw, Tub, Lid, Eel, Ape, Rod, Eye, Zoo, Ear, Log, Yew, Eve, Run, Bit, Tee, Wig, Pig, Ode, XIX., Net, Bat, Ink, Can, Odd, Rye, Arm, Owl, Map, Oil, Sun, Two, Umb, Gun, Day. The 28 members of the animal kingdom are: Otter, dog, ferret, bison, marten, llama, rabbit, mink, mole, ibex, dingo, gazelle, lynx, ounce, zebra, leopard, boar, ox, fox, cougar, goat, ass, elk, babyrussa, bear, agouti, weasel and man.

- Oasis
Truth
Honey
EaseL
Lasso
LilaO
Ozark

Othello-Shylock.

33. (1) Abraham Lincoln. (2) Andrew Jackson. (3) John Quincy Adams. (4) Stephen A. Douglas. (5) Henry Clay. (6) William Henry Harrison. (7) Gen. Joe Hooker. (8) Zachary Taylor. (9) Gen. Lincoln. (10) Gen. Geo. G. Meade. (11) George Washington. (12) Gen. T. J. Jackson. (13) Gen. John A. Logan. (14) Gen. Geo. A. Custer. (15) Thos. Jefferson. (16) Thos. Benton. (17) Samuel Adams. (18) John Adams. (19) Peter Stuyvesant. (20) Benjamin Franklin. (21) Abraham Lincoln. (22) Gen. Geo. S. Meade. (23) James G. Blaine. (24) Wendell Phillips. (25) Benj. Harrison. (26) Thomas A. Edison. (27) James Buchanan. (28) Henry Lee. (29) Francis Marion. (30) Thos. Sumter. (31) Benedict Arnold. (32) Thos. Jefferson. (33) Gen. Philip Henry Sheridan. (34) Gen. Geo. B. McClellan. (35) Gen. Wm. S. Rosecrans. (36) Gen. U. S. Grant. (37) John Adams. (38) Martin Van Buren. (39) James K. Polk. (40) Gen. John Pope. (41) Peter Stuyvesant. (42) William Henry Harrison. (43) Gen. Winfield S. Hancock. (44) Gen. Henry Halleck. (45) Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard.

- 34. MAT MONEY TANGLES TELES S ONE ANGLE ELL E
35. A. ABATE B. WINE C. HEART BARON IDEA EMBER ARENA NETS ABUSE TONIC EAST RESIN ENAOT TRENT

36. (1) Karl-lark. (2) Read-dear. (3) Tour-rout. (4) Teem-meet. (5) Moor-room. (6) Loop-pool. (7) Reed-deer. (8) Danger-ranged. (9) Dates-sated. (10) Said-dais. (11) Shut-thus. (12) Sent-tens.

37. Beloit Peoria Morgan Harlan Tiffls St John (St. John, the county in which San Augustine is situated.) Berlin-Tigris.

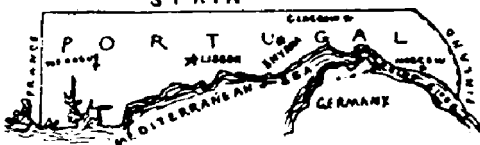
38. Glad-stone, Gladstone. 39. Facetious-ly.

NEW TANGLES.

40. ASSORTED AGES.

Example: The age of second childhood. Ans.: Dotage. 1. The brave age. 2. The uncivilized age. 3. The age of wise sayings. 4. The age of descendants. 5. The age of favor and support. 6. The age of incentive. 7. The age for matrimony. 8. The age of preparing ground for crops. 9. A vegetable age. 10. The age of nobility. 11. The age of electrical energy. 12. The age that pays a letter's way. 13. The age of playful discourse. 14. A vehicle age. 15. The plundering age. 16. The age of close search. 17. The bundle age. 18. The age of optical illusion. 19. The age of an ocean passenger boat. 20. The voting age. 21. The age of contraction into less compass. 22. The age of a little house. -Frank C. McMillan.

41. TANGLED MAP. SPAIN



Of what country, province, territory, state or grand division is this the map? Give correct names of all places, etc., that are here so badly tangled, observing that two of the names are already correctly given. -Howard P. Meyer.

42. BLANKS.

Fill the blanks with words spelled alike but pronounced differently: 1. We - the hay and put it in the -. 2. After you - this book you can always say you have - it. 3. Please - the poison from -. 4. All readers of the Bible agree that - had a hard- of it. 5. Forever and - I shall vote -. 6. The - singer caught a fine string of -. 7. With the Indian's - he sent the missile flying over the - of the ship. -Harris Thompson Fulton.

8. Our picnic ending in a - we proceeded to - home. 9. The culprit knew if the jury should - him he would be a - for life. 10. Doctors tell us that every - in the day we inhale - living microbes. 11. As she made her - she appeared to - all beholders. 12. When we signed the - we expected to - the expenses to the utmost. -Harold Mortimer Case.

43. WORD BUILDING.

Each word is formed by adding one letter to the preceding word, the order of the letters being changed when necessary: A consonant in Gibraltar; one of the eight sounds in the diatonic scale; before; to change direction; to cut apart; harsh; to turn back; stubborn; fruit "put up" for sauce; follows a purpose steadily. -John Pickett.

44. MUSICAL REBUS.



A quotation from Goethe. -Russell G. Davidson.

45. NUMERICAL CHARADES.

1. You must destroy every 1,2,3,4, for it does not take 4,5,6,7 of them to kill 5,6,7 4,5,6; so says a physician from 1,2,3,4,5,6,7. 2. You may 1,2,3,4 the 2,3,4 near the 4,5,6,7, then take this 2,3,4,5,6,7 Mrs. 1,2,3,4,5 who is stopping with Mrs. 1,2,3,4,5,6,7. 3. You 1,2,3 must get that 2,3,4 to go after the 4,5,6 which is ordered for that sick man whose 1,2,3,4,5,6 we do not know. -Lot W. Armin.

46. THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

Example: A doctor pre-scribed to an organ of one of the senses makes the patient dismal. Ans.: Dr-ear, drear. 1. A doctor before should will give dry weather. 2. Before part of the verb "to be," will give a drink of liquor. 3. Before a single thing, will give a lazy bee. 4. Before a useful liquid, will give a thirst quencher. 5. Before indisposed, will give a mechanical instrument. 6. Before the extreme border, will give an excavating machine. 7. Before a mischievous animal, will give to decorate with any fabric. 8. Before the stern of a ship, will give a bill of exchange. 9. Before to possess, will give to perish by water. 10. Before anything, will give the act of drinking. -Eugene M. Stewart.

47. CROSS OF DIAMONDS.

Upper diamond: A letter in Down-forth; an end; the end; an article of food; a letter in Down-forth. Left-hand diamond: A letter in Down-forth; a kind of serpent; to lift; a poisonous snake; a letter in Down-forth. Right-hand diamond: A letter in Down-forth; a movement of the head; a bird; noise; a letter in

Down-forth. Lower diamond: A letter in Down-forth; to contend; to use; a tree; a letter in Down-forth. From 1 to 4, to do wrong; from 2 to 4, a number; from 4 to 3, a conjunction; from 4 to 5, recent; from 1 to 5, a tendon; from 2 to 3, a part in singing. -Page A. Perry.

48. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Each word contains the same number of letters. The initials and finals spell the names of two brothers celebrated in scripture. 1. The food on which the brothers subsisted for two score years. 2. A western city of the U. S. that showed a decrease in population by the census of 1900. 3. A Spanish title. 4. The muse who presided over lyric poetry. 5. King of the Amoritcs conquered by the brothers and their followers at Jahaz. -J. R. Trett.

49. DIAMOND.

A consonant in impropriety; juice of plants; the evil one; one who loves his country; coloring matter; a word of negation; a consonant in impropriety. -Chas. E. Johnson.

50. A TALE OF A TRAVELER.

A young -a-a-a, or native of Hawaii, recently visited -a-a-a, to the north of -a-a-a and the -a-a-a Islands. He smokes the best -a-a-a cigars, and his favorite dish is -a-a-a, made of boiled and sweetened bread. While in Africa he crossed the desert of -a-a-a, visited -a-a-a in the southwest, -a-a-a and -a-a-a on the equator and -a-a-a on the river Congo, and says that the most beautiful place he ever saw is -a-a-a bay on the coast of Japan. -Frank C. McMillan.

The Inventor of the Telegraph.

(Began on page 381.) The Sultan of Turkey gave him the decoration of the Neshan Iftikar. The King of Prussia, the King of Wurtemberg and the Emperor of Austria each gave him gold medals. The Emperor of the French gave him the cross of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. The King of Denmark gave him the cross of Knight-Commander of the first class of the Danebrog. The Queen of Spain gave him the cross of Knight-Commander of the Order of Isabella, the Catholic. The King of Italy gave him the cross of SS. Maurice and Lazarus. The King of Portugal gave him the cross of the Order of the Tower and the Sword. Banquets were given him in London and Paris, and in 1858 representatives of many European states met in Paris and made him a present of \$80,000 in gold. In 1868, after the laying of the submarine cable, New York city gave him a great dinner, and in 1872 a bronze statue of him was erected in Central Park, New York, by the voluntary contributions of telegraph employes of the world. William Cullen Bryant unveiled the statue and Morse sent a message of greeting on one of the original instruments to all the cities of the continent and to several in the Eastern Hemisphere. And yet, with all this, the great inventor remained a simple, unaffected, humble man.

In 1846 he bought a home on the Hudson, and here his children and grandchildren came to live with him. Morse was a man of many talents and varied interests. He was at one time a sculptor, as well as a painter. He became deeply interested in Daguerre's invention when in Europe. He loved nature, and when at home tamed a flying squirrel which sat on his shoulder and slept in his pocket. He was so much attached to it that he took it on a European trip with him. Professor Morse was the first lecturer on art in America, the first sculptor from America who received foreign honors, the first photographer in America, the inventor of the recording telegraph, and the father of sub-marine telegraphy. Samuel F. B. Morse died in New York April 2, 1872, but his name and his works will live as long as civilization endures.

Advertisement for 'Daisy or Sentinel' Air Rifle. Features an illustration of a man holding a rifle. Text: 'JUST WHAT YOU WANT BOYS'. 'DAISY' OR 'SENTINEL'. THE DAISY MFG. CO., Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.

Advertisement for 'STEM-WIND WATCH'. Features an illustration of a pocket watch. Text: 'We will give you a guaranteed, Stem-Wind Nickel-plated Watch... BLUINE MFG. CO., Concord Junction, Mass.'

Advertisement for 'Flowers for Winter'. Text: 'What You Can Buy for 25 cts. Postpaid. 6 Hyacinths, all different colors, beautiful, 25c... ELLA V. BANES, The Woman Florist, Box 79, Springfield, Ohio.'

Advertisement for 'Broadway Health Exercisers'. Features an illustration of a man playing a violin. Text: 'MERCANTILE & MFG. CO., RICHMOND, IND.'

Advertisement for 'Broadway Health Exercisers' and 'PLAYS'. Features an illustration of a man exercising. Text: 'Broadway Health Exercisers. This novel and useful article for developing the muscles... CHESTER A. NORTON CO., 141 Broadway, N. Y. "/>

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WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, EDITOR.

GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

With the Boys.

(Began on page 376.)

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# The American Boy

BY THE EDITORS

Vol. 4

November 1902 & October 1903



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II

# Napoleon

## A History Written for

### CHAPTER IV.

#### NAPOLÉON'S FIRST GREAT MILITARY SUCCESS—HE MARRIES.

**N**OW comes an event in the career of Napoleon that puts him on the high road to prosperity and favor, though he was yet to have some hard days. The French city of Toulon, on the Mediterranean coast had fallen into the hands of the Royalists, or the party who favored a king for France. The English were on the side of the Royalists. At an opportune moment Toulon was surrendered to the English by the Girondists and Royalists of the city. Toulon was one of the most important cities of France. Here were many French ships of the line and vast military stores. The importance of the surrender was at once recognized and an army was immediately raised by the Revolutionists and sent to retake it. For months the Convention forces laid siege to the city, but without success. There are several stories as to how Napoleon appeared on the scene, but it is enough for us to know that at an opportune moment he appears and is found unfolding to the general in charge a plan by which the city might be taken. His suggestion, briefly, was that instead of assaulting the defenses of the city, a hill overlooking the harbor should be fortified and that guns be planted to command the English gunboats. The English had foreseen the importance of this hilltop and had planted defenses there. The French, to carry out Napoleon's plan, assaulted and carried them. Napoleon was in the thick of the fight and received a bayonet thrust in his thigh. The wound was not so serious, however, but that he remained throughout the battle, present, as some one writes, everywhere at once, a very paragon of energy. Having captured the height, the French planted their guns upon it, and then opened fire upon the English vessels in the harbor. After several thousand shells had been fired the English departed, and the city was at the mercy of the Revolutionary forces. The horrors that followed are almost unspeakable. Thousands of the inhabitants fled to the water's edge, crying to the English to protect them. Fifteen thousand were carried away in boats by the English, and thousands of those who remained were shot down in the streets by the frenzied victors. There is every evidence that it was Napoleon's foresight and plan of action that won this notable victory for the Revolution, and we might now expect him to be in high favor and that his career would be free from embarrassment, but not so. For a time, indeed, he seemed to prosper. He was made general of artillery, and inspector general in the army of Italy. He was sent to inspect the defenses of the Revolutionary forces on the Mediterranean, and in July, 1794, was sent to Genoa by Robespierre on a diplomatic mission in which he was successful.

Then came misfortune. By one of those sudden turns of the wheel of fortune, then so frequent in Paris, Robespierre was beheaded, and the enemies of Robespierre, believing Napoleon to be in conspiracy with him, threw him into prison, from which, however, he was soon released on the ground that he could not be spared from the service.

In March, 1795, the Paris Committee of Public Safety, now having its turn at the head of the government, ordered Napoleon to proceed to the army of the West to take command of the artillery there. Napoleon saw in this an attempt to crush him, for it took him away from the army of Italy, where he had made a reputation, and away from his friends and the ground with which he was familiar. By one subterfuge after another he succeeded in disobeying the order, and by a happy circumstance obtained a position in the topographical section of the war office, where, with three others, it was his business to draw up plans and orders for all the Revolutionary armies.

It was a strange fatality that kept the young officer in Paris at this time. Paris had been for years the scene of almost continued riot between contending factions. On the fourth of October, 1795, a section of Paris declared itself in insurrection against the Convention, which was at this time the governing body of the Revolution. The National Guard, forty thousand strong, were in sympathy with the insurgents. The Convention had but eight thousand troops on whom it could rely. The insurgents were about to attack the Tuilleries, where the Convention sat. The Convention chose two commanders for its troops, but the first left the city without taking command, and the second was placed under arrest for his cowardice and inaction. Then the Convention chose Barras as head of the Paris forces, and Barras asked that Napoleon Bonaparte be put second in command, saying: "I have precisely the man we want. It is the little Corsican officer, who will not stand on ceremony." Napoleon, who was in the topographical office at the time, was sent for and sworn in.



JOSEPHINE.

On that fated fifth of October, 1795, Napoleon Bonaparte was the real leader of the Convention forces. About the Tuilleries he built a fortress. Murat, with three hundred horse, was sent at a gallop to Sablons, five miles off, to bring fifty cannon that were there, and these Napoleon posted about the Tuilleries commanding all the avenues of approach. Napoleon's energy was magnificent. His orders were given with promptness and decision. He was everywhere at once. He neither ate nor slept. Those who saw him became enthusiastic. His preparations filled the Convention with confidence. Finally, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the insurgent forces arrived marching solidly along the avenues leading to the Tuilleries. The firing commenced at four o'clock, and by six the storm was over and Napoleon had won with his eight thousand troops a victory for the Government of the Revolution over an army five times as great. With the ending of the fight the army went throughout the city disarming its terrified citizens.

And now comes a pretty story, which we may or may not believe, according as we believe the friends or the enemies of the little Corsican. Napoleon was now the hero of Paris. His star had surely risen, not to set until the night of Waterloo. A little boy of fourteen, by name Eugene de Beauharnais, called upon Napoleon and begged of him that his father's sword, which had been taken from his mother's home on the night before by the soldiers of the Convention in their work of disarming the citizens, be returned to him. That father had fallen a victim to the cruel Robespierre in the bloody days of the Terrorists. Napoleon was so struck with the boy's manner and words that he returned to him the sword, and the boy took it in his eager hands and covered it with kisses. On the following day, it is related, the mother of this boy, Madame de Beauharnais, called in person to thank Napoleon for his kindness. Her manner was so gracious that it charmed the young soldier of twenty six. Long years afterwards Napoleon said that he first met Josephine, the future Empress, for it is she of whom we are speaking, at the home of Barras, one of the greatest men of Paris at the time. It is possible he meant that he first met her there in a social way. At any rate, the story of the sword seems to be well authenticated, and at least is pretty enough to be believed.

Josephine de Beauharnais was born on the Island of Martinique. She was the daughter of a planter, and married, while quite young, Vicomte de Beauharnais, who afterwards served as a general officer in the Republican armies. Josephine, herself, after the murder of her husband by Robespierre, had been imprisoned for a short time, and during her imprisonment had formed a friendship with a lady who a short time afterwards married one of the leaders of the Revolution. By her Josephine was afterwards introduced into the leading society of Paris, and when General Barras became the First Director and held his court at the Luxembourg, Josephine was one of the beautiful women who ornamented its society. She had had one child by Vicomte de Beauharnais, the boy Eugene, whom Napoleon adopted afterwards as his own. Shortly after meeting Josephine Bonaparte

# Bonaparte

## Boys by the Editor

offered her his hand and she accepted it. By this means the young general gained an alliance with the society of the leading men of the Revolution, and particularly with Barras, who at that moment was the most powerful man in France and at the head of the armed forces of Paris and the army of the Interior. Barras had said to his associates, referring to Napoleon, "Promote this young man or he will promote himself." They took the hint, and when Barras resigned as commander of the army of the Interior, Napoleon was made his successor. We find him now occupying a fine residence in Paris and surrounding himself with a splendid staff, fine horses and equipages, and mingling in the brilliant society of the capital. On the same day that he marries Josephine, March 9, 1796, he is appointed to the command of the army of Italy, and the Corsican boy, who but a year before was pawning his watch to buy bread, now steps out upon the stage of European affairs to dazzle the world with his genius and his success.

### CHAPTER V.

#### SARDINIA HUMBLING AND AUSTRIA IN RETREAT.

Napoleon never wasted time. Three days after his marriage to Josephine he rushed with the speed of a courier to take command of that division of the French army known as the Army of Italy, whose headquarters were at Nice. This army, though nominally composed of 50,000 men, could scarcely muster 25,000 fit for the field. They were brave fellows, but hungry, half-clothed, and discouraged. Their equipment was meagre; their cavalrymen were without horses, and their artillery consisted of but sixty pieces. Arrayed against them, and holding all the passes of the Alps, were three proud and splendid armies of Austria and Sardinia with 200 pieces of artillery.

Napoleon was but twenty six years old at this time. What could so young a man do with such an army to repel the advance into France of a powerful enemy generated by Beaulieu, a man seventy two years of age, who had spent a lifetime learning the art of war? Napoleon's battalion commanders were men of splendid ability and courage, like Murat, Augereau, Massena, Serrurier, Joubert, and Lannes, but amid the poverty and general discontent their spirits were broken. What could these feeble battalions do to repel the well-clothed, well-fed forces of Austria and Sardinia? A heart less stout, a spirit less undaunted, would have petitioned for reinforcements—at least for enough to eat; but not so, Napoleon. In the years since he had left the military school he had known hardship, he had fought adversity in every form; true, he had won victories, but others had gained the credit. Now, for the first time in his life, he was his own master, and his heart burned within him to conquer adversity and to be master of fate. When some one suggested that he was too young for the command, he cried, "In a year I shall be either old or dead;" and as showing how desperate was his purpose to win, he said, "In three months I shall be either in Milan (the enemy's capital) or in Paris." There could be no halfway business with him. There could be no temporizing. It must be either glory or shame, and that, too, right quickly. Hear his address to his troops: "Soldiers, you are hungry and naked; the Republic owes you much, but she has not the means to pay her debts. I am come to lead you into the most fertile plains that the sun beholds; rich provinces, opulent towns, all shall be at your disposal. Soldiers of Italy! Will you be wanting in courage?"

This was the first word of encouragement the army had heard for many a day and an electric thrill went through every heart, and to a man the army turned its face resolutely toward the Alps amid whose fastnesses were its enemies—those Alps of which it had been said, "Here let ambition be staid."

To await the coming of the enemy was not the way of Napoleon. Before him lay almost impassable barriers of rock. Hannibal had pierced their dangerous defiles. But a greater general than Hannibal was here. Leading his army over the lower ridges where the mountains come down to the sea and toward Genoa, he finds upon the very threshold of Northern Italy seventy five thousand Austrians and Sardinians with two hundred pieces of artillery all under the command of Beaulieu. One Austrian army is posted at Voltri, another at Monte Notte, and the Sardinian army at Ceva (see map). After a march of incredible swiftness Napoleon throws his forces about the Austrian position at Monte Notte, surrounding them in a night. In the fierce battle that ensues the Austrians are routed, and, fleeing, leave behind them their colors and their cannon,

with 1,000 killed and 2,000 prisoners, and this is all so speedily done that the commanders at Voltri and at Ceva know nothing of it till it is over. The two remaining armies then hasten to join, but they are not quick enough for Napoleon, who, attacking one army at Millesimo and the other at Dego, sends both of them flying to the mountains, leaving their cannon and their baggage, and the better part of their troops, in the hands of the youthful conqueror. The Sardinians flee toward Turin, the capital of their fair province of Piedmont, while the Austrians turn toward Milan, the capital of one of their Italian provinces. Napoleon himself joins in the pursuit of the Sardinians and taking possession of Cherasco, in the neighborhood of Turin, there receives the surrender of the forces of King Victor of Sardinia, and dictates a provisional treaty with that monarch by which the French Republic becomes possessed of a great part of Piedmont, including Coni and Tortona, "The keys of the Alps." Hardly an appearance of power is left to King Victor, who shortly after dies of a broken heart.

Napoleon now stands upon the soil of Northern Italy, with the Alps at his back, and his face toward the richest and fairest fields of all Europe. In his exultation he cries, "Hannibal forced the Alps. We have turned them." Thus, in less than a month, has this youthful genius won six battles, killed, wounded and taken prisoners 25,000 of the best fighting men of Europe, and captured eighty guns and twenty one standards. He has destroyed the Sardinian army, taken every place of importance in Piedmont excepting Turin, and has drawn to himself the wondering gaze of all Europe. Listen to his exultant address to his troops: "Hitherto you have been fighting for barren rocks, memorable for your career but useless to your country; but now your exploits equal those of the armies of Holland and the Rhine. You were utterly destitute and you have supplied all your wants. You have gained battles without cannon, passed rivers without bridges, performed forced marches without shoes, bivouacked without strong liquors, and often without bread. None but Republican phalanxes, soldiers of liberty, could have endured such things. Thanks for your perseverance! But, soldiers, you have done nothing—for there remains much to do. Milan is not yet ours. The ashes of the conquerors of Tarquin are still trampled by the assassins of Basseville."\*

The fleeing Austrians, with Beaulieu at their head, took position beyond the river Po, thinking that with this barrier they could prevent the victorious French from entering Lombardy. By a trick Napoleon deceived Beaulieu into thinking that he would attempt to cross the Po at Valenza, and then, by one of those swift marches for which he had already become famous, he swept fifty miles farther to the east, and, before the Austrians were aware of it, crossed the Po at Piacenza and was marching into Lombardy. In the battle that followed the Austrians were again beaten, and fled, leaving cannon behind them, and never halting till they had crossed the river Adda, where they again took up position, leaving Milan at the mercy of the French.

But it was not Milan that Napoleon was after; it was Beaulieu. The Austrian general figured that the French would cross the Adda at Lodi, and for once he was right. When Napoleon appeared at Lodi he found the only bridge (a wooden one 500 feet long) swept by thirty cannon posted on the opposite banks. Here took place one of the most brilliant victories of Napoleon's career. Having formed 3,000 of his men into a solid column a few hundred yards away from the bridge, in a place sheltered from the storm of shot that was falling, and having sent his cavalry to a distant point where they were enabled to ford the river and come up in

the rear of the Austrians, he waited. Soon he saw signs of confusion and knew that his cavalry were charging the Austrian position. At the word of command the column of 3,000 wheeled to the left and poured like an avalanche across the bridge amid a perfect tempest of shot and shell, protected only by a few cannon on the French side, two of which Napoleon had pointed with his own hand, thus earning for himself a name that followed him through life as "The Little Corporal." So terribly destructive was the fire of the Austrian guns that the column wavered. Napoleon, Lannes and other commanders hurried forward cheering on their men and shouting "Vive la Republique." Lannes reached the shore first, followed closely by Napoleon, while the

who hold you dear, rejoice over your triumphs and boast that you belong to them. \* \* \* The French people, free and respected by the whole world, shall give to Europe a glorious peace which shall indemnify it for all the sacrifices which it has borne the last six years. Then by your own firesides you shall repose and your fellow-citizens when they point out any one of you shall say, 'he belonged to the Army of Italy.'"

Beaulieu, with his Austrians, continued in their retreat till they had crossed the Mincio, with the French cavalry in hot pursuit. Napoleon himself went to Milan, where he levied a tribute of four million dollars and required the proud capital to give up to France twenty of the finest pictures of the Ambrosian gallery. The wealthy princes of Parma and Modena now bought the favor of France with pictures and statues and immense sums of money. The Duke of Modena gave up the famous St. Jerome of Correggio, which he afterwards tried to redeem at four hundred thousand dollars, but in vain. These, and other works of art obtained in the rich cities of Italy, became the foundation of the rich treasures of the Louvre.

While Milan was in possession of Napoleon, the citadel still held out. Leaving a detachment of troops to hold the city, Napoleon himself hastened after Beaulieu, who had now established himself on the east bank of the Mincio, with one arm of the army at Peschiera and the other at Mantua, one of the strongest army positions in Europe.

Now that Napoleon had humbled Sardinia and conquered the army of Austria, and a large portion of Northern Italy was in his hands, those who were in direction of affairs at Paris began themselves to be afraid of him. What may not this young man do? His popularity is already boundless among the people. His name is in every mouth. May he not return at any moment and use this popularity for his own ends, and possibly assume the role of dictator and make himself master of France? An order, therefore, goes out from Paris that Napoleon is to share the command in Northern Italy with Kellerman, a brave Frenchman, though one not capable of independent command. Napoleon immediately resigns, saying, "You had better have one bad general than two good ones." The order is at once revoked and Napoleon again assumes command.

At this time popular uprisings took place throughout Lombardy and thirty thousand men were under arms. Napoleon fell upon the insurgents with merciless vigor and meted out a punishment too horrible to describe, leaving an indelible stain on his name.

Beaulieu calculated that Napoleon would cross the Mincio at Peschiera, where he himself had crossed it, but again he was deceived, for the French crossed at Borghetto, fell again upon the Austrians and compelled them to retreat to the river Adige. Just after this battle Napoleon had a narrow escape. He and his officers were sitting at dinner, thinking that the Austrian army had passed far beyond them and was fleeing to the east. A straggling portion of the Austrian army, hastening to the assistance of their friends and not knowing that they had been routed, came into Borghetto just at this time. Napoleon's attendants had barely time to shut the gates of the inn and alarm their chief. Bonaparte threw himself upon a horse and, galloping out by a back passage, escaped. It was this happening that induced Napoleon to institute a small corps of picked men called "guides" to watch continually over his personal safety, and out of this came afterwards the famous Imperial Guard of Napoleon.

Mantua and the citadel of Milan were now the last footholds of the Austrians in Italy. Mantua was on an island approached by five narrow causeways. The city was held by 15,000 Austrians. By a sudden attack the French obtained four of these causeways, and then sat down before the fifth, determined to starve out the Austrians or meet them in battle if they should attack.

Napoleon now took possession of Verona and all the strong places of Venice. It is hard to excuse this proceeding, for Venice was a neutral power. She had harbored the eldest brother of Louis XVI., known as the "Pretender," and this was made the ostentatious

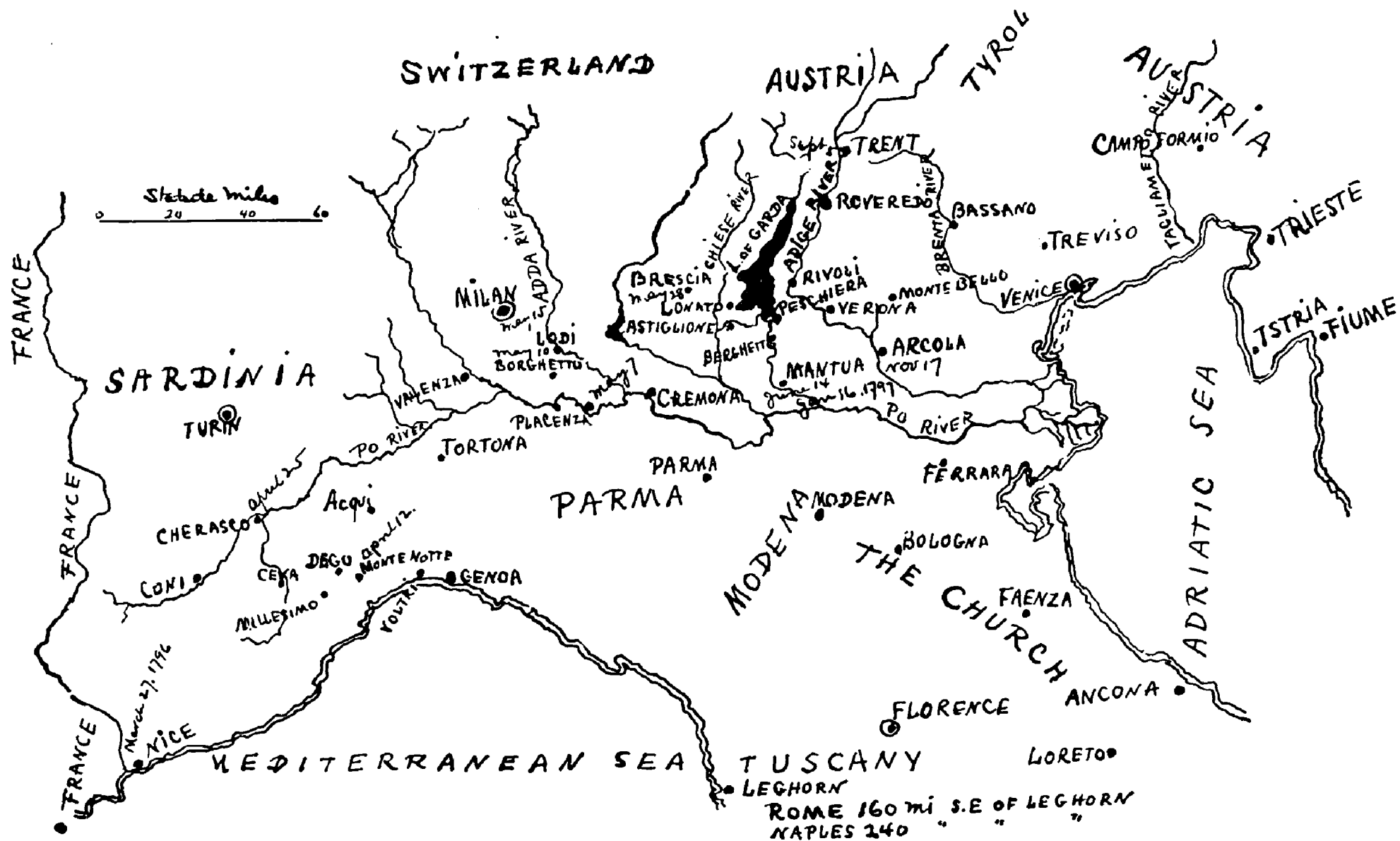


"Soldiers! Are you no longer the brave warriors of Lodi? Follow me!"

soldiers of the Republic charged the gunners and routed them before they could be relieved or supported by the main army of the Austrians who had posted themselves too far back. Two hundred Frenchmen lay upon the bridge of Lodi when the battle was over.

Four days after the battle of Lodi, Milan, the home of the Lombard Kings, threw open its massive gates to the triumphant French, and Napoleon addressed his troops as follows: "Soldiers! You have precipitated yourselves like a torrent from the Apennines. You have overwhelmed or swept before you all that opposed your march. Piedmont, delivered from Austrian oppression, has returned to her natural sentiments of peace and friendship toward France. Milan is yours; and over all Lombardy floats the flag of the Republic. \* \* \* The army, which proudly threatened you, finds no remaining barrier against your courage. The Po, the Ticino, the Adda could not stop you a single day. Those boasted ramparts of Italy proved insufficient. You traversed them as rapidly as you did the Apennines. Successes so numerous and brilliant have carried joy to the hearts of your countrymen. Your representatives, have decreed a festival to be celebrated in all the Communes of the Republic in honor of your victories. Then will your fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, all

\*Some of the French students in Rome had dared to wear the tri-color cockade of the Republic. The Pope had not recognized at this time the French Republic. In the disorders consequent on the action of the students the Papal Army had not interfered to protect the students, and Basseville, the envoy of France residing in Rome at the time, was mobbed and assassinated, and the perpetrators of the deed went unpunished.



MAP FOR STUDY IN CONNECTION WITH THE READING OF NAPOLEON'S CAMPAIGN IN NORTHERN ITALY.

sible cause of what looks like an insult to a friendly power; it was probably the work of the Directory at Paris and not of Napoleon.

Leaving one of his generals to blockade Mantua, Napoleon turned his attention to Naples. The King immediately made a friendly treaty and withdrew his forces from the Austrian army.

Napoleon now had the Pope at his mercy, and immediately took possession of Bologna and Ferrara in the Church's dominions. This brought the Pope at once to terms, with an agreement to pay \$5,000,000 and to turn over to France a hundred of the finest pictures and statues in the Papal gallery, and immense supplies.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE CONQUEROR OF ITALY.

But Austria was not yet conquered. Raising 80,000 more men—the best troops in the world—she sent them with Field Marshal Wurmser, a hero of many wars, to humble the proud conqueror of Italy and his 30,000; but he made a blunder at the very start. Dividing his army into two divisions he sent one, under Melas, down the Adige to drive the French from Verona, and the other under Quasdanowich down the valley of the Chiese toward Brescia to cut off Napoleon's retreat to Milan.

Napoleon's eagle eye saw his opportunity, and, burying his cannon in the trenches before Mantua, he rushed like the wind to meet Quasdanowich. Battles at Salo and Lonato sent the Austrians in full retreat.

After the engagement at Lonato Napoleon came near falling into the hands of the enemy. One division of the defeated Austrian army, wandering about in anxiety to find some way of reaching the Mincio, came suddenly on Lonato, the scene of the late battle, at a moment when Napoleon was there with only his staff and guards about him. But for his presence of mind he must have been a prisoner. An Austrian officer was sent to demand the surrender of the town, and was brought, as was the custom, blindfolded, to Bonaparte. Causing his whole staff to draw up around him he ordered that the bandage be removed from the messenger's eyes, and thus saluted him: "What means this insolence? Do you beard the French general in the middle of his army?" The messenger retreated, stammering and blushing, and assured his commander that Lonato was occupied by the French in great numbers. Four thousand Austrians laid down their arms before the trick was discovered.

Salo and Lonato having been won, Napoleon fell on Wurmser, but not before the latter had gained a few successes, and cutting his columns in two, sent them flying in confusion. Thus in one week the Aus-

trians lost 40,000 men, against a total loss to the French of seven thousand. During these seven days Napoleon never took off his boots and slept by snatches—never more than an hour at a time. The spirit of revolt which again had arisen was stilled by this victory. The Archbishop of Ferrara, when brought before Napoleon, uttered the one word "peccavi" (I have sinned), and Napoleon ordered him to fast and pray for seven days in a monastery.

Again the trumpets sounded from the Tyrol and 50,000 fresh troops were hurrying to put themselves under the defeated but not discouraged Wurmser. Once more that general made the fatal blunder and divided his army. With 30,000 men Wurmser came down the defiles of the Brenta, leaving 20,000 under Davidowich at Roveredo.

Napoleon waited till Wurmser had reached Bassano; then, like the sweep of an eagle, he pounced upon Davidowich, and in a desperate encounter in which Napoleon lost an intrepid officer, Dubois, he bayoneted his way to victory up height after height of the enemy's defenses. The Austrians fled to Levisa, and there again misfortune overtook them. Then Napoleon, marching his army sixty miles in two days, fell on Wurmser, and 6,000 Austrians laid down their arms. The brave Wurmser fled with one division of his army and made his way into Mantua, and there alone was he for the time safe from "The Little Corporal" and his all-conquering army. Napoleon at once appeared before Mantua, stormed and took the five approaches to the city, and shut up effectually within its gates 26,000 men.

While all this was going on Napoleon sent an expedition to Corsica and wrested it from the hands of the English.

Austria, though sorely wounded in pride and sorely distressed by the loss of three great armies, was not ready to yield, and in a few days word reached Napoleon that a fourth army of 60,000 men under command of another distinguished marshal of the empire, Alvinzi, was on the way. Alvinzi himself, with one division, appeared at Friule, and Davidowich with another near Trent.

The French who were at Trent were under Vaubois. These were to look after Davidowich, while Massena was sent to Bassano to check the approach of Alvinzi. Neither of these French Generals could hold his position. Trent and Bassano were both abandoned, and even Napoleon retreated on Verona. Napoleon was now in a tight place. His forces were divided, part of them watching the 26,000 Austrians shut up in Mantua, and another part in the field trying to check the advances of the two Austrian divisions under Alvinzi and Davidowich, which were hastening to join Wurmser in Mantua. The defeats just suffered by the French and the news of calamities threatening

them, discomfited the troops. Then on the plains of Rivoli Napoleon caused his battalions to be drawn up before him and thus addressed them: "You have displeased me. You have suffered yourselves to be driven from positions where a handful of determined men might have bid an army defiance. You are no longer French soldiers! You belong not to the Army of Italy." At these words of displeasure from their beloved commander, the soldiers sobbed like children. Rushing from the ranks they surrounded him and pleaded for their arms and their colors. The sick and the wounded left the hospitals, many with their wounds still bleeding, crying, "Place us once more in the van and you will judge whether we do not belong to the Army of Italy." In the engagements that followed, Napoleon had no further reason to complain.

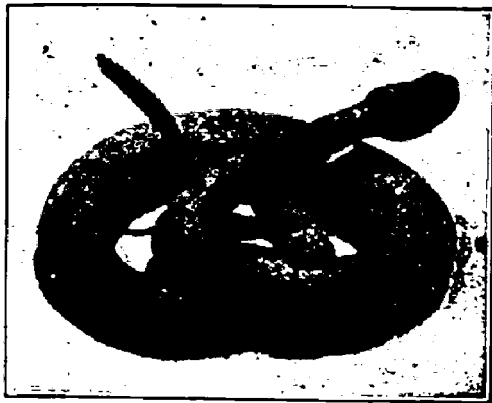
Making believe that he was retreating toward Mantua, Napoleon quickly wheeled his columns and threw himself into the country between the two divisions of the Austrian army. Three battles ensued in which the French were victorious, known as the Battles of Arcola, among the most desperate of the war. One incident of this battle deserves to be mentioned. Napoleon ordered Augereau to carry the bridge of Arcola. It seemed that no army could cross it without complete destruction. The intrepid Augereau obeyed orders and marched his columns upon the bridge, but in the face of the deadly fire they wavered and turned to fly over the corpses of nearly half their comrades. Napoleon dashed to the head of the column, snatched a standard, and cried out to his grenadiers: "Soldiers! Are you no longer the brave warriors of Lodi? Follow me!" And they did follow him; but the arrival of a fresh column of Austrians caused the French to fall back, and Napoleon himself, seized by his grenadiers, was dragged along and hurled into a morass up to his waist. The Austrians were between him and his baffled column. The battle seemed to be decided. But Napoleon was not to be lost. As the smoke rolled away the army saw their commander's danger. In an instant they formed, and with the cry, "Forward, soldiers, to save the General," they threw themselves upon the enemy, hurled them from the bridge, and won the day. The news of this battle made France crazy with joy, and filled Europe with amazement. It was in this battle that the brave Mulron, seeing a bomb about to explode, saved Napoleon's life at the cost of his own by throwing himself between it and his general.

Alvinzi now retreated on Montebello, and for two months Napoleon was the undisputed master of Lombardy. In these two months he did not rest, but founded the Cispadane and Transpadane Republics from the newly acquired territories, and these immediately made levies of troops and sent them to join the army of France.

(To be continued.)

**A Rattler in Action.**

Boys will be interested in looking at this picture of a seven and a half foot rattlesnake taken in his native lair by Kib Arnold, of Sea Breeze, Fla., one of our boy subscribers. Kib says his home is on the Halifax river and that there are "lots of rattlesnakes there and the boys are always



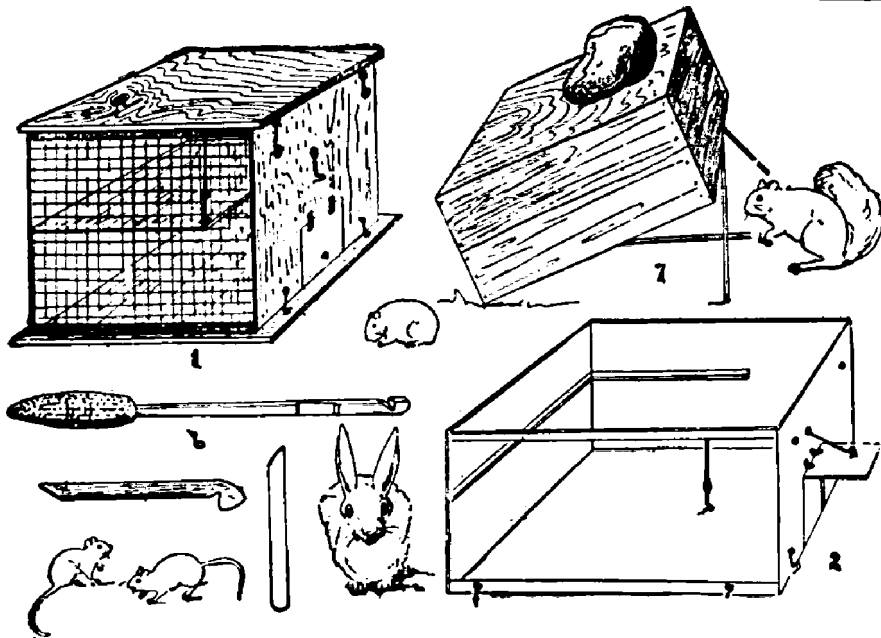
A LIVE RATTLER.  
Photo by Kib. Arnold, Sea Breeze, Fla.

on the lookout for them." He says: "We saw this one coming across the river about noon and waited for him. When he landed one of the boys stepped out with a long pole and kept him coiled ready to strike while I got my camera ready. After the picture was taken we killed him and got the bounty on him. He had fifteen rattles."

**Boys and Animals.**

MERRITT C. STARK, Livermore, Ia., says that once when he was coming home from school he looked into a small hole about eight feet from the ground in a large maple tree, and in it he saw three little squirrels that looked very much like lizards. They didn't have their eyes open. Later he returned and took them out and put them in a barrel with two old cats and several kittens, and then kept close watch. The old cats nursed the squirrels and took care of them just as if they were their own children. He never caged them, but let them run loose among the grass and trees. They would eat with the cats and come when called. They would even come into the kitchen at times and climb upon the table and eat from a dish. One of them, when about three months old, ran into the road and started to run up a horse's leg, and the horse jumped and stepped on it. Another one of them ran away. The other one was very gentle and remained about the house for a long time, but finally it went off. Merritt is a farmer's boy and lives four miles from town. He rides a broncho to and from school every day, and is in the tenth grade.—ROGER OWSELEY, Owensboro, Ky., wants to know what guinea pigs sell for.—WILLIAM WHITE, R. F. D. No. 2, Caledonia, Mich., has a white owl about two feet high stuffed and mounted, and wants to sell it.—HERBERT H. OGILVIE, Enid, Okla., is raising Belgian hares and has a blue doe. He wants to know whether she is a real Belgian hare. She had twelve youngsters in her first litter. Three of them died from his own carelessness in not cleaning the nest box out. Five of them he raised and sold for one dollar each. He also has a cow and a calf, having bought the cow for ten dollars when she was three months old. He also has a pony. He wants to know if there is such a thing as a black pug dog.—"L. W." answers Leighton Wade's question in the September issue as to what was the trouble with his six rabbits. He says: "I think it was because he fed oats and bran mash." He says he never feeds oats except when it is ground, and very little bran. He has raised rabbits for three years and has lost but three young ones, a rat killing one. He feeds the does milk, green corn, grass, etc.—CLARENCE VALE BARTO, Sauk Center, Minn., wants to know the best way for catching squirrels alive. He caught a tame chipmunk with a snare, but it finally fell in with the cat and that was the end of it.—W. J. MOODY, Fayette, O., has a large dog that he calls "Ginger" on account of the color. She is well broken to harness, and in the winter he makes money by having her pull a snow plow. The plow he made from the description he saw in THE AMERICAN BOY.—CLARENCE W. LEWIS, Yonkers, N. Y., wants us to tell Charles W. Steele that he has taken his advice and started in to raise rabbits and has now six.—HARRY DYLMAN, Glen, So. Dak., lives right among the shetland ponies. He has two brothers, Ed and Frank. Ed is fifteen and attends school. Frank is eleven, and Harry is thirteen. Their farm is called "Prairie Home." He says if any of the boys want to take a horseback ride to come to Prairie Home and he will give them the choice of a big Norman or a shetland which is only forty three inches high. He will give them any choice in color. His favorite is a sorrel, which this year has one of the prettiest spotted colts you ever saw. He calls the colt "Lightfoot." Harry says he is a farmer boy and don't know what he would do if he were in town. "I am afraid I would get lazy," he says. When his brother graduates from school his mother says that he may go, but he says he would rather stay with the horses.

**BOYS AND ANIMALS**



**How to Capture and Tame Small Pets—Traps and Cages Described by J. Carter Beard**

Few, if any, really practical descriptions of the old and well-tried figure-four trap are to be found, so one is here given, which, if faithfully followed, will result successfully. There are three parts to the figure-four trap, a short, strong upright, a short crosspiece and a long stick, which runs parallel with the ground, and reaches under the box; to this last-named stick the bait is attached. See figure six and figure seven. Cut out the three pieces just as they are shown in the group called figure six. Place the short upright vertically under the edge of the box, with the sharp edge up. Place the notch of the crosspiece over the edge of the upright; the upper end of the crosspiece will project over the upright toward the box. Allow the box to rest on the protruding end. The weight of the box will have a tendency to throw up the under end of the crosspiece. Place the long stick so that the notch in its side will fit against the upright stick, and the end of the crosspiece will fit into the notch at the end of the long stick. In other words, make a figure four, as the name of the trap indicates.

As squirrels and mice are very rapid in their movements, it is necessary either to have the box heavy enough to fall rapidly and solidly, or else to fasten a stone on top of the box to give it weight.

It is, of course, a waste of time to spring a figure four on a squirrel or mouse if the trap is set on the ground, because these

in figure five. It is simply a box, three sides of which are covered with boards and the fourth side with wire netting. The bottom is made so that it can be removed at will, and the box is half-filled with earth, into which the animals can dig.

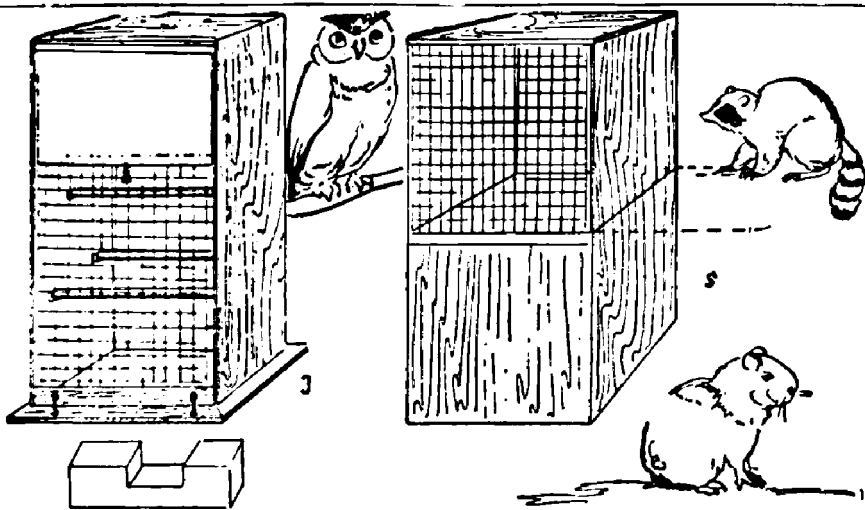
If the cage is made out of doors, simply bury a box in the ground and fit another box over it.

The box in the ground is essential because if the cage is simply set on the ground the animals will easily dig out and roam at large.

Figure three is an owl cage. As in the case of the previous cages, it is three sides wood and one side wire netting. Figure four shows one of the brackets in which the perches are fitted. Owls have a great preference for overshadowed places; their large eyes, with the enormous pupils, are ill adapted to strong light. It is therefore a great kindness to them if a curtain is hung as shown in figure three.

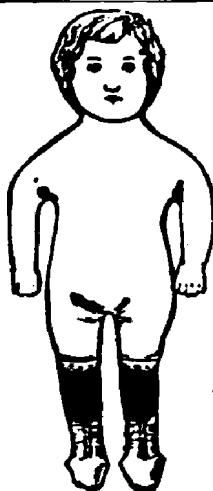
Do not set your traps at haphazard, but watch carefully for signs of the animals you wish to capture. When a chipmunk suddenly starts from your path, calling you all sorts of unpleasant names in shrill squirrel language, follow him and you will presently see him whisk down a hole. Now near that hole is the place for a trap.

If about the bed of a half-dried stream you see the marks of sharp little claws set your trap and you will probably capture a coon or a mink.



**Boys and a Vacuum.**

A boy, like all things in nature, abhors a vacuum, and if his home is a vacuum of lovelessness and homelessness, then he abhors his home.



**LIFE SIZE DOLL 2 1/2 ft. High  
SMALL BABY DOLL, 20 in. High  
MINIATURE DOLL, 9 in. High**

This Doll is hand painted in oil colors that will not crack. Doll to be stuffed with cotton as directions will show.  
Dolly has Golden Hair, Rosy Cheeks, Brown Eyes, Kid Color Body, Red Stockings, and Black Shoes, and in following the directions in making up if piece of card board is inserted in the soles a perfect shoe is formed enabling the doll to stand erect.

Price of Life Size Doll,	40c, or stuffed, 60c.
Postage on Life Size Doll,	5c.
Price of Baby Doll,	25c.
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# The Miniature Joseph

## CHAPTER I.

**I** SHOULD think that a boy of fourteen could find better business than whittling out sailboats. If you take care of this lawn and woodshed as you ought, it will give you ample exercise. Instead of spending time on toy sailboats you ought to be at your studies. I am thoroughly out of patience with you."

Mr. Penrose looked as disgusted as his words would imply. Ben, his son, who was the object of the paternal chiding, sat unmoved in the little tool loft which he had built over the woodshed. Ben mowed the lawn every Saturday, and daily prepared kindling for the maid of all work. For this he received a dollar a week from his father to be spent as he pleased.

Mr. Penrose was keeper of a deposit ledger in a bank. By day he went through his accounting with mathematical precision. By the evening lamp he read deeply along chosen lines. Mrs. Penrose was too busy managing Ben and a daughter of twelve to follow her husband in his reading, and she was too contented with her home to fret at Julia's little worries or Ben's boyish roughness. She listened while Mr. Penrose said, "Don't," to the children, and then changed the subject to something pleasant.

Ben's one love was the broad calmness of Puget Sound. He could sit in his tool loft and look out across the lower city to the bay and follow the movements alike of great steamers and tiny sails. He dreamed of the day when he could build for himself a sailboat and cruise about the Sound; but for the present his allowance of a dollar a week permitted him to build only little models of the big boat that was to be. He had, by some native intuition, selected good tools, and his loft was decorated with several complete models, all from his own hands, save the sails, which were made by the admiring Julia. Little flags, copied from a signal code that Ben had found at the public library, were drooping from the models of signal masts at opposite ends of his work bench. These flags were Julia's pride; especially a tiny set, which spelled out, "Remember the Maine."

Ben sat silently looking out of his loft until his father finished. Then he went down his ladder and savagely attacked the kindling. Afterward he went to his room and savagely attacked his books. Ben had that fall entered the high school.

In November Ben found an unexpected ally in the building of the models. Mrs. Penrose's younger brother, Mr. Kenneth Sexton, aged twenty five in years but old in a certain generous philosophy, was the sporting editor of a great daily in a large city many miles from Puget Sound. In the discharge of his regular duties he came to the Sound to report a football game, and was for two days a guest at the Penrose home. During these two days Ben hovered between heaven and earth. The young uncle took him to the game and made him his messenger boy between the field and the clicking telegraph instrument in the great grand stand. Ben couldn't see how his uncle Kenneth could write while everyone else was cheering. But write he did and Ben was busy carrying the messages.

"Call me Ken or I'll put on the mitts with you," said the newspaper man. "I don't want a big bunch of trouble like you calling me uncle. People will think I'm old."

So it was "Ken" from the start, and "Ben" in return. After the game the sporting editor went to a local newspaper office, borrowed a typewriter, and wrote a full story of the game, filed the copy at the telegraph office, marked it "N. P. R.," which he was obliged to tell Ben meant, "night press rates," and then was no longer a newspaper man. He spent the evening with his sister and her family as free from newspaper worries as the kitten in Julia's lap.

Next day Mr. Kenneth Sexton, sporting editor of the great daily, was invited by a local yacht club to take a spin about the bay. He accepted and took Ben with him. The boy devoured every line, sheet and sail with his hungry eyes, and surprised the editor with his pointed criticisms.

"Who taught you so much about a yacht, youngster?" demanded the young uncle.

"No one. I just watched 'em. I bought a book that tells all about boats. I can make a model that just knocks this tub," and Ben looked in disgust at the wobbly lines of the old sloop.

"You can, eh? I'd like to see one."

When they went home Ben proudly led the way to his tool loft, and for an hour knew the keenest delight of his boyhood. For the interest which the sporting writer showed in the models was genuine.

"Well, boy," said the editor finally, "I'm going to write you up. These models are little beauties. You will make a great yacht builder if you keep at it."

Then Mr. Kenneth Sexton became a newspaper



The Miniature Yacht Race, showing the yachts on the wires and the crowds in the street.

man again and scribbled a few notes from Ben's description of the various models. He sent Ben down town for a photographer. A time exposure of the tool loft was made, taking in models, flags and all. Then Ben was photographed out in the sunshine, holding a pretty model of the American cup defender in his hand.

Mr. Sexton departed and in due time Ben received a copy of the great daily and found therein the photographs and a description of himself and his models. He was too excited to study that night, and for a week was the envy of his classmates.

But the humdrum of daily duties soon returned, and Mr. Penrose shattered Ben's air castles. He declared young Sexton to be an unsafe pattern for a boy to follow, even if he were that boy's uncle. Just because Sexton was fond of yachts he had taken a fancy to Ben's models; but whittling out toy sailboats would not fit a boy to earn his own bread. He forbade Ben to make another model until summer vacation.

Ben missed his favorite amusement keenly, but his disappointment was lessened not a little by receiving constant reminders of his uncle Ken's interest in the model maker. A magazine of outdoor sports came regularly from Mr. Sexton, and pictures of yachts were often received. An album of the United States navy proved of great interest to Ben, and so opened his eyes to a new subject that he spent many hours at the public library pouring over copies of the Scientific American and official diagrams from the Navy Department, studying nothing but boats.

In the spring a letter came which sent Ben into a flutter of excitement. It was from the sporting writer: "Boy, I've a commission for you. Sir Thomas Lipton has challenged for the American cup again. I have brought your models to the attention of our editor-in-chief and suggested that we commission you to make us models of the great racers. We will furnish you drawings and measurements as fast as we can, and we want models exact in detail and about two feet long. Get your sister to make an American flag a foot wide to hang from the keel of the defender, and an Irish flag of the same size to hang from the challenger.

"I plan to reproduce the great yacht races this fall in this way: I will run three heavy wires from the second story of our building across the street to an opposite window. From the middle wire I will suspend painted buoys marking the course of the race. On each of the two outside wires I will suspend one of your models by rings fixed in the decks. Each yacht will be drawn over the wire by a cord operated from my window. As each bulletin of the race comes into the office I will move the yachts to a position on the wire corresponding to the position of the big racers.

"This plan will prove a popular one for the reason that the crowds can see at a glance just how the race stands at any moment during the contest. Make the most perfect models you can, and they will be in themselves a pleasing feature.

"You will need tools and materials. Buy what you want and tell your father to send your bills to me. But above all things, keep this a secret that the opposition papers may not work the same plan.

"Yours for a great race,  
"KENNETH SEXTON."

"P. S.—A boy of your age shouldn't use slang. When you get to be a sporting editor you can mix in."  
"KEN."

Mr. Penrose consented reluctantly, for he did not believe that the newspaper managers would pay very much for the models, and he feared that the boy's enthusiasm would lead only to ultimate disappointment.

The summer vacation had not long advanced when Ben received instructions and drawings that were to be made into a miniature Shamrock II. He went at the task with an interest that brought color to his cheeks and a light to his eyes. Julia made and remade the sails, and long before the masts were

# Yacht Race— Blenthen

ready she had finished the tiny flags and canvases. Plans for the new American yacht came next and Ben worked with a will. Finally the new models stood ready, exact miniatures of the great racers even to the painting of the hulls.

When the news came that the defender of the year before, the peerless Columbia, had won in the American trial races and was to again defend the cup, Ben laid one of his new models away with keen sorrow. But he was thankful that the model of the Columbia, which he had made before his uncle Ken came to visit him on the previous fall, was perfect. He repainted the little craft, and Julia made a new set of sails. Then everything was ready and Ben so reported to his uncle, who answered him as follows:

"The editor-in-chief has turned this race over to me to run it as I please. I shall go to your city about a week before the first race that I may properly box the yachts. I want you and Julia to return with me and see the fun. You two will be quite little celebrities as builders of the models.

"You never have seen a crowd in front of The Times when we read bulletins of great events. People gather by the thousands for a yacht race, or a battle, or an election. These little yachts are going to break the record so far as attracting a crowd goes. You will see more people than you can count and, should the Columbia win, you will hear a cheer that even a sporting editor can appreciate.

"Tell your mother to get you a blue yachting blouse and cap and a pair of white duck trousers, and to fit Julia out to mate you. Tell her to ascertain the cost and I'll forward it. Lipton and The Times do not care for expenses—we have lots of 'em all the time."  
"Your uncle, "KEN."

## CHAPTER II.

On the day preceding the first race of the Columbia and Shamrock II, The Times presented its readers with a description of the plan by which the great races were to be run in miniature. The story contained drawings of the two models, photographs of Ben and Julia in their sailor suits, and a description of the building of the models. As the sporting editor had predicted, the plan pleased the public, and hundreds of people assembled before The Times' windows early the next morning to gaze admiringly at Ben's perfect miniatures.

To Ben and Julia the inside of a great newspaper plant was a closed book. Their uncle Kenneth conducted them over the entire building. Besides his interesting description they heard many pleasant compliments for their models. Indeed, they were quite famous among The Times' people as the builders of "our yachts."

Mr. Sexton took them to the telegraph room and explained that one of the instruments which they could hear ticking was connected with a wire running directly to New York City. Many other papers were connected by spur lines with this main wire. He told them that during the great races a telegraph operator in New York would send bulletins and that every paper on the wire would receive them at the same moment, their own operators writing them on typewriters and a reporter quickly reading them through a megaphone to the crowds outside.

"Every time a bulletin is read to-day," said Mr. Sexton, "I will draw the yachts along their wires into positions corresponding with the reading."

Shortly before noon the first bulletins began coming, and for three hours Ben and Julia stood by their young uncle and watched him draw the yachts over the wires. As the Columbia led over the first half of the course there was some cheering, but the crowd was constantly shifting. Men stopped to look up at the models, smile, and pass along. But after the stakeboat was turned and the little yachts began the last half of their slow progress across the street, the mass of men became dense, and only the street car tracks were kept open for traffic. Then the two young people saw the crowd outside go wild over the continued lead of the American yacht, and they themselves became as excited as the stern-faced, quick-moving men on the inside who were receiving and transmitting the bulletins.

Mr. Sexton had secured two large pasteboard cards, one reading, "Columbia Wins," and the other, "Shamrock Wins." As the yachts neared the finish of the first race he handed Ben the sign, "Columbia Wins," and placed him at the window next to the one from which the yachts were being operated.

"Stand ready, Ben, and when I yell you hold that sign up so that the crowd can see."

Nearer and nearer came the tiny yachts to the finish, the one bearing the American flag a little in the lead. Then came the disappointing ending and the megaphone roared out the window:



"The wind has gone down. The yachts cannot finish within the required time."

Ten minutes later a great sign was hung out—"No Race"—and the tiny yachts were taken in for the day.

The editor-in-chief came out of his room and complimented the young boat builder, for it was evident that the reproduction of the races by the use of the models was to be a matter of keen pleasure to the public.

Two days later a second attempt at a race was made, and this time the miniature Columbia crossed the finish line first. Ben leaned far out the window with his card, "Columbia Wins." The crowd cheered and he saw a mass of faces turned up to him, heard a roar of sound that thrilled him through, and for a moment he felt that joy for which the trained newspaper man comes to hunger—the thrill of seeing the multitude rejoice at tidings he has given them.

Under the conditions adopted by the owners of the great racers, one yacht must win three out of five races to be declared the winner of the cup. The second race was witnessed by a monster crowd, for Ben's tiny models had become the talk of the town. Again the Columbia won, again Ben swung his "Columbia Wins" from the window, and again his cheeks flamed as the crowd voiced its delight.

The day on which the next race was run saw a diminished crowd in front of The Times, for the public now felt that the Columbia would win again. Public sentiment even voiced a wish that Sir Thomas Lipton's boat might win this trial, that the finish might be more closely contested. The race began with the Shamrock in the lead, and as bulletin after bulletin came announcing that the challenger was keeping her lead the crowd grew, and many cheered her in this race who at heart wanted the defender to win the series.

But on the last side of the triangular course, over which the great yachts were that day running, the tiny Columbia, obeying the cords in Mr. Sexton's hands, began to creep up to the Shamrock, and the crowd felt its sporting blood rise and began cheering for the defender. Then did the men indoors grow silent, their jaws set and their nerves at a tension. Ben eyed them, but dared not ask questions, so quickly did they move and so sharp and short were orders given and obeyed. Closer and closer Mr. Sexton moved the Shamrock to the finish line; and closer and closer stood the little Columbia to her heels. Then the doors to the telegraph room were thrown open and the operator read aloud as he took the messages that even the small delay of writing might be avoided. How slow they seemed to come!

How eager these newsmen grew to flash out the window the telltale sign, whichever it was to be!

Mr. Sexton stood a reporter beside Ben at the window. To the reporter he gave the card "Shamrock Wins." To Ben he gave the other, "Columbia Wins."

"Don't mind what the operator reads," said he to the two boys. "Stand still till I yell at you. Then flash the card that I call for."

Ben shook where he stood, so nervous was he at that moment. But gradually, as he heard the voice of the operator, he became calmer and drank in the slow coming words. The operator read monotonously, a pause between each word:

"Yachts—will—finish—well—inside—time—limit. Columbia—has—gained—over—four—lengths—during—race—but—it—looks—as—though—Shamrock—would—win—this—race."

Then the megaphone belloved the message to the crowd, and the crowd cheered for the challenger.

"Boats—within—ten—lengths—of—finish. Shamrock—must—cross—first."

The crowd, now thoroughly aroused, threw sentiment to the winds and wanted the Columbia to win this race. If she did so she would win three straight trials. They did not cheer, but called out "Columbia"—"Columbia."

Then came the beginning of the end, and Ben learned the pain of suspense—the exquisite agony of sitting under a wire while it ticked off its wonderful message in heartless, monotonous beats:

"Shamrock—crosses—line—first—but—Columbia—may—win—on—time—allowance."

The crowd cheered quick and short, and then was silent. Mr. Sexton drew both yachts over the finish line. Every man, indoors and out, stood rooted to the spot, and even the telegraph instrument ceased ticking. It was but a minute, but it seemed an hour!

"Tick-tick. Tick-er-ticker-tick."

"Columbia wins," shouted the operator.

"Columbia wins," shouted the sporting editor, and shot his arm out toward Ben.

Instantly Ben swung his sign far out the window and the expectant upturned multitude of eyes saw "Columbia Wins," and a multitude of throats roared the multitude's delight in the American victory.

Mr. Sexton thrust the tiny Columbia in Ben's hands and made him stand up on the window ledge. Again and again the crowd cheered the boat and the builder, and Ben knew for once the joy of popularity.

That night Ben and Julia started for home. Before they departed Mr. Sexton went to his editor-in-chief and made a request. It was granted and it enabled the young uncle to place a letter in Ben's

hands, which contained a check for the yachts, but which was to be opened by Mr. Penrose only.

The brother and sister sped homeward, the railroad journey being made very short by the flood of recollections so vivid in their minds. They hardly thought of the letter until Ben gave it to their father.

Mr. Penrose opened and read it. He looked at the check, and again read the letter.

"My boy, I'm afraid I have underrated you. Perhaps this letter will aid me to help you in your education, rather than hinder you through opposing your natural tastes. This letter is from the editor-in-chief of The Times. I will read it."

Then Mr. Penrose read:

"We are pleased to enclose check for your son's two models. Not only are they very pretty little craft in themselves, but they have carried a great load of cheering during the last few days."

"Our Mr. Sexton, whom I learn is your relative, informs me that you can see no good in your son's gift of boat building. Pardon me if I differ with you. In my work as an editor I touch on many phases of industry and I am happy to say that no real enthusiastic talent is wasted in this world. I find newspaper making profitable, but I am sure that I could not build a mate to the battleship "Oregon." Admiral Dewey is a great commander, but perhaps he could not handle the Standard Oil trust. Your son shows a marked talent in boat building; why not fit him for Annapolis? Surely the sea is the place for a boy whose heart-beats rise and fall with the tide."

"Sir Thomas Lipton has now on two occasions spent a fortune in yacht building. Perhaps your son may become the builder of an American cup defender that will win as handsomely as his little model has won in the series of trials just ended. Or, he may one day own a shipyard that will turn out craft fit to bear his country's flag."

"Please consider these hints in the spirit in which they are intended—one of respect to you as master of your own household. Give your boy as much encouragement in boat building as you would give him if he could write a story, and when he is a man the story writers may be pleased to sing his praises."

Ben sat silently listening. After the keen pleasures of his visit with his uncle this new joy rather startled him. But as the real meaning of the editor's thoughtful words dawned upon him he hung his head in confusion.

"Well, father, I'd like to try," was all he could say.

"I think you have begun very well," replied his father, handing him the check. Ben read it, and could hardly believe his eyes. It was for one hundred dollars.

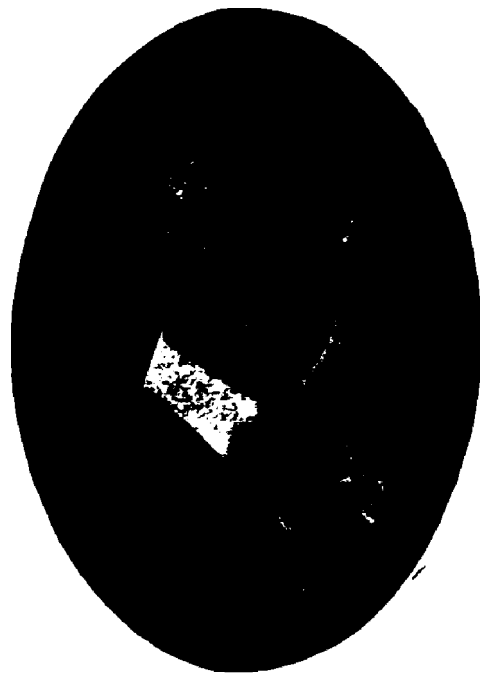
### With the Boys

LLOYD L. BIGLEY, Saranac, Mich., has completed eight grades in his school in the past six years, and that, too, before he was thirteen years old. He would like to correspond with other boys.—WILLIS G. SHUMWAY, West Martinsburg, N. Y., and others, say that Nehemiah was not the shortest man named in the Bible, but that "Bildad, the Shuhite," was.—J. H. WINKERS, Savannah, Ga., says he has a wheel with a large gear, and that by measuring how far the wheel goes every time the pedal turns around once, and by counting how many times it turns round between two points whose distance from each other he wishes to measure, he can easily, by a little figuring, compute the distance.—J. C. SANYAL, Civil Lines, Saharapur, India, is among the number of our foreign subscribers who complain that the Puzzle department does not fit the needs of our foreign subscribers, as the answers must be received so early that they cannot compete. We are taking this matter into consideration and may reserve a corner in the Puzzle department for foreign subscribers. A BUFFALO (N. Y.) BOY, whose name we do not give for reasons that will be apparent, is very much interested in THE AMERICAN BOY. He says: "I am not ashamed to tell you that I have had my share of reading five-cent novels. It helped me to lose a good place that I had. I used to borrow these books from the boys, or buy them, but now, I am glad to say, I have not read a novel for the last two years as I know what harm they do.—OLIVER B. CARDWELL, a ten year old Portland (Ore.) boy, writes that he lived for a time in Iloilo, in the Philippine Islands, where his father was an officer in the army. He says that he and his brother kept track of the commissaries and checked up each morning what the driver brought home from the commissary depot, with the entries on the book. The commissary sergeant was accustomed to abbreviating everything, and for blackberry jam he always wrote "Jam B. B." "We had to live," he says, "in an old Spanish house and the bedbugs were very bad, and every morning our servant boy used to find and kill bedbugs by pouring oil in the cracks in the floor and over the beds and then put the beds out in the hot sun; and still the bedbugs came. We called them 'B. B.'s." You can see how we must have laughed when the commissary book said, "I can B. B.'s, 20 cents," because we could jam B. B.'s any morning for nothing." CLARK B. MONROE, La Crosse, Wis., sends us a puzzle: Subtract nine from six, ten from nine, and fifty from forty, and the

answer will be one of the nine digits. Here is the method:

SIX	IX	XL
IX	X	L
8	1	X

S. O. SAFHOLM, Armstrong, Ia., is an ardent admirer of THE AMERICAN BOY. He is an eighteen-year-old bank



clerk employed by the First National Bank of Armstrong. He began his work as a bank clerk at the age of sixteen. He writes a good hand and a well composed letter, and gives every evidence of being one of those who will become the substantial business men of the growing west. He says he would like to see the day when every boy in the United States subscribes for THE AMERICAN BOY, inasmuch as it is an excellent paper for the upbuilding of boys' character.—HENRY E. RICHARDS, 347 Windsor street, Hartford, Conn., has a collection of between 1,800 and 1,900 postmarks without a duplicate, and has some to exchange.—"T. P." of Seattle, Wash., asks whether he will have to graduate from a high school in order to enter a school where electrical engineering is taught, and where he could find such a school. To the first we would say, no; to the second, study the advertising columns of THE

AMERICAN BOY.—ARTHUR O'CONNOR, Brooklyn, N. Y., is only thirteen years old, but he is stenographer and typewriter and assistant bookkeeper for the Brooklyn Brick and Sewer Pipe Company. He says that since reading our paper he has been kept off the street; that it has set him to work trying to do things. He is greatly interested in our Stamp, Coin and Curio department.—WINTON KELLMAN, of Chicago, thinks THE AMERICAN BOY ought to have a convention and field day and suggests Detroit as a good place.—W. H. WINKERS, Savannah, Ga., is only fifteen years old, but he is stenographer for Malone & Hubbell, dealers in cotton, Savannah, Ga. He does their banking, draws their checks, and takes care of the office.—ORLAND ELLIS, Ocoya, Ill., wants to know if any one ever went over Niagara Falls and came out alive? Mrs. Annie Edson Taylor, of West Bay City, Mich., went over the Falls in a barrel about a year ago. She is still living. There may have been others.—J. GREEN, Girard College, Philadelphia, Pa., writes that on September 5 Girard College began its fall session with 1,520 boys enrolled. He says, "We have very beautiful grounds and buildings, a battalion of six companies, a band, and a signal corps with an army officer in command.—G. D. ZEIGLER, Zeigler, Ga., describes himself as a "Georgia Cracker" living on a farm in the country. He says, "I feel as if I had companions in all the cities and country places in America when I read THE AMERICAN BOY." He wants to know how he can learn something about photography, and where he can buy an instrument and at what price. Let him write the Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.—ARTHUR WELCH, Fort Barnes, Cal., wants to know where he can learn the Finnish language, or buy a book explaining it. Can any of our readers help us answer this question?

### Another Raleigh.

The spirit of chivalry exists in the breast of the American boy. It remains for an Ann Arbor lad to eclipse the knightly deed of Sir Walter Raleigh, who, when he saw his queen about to cross a muddy spot in her path, threw his richly-embroidered coat at her feet, so that she might not soil her dainty slippers.

The other day, while the writer was crossing a flooded Ann Arbor street, his attention was called to a small boy near by, who was escorting one of his lady teachers. It had been raining for some time, and the couple came to a stream in their path, which was so wide that the teacher could not step across. What was the small boy to do? It would be useless for him to throw his coat in the stream, so he planted his foot squarely in the center

of the current. "There," said he, "now you can step on my foot, and so cross without soiling your shoes." It is needless to say, that, although the teacher was highly pleased with the chivalrous young American, she did not resort to the expedient which he had so gallantly proposed.

### Of Interest to Literary Workers—"How to Write."

The editor of THE AMERICAN BOY is also the editor of a paper for men and women who aspire to fame in the field of literature. This monthly publication contains, in addition to well-selected items instructive and interesting in the field of writing for the press, a number of pages written by the editor descriptive of his own experiences from day to day in the examination of manuscripts. It is the only publication in the world that allows the writer and contributor to enter the editorial sanctum and sit down with the editor and see how he does his work. A few months' reading of this little paper will give a better insight into the experiences of an editor and his way of dealing with manuscripts than would years of experience on the part of writers in dealing with editors in the regular way. Of course, the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY has his own way of doing things, but the chances are that in the main he is governed by the same general rules and affected by the same prejudices as are editors generally. This little paper, without giving names and addresses or identifying manuscripts, gives the editor's views on every manuscript that comes before him; and what more valuable instruction could a writer who wants to see his manuscripts in print obtain? If contributors to THE AMERICAN BOY want to know how their manuscripts look in the eyes of its editor, let them subscribe for "How to Write."

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A stranger to our mountain section can have no conception of the eagerness on the part of the poor for an education—they are actually clamorous. I could give many illustrations that to the unfeeling man or woman would at first sight appear ridiculous...

October Additions to Roll of Honor.

- HAROLD STONE, Hazelton, Pa. Excellence in school work. FRANK M. FIELD, Mason, Mich. Excellence in school work. JOHN CLAY, age 14, Williamston, Ky. Excellence in school work.

The Magnificent Building of the Boys' Club of Pawtucket, R. I.

The \$100,000 building for the Pawtucket, (R. I.) Boys' Club was dedicated July 7 and turned over to the club. The building is a present to the boys from Col. Lyman Bullock Goff...

Better Than Prison.

Evidently there are some people who have the belief that there is enough good in every boy to make a man of him. Recently two boys in a law office in Newcastle, England...

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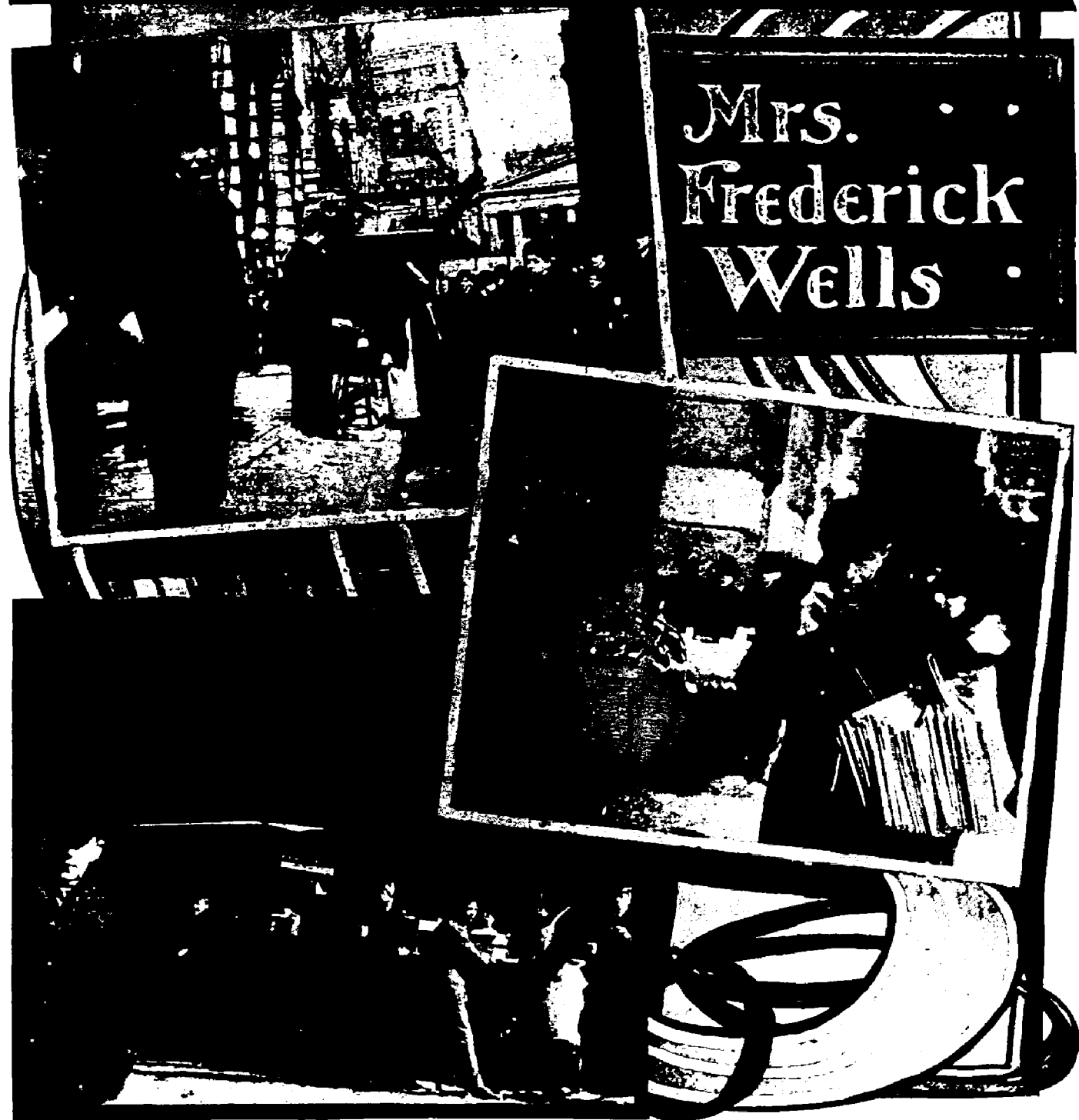
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# Little Soldiers of Fortune



Mrs. Frederick Wells

It has been truly said that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. Even in a great city like New York, where boys and girls have so many advantages, it is quite safe to say that many of them have not the least idea of what really constitutes the every-day life of other boys and girls who live in the same city, but whose positions in life are less fortunate than theirs. And to those who live in smaller cities and towns, the lives of the children in such an immense city as New York are practically mysteries.

Even in so simple a matter as eating his luncheon, there is a vast difference between the country boy and his city cousin. Most boys between the ages of ten and fifteen are going to school, but there are thousands in New York who are compelled to earn their own living and often times help support the family, and so they do not go to school like other boys, but learn their lessons from life itself, which is not always a gentle teacher. They are young "Soldiers of Fortune," and their battle-field is away down in the heart of the business district: down where the streets grow narrow, where the buildings are higher and higher and the throngs of men thicker and busier and in more of a hurry than in any other part of the city. And right in the thickest of all this busy, bustling crowd of humanity you will find hundreds of newsboys, messenger boys, lawyers' office boys, stock brokers' special messengers, etc., and they are all seemingly just as busy and just as much in earnest as the great men of affairs for whom they work.

If you happened to be down in that part of the city any day between the hours of eleven and two you would see these boys eating their luncheon. They never carry a basket or a box; they have no time to go home; in fact, they have scarcely time to eat at all. Even the quickest of the "quick lunch restaurants" are not quick enough for them, and, too, a restaurant luncheon is far too extravagant for their small salaries, so they nearly all patronize what are called "traveling restaurants," which are nothing more or less than push-carts lined up along the curb stones in the streets comprising what is

known among the boys as the "pie district."

These traveling restaurants are wheeled up to the sidewalk about eleven o'clock every day. The men who own them have been busy for hours before getting things in readiness, so when they arrive at the customary place of doing business and uncover their wagons they are well supplied with tempting things for the hungry boys to eat.

These carts differ in the sort of eatables they sell. For instance, one man knowing a boy's capacity for sweet things will have his cart loaded with pies—pies of all kinds that offer the most alluring temptations. As a rule they are small and cut in half and the halves are stacked upon each other until they look like small mountains. Each piece is three cents, and they must be very good, if one can judge by the rapidity and eagerness with which they are devoured by a perfect multitude of boys of all ages who gather around the wagons. They stand about in the street and on the sidewalks, all eating as fast as they can, regardless of the people who are constantly rushing by.

Another stand will have old-fashioned cinnamon buns, sugar cookies, and bananas, for a penny each. Then there is the pretzel man, who stands at the corner with a large basket of pretzels hung around his neck, and the frankfurter man who always has a large and noisy following, for the frankfurters are hot and juicy, and there are long rolls which he splits and spreads with mustard, and then slaps the steaming frankfurter in and closes the roll up like a trap. Even though these are five cents apiece, they are worth it and seem to be favorites.

There are other men who make a specialty of different kinds of sandwiches, and they demand three cents apiece. There are women, too, who know how to fix things exactly the way boys most like them. They carry large covered baskets which they place on the sidewalk. One woman sells rolls which she cuts into halves and spreads with a generous spoonful of canned salmon, and on the top of that she puts thin slices from large cucumber pickles. Another woman sells big,

thick, sugar cookies and does a rushing business.

There are also wagons where hot coffee and cocoa can be bought for a cent a cup, and the enterprising managers find a place very near a pie or sandwich cart so the boys can easily have something hot to drink while eating. Many of the boys prefer a glass of cold milk, at a penny.

In the summer time there are a great many men who sell ice cream sandwiches, which are simply slices of ice cream between sweet wafers. These the boys eat as dessert.

Sometimes when a boy is unusually busy and has not the time to stop and eat his luncheon all in one place, which frequently happens, he unconsciously imitates the rich boy who has his midday meal served in courses. A hurried messenger boy, for instance, buys a sandwich at one corner, a piece of pie at the next, which he chokes down while he rushes through the crowd, and perhaps around in the next block he stops long enough to drain a cup of coffee and thus completes his luncheon.

### Our Children Our Creditors.

If we could once get into our heads and our hearts that our children stand our creditors, that we owe them every advantage of training and comfort, and attractive surroundings that it is in our power to bestow, and rid ourselves of the ancient fallacy that our children are a sort of horn chattel that may be treated well or ill, as we choose, the world would make an immense bound forward and we would hear less and less the sad story of children deserting their parents when their help is most needed.—G. L. Wynn.

### Be at the Right Place.

Some one has said that if a boy wants to do things in this world he must be around when things are happening. It is strange, but true, that vital things happen just before the slow man gets down to his work and just after the easy-going one has started home.

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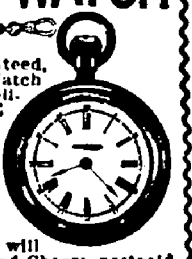
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Somerset (Pa.) Athletic Club in Camp at Trent, Pa.

This camp is situated at the foot of Laurel Hill Mountains, where there is good hunting and fishing. The boys spent a jolly ten days there. This club has a baseball team in summer and a football team in winter, and are a hard set to down. In eight games at baseball last summer with clubs of surrounding towns they won six.

A Lesson in Woodcraft.

R. B. BUCKHAM.

A knowledge of the many practical uses to which our common forest trees can be put will often prove of the utmost value to the young forester, as well as the experienced woodsman. Information of this character, kept well in mind, will be sure to prove of use, sooner or later.

The pine, for example, is alike the woodsman's cement can, glue pot, and physician, ready with its services at a moment's notice, provided he but knows how to make use of them. When he is so unfortunate as to rend his birch canoe by collision with a sunken log or rock, he gathers a large quantity of the pitch of the pine, which upon being burned yields a thick, black liquid. This is generously smeared over the rent, while still quite hot, and upon cooling hardens not unlike sealing wax, rendering the canoe fully as impervious to water as before the accident.

Rents in his rubber boots, rubber blankets, and so on, he quickly repairs with fresh pitch from a bruise or cut in the bark of this tree, firmly affixing a patch by means of its adhesiveness. If the reader is a bicyclist, and should accidentally puncture a tire on the road far from assistance, he will find that the leak can be stopped very easily in a similar manner, winding the patch well with strips of cloth.

Deep and dangerous cuts received upon the body woodsmen treat, when no better assistance is at hand, by pressing the lips of the incision together, and applying a slip of cloth well smeared with pitch, which is then wound firmly as already described. They also assert that to hold a bit of pitch in the mouth, or suck a pine twig freshly broken is an excellent cure for colds or sore throat. Some of the patent medicines advertised as antidotes for these affections and sold at round prices are nothing but emulsions of pine.

The ordinary upland sumac can be rendered very useful to the woodsman in a variety of ways from the fact that its limbs are filled with a pith which is easily removed. Sap spouts, blowpipes, spigots, and so on, are consequently readily made from its branches. A woodsman whom I once visited in his rude but comfortable house of logs had equipped himself with quite an elaborate water system thus, with a cask for his supply tank, and a pipe of sumac limbs conducting it into the house. Care must be taken in its use, however, to avoid the swamp sumac (Rhus Vernix), which is quite poisonous, but which is easily to be distinguished from the well-known variety of the great red fruit clusters.

A peculiarity of the black birch, well known from its shaggy bark peeling horizontally, is that its young twigs contain oil of wintergreen. Many enjoy chewing their tender young bark for its pleasant taste. It possesses no medicinal qualities, so far as the writer knows, but is considered by some as grateful and refreshing when one is tired with long walking in the woods, or when the mouth is dry and parched with thirst.

The willow shares with the hazel the distinction of being the wood from which were made the old "divining rods" so often used in days gone by to locate the whereabouts of water underground. Herodotus mentions the fact that the Scythians found willow twigs excellent for this purpose, from which one can judge the age of the custom. But the woodsman has a much more sensible use for the willow. The slender shoots and branches, so lithe and supple when green, and so firm yet elastic when seasoned, are the best of all woods with which to strengthen his canoe in any weak spot, to weave into the frame of a "wickiup," or temporary shelter for summer use, and any similar use, where elasticity and strength with lightness are most to be desired.

The young reader, especially, might be interested to know that the locust, so frequently to be seen in the door yards of old-time homesteads, with its profusion of sweet scented blossoms in the spring and sharp thorns on its young twigs, is the very best wood that grows for the manufacture of bows. It was especially prized for this purpose among the Indians in early days. Its close, firm fibre render-

ing it exceedingly stout and resilient, when thoroughly seasoned.

Ash and beech make the best oars, paddles, ramrods and arrows, being of fine fibre and straight grain. Cedar and pine both make light and handy paddles, but if one is to venture into dangerous places, as in shooting rapids or navigating rapid streams, he must be sure that his paddle is worthy the confidence he is compelled to place in it, for if it should snap in his hands at a critical moment, it might mean death or serious accident.

The sassafras in some localities grows to be quite a large tree, but exists in New England mainly as a bush, being quite abundant as such. It is from its roots that the woodsman extracts, by boiling, the oil of sassafras, which is his most trusted remedy for neuralgic, rheumatic, and similar pains. It is easily to be recognized by its clusters of blue fruit and glossy leaves.

No trees of our woodlands are more graceful and beautiful than the young white birches, and interspersed here and there among the pines and oaks they make quite a striking contrast in their white dress. The manufacturer considers their wood poor and weak, of little use except for spoons and bobbins, but the frequenter of the woods, having seen them many a time in midwinter bent almost double with the weight of ice and snow which they are compelled to bear, realizes that there are many ways in which they can be of use to him. Should he have occasion, for example, to construct a rough bobsled, or frame sled, for the purpose of transporting his game or goods in or out of the woods in the snow, he knows that the young birches are pre-eminently suitable for such a framework, being light and pliable, and readily to be steamed and bent into the requisite curve for runners and braces.

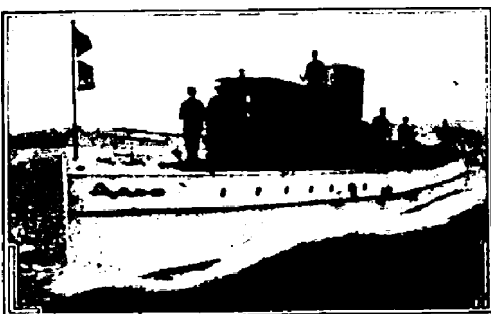
Fir balsam, cedar, and hemlock tips, make the best and softest bed for the camper, while oak furnishes the hottest and most lasting fuel for his fire on a frosty night, and the greener it is, the longer it will burn. Birch bark, pine needles, cones and shavings are the best material with which to kindle a fire when everything is thoroughly soaked after long and continuous rains, and a fat pine root makes an excellent torch with which to light one's way through the woods after dark.

These few instances will serve to illustrate how servicable a knowledge of the several properties of forest trees will prove to the sojourner in their midst, and to what a variety of uses they can be put by one who understands them.



The Remsen (Ia.) High School Junior Baseball Club.

The Remsen (Ia.) High School Junior Baseball Club has distinguished itself by winning every game of a series of five played with the Fredonia Champions. The Juniors have played twelve games during the season, eleven of which they have won. They have bought all their own supplies, paid their own expenses when away from home, and when ready to disband had sixteen dollars in the treasury, which was divided pro rata among the boys. This record has not been surpassed, perhaps, by any boys' baseball club in the country. W. E. Conway, catcher, and Ralph Creglow, shortstop, are two of our AMERICAN ROY subscribers.



THE SPEEDIEST CRAFT IN THE WORLD. The "Arrow" owned by Charles R. Flint; 130 feet long, 12 1/2 feet beam; horsepower, 4000. Covered 6,100 feet in 3/2 seconds. —From Collier's Weekly.

Overhanging Rock, Glacier Point, Yosemite Valley.

Gerald R. Gage, of Gilroy, Cal., sends us a picture of the overhanging rock called Glacier Point in the Yosemite Valley, and tells us the following story: Glacier Point is 2,250 feet above the floor of the valley. From it can be seen the Merced River, Mirror Lake, picturing on its surface the surrounding mountains, the village of Yosemite, Yosemite Falls, which, in three leaps, makes an ascent of 2,600 feet, and far to the west among the mountain peaks, banks of snow glistening in the sun. At Glacier Point there are three overhanging rocks, the largest of which, shown in the picture, has long been used as a posing place for those who want to have



"GLACIER POINT"

their photographs taken in a novel position. A short distance from it is another point where the photographer stands. Among the number who last July were at Glacier Point were two lads, George Bowen and Harry Farr. They were anxious to have their pictures taken, and readily found some one who would stand on the neighboring point and press the bulb. Harry and George took positions on the rock. The man at the camera pressed the bulb once, changed the plate and prepared to take another, when suddenly there was a cry of horror and George had gone off the rock, a fall of twelve hundred feet, disappearing in the manganite brush twelve hundred feet below.

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Advertisement for 'The Leader Harmonica' priced at 25 cents. It features a curved mouth piece and is described as a high quality instrument with a great advantage over others. The ad includes contact information for A. Strauss & Co., 413 Broadway, N. Y.

Advertisement for 'FREE! You can earn' featuring a watch, doll, repeating air rifle, sewing machine, magic lantern, weeden engine, tool chest, electric machine, rings and other jewelry. It offers 15 other presents for free for selling 20 packages of Perfection Starch.

Advertisement for 'FREE GOLD WATCH' from ERIE MFG. CO., Dept. 41 Chicago. The watch has an American movement fully warranted to keep correct time. It is a solid gold plated watch with a gold filled watch warranted 20 years.

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The Thanksgiving That Robin Had—H. J. Moorhouse

They had been living in the town scarcely two months, but during that time misfortune had stalked into the midst of the Parker family, bringing severe sickness to the father, anxiety to a careworn mother, and hunger to six little mouths.

But Robin, with the courage of maturer years, assumed his share of the family cares and it had given him a serious expression not generally belonging to a boy of eleven.

Mr. Parker had been unable to procure steady employment for some time back, and the constant worry and anxiety which this caused had at last overcome his strength.

And now the long winter was not far off and the Parkers were in no condition to meet it.

Things were in this condition when Thanksgiving Day dawned. It was a cold morning and the sky gave promise of a storm before night.

He had been thus engaged for a minute or more when his attention was arrested by singing.

"The north wind doth blow, And we shall have snow, And what will the Robin do then? Poor-r thing."

The singing ceased just as the owner of the voice came opposite the mill.

"Hello, there!" called out the stranger familiarly.

"Hello!" returned Robin, and then the face was withdrawn and the boy jumped over the fence.

The newcomer was well protected from the cold by a woolen comforter wound about his neck, and by mittens of the same material.

"Whatcha doin'?" he asked. "Pickin' up wood? Thought 't first you'd Harr Armstrong. Stranger in these parts, ain't you?"

Robin acknowledged that he had not been living long in the neighborhood.

"Say, what's your name?" "Robin Parker."

"Mine's Pete Dickson. My father owns this here place," jerking his head towards the mill.

"Does he?" asked Robin, looking up. "A man told me this wood was no good; 'tain't, is it?"

"Na! Come on an' I'll help you fill your basket," and he set to work with a will.

"I say, you look jolly cold," he remarked a moment later as he observed the bluish tint on the backs of Robin's hands.

Robin was going to object, but the other wouldn't hear of it, so they were slipped on, and how nice and warm they felt!

"Know what day this is?" "Thanksgiving Day," replied Robin, rather surprised at such a question.

"Yep, ain't you glad? Bet I am. We

always have a big Thanksgiving dinner, an', say, ain't it just dilly!—N'yum! An' see what my father gimme 'is mornin' to spend just 's I like."

He fumbled in his pocket, drew forth a bright round dollar and proudly held it out for inspection, then slipped it back, entirely unconscious of the longing it had created.

"Say, which d'you like best, peppermint balls er carme's? I like the balls best, don't you? Last longer. I'm going to get some choc'late cigars, too, an' some o' that lic'rice—you know—the big, long kind. Praps I'll give you some. Say, what d'you generally have for Thanksgiving dinner?"

"Nuthin'," replied Robin, smiling faintly at the look of utter astonishment in the other's face.

"What?" he cried. "No Thanksgiving dinner—no turkey an' cranberry sauce, ner plum puddin' an' things?"

Robin shook his head. "Dinner's jus' same's usual; an' that ain't turkey an' cranberry sauce, ner plum puddin' an' things."

"Well, sir-ee! You're the first fellow I ever saw that didn't—"

He stopped short as he saw the other's lip quiver, and a look of compassion gradually came into his eyes as he observed more closely the pale face and thin clothing of the boy before him.

"Say, I know why you ain't got any Thanksgiving dinner. You're like a new family I heard mother takin' 'bout yesterday. One belongs to the King's Daughters, you know, an' they know all about new families. She said as this family would get along all right if their father was workin' but he's sick in bed, an' when a fellow's dad's laid up it comes pretty tough on the fellow, I guess. Mebbe that's how 'tis with you, eh?"

Robin said that it was. "Tell you what I'm goin' to do. I'll tell mother 'bout it, an' she'll tell the other King's Daughters an' I guess when your father's better, praps mine'll give 'im a job in the mill, eh? There, now, your basket's full; if you like I'll help you carry it home."

Robin thought he could manage it alone, but his new acquaintance insisted on accompanying him.

"I do believe that's our carriage up there! I wonder what mother's been doing down this way?"

Mrs. Parker knew, and so did an excited group of little ones, looking on with exclamations of delight, while their mother, with tear-dimmed eyes and a thankful heart, unpacked the most wonderful hamper of wonderful goodies that ever you saw.

When the basket of fuel had been set down in the woodshed, Robin found a chance to return the mittens to their owner, who had positively refused to resume them as often as they had been proffered him.

"Have you got a drink o' water handy?" Peter asked as he was about to leave.

"Cert'nly. Come on in an' I'll get you one in a shake."

But he preferred to stay outside, and when Robin reappeared, a moment later, he was nowhere to be seen.

"That's kind o' queer," thought Robin, turning back into the house. "Well, if he ain't a dandy!" for there on top of the wood-basket lay a woolen comforter and a pair of mittens.

Robin grabbed up the articles and was about to rush out after their forgetful owner, when something fell to the floor with a metallic ring. He turned quickly around and saw a piece of money.

"Well, what—?" Snatching this up also he hurried out. Far up the street he discerned the figure of Peter Dickson, while the words which he sang were swept down upon a gust of wind—

"The north wind doth blow, And we shall have snow, And what will Robin do then? Poor-r thing."

And Peter Dickson went his way with his hands in his pockets and his ears stinging from the cold, but his face aglow with happiness.

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The Fifth of November: Guy Fawkes' Day in England — H. D. M.

November 5th is celebrated by English boys in the same manner as July 4th is celebrated by American boys, although not for the same reason. The similarity of the celebration with fireworks and bonfires, however, makes the origin of the English Guy Fawkes' day not uninteresting to the boys of America, that is, the readers of The American Boy.

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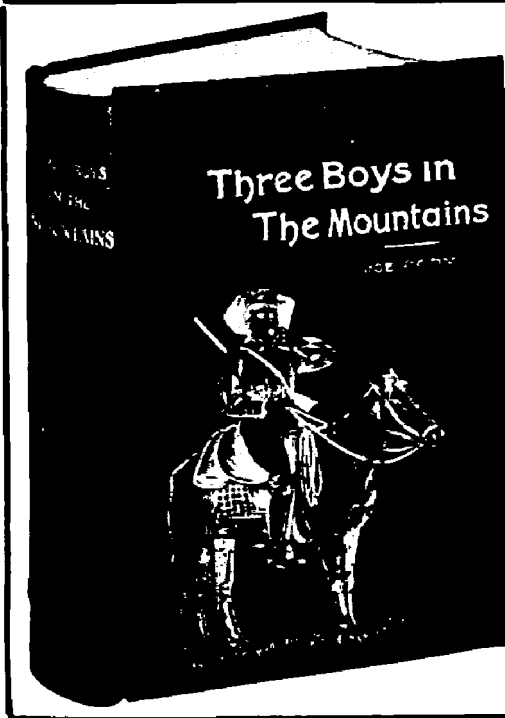
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# A Muskrat — E d g a r

The three boys bending over the sprung muskrat trap looked with increasing indignation at one another.

"That's the seventh muskrat that's been hooked on us this week," sputtered Ned Kennedy.

"Are you sure they've been hooked?" questioned Obed Evans, who was a trifle slow of perception. "Perhaps they wiggled loose and left their paws behind."

"Wiggle nothing," drawled Charlie Snow, who was master trapper, forcing the jaws of the steel trap and picking up the lone paw. "See there—sliced off clean with a knife. The thief is too blame lazy to pry the traps open."

"At this rate we'll never get our baseball uniforms," groaned the boys. "Do you suppose Darcy George is robbing us?"

Darcy George was a shiftless colored man who lived not far from the swamp. He worked a very little and hunted and trapped a good deal to make a precarious livelihood, but as far as the boys knew, he respected other people's traps.

"Darcy George knows where we set our traps for he told me the most of the good places," said Charlie, doubtfully. "No, I don't think old George would play it low down on us like that. Let's set this trap again and start for home."

As they soberly tramped from the swamp they were hailed by an elderly man, who demanded, "What ye been doing in the swamp, boys—looking for cattails?" at the same time smiling sourly at his witty question.

"It's stingy old Farmer Plum—he owns slathers of land around here," whispered Charlie. "No, sir," he drawled, "we've been looking for muskrats in our traps, but someone has been there ahead of us."

"Smart lot of boys ye are, to set traps for other people to gather the fur," said the old farmer.

"If the thief don't look out, we'll set a trap for him," sputtered Ned excitedly.

"Twon't do ye no good for if my suspicions is correct he's too deep and dark—specially dark, for ye. Take my advice and set hens—ye're too slow a lot to ketch muskrats," chuckled the old man as he walked away.

"Too deep and dark—specially dark—he means that Darcy George is robbing us," said Ned. It had been a hard winter and the old colored man was heavily in debt at the corner store, and muskrat skins were bringing twenty five cents apiece; the suspicion sank deep.

"We'll lay low and catch him red-handed," the boys declared as they parted. In spite of their watchfulness the thefts continued regularly. The thief was an adept and no matter where they hid the traps, they were ferreted out and despoiled of their catch. In every case a paw was left in the trap indicating that the thief went the rounds in a hurry.

The boys in their trips to the swamp were continually meeting Farmer Plum who unmercifully jeered them. "Remember what I told ye about setting hens?" he would ask with an unpleasant laugh, and they would silently grit their teeth. They hated the stingy old farmer.

Suspicion as to who was robbing their traps became a certainty when Charlie loafing about the corner store one day, pulled open a bundle of muskrat peltries and found half a dozen minus a paw.

"Where did this lot come from, Mr. Kilpatrick?" he asked carelessly.

"Let's see—why, Darcy George brought in that bundle. Told an odd story too, about finding dead muskrats with one paw gone, near his well."

"Oh, he did, did he?" drawled Charlie, changing the subject.

"Let's borrow Mr. Evan's bear trap and set it for him," said the boys when Charlie reported the conclusive evidence of the colored man's thievery.

"Got something better than that," drawled Charlie producing a package from his pocket. See that? That's piano wire."

"Piano wire! How are you going to make a trap of piano wire?" asked the boys.

"Twitch up," said Charlie briefly. "You can't see this wire when it is strung under your nose and it is strong enough to hold five men. We'll set a quiet twitchup and bait it with a muskrat, and I guess old George will be pretty sorry he did not stick to his own traps and let ours alone."

"Hurrah!" said Ned and Obed delightedly.

Close to a muskrat "run" they found a young hickory tree which was apparently planted there for their purpose. It took the combined strength of the three boys to bend it and arrange the details of the invisible twitchup, but it was finally done.

"Somehow I hate to think it is old George that is robbing us," said Charlie. "Well, we will soon know for sure," he added, as he arranged the piece of tree limb that formed the trigger of the twitchup.

"Ain't it most time you caught that thief?" asked Farmer Plum, meeting the boys as they emerged from the swamp. The trio glowered darkly and hurried on.

"Better quit setting traps and try setting—" called the farmer after them. The latter part of the remark was lost in an irritating chuckle.

"Hang the old closefist!" muttered the boys.

Little sleep came to the excited youths that night, and bright and early in the morning they were on their way to inspect the man-trap. It was sprung. Long before they came to the place they heard a savage outpouring of oaths, and, fright-



# Man=Trap D. Price

There was menace in the tones and it was wisdom to obey. The farmer paid grudgingly and limped away followed by the taunts of the crowd. "Oh, Mr. Plum," drawled Charlie, "guess you think we're good at setting something besides hens, now."

## Ten Poor Boys.

William McKinley's early home was plain and comfortable, and his father was able to keep him at school.

Millard Filmore was a son of a New York farmer, and his home was an humble one. He learned the business of a clothier.

Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in North Carolina, and was reared in the pine woods for which his state is famous.

John Adams, second president, was the son of a grocer of very moderate means. The only start he had was a good education.

Grover Cleveland's father was a Presbyterian minister with a small salary and a large family. The boys had to earn their living.

Ulysses S. Grant lived the life of a village boy, in a plain house on the banks of the Ohio river, until he was seventeen years of age.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a wretchedly poor farmer in Kentucky, and lived in a log cabin until he was twenty one years old.

James K. Polk spent the earlier years of his life helping to dig a living out of a farm in North Carolina. He was afterwards clerk in a country store.

Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of ten years by his widowed mother. He was never able to attend school and picked up all the education he ever had.

James A. Garfield was born in a log cabin. He worked on a farm until he was strong enough to use carpenter's tools, when he learned the trade. He afterwards worked on a canal.

ened, now that they had taken a grown man captive, they took to their heels for help.

"Darcy George caught in a twitchup down in the swamp? Guess not; he went down the road toward the corners not fifteen minutes ago," said those to whom they appealed for aid.

"Then whom have we caught?" asked the boys. The party hurried to the spot where the young hickory was bending and straining and there, suspended in a loop of piano wire by one leg, was—

"Jerusalem! It's Farmer Plum that's been stealing our muskrats," cried the startled boys. A fresh assortment of oaths came from the suspended thief. The men, laughing, bent down the hickory and released the farmer.

"Say, Plum," they said, "we knew you were 'near' and all that, but stealing other people's muskrats out of their traps—who'd have thought it!"

The old man glared and rubbed his leg. "Perhaps you'd better settle with the boys for the muskrats you've been a-bor-rowing," suggested the men, sobering down.



Farmer Plum unmercifully jeered them.

**Man Cannot Improve Nature**

Man has not yet succeeded in his attempt to paint the lily or perfume the rose. The white flour miller has, however, attempted to improve upon the Whole Wheat as a food and failed because he has taken a part away from a perfect whole.

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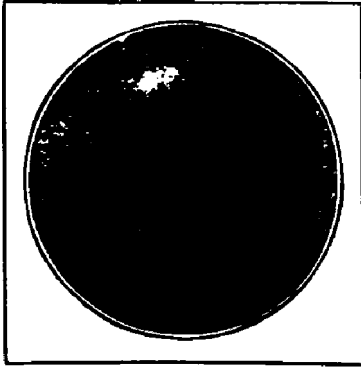
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LESSON III.—FINAL HOOKS.

As a thorough knowledge of the alphabet is essential to the student, the same should be written out from twenty-five to fifty times every day until the student is perfectly familiar with the various signs.

small hook adding l, the f or v hook can be added only to STRAIGHT STROKE CONSONANTS. The following rhyme impresses the rules as to final hooks:— For final hooks, you turn your pen Forward to signify an n, And backward for an f or v, As in keen, cough, you clearly see.

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.

Now!

This is an excellent time to organize new Chapters of the Agassiz Association. Our schools and colleges are well started in their year's work. We are all rested from our vacation idleness, and ready for the relaxation of honest effort.

in the morning and later in the evening than any other bird. 2. When the country is thinly peopled it seeks a high hollow tree, usually some lofty elm, which it uses in place of a chimney.

Chimney Swallows.

We have seen lately several curious statements regarding the "chimney swallow," or American swift, and we want to know whether or not they are true.



Agassiz's Pride.

Louis Agassiz replied to a friend who asked him what he considered the best result of his fifteen years of labor in America: "I have educated five observers."

A Bird Tragedy.

Speaking of chimney swallows—and it's wonderful how much easier it is to call them that, than to give them their proper name—I once saw one of these beautiful birds impaled upon a lightning rod which rose from a chimney on the house of Professor Albert Hopkins, in Williamstown, Mass.

Names.

A very large number of letters come to us simply asking the name of some specimen. Two things may be said about this. First, while we are always glad to help our Agassiz boys and girls to identify whatever they find, still we think it better for them to try pretty hard themselves first.



written on the INNER side, like the final n hook. It may be written on EITHER side of a STRAIGHT LINE, under certain restrictions.

In other cases, -tion when final, and following a straight letter, is written on the side opposite to that on which the vowel (or accented vowel if more than one) occurs; thus passion.

As you may prefix circle s to hooks r and l, so you may affix it to hooks n and f, v; thus pen, pence. There is, you will remember, no f or v hook to curves.

The double-sized circle ss written on the n hook side of a STRAIGHT LETTER represents ass; thus, bounce, bounces.

We have stated that as a vowel cannot be read either before or after circle s or z, the full-sized stroke consonant must be used when it is necessary to write a vowel to s.

In like manner, when a vowel immediately follows either final f, v, or n, the full-sized consonant and not the final hook must be employed, as fen, penny.

Work for this month to end of Exercise 41.

Those of our readers who are desirous of taking up this valuable course of shorthand lessons can do so by purchasing the "Phonographic Teacher," "Key to Phonographic Teacher," and six "Phonographic Exercise Books."

and forest; watch their growth; study their ways; enter into their life. Read "A Scotch Naturalist," by Samuel Smiles, or White's "Selborne," or Thompson's "Byways and Bird-Notes," and you will understand what I mean.

A Live Chapter.

The Alliance (O.) LEADER gives an account of the progress of the White Eagle Chapter. Recently the chapter celebrated the birthday of Louis Agassiz. The program of the meeting included the calling of the roll, which was responded to by quotations, the reading of minutes, a biographical sketch of Louis Agassiz, by Rollin Haine, Bugs and Beetles, by John Weybrecht, Butterflies and Moths, by Lloyd Nesbitt, a history of the organization, by Mr. Nesbitt, and mandolin and guitar selections by Carl Davison, William Gabele and Bernard Nash.

Fascination by Serpents.

It has long been a popular notion that some serpents have the power of fascinating small animals by their eye, so as to prevent their escape. The question has been brought freshly before us by several letters, some of inquiry, and some of positive statement. John Smeal Belchambers, of Bengal, India, writes: "Sometimes a snake's prey is motion-



less; sometimes it creeps or runs forward, or descends from a tree, or approaches the snake by a circular movement. As it moves, the snake also moves its head and neck, keeping its eyes always fixed upon its victim. Even a human being can be fascinated by a snake's eye. A snake looked at a boy, who felt a flash of beau-

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WHAT SHALL THE BOYS DO?

Opportunities in the Railway Business.

The Chicago and Alton Railroad has established an employment bureau to encourage young men who wish to go into railroading. Railway companies are constantly in need of the services of young men, and they offer a wide field for congenial employment. There is perhaps no other source of employment so wide as that of railroading, excepting the general government. A young man who enters the service must have ability and character enough to satisfy the chief of the employment bureau, and must prove acceptable to the head of the department in which he has chosen to enlist, to the official examiner of the company, who examines the applicant for vision and hearing, and to the company's surgeon, who makes an exceedingly thorough physical examination.

Young men who enter the employment of railroads as a rule have steady, remunerative positions, and are in the line of promotion. After a young man enters the railway service there is no position, no matter how high, which he cannot hope to attain. A young man of from nineteen to twenty six years of age wishing to become an engineer is placed on a locomotive in charge of a fireman and put under the general instructions of the engineer. During a period of two weeks to a month the beginner works without pay, but at the expiration of this time he is given by the engineer a certificate that he is competent to fill the position of fireman. As fireman on an engine he serves not less than three years, but after that period he is eligible for employment as engineer of a freight or switch engine, and, among mechanics, engineers are considered in the the highest paid class. It may take five years to rise from fireman to engineer, but the attainment of a higher position is so practically certain that it resolves itself into merely a question of time and ability. In due process he becomes a passenger train engineer, with an earning capacity equaled by no other mechanic. In the shops the start is sometimes made as low as errand or office boy, but during a series of promo-

tions which come in the four years of apprenticeship the young man learns the complete details of his trade, graduating a full-fledged mechanic on full mechanic's pay.

Young men choosing the operating department begin as "students" in telegraph offices, ticket offices, signal towers, freight yards, etc. In from six months to a year, during which time he has received from fifteen to twenty dollars a month, the young man graduates and is appointed an agent at a minor station, telegraph operator, tower man, or switchman. Station agents and operators get from \$40 to \$50 a month; a switchman from \$50 to \$70 a month.

To become a train man the young man serves an apprenticeship of short duration. Within a month he becomes a brakeman on a freight train at \$50 to \$75 a month. In about two years he will be a freight conductor at \$90 to \$100 a month, and in about six years a passenger conductor at \$90 to \$120 a month. The presidents, general managers, and other executive officers of the principal railroads of the United States today have risen from the humblest in the service. Indeed, there is hardly any field of work which gives greater opportunity for individual merit; but a young man has to be physically strong, morally clean, have average capability to work and think, and believe in his work, if he is to make a success of it.

When Charles M. Schwab, the president of the steel trust, began his business career he was a clerk in a grocery store at less than six dollars a week. Only twenty two years ago he was a stake driver at six dollars a week; but the young man got a somewhat liberal education at St. Francis College, and to his love for mathematics and his proficiency in them he owes his success, for his knowledge in this direction enabled him to become an engineer in short order. He was fertile in invention and ingenious in effecting economies, and became an invaluable employe, then a partner, then a stockholder, and then president of one of the great companies that afterwards became known as the steel trust.

The Boy in the Country Store —J. Mervin Hull

Sometimes the boy who works in the country store feels as if his chance for advancement and success in life was very small. He is there not because he wants to be, perhaps, but because it is necessary for him to do his part to help support the family, and this was the only opportunity that offered. And now he feels shut in, as if a wall had been built around his path in life which he cannot climb over. He has a good many different kinds of hard work to do, and when he gets through at the store there is a team to take care of before he can go home. And the worst of it is, that he cannot see how it is ever going to be any different. What hope can there be for any promotion and success in life?

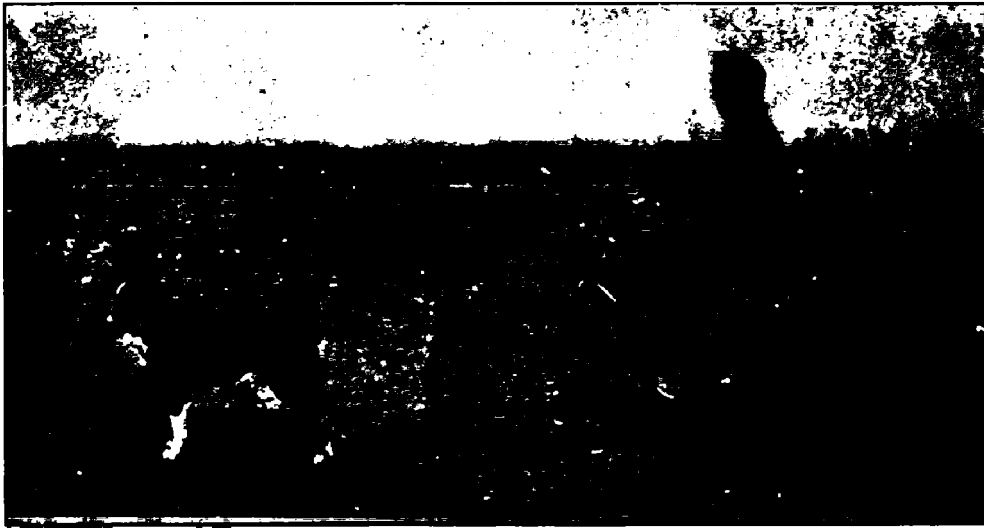
But there are several things distinctly in favor of the boy who begins his career in business in a country store. One of these is the opportunity that he has of learning to do his work well, which is so necessary to true success. The boy has more time to spare, and his employer has more time to devote to him. A very successful salesman, who holds a good position in a large city store, lately said to me, "I shall always be thankful that I started in as a clerk in Mr. Taylor's store up in Riverdale. He taught me to do some things well that have been a great advantage to me. He made me do up bundles over and over again until I could make them look as if they were mounded by machinery. There are some salesmen who never can get a good position simply because they spoil the looks of their goods in doing them up. A customer does not like to carry away a bundle that has great knobs on it or is festooned with loops of string. Then, Mr. Taylor taught me how to take care of the stock as it should be. When trade was dull, or on some rainy day, he would say to me, 'Now, Jule, let's see you pile up those pieces of calico.' And when I had done it the best I could, and thought that they looked pretty well, Mr. Taylor would come around and look at them. He would put his arm over my shoulder and say, 'Yes, Jule, that's pretty well, pretty well, but suppose you try again, and see if you can't do it just a little better.' And he was so kind about it that I was willing to try as many times as he wanted me to, and the result was that I got so that I could pile up the pieces of cloth so that they looked as if they had been shaved down with a 'hay knife.' Country boys will understand that illustration. 'And that instruction,' continued the salesman, 'has been worth many dollars to me since I began to work in the city stores. Besides this, Mr. Taylor used to let me dress the store windows, such as they were, until I gained some skill at that, and I have earned a good deal of money by dressing windows here in the city, although there are professional window dressers who get high prices for their work.'

In the country store, too, the young salesman gets a chance of dealing with all kinds of people without feeling that if he makes a mistake he will lose his place, and perhaps all hope of getting a position anywhere. And this is a great advantage, and an excellent opportunity for discipline that the salesman should not neglect. It will be worth much to him in after years. For it is not true that the boy in the country store will have no opportunity for rising and making a success in life. If he does well in the country store, if he goes about his work earnestly, systematically, cheerfully, he is almost sure to have an opportunity for advancement in one of two ways.

He may have a door opened for him directly into a large city store. This has happened a great many times, but never to boys who were not interested in their work. Commercial travelers have regular routes, and visit the same country stores many times. They get acquainted with the clerks, and they know the ones who are learning the business thoroughly and building up the trade of the store. He says to himself, "That boy is a hustler," and he says the same thing to his firm in the city. They know from experience that some of their best salesmen have been trained in country stores, and they say to their commercial traveler, "You may offer that boy twelve dollars a week to come to our store, with larger salary later, if he proves successful." Sometimes, too, the city firm write directly to the country merchant. For the country merchant is respected for his business ability by his brethren in the city. "We need a new and well-trained salesman at once. Have you got a young man that is ready to be promoted?" This is the substance of a letter that opened the door of a city store for a young man that I knew. So if it is a boy's ambition to go to the city to work, the road that leads to it goes round and round the counter in the country store.

But if he wishes to do so, the country boy may look forward to going into business for himself in the country. Opportunities for that come very frequently. In the thriving country village where I was born the old merchants have passed away or else given up their business. They were successful, and made a good deal of money, but in hardly a single instance was their business taken up by a young man who had grown up in the community. The boy in the country store should open his eyes and realize that there are many advantages in carrying on a business in a country village. Expenses are moderate, the ner-

vous strain is not so terrific as it is in the city, and the respect with which a successful country merchant is regarded is equal to that of any one in the community. But in any case the boy in the country store has no reason to be discouraged. Good work will win success there as surely as in any other place.



Dash Burns' Twentieth Century Vehicles—Armond Edgar

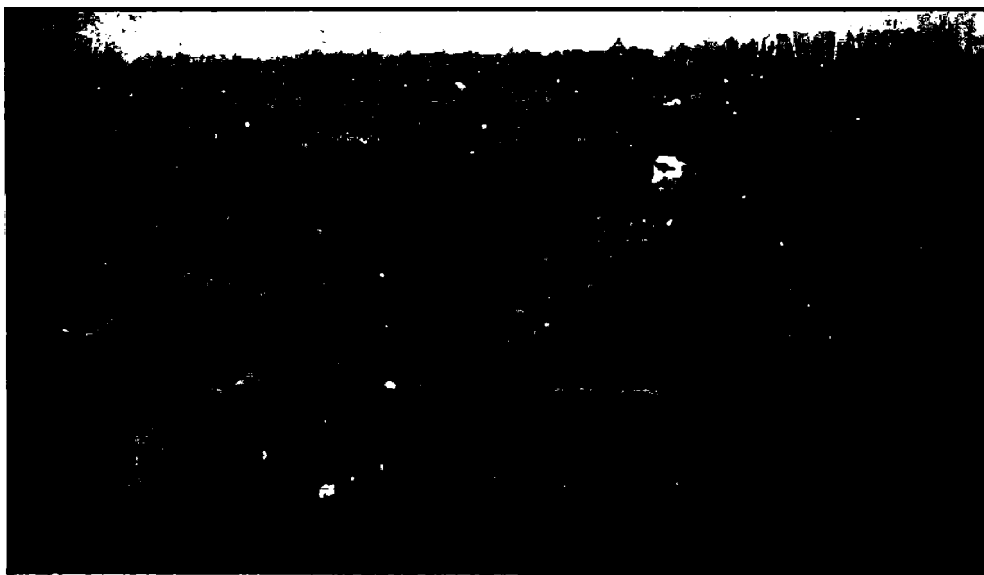
Thomas Burns, popularly known by the schoolboys of Elyria, Colorado, as "Dash," is but twelve years old, but shows strong originality, particularly in the construction of unique vehicles. Without any tools but hammer and nails, and very little material, he has manufactured a light wagon to be propelled by his faithful dog "Spoodles." The dog is an intelligent beast, although Dash does not boast of him having any blue ribbons or even a pedigree.

Dash has made use of all the old scrap wire and leather from his father's discarded harness. The reader will see in the accompanying illustration how simple his harness is, but it is effective just the same.

Dash calls his runabout trap his "horseless carriage, and his latest contrivance is a chainless bicycle. He found an old

discarded bone shaker of a bicycle without tires or chain; here his aptitude for making the best of everything stood him good again. He wired the sprocket wheel to the frame to make it stationary and arranged a fastening on the handle bar for the reins. When he wants to go out for a spin he just hitches "Spoodles" to the lines by fastening one each side of his collar, starts his faithful steed on a run and jumps on his wheel, and is off on his journey.

Dash when last seen was very much interested in the oil boom. He is planning a trip to Scranton, Colorado, a distance of sixteen miles from his home. He, as the leader of the prospecting party, said he was going to take picks, shovels and a supply of food and have "Spoodles" cart them out.



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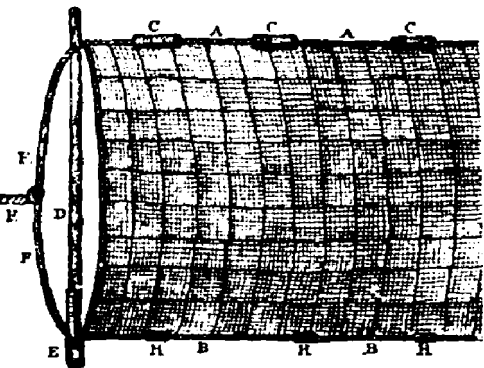
THE PHELPS CO., 18 State St., Detroit, Mich.



# How to Make Things

## A Mosquito-Net Seine.

This is to tell you how to make a mosquito-net seine thirty eight feet long and five feet deep. The line AA consists of a small-sized clothes line. CCC are pieces of cork, or pieces of thoroughly seasoned white pine three inches long and an inch in diameter, through which holes are bored just large enough to allow the clothes line to pass through. These are the floats, and are to be put eight inches apart. At the bottom of the seine another clothes line is sewed to the netting (BB), and this is called the lead line and is for the purpose of keeping the lower part of the seine close to the bottom of the water. Fasten to the lead line pieces of sheet-lead one inch in length and twenty eight inches apart. The staff "D" is a well-seasoned piece of hickory six feet long to the lower end of which



sheet-lead is also fastened at "E" to keep it down. To the staff is attached the staff line (FFF) thirty feet long. This line is for the purpose of drawing in the seine after it has been cast. A seine of this size is generally worked by two persons and two boats. Each person takes one of the staff lines in his boat and, rowing toward the shore with the extended seine, describes a semi-circle between the boats. As the shore is approached each boat closes in, thereby causing the two staffs to meet and imprison all the fish that have come within the bounds of the seine. When one person works the seine one of the staff lines is tied to a rock or stake on the shore and the other line is taken into a boat. The operator causes his end of the seine to describe a circle until the two staffs meet. This seine can be made at from three to four dollars expense, and will last several seasons, if carefully handled and spread out on the grass to dry after using. Bobinet will last longer than mosquito-net.

## How to Make a Vivarium.

One of the most delightful things for boys or girls to own is a vivarium. Viewed purely as a toy, it makes the most satisfying kind of one. But, unlike ordinary toys or games, the owner never grows tired of it. For behind the glass front of the vivarium the mystery of life unfolds itself constantly and shows itself in all its phases.

The vivarium simply is a cage only, with glass to take the place of bars. A large aquarium of the ordinary square kind will answer nicely if it is covered with wire netting. But a more satisfactory way is to make a vivarium to suit one's self.

The interior should be arranged to resemble a small forest. The bottom should be covered an inch or two with coarse gravel, pieces of broken brick or crockery about the size of a pigeon's egg. Old corks will answer the purpose. The object is to get proper drainage. Whatever is used should be covered with sphagnum moss, to be had from any florist for a few cents. This keeps the soil from working down among the broken pieces. Cover this sphagnum with two or three inches of well-rooted leaf mold, to be found in any piece of woods. A miniature tree can be used in the center or placed artistically at one side, or a limb can be cut and placed to resemble a dead tree for the animals to climb. Stones covered with moss can be found in the woods, and a lake should be arranged with a pretty pebble bottom, to be made by depressing into the soil a china or enameled ware dish, the edge carefully concealed with moss.

A convenient size for a vivarium is 3 1/2 feet long, about 20 inches wide and 2 feet high. Four wooden pillars will be required for the corners, into which the glass sides and ends are inserted. An old broomstick answers the purpose very well. Cut the pillars into the desired lengths, and cut two grooves the whole length of the pillars and at right angles with each other. Or the pillars may be square, of any well-seasoned wood, the grooves being cut with a chisel or plane.

Make two wooden frames, mitring the corners, with grooves on all four sides to hold the top and bottom of the glass. The glass is inserted in the grooves of the frames, and the ends of the glass in the grooves in the pillars. The frames are then screwed or nailed to the top and bottom of the four pillars that hold the frames in place.

The pillars may be made of pieces of zinc bent in L shape and nailed to the top and bottom of the frames. If zinc pillars are used, four narrow pieces of wood, one for each corner, about one-half inch square,

running from the top frame to the bottom, and fastened at both ends to the frame, will hold the glass in place, and the outside edges may be covered in the same way, so that no grooves will be required.

The case must be provided with an easily movable lid. Make a light frame of four narrow pieces, to fit exactly into the top of the case, and over this frame fit a piece of zinc, neatly perforated for ventilation. The zinc should be cut about a quarter of an inch all around larger than the frame, to prevent the lid from falling into the case, and the animals or insects inclosed for them to eat from getting out.

In the center cut a round hole, four or five inches in diameter, and to the upper side solder a piece of fine wire netting, completely covering the hole.

A piece of zinc somewhat larger than this opening hole should be riveted to it on the upper side so that the hole can be partly or entirely closed in order to regulate the heat and moisture. The cover frame can be kept in place by a screw hook at each end of the case.

The bottom should be made of two or three matched boards. Be very careful to select well-seasoned wood free from knots.

In a well-heated house a case of this kind needs no artificial heat, but in very cold climates or where the room is not well heated a tin boiler made from any good-sized can may be fastened to the bottom of the case and heated by a little lamp like the arrangement of the heating apparatus in an incubator.

Lizards should have access to the rays of the sun, and also must have covering under which they can retire. Frogs, toads and newts must have plenty of clean water, shade and some sun. Be careful not to place in the same case animals which live in fear of each other. Frogs and toads should not be confined with certain snakes, nor lizards with large bullfrogs.

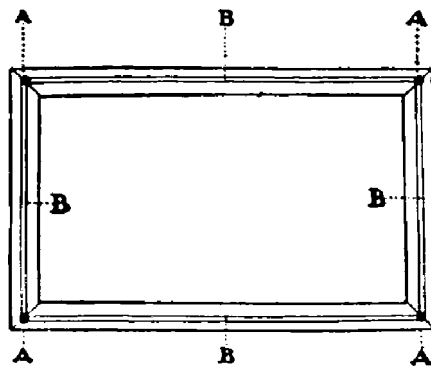
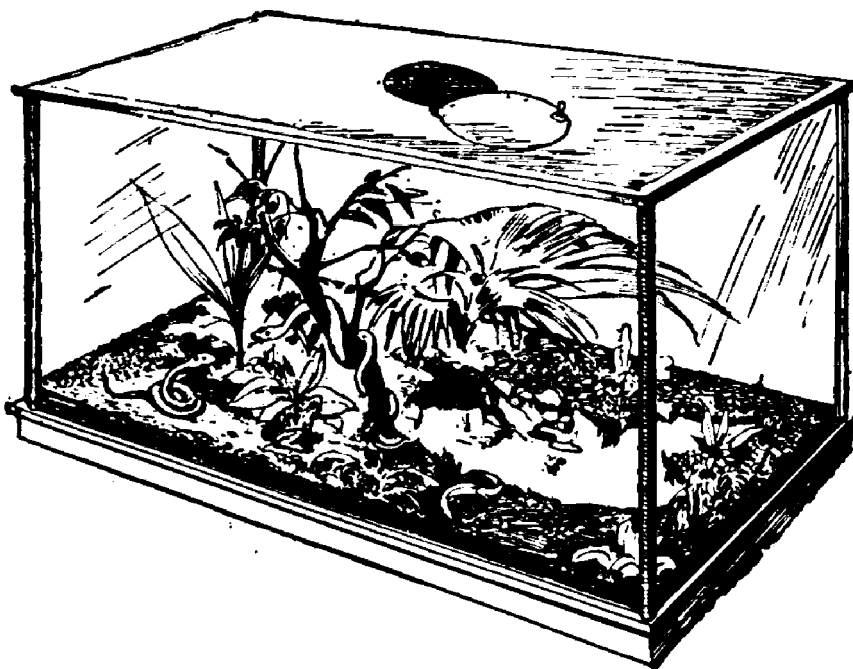
Vivariums used as fern cases must be particularly well drained and ventilated. When watering, sprinkle gently so there will be no surplus to drain off on the bottom. If it is desired to sprinkle freely, a hole or two should be bored in the bottom of the case and, after watering, a pan or pail placed to catch the drip.

Our green-spotted garter snake lives well in confinement, where it will occasionally breed, the young being produced alive. There are many varieties of this snake, and when full grown they are about three feet long. Their food is frogs, lizards and small toads. The black snake, a beautiful and common reptile, and, on account of its unusual activity, called the "racer," is most interesting in captivity. The king snake is a great favorite and one of the best for the beginner; it is easily tamed and very beautiful, having the appearance of a piece of old ivory. Milk snakes are good also.

When starting on an expedition to collect specimens, a meal bag and stout cord should be carried. When a snake is seen in the grass or among the bushes pull it out into an open space with a forked stick. This forked stick is shown in the illustration, as is the "snake stick," which is made by fastening a strap to the bottom of a long stick, passed through a hole and reaching to the other end. The hole is made slanting so the strap will draw up easily. The snake is held by pinioning with the forked stick so the loop of the snake stick can be slipped over his head. Then the strap is drawn tight and the captive is held firmly and safely.

Noosing and unnoosing the captive thus can be accomplished by drawing up and loosening the strap, without touching the animal. Vicious and poisonous snakes are handled in zoological gardens in this way.

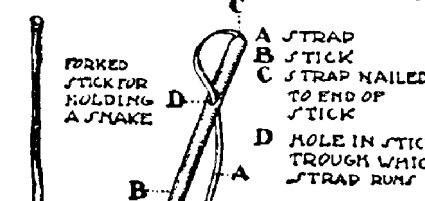
While snakes are the most common inmates of vivariums, there are so many dainty and beautiful little creatures in almost all woods where there are ponds that there is no reason why the beginner should bother with snakes at all. A charming



FRAME FOR TOP or BOTTOM of VIVARIUM.

A HOLES THROUGH WHICH SCREWS RUN TO HOLD PILLARS

B GROOVE TO RECEIVE TOP or BOTTOM EDGES OF GLASS



ZINC PILLAR FOR CORNER OF VIVARIUM.

vivarium that the writer saw contained nothing except a family of newts. Newts are the tiny creatures found in most forest ponds that the boys call lizards. They are brown, with gorgeous crimson spots along the back and sides and down the graceful broad tail. They soon become tame enough to take flies out of one's hand. Care must be taken to keep the vivarium top shut when they are in it, for they are great jumpers, and leap straight into the air for several feet when they see a fly or mosquito.

The small green frogs, also very common, are interesting inmates. The little red toad, to be found by even casual search in most suburban and country gardens, is a queer pet that will amuse one day after day. Tree frogs also are highly desirable.

During the summer the vivarium can be utilized as a cage for insects also. Many of the butterflies bear confinement very well, and grasshoppers do not seem to object to it at all, providing they are not handled or frightened.

The best way to collect these creatures is with a wide-mouthed butterfly net. After having "scapped" them, turn them out of the net, without handling them, into a large tin kettle, where they will not injure one another. If you capture newts and frogs at the same time, place them in separate receptacles, for the lumbering frogs would injure or kill the delicate things.

Never handle any of the creatures that you catch. The human hand is a clumsy machine for touching the lower creatures, and even the most careful handling is likely to hurt some fragile bone or limb on the little beauties. It takes animal collectors years and years to train their hands so that they will not harm their captives, and whenever possible they avoid touching them even then. The proper way to do is to spill the prisoners out of the net into the receptacle in which they are to be carried home. Arrived there, cover the mouth of the receptacle with a large piece of netting, and let the creatures hop or slide into it. Then you can place the netting, with them in it, very gently into the vivarium, and withdraw it after they have crawled out of its folds. Thus you avoid either the danger of their escaping or hurting themselves in struggles against you while trying to avoid capture.

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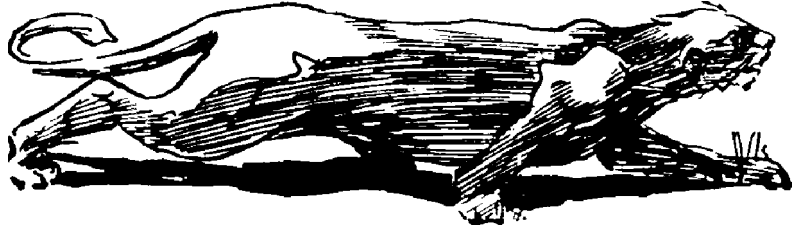
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# CAUGHT IN A TURKEY-TRAP

LEWIS B. MILLER



**I**LL TELL you what we can do tomorrow, George," said Arch Kemper. "Let's make a turkey-trap." "Never saw one. Afraid I wouldn't know how," replied George White. "I never saw one either, but I know how they're made, and anybody can make one. All you've got to do is to build a rail pen, cover it over, and dig a hole under it. Then you bait it and catch your turkey."

"How does the turkey get in?"

"He goes under, through the hole."

"And what prevents him from coming out through the hole?"

"Want of sense. He never thinks of it. Keeps looking up all the time."

"Are you sure that'll work?" asked George, doubtfully.

"Everybody that's tried it says it will. I heard Mr. Richards tell of catching a pretty good flock of wild turkeys that way."

Arch Kemper and George White lived on adjoining farms on the banks of the upper Brazos River, in Texas. At this part of its course the Brazos is shut in by steep hills on both sides. The hills are about half a mile apart. The river winds back and forth through this narrow valley, sometimes against the east side, sometimes against the west side, and sometimes between. If you climbed to the top of the high hill on the east side you could see out over a level prairie. If you climbed to the top of the higher hill on the west side, you would find yourself among mountains and cedar-brakes—a rough, wild country, where, at the time of this story, nobody lived, and where various kinds of game could be found, including deer and bears and mountain lions.

The two farms lay on the east bank of the river. Between the west bank and the hill was a strip of timbered land about a hundred yards wide. It was here that George and Arch proposed to locate their trap. The place was a favorite resort for wild turkeys, whose pipings and gobblings could be plainly heard about daylight every morning.

The conversation at the beginning of this story occurred one Friday afternoon, in the fall, as the two boys were coming home from school. Immediately after breakfast the next morning they started, George carrying an ax and Arch a spade and a mattock. They were both between fifteen and sixteen. George was the taller, but Arch, who was somewhat stocky, was the heavier of the two.

At the back of the field they climbed down the river bank to where a boat was tied to a stake. When they had rowed across, and fastened the boat to a tree, they went up into the woods with their tools. Finding a spot where turkey tracks were numerous, they stopped and got ready for work.

Along the river bank were piles of driftwood, left there by high water. Among the driftwood were rails. By going some distance up and down the river, and tearing the drifts to pieces, the boys found rails enough for their trap.

After collecting the rails, they dug a trench about a foot and a half deep, two feet wide, and six or eight feet long, with sloping ends. Then they made a square rail pen, with one side of it across the trench, so that perhaps two feet of the trench was in the pen. The pen was about four feet high, and covered over with rails a few inches apart.

The trap was now finished and ready to be baited. The boys scattered grains of corn around to lead the turkeys to it. A trail of corn led down into the trench, then along the trench and up into the pen.

After surveying their work with no little satisfaction, Arch and George took up their tools, rowed back across the river, and went to their homes to wait.

At dusk they returned, and again after breakfast the next morning, but the corn was still scattered around. Probably the building of the pen in their haunts had scared the turkeys away. Not till three or four days later did the young trappers find any evidence that the wild fowls had been in the vicinity. The corn had been picked up as far as the trench, but no farther.

This was encouraging, and more corn was scattered around.

The next day, as soon as the boys got home from school, they hurried down to the boat and pulled across. On coming in sight of the trap, they saw that it was surrounded by a flock of fifteen or twenty turkeys. The boys hid behind trees, thinking that the turkeys might yet enter the trap. But the flock had already taken alarm, and ran off through the woods as fast as their long legs could carry them.

But two of them, a gobbler and a hen, were in the trap. Very proud were the boys when they carried those turkeys home and showed them to their friends, calling everybody's attention to how plump and fat they were.

After this the results of the trapping varied. Frequently there was nothing at all in the trap; on other days one or two, and once even five turkeys were found in it.

One day Arch and George were late getting home from school, and did not visit their trap until the next morning. Then they found no turkeys, but the ground inside the trap was covered with feathers. This meant that at least one turkey had been caught, but that some wild animal had crawled in during the night and devoured it. A second time, when they

failed to visit the trap, the same thing occurred.

The boys supposed that the animal was a fox or a wildcat, or possibly a wolf, that had come down from the mountains. But once they went over to the trap at night, while the moon was shining. As they were landing, they heard the cries of a turkey in distress. Hurrying up the bank, they picked up sticks as they ran, and shouted to scare the animal away.

But as they rushed up to the pen, a hoarse, warning growl brought them to a sudden stop. They looked in between the rails and could see a large animal glaring and showing his teeth at them!

In an incredibly short space of time the boys were back at their boat and out upon the river. Not till thirty yards of water separated them from the west bank did they stop to breathe and exchange a few words.

"You don't catch me fooling around there!" exclaimed Arch.

"Nor me, either. Mountain lion, wasn't it?" said George.

"Couldn't have been anything else. Big one, too. Lucky he was in the trap, or he might have jumped on us when we got so close."

They continued to discuss the matter excitedly till they reached George's home.

"You'd better keep away from over there after dark, or you'll get hurt," was Mr. White's comment when they told their story. And Arch's father made a similar remark. Neither of the men cared anything about hunting.

The boys wanted to kill the lion, and discussed the matter for several days. But they had had very little experience with guns, and an old army musket being the only weapon they could find, their courage failed. They never visited the trap except in broad daylight now, and took care that no turkeys should be left in it over night for the lion to eat.

One day, two or three weeks later, Mr. Kemper came home from the county seat, a few miles down the river, and said:

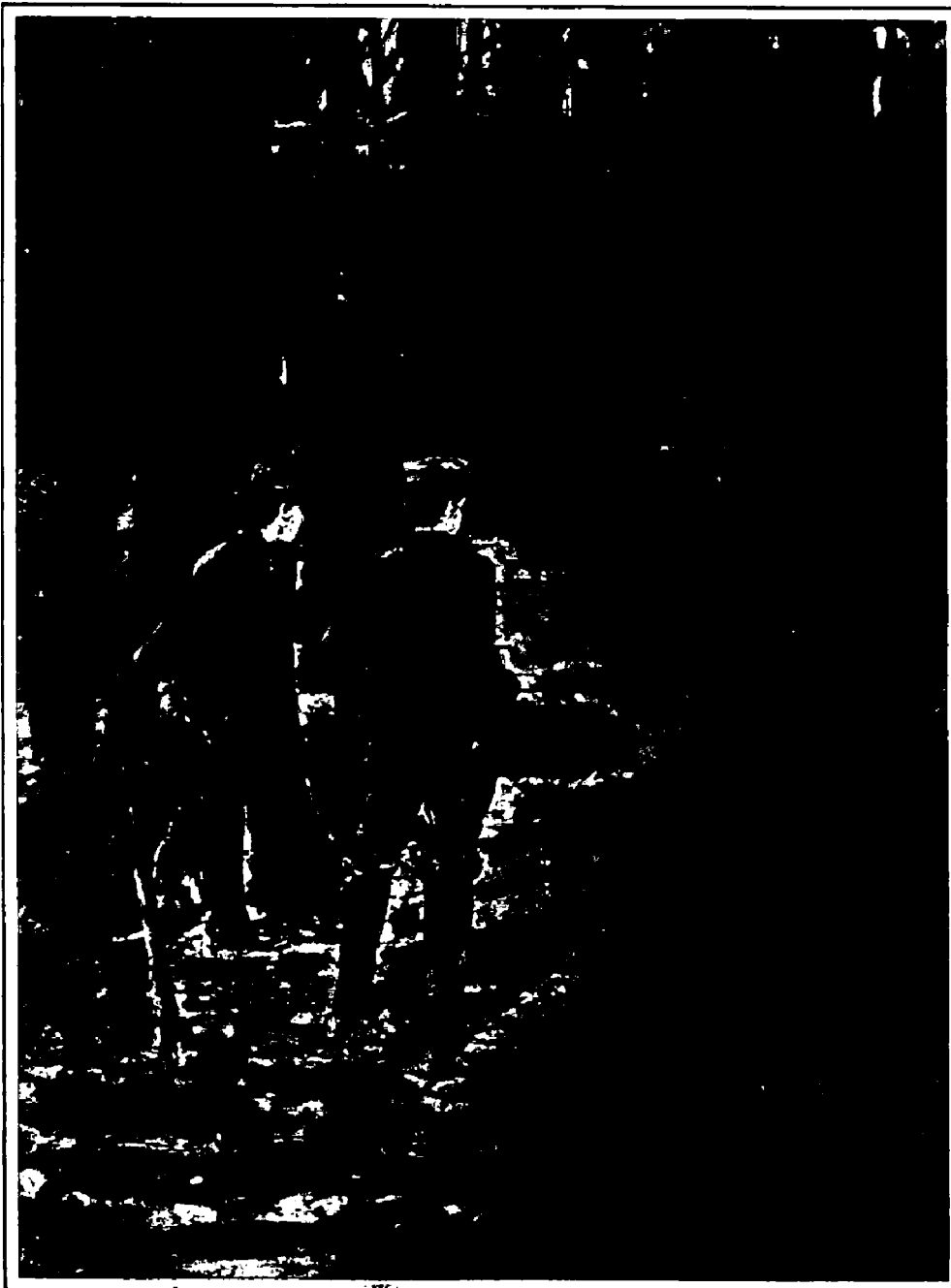
"Arch, if you boys could catch your mountain lion you could make some money out of him now. There's a man down at town offering a hundred and fifty dollars for a full-grown one, alive. Guess he wants it for a show, or a zoological garden, or something of the kind. He's got a wagon and a cage, and is going to stay there for a while."

Arch slipped out and went down to see George. They talked the matter over till a late hour. The next day was Saturday, and scarcely had the sun risen when they were at the trap and at work.

First, they removed every rail that was not hard and strong, and substituted a better one. Then they sharpened a number of long, large stakes and drove them down with a sledgehammer, four at each corner and others along the sides, till not a rail of the pen could be moved. With some wire they had brought they fastened every rail of those covering the pen to the rails below, so that it could not be lifted or slipped aside.

Not content with this, they cut off four sections of a fallen tree, rolled them to the pen, and by putting rails against the side of the pen rolled them upon it to weight it down. Now the pen was believed to be secure, and they were ready to make a door.

It was night by this time, and the rest of their task had to be put off till the next week, when they finished it by working before and after school. The door was heavy and strong, being made of pieces of rails with strips of plank nailed across them. It could only move up and down. When the trap was open, the door would be held up by a set of figure four triggers. When the door dropped into the trench it would close the opening. Arch fixed a piece of wood that would fall when the door



At sight of the boys he stopped and stood growling.

(Continued on page 18.)

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## Caught in a Turkey-Trap

(Continued from page 16.)

fell, and hold the door in place, so that the lion could not claw it up.

When the trap was finished, they had no suitable bait for the lion, so they baited it with corn, as before, till they could catch a turkey. A few days later they found three turkeys in it. Only one was left for bait.

How to fasten a live turkey to the triggers, and yet keep it from springing the trap till the lion got inside had puzzled the boys not a little. They had finally decided that such a thing could not be done. It would be easy enough if they killed the turkey, but they doubted if the lion would enter the trap for dead bait.

At last they hit upon a plan they thought would work. By sticking sticks into the ground, they made a cage just large enough for the turkey in the back end of the pen. Then they stretched strings across the pen so that the lion could not get to the turkey without pushing them aside. But the strings, after passing around two wires, were fastened to the triggers that held the door up. The instant one of them was touched the triggers would let go, and down would come the door.

After setting the triggers, the boys crawled out of the trap and went home.

Arch stayed with George that night, and the next morning they crossed the river as soon as they could see, to learn if they had caught anything. They approached the trap cautiously, but found it just as they had left it, with the turkey still in the cage.

Before going back they watered and fed the turkey. As the lion would not be likely to come during the day, they scattered corn around, not knowing but what they might catch some more turkeys. The trap could be used for one purpose in daylight and for another at night. They found four in it when they came back after school.

The turkeys flew against the strings while being caught, and caused the door to fall. But it was soon re-set.

Early the next morning the boys visited their trap again. If the lion had been there, he had not ventured in. This continued for nearly a week, until they were beginning to feel discouraged. But at last they were rewarded for all their labor and waiting.

One morning early they climbed the west bank of the river and hurried through the woods. The moment they came in sight of their trap, they

stopped, uttering exclamations of surprise and delight, for they saw the lion, a large animal of a grayish-yellow color, running round and round in the pen, putting his nose between the rails, and clawing at them in a vain effort to get out. At sight of the boys he stopped and stood growling. They kept at a respectful distance.

After watching the lion for a few minutes they hurried back to tell their fathers. The boys had carefully refrained from letting any one know what they were doing, and the announcement that they had actually trapped a lion created a sensation at home. A neighbor on his way to town agreed to see Howard, the man who wanted a lion, and tell him to come at once.

The two boys and their fathers went back across the river to guard the captive. There was some danger that he might scratch under the pen and get out. They all sat down on a log about forty yards away and watched the restless beast as he ran round and round in his prison.

The road up the valley which Howard would travel with his wagon and cage, crossed the river about half a mile below. There was no wagon road on the west side of the river here, and Mr. Kemper, who had seen Howard's cage, declared that it was too large to be brought across in their little boat. As it would have to be ferried over in some way, they all went to work to make a raft. By dragging logs down from the woods, and fastening them together at the water's edge, they soon had one big enough for their purpose.

With some light, long poles, the boys got on the raft and poled it out into the river, intending to take it across. But as the wagon could not yet be heard, they called back that they would go down to the ford and wait there.

Howard started up the river at once when told that a lion had been trapped. He was very much pleased to hear it, for he had pretty nearly despaired of getting one. A man came with him to drive and render any necessary assistance.

As the wagon came down the river bank at the ford, Howard and the driver saw the two boys sitting on their raft, about fifty yards above.

"Come up here!" shouted Arch, as the driver started into the water.

"Any danger of quicksand?" asked the driver.

"No; a good gravelly bottom," replied George.

The water was scarcely hub-deep at the ford, but here it was up to the wagon-bed. When the raft had been poled against the hinder end of the wagon,

the two were so nearly on a level that the cage was easily carried from one to the other.

The cage was a heavy box, about six feet long, four feet high and three feet wide. It was all lined with sheet-iron except one side, which was open, with numerous iron bars across it. There were four rather long handles, two at each end, so that the cage could be carried conveniently.

While the driver was taking the wagon and team up into the woods, where he tied the team to a tree, Arch and George poled the raft and its load over to the west bank. Leaving Howard to keep the raft away from the bank with a pole, they sprang ashore, holding to a rope, and walking along the bank, towed the raft up stream. In a few minutes they had reached the point nearest the trap.

Then the cage was carried up the bank and set down near the pen. The lion growled furiously as the party approached, but Howard, who had had plenty of experience with wild animals, walked fearlessly up and began talking to him. He announced that he was well pleased with the lion, which was a larger one than he had expected to get.

After the lion had become somewhat accustomed to the sight of people and the sound of their voices, the end of the cage, which had a door in it, was put close to the door of the trap. Then with rails and other timbers a short passageway was made from one to the other. Through this the lion came with a rush when the door of the trap was raised. Probably he thought he was about to escape, but instead only found himself in a stronger prison.

The lion growled so fiercely when the cage began to move that George and Arch were on the point of letting go the handles and retreating. But Howard assured them that there was no danger at all if they kept away from the open side. When the cage had been set on the raft all the party remained on board except the driver, who went by land.

The raft and its load were floated down to the ford, where the wagon was already out in the water, waiting. As soon as the raft was in the right position, the cage was lifted over into the wagon. The lion was still growling his disapproval of the whole proceedings, especially when any one passed near the bars.

"Well, boys, what are you going to do with it?" asked Howard. The driver was in his seat, ready to start, and Howard was in the hind end of the wagon counting out their money to them, seventy five dollars to each.

"We think we'll buy us a gun a-piece," replied Arch. "Don't know yet what we'll do with the rest of it."

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Stage, JOSEPH JEFFERSON

The Navy, ADMIRAL DEWEY  
Law, JOSEPH H. CHOATE  
Finance, J. P. MORGAN  
Invention, THOS. A. EDISON

Literature, MARK TWAIN  
Music, JOHN PHILIP SOUSA  
Sculpture, MA: MONNIES

The Calendar is so thoroughly American in its entire make-up that it will appeal to every American family, and to every member of it. The Calendar is reproduced from the ORIGINAL PAINTING in Twelve Colors and Gold, and Embossed. It is 14 inches long by 12 wide, and will serve as a handsome wall or desk decoration and attract the admiring interest of everyone. We feel sure, too, that we offer a Calendar that will serve as a daily object lesson on the possibilities that the future has in store for every American boy.

### OPINION OF PROFESSOR A. H. GRIFFITH

Director of the Detroit Museum of Art, who in 1898 was Director of the Art Department of the Omaha Exposition. He is a member of the "Societe des Sauveteurs du Dernier Adieu" of France.

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO., Detroit, Mich.

DETROIT, MICH., October 6th, 1902.

GENTLEMEN:—I am greatly pleased with THE AMERICAN BOY Calendar for 1903. Intertwined with the portraits of prominent men, who were once boys, is that queen of the flowery kingdom, the American Beauty Rose. What more appropriate frame for the laughing boy whose picture forms the center; not only of interest as a picture, it is also an example of the marvelous artistic progress of the twentieth century American printer and engraver. I wish to say that there is no boy of to-day who will not be inspired and benefited by a study of the faces and lives of the men who make such a glorious halo around the head of the American boy. Most sincerely yours, A. H. GRIFFITH.

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# The Triumph of John Alton—Alfred M. Hitchcock

**I**T IS one thing to win a Yale-Harvard debate; it is quite another to go down into the slums of a big city and there, single-handed, organize a debating club—organize it and hold it down. But Alton had nerve enough for three. He believed in young men. He believed in himself; at any rate he was not afraid to fail if need be, and that, I take it, is half the battle. Finally, he had been told that it couldn't be done—the holding down part, I mean. That settled it; he rolled up his sleeves and pitched in.

Well, he had been at it a year. It was anniversary night, with a special program, and the forty members of the Gladstone Club had asked permission to bring their friends; and the friends had come, filling the dingy hall to the very stairway in the rear—mothers, sisters, brothers, cronies, a variegated company indeed, representing all ages and many lands. They were poorly dressed, for the most part. Their faces spoke of toil—some told of low intellect, of faculties warped or undeveloped. They had come out of curiosity, most of them; or to get warm, it may be. At any rate their motives seemed reasonably good, I thought, though a crowd of boys on the stairway were rather noisy. The buzz of many tongues made a peaceful sound in my ear, and I did a little pretty moralizing as I reflected that here were representatives of many nations tamed into harmony by common desires.

Up on the platform facing it all sat Alton, slight in build, pale as a theologian is apt to be. What was he thinking about as the hall packed tighter and tighter, and the hands of the battered clock on the east wall crept nearer and nearer the hour for beginning? In part he has told me, and the rest can be easily imagined.

It was not of the power which lay for the most part sleeping in this mixed people, a power for good or for bad according as it received direction; yet this thought was deep-rooted in his mind. It was not of his year's work among them, for truth to tell he had written across the entire undertaking the uncompromising word, failure; it was settled so, in his modest mind, beyond doubt. No, every thought was of the present. Outwardly he was calm as Napoleon; but every nerve in his body was taut, his wits alert; his eye, though apparently but quietly observing, caught every movement; his ear gauged the murmur of talk. He was prepared for an emergency—trouble of some sort, he knew not what. Something was brewing.

Good reason had he for expecting trouble. Something had brewed nearly every night since the Gladstones had organized. There had been a deal of holding it down. He had found it necessary to teach manners as well as parliamentary practice. He had even found that there are times when muscle is better than brains when dealing with rough boys from eighteen to twenty two. The muscle works quicker and is better understood. Ever since he had thrashed "Big Reilly," a month before—thrashed him thoroughly, too, he had been advised to have a policeman in attendance; but Alton preferred to take care of himself. Yet he hoped, just hoped without really expecting it, that this, presumably his last night among them—for why continue where he had failed?—might pass off without serious trouble. He wanted it ever so much, just as a general at the close of a doubtful encounter, desires an orderly retreat.

The hands of the clock crept round to eight thirty. The last of the members, coming direct from the neighboring establishments where they were employed, had arrived. Alton arose, waited a full minute till the hall was quiet, then began in that firm, quiet manner of his which had made him an unquestioned leader among college debaters, a brief speech of welcome, gentlemanly, direct, winning, reminding them of the high purpose for which they had organized, sketching the ups and downs of the past year, and urging them to renewed effort in the coming year.

I need not give the speech in detail, nor speak at length of the program. The orator of the evening, a Russian whose broken English was somewhat difficult to follow, spoke in tribute to the "grand old man" after whom their club was named, with a fire which does not belong to studied art. The violinist, though he did not always follow the tune as it was written, produced melody. And the debate, the crowning number of the program, a discussion of the advisability of public ownership of railroads, seemed to me grand in its force and keenness. These young men were full of their subject, eager as if their millions or their honor were at stake. They were

rough, it is true, but fire flashed. It was a battle royal.

And what, thought I, can Alton mean by feeling discouraged at such results? There was every evidence of skillful leadership. No disorder to be seen, none to be heard, though from the street below there came at times a medley of sounds such as one expects to hear in a district where saloons are plenty and tenements are crowded with a mixed population. Yet there was Alton, pleased in spite of misgivings perhaps, but following every word, every gesture, as if life depended on it,—unmistakably uneasy, expecting trouble, ready to spring. Something was brewing. I even fancied his practical eye had detected the storm center, for his glance returned again and again to a certain locality which to me seemed a region of uninteresting calm.

The debate drew to a close, and then—for I was one of the judges and was attempting to balance arguments and reach a conclusion—I lost track of things a moment. Suddenly I became aware of a slight commotion. The machinery which had been running so smoothly had stopped. There was a hitch somewhere. The brew was on.

Alton was standing. So was a rough-looking fellow from the calm belt, a fellow with a shock of red hair of no very peaceful shade. He wished to

he does not catch the drift of the hurried whisper. The pause is very awkward. The audience grows uneasy. In the midst of it all up looms Reilly again, Reilly the once thrashed, Reilly of the exceedingly bad record, the blackest sheep in the flock.

"Mr. Pres'd'nt," he began, "I know what yer thinkin', and yer ain't ter blame fer thinkin' it; an' if I'd knowed—"

"Mr. Reilly, you will pardon me for interrupting you again; but if you have anything to say, I must ask you to first come forward and confer with me at the desk."

"All right, sor." With another prodigious wipe with the back of his hand, he stooped over, picked up from the seat by his side a suspicious looking bundle, and shuffled forward. The room was breathlessly still.

The platform gained, he did not go to the desk, but retreating as far from it as possible, he deposited his bundle in a convenient chair so as to be wholly unencumbered, then "squaring off" in a sort of Marquis of Queensberry fashion, scraped the floor with one foot and began. He was less confused than before, yet his words tumbled over each other somewhat helplessly, and occasionally a sentence became so entangled with itself that he was forced to abandon it altogether. Oratory was not Reilly's forte.

I can give but a dim idea of what he said, much less the language in which he said it; but it ran somewhat as follows:

"Mr. Alton: You've come down to this here hall every week about for a year, to help us duffers to—to live respectable. You've worked hard—an' we've give you plenty o' trouble. We ain't been perlite always, an' we've made a rumpus here once or twice, and Big Reilly's been at the bottom o' most o' it. And maybe you think we do' know how much you've done for us; and maybe you think we're all as bad's we look—just a lot o' toughs. But, Mr. Alton, we do know what yer tryin' to do fer us, an' we're ashamed we ain't acted better and worked more faithful. And these here books"—here he stooped and removed the wrappers from a row of volumes—"they ain't much, but we thought as how you might like 'em as comin' from us. So here they are, and our hearts they goes with 'em, espec'ly Reilly's. And the boys they wanted me ter say that—that we hope you won't leave us. We're just wakin' up. If you'll only stay by us we'll stay by you—forever. And that's all, 'cept p'raps I ought to say this ain't the speech the boys wrote for me to say; I forgot it clean, and I hope they'll fergive me."

Another prodigious wipe and the orator, perspiring freely, lumbered back to his seat. There was a burst of applause, long and hearty, then a death-like silence. All eyes were on Alton. He, the collected, the man of nerve, who when college faced college had pulled victory out of defeat by simply keeping cool—it was almost too much for him, this sudden turn of the tide. For a moment he could do nothing but stand there with downcast face; but at length he began, stammered, began again, now in his old manner.

"Members of the Gladstone Club, my friends, this unexpected, undeserved gift—I feel that it has come from your hearts, and it has pleased me more than you can know. I thank you—thank you for these volumes in which I see are treasured the best efforts of the world's best orators. I shall enjoy reading them. I shall enjoy still more the memories that will doubtless come between me and the printed page—memories of profitable evenings spent with you in our efforts to make of ourselves better citizens. Your spokesman has said that you have gained something through the year's work. So have I; a renewed faith in you and in all young men in all conditions. We must try another year together, shoulder to shoulder we will march on, and up. And now, with your permission, I will announce the next number on our program, a declamation by Mr. Lotze."

The triumph of John Alton: is the expression too strong? I left the young men crowded around their leader, the exercises concluded. Big Reilly, by request, was bending over volume one of "The World's Eloquence," laboriously inscribing his name, with a twist of his mouth to correspond to each stroke of the pen, on the fly-leaf. If all the Gladstones had signatures as large, I feared there would not be fly-leaves enough to go around. As for me, walking home that night, I said to myself more than once, "It is one thing, and a great one, to win a Yale-Harvard debate; it is a far greater triumph to go down where poverty and ignorance dwell in discontent, and there, single-handed, organize a debating club—organize it, and hold it down."



"Mr. Alton, you've come down to this here hall every week about for a year, to help us duffers to—to live respectable."

speaking. But plainly he was not down for a speech on the program. Plainly, too, Alton knew his customer, had dealt with him before. Plainly he did not intend that the exercises should be interrupted. Alton looked magnificent, pale, firm as Gibraltar, with one hand unconsciously doubled into a fist, the other grasping the desk.

"Mr. Pres'd'nt," began the rough, "I er—I— Here he paused to draw the back of a broad hand across his mouth in apparent confusion, swinging the weight of his body from one lumbering leg to the other.

"We will proceed with the program," interrupted the leader. "Mr. Lotze will please come forward and deliver his declamation."

But no one stirred, and Big Reilly, who had half seated himself, recovering from evident chagrin, again arose and essayed to speak. "Mr. Pres'd'nt, with your kind permission that is, I was just wishin' to make a few—few words appertainin' to—to—"

"Mr. Reilly, I am quite sure your remarks are not in order at this time. We will proceed with the program. If Mr. Lotze is absent we will listen to the next number, a flute solo by Mr. Palotti."

Palotti did not come forward. There was more or less whispering among a knot of heads well up in front. "Mutiny on the high seas," I thought. Alton was still standing, firm as ever, but sorely puzzled. An ambassador from the knot of conspirators now rises and goes to the platform. He confers with the president. But the president does not understand;

# A Raccoon Hunt in Virginia—S. Roland Hall

**A** CHEERY whistle out at the gate let us know that Zack Jones was there ready to start on our coon hunt. I went to the window. There was Zack, with his two boys and the dogs. Zack's hair looked a little gray, but aside from this he appeared as vigorous as he had been in years gone by.

The morning was an ideal one for the hunt. Our friends at the gate were stamping their feet to warm them, and their breath on the frosty air was like puffs of white smoke. Since I moved to the city cold weather seems to get in closer to my bones, and on this particular morning I confess I craved no greater comfort than to sit dreamily in front of the open fireplace and inhale the sweet odors of the sizzling sap from the green oak billets. But the coon hunt was the piece de resistance on the outdoor bill of fare I had planned on my visit to the old home, so with sharp axes on our shoulders and pockets filled with baked sweet potatoes and Virginia "crackling pone," Williams and I joined the party at the gate.

Zack at once led off for the woods. He was not a poor entertainer, but he had one failing—that of lying—and he did that more gracefully than anyone I ever knew. Good-hearted, honest and a member of the church in good standing, he seemed to have no control over his imagination, and he had told some of his yarns until I believe he looked upon them as facts. "Nothing but one of Zack Jones' lies" was a common saying in the neighborhood, yet Zack felt hurt if anyone questioned his veracity.

Striking the timber land, we began to cast about for the track of some coon that had strayed out of his bailiwick the night before. This morning the snow was frozen hard, and the little weeds and twigs encased in coffins of crystal ice snapped off and rattled down like brittle glass as we brushed them aside. But in the early hours of the night before, the white counterpane over the fields and woods had been soft and yielding, betraying now the wanderings of any unlucky varmint that had spent the night away from home. Going down hill and following the clear, gurgling stream, we came to Sycamore Bottom, where a legion of his coonship traveled nightly. Soon we heard a yell from Zack and hastened to him. He had found the track of a coon and a whopper at that. The hide of the coon that planted that track would be worth having, and we pushed on his trail with zeal. Up out of the woods we went and across a field overgrown with thick young pines bent down with ice and snow, under which we crawled, scratching our faces and hands and getting icicles down our collars.

After going about a mile, the trail ended abruptly near the foot of a tall, dead oak about three feet in diameter. Zack approached the tree, examined the snow all around it, smelt the bark, and squinted at the body from all points of the compass; he finally announced that the gentleman of the ringed tail was resting in a hollow indicated by a neat, round aperture about fifty feet up. Climbing the tree was out of the question. It would have to be cut down, and we went at it with a will. Anyone who has tried to fell a seasoned oak will have some idea of what we undertook. The tree had decayed streaks in it, but every now and then our axes struck sections nearly as hard as iron. Williams tried his turn at cutting, but he could rarely hit twice in the same spot, and when the ax slipped from his grasp and came near putting one of the dogs out of business, we retired the city axeman. The tree was perfectly balanced and no amount of pushing could get it started until we had cut it almost through. Nevertheless we did not mind the work, for there was a prospect of a good coon fight.

After about two hours' work, the tree quivered, and stepping back, we held the excited dogs. With a long, graceful sweep and a crash that filled the forest, the heavy trunk smote the ground, sending snow and broken branches in every direction. Releasing the dogs, we rushed forward. There was no coon in sight. No doubt he was still in the hollow and would have to be cut out. We started in to examine, and to our disgust found that the supposed coon hollow was nothing more than a shallow cavity pecked by some industrious woodpecker, probably on a half holiday when he had nothing special to do. It was too provoking.

We spread out in a circle, as we should have done before cutting the tree, and about fifty yards away picked up the trail of our game. Another tiresome tramp across a stretch of woods, down into a big swamp and across to a hillside, where we again lost the trail. It is a well-known fact among woodmen that when a coon is in the neighborhood of his regular home it is seldom that his trail will lead the hunter nearer than a short distance of the tree. Just how he manages his ingress is a mystery even to coon hunters. Some say that he gets up on undergrowth, and going from limb to limb and tree to tree finally reaches his domicile. If this supposition is correct, the animal uses judgment and caution, for the snow on the nearby bushes is rarely disturbed.

Profiting by our former experience, we made a circuit around the hillside, but found no more trails. It was evident that we had our game cornered. The difficulty came in determining the right tree. Again Zack put on his wise look and began investigations.

out that the hollow contained three of the largest coons he had ever seen in all his life. This was good news, but applying the usual discount to Zack's utterances, we would have been satisfied with the sight of a fair sized squirrel. However, it developed that there was one coon in the hollow and that he was an adult of the largest size.

Immediately we were all attention. The dogs danced around, whining eagerly. How to get the coon out was the next question. The hollow led down the tree from the opening, and Zack, with a stick that we sent up, industriously prodded the ribs of the coon, urging him in emphatic terms to vacate. The coon evidently thought he had a fee simple title to the premises, and accepted no suggestions to leave. After seeing that Zack's efforts were not likely to result in getting the game out, we tried vainly to induce him to leave the opening, come down the tree to about where the coon lay and whack on the trunk, believing that this ruse would make the animal run out. Zack would retire from his perch, come down a few feet, but after rapping on the tree once or twice would climb stealthily back and peep down the hole. Whether the coon was starting out or not, he would put in the stick for more prods.

Zack's antics amused us for a while, but they grew tiresome. Finally, Wallace, the oldest of the Loys, went up to assist, and found a small cavity under the bed of leaves, where he inserted a stick to start the coon from that side. Zack could not be persuaded to leave the upper hollow, and for a while we stood there looking at the ludicrous spectacle of Zack churning his stick in the upper hole and Wallace working his industriously in the lower. The animal evidently had a corner into which he squeezed himself, and after a while both men grew tired of the punching process. Zack withdrew his stick, and in one of his subsequent observations down the hollow, saw the coon backing out. With a quick movement, he snatched him by the leg and slung him clear of the tree.

The veteran of the forest came sailing down through the limbs with outstretched feet and with fight in every inch of his wiry body. The dogs instinctively rushed forward and for some minutes after he landed there was nothing to be seen but a confused snarling heap of dogs, coon, leaves and snow rolling down the hill.

The fighting qualities possessed by a full-grown coon are nothing short of marvelous. Time after time, when I thought that this brave warrior must have succumbed to the superior forces against him, he would spring lightly out of the heap, arch his back and grab savagely in the lip the first dog renewing the conflict. Those teeth were like chisels. During the battle not one dog of the three failed to give a sharp yelp of pain, and all of them had bloody lips and noses.

In our excitement we had forgotten all about Zack. In an incredibly short space of time, he slid down the tree and came tearing down the hill, whither the fight had progressed. "If you ain't men enough to hold the dogs, I am." He was almost crying with excitement. Gathering two of the pups under his arms, he held them, while Bruce, the old dog, rushed in for the finish. One experienced dog can easily kill a coon where several get the worst of it or fall altogether. Where more than one are engaged, the skilled dog gets his hold, only to have it broken by his would-be helpers, and the coon is given a chance to get on the defensive again. With the other dogs out of the way, Bruce promptly fastened his teeth in the back of his plucky enemy and vigorously shook the life out of his body.

When we separated at the gate, Zack insisted that we take the coon and have the meat cooked for dinner the next day, but we protested. About three weeks after I returned home, I received a letter from old Zack in which there were ten two-cent stamps and a one, and these words on a slip of paper—"Your shear of the hide money."



There was nothing to be seen but a confused, snarling heap of dogs, coon, leaves and snow.

A large chestnut tree was pronounced to be the residence of Mr. Coon, and it was one that could be climbed by throwing a smaller tree up against it.

By this time baked potatoes and crackling pone had as much attraction for us as coon, and we were quite willing that Zack should do the climbing. Besides, Zack had another failing which made it imperative that he should not be left on the ground. He was very excitable, and once while hunting otter with a neighbor he is said to have fired a shotgun between the legs of his fellow hunter while the latter was pulling an otter out of the bank by its tail. So if Zack was in a hunting party and another man did the climbing, Zack was usually disarmed before proceedings began.

Zack proceeded leisurely up the tree and began pulling dead leaves and sticks from an opening about half way up. Disclosing a hollow, he peered down into the darkness of the interior. In a moment his legs began to wobble and he gave a frantic cry that alarmed us. Zack was foaming at the mouth and seemed in imminent danger of losing his hold and falling. We shouted up encouragement, told him we would stand by him till death, and begged him to be calm. As soon as he found his voice, he yelled

This number of THE AMERICAN BOY contains four more pages than the paper usually contains.

### OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER

will also be an enlarged number and will be the handsomest paper ever published for boys.



**A Youthful Captain of Industry  
— Frederick Stoker**

It is customary in these days to point to J. Pierpont Morgan, John W. Gates and other successful men and ask the boys of the country to study them as examples. This is all very well in a way, but if the lads who are ambitious will only look about them—at those who are no older than themselves—they will find just as fine examples of perseverance and success as among the men whose names are on the roll of the "Captains of Industry."

John Mangles is one of these and the story of his life, or the part of it he has already lived, should be an incentive to any boy who hopes to succeed. John is



JOHN MANGLES.

only nineteen years old and until the 16th of August he was a newsboy in New York City. Now he has retired from the newspaper business with a fortune of seven thousand dollars and will engage in other business more agreeable to him as the years go on. To make the task pleasant and really worth the while he will soon marry.

Young Mangles has made most of his money by selling papers to the patients at Bellevue Hospital and other City Institutions. He succeeded an uncle in the business when he was twelve years old. For a short time he enjoyed a monopoly but another boy, Benny Barnett, was also permitted to sell papers within the bounds of Bellevue and a sharp rivalry sprang up between them. With youthful vigor they at first fought in true pugilistic style to settle who should sell the papers. But they soon saw that the authorities would keep them both from the grounds if they kept up their fistie encounters, so they decided to form a trust. They did this and ever since have been the best of friends and have prospered.

Though young Mangles retires his partner does not; for it is he who has bought John's share, paying \$500 for it.

**Two Promising Boys—Paul Vander Eike**

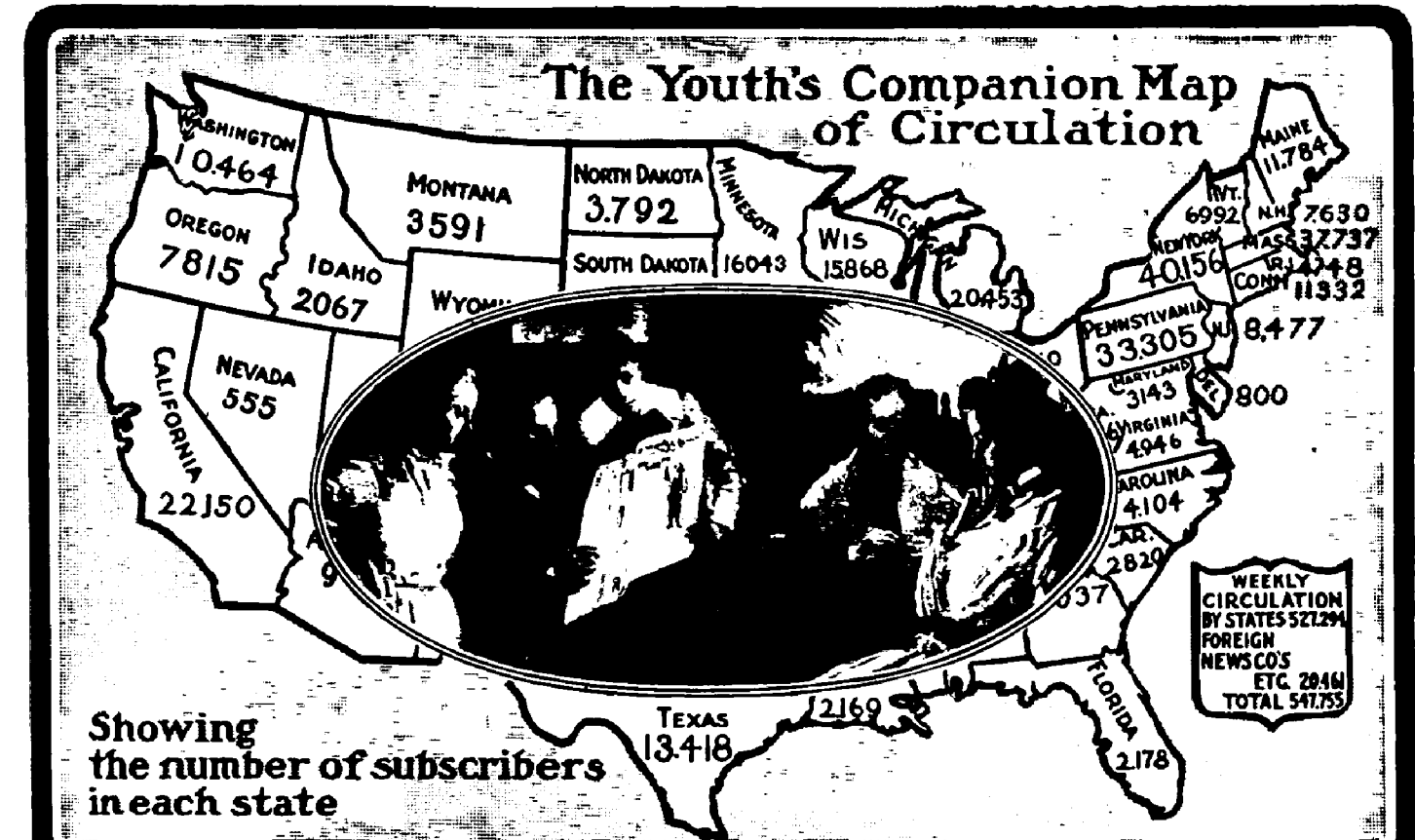
The Comer brothers—Elmer, aged nineteen, and Rayner aged seventeen—are two boys in whom the readers of the American Boy will no doubt be interested. The boys are of Swedish parentage, their father being a well to do blacksmith, and were born and reared in the village of St. Croix Falls, Wisconsin, where they now reside. Elmer takes a great interest in farming, especially in dairying and live stock raising. When but fourteen years of age, he



COMER BROTHERS.

showed such remarkable ability in judging cattle that his father was willing without special investigation to accept the boy's decision on any animal the father wished to purchase. Elmer is a graduate of both the agricultural and the butter and cheese making course at the Wisconsin State University, and now has charge of a creamery at Wolf Creek. He is very studious and enjoys work.

Rayner is of a mechanical turn of mind. Of him his mother says: "He has always been more or less thoughtful and quiet." At the age of ten, with such help as his mother could give him, he planned and made a windmill of the old Dutch pattern. When he was eleven years of age he made with such tools as he could find in a



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**A Recommendation.**

Amherst College, Registrar's Office.  
Amherst, Mass., Sept. 6, 1902.  
Sprague Publishing Co.,  
Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: Last December I subscribed for THE AMERICAN BOY. I had heard considerable about the paper and I desired to see what sort of a paper you were getting out for boys. I am happy to say that the paper has exceeded my most sanguine expectations. I find it a clean, pure sheet; one that cannot fail to excite the highest ideals of true manliness in its boy readers. You are doing a great work and I congratulate you upon it. We have a small boy in our home and he is very much interested in it.

Yours truly,  
ALFRED S. GOODALE,  
Registrar of Amherst College,  
President of Hampshire County (Mass.)  
C. E. Union.

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# Wild Bow—Hezekiah Butterworth



**W**ILD BOW was an Indian of the plains. They called him "Wild Bow" from his adventurous habits; he retained his bow and arrow after the musket had come into use.

In his youth he seemed to ride with the wind; he and his horse appeared to be one, as he swept across the "bad lands" under the steel blue sky. A free Indian was Wild Bow, and the nature of the hawk and gray wolf was in him.

One day an American general was asked if he believed that an Indian's nature could be changed. The people who asked the question were some teachers from the East

who had come to the Reservation from New England. The general had had long experience in Indian wars, and had "pacified" the Indians, won their confidence by his justice, and their admiration by what he was willing to do for them.

"Yes," said the general to the Eastern teachers, "there is a subtle spirit of sympathy that changes even the nature of a savage. I may live to see Wild Bow himself another man. We underrate spiritual influences."

"Another man," said one of the teachers, doubtfully. "Will the hawk become a rain plover?"

Just then Wild Bow came dashing up to the military tent, as if out of the air. His pony was slender but seemed to be nerved by a cyclone. The little horse did not trot, or canter, or leap, or run—he sped. He had a beautiful mane that fell almost to the ground. His eye was like a flash that lingered.

Wild Bow, with a bow instead of a rein in hand, used to cling to this beautiful mane; he would fall to a level with the pony, with one foot over the swift animal's back, and dash away hither and thither. He, too, wore a mane of feathers in camp. He loved to ride after this manner when the winds blew, when the tempest or coming cyclone darkened the plains.

He liked the name of "Wild Bow," and his Indian pride led him to carry a bow when other rovers of his blood would have used a rifle. It made him proud to put on his mane of hawk's feathers.

Wild Bow was a hot-tempered Indian, crafty and revengeful. He belonged to one of the tribes of the Sioux, and one of the chiefs once did him a great wrong. This is our story.

This chief was called Scaroyda. The name sounded like the war-whoop. He wore a plumed cloak, on which were figures of the sun, moon and stars, and a mane of feathers that fell from his head to his feet. He was proud of his name, which rolled out with such a lordly sound in the air, and of his mane, that made him look at a little distance not like a lion or horse, but like a gigantic bird. There were eagle plumes, hawk's feathers and black crows' wings in that flowing mane.

He was a jealous lord. He had seen how proudly Wild Bow rode and how he hailed other Indians, flinging out his bow as he passed, and he was filled with envy and determined to humiliate him. Wild Bow was like a boy then. His home had been his pony's back, but not the pony that he rode now.

Scaroyda had seen the boy riding one day, skitting hither and thither over the alkali plains, and throwing up his bow in a kind of wild delight. He knew that the boy loved his pony, and had trained the little animal to do feats that awakened the admiration of the hunters.

Scaroyda had stood watching him, as the latter rode and as if one in mind with the pony, made circle after circle in the white earth.

"Wait till he comes nearer," said Scaroyda to his chief men and some white men. "I will trip him" (he referred to the pony) "and I will make his heart to fall" (he referred to the Indian boy).

Round and round swept the pony and his rider, leaving a white glimmering dust in the steel gray air.

Scaroyda laid a long leather cord like a lariat or lasso on the ground, and he covered it with white dust with his feet.

"Wait until he comes nearer now," he said to his men, "and see what I will do. Then you laugh. Laugh as the burro he laughs. Laugh out, as the wind he laughs out, when he leads the whirl storm. Let the air hear it, all around; the eagle up yonder, the little coyote. The coyote will laugh; and Scaroyda, he will laugh. Ha, ha, ho, ho!"

He fastened the leather cord to a tent pin.

The boy came on, hiding his form behind his steed, now on one side, now on the other. His circles grew larger.

"The next one will bring him here," said the chief, to the white men.

The next circle brought the boy and pony within the hidden lariat or thong. He was wild with excitement. His heart beating high with pride, he turned his exultant eye for the approval of the chief and his counsellors. He threw up his bow to the white men.

The white sand whirled. But—

What had happened? In a moment the little horse was down. The animal had tripped. He came to the earth as if dashed in pieces.

The boy leaped into the air and fell. He lay there in a heap with his leg twisted or broken.

The horse's fore legs were broken and the poor animal tried to roll over in agony; his mouth open, snorting.

He saw his rider and tried to rise by a pitiable effort, almost human.

Then his head dropped. His eyes tried to look up again, but glared. The animal was dead. He had seemed to think of his rider to the last.

Then there went up a great laugh, but it was a sad laugh. It may have startled the air, the flying birds, and caused the coyote to answer and run, but there was no heart in it—it mocked.

Scaroyda laughed a forced laugh, a second time.

"Why don't you laugh, too?" he called to his warriors, but there was something in the scene that chilled their hearts, a sense of the injustice of the snare that could not be changed into mirth.

The chief laughed again—"Ha, ha! ho, ho!"

The boy saw it all now, in that mocking laugh. He sat up on the ground and his face turned black with anger and sudden hate. He had thought the chief was his friend. Scaroyda had been his friend until envy had reversed his feelings.

The boy rubbed his broken limb. He tried to rise but fell back. His eyes filled with tears and flashed. His lip curled bitterly.

"Take me away to the rocks," he said.

Two Indians went to him and were about to lift him up, when he bent his eye on Scaroyda.

"I will have my revenge for this some day. I will find myself at your heart some day. I will leave no feathers where the hawk has been!"

The chief was angry but quailed. He saw that what he had done was not approved by his counsellors, savage as they were, nor by the white people. He could not order the death of the Indian boy who had defied him. He allowed the serving men, who were runners, to bear the boy away to a shelter in the rocks.

The twisted, or broken, limb was treated in a rude, rough way, after the manner of Indian treatment. It healed, but left him lame. He rode again, and his riding excited wonder, but not as before. This made him bitter. The bitterness grew.

From that humiliation his heart did not recover for years. He would point to his leg by the campfires, tell the story of that day, almost cry for his dead horse, stolid as he was, then gather up the evil forces within him, and say—"My day will come. Wild Bow will bring Scaroyda down, and silence his lips in the dust. I love to hate him, when I think of that day. He trip my pony and he laugh; I trip his life."

So fierce was he that Scaroyda's friends began to fear for the chief's safety.

The boy grew bad. He became a loafing Indian, a gambler, a drunkard. He used to say: "It was his fall that made Wild Bow bad. The hate in his heart never slumbers. Wild Bow he slumbers, but the fire of hate in his heart burns and it never goes out."

One day a teacher came to the Reservation. He was a true man from the East, one who was led by the divine Spirit, who had felt a calling to the work among the Indians that he could not resist. There are such men who feel that they are not their own.

He loved all men, he sought those whom he felt most needed his help. He came out of an Eastern college like a Brainerd, to the alkali plains, where the Indians hid among the misshapen rocks.

This lovable man went out one day among the rocks to speak to the Indians. With his hearers came Wild Bow, who was still a reckless, crushed hearted Indian; hope seemed forsaking him; his many passions had become his masters, apparently, and he lived for an opportunity of revenge on Scaroyda, and nothing more. The better world to him had seemed to disappear.

The young student's name was Moore. He preached that day from the subject, that if one brings his gift to the altar, and remembers that he have "ought" against anyone, he should leave his gift and go and be "reconciled" to his enemy.

He told the story of Christ's dying for his enemies, and forgiving those who put him upon the cross.

He described the darkened sky, and the shaken earth, and the Christ hanging in the air on the cross, and suddenly cried out, as from his own heart, "Father, forgive them!"

Wild Bow listened. He drew nearer the speaker,

and nearer, and at last gasped: "And for whom did He suffer?"

"For His enemies," answered young Moore, "for me and for you, you, you!"

"I could die for such as he," said Wild Bow, revealing a remnant of numan feeling that astonished the other Indians and the white people.

"But would you die for an enemy?" asked Moore.

"Yes, Wild Bow would do much for any one but Scaroyda."

"But Scaroyda is the one for whom you should leave your gift upon the altar. So said He who died."

Wild Bow was touched in heart. He had never heard of love like that before. "We are all human," he said.

Young Moore asked as many of the Indians as were willing to forgive their enemies, and to accept the Crucified One as the Chief of their hearts to kneel down. All knelt but Wild Bow.

The young man in his prayer described the love of God to those who hated the truth.

Suddenly a cry rent the air:

"For your sake I will forgive Scaroyda. I see something in your spirit; I feel it; it is good. Yes, for His sake you forgive everybody, for your sake, I will forgive Scaroyda!"

The cry came from Wild Bow. He sunk upon his knees and began to learn Christianity from the man whose spirit he had seen and whom he had come to love.

As he rose with the others, he said:

"I seem to see His cross shining over me. Its arms are outstretched for Wild Bow. When I forgave Scaroyda I seemed to be forgiven. My heart has wings."

He was taken into the new school that Moore had begun for Indian boys and people and was cared for, and the new life in his soul grew.

The Indians were wonderstruck at the change, and asked:

"But what would he do if he were to meet Scaroyda? Would the old nature come back again?"

\* \* \*

We are not seeking to write a religious story, though we have the deepest respect for religion; like little McKinley, when he first spoke in a revival meeting, we believe "religion to be the best thing in all the world." But we are seeking to show the remnant of good that lies hidden in the hardest heart, the flint that only awaits the steel for the spark.

It was Thanksgiving Day on the Plains. The army officers were to make a "distribution" on that day among the Indians. The school to which Wild Bow had been assigned was invited to be present.

The Indians gathered on a rock in the sun, folding their blankets around them. The student teacher came, and sat down with them. He seemed as one who lived in the world of a hidden life.

The Indians loved him with that grateful love that is peculiar to the Indian nature. If one wins that love, he has the Indian's heart, as savage as it may be. The affection of gratitude is one of the noblest of Indian virtues. We sometimes think that the Indians of New England might have been saved to citizenship by appealing to it, rather than by taking away the government of their own people from the chiefs.

The Indians on the rocks were waiting for the coming of the officers, who were to bring their Thanksgiving gifts in wagons.

The sun rose high; the plains glimmered in dazzling whiteness.

A white dust arose. Some Indians were coming as on wild horses. They soon wheeled around the sunny rocks and drew up their horses.

Among them was Scaroyda.

He wheeled his horse and stopped, not knowing what he did, in front of Wild Bow.

He looked up to the rocks, and the two Indians faced each other—Wild Bow and Scaroyda.

"You seek to kill me?" said Scaroyda to Wild Bow.

Wild Bow answered slowly:

"I did—I do not do so now. I have forgiven you."

The chief started back.

"Forgiven—O, Wild Bow, Wild Bow, I could never have done that by you had you tripped my pony as I did yours. I do now, what I never did before. I ask your forgiveness."

These were strange words.

"It is better to seek to change the heart of an enemy into that of a friend than to destroy him," said Wild Bow. The Indians who had come with their chief glanced at each other in silent surprise.

Wild Bow came down from the rocks, and the two locked hands, the other Indians throwing odd sounds into the air.

Young Moore stood there and saw the hands clasping, and understood it all. He read there a lesson of life that he never forgot, and for which he uttered on the rocks that day a true thanksgiving that love may find a response in any heart, however hardened it may be. He used to say that what Wild Bow did any man could do.

# COLBERT was "ALL RIGHT."

HARRY E. CORBETT



**I**F APPEARANCES merely were to be considered, surely Carl Colbert was not a very promising candidate for Bullock's position at right tackle. To be sure, he was large and strong; but he was also extremely clumsy and awkward. "Couldn't keep his feet if his life depended upon it," declared Connor, the disgusted full back. Naturally the members of the football team were disagreeably surprised when it was announced

that Colbert was to play in the championship game against South Division. However, someone was needed—and badly, too—to fill the position left vacant by the star player, Bullock, when the doctor forbade him to play because of heart trouble. No other material that suited the captain was available; and that is the reason, or one of the reasons, why Colbert was to play.

The other reason resulted from the fact that the captain was a shrewd observer of faces, and had seen the longing in the ungainly boy's face. When the team practiced he knew that if he could get this fellow out in a suit he would soon overcome his awkwardness, and the result would be entirely satisfactory.

"Carl," he said, one day, "why don't you get out and play football? We need fellows like you. Just see how light our team is. South Division will outweigh us eight pounds to the man."

"I wish I could play, but I'm afraid I'm too clumsy," answered the big fellow.

"O, nonsense; you'll get over that all right."

Although he received no further encouragement from the big fellow, the captain saw him among the candidates next evening. Some of the fellows laughed and poked fun at the sight presented by the gawky boy arrayed in a football suit, and sneered when he attempted to catch the ball, and fumbled it. The limit was reached when Colbert was practiced in the line-up the night before the great game. Dick Gordon, the big right guard who played next to Colbert, was furious. He fumed and sweated, and blustered around like a pirate. He was simply positive that the new man would not hold his opposing player. But in the final practice with the second team, Colbert not only held his man, but pushed him wherever he pleased. Still Gordon was not convinced. Taking the captain to one side, he said: "For pity's sake, Billy, you don't intend to let that overgrown baby play, do you? Why, he is so soft that the first time he is tapped in the wind he will get scared and play weak. Try Jones in his place."

Now, Captain Billy Scott was rather diminutive in stature, and only suited to play quarter back; but he had a mind of his own, and paid but slight heed to the daily complaints that reached his ears about the condition of the team.

"I have not fully decided, but I believe I shall tell Colbert he may play tomorrow," he replied.

Billy was very sorry for Colbert because he knew how deserving the new recruit was. Night after night he had faithfully appeared on the field, taking his share—and often more—of the hard knocks, and making no reply to the sharp criticisms of the coach. Besides, he was conscientious, and that went a long way with Billy. If a player tried every time to do better than the last, he was sure of Billy's friendship. This Colbert did with all his power. When called upon to carry the ball, if he fumbled he would whisper to Billy, "Try me again, please; I'll do it this time, sure." And invariably he did, despite the jeers of the others.

Billy thought that by telling Colbert that he was certain to play the next day, that player would be relieved of all anxiety, and thus be in a position to enjoy a good night's rest. But his surmise was entirely wrong, for Colbert found it impossible to sleep. He rolled and tossed; planned how he could win the game, and laughed at himself, and called himself a fool. Then he tried to sleep again; and along towards morning he fell into a doze and dreamed of a football a mile in diameter.

The next afternoon, as the crowds from the rival schools were pouring into the football field, and split-

ting the air with their yells and horn-toots, Colbert was squatted in the circle of players about the coach, who was giving his final instructions.

From time to time the big player arose and surveyed the crowded and surging mass of humanity about the fence. He felt very proud to be one of the team whom this crowd had come to see play, until someone yelled. "Look at Barnum's baby elephant," followed by other unkind and personal remarks. Then he sat down quite humiliated, and hurt.

The worst feature of this jeering was the fact that most of his tormentors were from his own school. Yet he did not become disheartened—only a little hurt; for he was determined to show his persecutors that he could play football. But aside from his desire to show what he could do, he possessed enough school spirit for three ordinary boys, and this helped to keep up his spirits when they flagged. He knew that the team was greatly weakened by the loss of Bullock, and since the captain had said that he could play the position better than any other candidate, he was determined that if his efforts could cause the pink and green of North Division to triumph over the yellow and black colors of South Division, he would give them gladly.

Soon after the coach's council of war came the "pum," "pum" of footballs as they were kicked across the gridiron. Then a little later the two opposing captains flipped a coin for choice of goals. Billy won the toss, and chose to defend the south goal. From this direction the wind was blowing a steady gale, and Billy was judged foolish because he did not take the north goal, so as to have the wind from the south in the second half, when the teams changed sides. But he felt certain the wind would die down before the second half; and he was desirous of obtaining all the advantage possible for his team while it lasted.

The referee's whistle blew with a thur-r-r that sent the blood leaping to every heart. Then "poom!" The stocky captain of South Division sent the leather oval flying towards his rival's goal. But it did not go far, for Billy grabbed the ball and started to run—only to be downed in his tracks.

"Line up, quick! 9, 81, 76, 10!" he screamed, amid the hoarse roar of the crowd. And with a crash the big full back tore through the opposing line for a gain of five yards. Again and again the North Division backs broke through the line of their opponents for three or four yards. Colbert was given the ball once and made good his opportunity by going four yards before being stopped. "Good boy," said Billy, patting him on the back. This made the new man feel that he alone could defeat the other team. When someone's big fist was jammed into his mouth he thought differently.

By steady playing the North Division team at last had the ball on their opponents' ten yard line; and with every prospect of scoring. Billy called for a trick play—which wasn't a wise thing, but he did it all the same. He received the ball and was preparing to pass it to the right half back, when—a thud! and Billy lay stretched upon the ground. Colbert had been on the lookout for the first sign of foul playing, and had seen it all—the South Division center stretched out and kicked Billy between the legs of the North Division center; and he saw the result it produced. It

was too much for him. Forgetting all rules and regulations of the game, he rushed at the offender and struck him a terrific blow in the face.

For a few minutes the football field gave appearances of a free-for-all fight at an Irish county fair. South Division enthusiasts demanded that Colbert be mobbed or thrown out of the game. When he tried to explain matters no one excepting one or two of his own team believed him. No one had seen Billy get kicked, and nearly every one saw Colbert slug the South Division center. It looked like a clear case of rowdiness.

"South Division's ball; first down, five yards to gain," decided the referee. "Colbert," he said, "you know the penalties for unsportsmanlike action; the rules demand the surrender of the ball to the offended side."

A deep murmur of disappointment and chagrin ran through the North Division crowd, accompanied by yells of approbation from the South Division supporters. Instead of cheering Colbert for avenging the cowardly attack on their captain—as most people would have done—the North Division crowd became angry because the scrub had lost all present chance of scoring. Perhaps they were partly justified; Colbert thought so at any rate. He was nearly sick at thinking that he—a new member of the team, and not very well liked—should lose the game for his team after they had fought so hard. If only he could do something to redeem himself—yes, he must and should do something. Every time the ball was passed, he lunged forward in an endeavor to stop the opposing player. Billy said afterwards that he played like a fiend. Only one thing kept him from being broken-hearted: that was the fact that Billy thanked him for taking such good care of his captain. As for the other players—well, they said nothing, but their silence boded him no good.

The first half of the game ended without either side scoring; and during the intermission various



"I'm afraid I'm too clumsy."

people took the opportunity of expressing their opinion of Colbert.

"The big chump has lost us the game by his nasty temper," moaned Gordon. "Oh, cheer up, you're a pessimist," replied Billy, as cheerfully as possible.

When the whistle blew for the second part of the struggle, the grin, set features of the players showed that both sides had vowed to score. The hard luck of North Division in the first half, she plainly meant to make up for in the next twenty five minutes. Billy started the trouble by kicking the ball back to South Division's goal line. Then followed a series of plays which netted no gain. North Division had another trial, only to fail to make the required five yards. Back and forth, across and around, went the ball, always staying near the center of the field. The referee had given the captains the time warning, and now there was only five minutes to play.

During all this struggle Colbert more than held his own; in short he was desperate. He feared that his exhibition of temper in the first half would cost his school the game. Then it was that he hit upon a bold scheme. Knowing that his particular adversary was fast becoming weak as a result of the incessant pounding of every down, he thought that if he could only break through and down the quarter back before

he had time to pass the ball to a third player, it would be given to North Division. In compliance with the rule which requires the side possessing the ball to make five yards in three downs. At last his opportunity arrived. The ball was on North Division's twenty yard line in possession of the rival school. Twice they had failed to gain, and now Colbert decided to try his plan. Planting his big feet so that he could move them the most rapidly, he crouched and waited.

"104, 36, 19, 34," came the signals. "Thunk," the ball was passed and Colbert had leaped. He did even better than he had hoped, for he lit square on the quarter back, who promptly responded to this rough treatment by fumbling the ball. But it did not roll an inch, for Colbert's long arms were wrapped around it, and in an instant he was tearing down the field toward South Division's goal.

At first it looked like a clear field, but a shock of white hair shot out of the pile, and its owner tore after the big man and tackled him. He had not counted on the speed at which they were running, and only succeeded in tripping him. For one brief moment Colbert rolled on the ground, and then was up and going again.

By this time two other South Division players had shaken loose from the heap, and now tried to head him off. The first man made a bad tackle, and was passed. Only one man left, then—he was five yards from the line and running like an express train. The South Division man crouched to tackle, and in that crouch lost the game, for Colbert jumped clear over his head, and only had a foot grabbed. This impediment threw him flat upon the ground, but he was still holding the precious ball.

Then the old athletic park saw the wildest scene on record. The North Division crowd laughed, yelled and sang, until they were hoarse. But loudest and most persistent among the yells was the one: "What's the matter with Colbert? He's all right! Who's all right? Colbert!"

Over in the North Division crowd, with his hair disheveled, and his face grimy, Gordon, the doubter, was leading the yelling. Evidently he was convinced.

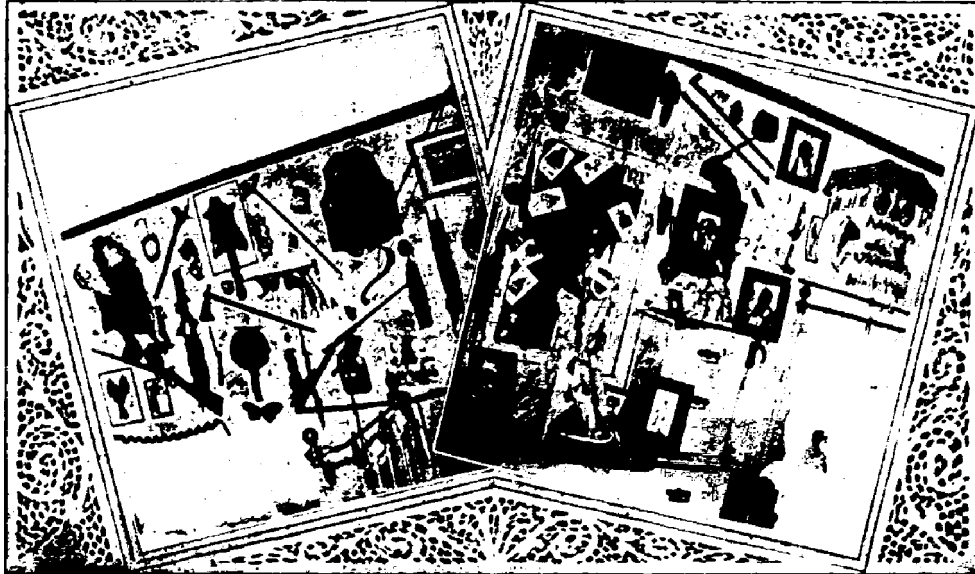
Out in the field Colbert was just regaining his senses, and hearing the yells in his praise, it was at first impossible for him to realize that such sweet sounds could come from this earth. Still they came: "What's the matter with Colbert? He's all right! Ra! Ra! Ra!"

### Two Sides of One Boy's Room.

Will G. Halsey, of Chicago, sends us two pictures of his room. You will see that it is decorated with Indian bows, arrows, etc. Don't forget to see "THE AMERICAN BOY" on the bed. It is a wonder to us that, with such fierce surroundings, this boy can sleep. Perhaps, "THE AMERICAN BOY," which lies on his bed, serves as an antidote, or as an amulet or a charm to ward off sleeplessness.

### A Dutiful Son.

Clyde Bond, a nine year old Atwell (Tex.) boy, took care of his two brothers, one eighteen months and the other three years old, while his father and mother taught school. This service lasted for five months. During this time he kept up his studies at home in reading, arithmetic, language, geography and spelling. The people in the neighborhood think the boy's conduct and his care of his little brothers something remarkable, and so do we. Clyde is now picking cotton to get money to renew his subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY.



## Boys' Books Reviewed

**THE YOUNG MAN IN MODERN LIFE.** by Beverley Warner, D. D. The multiplying of books, essays and commencement orations attempting to give advice to young men have made us chary of such literature. Dr. Warner's book, however, is a pleasing exception to the commonplace twaddle so frequently found, and it is with confidence we recommend it to the young man about to set up his wares "in the market place." There is a delightful freedom and unconventionality in the manner in which the author deals with his subjects. He talks of the dangers to young men as one who from experience knows of the pitfalls, the rocks, the tangles and the briars which confront the youthful traveler through life. There is an utter absence of cant or attempt to pose, but sincerity and genuine love for the young man marks every paragraph. The contents of the book are: The Young Man in the Market Place; His Surroundings; His Work; His amusements; His Books and Reading; His Marriage; His Religion. The work ought to occupy a prominent place in every association of young men. 193 pages, excellent paper, cloth cover. Price 85 cents. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers.

**STORIES FROM LE MORTE D'ARTHUR AND THE MABINOGION.** by Beatrice Clay. This volume of The Temple Classics for Young People is a dainty specimen of the printer's art. The Arthurian romances have ever delighted and fascinated the readers of Tennyson. In Miss Clay's hands the stories of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table and their many and wonderful adventures lose none of their charm, and the many beautiful pictures by C. E. Hughes will serve to complete the reader's enjoyment. 185 pages. Bound in cloth. The Macmillan Co., publishers.

**UNCLE GEORGE'S LETTERS TO THE GARCIA CLUB.** by George H. Allen. The Garcia Club was started as a boys' debating society, with Uncle George as its guide, philosopher and friend. The club instituted The Garcia Magazine "for the good of mankind in general and the Garcia Club in particular." Uncle George's business necessitated a trip around the world, and the letters which he wrote for The Garcia Magazine during his journey form the contents of the present volume. The author's comments upon the different places, states and countries through which he travels proclaim the true Yankee inquisitiveness and shrewd observer of men and conditions. Boys will find many interesting and exciting incidents in the book, and will gain quite a valuable amount of information,

especially regarding the principal cities of China, and the Philippine Islands. 194 pages, with cloth cover, uniquely ornamented. Cedarline Allen Co., publishers.

**LAST OF THE GREAT SCOUTS.** The life story of Col. William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," as told by his sister, Helen Cody Wetmore. Who has not heard and read of "Buffalo Bill," even if one has never seen The Wild West show? His innumerable adventures, fights with Indians, hunting of buffaloes, and hair-breadth escapes, have formed the theme of the most stirring and fascinating stories that ever thrilled the heart and nerved the arm of an American boy. Many of the books purporting to be authentic accounts of Buffalo Bill's life consist more of fiction than of fact, and to place the true William F. Cody before the public is the purpose of this book. While we cannot fail to note the pride of a loving sister in her account of the brave and courageous deeds of her distinguished brother, yet there is no fulsome flattery, nor undue prominence accorded him above his brave associates, where they have been engaged with him in any of his many hazardous and dangerous duties. But there is no tame reading in the book; from cover to cover it is full of life on the great plains with all the excitement that that implies. It is a book also apart from its historical value, which no parent will object to see in the hands of a boy, as the lessons of courage, trustworthiness, kindness and true manhood which it contains, will appeal to every right-minded reader. We are confident that the book will have a very large circulation. 296 pages, with handsome cloth cover, ornamented with Col. Cody's picture. Price 60 cents. Grosset & Dunlap, publishers.

**SUNDAY READING FOR THE YOUNG FOR 1903.** This is the first of the young people's annuals for 1903, which has come to our table, and if it is to be taken as a sample of the many which will issue from the publishing houses, a rare feast of good things is in store for the American boy and his sister. There are 411 folio pages in this book, which is strongly bound in prettily ornamented cover. The varieties of stories are endless; bible stories, animal stories, stories for boys and stories for girls, and all so good that it is impossible to choose a favorite; while the handsome illustrations with which the book abounds will form an endless source of delight to its readers. In the purchase of Christmas presents for young people this fascinating volume cannot be overlooked. E. & J. B. Young & Co., publishers, Macauley Bros., Detroit.

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# Booker T. And His Work



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

The word Tuskegee has appeared so many times in print during the last ten years that many who see it and do not know just what it stands for ask, "Just what is Tuskegee, and where is it?"

Tuskegee is the shire town of Macon County, Alabama. It is about forty miles southeast of Montgomery, the capital of Alabama, and one hundred and forty from Atlanta. It is one of the oldest towns in the state. In fact, it is said that when De Soto made his famous march inland from the sea, he found an Indian village on the same site by the name of Toskigi.

When the word Tuskegee is seen in print now, it generally refers to the great negro school there, established and built up by Booker T. Washington. This school is remarkable for many things, but three of the most important are that it is the greatest school wholly for colored people in the country; that its teachers are, like the pupils, all negroes, and that over thirty practical trades are taught the students there by actual work. The students at Tuskegee now number over twelve hundred every year and there are between eighty and ninety teachers.

Mr. Washington was born a slave in Virginia, and struggled along until he worked his way to Hampton, and got an education there. While he was at Hampton he resolved that as soon as he was fitted to do so he would go into some place in the south where negroes seemed to be particularly ignorant, and devote his whole life to giving them the same kind of help that had been given him at Hampton. In 1881 the legislature of the State of Alabama appropriated money to establish a normal school for colored teachers, and Mr. Washington was selected principal. He began his school there on the Fourth of July, 1881, by gathering thirty untaught negro men and women into an old shanty.

The new school had not been in progress long before the teacher made up his mind that his pupils needed to learn how to work and how to take care of their bodies quite as much as they needed to learn books. He felt that he needed to have an influence over them for a longer time than just during the hours of the school day. He found that he could buy a plantation of a hundred acres of land and a few old buildings a mile from Tuskegee. He borrowed the money of a friend at Hampton, bought the place, and moved his school out there. So many new scholars began to want to come to the school that more buildings were needed.

There was a good clay pit on the place. Mr. Washington set some of the young men to making bricks, and when the bricks were ready, to building a house with them. Other young men worked on the land, raising corn for food, and cotton to be sold to buy things that could not be raised. A man in Massachusetts gave money to buy a horse, and a man in Tuskegee gave an outfit of tools for the brickyard.

That has been one remarkable thing about this school. From the first the white people of the south have recognized the good work that it was doing in teaching the colored people how to do skilled, useful labor, and have helped it along. A small blacksmith shop was started, and then a wheelwright shop. The young women students did the housework, laundry work and mending for all the school, and learned cooking and sewing. Friends in the north who heard Mr. Washington tell of the plans of the school gave more money and this was made to go far. Nothing was bought which the students could make themselves. Even now they make all their own furniture, mattresses, etc.

From that beginning Tuskegee Institute has grown until now it owns twenty five

hundred acres of land, five hundred of which the students cultivate. It teaches such trades to the men, in addition to those mentioned, as carpentry, machine-shop work, printing, shoemaking, tailoring, tin-smithing, electrical engineering and saw-mill work. Farming in all its branches is thoroughly taught. The young women learn, in addition to the trades spoken of, mattress-making, dressmaking and millinery, nursing, poultry raising, dairy work, bee-keeping, the care of fruit trees and bushes, and the care of flower gardens and lawns.

The course of study in these trades is just as carefully planned out and followed as are those in the academic classes. We copy from the school's catalogue the course of the first term of the second year in the blacksmithing: "Horse-shoeing—The condition of a shoeing floor. How to make a shoer's fire. The names and uses of shoeing tools. What and how to make a mold, also how to strike on a shoe. The names and sizes of shoes and nails, also the different kinds of shoes. How to file a shoe, also how to pull off a shoe, trim a foot, and clinch a shoe. The different parts of a foot and how to drive a nail. The different kinds of shoes that are used for horses with different ways of traveling. Special lessons in fitting to different shaped feet."

Compositions are written on these subjects monthly. The blacksmith shop now is a building thirty six by sixty one feet, containing nine forges and all necessary tools. It is full of students all the time, and when a man graduates he is able to set up a shop for himself. I have met many men through the south who have done so.

We copy the first year's course of study in dressmaking. Before the girls can take this up they have to spend two years in the plain-sewing room, or show an ability to do the work done there: "Choice of materials. Drafting and cutting foundation and outline skirts from measurement. Making, hanging, draping and trimming the skirt. Talks on form, line and proportion in relation to draping and trimming. Drafting, cutting and fitting plain basques, and the general finish of these garments." There are two more years' study in dressmaking.

These shops and classes turn out men and women who know their trades, and people all over the south are beginning to appre-

# Washington for Negro Boys

ciate this. The school can hardly begin to supply all the demands made upon it for skilled artisans. People from hundreds of miles away write to know if the institution cannot furnish a good carpenter or blacksmith, or nurse or cook, and almost invariably the pay offered is good.

This industrial work is carried on in connection with the regular academic and moral and religious training of the large school. There is an undenominational Bible school in which, each year, about seventy five negro men and women, often ministers themselves, are trained to become more efficient church and Sunday school workers. The academic department gives a thoroughly good English education, and has turned out a great many teachers who are doing good work all over the country. A great many, both men and women, have been inspired with Mr. Washington's spirit, a desire to work for their race, and devoted themselves to found other schools where the Tuskegee principles can also be taught. Such schools are the ones at Snow Hill, Alabama, with over three hundred; at Mt. Meigs, Alabama, with two hundred; at Denmark, South Carolina, with three hundred; at Eatonville, Florida, with over a hundred, and in those many places where just as good work is carried on upon a smaller scale. In all these schools as soon as they get large enough, the pupils are not only taught books, but manual labor.

The expense at Tuskegee is only about eight dollars a month for a furnished room, fuel, lights, laundry and board. No charge is made for tuition, because very few could pay it. The money for the support of the schools which this would represent, Mr. Washington secures from friends of the school and education, who are willing to help him in his work. He is endeavoring now to secure a permanent endowment fund, from the income of which the school may be largely supported so as to leave him free to devote his time and energy to the management.

Small as is the expense, more than half of the students cannot afford to pay it, and so they are allowed to work out their expenses. They work on the land, in the shops and brickyard, in the laundry, kitchen, offices, everywhere, and are allowed a regular rate of payment according to their ability. This is not paid them in money, but put to their credit. While they are at work in this way they go to school only in the evening. Usually two years' work will give a student enough credit so that he or she can go into the day school classes for the rest of their time at school. Coming, as most of these young people do, out of homes or off of farms where they have had no systematic training in modern methods of work, the time they spend in this way under skilled instructors is really one of the most valuable parts of their education.

The school now has over four hundred graduates, and over three thousand undergraduates, nearly all of them doing good work throughout the south. There are now forty four buildings, large and small, on the school ground, and all but three of these have been built by the students themselves as a part of their industrial education. Among these is a large, modern brick church, capable of seating two thousand four hundred persons. When President McKinley visited Tuskegee, he spoke to the students in this church.

One of the great features at Tuskegee is the annual negro conference, which meets there in February of each year. This was begun by Mr. Washington to see if something could not be done to help elevate the older generation of negroes, the men and women who were most of them slaves, and who have had little chance to get an education. Ten years ago he invited about seventy five farmers, mechanics, teachers and ministers to come to Tuskegee to spend a day discussing their conditions and needs. To his surprise four hundred men and women of all classes came in answer to this invitation, and the number has kept increasing ever since. Most of these people come from Alabama, but there are delegates now from every southern state, and the effect of these meetings is felt widely. Two hundred and fifty similar local conferences have been formed, which meet during the year and report here. The people who came are mostly hardworking farmers and their wives. They discuss very practical matters: "How to get homes and keep them;" "How to keep out of debt and clear of mortgages;" "The need of something better than a one-room hut for a home;" "Better schools and teachers and ministers;" "Pay your taxes and keep off the streets."

## A Young Pilot.

Harry Herrington, son of Captain Austin Herrington of Chicago, is one of the youngest pilots on the Great Lakes. He is twelve years old, and during last summer stood at the wheel of the "Harvey Watson," which runs as a ferry from Macatawa Park to Ottawa Beach. He is hardly big enough to look over the wheel that he turns. Although the boat during the summer carried more than 200,000 passengers the boy has never had an accident. He takes his boat alongside the dock with the skill of a veteran.

## A Novel Team.

There is a boy in Greene county, Ohio, who drives a span of sheep to his wagon. He trained the sheep himself, and has made a very successful job of it. At first he used a large dog, but the dog grew lazy, so sheep were substituted. We are indebted to The Ohio Farmer for the information and illustration.



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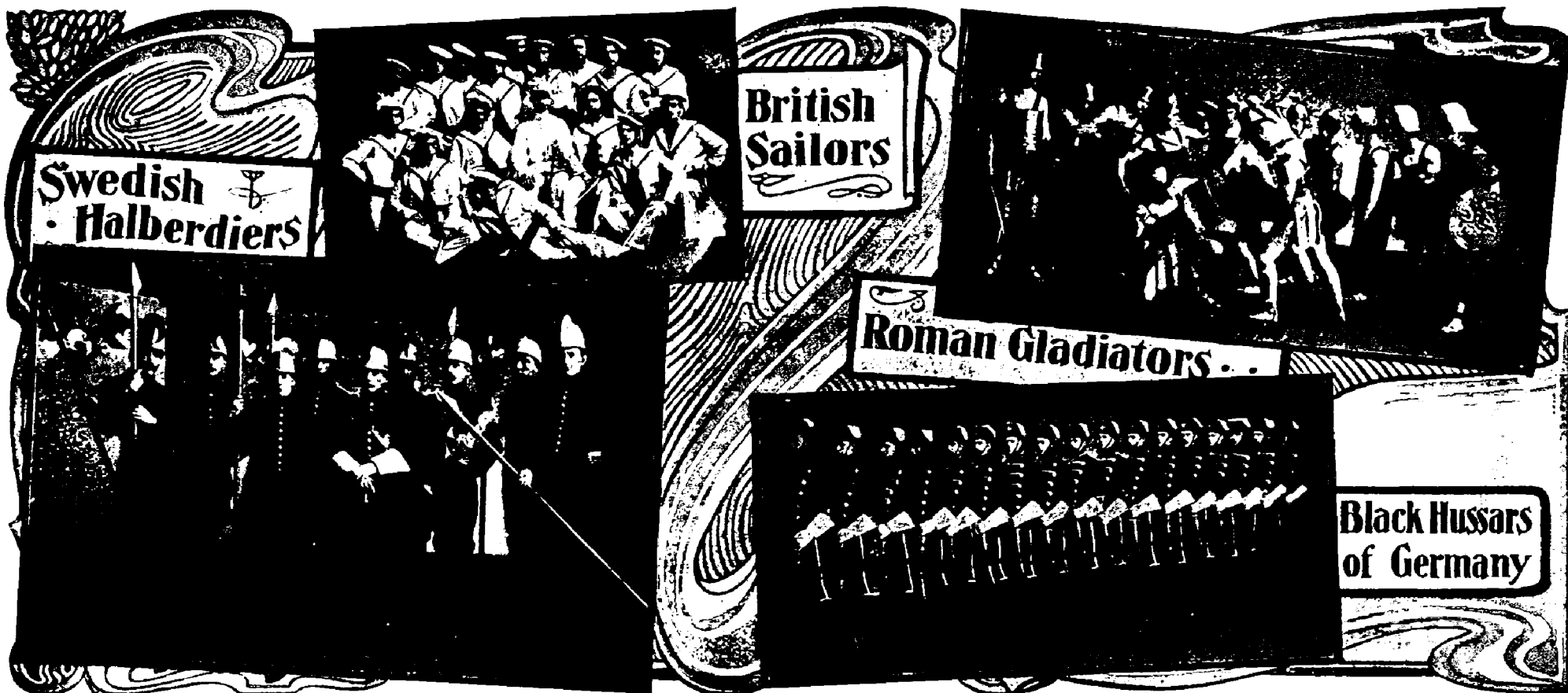
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**Drills of Many Nations Practiced by One of Uncle Sam's Regiments—Katherine Louise Smith**

A visitor to the armory in Duluth, Minn., witnesses strange sights. If he is fortunate enough to arrive on drill night he will witness a series of spectacles which are produced nowhere else in the world, and he will be astounded at the military maneuvers of the well-kept, handsome body of men known as Company C, Third Regiment, National Guards of Minnesota, for every member of that fine company is familiar with the military drills of every country and could serve under the flag of any nation with as much precision as any soldier drilled in the tactics of the warfare of his "ain country."

This remarkable body of men enlisted in the Spanish-American war and at Chattanooga gained the reputation of being the best drilled company in camp, an honor worth considering when it is remembered that there were seventy thousand troops stationed at this point. When they arrived home after the war, Lieutenant Charles Josten proposed that they adopt the various drills of other countries, both ancient and modern, not only going through the military tactics, but to do this dressed in befitting costumes. As a result of their weekly meetings this company are able to entertain their friends with an exhibition of the international drills, and a more cosmopolitan band of warriors it would be hard to find.

Richard Little is Captain, Charles Josten 1st Lieutenant, and John C. Lawrence 2d Lieutenant. Fully three thousand dollars have been expended in uniforms, and to make the illusion complete each military number is heralded by a standard bearer and bugler, who announce with a fanfare and display the flag or nation's standard as the company falls in line.

As is befitting Uncle Sam's soldiers who have been tried in the service of our country, America represents the first and last of these unique drills. The most interesting and intricate tactics of the United States Army are gone through with precision to the delight of the audience among whom are many ladies. No sooner are these tactics accomplished than presto! a flare of trumpets, a flag and the Japanese standard announces the next num-

ber. This is always much admired, and the men in Japanese uniforms complete as to every detail, enter in double quick time and go through extended side movements which are a part of the difficult Japanese drills with a precision which makes this one of the most interesting numbers. In this as in other acts, no extra preparation is required as the men are so thoroughly drilled.

Then in rapid succession follows the Imperial Guards of the Emperor Napoleon, the men clad in rich satin and embroidered uniforms marching on the floor in single file, executing difficult maneuvers, manual of arms, loading, firing and charging with hurrahs which make the very rafters resound. A unique feature of these Napoleon Grenadiers is the vivandiere, Miss Georgia Alexander, who has consented to play the part which was so essential in the French army of that period, and acts the role to perfection. She regales the tired veterans with stirring songs of the war, and is received with the courtly grace which marks the French nation. The introduction of the vivandiere besides adding to the effect is an instance of the care taken by the Duluth men to make the drills of each country as characteristic as possible.

France is naturally followed by their old time enemies, the Germans. The effective costumes of the Black Hussars of the Franco-German war are chosen for this magnificent and picturesque scene, and the drills are given with an accuracy which evinces months of hard work and a leader versed in the tactics of the German army, as well as men who are apt at learning the various military tactics. The Black Hussars in their uniforms form a striking body of men whose allegiance to "der Vaterland" would never be questioned.

Sweden is represented by the Royal Swedish Halberdiers, dear to the heart of Gustavus Adolphus. Yellow trousers, short blue jackets, red boots and steel helmets are details of this uniform, while the long halberd takes the place of the bayonet. As a contrast to this Captain Little has trained a body of men to represent the British sailors, and, dressed in white can-

vas, they go through a faultless exhibition of tactics on board a man o' war, which charms the beholder, who is instantly transported from England to eastern climes by a company of wild Arabs who rush in yelling like demons, and after several preliminary circles, station themselves in front of a commander who leads them through an intricate set of musket gyrations. As no two uniforms are alike the combination seems remarkable, but appropriate, particularly when the men, tired with their elaborate exercises, seat themselves and are entertained with dances and songs by a daughter of Araby, who makes her appearance just before they are dismissed. Many consider this the most effective of the drills, others prefer the Roman drill, where, clad in glittering armor, with sandaled feet, shields, helmets and swords and marching in intricate files the men fall into various tableaux, engage in combat or assume odd positions, which show to advantage their splendid training. Artistically, this is the handsomest drill of the whole foreign group and when the calcium light is used the illusion is complete.

When the scenes are finished the men assume Uncle Sam's uniforms, the reveille is sounded and with the singing of the national air the spectators are transported from foreign lands to the home of "the brave and the free." The whole series of tableaux vivants make vivid contrasts, and the friends of the company and strangers who pack the drill room weekly are so enthusiastic that Romans, Japs, Arabs, and the other personages represented, seem real characters, each ready to defend the honor of his country and to maintain the dignity of his respective regiment at the cost of his life.

So greatly has the fame of this regiment spread not only in this country, but abroad, that they have on several occasions received tempting offers to join various troupes and organizations on the road. As the members are influential business men these propositions have never been entertained, but they are an evidence of the ability of this extraordinary artistic organization.

**Bum—Only a Little Yellow Dog—Frances D. La Place**

Bum, though he is only a dog, is quite a public character in San Francisco. For eight years he has roamed the city at his own sweet will. In appearance he is a typical "yaller dog," for his coat is the brightest of yellow in color. To the "pound" he is a citizen with a pull so strong, that even they allow him to go unmolested. As the pound wagon goes rattling through the streets, and rich and poor dogs alike fly to shelter in alarm, Bum serenely gazes at the men upon the steps and wags his tail, saying plainly, "How do you do! Don't bother me—I'm Bum." The poundmaster says quickly to his deputies: "Let him go, boys—that's Bum, you know."

Although he belongs to nobody, he is as fat and sleek as any pampered poodle. Perhaps if Bum could tell you the story of his early life, it would be quite sad, for the part told by those who first knew the little vagabond has a touching incident. Several years ago Detective George McMahon—then a patrolman—entered a house in Pinckney place, a wretched alley in the slum quarters of the city known as the Barbary Coast. There he found a boy, Eugene Pachacha, and the dog, Bum, mourning beside the deathbed of Eugene's mother. The boy got a home, but Bum was left uncared for. For two years the little dog hung about the old home, and for hours at a time he would follow at the heels of Patrolman McMahon



DRAWN FROM LIFE BY CHRISTINE LA PLACE.

while the officer was on that beat. This was his way in dog fashion of showing the patrolman that he remembered him as a first acquaintance.

Through Patrolman McMahon, Bum soon became acquainted with many other patrolmen. Every officer that knows the little vagabond, now looks out for his welfare, and have often gone to Bum's rescue when boys have been abusing him.

Bum has never been seen with a collar on. It is a well-known story of his rage upon one occasion when a kind-hearted citizen decorated the "yaller" dog's neck with an elaborate collar, bearing the name

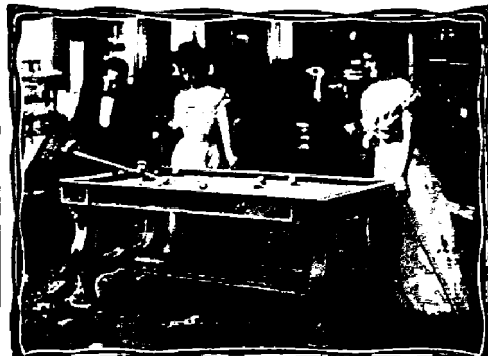
"Bum" upon a nickel plate. It was a great relief to the dog when the collar was stolen, and since then Bum is in immediate distrust of anyone who dares to approach with any strap or cord in the form of a collar. He evidently regards the wearing of such an article as an act of servitude. Many times people have attempted to keep Bum for a pet or watch dog, but he is so nomadic that, like all tramps, he must "keep moving."

His visiting list carries him from the Cliff House to the ferry depot—the two extremities of the city; a distance of six miles.

Bum is a very self-confident dog indeed, for he often strolls into the Hall of Justice to renew friendship with many of his policemen acquaintances. Many times this queer tramp dog is seen at the heels of respectable citizens, but often returns to his old home on the Barbary Coast, and for days at a time will haunt the house where he was first found.

Bum is very fond of boys—especially the ragged newsboys. He frequently travels in their company and their home is his home for the time being.

Bum is not a young dog by any means, but despite that fact he is still quite lively. In his quieter moods he seems to prefer his old home in the slums to any other place in the city. Perhaps some day when Bum is too old and tired to travel about, he will find a comfortable spot in the old alley and peacefully await the end—perhaps he will wag his tail faintly and then calmly close the eyes that have always been so alert, yet so kind and friendly.



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This watch with fully guaranteed American movement, is sent FREE to anyone for selling 20 pieces of our jewelry at 10 cents each. The case is gold plated and equal in appearance to a gold filled watch, warranted 20 years. No money required. Write today and we shall send the jewelry postpaid. Return the \$2.00 when sold and you will positively receive the watch. Numerous other premiums as Boy's Suits, Rifles, Revolvers, Ladies' Watches, Hats, Hair Waxes, Tool Chests, etc. U.S. Mfg. Co., Dept. H, 48 E. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

**PRINTS YOUR NAME. POCKET STAMP 15c**  
 PEN AND PENCIL. POSTPAID.  
 MARKS ANYTHING.  
 STAMPS OF ALL KINDS, RUBBER TYPE ETC.  
 PERKINS RUBBER STAMP CO., p17, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

**IF YOU SHOOT** a rifle, pistol or shotgun you'll make a Bull's Eye by sending three 2c stamps for the new Ideal Hand-book, No. 15 JEST OUT. Latest Encyclopedia of Arms, Powder, Shot and Bullets. Mention "The American Boy." Ideal Mfg. Co., New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.

**BOYS**  
 To all who read for our large Illustrated Catalogue of Boys' Books, Traces, Novelties, etc., we will send you a copy of our new book, "THE AMERICAN BOY," with a 2c stamp. Write for it today. It is the most interesting and profitable. WILEY & SONS, 605 N. 3rd St., Phila., Pa.

# BOYS AS MONEY MAKERS and MONEY SAVERS



HUGH PAVEY.

A fourteen-year old dairyman of Columbus, Ohio, about whom we told you in our September number.

BYRON L. KELSO, Terre Haute, Ind., fourteen years old, works Saturdays in a clothing store for seventy five cents a day. On other days when not in school he works at odd jobs. During the summer he earned \$16.25. He is going to make plaster of paris plaques and paint them with water colors. He has sold eighty three of them at five cents each.—LEONARD CHINDGREN, of Jamestown, N. Y., has been spending the summer in New York City. He writes that he earned the money that enabled him to visit the Pan-American Exposition and to make a visit to New York City. He says he earns in the course of a year ninety dollars, and goes to school.—GLENN W. BUEHLER, Rochester, Ind., earns money by picking berries and cucumbers. He has earned enough money this summer to buy his own clothing. He goes to school in the school season, and Saturdays and during spare hours helps his father cut wood and do other farm work.—W. J. MOODY, Fayette, O., makes money in the winter time shoveling snow with his dog and a snow plow like the one he saw described in THE AMERICAN BOY. In the summer he sells papers and mows lawns. He puts his money in the bank.—ROY LEWIS, Woolstock, Ia., earned the money for his subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY by selling vegetables on twenty five per cent commission. He sold ten dollars' worth.—JAMES W. ANDERSON, Hilborn, N. Y., makes money working as a shipping clerk at a dollar a day. He says it is hard work, but as he is young and just in the prime of life he doesn't mind a good day's hard work. That's the way to talk.—WILLIS S. MEIGS, South Sandwich, Mass., makes money picking cranberries. The picking lasts about six weeks in the fall, and during that time he makes from one to two dollars a day. Last fall he made thirty six dollars in this way.—SHERMAN J. BAINBRIDGE, Los Angeles, Cal., is twelve years old. A year ago he earned sixty dollars in the Los Angeles Times contest, getting new and renewing old subscriptions. At that time he had \$126 in the bank.—CHARLES E. BAILEY, Jr., Coxsackie, N. Y., has been making money this vacation grating horse radish and selling it, collecting empty syrup cans and selling them, and selling vegetables. He made up to September 2, thirteen dollars.—CLARENCE W. LEWIS, Yonkers, N. Y., earns \$2.50 a week by walking with a blind man afternoons and Saturdays. This helps to buy his clothes and pay his carfare to and from school.—HENRY C. BRAYBROOK, Lawrence, Mich., earns money helping his father on the farm and playing the violin. He and his sister play at entertainments, she being a fine piano player.—HERMAN HATTON, Las Cruces, New Mex., earned the money to pay his subscription by sweeping out the church and hoeing the weeds away from the ditch near it. He sweeps the church every Saturday and gets fifty cents for it. He must also clean and fill the lamps and dust the pews.—D. S. KINTNER, Hanover, O., is another boy who made money this last summer picking berries.—FRANK M. FIELD, Mason, Mich., earned money during vacation last summer weeding beets and working on the farm, and by helping to construct a telephone line.—FRANCIS CONINE, Deshler, O., is another country boy who loves the country. He has lived on a farm all his life, and says he has never found any place like home. Part of his work this year has been cultivating twelve acres of beets. He says: "We have to get down on our hands and knees in working with beets, but as they sell at four dollars a ton it pays." He says a fellow has got to work for what he gets in this world.—H. A. DANIELLS, Millington, Mich., tells what he thinks of a boy, Roy Loomis, age fifteen, who, with his brother, took eleven acres of corn to be put in for him on shares. On account of the continued rains the prospect was very discouraging. Roy stuck to his bargain and looked after the corn and will harvest half a crop. In July Mr. Daniels loaned the

boys some money, taking their corn as security. It rained daily, and lots of boys would have left and told Mr. Daniels to take the corn for pay. Roy said, "If I don't make but a dollar a week I will do as I agreed," and kept his contract, with little, if any, profit to himself.

### These Things Influence an Employer.

Managers of large institutions and business houses tell us that they reject a great many applications from boys and young men, because of badly spelled and carelessly written letters. The handwriting and style of a letter are reliable indications of the character of the writer. A negligent letter, with careless sentences and inaccurate expressions, indicates an indifferent mind. The structure of the sentences shows the texture of the mind which uses them. As a rule, a neatly written letter, with well-constructed sentences, containing concise and pointed expressions, indicates a careful and systematic mind. A loose-jointed letter shows carelessness in the choice of words to express a thought, and signifies a loosely constructed mind which would be careless in everything. These may appear to be small things, but trifles make perfection.

An employer is influenced most by the little things. In an application for a position. The little remarks dropped, the appearance, the dress, the collars, the cuffs, the nails, and the hair,—all of these which seem trifles, have proved stumbling blocks to the advancement of many a youth. A careless expression in conversation, the use of slang, a failure to look the superintendent or manager in the eye when talking with him, forgetfulness in removing one's hat, holding a cigarette, even an indication of the use of tobacco, or the sign of some other bad habit, gruffness, lack of politeness, and the hundred other seeming trifles, have barred the progress of many a youth.

Learning to spell correctly, to write a plain, straightforward letter, without superfluous words, correctly punctuated, and in good, terse English, will form a very important stepping-stone in the career of a youth.—Success.

### Boy Weavers of Persia.

Boys from eight to twelve years old do a great part of the carpet and rug weaving in Persia. They are very deft. Having been shown the design and coloring of the carpet they are to work, the boys rely on their memories for the rest of the task. It is very seldom that you will see on any of the looms a pattern set before the workers. The foreman of a loom is frequently a boy of from twelve to fourteen. He walks up and down behind the workers calling out in a sing-song manner the number of stitches and the colors of the threads to be used. He seems to have the design imprinted in his mind. A copy of a famous carpet now at the South Kensington Museum is being made. The design and the coloring are unique, but the boys who are working on the copy are doing it without the design before them and at the rate of from thirty to thirty five stitches a minute. Nothing but hand work is employed in the manufacture of Persian carpets and rugs, and none but natural or vegetable dyes are used. This accounts for the superior quality of the Persian products. The secret of the beautiful dark blue dye used in the older days has been lost.

### Cobbling Schools.

We all know about sewing schools and cooking schools and schools for teaching carving and printing and blacksmithing, etc., but here comes a cobbling school. In some of the industrial schools of New York, which take in some of the poor little Jews, Italians, Bohemians and others that swarm there, they teach how to make and mend shoes. One of the teachers writes: "Cobbling is a practical industry with us. Rips are mended every week, and sometimes soles put on. Some of our little cobblers are wonderfully clever. Monday is mending day, and any scholar whose shoes need repairing, can have it done in the cobbling class. Some of the shoes are in bad shape, but a little mending makes them last longer, when there is no money to buy new ones." In one school twenty-three pairs were half-soled, and many others patched; in another fifty, and still another seventy pairs were nicely mended. And so they turn out little shoemakers.

### Boys, Be Honest.

It is difficult to determine what is success. A knowledge of the way to obtain it is not so difficult. Summed up, it is just this: Do your best every day, whatever you have in hand. The principal failures in business, so far as I can judge, are due to lack of definite plan, shiftlessness, trying to find out some new way to suddenly leap into a high position, instead of patiently plodding along the old roads of industry and integrity.—John Wanamaker.

**We Start BOYS in Business**

Any boy who wishes to earn money after school hours or on Saturday can start at once in an easy and profitable business on his own account. *We want one thousand new boys to represent*

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

No capital required to begin. The work is pleasant. You can sell the magazine to your friends and neighbors. If you live in the city you will find many purchasers among business men in offices. THE POST is the easiest magazine published to sell.

**\$200.00 in extra Cash Prizes** will be distributed next month among boys who will sell five or more copies.

Write for full information. Our free booklet gives portraits of some of the most successful of our 3000 boy agents. State if you wish to begin selling magazines at once and **we will send the first week's supply free.**

Circulation Department, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

### BOYS CAN MAKE MONEY

The Girl, any industrious, honest person, young or old, can have their pay in cash selling **BATTLES' RELIABLE SEEDS.** No outlay required. We furnish stock, sample case and the means of building up a paying trade in your own locality. Will not interfere with any other business. Ill. booklet, "Battles' Plan," gives full information and reports from others. Address Dept. F, Frank H. Battles, Seed Grower, Rochester, New York.

### YOU CAN GET CASH

Boys and girls can quickly earn a sum of money, or our valuable premiums, by simply calling on their neighbors as our representatives for the sale of our steel wire kitchen brush and other useful articles. You have your choice, cash or premiums. Send postal to-day for booklet telling our plan in full and containing a list of premiums. P.O. BOX 220, THE RICE MFG. CO., New Durham, N.H.

**A SMALL CAPITAL** brings good returns if invested in a **MAGIC LANTERN** or **Stereopticon** for exhibition purposes. Write for 200 page illustrated catalogue free. McALLISTER Mfg. Opticians, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

**Gold Rings FREE** Sell 10 pkts of Smith's Hair Grower and Dandruff Cure at 10c each. We trust you; when sold send money and we'll send 3 rings or choice from our premium list. Agents wanted. Roscob Perfume Co., Box 54, Woodboro, Md.

**AGENTS WANTED** In every county in the State, HANDLE Pocket Knives. Good commissions paid. From \$75 to \$200 a month easily made. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Co., 44 Bar Street, Canton, Ohio.

**FREE TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL**—Foot Balls, Fencing Bags, Handsome Opal Rings, Pocket Printing Outfits, and many other beautiful presents. Particulars free. Write right now. Chicago Home Mfg. Co., Dept. D, 225 Dearborn St., Chicago

**WORK AT ADVERTISING BUSINESS BIG PAY** Stamp. Int'l Dis. Bureau, 159 Nassau St., N. Y.

Our Salesmen Make \$10.00 Daily—Agents wanted. Catalog free. Crayon Portraits, 45c. Family Records, 5c. Pictures and Frames wholesale. Prices the Lowest. Dept. A, FRANK W. WILLIAMS & CO., Chicago, Ill.

**LET US START YOU**  
We want an agent in each county to handle our line of High Grade Jewelry. We send sample case free to reliable people to solicit orders. Write for circulars and proposition. Capital Jewelry Co., Agents' Dept. Providence, R. I.

**WHY NOT START ORDER BUSINESS?** We start you FREE. In order to introduce our Self-Linking Pens we will send free to each purchaser our plan for starting a successful business at home. Tells everything from A to Z. Offer good for 30 days only. One pen and complete plan 15c. Address Edwin W. Nash, 545 Farge Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.

**ONE AMBITIOUS YOUNG MAN** in each church can start a parish paper, and become a self-supporting publisher, by following our plan and advice. Send self addressed stamped envelope for particulars. The Church Press Association, 200 N. 10th St., Phila. Pa.

**BOYS AND GIRLS** A great chance for you. Make money selling Meringue Alumnum Hair Pins. Send two 2c stamps to-day to pay postage etc. on free sample. RETURN ALL MINGUM COMPANY, CANTON BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.

**\$8 PAID Per 100** **PUTTING** **X** territory to A. W. SCOTT, COHOES, N. Y.

**BOY'S, IT'S SCHOOL TIME!** You will all want pens. Send for a three dozen assortment, every pen warranted, and we will show you how to make money. E. E. L. CO., Box 904, DEEP RIVER, CONN.

**WE PAY YOU \$6.00 PER WEEK**—To write 10 letters per day for us. Easy money made at leisure moments. Write for particulars. Wabash Novelty Co., 204 Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

**BIG MONEY** in Mail-Order Business. Conducted by anyone, anywhere. Our plan for starting beginners is marvelously successful. Send stamp for comp. plan. Central Supply A Co., Kansas City, Mo.

**FREE? NO! It's a LUCKY BOY IRVING'S WIZARD TOP**  
who gets one at all. Is the World's greatest mechanical novelty. A TOP WITHIN A TOP, MADE OF STEEL. A veritable ROTARY ENGINE running in a vacuum, gyrating in contrary directions, while making 20,000 revolutions per minute, performs over 40 tricks, spins in your pocket or anywhere, and at any angle it is placed. NO SPRINGS, NO WINDING. A child can spin it in 3 seconds. Its average spin is 9 minutes. It interests every intelligent thinking person, a perfect piece of mechanism, heavily nickel plated. Complete outfit by mail, postpaid 80 cents. **SECTIONAL VIEW.**  
WIZARD NOVELTY COMPANY, 1848 CHERRY STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



**105 VARIETIES**  
OF USED AND UNUSED STAMPS, including VascodeGama, NYASSA, 1901, Japan, India, Portugal, Egypt, Australia, etc., etc. \$1 and \$2 U. S. Revenue, and 250 Faultless Hinges, all for TEN CENTS Silver and 2c. stamp for postage. CHARLES H. TO W N S E N D, AKRON, OHIO.

**FIVE CENT SETS**  
15 U. S. Revs. 7 Guatemala 4 Newfoundland  
15 Australian 4 Hawaiian 6 Philippine  
10 Brazil 6 Honduras 8 Porto Rico  
4 China 6 Hong Kong 8 Peru  
10 Cuba 13 Japan 8 Uruguay  
Postage extra. List of 600 sets free. Agents wanted to sell stamps from our approval sheets at 50% commission and cheapest on the market.  
GOLDEN GATE STAMP CO.,  
482 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**\$7 FOR ONLY 5 CENTS.** \$1 red, \$1 green, \$1 gray, \$2 gray and \$2 olive, large U. S. Revenue for only 5 cents. Further, 10 all different Portugal 2c.; 10 all different Netherlands 2c.; 10 all different Canada 2c.; 10 all different Australia 2c. Postage extra. 100% of other bargains. Lists free. Kolons Stamp Co., Dept. B, Dayton, O.

**COMPLETE CATALOGUE** of every stamp issued up to 1902, giving the price of each stamp, fully illustrated, 700 pages, mailed to you postfree for \$1.00. 500 stamps, all different, and a catalogue for \$1.00. We were the first firm in America to give 50% discount on stamps. We now have the best 50% sheets. Try them. Price list free. Established 1895. B. L. DREW & CO., 7 Water Street, BOSTON, MASS.

**BRITISH COLONIES** 20 var. 4d values of British Colonies, unused, 20c.; 20 var. 1d values of British Colonies, unused, 60c.; 20 var. 1d values of British Colonies, used, 12c.; 20 var. 1d values of British Colonies, used, 6c.; 30 var. Canada, 15c.; 50 var. British Colonies, 15c.; 100 Ideal Hinges, 10c. List FREE. THE BRITISH COLONIAL STAMP COMPANY, 517-218 Temple Building, LONDON, CANADA.

10 different Egypt, 10c.; 1000 mixed stamps, 17c.  
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Agents wanted for our sheets at 50% commission.  
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U. S. 24 Rev. \$1 green, \$1 and \$2 gray, all for 10c.  
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Postage extra on orders less than 25c.  
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**STAMPS FREE** 100 all different free for names and addresses of two stamp collectors and 2c. for postage. 1000 hinges, 2c.; 14 stamps, all bird pictures, 10c.; 200 Foreign, 8c., 2c. List 60c. sent free. Agents 50% commission. Q STAMP CO., Toledo, O.

**STAMPS** 106, no two alike and genuine. Mauritius, Natal, Cape G.H., Cuba, Costa Rica, Honduras, Mexico, etc., and an ALBUM for 10c. only. A splendid bargain. New list free. Agents wanted, 50% com. L. B. DOVER & CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

**60% APPROVAL SHEETS** 1000 mixed stamps, 17c.; 40 var. France, 2c.; 100 var. 1c. to 5c. each, 15c.; 500 var. \$1.00; 1000 Hinges, 8c. P. O. Box 12, Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

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**STAMP COLLECTING** is a hobby followed with pleasure and profit by thousands of intelligent persons. Free copy of Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News, telling all about it. Sent upon request. Mekeel-Redfield-Bevera Co., 198 Greene St., New York City.

**300 Foreign Stamps**, 10c. 104 all diff. from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc. with album, 40c. diff. U. S., 10c.; 15 var. Australia, 11c. 2c. page catalog free. Agents wanted. We send out sheets of stamps at 50% discount. C. Crowell Stamp Co., 148 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

**SEND US** 10c. and get 4 coins, or 4 Mexican, or 4 Am. private coins and a trade check, or 100 var. of stamps and 2 checks, or 1, 2 or 3 fine medals. Stamps, Coins, Medals, Trade Checks, Masonic Pennies, etc. A. California Stamp Co., Santa Ana, Cal.

**Send for our Pacific Packet** Contains 20 from a different country and all unused; price, 10c. AMERICAN STAMP CO., Box 136, Santa Ana, Calif.

**FREE** Packet Australian stamps free (postage 2c.) to each new agent applying for my 50% approval sheets this month. Chas. C. DeWanna, Richmond, Ind.

**STAMPS FREE** for addresses of collectors. The more names, the more stamps. Album, 10 stamps and cata. Free to all. 105 In-China, a U. S. worth 25c., W. J. G., 6c. Agents, 50% and prizes. Bullard & Co., Sta. A, Boston.

**15 varieties India** 10c.; 104 all diff. from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc. with album, 40c. diff. U. S., 10c.; 15 var. Australia, 11c. 2c. page catalog free. Agents wanted. We send out sheets of stamps at 50% discount. C. Crowell Stamp Co., 148 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

**70** Per Cent. disc. on HARE U. S. and FOREIGN STAMPS on approval. Written reference required. Coin List 2c. R. M. LANGFELT, Dept. B, 98 Crown St., New Haven, Conn.

**500 Stamps** finely mixed only 10c.; 50 all diff. fine 5c.; 100 diff. Corea, Mexico, etc., 10c.; 1000 hinges (union) 10c.; 40 diff. U. S. and Canada, 10c. Agents wanted 50%. List free. Old stamps bought. Union Stamp Co., Dept. C, St. Louis, Mo.

**FREE** 100 varieties foreign stamps for names and addresses of 2 collectors. Postage 2 cents. 1000 hinges 8 cents. READ STAMP CO., Toledo, O.

**ON RECEIPT** of a 2c. stamp I will send you an approval book at 50% commission and list of Porto Rican and Cuban stamps at 1/2 catalogue. J. H. Bauer, 488 Jackson Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

**50% MY SPECIALTY** IN STAMPS. Catalogue 1, 2, 3 and 4 cents. Have the better ones also. Send reference. A. KOENS, NORRISTOWN, PA.

**NYASSA 1901 Free** One of the prettiest stamps ever issued and a big follow free to all honest collectors who apply for sheets at 50%. W. T. McKay, 675 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

# The Boy Stamp, Coin and Curio Collector

## Stamp Notes.

No selection has yet been made of the portrait of Martha Washington that will adorn the 8-cent stamp of the series of 1902.

The Standard catalogue will be issued earlier this year than last, probably late in October. Dealers are already booking orders.

If any reader of THE AMERICAN BOY has a copy of the 4-cent Pan-American issue with the inverted center, they are to be congratulated. This stamp brought \$310 at a stamp auction in New York recently. The 1-cent with inverted center brings \$20 and the 2-cent with inverted center about \$200.

The British Colonies are rapidly supplying themselves with the stamps containing the King's head, and before long all will be in line. Canada is one of the few colonies which have not issued a King's head stamp. This colony will not issue the new stamp until the old issue is exhausted. Some of the values of the present issue were exhausted months ago, but the policy of the government is to supply the lower values and not issue stamps of the values now exhausted until the design is changed. The 6 and 8-cent values of the present issue of Canada are no longer obtainable from the postoffices.

There is no national postal system in China, and only in the larger cities are regular private companies established for the purpose of carrying the mails from one city to another, but never into the interior country. A Chinaman wishing to write to a friend in New York writes the letter in the Chinese language and it is sent to a local private Chinese postoffice in Hong Kong with the money for postage and the direction enclosed. The private Hong Kong postal agent encloses the letter in another envelope and directs it in both Chinese and English and pays postage with stamps of Hong Kong, or if it is delivered to the American consulate the letter is sent with a 5-cent U. S. stamp.

The Bureau of Engraving and Printing has submitted a design for the 4-cent stamp of the new series, which has been accepted as satisfactory by the postoffice department.

The stamp bears the portrait of General Grant. The upper part of the stamp bears a portion of a circle containing the words, United States of America. At each side of the portrait is the figure 4 in plain, bold type. Immediately beneath the bust is the word Grant in clear cut letters. Between the figures and the word Grant are two small circular panels containing the dates 1822 and 1885, the dates of the birth and death of the great General. The figures 4 are surrounded by wreaths of holly, giving the stamp a very pretty appearance. At the bottom of the design is a panel containing the words postage and four cents in two lines. Above the arch are two eagle heads supporting a panel within which are the words, Series of 1902. The face of Grant is the one appearing on the present 5-cent stamp, but is smaller.

## Stamp Enquiries.

H. B., Chicago, Ill.—Your 50-cent unused Columbian is worth 55 or 60 cents.

A. G., Highland, Mich.—The 50c mortgage revenue is catalogued at 3 cents.

L. E. D., Iowa Falls, Iowa.—The Bulgarian stamp you describe is catalogued at 4 cents.

C. H., Ada Grove, Iowa.—The Canada stamps mentioned can be purchased for 1 cent each.

J. D., Ypsilanti, Mich.—Write any dealer advertising in THE AMERICAN BOY. Give full particulars of your collection, such as the number of each country.

H. A. K., Westington, South Dakota.—Your Cuban stamp is catalogued at 2 cents unused. The 1-cent blue U. S. preceded the present 1-cent green of the same design.

G. M. C., Des Moines, Iowa.—The "Shakespeare stamp" you describe has no standing as a postage stamp, but is a mere label sold at the tomb of Shakespeare to visitors as a souvenir.

L. R., Brodhead, Wis.—The "On H. M. S." surcharge on the stamps of India stands for On Her Majesty's Service. The stamps are used as official stamps by various branches of the government. See last month's AMERICAN BOY for suggestions about albums.

J. A. S., East Greenwich, R. I.—The 3-pence of 1871-75 South African Republic, used, is worth from \$5 to \$7.50, according to perforation. Are you sure your stamp is genuine? These stamps have been extensively counterfeited in the earlier issues. The \$2.50 Inland Exchange is catalogued at 12 cents and the \$5 charter party at 25 cents.

**FREE!** 20 var. U. S. Revs. 1868 to 1900 cat. 27 cents for the names and addresses of two collectors. Postage 2c. extra. 20 diff. Animal Stamps, Camel, Giraffe, etc., only 10c.; 300 var. all diff. 8c.; 200 var. 5c.; 1000 mounted on sheet, cat. \$15.00, only \$4.00. Lists free. Agents wanted, 50%. Toledo Stamp Co., Toledo, O.

**FREE** 10 Philippines (unused) to every applicant for our approval selections at 50% com. Reference required. 100 var. stamps 6c.; 200 var. 2c. North Shore Stamp Co., Dept. A, Beverly, Mass.

**CUT RATES.** 100 Foreign Stamps, Mixed, 15c.; 100 Unused Foreign, All Different, 45c.; 100 Set Unused Peru, Catalogue \$1.00, 25c. NATIONAL STAMP CO., Wapalo, N. H.

## Numismatic Sphinx.

R. C. S.: The S dime of 1892 is only worth face value. See answer to B. W.—R. E. F.: 1859 cent, no premium. The V nickel of 1883 hardly commands a premium; 1830 half dollar, seventy five cents.—E. S. N.: Your rubbing is from a common New Brunswick cent. They were issued only in the years 1861 and 1864.—C. S. S.: Your 20 centesimi is an Italian silver coin. It, with the others you mention, are all common.—The only silver dollars that are at all scarce of 1895 are those of the Philadelphia mint, where only 13,000 were issued.—The common Canadian cent, penny and half-penny, bring no premium. The 1838 cent, if in good condition, sells at ten cents.—The fifteen cent fractional currency of 1865, if in fine condition, sells for fifty cents. No premium on one quarter eagle of 1843.—R. T.: Your drawing is from a Birmingham (Eng.) three-pence copper token. If it were in good condition it would be worth seventy five cents.—C. St. J.: The Columbian half dollar of 1893 sells for fifty seven cents. The three cent fractional currency, if in good condition, is worth a quarter.—W. J. B.: Your coins are all common and bring no premium. Your rubbing is from a common English half-penny. The figure on the reverse is that of Britannia seated.—R. A.: No. 1 World's Fair (Chicago) medal, Machinery Hall. (2) Austrian 20 kreutzer silver, Ferdinand I. (1835-43), 1843 worth thirty cents. (3) Hungary 4 kreutzer copper, 1860, twenty cents.—Your "Flag of our Union, if anyone attempts to haul it down, shoot him on the spot" is a common war token. The words are quoted from an order of General John A. Dix.—The 1869 half cent sells for fifteen cents. Fractional currency, unless in good or fine condition, are only worth face. Your other coins are common. English half-farthing of 1844, ten cents.—E. L. R.: 1814 and 1847 cents, fifty and ten cents. The flying eagle cents of 1857 and 1858 face value only. Half dollar 1832, seventy five cents. Dime of 1820, thirty cents. Others, face value only.—Fractional currency is worth face value at any bank. If it is in good or especially fine condition, collectors are glad to pay a vood premium on it for their collections.—Your "1 Skillung Danske of 1771 is a common Danish coin. K. M. means "Koppar Mynt" or Copper Money. A French five francs of 1834, Louis Philippe (1830-48) sells for \$1.50.—O. F. A.: Your rubbing is from a 3/4 gulden, or 2 thaler coin of Ludwig II. of Hesse-Darmstadt. It is worth intrinsically \$1.07, but the dealers would ask about \$2.50 for it, and collectors would pay it.—A. P. McM.: George III. issued no penny coins in 1777. Yours must be a half-penny. In good condition, dealers charge a quarter for it, and in fair condition they can be readily obtained for from five to ten cents.—Your rubbing is from a 50 centavo coin of the Columbian Republic. It was struck in 1892 to celebrate the Quadri-centennial of the discovery of America by Columbus. It bears the head of the great discoverer and the coin sells at seventy five cents.—George II. of England did not issue any pennies. His farthings and half-pennies can be obtained in good condition for a quarter each. You can get an 1855 cent for ten cents. No premium on the trade dollars of 1878 unless in fine or proof condition.—Your rubbings are all of common coins. American, Mexican, Canadian and Spanish. They are nice for a collection but of no particular value above face. The Canadian pass current freely in this locality, and the Mexican and Spanish are very common with you.—1812 half dollar, seventy five cents; 1793, 1798, 1829 and 1838 cents, six dollars, seventy five cents, twenty five and fifteen cents respectively; 1804 and 1828 half-cents are worth fifteen cents each. 1833 quarter, seventy five cents. These are prices for the coins if in good condition.—Old Spanish silver, unless in at least good condition, brings no premium. It is wonderful how much of this old Spanish silver there is remaining with us in this country. A hundred years ago more of it was in circulation in America than all other coined money together. The 1834 and 1839 half dollars are worth seventy five cents each.

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# THE NUMISMATIST

**VOL. XIII. \$1.00 PER ANNUM.**  
The only illustrated monthly magazine devoted to coin and their collecting published on the American continent. Official journal of THE AMERICAN NUMISMATIST ASSOCIATION.

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# The Boy Photographer

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 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, who in every case must be the artist who took the picture.



THE BLACKSMITH

Second prize Nick Brushl, Sherwood, Wis.

### Answers to Correspondents.

Dwight W. Liggett—A plate spoiled is a plate lost. The cheapest way is to try another plate.

Willie Stephens, Jr.—Do not try to make dry plates. It is much cheaper to buy those on the market. The glass is of little value.

David C. Balzer—Yellow negatives are generally good printers, and need not be "doctored." They are generally caused by using old pyro developer.

Morton A. Wilder—Suppose you try velox? All the developing papers are practically self-toners, as they only have to be fixed after being developed. Your supply house will tell you about them.

Richard Zimmerman—Take your negative of scenery, but a clear sky, and print as usual. Then take your cloud negative and print in the clear sky of the picture, being careful to mask the print where you do not wish the clouds to appear. By this process you can have beautiful cloud effects in suitable pictures.

W. H. Crooks—The best developer for films is the mixture advertised by the manufacturer of the films. This comes in tubes, generally, and can be made up in small quantities. You will find kloro a handy paper for all-round purposes, unless you want something artistic, and then you will use dull finished papers.

Glenn Merry—The corners of the ground glass in the camera are cut out so that the air may quickly escape when closing the bellows. The way to find the length of focus of a lens is somewhat complicated, and too technical for a popular article; but if you will write to C. P. Goetz, 52 East Union Square, New York, he will send you the information.

Roscoe Randal—To develop and fix on velox paper it is only necessary to make the exposure, with the negative and paper in contact in the printing frame, and then to develop much as you do a plate, only a great deal quicker. Then the print is thrown into the fixing bath, and after it has been washed it is ready to mount. All the directions come with every package of velox paper you buy; follow these directions.

Clay Crappell—The reason why it takes you so long to tone your pictures is probably because the bath has not been made neutral by a sufficient quantity of a saturated solution composed of equal parts of acetate soda and borax. A grain of gold to an ounce of water makes the stock solution; then, for kloro, two ounces of this stock solution to sixty ounces of water makes the toning bath. The combined bath is not as permanent as the system of toning and fixing.

Donald D. Simonds—Most photographers believe that the yellow-tinted negatives made by pyro developer are the best. The negative made with hydrochinone however, is a very handsome affair, whether the views are landscape or interior. The clean contrast in velox paper is obtained by timing the print just right and having the correct amount of bromide in the developer. It is mainly chance when the right combination is struck the first time, but a few experiments will generally bring success. Use "snappy" negatives with velox paper.

### Photographing Under Water.

It costs about \$700 to be completely equipped with a submarine photographic outfit, such as is being used by Naval Sur-

geon Tessipoff, of the Russian Baltic fleet. Great difficulties have been encountered, but enough has been done to demonstrate that anything in or at the bottom of the sea may be photographed, regardless of depth. There is, however, a simpler method of taking submarine photographs than that practiced by the above surgeon. It is the employment of a cystoscope, which may be attached to any camera, and consists of a bent tube. To the end which is placed in water an Edison illuminating contrivance is attached. The other end is connected with the camera, which is out of the water. At the bend in the tube is a prism which reflects the image in the water at the end of the tube. It is said that any amateur can learn to manage this arrangement.



SHEEP.

First prize; W. O. Cooper, Urbana, Ohio.

### Metol and Sore Hands.

Metol is said to be the very best developer on the market for under-exposed plates. But it has a number of failings which the photographer must keep in mind. One is that unless the developer is kept cool, it is apt to fog the plate. That is why so many plates are "cloudy," with no clear shadows; not that shadows need to be absolutely clear, but they do not want to be so thick as to cloud the plate. Another is the effect the metol has on some people's hands. It makes them sore, and seems to destroy the cuticle. To overcome this latter difficulty the hands should be plunged into water containing a little sodium bicarbonate, which seems to act as an antiseptic, restoring the skin to its normal condition. Most of the developers sold in tubes contain some metol.

### Luminous Photographs.

There has been invented a way to make luminous photographs. It is done by means of calcium sulphid, known as "luminous paint." A sheet of transparent celluloid is coated with an emulsion of nine parts of gelatin, one of potassium bichromate, five of calcium sulphid, and one hundred of water. The gelatin is soaked in the water, and melted in a water bath, the other ingredients being added afterward. When the coated film is thoroughly dry it may be printed upon from a positive through the celluloid film. This precaution is necessary to prevent the image washing off during development, which is done by hot water, as in the case of a carbon positive. Backed up by black velvet or paper, the print will appear as an ordinary black-and-white positive by daylight, to which it should be freely exposed, and will be self-luminous in the dark.

## Top or Bottom—Which?—By Archer Brown of Rogers, Brown & Co., New York

A Study of the Factors Which Most Contribute to the Success of Young Men

[BEGUN IN SEPTEMBER.]

### VI.—CONQUERING DIFFICULTIES.

Every youth would like to attain success, honor, and influence. But nearly every one fails. Why? Because there are difficulties in the way. What are these difficulties? The things that prevent achievement—the hard things. What is the customary way of treating them? To dodge them or slur them. Why should that be the common way? Because it is the easy way, of course. Put down in a little book the hard things that you dodge or slur in twenty-four hours, and study them a little. You are in school, and the first thing that strikes you in the morning is a difficult problem in mathematics, science, or translation. There are a dozen different ways of getting around it, all easier than to conquer it. You are in an office, and a knotty question in accounts comes up. It will take an hour to master it, but only a minute to get an older head to help out. You are at home, and suddenly some trifle irritates the temper. Every one knows it is easier to indulge it than to control it. A sudden temptation comes among a group of good fellows. To yield is easy; to resist is hard. So it follows that surrender to obstacles is the rule, successful resistance the exception.

But here and there a young man does overcome. He triumphs, and we recognize a master. He acquires the conquering habit, and presently we find him rejoicing in the strength that comes from repeated and easy victories. After that his course through the world, in whatever vocation he engages, is natural conquest, and the fellows who weakly yielded when difficulties arose are the material he builds on.

There seem to be two ways only of dealing with hard things. First, is to succumb. Yield to the tired feeling. Give up mathematics because it's tough. Drop history because it's dull. Give up the fight for the top in business because it takes so much effort. Abandon the desire of religious life because it is hard to resist sin. Follow this line of surrender two or three years; then examine your backbone. Test your mind, your moral strength, your conscience. See how your whole capacity for achievement has been weakened until you are an incapable, perhaps forever, like most of the lunkheads around you.

But try first the other thing. Grapple the first difficulty that comes up. Wrestle till you down it. If it takes till break of day. Get on top of it with both feet. First the bear, then the lion, then Goliath. (David worked up by degrees to the giant.) Master the problem in mathematics, and know the joy of victory; the hard things in other studies, and see what tonic to the mind; the hardest thing in your day's work at office or shop, and see how strong you will be for the next day; the temptation that assails you, and feel the joy of deliverance. Master your lower nature, and know what it is to have God's approval.

Do all this faithfully until it becomes a habit. Then see how strong your mind has become, how secure your conscience, how you jump ahead in your work, how you grow to be a master of men. The world yields to such a spirit as that.

Commence to-morrow morning the obstacle-conquering habit. If it falls you in a year or two of honest effort, go back to the habit of surrender before difficulties, and take your place with the great mass

of men who wearily hold aloft the banner of defeat.

### VII.—HELPFUL OR HELPLESS—TO CARRY OR BE CARRIED.

A disinterested observer of the world will note the singular fact that a small remnant of mankind carries all the rest on its shoulders. For every man of means, of influence, of power to help, there are nine (perhaps ninety-nine would be nearer the mark) to lean on him. The business he has built up employs scores or hundreds, who in turn support dependent families. The brain work he does affords capital which hundreds who do not use their brains live upon. His moral character is the standard and guide for many who follow instinctively where a strong man leads. So, among the other things which a young man must decide for himself is whether he will carry or be carried; whether he will be helpful or helpless; whether he will be in his particular sphere a leader or a trailer.

The habit of helplessness begins early. It grows, and with many men becomes fixed before the voting age. The first symptom is the dodging of responsibility, the effort to unload on to somebody else. If you have concluded to join the helpless class, or (what is the same thing) don't care, I will tell you how to go about it.

In business let others do all the thinking and planning. Let your wheel run along in the first rut you happen to strike into. Never do a thing not required. Never surprise an employer with a display of genuine intelligence and interest in your work. Never broaden your mind by study and self-improvement in idle hours. The sport-

(Continued on page 35.)

**A SUIT OF BOYS' Winter Clothes GIVEN AWAY ABSOLUTELY FREE**

Write to-day: ADDRESS UNION TRADING CO. 1509 Unity Building Chicago, Ill.

**FREE AT YOUR DOOR** We deliver present express charges paid. Send name and address, we send postpaid \$3.00 Florentine Butterfly Plan. Finely gold finished, with center imported ruby cut jewel. One million already sold. Sells at eight for 10c each. When sold send us the \$3.00 we send present you select and earn **FREE ONE HUNDRED PRESENTS** to select from. Costs you nothing from start to finish. Premium sheet sent with goods showing **100 PRESENTS TO CHOOSE FROM.** H. RAND MFG. CO., Dept. 464, CHICAGO.

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**YOUR initial** handsomely engraved in this fine gold plated frame for **10 Cents.** Initials in blue or red on white ground or gold initial on blue ground. Made only by American Badge Co., 122-126 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

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**BOYS—** Learn to Telegraph—Get one of our Pocket Telegraph Instruments with complete Morse Alphabet; instructive and entertaining. Sent postpaid on receipt of 20 cents or 3 for 50 cents, silver or stamps. **Martin Mfg. Co., 150 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.**

**Cash Awards!** Subscriptions to "The American Boy" for the Fannest Animals, Surprises, etc. The Amateur Comedian, Acts, (stamps). Home Entertainment Pub. Co., 528 N. Carlisle St., Phil., Pa.

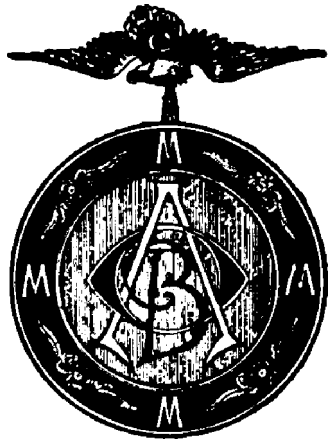
# The Order of The American Boy

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.



CAPTAIN'S BADGE (Twice Actual Size.)

Boys desiring to Organize Companies may obtain a Pamphlet from us containing Directions. It is sent free.

## Baseball Throwing Junior Championship.

The August AMERICAN BOY Field Day contest resulted in the Baseball Throwing Junior Championship going to Clarence E. Lancaster, Carmel, Ind., his record being 161 feet.



CLARENCE E. LANCASTER, Secretary Lafayette Company, No. 9, Carmel, Ind. Running Broad Jump Junior Champion 1903, and Baseball Throwing Junior Champion 1902.

## Degrees Conferred.

Degrees are conferred on the following boys: Casey Greene, Opelika, Ala., one degree for good work in behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY and the Order; for Skill in Athletics, one degree each upon Roy Cramer, Urbana, O.; Charles M. Neilson, Jr., Salt Lake City, Utah; Jay Mitchell, Newberg, Ore.; Stanley Wood, Salt Lake City, Utah, and Clarence E. Lancaster, Carmel, Ind.

## New Companies Organized.

- Brant Company, No. 30, Division of Michigan, Brant, Mich., Captain Giles Gibson.
- Goliad Company, No. 11, Division of Texas, Leonard, Tex., Captain C. P. Dodson.
- Roosevelt Company, No. 4, Division of Colorado, Pueblo, Colo., Captain L. E. Dorland.
- Apollo Company, No. 31, Division of Michigan, Yale, Mich., Captain Charles E. Wells.
- The Bengal Tiger Company, No. 10, Division of Iowa, Lisbon, Ia., Captain Charles Roach.
- Red Star Company, No. 12, Division of Indiana, Nappanee, Ind., Captain Edward Wilson.
- General Alger Company, No. 32, Division of Michigan, Corunna, Mich., Captain Rollie Williams.
- The Little Blue Company, No. 10, Division of Nebraska, Fairbury, Neb., Captain Harry P. Letton.
- U. S. Grant Company, No. 9, Division of California, Eureka, Cal., Captain August Gustafson.
- James Lane Company, No. 8, Division of Kansas, Yates Center, Kas., Captain Russell Waymire.
- Ellizur Smith Company, No. 13, Division of Massachusetts, Lee, Mass., Captain Arthur R. Webster.
- James Marshall Company, No. 3, Division of California, San Francisco, Cal., Captain Victor W. Killick.

## Company News.

WM. J. SAMFORD COMPANY, No. 3, Opelika, Ala., holds its meetings every Friday afternoon at its club room. Dues, ten cents per month. The following are the officers: Captain, Casey Greene; Secretary, Moses Blumenfeld; Treasurer, Will Davis; Librarian, George Clower. They are going to have a library.—BLACK HAWK COMPANY, No. 9, Sheboygan, Wis., went out in the country for a day's camping on September 6. They started at 7 o'clock in the evening on their bicycles. It was very dark, and one of the boys upset his lunch in the dust and wanted to return home, but the boys did not intend to let a little thing like that spoil their fun. That night they slept in a farmer's hay barn without any hay in it about six miles from the city. In the morning they took their tent, baskets and poles and walked a mile, pitching camp on the sloping banks of a deep river. The boys had great fun cooking "weenies" and sweet corn, and the secretary writes "you may be sure that nothing was cooked that was not eaten." They returned home at 6 p. m., and all agreed that they had a very fine time. This company has a club room for which they pay \$1.50 a month. They have a library of twenty five books, principally by Henty, Optic, Alger and Stratemeyer. One cent a week is charged for the use of a book, and two cents per day for every day it is kept over time, and with this money they buy new books. They have pictures of all the presidents hung on the walls of their club room. The proposed Constitution and By-laws has been adopted, with the exception of the clause relating to the payment of monthly dues, which has been changed to weekly.—BUFFALO BILL COMPANY, No. 6, Stockville, Neb., held a picnic recently at a small lake six miles from town. Each of the members invited a girl, and they were accompanied by one man and four women, who went along to help serve the dinner and "keep the boys from drowning," as our correspondent puts it. They started at 8 o'clock a. m., via the hayrack route, reaching their destination at 10 a. m. For dinner they had fried chicken, pie, cake, lemonade, ice cream, pickles and sandwiches. After dinner the boys went in bathing; then came out and had more ice cream and cake. After amusing themselves in various ways, playing games, etc., they started for home none the worse for their day's outing. This company is organizing a football team.—SANTA FE COMPANY, No. 3, Chase, Kas., sends the following report: Organized February 12, 1901. Met once a week until June at rooms. Special meetings, two. Number of members at organization, seven. New members, six. Number of members moved away, three. Number of members at present, ten. Have had no trouble and excellent order and work, and every member has been greatly benefited. This company has adopted as its colors, red, white and blue, and wore badges of the same with "O. A. B." printed in gilt letters



JOHN K. CABANNIS, Capt. Lone Star Co., No. 1, Ennis, Tex

thereon at the Gala Day Picnic on August 6. They also had a pennant afloat on that day. The captain says they intend to do good work this winter. LAFAYETTE CO., No. 9, Carmel, Ind., has adopted the proposed Constitution and By-Laws. Meetings are held every Saturday evening in the schoolhouse. Dues, three cents a week, payable at each meeting. They have had their charter framed, and have a punching bag and expect to have some boxing gloves soon. The following are the officers: Captain, Malcolm Randall; Vice Captain, Cecil Moore; Secretary, Clarence Lancaster; Treasurer, Virgil Bond.--



"MODERN WOODMEN."

Three of The Black Hawk Company, No. 9 Sheboygan, Wisconsin. All right except the pipes.

Michigan still takes the lead in the number of Companies organized, it having at this time thirty three.

Vetter Haines and James Reid, of Colonel C. W. Fisher Company, No. 13, Bucyrus, Ohio, were callers at the office of THE AMERICAN BOY on the afternoon of July 17.

While Vance Lawrence and a few other members of Colfax Company, No. 8, Indianapolis, Ind., were working on a roof, Vance stumbled on a telephone wire and fell backward. Eugene Dolmetsch, Captain of the Company, who was standing near, caught him by the foot and held him until relief came.

**OMNIGRAPH** With each of our 16 pieces of jewelry to suit at 10c. each. When sold, send us the (\$1.00), and we will send you, prepaid, fully guaranteed American novelties. MUNRO NOVELTY CO., 8 QUAY STREET, ATTLEBORO, MASS.

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MAIL 15 CENTS ADDITIONAL.

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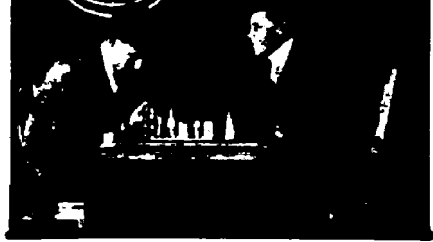
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# BOYS IN GAMES & SPORT



## A RATTLING NEW GAME—J. CARTER BEARD.

How to Play "Foxy"—Novelty, Skill, Ingenuity and Swiftmess of Foot All Enter In.

A game that allows for great individuality of play and gives opportunity for energetic action always is popular. A boy is not a lazy animal when it comes to a matter of play. New games that appear too easy and call for no special effort, either mental or physical usually are called a girl's game and are quickly and forever cast aside by all self-respecting boys, and by most of the modern girls, too.

field of course choose ground which is fairly level and if possible, a space where the grass is short enough to make running easy.

Almost any number of boys may play Foxy, but the regular team is made up of six players, number one is right guard, number two plays left guard, number three is right advance, number four plays left advance, number five is center, number six is goal.

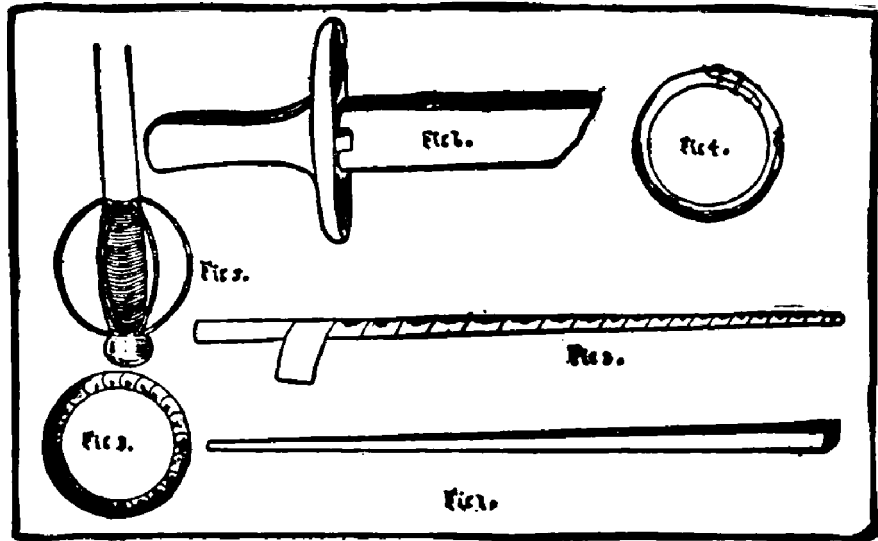
There are no absolute rules regarding the exact position that each player shall occupy, except that the goal must keep within his circle. There is, however, a generally accepted line-up and this is given in the diagram.

There is very little difference in the relative value of each player to the success of a team; but there is a great deal of difference in the sort of skill required for each position.

The goal must be an expert at catching the ring, but he need not necessarily be very proficient at throwing the ring. Right and left advance, on the other hand, must be able to throw with great speed and accuracy, but except in the case of a "feint," which will be explained later, they are seldom called on to catch the ring.

Center is a very important position, as the boy occupying it, with the help of the guards, defends the goal.

The player who has the longest reach



The game of "Foxy," which I describe here, is a new addition to modern sports. Its vital principle is that of throwing a heavy wooden ring with the swiftness and accuracy of a baseball, using two sticks to handle and throw it.

Like football, lacrosse and baseball, Foxy needs a large field to bring out its best points; but just as in the case of the other games mentioned a great deal of fun may be had by playing even in a cramped space.

The regulation field is 40 yards from the center of one circle to the center of

usually is selected for this position, because it is played so close to the line that the ring generally passes him at express train speed and there is no time to run for it. If he cannot capture it by merely reaching out, the ring is almost sure to pass him, and it then will remain with the guards to save the day.

To begin the game, arrange the players as shown in the diagram. The goal men play on the side of the men who are facing them.

A toss up decides which side shall have possession of the ring. The object of the side with the ring is to throw it to their goalman, or at least to have it fall within the circle in which he stands. The object of the opposite side is, of course, to stop the ring before it can reach the goal.

No player may step within the neutral ground or within the ground of his opponents. No player except the goalmen may step within the circles. The goalmen may not step outside of the circles.

If the ring is caught by a goalman it counts 50 for his side. If the ring falls within a goal, but is not caught, it counts

10 against the side defending the goal. If the ring falls anywhere outside of the circles it counts two against the side from which it was thrown. A fair catch, that is, a catch made with either one or both sticks, if the ring is thrown by an opponent, counts 5 for the side making the catch. The count is decided by the point on the ground where the ring strikes—not where it rolls. If, in making a catch, the ring is allowed to touch the ground, the catch does not count.



## The Ingersoll Dollar Watch

Every boy should have a watch as soon as he can tell time, and **THE INGERSOLL** is the one that every boy can and should have. Its usefulness is not limited to youth, but it is the time-piece appreciated by every age, class and condition.

**THE INGERSOLL DOLLAR WATCHES** are made by automatic machines and expert workmen to meet the highest requirements for service and accuracy. They could not be made so good for many times the price if we did not make and sell over two millions every year. Every one bears our guarantee that it will keep accurate time, and the watch, the guarantee and the name **Ingersoll** stand together as an assurance to you of worth and excellence.

Ask your dealer for an **INGERSOLL** and see that you get it. If you don't, **SEND US A DOLLAR** and you will receive one by return mail postpaid. Address Dept. 34.

**ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 67 Cortlandt St., New York**

When the ring has touched the ground it is called dead and is put in play by the center of the side which made the last throw. The ring cannot be put into play from any point nearer the neutral ground than the edge of the goal circle.

When the ring is held by a player on one side it is the business of the center or of one of the guards on the opposite side to place himself between the player and the goal. This is known as "covering," and makes a goal well nigh impossible except by a loft or feint. (The loft is to throw the ring very high into the air so that it will go over the heads of the opposing side and fall into the ring or onto the sticks of the goalman. This, however, is a very difficult play to make, and unless constantly practiced is apt to result in a fair catch for the opposing side.) The feint, an illustration of which is given in the accompanying picture, is a play much more often adopted than the loft. When a player holding the ring finds himself "covered," he quickly passes the ring to some player on his own side who is not covered and allows him to try for the goal. The ring may not be passed more than twice without making a try for a goal. (A goal made after a ring has been passed more than twice by the same side will count for that side, but they will have to sacrifice 10 for each pass over the two allowed, and the sacrifice is made even if the goal is missed.)

The ring is not dead unless it touches the ground or is caught by a goalman. A player making a fair catch may try for a goal either by feint or loft or direct play, without giving the slightest warning, or in any way preparing his opponents for his play.

The outfit necessary for "Foxy" con-

sists of two sticks for each player and one ring for the crowd. The sticks vary, according to the individual tastes of the players, from two to three feet in length.

The rings are 8 inches across, measuring from the inside edge. Willow, rattan or some other pliable wood will answer to make rings (figure 4). Almost any wood can be bent if it is first steamed.

It will facilitate the work if this is partly sawed through as shown in figure 3.

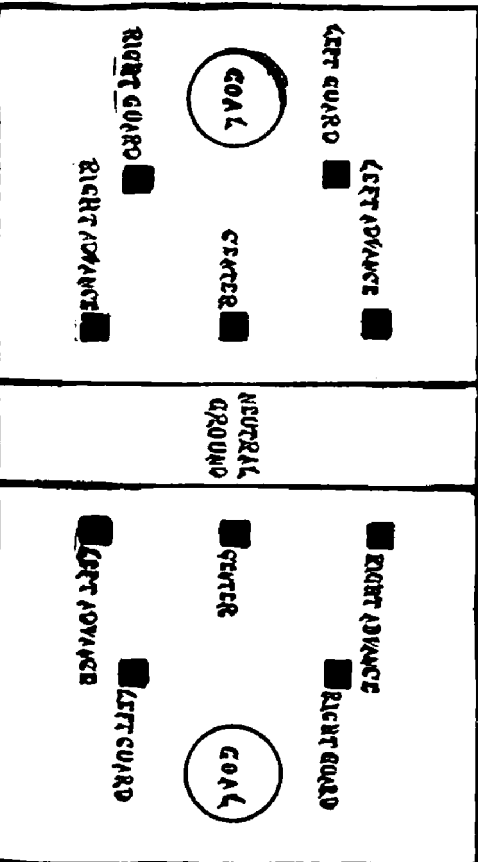
When the wooden ring has been fastened into proper shape, shellac the wood and wind it with strips of heavy woolen cloth or canvas. Over this wrap a covering of well-waxed twine. Figure 1 shows the shape of the stick ordinarily used. It is made of hard wood, and should be kept well oiled so that the ring will slip easily over its surface. Figure 2 is a round stick, wrapped with silk tape. While this is more supple than the square form, and is much advocated by some players for its toughness and spring, there is sure to be a slight ridge where the edges of the tape meet, and this, to the mind of the majority of boys, more than counterbalances whatever good qualities the wound sticks may possess.

Figures 5 and 6 are two different styles of guard—the basket guard and the ordinary cross guard. The basket guard is made from light strips of bamboo, the ends of which are tucked under the twine which is wrapped about the handle. The cross guard is merely a rectangular piece of wood, with a hole in the center, slipped over the stick and held in place by a wedge driven through the stick.

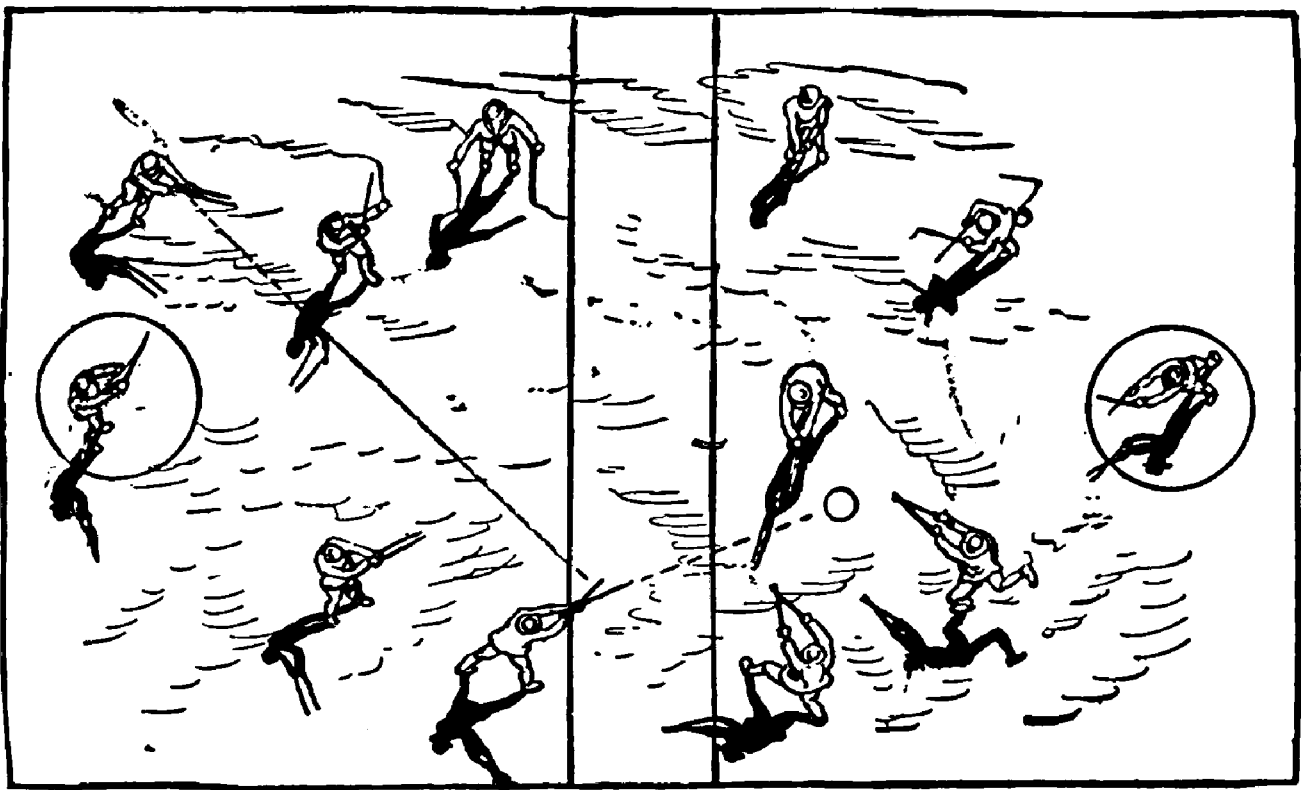
### Pole Leaping.

The pole used in pole leaping should be of sound ash and rounded throughout its length. Practice jumping at first without a run. Put the end of the pole in the ground in front of you, first at a small distance, and after some practice at a gradually-increasing distance. Seize the pole with your two hands—the upper hand a little above the head and the lower hand a little above the level of the hips. Throw

most of the weight upon the arms and spring off, pushing yourself forward as far as possible by bearing on the pole. Light on the sole or ball of the foot and not on the heels or the toes. In the running jump start on the run, holding the lower end of the pole in front with the right hand a little above the head, the thumb of this hand in the air, and with the left hand a little above the thighs, thumb-down. Reaching the jumping point, stick the pole in the ground before you raise the body, bearing the hands on the pole in such a way as to turn it from the right-hand side to the left. Raise the body till it is near the horizontal position.



the other. See the diagram of the field. The circles, or goals, are 10 feet in diameter. The neutral ground is five feet across, each of the two central lines marking the neutral ground is 5 1/2 feet from the center of the nearest goal. There is no limit to the distance a man may run each side of or behind the circles. When selecting a





Address all communications for this department, Uncle Tangler, care American Boy, Detroit, Mich.

Rules to be observed: Write in ink and on but one side of the paper. Sign your name to every page. Write your address in full on one page. Send answers with all new puzzles to be printed. Send original puzzles only. We do not desire conundrums and cannot reply personally to letters.

Kenneth Winter, of Hilo, Hawaii, sends in answers to the July Tangles.

Kent B. Stiles, 1644 New York ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., wins the prize for best lot of new puzzles.

All who sent in "Teacher's Name" Tangles by September 20 will be considered with the other contestants after October 20.

An interesting new book will be given as a prize for the best list of answers to this month's Tangles received by November 20.

Two dollars cash will be given as the prize for the best lot of new and original puzzles pertaining to New Years and the Christmas holidays received by November 20.

Others who sent in new Tangles are Lot W. Armin, Ragnar Lunell, G. W. Hodgkins, Chas. C. Curtis, Percy Kinch, Clarence A. Reece, Byron L. Kelso, Adolph G. Dietrich, and Geo. Carleton Lacy and Wm. Irving Lacy from Foochow, China.

Answers were also received from Vattel E. Daniel, Marion P. Stear, John F. Sawtell, Joseph M. Heinen, J. H. Winklers, Herbert L. Badger, Lester Chadderton, Harris Thompson Fulton, Katherine Haren, Noble P. Hollister and some one from Milan, Tenn., who forgot to sign his name.

Sharp eyes found in Pictorial Chess, No. 31, the following "members of the animal kingdom" in addition to those contained in the original answer: Bat, ewe, rasse, galago, roe, maid, boy, lass, mare, colt, foal, nag, seal, ram, ape, ant, bee, bass, algazel, beagle, bream, cur, dodo, eagle, gar, ibis, teal, ousel, moa, erne, darter, barbet and barrel.

Harold R. Norris, Ivoryton, Conn., wins the prize for best list of answers to September Tangles. He was very closely crowded for honors by Wallace W. Tuttle and Ralph W. Westcott. Others entitled to special mention for excellence of their lists of answers are Lawrence E. Stevens, Burton F. Jennings, Robert Raymer, Neal Clark, E. C. Goding, Edw. B. Reimel, Arthur St. Claire, Edward Langdon Fernald and Arthur Knowles.

Answers to October Tangles.

- 40. (1) Courage. (2) Savage. (3) Adage. (4) Lineage. (5) Patronage. (6) Encouragement. (7) Marriage. (8) Tillage. (9) Cabbage. (10) Peerage. (11) Voltage. (12) Postage. (13) Badinage. (14) Carriage. (15) Pillage. (16) Rummage. (17) Package. (18) Mirage. (19) Steerage. (20) Suffrage. (21) Shrinkage. (22) Cottage. 41. The map of the state of Delaware; for France and Spain, Maryland. For Finland, Pennsylvania. For Germany, New Jersey. For the Rhine, the Delaware. For the Mediterranean, Delaware bay. For The Hague, Lishon and Moscow, read respectively Georgetown, Dover and Wilmington. Smyrna and Glasgow are correctly given. 42. (1) Mow-mow. (2) Read-read. (3) Extract-extract. (4) Job-job. (5) Aye-aye. (6) Bass-bass. (7) How-how. (8) Row-row. (9) Convict-convict. (10) Minute-minute. (11) Entrance-entrance. (12) Contract-contract. 43. R, re, ere, veer, sever, severe, reverse, perverse, preserves, perseveres. 44. "To accept good advice is but to increase one's own ability." (2. a. c. c. e. PT. g. OO. d. a. d. VI. c. e. I's. h. I.T. 2. increase, one's OWN a. b. II. T. Y.) 45. (1) Germ, many, any, man, Germany. (2) Stow, tow, well, towel, to, Stowe, Stowell. (3) Or, I, rig, gin, origin. 46. (1) Drought. (2) Dram. (3) Drone. (4) Drink. (5) Drill. (6) Dredge. (7) Drape. (8) Draft. (9) Drown. (10) Draught.

47. F I N I S P I S
H O I S T A
R O I N T
H A I S P
T E N E O R N O B I N
W I E L D
W I E L M
D

48. M A N N A
O M A H A
S E N A T O R
S I H O N
Moses-Aaron.

49. P
S A P
S A T A N
P A T R I O T
P A I N T
N O T

50. Kanaka. Canada. Panama. Bahama. Havana. Panama. Sahara. Damara. Yalafa. Masuka. Mawata. Wakasa.

NEW TANGLES.

51. THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Oysters: 1. A color, and sharp ends. 2. Scolding women, and entombs.

Soups: 1. To peruse, an indefinite quantity, and always. 2. A farm animal, and a terminal appendage.

Fish: 1. A nickname of King Henry VIII., to look on, and to strike with the head. 2. To choose, and two letters found in acropolis.

Entrees: 1. A portion, and a range of mountains. 2. Land without trees, and a fowl.

Roasts: 1. An inhabitant of a certain country, and a wharf. 2. Saccharine, and bakery products.

Vegetables: 1. An eastern fashionable resort, and fragments of wood. 2. Not bitter, a kitchen utensil, a numeral, and exclamations. 3. To twirl, and a letter in Thanksgiving. 4. An American food made of cornmeal, and apartments.

Dessert: 1. A hydraulic machine, relatives, and a printer's abhorrence. 2. An insertion of cord in cloth, and to wager. 3. Perpendicular, and a kind of food.

Nuts: 1. A South American country. 2. A garden vegetable, and metal receptacles. 3. A boy's nickname, and a boy's nickname.

Fruit: 1. A famous soap. 2. Some cities in New Jersey. 3. What an almanac contains.

Beverages: 1. A white mineral, an exclamation, and tardy. 2. A fruit, and help. 3. A violent expiration of air from the throat, and the doctor's pay.

-Harold Mortimer Case.

52. HIDDEN WORD SQUARES.

Two four-word squares are concealed in the following, two words of the different squares being in each of the four sentences.

1. It was either Matthew, Caleb or Ned picked the lilac, as Henry was at school. 2. When he started for school I offered him a bleeding-heart. 3. Had he not given this to his teacher I otherwise might believe this low charge against him. 4. But there is no telling what Matthew, Ned and Caleb were up to.

-Kent B. Stiles.

53. ACROSTIC OF THE COINS.

The initial letters of certain countries in which the following coins are standard will spell a large country in which the pound is the current standard of money value. The bracketed words tell the grand divisions in which the required countries are located.

- 1. Gulden (Europe). 2. Dollar (North America). 3. Peseta (Europe). 4. Mahbub (Africa). 5. Rouble (Europe). 6. Peso (South America). 7. Dollar (Africa). 8. Lira (Europe). 9. Rupee (Asia).

-Ragnar Lunell.

54. BIBLICAL CHESS.

398 bible names of people and places can be found in the following by the king's move in chess, using each square as many times as needed. It took the author's spare time for about one year to complete this puzzle.

Chessboard grid with letters: A L E M N T A N, C S I O L H O B, R E T S A R J S, D O H U M A O E, B A L E M C L P, E Z R S A H E H, L N U D N I V S, I F J A M D A G

-S. Luther Gilbert.

55. THANKSGIVING ARITHMETIC.

I sold a certain number of turkeys for \$14.45. The number of cents I received for each turkey was just five times the number of turkeys I sold. How many turkeys did I sell?

-Adolph G. Dietrich.

56. TANGLED INSCRIPTION.

The following peculiar words inscribed on the walls of an old New England Inn are puzzling the antiquarians. Can you decipher them?

Here's to Pand's pen!
Dasocl Al houri nhar
M. less mir than D. S.
Unle T. F. rlen D. S. Hipre
I. Gnbe J. U. stand K. Indan
Devils!! Penko F. N. one.

-Frank C. McMillan.

Advertisement for 'A Watch Case Wears' by JAS. BOSS Stiffened GOLD Watch Case. Includes an image of a hand holding a watch case and the Keystone Watch Case Company logo.

57. U. S. NAVAL VESSELS.

Armored, unarmored and in the Revenue service.

Visual puzzle for 'U. S. NAVAL VESSELS' featuring a grid of images: a man's face, a letter 'D', a hand, a ship, a clock, a shoe, a motorcycle, a boat, a letter 'G', a bird, a sword, and a signature 'The Motto of the Badger State'.

-Harry R. Stephenson.

58. PROGRESSIVE ENIGMAS.

1. I will 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8 my work so as to 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8 the books you wish. 2. That 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9 old 1,2,3,4,5 is amply 6,7,8,9 to help his sister. 3. We gave that 1,2,3 enough 4,5,6 to 1,2,3,4,5,6 his health. 4. When I saw 1,2,3,4,5,6,7 I said: "1,2,3,4, 5,6,7 ready." 5. It was our 1,2,3,4,5,6 to 3,4,5,6 1,2 this grove. 6. The best 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10 a man can have is a 6,7,8,9,10 1,2,3,4,5. 7. That man, though 3,4,5,6 1,2 a hovel has the 1,2,3,4,5,6 qualities of a gentleman. 8. He made his 1,2,3,4,5,6,7 when he played that 4,5,6,7 1,2,3 the queen. 9. In the laboratory they use an 1,2,3,4,5,6,7 to 4,5,6,7 the 1,2,3 from the receiver. 10. While in 1,2,3,4,5,6,7 I did not see any 1,2,3 4,5,6,7 on the shore.

-Lot W. Armin.

59. AMERICAN ACROSTIC.

Each word contains the same number of letters and is found on the map of North America. Porto Rico and Ha all. The initial letters, taken in order as given, spell the name of an annual holiday peculiar to the United States.

1. A large American city that does not celebrate this holiday. 2. A town and district of Porto Rico. 3. A town near the mouth of the Columbia river. 4. A county in Massachusetts adjoining the county in which this holiday was first celebrated. 5. A volcano in Hawaii. 6. The city in which the next world's fair is to be held. 7. A capital city on the Cimarron river. 8. One of the few states whose capital is also its metropolis. 9. A state that has less miles of railroad than has Cuba. 10. The southernmost city of Ohio. 11. The county in which the Dismal swamp is chiefly located. 12. The westernmost county of Michigan. 13. The county in Oregon through which the Umpqua river flows. 14. A town and district of Porto Rico. 15. A former capital of a western state.

-Chas. C. Curtis.

A Prize Winner.

John Clay, age fourteen, of the Williams-ton (Ky.) graded Free School, won first prize in arithmetic and second in United States history in an annual contest between all the graded schools in the Blue Grass region.

Agassiz Association.

(Continued from page 18.)

tifully-colored light dazzle his eyes. He advanced nearer to the snake by a circular movement, feeling as if he were in a whirlpool, which, at every turn, drew him towards the center. Every circle became smaller. Fortunately he was not alone, and the snake was killed."

In response to a letter to the mother of our young correspondent, this reply was received: "The snake certainly looks at its prey the whole time. Judging from the motions of its mouth, it feels pleasure. Its attitude is extremely beautiful. Why should the snake have this irresistible influence? Why should the poor animal be so paralyzed? What is this strange impulse that overcomes the instinct of self-preservation? I certainly believe in fascination from what I have seen and heard." A picture of an Indian serpent accompanied the letter.

Leonard Wilson, Providence, R. I., writes: "I saw a friend do a funny thing. Taking a hen by the feet, he laid it on its side, and then holding it with one hand, stroked it with the other for about a minute. Then the hen lay as still as if a weight had been placed upon it." These strange stories bring to our minds the men who travel about exhibiting the wonders of "hypnotism," "mesmerism," "mind-reading," and so on. How are all these things to be explained? One way is to ridicule the whole matter, but the main facts are supported by so large a mass of evidence that they have been accepted in a measure by scientific men.

In dealing with questions of this sort, the first thing is to get at the actual facts in each case. We may in the first place set it down as a safe proposition that most, if not all, of the traveling exhibitors of hypnotism, etc., are, pure and simple, frauds. In more than one instance we have personally detected the fraud. One boy gave us an interesting account of his engagement at so much a week to travel with a professional hypnotist and be hypnotized every evening. His own expression was, "It was the worst 'fake' I ever saw."

What appears true is, that under certain conditions, both animals and men lose control of their will-power for a time, and sometimes of consciousness. This state of mind may be brought about by sudden terror, as when one suddenly sees a team of runaway horses approaching, or is startled by a swift-coming train of cars. First there is a shock of surprise and alarm; then an impulse to escape; then a sense of despair, and this is followed sometimes by a condition of utter bewilderment, and the person becomes dazed. We say, "he lost his head." Some people have a similar sensation, usually in less degree, when they stand upon the brink of a lofty precipice. There is a temptation to some to throw themselves directly over the edge. Steady and continued gazing at a fixed point may produce confusion of mind and even a trance-like stupor, during which the person having lost control of his will, is easily influenced by the will of another, or by any suggestion that comes to his brain from the circumstances in which he is placed.

We think, then, that "fascination," "hypnotism," etc., like panic fear, are not the result of any power which one person or animal has over another, but rather the result of certain sensations of surprise, alarm, or weariness upon the brain. The directive power of the brain is suspended and the body becomes an engine without an engineer.

Postage Stamps.

We are often asked whether "philately," or the collection and study of postage stamps, comes within the province of the Agassiz Association.

Only thus far: Whenever you send us a letter of inquiry about your work, or about the Association, you should make a collection of one U. S. stamp of the two cent variety (unused) and enclose it in the letter.

Reports from the Tenth Century Chapters, 900-1000, should reach the President by December 1.

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WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, EDITOR. GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Will You Help?

We want not only that every healthy American boy may read this paper but also that every unhealthy American boy may read it—particularly boys who are confined to their homes by illness or by physical infirmity, or by any of the numerous causes which prevent a boy from engaging in games and sport with his fellows—boys who are shut within the four walls of their homes and must find entertainment there or nowhere.

The publishers of this paper, out of a kindly feeling toward such boys, have put on the free list scores of such boys, but the time has come when they cannot increase the list. Under the Post Office regulations a publication may issue a reasonable number of free copies, but beyond this it may not go without jeopardizing its right to second-class mail privileges.

Now, do you not know of some shut-in boy, some unfortunate boy, some poor boy, some bad boy who does not know enough to want good reading, some isolated boy living where he has not the society of other boys? Do you want to help him? Are you not ready to do something for him? Who knows but what THE AMERICAN BOY in the hands of some such boy helped by you may not make of him a great and good man? Have you not one dollar at this Christmas time for some boy who has

no claims on you by virtue of birth or relationship, to whom you can give a real Christmas gift? Gladly would the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY put this paper in the hands of every poor boy and every sick boy in America. They would be ready to sacrifice much to do it, but there is a limit to their ability, and that limit has been reached. What will you do?

Top or Bottom—Which?

(Continued from page 31.)

ing page and the criminal news in the daily paper ought to be enough mental food, and sundry sports can fill in the rest of the time. In time you will wonder why other men are getting to the front, and you are away in the rear. But you will have abundant company in the rear places, and the fellow at the front will be lonesome because there are so few of him. So you will be consoled. If still in school, study with sole reference to getting through. Never mind how the history or science or mathematics or languages may fit into the great plans for life. Then when the spring fever comes and the studies are wearisome, urge the question of giving up school and "going into business."

In the home let father or mother or brother do every helpful thing, you throwing yourself a dead weight on the others to be carried. In church take the back-most seat. Let others plan and execute everything. Speak of it as "um," never as "we." Idly, feebly look on; wonder how it is done if it succeeds; criticise if it fails.

In society take the position you happen to drop into. Let parents or accidental circumstances settle that for you. Never have a live plan or inspiration yourself, but gaze vacantly on while others carry forward the movements that refine and cultivate.

In politics let "um" do it. Let the saloon or the corrupt gang rule, because it takes thought and effort to down them. To think out your own opinions in public affairs and act upon them ought not to be expected if you have dedicated your life to a career of helplessness.

But perhaps you will decide that you have powers which, if trained and directed with conscience and with steady purpose, will enable you to lead, instead of to trail after; to help, instead of to be helped; to carry your ninety-nine, instead of being one of the ninety-nine to hang upon a stronger man.

If so, you must accept responsibility. Cultivate strength rather than weakness. Think your own thoughts. Form—with the aid of good counsel—your own plans. Execute with steady purpose. When the tired feeling comes on, summon that ready and commanding help, the will. If the backbone develops signs of weakness, take for a tonic or stimulant a few bracing chapters out of the biography of Lincoln, McKinley, Gladstone, or any other man who, with God's help and a great aim, has achieved results. You will in due time take your place in the small and elect company of the world's helpers.

Boy Journalists

THE MISSOURI AMATEUR, published occasionally by Berry H. Akers, of Richmond, Mo., in its September issue gives some very good ideas as to the liberal treatment of new recruits in the ranks of amateur journalism, and also in regard to interesting those who have some literary abilities, but who have not yet become recruits. THE ACORN is a bi-monthly issued by Frederick T. Thomas, Jr., and Charles B. Phillips, from 2401 Channing Way, Berkeley, Cal. It is a worthy publication, both typographically and editorially. The contents consist principally of editorials and reviews, all written in good style and with good judgment. Amateur Journalists seem to thrive well in California. Our desk has been visited by many amateur papers from that State, and among them some of the best we have seen. THE JUNIOR JOURNALIST, published by N. Stoller, 22 N. Desplaines street, Chicago, and edited by William R. Murphy, of Philadelphia, in its August issue gives some excellent practical information and advice to amateurs who wish to use their literary talents for professional and money-making purposes. The leading article is an essay by Foster Gilroy on Edgar Allen Poe, a series of such articles being published under the title, "Masters of Literature." The B'D is still published weekly by Benjamin D. Carver and Helen H. and Hazel D. Hosterman, 206 Ferncliff avenue, Springfield, Ohio. The publishers certainly deserve credit for perseverance, the issue before us being the fifty sixth consecutive number, and also for their good editorial work. The Bud is not a thing of beauty, for it is published simply on newspaper paper, but then it is a neighborhood newspaper, so magazine style should not be expected. FRIENDSHIP JUNIOR is published by Cornelius A. Nichols, Jr., of Chill, N. Y. The editor explains that he has added the "Junior" to the name because he intends to publish Friendship in an enlarged form soon, making a four column paper of it, the present issue being magazine size. The yellow cover with simply the name and date printed in red and green ink is neat, if not pretty. RAVELINS is published monthly by Roy M. Norcross, 241 S. Sixth street, Monmouth, Ill. It is what might be called a "thumb-nail" paper, being four pages of one column each and about four inches long. It naturally does not contain much matter, but it is neatly gotten up and is a worthy beginning from which its young editor may grow to greater things. THE MONMOUTH AMATEUR PRESS CLUB, at Monmouth, Ill., although the town is not a large one, has seven members. Meetings are held every two weeks and the club is connected with the U. A. P. A., its officers being W. Ray Smith, President; Fred Hickman, Vice President; Roy M. Norcross, Secretary; Clifford Hamilton, Manuscript Manager; and J. Stewart Jamieson, Literary Director. Although the club is small and its members young, two or three papers are published by them.

The Young Journalist—Clyde C. Tull.

It is a peculiarly pleasant sensation to see one's own articles in print and when you get pay for them the sensation is all the more enjoyable. Ever since I was in the high school, I have taken an interest in journalism, and perhaps my experience in that line may prove of aid to other boys who like newspaper work. I am correspondent for four metropolitan newspapers. I syndicate the news items I collect; so, by making four copies of a write-up of any event, I make out of one happening four times as much as I would if I were correspondent for only one paper. As the town in which I live is small there are not very many happenings of general interest, so I have adopted a plan to gain access to more news. I act as correspondent for the newspapers of other towns of the county and receive as compensation stationery and subscriptions to the papers. Out of these very often I can get news items which have not appeared in the city papers. In this way one can pretty nearly cover the county. But if one is on the lookout for news there is generally something to write about. In nearly every town there is some old settler to give reminiscences, some person to contribute a story about a celebrity who is attracting general interest, some historic landmark, some little boy or girl who is a natural musician, or artist or inventive genius. About these one can write, and I have found that such matter is generally acceptable to newspapers. Such people will often furnish material for a magazine article. Not long ago I had a photograph and short article about a little armless boy who was a good writer and mathematician, accepted by a first class magazine, and received three dollars for them. During campaign year, one can always find political news. Once, in covering a congressional nominating convention, I found difficulty in getting the delegates to talk because I was so young, but I managed to get the news all right. Sometimes I do not gauge correctly the value of a news

Item and send in stuff that is not printed. Sometimes I do not condense the matter sufficiently and it is changed by the editor. But more often, I think, the news is printed just as I write it, and then I know that I am improving.

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PHILOLOGY DEPARTMENT—LEONHARD FELIX FULD

- Aaron Abbott.....Aaron—noble; from the Hebrew. Abbott—head of a monastery; a name denoting an occupation; English. Adolphus Armstrong.....Adolphus—noble wolf, i. e., noble hero; from the German. Armstrong—a man with a strong arm; i. e., brave and strong; a name denoting a personal characteristic; English. Alfred Baker.....Alfred—wise councillor; from the German. Baker—a baker; name derived from occupation. Alexander Black.....Alexander—from the Greek; a defender of men. Black—a man of swarthy complexion or with black hair; a name denoting a personal characteristic. Augustus Bull.....Augustus—from the Latin; noble and royal. Bull—brave and strong as a bull, name derived from name of an animal. Bernard Campbell.....Bernard—German; brave as a bear. Campbell—Scotch; belonging to the clan which has bells. Benedict Carpenter.....Benedict—Latin; blessed. Carpenter—name of occupation, a carpenter. Benjamin Castle.....Benjamin—Hebrew; son of the right hand. Castle—name derived from place of abode; a castle. Calvin Churchill.....Calvin—Latin; bald-headed. Churchill—living on the hill where the church is; name derived from place of abode. Charles Clark.....Charles—German; strong. Clark—English; a scribe or a minister. Christian Earle.....Christian—a believer in Christ. Earle—a nobleman in England. David Fisher.....David—Hebrew; beloved. Fisher—English; a fisherman; name denoting an occupation. Edward Fox.....Edward—guardian of property. Fox—English; shrewd as a fox; name derived from name of an animal. Ernest French.....Ernest—German; an earnest man; a name denoting a personal characteristic. French—a Frenchman; name derived from place of abode. Leopold Germann.....Leopold—German; bold for the good of the people. Germann—a German; name derived from place of abode. Gregory Jordan.....Gregory—German; watchful. Jordan—name of a river in Asiatic Turkey; name derived from place of abode. Leonard Keller.....Leonard—German; brave as a lion. Keller—German; cellar; or one who frequents a wine-cellar. Lemuel Mayer.....Lemuel—Hebrew; created by God. Mayer—Latin; the elder son. Nathan Parker.....Nathan—Hebrew; a gift. Parker—one in charge of a park; a gardener. Victor Prettyman.....Victor—Latin; a conqueror. Prettyman—a good-looking man; name derived from personal characteristics.

A boy who wishes to know the meaning of his name may learn it by sending us twenty five cents, which pays for the expense of investigation. The editor of this department is an expert philologist, with access to the most complete philological library in the country.

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consideration whatever about this prize offer. Everybody can enter the competition. We make this offer because we believe there are hundreds of people who have a talent for drawing and do not realize it, and we want an opportunity to interest them in this profession. We know that we can be of help to them in bringing out their artistic talent.

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If you can furnish proper recommendations and show the school that you are ambitious to get ahead, it is possible that the Directors may issue you a Free Tuition Contract. This would allow you a complete course in any of the above professions, covering a period of one or two years, according to the length of time it requires the school to educate you. Under this contract no tuition fee will be required of you whatsoever until the school has educated you and has placed you in a permanent position, paying at least \$13 per week. When writing to the Registrar, please state explicitly the subject which interests you.

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# THE AMERICAN BOY

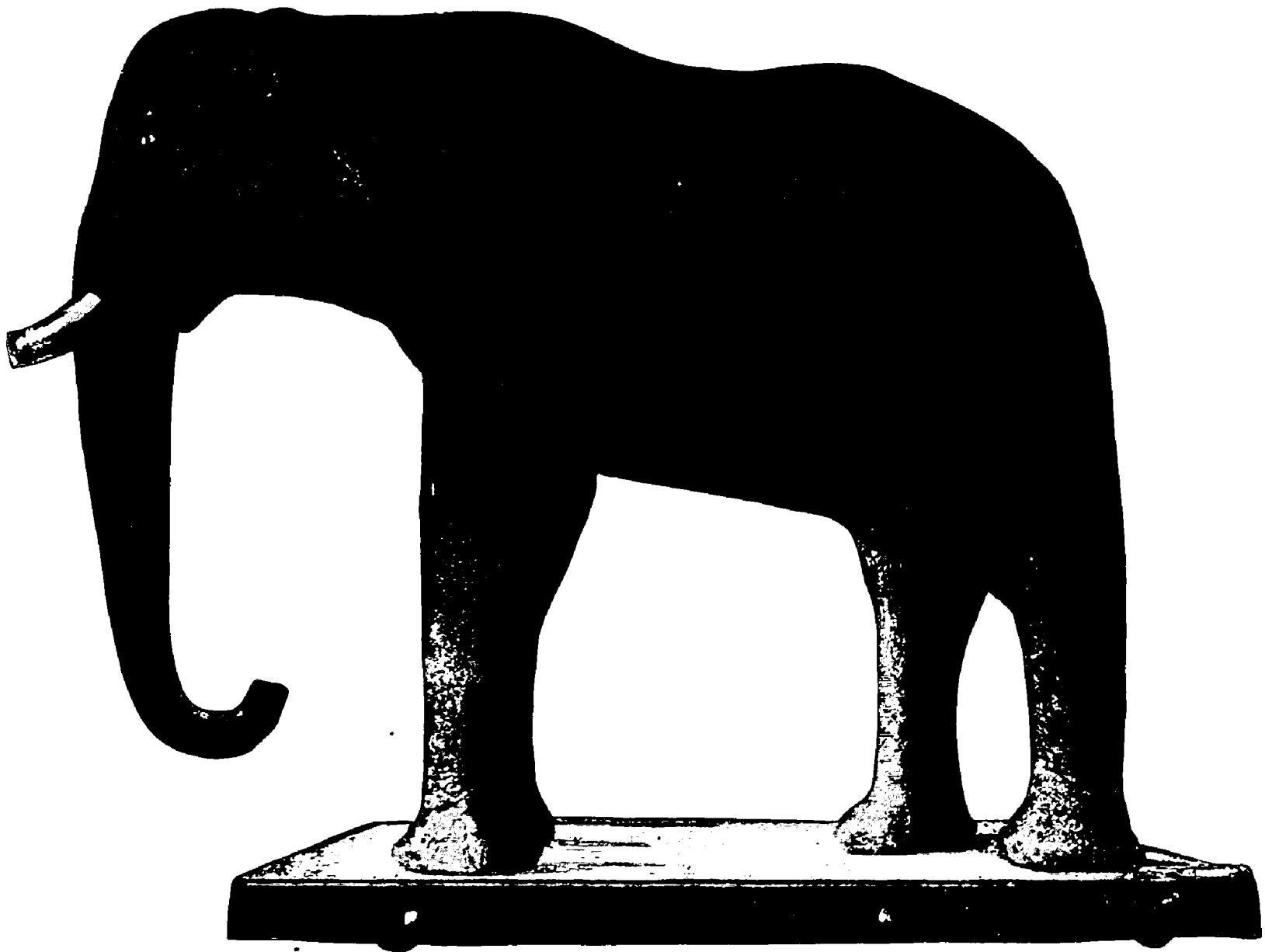
MONTHLY  
Vol. 4, No. 2

*Detroit, Michigan, December, 1902*

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## Jumbo—King of Elephants

From a photograph of his majesty as he stands stuffed and mounted at Tufts College.  
This photograph was taken expressly for THE AMERICAN BOY.



Jumbo was born in the wilds of Africa, was captured when an infant, spent his nursery days in Paris and 25 years of his life in London. Sailed for America in 1882. Run down by a railway engine in Canada and killed Sept. 16, 1885.

# Napoleon

## A History Written for

### CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

#### THE CONQUEROR OF ITALY.

**B**UT the Austrians were tenacious. Their Council at Vienna at once organized a new army of 60,000 men, the fifth that had been raised for the purpose of crushing Napoleon, and put Alvinzi at its head. At the same time the Pope had 40,000 men and Naples 30,000 ready, in case disaster should come to the French arms, to rise and sweep them from Italy. The Tyrolese, whose loyalty to Austria was so great, hardy mountaineers as they were, and perhaps the best sharpshooters the world has ever seen, flocked to the standard of Austria as they had done in the four previous campaigns. Napoleon proclaimed that every Tyrolese caught in arms should be shot as a brigand. Alvinzi replied that for every murdered peasant he would hang a French prisoner of war. Napoleon rejoined that the first execution of this threat would be followed by the gibbeting of Alvinzi's own nephew, who was in his hands. None of these threats were carried out.

Alvinzi sent a spy to Mantua to tell Wurmser and his 26,000 Austrians that a new army was ready to attempt his relief, and to say that if things came to the worst he should fight his way out of Mantua, retire on Romagna, and put himself at the head of the Pope's forces. The spy was captured, and, being brought before Napoleon, confessed that he had swallowed the ball of wax in which the dispatch was wrapped. His stomach was compelled to surrender its contents, and Napoleon, learning the secret, prepared to meet the enemy.

Alvinzi's army, repeating the blunder so often made by the Austrians, divided itself into two parts, one under the commander-in-chief coming down the Adige, the other under Provera coming down the Brenta, and intending to strike across to the lower Adige and join Wurmser. Napoleon sent Joubert to Rivoli to dispute that position, and Augereau to watch Provera. The first fighting took place at Rivoli. Napoleon hurried there from Verona in time to be present in a great battle in which he had three horses shot under him. The army of Alvinzi was routed. Napoleon then heard that Provera had forced his way to the Lago di Garda, and by marching all day and all night toward Mantua the French reached that point just as Provera's troops came upon the scene. Night fell with the two armies in sight of each other. Napoleon passed the night walking about the outposts in great anxiety. At one of these he found a grenadier asleep by the root of a tree, and, taking his gun, without awakening him, performed a sentinel's duty in his place. The man, starting from his slumbers, and perceiving with terror the face of his general, fell on his knees before him. "My friend," said Napoleon, "here is your musket. You have fought hard and marched long and your sleep is excusable; but a moment's inattention might at present ruin the army. I happened to be awake and have held your post for you. You will be more careful another time." This story, and scores of others like it, flying from soldier to soldier, inspired the army with a zeal and a devotion to their young leader the like of which the world has never seen.

The next day came the battle of St. George, which ended with Provera in retreat. Then Wurmser attempted to bring his forces out of Mantua but was forced to return. Provera found himself entirely cut off from Alvinzi and surrounded by the French, so he and 5,000 of his men laid down their arms. So great was the terror inspired by the name of Napoleon at this time that another body of 6,000 Austrians surrendered to but five hundred French. Then the brave Wurmser asked for terms, and Napoleon gave an example of a courtesy characteristic of his better moments. Not only did he make such favorable terms with his old enemy that the Directory at home were displeased, but, when taken to task for it, he said: "I have granted the Austrians such terms as were in my judgment due to a brave and honorable enemy and to the dignity of the French Republic." Wurmser and his garrison marched out of Mantua, but Napoleon refusing to be present and witness the humiliation of the distinguished veteran, delegated to one of his generals the duty of receiving his sword.

The loss of the Austrians at Mantua was 26,000 men, all their military stores, 500 brass cannon, and sixty stands of colors. Napoleon sent Augereau to Paris to present these colors to the Directory. At sight of them Paris was frantic with joy and a national festival was proclaimed.

While all this was in progress Rome trembled. Nothing like the fear and dismay that filled its streets had been known since the days when the barbarian hordes had swept down upon them from the north. The Papal armies were defeated at Imola; Faenza was carried by the bayonet; Ancona was taken, and then Loreto, a place famous for its



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

wealth and its treasures. The priests, particularly those who had fled from France at the breaking out of the Revolution, were filled with the deepest terror, till Napoleon issued a proclamation that none of this class should be molested. The Pope then sued for peace and the treaty of Tolentino followed, by which the Pope gave to the conqueror the territory of Avignon, Ferrara, Bologna, Romagna, and a part of Ancona, besides \$2,000,000 and one hundred of the finest works of art in Rome. The Directory at home urged that the Pope be dethroned, but Napoleon thought and acted otherwise, leaving to him a part at least of his ancient patrimony.

Napoleon was now master of all Northern Italy save the territory of Venice. Venice could raise 50,000 men. She professed to be neutral. Napoleon suspected her and sent word that any breach of neutrality would bring down upon her vengeance and the destruction of her ancient government. And, too, the Austrians were still unconquered. A large Austrian army was bivouacked at Friule under the command of a new general, this time a young man, the Archduke Charles, who had made a splendid record with the army on the Rhine. One division of the Austrian army was stationed on the Tyrolese frontier, and another on the Friuliese. Napoleon, who had received 20,000 fresh troops, met the enemy on the Tagliamento. Appearing before them he made a display of force, then feigned a retreat. In the moment's lull that followed he sprang forward, forded the river, and struck the Austrians a blow before they were prepared. Then began an Austrian

# Bonaparte

## Boys by the Editor

retreat which lasted for twenty days, during which ten pitched battles were fought and Friule, Trieste, Styria, and every stronghold in Carinthia fell into Napoleon's hands. The Archduke then rushed on to Vienna, the Austrian capital. In the meantime the Venetians in Napoleon's rear had thrown off their neutrality. The Archduke expected and hoped that Napoleon would be lured on to Vienna, where far from his base of supplies and in the heart of the enemy's country, with hostile armies in his front and his rear, he would be destroyed. So great was the terror at this time in Vienna that the royal family fled terror-stricken into Hungary, carrying with them little Marie Louisa, afterwards the wife of Napoleon, then but six years old.

But Napoleon was not to be thus trapped. The Venetians were massacring the wounded French in the hospitals of Verona and elsewhere. They were cutting off Napoleon's supplies and were shutting up his troops in their garrisons. Napoleon first wrote the Archduke Charles as a brother soldier, begging of him to put an end to war with a fair treaty. The Archduke refused, though later he was compelled to do so by his superiors. Then without waiting Napoleon turned his column and swept back like an Alpine tempest upon Venice.

When the news came to Venice of the retreat of the Archduke Charles, and that the all-conquering Napoleon, with vengeance in his hand, was flying at the head of his army to punish, she trembled and supplicated. Napoleon was angry. "French blood," he said, "has been treacherously shed. If you could offer me the treasures of Peru, if you could cover your whole dominion with gold, the atonement would be insufficient—the lion of St. Mark must lick the dust."

Venice surrendered to him without a blow. The oligarchy ceased to rule, and a democratic government on the model of France was set up. Large territory was surrendered to the French, besides five ships, \$600,000 in gold and the same amount in naval stores, twenty of the best pictures, and five hundred manuscripts. The Venetian senate tried to bribe Napoleon with a purse of \$1,400,000. He rejected it with scorn, as he did a bribe of \$800,000 tendered by the Duke of Modena, and one far more princely offered by Austria. To Austria he answered, "I thank thee, Emperor, but if greatness is to be mine it shall come from France."

Venice turned over to the conqueror also something of more importance even than money, and that was the person of Count D'Entraigues, a representative of the Royalists, and his papers. The papers were sent to Paris, and by them it was proved that Pichegru, a great general of France, the conqueror of Holland, was a traitor.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### PEACE WITH AUSTRIA—THE COURT OF MONTE BELLO.

Napoleon had set out at the head of a disheartened army, in the face of insurmountable difficulties, to do four things: To compel the King of Sardinia to abandon his alliance with Austria, to weaken the Austrians so as to draw away from them the Italians, to compel the Pope, who more than secretly was



MAP FOR STUDY IN CONNECTION WITH THE READING OF NAPOLEON'S CAMPAIGN IN NORTHERN ITALY.



opposing the Republic, to submit, and to make the Republic respected, independent and powerful among the nations of the earth. In four weeks he had defeated the Sardinians, and in less than two years had destroyed six Austrian armies, had humbled the Pope, had transformed Northern Italy into independent republics in alliance with France, had made the name of the Republic feared and respected throughout the world, and won for himself a place higher than that of Alexander, or Caesar, or Frederick II. He had done all of these things by the aid of soldiers, the bravest the world has ever seen, passionately devoted to their young commander. He had done it by the exercise of an energy and intelligence on the field of battle never surpassed nor equaled by a commander. Instead of adopting the old tactics of war, he invented new ones. Instead of waiting for supplies, he depended upon what the invading territory could furnish. He marched with a rapidity never before heard of. If speed was necessary to meet an emergency, baggage, cannon, clothing, everything was sacrificed to it. He could concentrate men more swiftly, could detect a weak spot in the enemy's line or plan easier, could take advantage more surely and more speedily of the enemy's weaknesses, than could any commander the world had ever known. He was always doing the unexpected. He never waited for the enemy. He counted nothing as impossible. He braved everything himself, and expected every soldier to do the same. He filled the hearts of his men, by his example and his precept, with veneration and affection, the extent of which can scarcely be understood. An old Hungarian officer, questioned as to the state of the war, said: "He is a young man who knows absolutely nothing of the rules of war. Today he is in our rear, tomorrow on our flank, next day again in our front. Such violations of the principles of the art of war are intolerable."

The "Little Corporal" was now virtually the master of all Italy; still there was much to be done. Nearly every state in Italy had been torn from its foundations. Boundary lines that had existed for centuries had been blotted out. The people were crying for a democratic government and for liberty. Bonaparte set to work at once to bring order out of chaos. He established his residence at Montebello, a beautiful palace near Milan, and sent for his wife, Josephine, his mother, his brothers Joseph and Louis, and his beautiful sister Pauline, then sixteen years old, whom the poet Arnault declared to be the prettiest woman in the world.

As Bonaparte was perhaps the most distinguished man in Europe, so Josephine now becomes the most distinguished woman. Montebello becomes the most brilliant court in Europe. At one end of the palace receptions and balls followed one another on a scale of magnificence not equaled by that of any king in Europe, with Josephine, gracious, witty, and beautiful, as the queen of all hearts. Of her Madame de Remusat said, "Love seems to come every day to place at her feet a new conquest over a people entranced with its conqueror." At the other end of the palace was Napoleon in the bloom and splendor of his life, the center of the world's gaze, holding in his hand the destiny of nearly every European state. Napoleon gave but one hour a day to society, while for the rest of the time, allowing himself scarcely time for sleep and food, he received couriers from kings and princes soliciting his influence or imploring his protection, and spent his time in formulating plans for the establishment of republics and the betterment of the condition of the people of Italy. He projected roads, canals, bridges, harbors, arsenals and institutions of learning, calling about him scholars, and artists, and statesmen, and giving to the world an unparalleled exhibition of wisdom and energy. In excusing himself from joining in the great festivities of the court, he said, "I only subdue provinces; Josephine conquers hearts."

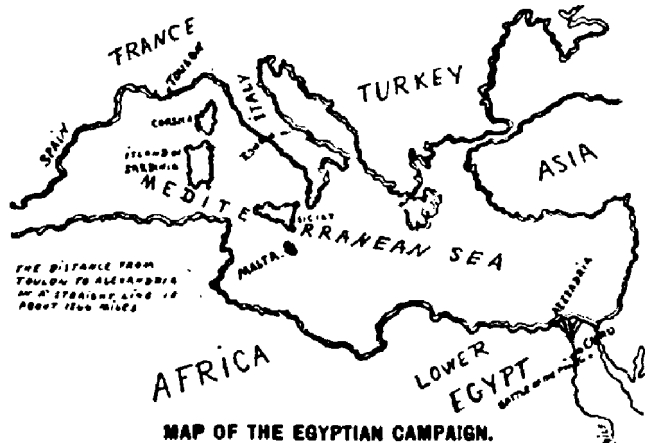
Soon a formal treaty was made with Austria known as the Treaty of Campo Formio, from the little town where the treaty was signed. The Austrian commissioners met Napoleon there and demanded terms to which he would not accede, threatening that if he did not accept them Russia and Austria would together compel him to adopt terms less favorable. When this proposition was made, Napoleon rose from the table at which they were sitting, took from the sideboard a porcelain vase that was said to have been given to one of the commissioners by Catherine of Russia, and said, "Gentlemen, the truce is broken; war is declared; but, remember, in three months I will demolish your monarchy as I now shatter this porcelain." He then dashed the vase into fragments on the floor, and bowing, abruptly withdrew, entered his carriage, and urged his horses at full speed toward the headquarters of the army. The Austrians immediately agreed to Napoleon's terms, and the next day a treaty was signed which extended the boundary of France to the Rhine on the north, compelled Austria to recognize the republics of Northern Italy, and liberated Lafayette, who had for four years been lying in an Austrian dungeon.

A congress of all the German States was now called at Restadt, and Napoleon was appointed by France as her representative. He at once set out

to fulfil his commission, accompanied by the love and acclamations of the army he was leaving forever, and hailed along the route through Switzerland by illuminations, processions, bonfires, the ringing of bells and the huzzas of the people. Some one who saw him at that time said that he showed a calm, pensive and thoughtful aspect, and that he was thin and pale, and bore an air of fatigue. While listening to those who conversed with him, he seemed to be thinking above and beyond them. He was doubtless dreaming of the day when he should be a greater Napoleon, though all the world seemed then to be at his feet. It was at this time, it may be believed, that he formulated roughly in his mind that plan of universal conquest, in which, by humbling the kings of the earth, he should set France on the pinnacle, and who knows but a Bonaparte as a world ruler. England, that ancient and hereditary enemy of France, whose hand had been seen and felt in every move against republican France, must be humbled. It was not Napoleon who first conceived of striking England by putting in danger her provinces in the far east, but it was Napoleon who first saw and grasped at the opportunity.

Things were not going well in France. The Directory had become unpopular and were quarreling among themselves; indeed, Barras, the most powerful of them, had called on the army to protect him and his partisans from personal violence and keep the government secure. Napoleon sent Augereau, with a strong body of veteran soldiers, to Paris, and that rough warrior soon mended matters.

Napoleon himself stayed but two days at Restadt. Then, rushing like a meteor through France, he arrived in Paris on the seventh of December, 1797, after an absence of eighteen months. Everybody in Paris wanted to see the youthful hero, but Napoleon



was nowhere to be seen. What had become of him? He was there; but dressed in the garb of a plain citizen, he kept himself unobserved from the multitude. He and Josephine took a small house and lived unostentatiously, cultivating the society of men of learning.

The Directory, although jealous of Napoleon and fearful that the people would turn them out of office and put Napoleon at the head of affairs, yet found it necessary to give to the conqueror of Italy a reception worthy of his services. The reception took place on December tenth, 1797. Perhaps no grander ovation was ever given a man than that given to the fragile figure with the pale, wasted cheeks, dressed in the plain clothes of a citizen, and accompanied by the distinguished Talleyrand and the officers of the armies of France, arrayed in their gorgeous liveries. Talleyrand introduced him, saying, "Every Frenchman must feel himself elevated by the hero of his country." In making reply, Napoleon handed to the Directory the Treaty of Campo Formio, and said: "Citizens: The French people, in order to be free, had kings to combat. To obtain a constitution founded on reason, it had the prejudices of eighteen centuries to overcome. Priestcraft, feudalism, despotism, have successively for two thousand years governed Europe. From the peace you have just concluded dates the era of representative governments. You have succeeded in organizing the great nation whose vast territory is circumscribed only because Nature herself has fixed its limits. You have done more. The two finest countries in Europe, formerly so renowned for the arts, the sciences and the illustrious men, whose cradle they were, see with the greatest hopes genius and freedom issuing from the tombs of their ancestors. I have only to deliver the treaty signed at Campo Formio and ratified by the Emperor. Peace secures the liberty, the prosperity and the glory of the Republic. As soon as the happiness of France is secured by the best organic laws, the whole of Europe will be free." He ceased amid the shouts of "Live Napoleon, the conqueror of Italy, the pacificator of Europe, the savior of France!" Barras made reply, saying, "Nature has exhausted her energies in the production of a Bonaparte." A new song called the "Hymn of Liberty" was then sung in full chorus, accompanied by a great orchestra, and the five Directors arose and encircled Napoleon in their arms. Thiers says, "All heads were overcome with intoxication."

Talleyrand also gave a great ball costing over twelve thousand francs. The French Institute elected Napoleon one of its members—a distinguished honor for one so young—and from that time on during his stay in Paris Napoleon, dressed in the garb of the Institute, associated with learned men, attended lectures and studied problems of science and philosophy. When he made reply to the offer of membership in the Institute, he said, "True conquests—the only ones which leave no regret behind them—are those which are made over ignorance."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN—BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

The Directory were now intent upon making war against England, who had all along continued to offer aid to the enemies of France. No peace in France could be secure with that powerful enemy riding mistress of the seas and plotting against her in every court of Europe. The plan of the Directory was to land an army in England and march to London. Bonaparte was called upon to head the enterprise, but after a week spent on the northern coast of France, during which he weighed all the chances, he set out for Paris, determined to oppose the attempt, but with a plan secretly formulated in his own mind of attacking England by way of Egypt, and cutting her off from intercourse with her territories in India. The Directory, always jealous of Napoleon and still compelled by his popularity among the people and in the army to keep him at the front, listened eagerly to this plan, which would not only, if successful, strike a mortal blow at England but also remove from France Bonaparte himself, and gave to it their consent. With his usual energy, Bonaparte set to work to raise an army for the Egyptian campaign, allowing it to be understood that the real purpose of the preparations was an attack on England at home. He drew from the army of Italy a strong body of his old veterans, commanded by such men as Murat, who had done heroic service in the campaigns against Austria. He did what never before had been done—added to his staff a body of one hundred learned men known as "savants," members of the French Institute, who, carrying with them books and maps and scientific instruments, were to make conquests for science and art, as fast as the army made conquests of men and territory.

The army rendezvoused at Toulon, where a powerful fleet was being collected to transport it across the Mediterranean; but Nelson, the Neptune of the seas, the greatest sea fighter England ever had, was also on the Mediterranean with a strong fleet watching the harbor of Toulon. But fate still favored the "Little Corporal." A wild tempest coming down from the Alps drove the English ships far out into the Mediterranean, compelling them to put into Sardinia for repairs. By daybreak of the morning after the storm the whole French fleet put to sea—a sight magnificent and inspiring, for when the sun rose twenty miles of water were covered with sails, and thirteen battleships, fourteen frigates and four hundred transports were rushing before a favoring wind, carrying forty thousand of the best soldiers of France and ten thousand sailors, the latter under the command of Admiral Brueyes, a sea commander second only to Nelson.

On June tenth, 1798, the fleet appeared off the island of Malta, where, behind an impregnable fortress, were the Knights of Malta, successors of the Christian warriors of time gone by, who had bound themselves by oath to rescue the tomb of Christ from the infidel. But the knights of Napoleon's day were not those who had once upheld the banner of the Cross. They were luxury-loving and indolent, and, we are led to suspect, easily tempted by bribes, for Malta was surrendered to Napoleon, with its 1,200 cannon, its 10,000 pounds of powder and its 40,000 muskets, without a blow.

Leaving a garrison to defend Malta, the French fleet continued its way. Nelson was now in hot pursuit, and taking a more direct line than were the French, he reached Egypt first. Not finding the French there, he sailed off to the east in search of them. Then Napoleon slipped by without being seen and entered the harbor of Alexandria at the mouth of the Nile. Immediately disembarking, he sent a portion of the army to attack Alexandria, the ancient home of the Ptolemies and of Cleopatra. The suddenness of their coming had given little opportunity for defense, and with the loss of only three hundred men the French poured into the city.

Egypt nominally belonged to Turkey, but her real rulers were the Mamelukes, an order of fierce warriors, who, dividing the country up into twenty four districts, with a chief Mameluke at the head of each, terrorized and kept the country in subjection. Bonaparte at once announced that he had come to free Egypt from the Mamelukes and professed his friendship for Turkey; but England saw to it that the Turkish government were not deceived, and that it would have none of his friendship. Bonaparte gave orders that the religion of the people should be

respected, and he himself went so far as to express a belief in the Koran and in Mahomet.

On July seventh, Bonaparte led his army out of Alexandria toward Cairo with the purpose of meeting the Mamelukes in battle. The heat was terrific. The sands of the desert were heavy. There was little or no water. Soldiers died of fatigue and thirst, on the way. The Mameluke horsemen, appearing singly and in groups, harassed the line of march and brutally butchered every Frenchman who fell wearied by the wayside. The soldiers murmured and threatened open revolt. Even such men as Murat and Lannes threw their hats upon the sand and stamped upon their cockades in their anger. Bonaparte was the same imperturbable, sphinx-like leader. He wore his uniform buttoned up to the throat and not a drop of perspiration showed upon his brow. He was the last to go to sleep at night and the first to awaken in the morning. After fourteen days of unparalleled suffering the army reached the pyramids, and from a slight eminence near by saw encamped at their base the Mameluke army of 20,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry, with forty cannon. Napoleon went forward with a few of his staff, and by the aid of glasses saw that the enemy's guns were without carriages and could not easily be moved. Taking advantage of this fact he drew his columns off out of range of the guns and there prepared for the attack. The Mameluke commander, Mourad Bey at once threw the whole force of his cavalry upon the French line. In an instant Bonaparte formed his men into separate squares and thus awaited the attack.

The Mameluke cavalry were the best cavalry in the world. The men had been trained to fight on horseback from childhood. Their horses were the

noblest Arabians. Their pistols and carbines were of the finest English manufacture and their swords were of Damascus steel. They wore plumed turbans and garments that shone in the sun, and each man carried with him his entire wealth. This intrepid body of 10,000 savage horsemen plunged in a solid mass, with gleaming weapons and terrifying shrieks, upon the solid lines of French infantry. Bonaparte shouted to his men: "Soldiers! From those summits (pointing to the pyramids) forty centuries look down upon your actions." The onswep of the Mameluke horse raised a cloud of impenetrable dust, blinding the eye and choking the throat. The five French squares stood the impetu-

ous onset like solid rock. Not one was broken; not one wavered. The Mamelukes threw away their lives with the utmost recklessness. They even wheeled their horses round, and reined them back upon the enemy, that they might kick their way into these lines of living men. Unable to break the ranks, they hurled their pistols and carbines at the heads of the French. They displayed superhuman bravery; and not until more than two thousand of their number lay upon the burning sand did they turn and flee. "Could I have united the Mameluke horse to the French infantry," said Bonaparte. "I should have reckoned myself master of the world." The infantry, too, fled in confusion to the banks of the Nile and plunged in, attempting to swim to the farther bank and thousands thus lost their lives.

Scarcely had victory been assured than the savants began the exploration of the pyramids. Bonaparte himself after the battle entered their mysterious portals and stood amid the mummies of the Pharaohs. At night, as the undisputed conqueror of lower Egypt, he took up his abode in the country palace of Mourad Bey, where many hours were passed in exploring its oriental splendors. Many a French soldier was made rich after the battle of the pyramids by the treasure that he was able to take from the body of a single Mameluke, the gold and the trappings alone on any one Mameluke being worth from \$1,200 to \$2,000.

This bloody battle cost the French scarcely one hundred men killed and wounded, while more than 10,000 of the enemy perished. "But," as Sir Walter Scott says, "it was not the will of Heaven that even the most fortunate of men should escape reverses, and a severe one awaited Bonaparte."

(To be continued.)



The Mameluke commander, Mourad Bey, at once threw the whole force of his cavalry upon the French line.

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A Moose Hunt on the Yukon

The following story was written in the form of a letter by one of the participants in the hunt, addressed "To whom it may concern," and found in an old desk by a gentleman who sent it to THE AMERICAN BOY, believing that it would interest its readers.—The Editor.

Perhaps nowhere in North America is the moose, the King of the Forest, so abundantly found as in the Yukon territory, in the mountainous regions embracing the foothills of the Rockies, where there is abundant pasture making an ideal park for moose.

A moose has some of the characteristics of man, noticeably inquisitiveness and restlessness. A herd of moose will not stay in one locality long. When "salt hungry" they will stay from a week to ten days in a region where they can satisfy this hunger; then they are off for new feeding grounds. When on the run they easily cover fifty miles a day, and if compelled to do so can make from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles a day without rest.

A Yankee lad, Kid his companions called him, having learned something about moose from old hunters, decided to hunt them. He found as a companion a Swede who had traveled all over the world and had a profound knowledge of Nature's secrets; we shall call him Tom. They decided to take the steamer up the Yukon to an old trading post on the Sixty Mile river. From there they were to strike off into the country for about thirty miles and, making camp, stay there until the river froze and then go down over the ice on sleds, a trip of three days, to Dawson. The boat up the Yukon was to sail the following morning, and much work was to be done to get ready. Tom got his 45-90 Winchester ready—a small cannon, by the way, which had done him good service in the state of Washington among the deer and black bear. Kid saw that his .303 Savage was in good order and no grease left on it, for freezing weather was to be expected and a frozen gun wouldn't be of much account in a predicament.

The steamer on which they were to take passage up the Yukon was the Ora, but she must not be confused with any of the Atlantic flyers. Her dimensions were eighty feet in length by fifteen feet beam, and, like the bad boy who would not go to school, she had to be forced forward by paddles. The two hunters were stowed away forward alongside of the boiler with about fifteen other passengers who were making for the outside world on the last steamer up the Yukon before the ice came. The trip up deserves some mention. It was almost time for the river to freeze solid. The chief engineer, purser, first and second cooks had jumped their jobs, afraid of being frozen up some place along the river, so Kid volunteered his services as second cook, or washer of "spuds" (by which name potatoes were known) and dirty dishes. His offer was accepted, and in way of payment one peck of "spuds," two "mushes" of turnips and three pounds of canned meat were tucked away in the moose hunters' larder. Nothing but wood was burned on the boat, as coal cost at that time about seventy dollars a ton in Dawson, and even cord wood was as high there as eighteen dollars a cord, but along the river the boat got it for about ten dollars. Every two hours the Ora had to stop to wood up. The Yukon has a very swift current so that the boat could make but four miles an hour, and the river was full of sand bars with no signals showing.

Kid and Tom turned in that night on what one in "the States" would call a good bed—for a flower garden; the bunks were about two feet wide, six feet long, and one and a half feet high, and built in four tiers, but when one is tired and has his stomach filled and good warm fur robes to lie on, even the ground is a good sleeping place, so that that first night the hunters slept well. By five the next morning they were off again, and by noon they got into the finest part of the river, the hills towering right over the boat and the snow-capped mountains rearing their heads into the distant sky. Now they were getting into the moose country.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the sun had gone down and the steamer pulled up to the shore, where Tom and Kid left her. Two others left the boat at the same time, one a Swede, whom we shall know as Ole, and a big German by the name of Phil. There they were, with their pots and pans and grub dumped ashore and the steamer puffing its way towards civilization. By mistake they had been landed on the wrong side of the river, but fortunately they found an old canoe into which they dumped their stuff and themselves and proceeded to the other side. At the mouth of a little stream they made camp in good old-fashioned style. The teapot was hung up to boil and the bacon set sizzling in fine shape. After supper pipes came out and hunters' tales were told. Then more logs were piled on, blankets were pulled out, and the four lay down to sleep on pine boughs with the starry heavens for a canopy.

By four o'clock the next morning they were up, had finished breakfast, and were ready for the hunt. Phil went after ducks, while Tom, Ole and Kid started off to see how the land lay. Making for the top of a high hill they divided, Tom going along a high ridge, Ole making for another ridge beyond, and Kid for the valley between. All were to make for the head waters of the creek. There was no snow on the ground. All wore moccasins, enabling them to travel fast and with little noise.

There is little to tell about the first day. The hunters came together at the head waters and each related that he had seen abundant signs of moose but had bagged no game. They were now twelve miles from camp, and they decided to retrace their steps and return in time for a good supper and warm blankets. By eight o'clock in the evening they reached camp, tired and hungry, where they found Phil with a good pot stew of rabbit and duck waiting for them. Early the next morning, with their blankets and three days' provisions on their backs, they set out. By ten o'clock they had made a point where they decided to pitch their camp, hang up their stuff and start out in earnest. Then they divided, as they had done the day before, and off they started. Kid had left Tom, say about fifteen minutes, when off to the left he heard the "Bang! Bang! Bang!" of Tom's Remington, then the crushing through the bushes of some large animal which seemed to be tearing its way along at full speed. Kid threw his gun lever back half way, shut her up tight, loaded with a shell in it that would carry four hundred yards, point blank, and kill at two miles, ready for anything that might come his way. He didn't have to wait long, for here came the moose on a trot. His head reached forward, his neck was straight, his horns touched his back so that no branches could entangle them in his rapid flight. He was coming off to the left

about fifty yards distant from Kid at a speed that would win races on any track, but Kid had no time to get out his stop watch and up went his rifle and then "Bing! Bing!" in rapid succession. The big moose gave two high jumps and down he went, still kicking, a lot of light left in him yet. By the time Kid had reached him it was sorrow, and not joy, that filled his mind, but his feelings soon took a turn as he remembered that beefsteaks were bringing \$1.25 a pound in Dawson and probably would be \$2.25 before the following spring. One more shot and the big brute kicked no more. Kid looked him over as best he could, though it was impossible for him to turn his prize, as he weighed upwards of a thousand pounds, but he could see no mark of Tom's bullets. What had Tom been shooting at? Another moose? If so, they were in luck, sure, and would have enough and to spare for all winter and for the boys back home at "the claim" besides.

Kid left the moose and went to look for Tom, and soon found him seated on the big moose's mate smoking there as contentedly as though he did not have the hardest kind of a job before him, that is, of packing the meat down the river. Soon Ole and Phil put in an appearance, having heard the shots. They said they thought somebody had been shooting at a mark, and great was their joy when they found what the mark really was.

Tom and Kid remained on the spot while the others went back for grub and clothes. In the meantime there was work to do, skinning the moose and cutting them up in sizes small enough to carry twelve miles to the river. This the two boys set about doing. One of the moose, the smaller, had been lifted off the ground before Ole and Phil had left for camp.

By eight o'clock in the evening the hide and head had been taken off and then snow began to fall and it was turning colder. A big fire was built and boughs were cut to sleep on. Kid kept the fire going until midnight, while Tom was to awaken at that hour and keep it up until three. About two, however, Tom fell asleep, and Kid was awakened by something coming through the thicket. Hastily arousing Tom, they cautiously crept out into the bush, and in a moment there was a crack of Tom's rifle. Just as the moose fell from its fastenings with a big bear hanging to it. It took six well placed shots to kill the robber. When daylight came it was found that they had added to their spoils a fine specimen of a "silver tip." Then Ole and Phil came from camp and soon hot coffee and "flapjacks" were sending their delightful aroma into the frozen air. Indeed, it was so cold that when Phil threw one of his flapjacks up into the air from the skillet to turn it, it had almost to be pulled down from its aerial flight.

It took until noon of the next day to finish dressing the meat, and three days more to drag and carry it and the bear to the river. Then came the job of building a raft, for they had already obtained so much meat that they did not care to wait for the river to freeze. Already the ice was coming down the river in large cakes, and a few more cold days would freeze it over. Luck was with them, for on the beach they found a large scow that had gone ashore and been abandoned by some unlucky chap. It took all day to drag and pull her to the water's edge. Then all the meat was put in and they were ready to start for Dawson the next morning. By daylight they were off, and the long, cold trip, with the wind blowing icicles, began. But all is well that ends well, and they landed safely in Dawson in due time, with lots of meat and experience, glad indeed to be back once more to a warm cabin.



APPRENTICES ON A TRAINING SHIP.

Our Naval Apprentices.

The day's work begins at the training station at Newport at 5:30 in the morning, with the stirring notes from drum and bugle. A thousand boys leap from their hammocks, roll them up and carry them to their places. Then every boy sits down to a bowl of hot cocoa, after which the bugles sound "Turn to." Then for an hour there is cleaning and scrubbing until everything shines. Then comes morning inspection, and as the youngsters stand in the light of the morning they display rows of countenances which fairly reflect back the rays of the newly risen sun. Then comes a call for breakfast. At 8 o'clock the colors go up to the top of the lofty staff in front of the Administration building and to lively music the boys march in. Uncle Sam provides beefsteak, bread and butter and coffee. After breakfast the bugles sound a sick call, and all boys who are sick, or think they are, report and are

examined by the doctor. Then comes "quarters," when all the divisions are inspected and reported by the divisional officers. "Periods" of instruction follow, continuing until dinner time, when the boys sit down to say roast mutton, potatoes, tomatoes, bread, milk or coffee, ginger snaps, and once a week ice cream and twice a week pie. It is a moving spectacle to see a thousand boys eating ice cream and pie. Soon after dinner "periods" of instruction begin again, lasting until 4:45, when there is recreation and music for three-quarters of an hour. Supper is at 5:45, consisting of cold roast mutton, jelly, bread and butter, tea and cakes. After supper the boys have the time to themselves until hammocks are "piped down" at 8:35. There is a good library open to the boys and an assortment of games which they may play. At bedtime the boys swing their hammocks, arrange their bedclothes and prepare their sleeping places. Shortly before 9 o'clock come the lively notes of tattoo and the apprentices sweep into their hammocks. At 9 the solemn notes of taps are heard and all is quiet. The boys have a football team and a baseball team, and a great many are taken to a circus, or a theater, or to see a baseball game or a parade. Their greatest pleasure is in their boat races, and it is wonderful how quick they learn to manage a boat.

Boys in Other Lands.

FRANK SJOSTRON writes from Paris on October 18, saying that he is on his way to Sweden. He is greatly interested in the omnibuses of Paris, which, he says, are "double-deckers," having seats for passengers on the roof. It costs three cents to ride on the "Imperial," as the roof is termed, and six cents to ride on the inside. The tramways, which go on rails, also are double-decked. French cars have no fenders. Policemen, postmen and



KING EDWARD VII EQUIPPED IN HIS FIRST SAILOR SUIT

soldiers are all dressed in grand uniforms of red and blue with gilt braid. The policemen wear short swords. The large wagons used for drawing heavy loads have two very large wheels, sometimes six or eight feet in diameter. They are drawn by one horse, or, if the loads are heavy, by horses hitched tandem. He thinks the boulevards of Paris are about half as beautiful as the American boulevards. There are no lawns to speak of, and no grass excepting in the parks. There

is hardly room for three persons to walk abreast on some of the sidewalks. One street often has many names. Frank expects to visit the Hotel Des Invalides and there see the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte and the flags and arms which France captured from other nations in war.—LIONEL C. DA COSTA, Port of Spain, Trinidad, sends us a little parcel containing sand and ashes that fell from Mt. Pelee during the great eruption, which was given him by a captain of a steamer. He has begun the collection of stamps and curios, having become interested in it through our Stamp and Curio department. He is also interested in physical culture, and sends us a picture of his cousin, Charles Ramsey, who shows fine physical development.

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# Alfonso XIII—The Boy King of Spain—

Translated from the Nuevo Mundo, Madrid, by Augusta H. Pratt



DONA MARIA CHRISTINA IN 1902.  
THE KING'S MOTHER.

THE INFANT KING AND HIS MOTHER.  
THE KING IN 1900.

DIRECTOR OF HIS MAJESTY'S STUDIES.  
THE KING IN EARLY YOUTH.

ALFONSO XII.  
THE KING'S FATHER.

**S**IXTEEN years ago, when the heir to the Spanish throne was born, Spain rejoiced highly in the presence of what Sagasta termed "the dawn of hope." Today hope has been changed to satisfactory reality. Don Alfonso has completed the number of years which the constitutional requirement has established in order that the heir to the throne may place upon his head the crown of his ancestors.

It is fitting at this time to take a glimpse of these sixteen years of minority, during which the heart and the intelligence of the new sovereign has been formed, under the wise and tender direction of his august mother.

On the 17th of May, 1886, at half after twelve at night, the artillery salutes announced to the people of Madrid the happy event which came to mitigate the sadness and relieve the grief which in November of the previous year had invaded the royal apartments of the "Oriente" Palace.

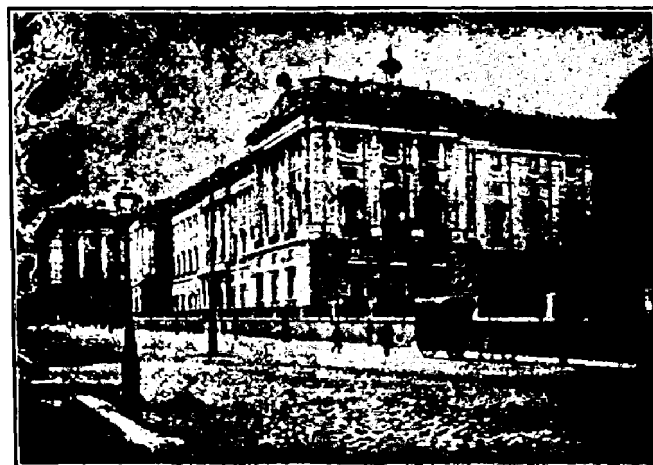
Five days later, on the 22nd of May, the king was baptized in the chapel of the palace by Cardinal Paya, His Holiness Leo XIII., represented by the Nuncio, being godfather, and the Infanta Dona Maria Isabel, godmother, in the presence of the cabinet officials, the great dignitaries of the court, the most distinguished of the nobility and a multitude of people from all classes of society, who took advantage of the permission of the queen to enter the palace and witness the solemn ceremony.

Apartments were fitted up for the accommodation of the king, which were situated immediately over those of the queen. A winding stairway connected the apartments of mother and son, and by this means they have been in constant communication; by this means, also the queen has always watched over the physical and moral health of her successor, ever mindful to keep from him whatever could harm him, and to develop in his heart the germs of goodness and virtue.

We know some of the details of the life at the Palace. When the king was very young, his mother called him "puby," an affectionate word which in German is equivalent to the French "bebe." Every night, a few moments after the king had been conducted to his apartments, Dona Christina was accustomed to tiptoe up the stairs. She always took care that the king should not sleep until he had received the visit from his mother. The queen would seat herself at the head of the brass bed with hangings of blue silk, where the child king was resting, and there, with her face close to the face of her son, between

kisses and caresses, would tell him infantile stories and legends, teach him to pray, and pour into the tender heart of her "puby" ideas and sentiments, of a kind which endure through all time, just as the letters cut in the tender sapling endure in the aged trunks of trees. The queen would not descend to her room until the child slept, and then, in the late hours of the night, she was accustomed to repeat the visit to see if the king slept tranquilly. The serious illness which the king suffered at the age of three put the maternal feelings of Dona Christina to a severe test. Not for a moment did the queen leave the bedside of her son, applying to him the remedies prescribed by the physicians, watching his sleep and remaining at his side for eight days without rest, noting in the countenance of the patient the progress of the disease, and watching for signs of improvement.

The regimen followed by Don Alfonso has been set by his mother. The king always rises at seven in the morning, bathes in cold water, practices gymnastics, and takes a light breakfast. Afterwards he spends a short time with the family. Since he was a very small lad, he has shown a great fondness for military maneuvers and exercises; the glistening of the bayonets, the roll of the cannon, the prancing of the horses, the waving of the flags and the music of the military bands have, from the earliest dawn of life, called, and still call forth in his soul, enthusiasm for the glories of his people and for the heroic deeds of his ancestors. One of



THE ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID IN 1897.

the pleasures of his infancy was to witness, from the balconies of the palace, the relieving of the guard. This fondness for military things, far from diminishing, has gone on increasing in proportion as the king has advanced in years. Not long ago he was seen commanding a battalion of cadets, just as in his play he was used to direct the maneuvers of his infantile battalion in the gardens of Campo del Moro. At the present time, and this clearly proves his love for military things, there is no dress which he wears with more pleasure than the uniform of the army.

Among the advantages which a monarchy has over other forms of government, the partisans of the monarchy point out, that while in republics, the chiefs of state are not educated for the profession of rulers, royal princes, from the day of their birth, and even before their birth, are already destined to rule their respective nations; their infantile plays, their studies, the objects which they have constantly before their vision and all the acts of their existence tend and conspire to awaken in them the ideas and sentiments proper for royalty.

"The Greeks," wrote Arthur Meyer some time ago, "peopled their cities with statues so as to create generations of heroes and gods. The royal prince is educated in a manner which the ancients considered favorable to the formation of great men."

"When he leaves the palace and passes through the streets, the acclamations of his people greet him everywhere, awakening in him the idea of sovereignty and the intuition of his great destiny. Within the palace the courtiers give him an idea of his hierarchy, producing in him the pride of his race, a pride which the voices of his preceptors temper by making him see that above kings, as above peoples, is He whose glory Bismarck exalted, saying: 'He it is to whom alone belongs glory, and majesty and power. He who dictates the law to kings and who exalts and humbles them.'

"The education of the king must also be in accordance with his most lofty mission. The king must know history, for this is, generally speaking, the instructress of life, especially the life of kings; he must know the art of war, for the king must be the first soldier of his people; he must take careful notice of the needs of his subjects, of the laws by which they are governed, of their customs, of their character, of their aspirations, knowing that 'the true king is he who exercises the right to command, not in order to dominate his people, but to be a benefit to them.' His reason must be guided by justice,

his heart by mercy, his acts by prudence. As, according to the saying of the wise king, 'that which is in a high place is seen from afar,' the private conduct of the monarch, if there is such a thing as the private conduct of kings, ought to be most exemplary, since nothing so much demoralizes those in more humble life, as the immorality of those in high life. Besides, the well known maxim, 'Mens sana in corpore sano,' applies more to the monarch than to any other man, for, as Saavedra Fajardo says: 'The glass vase made by a blast of air may by a puff of air be broken, but the golden vase made by the blows of a hammer cannot by the blows of a hammer be broken.'

So, then, the education of the prince, if he must answer to the multiple duties which the supreme power of the state imposes, cannot be limited to instructions purely military, although that may have the important preference. Don Alfonso has been obliged to study, and he has studied with singular profit history and geography, political economy and political law, mathematics, physics and chemistry, literature and languages, painting and music. Besides Spanish, he speaks correctly French, English and German. He plays the piano, and converses with great cleverness upon complicated questions of art and science. With these severe and dry studies are combined other more pleasant instructions, such as horsemanship and fencing. The young monarch finds rest from these labors and exercises in hunting, in photography, and in collecting postal cards, stamps and coins. He is also very fond of classifying minerals.

The good order with which he has distributed his time permits Don Alfonso to carry out his different tasks without fatigue, and to enjoy his hygienic amusements. The first years of his infancy having passed, during which the real director of the august child was the queen regent, aided by the intelligent master Don Regino Zaragoza, there commenced for Don Alfonso the austere labor of study under the direction of General Patricio Aguirre de Tejada, Lieutenant Colonel of Artillery Don Juan Loriga and Chief of Staff Don Miguel Gonzales de Castejon.

The king would begin his recitations at nine in the morning, interrupting them at eleven, the hour at which he would ride out on horseback through the Pardo or the Casa de Campo. Upon his return he was accustomed to take luncheon, accompanied by Senor Aguirre de Tejada and some of the other professors. In the afternoon, after a short recitation, he would go for a stroll or a hunt until four. At that hour he would return to the palace, and after having taken tea in company with his sisters and the queen, he would take up his studies again until the dinner hour, with the exception of a thirty minute rest. The Infanta Dona Maria Teresa, with her nurse and governess, would sit at the table of the king, and once the cloth was removed Don Alfonso devoted himself to his favorite pastimes, which we have already mentioned, among which the piano, which the king plays with pleasure and good execution, occupies the place of preference. Punctually at ten o'clock he retires. This regimen has never been interrupted, even to the point that Don Alfonso has never been present a single night at the theater.

Besides his evident talent, and his observing disposition and his anxiety to excel, the efficiency and wisdom of his teachers are surety for the thoroughness with which the king has pursued his studies.

The king frequently visits the museums where he manifests his extensive knowledge of the arts and his vast information with regard to archaeology.

During the summer the royal family, as is known, spends a long season, from July to October, at San Sebastian. On that beautiful beach on the Cantabrian sea the life of the king is much less subject than at the court to the routine of his studies and the requirements of etiquette. Don Alfonso used to take pleasure in skipping along the beach, inhaling the healthful breezes from the ocean or in sailing over the beautiful bay in the royal felucca.

At other times excursions were made in the neighborhood of the Guipuzcoan capital, and it was not an unusual thing to find Don Alfonso, his sisters and his august mother lunching without any more ceremony than would be observed by the humblest plebeian family, in some of those delightful valleys shaded by a forest of apple trees, and freshened by the streams which flow down the mountain sides; for it must be borne in mind that country pleasures enchant the king. When he is in Madrid he races around on horseback through the Casa de Campo, leaping ravines and ditches, or with his gun in hand, he scours the hunting preserves of El Pardo, desirous of exercising his skill as a marksman. At other times, with his camera, he entertains himself by taking views, which he then develops with rare perfection. During the summer Don Alfonso takes advantage of every opportunity that presents itself to enjoy the open air, and the charms of nature, which contribute so much to awakening great ideas and noble sentiments and invigorating and developing the forces of the body.

An important event in the life of the king was the journey which he made in the company of his mother



KING ALFONSO XIII IN STUDENT DRESS.

and sisters in the summer of 1901 to the principal cities in the north. This journey was of service to him in forming an exact idea of what the navy is, in acquiring nautical knowledge and in beginning to establish in his mind the necessity to Spain of possessing a maritime power, not inferior at least to other nations of Europe.

Upon this same excursion the king had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with some of the provinces of Spain, and in them, at the same time that he received the enthusiastic homage of hundreds of thousands of Spaniards, he could also appreciate for himself the sources of wealth which the different sections of his country possess, the elements of life which exist in her, and the necessity of increasing activity, and the ability of his race to fulfill its historic destiny.

The entrance of the king into the city of Bilbao, in August, 1901, is still remembered; the cheers and acclamations of the people, the flowers which were showered on the royal carriage, the manifestations bestowed on the monarch, and by all those acts of loyalty and esteem we are sincerely convinced of the need there is for the monarchy to strengthen the bond which should unite it to the different provinces, that their chief, the legitimate representative of national unity, should visit them, and become acquainted with them by placing himself in close touch with all Spaniards as often as possible.

The education of the king would have been incomplete if an attempt had been made only to form his understanding and to build up his body. To be good is even better than to be wise; but to inculcate goodness in the heart of a child is not usually the work of teachers, but of mothers. Dona Maria Christina, whom history will place among the number of the best queens of Spain, has been, and is, a model mother. It is said, and we believe the saying to be true, that sons inherit, save in rare instances, the qualities of their mothers. And it is not strange that it should so happen.

In the first years of life, when the soul of man is as soft wax, in which all impressions of objects which surround it are imprinted easily and deeply, the influence of mothers is a thousand times superior to that of fathers. It is clear that their influ-

ence is greater when the father is not present. At all events, almost all men celebrated for their virtue and great minds have had virtuous and strong mothers. They are the ones who sow in the tender hearts of their sons the most lofty ideas, the most delicate sentiments, and implant in their consciences that which is pure and incorruptible. The queen regent has been the model of mothers, as she was of wives.

Smothering her grief, she devoted herself to the fulfillment of the most important mission which Providence had entrusted to her. She has sanctioned with her signature such important laws as that of the Jury, of Universal Suffrage, of the Civil Code, and that of military reforms. Attentive to the needs of her country, she has cut herself off from a part of the Civil List, in order to contribute like the most modest of the employees of the nation to the relief of the public treasury, thus giving an example of abnegation and love of country.

Spain trusts that the high qualities which adorn the august lady who has ruled the nation during sixteen years may be reflected in the young king who has just ascended the throne.

It is no mere hypotheses which we have just uttered; it is a reality, already demonstrated by deeds, and testified to by all who intimately know the life of the royal family.

With the oath of the king, the happiest hours of his life ended for Don Alfonso, and the grave dangers and painful duties began. The new monarch bears the number XIII. in the glorious series of kings who, with the name of Alfonso, have occupied the throne of Spain.

Don Alfonso XII. had not yet completed his thirtieth year when he died in the palace of El Pardo, a victim of a treacherous disease. Six months later his son was born. In him were renewed the hopes which the Spanish people had centered in his departed father, hopes which are looked forward to today upon seeing the crown of the Alfonsos resting on the brow of King Alfonso XIII.

And what a beautiful future is presented to the eyes of the sovereign!

In the Spanish people, which is not limited to the group of politicians who crowd the halls and steps of Congress and the Senate, nor to the office-seekers, who fill the antechambers of the minister of the Cabinet, but those who work in the shops, the fields, on the scaffoldings, in the laboratories, on books, in all the multiple spheres of activity, there is felt, with impatient fervor, the disposition for improvement, the anxiety to hold among civilized peoples the position which, by their history, belongs to them. In the beginning of the twentieth century there comes to occupy the throne of Spain a young king, son of a great king and virtuous mother, educated in the principles of the most healthful morality, respect to justice and the laws of his country. What hopes, then, are too great for the people of Spain to center in their sovereign?

The first act of the reign of Don Alfonso XIII. has been that of the inauguration of scholastic groups, or schools, which are to perpetuate in Madrid the memory of the oath of Don Alfonso.

This is a true symbol of the new era which Spain wishes to enter upon. Her people are thirsty for instruction. There are at present twelve millions of Spaniards who do not know how to read; perhaps this frightful figure explains the greater part of our late misfortunes. If, as time goes by, the king can say, fixing his eyes on his kingdom: "I have succeeded in increasing the intelligence of my subjects; I have succeeded in carrying light where the shadows of ignorance once reigned," with legitimate pride he can consider that, like the other Alfonsos, he has succeeded in the reconquest of Spain, a reconquest obtained not by spear thrusts, not on the battle field, but in schools, and in the diffusion of culture.

And if today instruction is needed by Spanish people, there is no less need, and that a very urgent one, of other reforms, which the royal initiative can carry out. Agriculture, the treasury, the army, the navy, all are calling for the powerful impulse and constant attention of the public authorities.

God grant that Don Alfonso may listen to these voices!

The period of the minority of the king having terminated, his mother, as has already been stated, withdraws completely from the management of public affairs. Her political mission has ended; her mission of a fond mother will last as long as she lives, and the memory of the noble sincerity, and the loftiness of aims with which the august lady has always fulfilled her high duties will be forever perpetuated in the heart of every Spaniard. For Don Alfonso began the responsibilities of State at an age when for other youths there begins the most agreeable time of life. God guard the days of the king for the happiness and the well-being of the country which, with sincere joy, has celebrated his advent to the throne, and at last sees converted into reality what, until now, have only been the most flattering hopes.

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The students at Tuskegee Institute, the great negro school which Booker T. Washington has built up at Tuskegee, Alabama, are fond of football, and for several years have had a good team, in spite of the fact that as most of the young men are working their way through school they cannot get very much time to practice. Games are played every year with the Atlanta University team and with teams from Montgomery, Alabama, and some other southern schools. The fact that almost all of the students at Tuskegee grew up on farms and have worked on the farm at the school or else in the school's shops, gives them a superb physique, so that they are a hard team to tackle. The director of the athletic sports at Tuskegee is J. B. Washington, a younger brother of the principal.

## Startling Act of Heroism Displayed by a Boy.

A ten year old boy at Arvada, Colorado, recently displayed an act of heroism and devotion to his brother that entitles him to almost any honor that may be paid him.

Two little sons of Rev. J. R. Rader, aged ten and five, were walking on the track of the electric road and were crossing a cattle guard when the little fellow caught a foot between the bars. Everyone knows how the cars are speeded over the Arvada line, like a railroad express at times. Soon the boys heard a car coming at the rate of perhaps fifty miles an hour.

The foot was wedged in so fast that their combined strength was not enough to release it, although they tugged and strained. Then the eldest boy, whose name is Cranston, started down the track towards the car and began to wave his hands and shout. Motoneers become very much accustomed to little boys doing that sort of thing and then jumping aside before the car strikes them, so they do not pay much attention to them. This little boy did not intend to leave the track, although the motoneer blew his air whistle and shouted to him. The motoneer finally realized in time that something was wrong and got the car stopped within a few inches of the boy. The little Cranston declares that he would have let himself be run down before he would have let the car pass him and strike his younger brother, Miles.

The motoneer went to the assistance of the younger brother and had to remove the shoe before the foot could be released.



CRANSTON AND MILES RADER.

# Educational Notice

In order to make the coming month the banner month in point of enrollment the British-American School of Correspondence, Rochester, N. Y., will give every reader of *The American Boy* a complete course in either or both Bookkeeping or Shorthand at greatly reduced rates. The only condition being that you mention this magazine, or cut this notice out and send it to us. We claim our school to be the best of its kind and should be pleased to have every reader take advantage of this wonderful opportunity. In writing kindly mention the subject you wish to take.

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The Charter Oak—Helen Frances Brockett

Charles II. of England granted charters to the various colonies settled in New England, and among them Connecticut. When James, brother of Charles, and the worst of all the Stuarts, came to the throne, he sought to gain more power in the New Possessions, and took measures to suppress the growth of free governments therein, even going to the extent of recalling their charters. The men he put in power in the colonies were as tyrannical

forth his hand to take the parchment the lights were suddenly extinguished. Captain Joseph Wadsworth was in the room at the time and seizing the box he bore it away. The original charter had already been hidden in a cavity in a venerable oak that stood in front of the mansion of Hon. Samuel Wyllys, a magistrate of the colony. When the candles were relighted and order was restored no charter could be found and no one knew its hiding place, though Andros stormed and threatened. It was probably Captain Wadsworth who had taken the original out of the box in June of that year, caused a duplicate of it to be made, and deposited the original in the hollow tree.

The charter remained in the tree untouched from the fall of 1687 to the spring of 1689, when James was driven from the British throne and Andros from New England. It was then decided that since Connecticut had never surrendered her charter it should remain in full force and the government be re-established thereunder.

The original charter now hangs in the capitol at Hartford, Conn., framed in a beautiful massive frame made from the wood of the original oak tree, which was destroyed in a gale near midnight of August 21, 1856. The frame is carved in oak leaves and acorns. Over the glass protecting the charter is a roller curtain upon which is an oil painting of the venerable tree. A wonderfully carved massive chair now standing in the senate chamber of the capitol was made from the branches of the charter oak at a cost of eight hundred dollars. In the Wyllys atheneum in Hartford is a piece of the stump of the tree in which can be seen the cavity where the charter rested. This stump forms a pretty rustic chair.

Many pictures were made of the historical tree which stood for six hundred years on Connecticut soil. One picture is especially wonderful in that it shows the tree in the foreground made from bits of the original bark, the trunk, limbs, and even twigs perfectly represented, the leaves being painted in oil; the Wyllys homestead, with its beautiful crimson ramble, and the Connecticut river winding off in the distance forms the background.

It is a strange coincidence that the Charles II. who granted this charter, which, for its preservation, was concealed in an oak, had himself, eleven years before (1676) occupied a like position in a cavity of an oak after the Battle of Worcester.



THE CHARTER OAK.

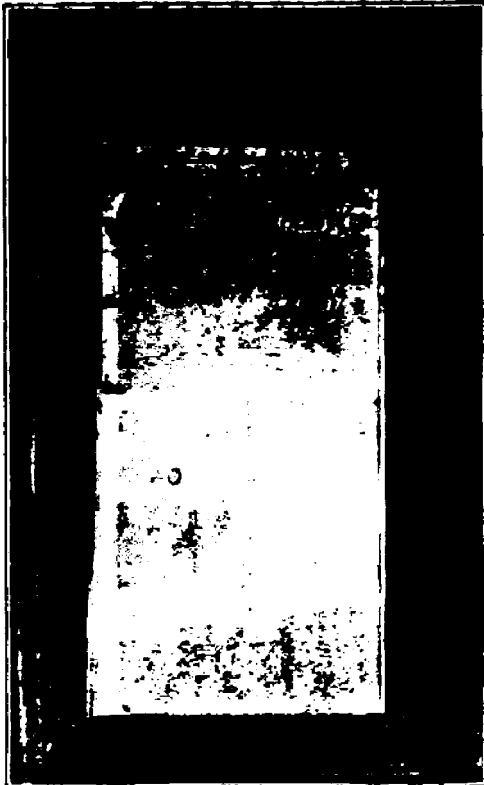
as he himself; noticeably so was Sir Edmund Andros, whom he made Governor-General of all New England.

On October 31, 1687, Andros went to Hartford with a band of soldiers and demanded that the colony of Connecticut give up its charter. The Colonial Assembly was in session at the time and discussed the King's demand with a dignified freedom until dusk when the candles were lighted. The colony had been expecting that an attempt would be made to take away its charter, and a duplicate of it had been made before Andros came. King Charles had sent the charter to the colony in a neat mahogany box. Somebody had taken the original charter out of the box and had put in its place the duplicate. Andros appeared before the Assembly shortly after sunset and after the candles had been lighted. The box supposed to contain the charter lay upon a table in the presence of the Assembly, and when Andros stretched



CHARTER OAK CHAIR

In the Senate Chamber at Hartford, Conn.



THE ORIGINAL CHARTER.

His First Beam of Hope.

The other night, while traveling on the train, I was talking to one of the most prominent lawyers of North Texas. The whistle blew for a little, inconsequential station in McLennan county. He paused in the thread of conversation we were pursuing, and turning to me, said:

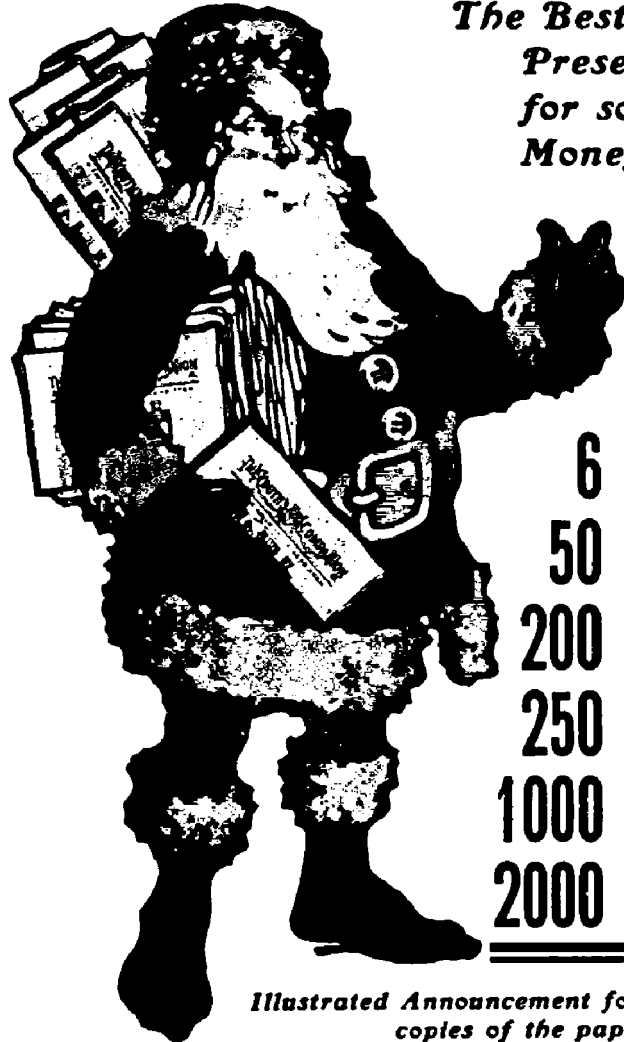
"I came to this little town the other day on a sad and lonely mission. My old uncle who raised me, and who spent his life near here, had died, and I was sent for to be at his burial. I came. After we had laid his body in the grave and I was homeward bound I thought of how great a factor this uncultured, uncouth man had been in the shaping of my life. I was a bad and worthless boy. When I was fourteen years old, my father having died, I was sent to live with this uncle. Everybody said I was a worthless boy and that I would come to no good end, and I believed it true. I had no hopes or aspirations, and felt that I would spend my life as a common criminal because everybody said I would. One day I went with my uncle to the country town. On our return for the first and only time in his life he became affectionate and confidential. Finally, turning to me, he said: 'You know, my son, that everybody thinks you are a worthless boy and will turn out

badly. I do not believe them. I believe that you have the making of a great man in you, and I am going to trust and help you. I want you to know this, and to know also that I dearly love you.' That was the first beam of hope that ever cleft my moral sky. I said in my heart, when he had finished speaking, I will be a man, and I will deserve the love and confidence, not only of my dear uncle, but of all mankind. As I tell you, I came down the other day to help lay him in the grave, and as I turned away from that fresh-made mound that covered all that was mortal of this plain, humble man, I said in my heart that to him more than all other human agencies combined I owe all my success in life. He was a rough man in his exterior, and in his early life did not believe in God, but it was given him to die a Christian, and I know that I shall meet him in the better land."

The strong man's voice was husky with emotion as he spoke and his eyes were filled with tears. He had preached in this simple story a most wondrous sermon, and I give it to all of you today. The grizzled man who has the thought and time to devote to a thoughtless lad is laying up golden treasures in the better land. I know when Paul said, "Be ye kind," he must have meant we must especially be kind to the growing youths with whose lives we come in contact every day.

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Bridge Building for Boys—J. Carter Beard

"Sam, you built us a clock out of a bottle. Can you build us a bridge out of firewood?" asked Tom at Teedyiskung Camp one morning when the boys sat about a fire.

"You know the ladies are coming out to see us Thursday and they can never cross that marshy brook between our camp and the road along the shore of the lake, as we do."

"Go ahead, Sam. We will do the work if you will show us how," cried Tom.

"In the first place, then," said Sam, "how wide is the brook at the narrowest part?"

"Can't say," replied one of the boys who happened to be standing on the bank. "I might carry a string across, but it's pretty marshy on the other shore."



FIG 1  
How to measure the width of a stream by the eye.

"Well, then," said Sam, "we will measure it without going across."

"How?" asked the boy who had answered Sam.

"Why from this bank up toward the camp?"

"Say, Sam, what are you giving us?" cried Dick, in a disgusted voice.

"Stand up as straight as you can," said Sam, "close to the edge of the brook."

"Now," said Sam to the boy on the bank, "lower your hat brim over your eyes until it just cuts across the line where the shore and the water meet on the other side."

"All right," said the boy, doing as shown in figure 1.

"Keep your head steady in the same position and turn around and look toward the camp. Notice where your hat brim shuts off your view."

"It's exactly where that big bunch of iron weed is growing up," said the boy.

Sam drove a little peg in the ground at the point indicated by the boy.

By measurement with his tape Sam then found the distance from where the boy stood to the peg he had driven in the ground to be eleven feet, which showed that the brook was about as far across, and, therefore, a log, to reach across a proper distance over each bank, should be about seventeen feet long.

"Now we will need a tree with a trunk that runs straight up without forking for seventeen feet. So we will have to measure our tree before cutting it down," said Sam.

"Climb it?" asked Tom.

"No; of course not," cried Sam. "There's an easier way than that."

He drove down a stake until just two feet of it appeared above ground.

The sun was rising so that the long shadow cast by the stake soon measured

one foot, just half the length of the stake itself.

"Now," said Sam, "you see how plainly the trunk and branches of that dead tree yonder are shadowed on the ground under it. All we have to do is to measure the shadow of the trunk and multiply it just according to the shadow cast by the stick. In this case we multiply the shadow of the tree by two and we have the length of it, all right." See figure 2.

"What kind of a tree is it?" asked one of the boys.

"It's a chestnut tree," said Sam. "Don't you see the shoots growing out of the old root? That's always the way with a chestnut tree. It is like some men, it won't stay down. Blow it down, cut it down, or burn it down, and up it starts again. That tree has been standing leafless and dead since the forest fire killed it three years ago, and see how tall that sprout is already. The wood is all right, well seasoned and easy to split. The ants haven't honeycombed it, either, as they do most dead trees. And the trunk is quite long enough."

"We can get wedges at the sawmill," added Sam; "but we have no mallets, so we will have to borrow a saw down there and make some mallets."

Under his directions the boys sawed a small log into round lengths of about ten inches.

They then bored a hole in each piece, midway between the ends and fully two-thirds the way through.

Then they cut stakes about four feet six inches long and whittled down one end of each to fit the holes. They split the whittled ends and inserted wedges in the split part. Figure 5 will show this. When the stakes were driven home these wedges secured them so firmly in their places that there was no danger that the heads and handles of the mallets would, under any circumstances, part company. Figure 4 shows the completed mallet.

The boys then cut down the selected tree. They cleared it of boughs and branches and with their axes, mallets and wedges, managed to split the portion of it they meant to use. This was hard work, but the harder the work the better the fun, if it is done for the fun of it.

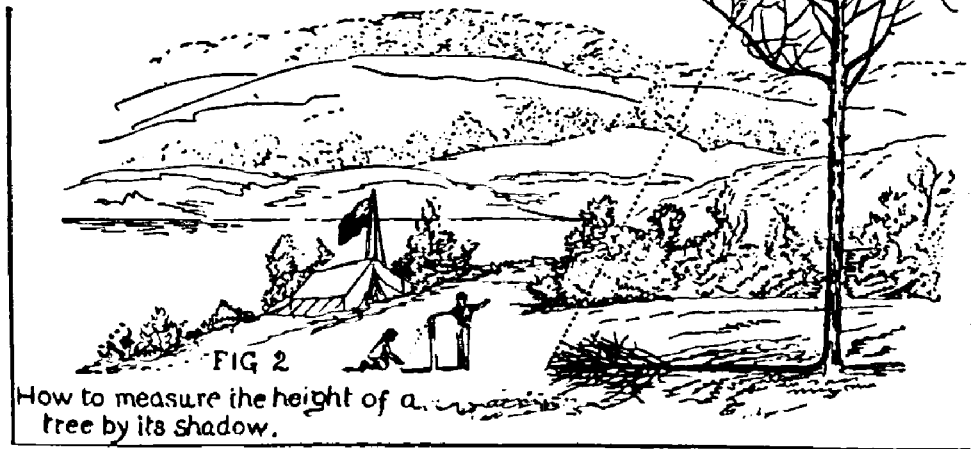
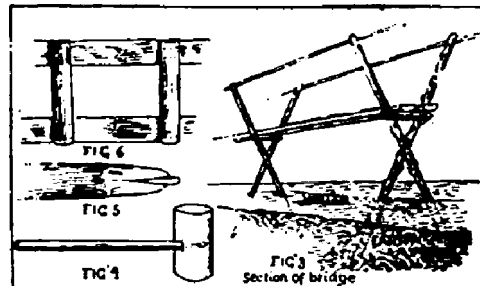


FIG 2  
How to measure the height of a tree by its shadow.

The boys cut a number of stakes, sawed off one end of each and pointed the other, after which, dressed in their bathing suits, they went into the mud and water and with their mallets drove the pointed ends of the stakes firmly into the bed of the stream. The stakes were driven across each other so that when the work was done they stood, one pair after the other, like so many Xs extending from one bank of the stream to the other.



Braces were then nailed as nearly as possible at the same distance above the surface of the stream to prevent the stakes from spreading apart and to form a support for the roadbed. Figure 3 shows this.

To make this doubly sure holes were bored all the way through both stakes at their intersections and stout oaken pegs driven home, pinning them securely together.

With much hauling and shouting the two long slabs into which the trunk of the chestnut tree had been split were conveyed, one at a time, down to the stream, and, one at a time, the boys working all together, were placed on the braces that the boys had nailed across the crossed stakes. The slabs reached from shore to shore, and formed an excellent roadbed when fastened together by ties, as figure 6, for the planks obtained from the sawmill, which, when placed upon it, completed the structure.

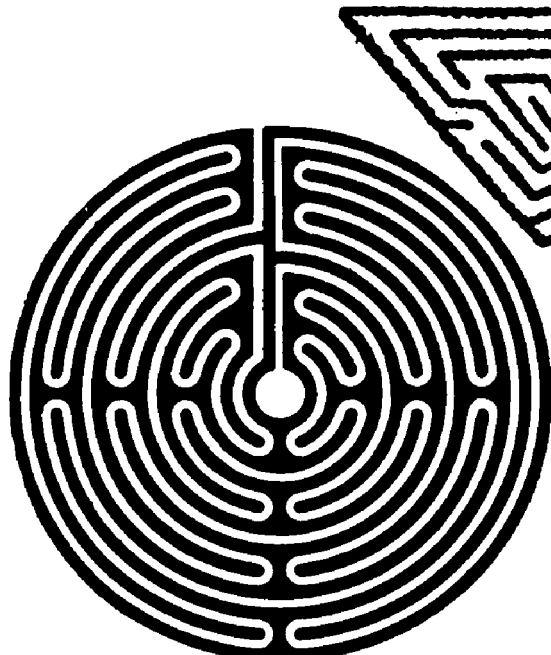
Well Known Mazes in England.

From "Chums" (an English paper) we extract the following regarding some well-known English mazes, or labyrinths. Once upon a time it was the custom to make mazes for the purpose of affording religious discipline. The early christians were accustomed to follow them as a penance. By degrees this pious practice died out, but here and there some of the old mazes are still in existence. One of the most famous is that at Hampton Court, and thousands of boys have attempted to solve the secret of its construction.

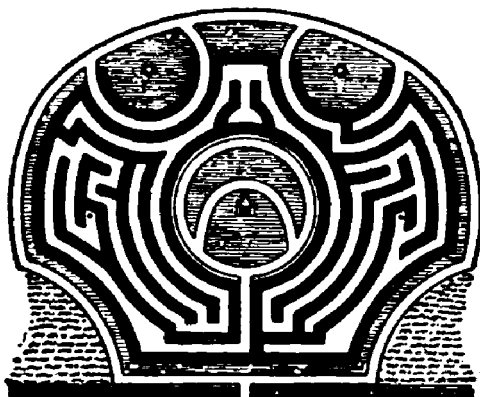
The only thing to bear in mind in going through it is to keep to the hedge on the right and to go round all stops. This labyrinth is supposed to have been made in the reign of William and Mary. The hedges originally consisted wholly of the hornbeam. Now, however, holly and yew are intermingled with the hornbeam. The maze covers a quarter of an acre, and the walls of hedges are exactly half a mile in length.

The labyrinth in Hatfield Park is an old one and is formed of clipped yew hedges. One of the most celebrated is at Somerleyton Hall, near Lowestoft. It is perhaps

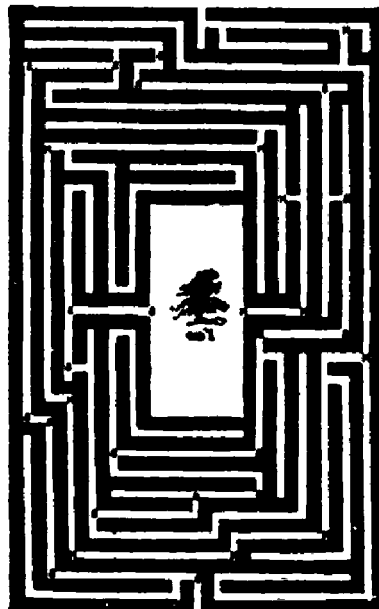
the finest example of a labyrinth in England. Its hedges are nearly seven feet high. In its center is a summer house of quaint design. It is only about fifty years old. The maze Alkborough, in Lincolnshire, is one of the early type of the mazes. It does not consist of hedges, but is cut in the green turf and is forty four feet in diameter. As will be seen, there is no puzzle about it. There is only one road to follow. The object of it is to test the patience of the pilgrim. It is merely tiring, not perplexing. This was a form of religious maze. In bygone days no large garden was complete without a maze.



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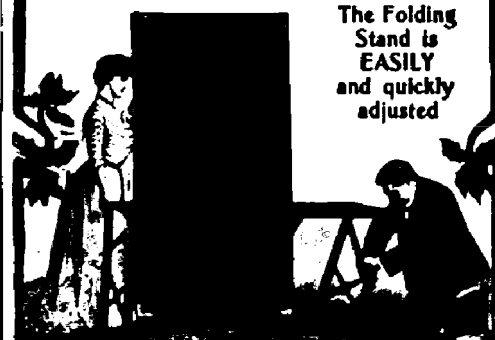
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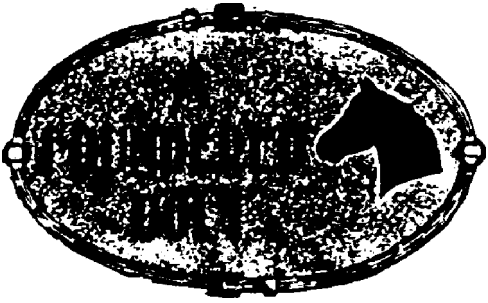


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"It's a pity, for he was a good colt," said the speaker, a lank, raw-boned man, dressed in blue overalls and a hickory shirt. "I reckon he must have busted his halter in the night and shoved out through the door of the barn. I clean forgot about them turnips, and how the beast critter took it into his head to get away with so many of 'em. I can't say. Leastwise, he's gone and done it. There's a good bay colt that I'd like to give away, fur he's foundered and nothin' 'll save him."

"Give him to me, Mr. Hempstead," said Randolph.

The horse in question, a strong bay colt, stood in the yard of the Hempstead home, on a side street in the little town of Mayville. The animal had gotten out of the stable the night before and had eaten as many turnips as were necessary to founder him. His owner had applied all the remedies he knew of and had given the colt up to die. Some neighbors had gathered in the yard, and among them was Hank Warner and his son, Randolph.

Hank was a sort of shiftless fellow, hunting and fishing a good deal of his time, but never sticking regularly to any kind of work. His oldest boy, Randolph, on the contrary, took after his mother, and the people of Mayville declared "that there wasn't a lazy bone in Mrs. Warner's body."

"What'll you do with him before he lets go all holts?" was the reply of Hempstead to the boy's appeal.

"I reckon I'll try to pull him through," replied the boy stoutly.

"Well, if you git him over it, you can do a heap more'n I can," said Hempstead.

"Randolph," he continued, "I'll sell him to you for a dollar."

"I'll take him," said the boy, "if you'll wait till to-morrow for the money."

"It's a go," said the owner of the dying equine, "so go ahead with your rat-killing if you want to get him well."

The boy darted out of the yard with his mind already outlining the plan of his campaign. He had seen a handbill at the grocery the night before, relating the wonderful cures that Professor Mulliken, a traveling veterinary surgeon, was bringing about in the sick, sore, lame, and disordered horses everywhere. The Professor's charges were five dollars if he cured the beast, nothing if he failed. Randolph had seven dollars and forty cents saved up, and if he paid a dollar for the horse and Professor Mulliken saved the critter and got five for it, he would only be paying six dollars for a good, strong colt, and a serviceable horse was just what he wanted to commence business on. He ran all the way to the hotel and luckily met the great man as he was nearing the public square of the town.

"Professor," he cried, his excitement sweeping away his embarrassment, and addressing the gentleman in the stove-pipe hat, with store shoes and a large seal ring to give him additional grandeur; "Professor, will you come down to Hempstead's and cure my horse?"

"Certainly, my boy," said the veterinary surgeon, who had a large satchel in his hand, "if you will show me where Mr. Hempstead lives."

Randolph eagerly offered to show the way, and as they went down the street together the boy forgot his bare feet and his one suspender and poured out the story of the bay colt.

"He's a good horse and I want him to start in the express business," said Randolph, "and he did belong to Mr. Hempstead, but I bought him for a dollar 'cause he broke out of the stable last night and et 'bout a wagon load of turnips and foundered himself, and Bill, that is, Mr. Hempstead, tried to cure him and couldn't, an' so he sold him to me for a dollar. An' if you don't cure him, Professor, I won't have any express business," the lad went on breathlessly.

"Cure him, my poor boy?" said the tall, red-whiskered gentleman. "Just wait. I'll have him ready for another batch of turnips to-morrow morning, only not as many as he ate last night."

The arrival of the "horse doctor," as the townspeople irreverently called the Professor, was the occasion for considerable excitement in the neighborhood where Hempstead lived. He walked into the group surrounding the afflicted horse and made room for himself in a hurry. He pulled off his coat and opened his square black satchel. He called for ropes and had the horse thrown and tied. He worked a marvel in the art of advanced horse surgery, and, to make a long story short, he saved the colt.

Great was the astonishment of William, otherwise and generally known as "thin Bill Hempstead," at the result of the horse doctor's skill. But he didn't begrudge Randolph his luck. He merely remarked, "the boy tuk his chance and the chance run his way; that's all there is to it, an' he gits the colt cheap. But I'll say this much; the boy is going to make a start of'n this, er my name ain't Bill Hempstead."

The neighbors were as much of this opinion as Bill was, and the news of the event spread through the little town.

Randolph paid the Professor at once and handed the dollar he owed Mr. Hempstead to that individual, with a rather apologetic air. Bill grinned and said jokingly, "finders is keepers."

Mrs. Warner was proud of her boy's enterprise and the boy himself was full of enthusiasm over his prospects. His father had an old wagon which he took the next day and, with the help of Sam McIntosh, made it into a good enough vehicle to haul loads with. In the Warner stable was hanging a set of harness, the relic of the day when Hank Warner owned a "critter." It was polished up and really looked well. Then Randolph went to Mr. Ellison, the town sign painter, to get the words, "Express Wagon," painted on the side of his rig. Ellison, who had worked hard for

what he had, was a man who admired "pluck." He painted the words, and added in neat letters, "Randolph Warner." Then he painted the body of the wagon, the wheels and shafts, and made it look like new.

The boy was dismayed when he saw what had been done, but the painter said reassuringly, "I'll take it out in trade. You can do some hauling for me when you ain't busy. Besides, I ain't going to charge you but three dollars for the job."

The boy started in to work with a will. Every morning he was up early to meet the train at Mayville, and he hauled the trunks and boxes and merchandise of every kind, from any and all parts to wherever people wanted them delivered. He took passengers after a while, and, as business grew, he got another wagon and a new colt, and put his brother in with him.

Mayville was growing. A new railroad cut across the country, and Randolph, who had been selling coal, wood and hay in connection with his express office, opened a small store, and his brother ran the express end of the business. Time went on as it does in country towns, and Mayville was blossoming like a rose. Hank Warner took up the express work, and sat in the office while a hired man ran the wagons. The Warner brothers, Randolph and Hiram, opened up their big general store. The town was proud of Randolph's enterprise.

To be sure Randolph went fishing and hunting occasionally, for the paternal streak had become apparent in him. But he never neglected his work to take his outings. And when he came back from his little trips, it was with renewed energy. His father and mother now lived in a neat cottage, which their son had built for them, and Randolph had a habit of calling around Saturday nights at Bennet's. Dr. Bennet had a "mighty sweet daughter," so everybody said, and Randolph was going on twenty two now. "Getting to be a regular citizen," everybody remarked.

One day the Warner Brothers put up their new sign. It was a big one with a picture on each end of it and the words, "Warner Brothers, General Merchandise," in the center. At the right end of the sign the picture represented a tall, red-whiskered man with a black satchel in his hand. The picture at the other end of the board was that of a bay colt in the last stage of collapse. It was a curious sign and puzzled any newcomer in the town to make out the meaning. On the letter heads of the firm the same pictures were apparent.

This story has the merit of being true, at least, and shows that sometimes from desperate straits occasions may rise for getting a start in the world. As Randolph used to say, smilingly, "all you need is luck, and a foundered colt."

But, in truth, if you add "p" to luck you have what it was in Randolph's case.

**WARNER BROS. GENERAL MERCHANDISE**

**Top or Bottom—Which?—** By Archer Brown of Rogers, Brown & Co., New York

A Study of the Factors Which Most Contribute to the Success of Young Men

[BEGUN IN SEPTEMBER.]

VIII.—THE TOBACCO HABIT.

When it comes, it comes to stay. Men rarely ever abandon it after the twenty-first year. Therefore take it for life, or quit it short. If you commence it, count that your final decision. But before deciding to make tobacco your lifelong companion, consider well some points:

First, its advantages. A pipe or cigar or quid has narcotic effects that are counted pleasant. When the appetite is formed it is grateful to satisfy it. There are features of comradeship about smoking particularly. It is thought that a story can be better told and enjoyed in the blue haze of a smoking room on the train or steamer than in pure air or sunshine. It is a solace for the Irish laborer breaking stone or working in the trench, and for the lonely cowboy on the Western plains. Men in highly nervous employments, like night workers on newspapers, crave the stimulant and seldom go without it. It is not in the catalogue of admitted vices. Many excellent men smoke, some good men chew, and I have known truly pious and godly men who could be foul a street car or bespatter a carpet with a misdirected shot at an inconvenient spittoon. In some countries smoking is practically universal, even the women joining. In this country a majority use tobacco in some form. So we are dealing, not with an abstract question, but one very near to the life of every boy growing into manhood.

I say if it's a good thing, let us go into it. If analysis shows it to be a bad thing, let us keep out of it. Anyhow, let us not drop into it by accident, or because some other fellow invites it, and then admit, as

many a friend of mine has done, that we are caught in a trap of unbreakable habit.

If reason and will and manhood are going to have anything to do with deciding the matter, there are some things that must be thought of. They are the disadvantages. All admit that the habit, once formed, is a master. What kind of a master is it?

It is an unclean master. A clean mouth, sweet breath, untainted clothes, apartments free from stale odor are hard things for an habitual smoker to manage. This point needs no elaboration. But if a proof is wanted, I only ask a glance at the floor of the smokers' side of a ferry or the smoking car of a train, and a sniff of the atmosphere after a few minutes of the crowd's unrestrained enjoyment of the weed, and what is quite as significant—a note of the contrast in appearance between the men who crowd these places, and those who seek cleaner floors and purer air.

It is an unhealthful master. It corrupts the sense of taste, injures the stomach, deadens the sensibilities, causes cancers and heart troubles. I can count half a dozen personal friends at this moment who know, on physicians' authority, that further continuance of smoking means shortened days, perhaps sudden death. Only one or two, however, have been strong enough to give it up.

It is an almost immoral master. Not in itself a necessary evil, it nevertheless promotes certain associations and leads in certain directions as to other habits which are unhealthy to the moral nature. Do you know a liquor soaker who is not fond of tobacco? Did you ever see a barroom or prize-fighting or gambling crowd or rough gang of any kind that was not smoking and chewing? To paraphrase a famous re-

mark of Horace Greeley: "All tobacco users are not horse thieves, but all horse thieves are tobacco users." A lad who has learned to handle a cigar with grace has made a first-class start on a road that has more than one bad stopping place. If you think that is not so, let me ask you whether, if you were an employer and wanted a young man for a position of trust and growth, you would select the one with a cigar in his mouth, or the one who had decided not to use it.

It is a hard master. It is more powerful than your judgment and will combined. The old fable, "I can stop any time I want to," is disproved by the earnest attempts of many a strong man you and I know.

It is a costly master. Two seven-cent cigars a day only will in thirty years cost \$4,269, compounding annually at six per cent. I have the figures of the calculation before me. Most smokers spend twice that on themselves and friends. What would the sum named buy?

- A good home.
- A superb private library.
- Four journeys around the world.
- Capital sufficient to start a business.
- A college education for two or three men.
- Five years' support in case of disability.
- The self-respect and ambition of a moneyed man.

There are two kinds of money I would never spend on tobacco: first, the money I may have earned myself by hard work, and need for self-improvement a start in life, or help of others; and, second, that which my father has earned by work and self-denial, and gives to me.

(To be continued.)

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## Boys' Books

## Reviewed

We present herewith a list of attractive and helpful boys' books for your Christmas selection. These and other books favorably reviewed in



previous numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY are for sale by the publishers of this paper at the prices quoted. We can help you in selecting books for boys

**THE KINDRED OF THE WILD**, by Charles G. D. Roberts. Professor Roberts has amply justified the predictions of those who prophesied his success. He has, indeed, produced a great and fascinating work, and that, too, in the face of the works of Kipling, Seton-Thompson and others. There is a freshness, a charm and spontaneity about the work which could only come from one who delighted in nature and nature's children, and whose observation and knowledge was sharpened by intense love for his subjects. Notwithstanding the many volumes about animals and animal life which have been recently published, we are sure that "The Kindred of the Wild" will receive unqualified approval from all lovers of nature. The excellent drawings of Mr. C. L. Bull show the collaboration of an artist thoroughly imbued with the same spirit which animated the author. The book is artistically gotten up. Ornamental cover with tinted top. Price, \$2.00. L. C. Page & Co., publishers.

**MOTHER GOOSE PAINT BOOK**, by J. M. Barnett. For the boys or girls who delight in drawing in colors this will prove a nice holiday gift. A Mother Goose rhyme occupies each left-hand page, on the opposite page being a black and white illustration. Suitable tablet paints and a brush form part of the outfit, being attached ingeniously to the book, thus enabling the child to color the black and white illustrations. There are 50 rhymes, all different, and the illustrations are very amusing. 105 pages. Price, \$1.25. The Saalfeld Publishing Co., publishers.

**GULLIVER'S BIRD BOOK**, by Lemuel Gulliver, assisted by L. J. Bridgman. Here is a book which contains a story of travel in a strange land, where there are the funniest birds any boy or girl ever heard of. We cannot begin to tell of the queer adventures and the queer pictures, nicely reproduced in colors, which are given. We will simply recommend it to the notice of parents as a suitable gift for a boy or girl. 104 large pages, ornamental cover. Price, \$1.50. L. C. Page & Co., publishers.

**THE FLAG ON THE HILLTOP**, by Mary Tracy Earle. This story tells of a loyal southern boy, Alec Ford, who, during the troublous time of the Civil War, came north to Illinois to reside with his uncle, "Doc. Ford," a staunch northerner, who persisted in keeping the Stars and Stripes floating above his home on the hilltop. Despite his intensely southern sympathies, Alec is loyal to his uncle and that, combined with his befriending a sick Union soldier, brings down the wrath of the Golden Circle, who kidnap and confine him. After a series of exciting incidents he finally escapes. The story is well told and the illustrations in the book will increase the reader's interest. 125 pages, ornamental cover. Price, 90 cents net. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.

**UNDER COLONIAL COLORS**, by Everett T. Tomlinson. We have read with pleasure some of the previous work of this author, such as "The Boys of Old Monmouth" and "The Boy Soldiers of 1812," and we can safely say that the present volume fully sustains his reputation. The historical enterprise of Arnold's Expedition of 1775 forms the theme of the story, and that famous march with its incidents of courage, endurance and sacrifice is told in the author's happiest style. The book, with its illustrations, will be found not only exceedingly entertaining as a story, but possesses considerable historical interest. 431 pages. Handsome cloth cover. Price \$1.20 net. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.

**FOXY, THE FAITHFUL**, by Lily F. Wesselhoeft. Mrs. Wesselhoeft's fascinating stories appeal as strongly to older readers as to those for whom principally they have been written, and the present volume is no exception. It is a book which will interest and amuse readers of all ages. Foxy, the dog, who gives a name to the book; Snapper, surely the most intelligent of all ponies, and the other pets which the May children possess, with their talks and plans and kindnesses to other animals, will make them great favorites with the boys and girls who read about them. The quaint German manners and sayings of the Schutz children, neighbors of the Mays, who help each other to while away the long rough evenings of a Maine winter by the interchange of visits, are delightfully told, while the lessons of kindness and thoughtful care for animals are not the least of the many attractions of a delightful book. There are also nice illustrations by H. C. Ireland. 313 pages, ornamental cover. Price \$1.20 net. Little, Brown & Co., publishers.

**THE ADVENTURES OF TORQUA**, by Charles Frederick Holder. This book tells of two Spanish boys who are banished to an island in the Pacific, but make their escape from the Jesuit mission and, with Torqua, a young native, as their instructor and guide, make their home with the Indians. There is much sport hunting and fishing. The story gives vivid descriptions of the manners and superstitions of the natives, tells of otters, sea lions, flying fish, mountain goats, eagles, battles between the tribes with an account of their weapons. It is a book in which the interest never lags, and is also of considerable historical

interest. There are many illustrations. 282 pages. Cloth cover. Price \$1.20 net. Little, Brown & Co., publishers.

**BEAUTIFUL JOE'S PARADISE**, by Marshall Saunders. This is a sequel to "Beautiful Joe," and those who have read that book will, we believe, gladly welcome the present volume. The story tells about a boy, Sam Emerson, whose dog, "Ragtime," is killed by another boy. Sam grieves so much at the death of his four-footed friend that he falls sick, and in his sickness imagines he visits the heaven for pets. While there he meets all sorts and conditions of animals over whom "Beautiful Joe" is president. The story will amuse and greatly interest young readers, and teach them lessons of kindness to our dumb friends. There are many nice pictures, by Mr. Charles L. Bull. 355 pages, handsome cover. Price \$1.20 net. L. C. Page & Co., publishers.

**ON GUARD! AGAINST TORY AND TARTLETON**, by John Preston True. This is the third volume of the Schuyler series. Stories of the heroes of the Revolution will never grow stale so long as they are told with the spirit and enthusiasm which characterize this volume. Stuart Schuyler, Major of Cavalry, is a hero after a boy's heart—young, brave, daring; a splendid horseman and a dead shot, who performs wonderful deeds of valor and has some truly hairbreadth escapes while fighting in the Colonial army in the campaign against Lord Cornwallis. He will, indeed, be a dull boy who will not be stirred to enthusiasm as he reads this book and looks at the many fine pictures which illustrate it. It is a healthy, wholesome book, and we can safely recommend it to our readers. 302 pages, ornamental cover. Price, \$1.20 net. Little, Brown & Co., publishers.

**JACK AND HIS ISLAND**, by Lucy M. Thruston. On the war of 1812 the boys of today are not so well posted as on the events of the Revolution, and this volume will help them to gain a knowledge of the former time. The author tells the story in clear cut, vigorous fashion, and the battles both on sea and land are depicted with a vividness which will appeal strongly to boy nature. Mr. De Land's pictures will also aid in completing the reader's enjoyment of the book. 304 pages, handsome cloth cover. Price \$1.20 net. Little, Brown & Co., publishers.

**ROY AND ROSYROCKS**, by Mary Agnes Byrne. This is a pretty Christmas story which will be enjoyed by all its young readers. Roy and his little sister, Rosyrocks, having lost their mother, are cared for by a kind-hearted neighbor, Mrs. O'Brien, who, although poor herself, takes care of the little orphans. The two children get lost in the streets of a big city. They follow a star, from behind which they fancy their dead mother is watching them, and after a long, tired walk they are led to the house of an aunt, a sister of their mother's, who, having lost her own two little ones, gladly welcomes her little relatives. Evelyn, Jack and Dick will share equally in the reader's regard for having been so kind to Roy and Rosyrocks, and Mrs. O'Brien's ultimate good fortune will be rejoiced over. A bright little story, full of good lessons of kindness and helpfulness for others. 83 pages. Clear, large type and good paper. Ornamental cover. Price, 60 cents. The Saalfeld Publishing Co., publishers.

**HOW TO LIVE**, by Edward Everett Hale. When we consider Dr. Hale's great age and what he has accomplished, we lay down this volume with the conviction that he is the living embodiment of the principles he here enunciates. The papers which make up this book were prepared for the Chautauqua Reading Course, their titles being as follows: "How to choose one's calling," "How to sleep," "How to exercise," "How to think," "How to study," "How to know God," "How to bear your brother's burdens," "How to regulate expense," "How to dress," "How to deal with one's children," "How to remain young," also "Duties to church and state." Our space forbids us dilating upon the subjects treated, suffice it to say that every young man should read and ponder them. They will do him good. 200 pages, 12 mo. cloth cover. Price, \$1.00. Little, Brown & Co., publishers.

**A PURITAN KNIGHT ERRANT**, by Edith Robinson. This author seems to have made a specialty of the Puritans as she has already written "A Little Puritan Pioneer," "A Little Puritan's Christmas," "A Little Puritan Rebel," etc., and her knowledge of old Boston, with the manners and customs of her citizens is highly interesting. The quaint chivalric dignity of little Thomas Savage, son of an English squire, and the modest sweetness of little Faith Hutchinson, with their joys and sorrows, will

delight the readers of this most readable book. Not the least of its attractiveness are the fine illustrations of L. F. Bridgman. 280 pages, on good paper and clear, large type, with ornamental cover. Price, \$1.20 net. L. C. Page & Co., publishers.

**THE FLIGHT OF ROSY DAWN**, by Pauline Bradford Mackie. This story tells most interestingly of the life of a little San Francisco Chinese boy whose name was Kwong Hung, or "Rosy Dawn," and of a Christmas which he celebrated. It is a pleasing little tale and the younger folks will like it. It is well illustrated by Josephine Bruce. 100 pages, pictorial cover. Price, 40 cents net. L. C. Page & Co., publishers.

**RALPH GRANGER'S FORTUNE**, by William Perry Brown. The boy who likes tales of excitement will find in "Ralph Granger's Fortune" sufficient to gratify his taste. The refusal of Ralph to keep up a family vendetta causes his dismissal from his grandfather's home. He endures many trials at the hands of his enemies, and has many perilous adventures aboard a slave ship and among the negro slaves, but pluck, honesty and perseverance pull him through and everything ends happily. The illustrations are by W. H. Fry. 305 pages, ornamental cover. Price, \$1.00. The Saalfeld Publishing Co., publishers.

**THE LAST CRUISE OF THE ELECTRA**, by Charles P. Chipman. There is much exciting adventure and mystery in this book to keep the reader awake when, perhaps, he ought to be asleep. A double shipwreck, a submarine vessel propelled by electricity, piracy, murder and mutiny make up the bill of fare. Of course, the good people are rewarded and the wicked are suitably punished. While it is a book that will, no doubt, find many readers, we would remark that the proof-reading has been somewhat carelessly done as lines are transposed, dropped letters occur and whole lines are omitted. 268 pages, colored cover. Price, \$1.00. The Saalfeld Publishing Co., publishers.

**YOURSELF**, by H. A. Guerber. The author has set down in this volume in clear and simple language the rules which should be followed in the attainment of physical, mental and moral purity of life. It is a book which parents can put into their children's hands without misgiving, as it is sure not only to interest but deeply impress and influence. 233 pages, good paper and large, clear type. Suitably ornamented cover. Price, \$1.20. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers.

**TWO OF THE BEST**, by Dorothy Quigley. Here is a book which will interest and instruct all thinking boys. It tells about a shipwreck, the great Lick telescope, the giant redwoods and sequoias, and the mines of California, and about two boys, who, under wise and loving teaching, are enabled to overcome their bad habits and bring out all that is highest and best in them. It is a good story for all boys. 242 pages, large, clear type, on good coated paper, with many illustrations. Cloth cover. Price, \$1.25. E. P. Dutton & Co., publishers.

**THE REIGN OF KING OBERON**, edited by Walter Jerrold. Stories of the wonders of the fairies are always fascinating and the children will receive with delight these "True Annals of Fairyland," and the mothers will find it a difficult task to withstand the entreaties for "more" at bedtime. The letterpress and paper are unexceptionable, while Mr. Robinson's funny illustrations will be a source of never-falling laughter and delight. We wish we had space to tell our readers about some of the wonderful stories, but they can read them for themselves. 335 pages, gold edges. Ornamental cloth cover. Price, \$2.00. The Macmillan Co., publishers.

**BILLY WHISKERS**, the Autobiography of a Goat, by Frances Trego Montgomery. We would like to know the boy, even the grumpest one, who will not at least smile as he reads the funny adventures of Billy Whiskers. The pranks and capers which he cuts, his getting into all kinds of trouble and his luck in finding a way out of them, the tricks he played upon his keepers while with the circus, his escape from it and his reunion with Nanny and the kids, form a splendid story for the younger children. It is profusely illustrated with funny pictures. 159 large pages, clear type, heavy coated paper, board covers. Price, \$1.00. The Saalfeld Publishing Co., publishers.

**IN A CAR OF GOLD**, by P. L. Gray. This pretty story of little Ruth and her trip to Mars, along with her cousin Ruby, in the chariot of the King of the Air, drawn by the two tiny horses, Beauty and Bright, and their various adventures, will delight young readers, especially THE AMERICAN BOY'S sisters. There are nice illustrations by Bernard Gutman. 156 pages, ornamental cover. Price, \$1.00. The Saalfeld Publishing Co., publishers.

**FAR PAST THE FRONTIER**, by James A. Braden. The incidents of this story occur a few years after the Revolutionary War. Two boys, Ree Kingdom, and John Jerome set out from Connecticut to settle and trade in the then far west of Ohio. They meet with exciting adventures with the Indians and bad white men and endure much hardship, but stoutness of heart, perseverance and fair dealing enable them to accomplish their purpose. Boys will find this book good reading. Illustrated. 347 pages, ornamental cover. Price, \$1.00. The Saalfeld Publishing Co., publishers.

**ANIMAL LIFE IN RHYMES AND JINGLES**, by Elizabeth May. For young children this would make a nice Christmas gift. There are full page pictures of fifty two animals, and each has a whole page of verses to itself. The book will also serve to interest its readers in natural history. 73 large pages, in clear type, with handsome cover. Price, \$1.25. The Saalfeld Publishing Co., publishers.

**STORIES OF CHARLEMAGNE** and the Twelve Peers of France, by the Rev. A. J. Church, M. A. The author is careful to state in his preface that these stories are not concerning the Charlemagne of history, but of romance, and we confess we like them better on that account. The boys and girls and older readers, too, will delight in the mighty deeds of Charlemagne, of Roland at Roncesvalles, with his great sword Durandal and famous horn, and Oliver, his sworn friend and comrade, of the treacherous Ganelon, and the many other brave knights whose matchless deeds have formed the theme of song and story. The illustrations are by George Morrow. 374 pages, on excellent paper; clear, large type; ornamental cover in gold. The Macmillan Co., publishers.

**THE STORY OF MY LIFE AND WORK**, an autobiography, by Booker T. Washington. Perhaps the fact that impresses us most as we lay down this book is the grand simplicity of the man who is at once the subject and author of it. There is no posing, not a trace of personal vanity, no embellishment; but all in the plainest and most matter of fact narrative. Yet what a stupendous work this man has accomplished for himself and for others, in the face of such odds and against such difficulties as few of the illustrious men of any time have had to fight. Of almost unknown parentage, his boyhood passed in most poverty-stricken and disheartening conditions, with no education, almost wanting the common necessities of life, Booker T. Washington by the exercise of the sublimest courage, patience and belief in himself, overcame the almost insurmountable obstacles, and became the second savior of his people, founding an institution whose helpfulness and far-reaching influence is accomplishing more for the negro than anything ever before attempted. In his book Mr. Washington tells the story of his life, his struggles, his difficulties and their overcoming in a manner which will leave the reader in no doubt as to the single-heartedness of purpose which has actuated him in every detail of his great work. The book will appeal to every lover of humanity, and especially will be an inspiration to every boy who has the ambition to make something of his life that shall stand for good. There are many apt illustrations. 450 pages, large, clear type. Price, \$1.50 postpaid. J. B. Nichols & Co., publishers.

## Books Received too Late for Review this Month.

**A RED MAN OF QUALITY**, by Edward Billings (Saalfeld Pub. Co., \$1.25).

**PHIL AND DICK**, by E. H. Lewis (Saalfeld Pub. Co., \$1.00).

**A STRUGGLE FOR A FORTUNE**, by Harry Castlemon (Saalfeld Pub. Co., \$1.00).

**HIS MOTHER'S LETTER**, by J. M. Merrill (Saalfeld Pub. Co., \$1.00).

**THE BOY LAND-BOOMER**, by Cap. Ralph Bonehill (Saalfeld Pub. Co., \$1.00).

**LARRY BARLOW'S AMBITION**, by Arthur M. Winfield (Saalfeld Pub. Co., \$1.00).

**THE BOY PUZZLE**, a Picture Book for Parents, by Rev. J. F. Flint (Pacific Press Pub. Co.).

**UNDER SCOTT IN MEXICO**, by Cap. Ralph Bonehill (Dana, Estes & Co., \$1.00 net).

**THE VOYAGE OF THE CHARLEMAGNE**, by Wm. O. Stoddard (Dana, Estes & Co.).

**LUCKY NED**, by Edward S. Ellis (Dana, Estes & Co., \$1.00 net).

**JACKANAPES**, by Juliana Horatia Ewing (Dana, Estes & Co., 50 cts.).

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**TRAVELLER TALES OF THE PAN-AMERICAN COUNTRIES**, by Hzekiah Butterworth (Dana, Estes & Co., \$1.20 net).

**HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES**, translated from the Danish by Carl Siewers, illustrated by J. J. Mora (Dana, Estes & Co., \$1.50).

**CHATTERBOX, 1902**, edited by J. Erskine Clark, M. A. (Dana, Estes & Co.).

# 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 1875. Incorporated in 1892. Short notes of personal observations are particularly desired for use in the A. A. department. Send illustrations when convenient. Questions are invited. Address H. H. BALLARD, Pittsfield, Mass.

## An Old Rat.

Sept. 15, 1902.

H. H. Ballard, Pittsfield, Mass.:  
To-day our hired man caught a rat (?), of which I will give you a description. He is a cream color; his skin is wrinkled and devoid of hair; it is very loose and lies in folds all over his body. He has horns or some hard substances on his ears about as large as small match heads. He is stone blind; the skin has grown over his eyes. His eyes, nose and head are longer than those of a common rat. He is about six inches long. Can you tell me what it is? I shall preserve it in alcohol. Kindly put this in THE AMERICAN BOY. I am a subscriber and like the A. B. very much.  
Yours truly,  
HAROLD COLE, Silver Creek, N. Y.  
Undoubtedly this rat is a very old, and perhaps diseased individual of the common rat, mus norvegicus.

## Cicadas.

A short time ago I noticed on the bark of an elm by the roadside three curious objects that looked like insects. Upon closer examination I found them to be hollow, with a crack down the middle of



HARVEST FLY.

the back. They were gray, and had a glue-like appearance. I think that they are skeletons of bumblebees, as they very much resemble that bee. I greatly desire that you publish something about them in the Agassiz department of THE AMERICAN BOY.—Yours respectfully, LeRoy Eiler.

The specimens are the cast-off skins, or pupa-cases of some species of cicada, perhaps the "seventeen-year cicada," often incorrectly called the "seventeen-year locust," or more probably the larger cicada, known as "dog-day harvest fly," a cut of which we give. This insect may be heard in the latter part of July and during the "dog days," drumming or droning in the trees, between ten in the morning and four in the afternoon. The body is black on the upper side, and the under side is covered with a white substance resembling flour. The young pupae crawl from the ground upon the bark of trees, where they leave their deserted shells.

## Basket-Worms Again.

The description of the basket-worm which we published in this department recently has aroused a great deal of interest, and we have received many interesting specimens and letters from the southern states. Manton Routledge, of San Antonio, Texas, kindly sent a fine specimen of the basket. He adds, "I have found many on trees and houses, but this is the first I have found on a rosebush. I have observed that those which I have found have always been near a wasp's nest, and in some cases even attached to it. The old baskets become infested with small insects of different kinds, as old birds' nests do."

The badge offered to the one who should send us a specimen of the basket-worm moth, has been awarded to Benjamin M. McKelway, of Charlotte, North Carolina. Mr. McKelway writes, "We put the basket away and watched the moth come out." This moth reached us in a battered condition, so that we cannot give a picture of it. Its body is rather stout and covered with black bristly hairs. Its wings are membranous and transparent, like the wings of a fly, but its two hinder wings are very small, and look as if they were imperfectly developed. We wish especially to thank Mr. Edward Lansing, of Belle Helene, La., for a living basket-worm, which has afforded us an opportunity of studying this interesting insect at home. It has proved to be a very lively pet, and has wandered all about our library. It seems also to be of a literary disposition, for we found it one day patiently traveling up a page of the Standard dictionary, basket and all.

## Double Bird's Nest.

A bird here, what kind I do not know, has a double nest; that is, two nests side by side on a slender twig, and fastened by the same material of which the nests are made. It looks something like this:  
We have always found them empty.  
WILLIAM H. BROWNE, JR.,  
Fulton, Florida.



DOUBLE BIRD'S NEST.

A badge of the A. A. will be sent to the one naming and describing this bird. The only double nest we have seen was one we found in our boyhood, made by the American goldfinch, but that was a two-story nest. A cowbird had laid its great egg in the goldfinch's nest, and to get rid of it the wise little bird-mother built a second story to her nest, sealing to a mournful fate the intruding egg, although at the same time she sacrificed two of her own.

## Spiders' Webs.

Lake Bluff, Illinois.

Dear Sir—I should like to know why spiders spin so many webs on a foggy night. This morning there is a heavy fog and there is scarcely a branch on the trees but supports a web. Long webs are strung from branch to branch, and from tree to tree. I have noticed the same thing before on foggy mornings, but never on clear mornings.—Yours truly, Grace E. Reese.  
The webs are there on clear days, but it requires very close observation to find them. On foggy mornings, the webs are covered with tiny brilliant drops or beads of moisture, which make them plainly visible. After a heavy dew the lawn may often be seen fairly covered with spiders' webs, looking like fairy lace kerchiefs. As the sun dries the dew from the webs they disappear from all but the keenest eyes.

## Migrating Birds of Iowa.

I am a reader of THE AMERICAN BOY, and think it can't be beat. Will you kindly give a list of the migrating birds in this part of the country?—Yours truly, Harry Flowers, Gilmore City, Ia.  
Ans.: Columba, ectopistes, helmitherus, merula, peristera, planesticus and tardus. Consult Cones' "Birds of the North-west."

## The Wrong Sort.

We publish the following letter, of course withholding the name of the writer, to illustrate a sort of letter neither common nor commendable:

"I thought I would tell you about a petrified Bible I have. I found it when the railroad was going through. It was blasted out of a cut eleven feet underground. There is only one other petrified Bible that I know of in the United States. One cover of mine was taken off when it was thrown out of the ground. I was standing near by when the blast went off and saw a peculiar rock come down. I picked it up and found it was a petrified Bible. I send a rough sketch of it."

In cases of this sort the Agassiz Association, making full allowance for lack of training, and for vivid imagination, never charges its correspondents with intentional deception. In this case we wrote to our young friend, asking for further details, hoping to lead him to make a more careful statement. We have had no reply.

## Cicada Eggs.

Find inclosed a piece of wood upon which are the eggs of some insect. Will you kindly name it?—Roy B. Cook, Weston, West Va.

The eggs appear to be those of the harvest fly, described and illustrated elsewhere on this page.

Reports of the First Century, Chapters 1-100, should reach the President by January 1.

Now is the time to organize new Chapters. All are invited.

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Typewriter; Camera; 22 Rille; Gold Watch, etc., for couple hours' work among neighbors selling our Rolled Oats and other Cereals. Write today for particulars and outfit.  
Illinois Cereal Co., Chicago (No money required).

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Demand for correspondence clerks rapidly increasing. Demand unsupplied. By taking our practical course Bookkeepers, stenographers and Office Assistants earn promotion or better positions. Young men and girls can learn to write business-getting letters and earn large salaries. A valuable course for Business Men. Write to-day and get our interesting Booklet on How and Why.  
THE URBANS SCHOOLS,  
854 Calhoun St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

**PRIZE WINNER BOYS and GIRLS**  
To the first boy and girl whose answer we receive at this office from each State or Territory of the United States or Canada, we will present their choice either our \$1.00 Monarch crystal handled Pocket Knife having a photograph in one side of the Crystal Palace Tower which will be the highest structure on earth and the greatest wonder of all ages, and a photograph of the American Boy's Badge in the other side, or our priceless High Art Bas-Relief Picture, "Love's Dream," by Martens, mounted on mat, 13 x 16 inches.  
To the boy or girl who first sells four of our Souvenirs, we will present one year's subscription to The American Boy FREE.  
THE CRYSTAL PALACE TOWER CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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THE FREDERICK CHEMICAL COMPANY,  
of New York City, Incorporated for \$125,000  
Offers steady employment copying letters on a fixed salary, also give China Sets, Silver Ware, Furniture, Watches, Jewelry and all kinds of premiums for copying letters in your own homes and also the same premiums to those who desire to sell our Ink-Sules which makes the best ink for twenty cents per quart. Outfit free. For information, send two stamps for postage to FREDERICK CHEMICAL CO. New York City.

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and a handsome "Gold" watch chain & charm. THIS IS A GENUINE GOLD FILLED WATCH in appearance, superbly engraved, double hunting case, stem wind and stem set. HIGH GRADE BY JEWELLED WORKS which is absolutely guaranteed for 25 YEARS.  
Send this to us and we will send the Watch & Chain C. O. D. \$3.75 and express charges to examine. If as represented, pay \$3.75 & Ex. charges and it is yours. Write if you desire Ladies' or Gents' size. CALUMET WATCH CO., Dept. 177, Chicago

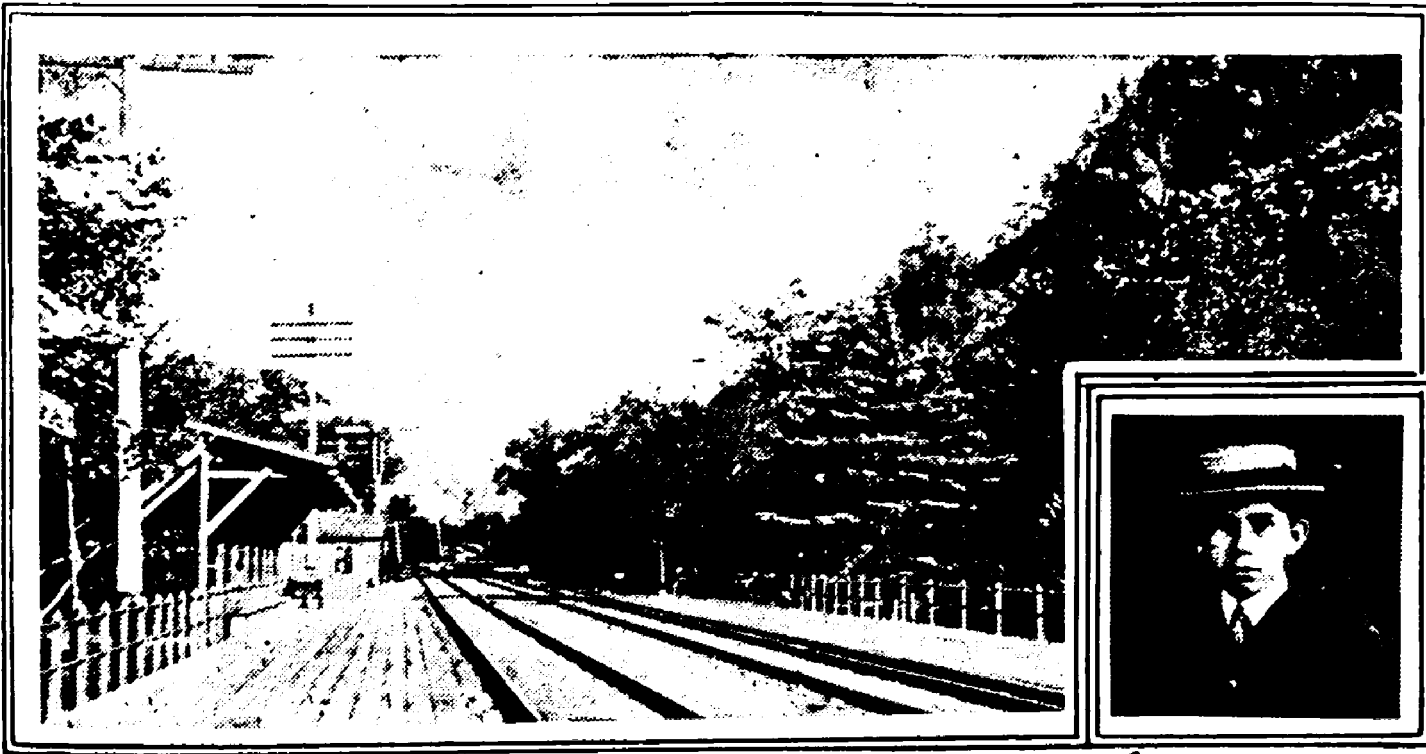
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**FREE GOLD WATCH**  
This watch has American movement fully warranted to keep correct time. The case is 60% Gold Plated, equal in appearance to a Gold Filled Watch warranted 20 years. We give it FREE to Boys and Girls of any age for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Send your address and we will send the jewelry postpaid, when sold send us the \$2 and we will positively send you the watch and chain.  
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KIRKLAND STATION, DEVILS LAKE

CARL N. SCHLICK

## A Young Telegraph Operator.

One of the youngest telegraph operators in the United States is Carl N. Schlick, who is employed by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, in charge of its block station located at Kirkland, Devils Lake, Wis. Young Schlick is only fifteen years old. He began to learn telegraphy at the age of eleven, and at twelve could send and receive messages.

## The Champion Fat Boy.

The champion fat boy was probably Thomas Hall, an English boy who lived over 150 years ago at Willingham, England. When he was but two years and ten months old he weighed fifty eight pounds, was three feet, eight and one-half inches high, and had a neck measuring fourteen and one-fifth inches and a waist measuring twenty three and one-

fifth inches. He was extremely strong, and could at this age throw a blacksmith's hammer weighing seventeen pounds. His voice was like a man's. His father was a small man, and his mother of medium size. The boy died when about six years old. A monument was erected over his grave on which was inscribed the statement that before he was one year old he had the signs of manhood and a "stupendous" voice.

# TRAPS

By A Neely Hall

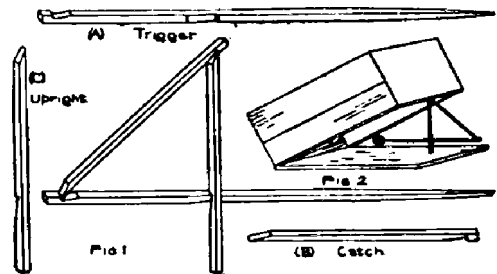
ILLUSTRATIONS... BY THE AUTHOR AND NORMAN P. HALL



During the months of Autumn, while the trees and all vegetation are preparing for winter, the wild creatures of the forest, by their wonderful instinct are aware of the approaching season and can be seen busily at work making warmer and securer quarters. It is while all this preparation is going on that we see hunters of all ages in the woods, some making camps in view of a few weeks' outing, some setting their traps here and there, and others bringing down game with their guns. It is the purpose of this article to describe a few traps so simple that the average boy can make and set them.

### THE FIGURE-FOUR TRAP.

The figure-four trap is about the best known, and is excellent for trapping squirrels and rabbits. To make this trap, cut three square sticks, one about eighteen inches long, the others twelve inches long. Stick A is the trigger, B the catch, and C the upright. See figure 1. Cut notches in the sticks as shown in the illustration and taper one end of the trigger for the bait. When this has been done, procure a box and hinge the cover to it. The trap is now complete. To set it, set the box upon the ground cover



down, open the box and rest its edge upon the figure four as shown in figure 2. Bait the tapered end of the trigger with a carrot, piece of apple or a cabbage leaf. The slightest nibble at the bait will cause the sticks to fall and the box to drop over the game. When putting the figure-four together, you must hold the sticks until you set the box upon them, the weight of the box being all that holds them together.

### THE BOX TRAP.

Figure 3 shows a trap invented by the author, which is very good for rabbits. It is a simplified form of the well-known box trap. Procure a long narrow box, and knock out one end of it, nail one end of the cover to this, and hinge the other end to the box, using leather hinges if others are not at hand. Bore two holes, one over the other, in the back of the box and cut out the space between them, forming a rectangular slot. (See D in figure 4.) Take a stick about eighteen inches long and

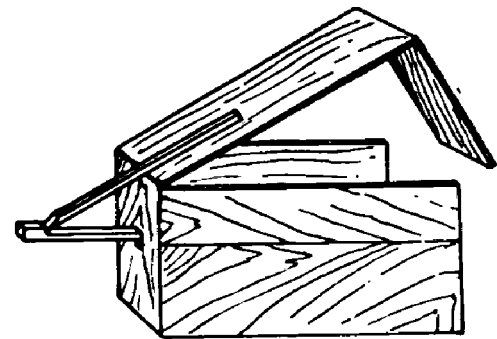


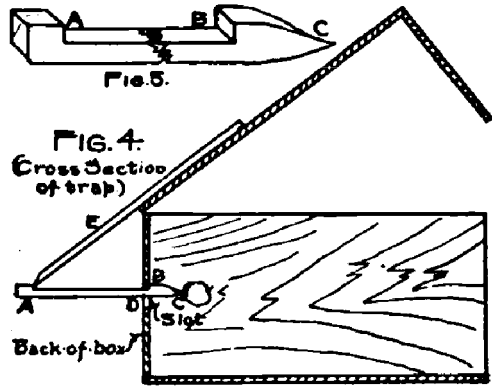
FIG. 3.—BOX TRAP COMPLETED.

after tapering one end, nail it to the box cover, allowing the tapered end to project about nine inches. When this has been done cut a trigger twelve inches long, similar to figure 5, slip it into the slot at D and after baiting it at C, catch the notch B onto the box at the top of the notch. At the same time fit stick E into the notch at A as shown in figure 4. The weight of the cover holds the trigger in place until "bunny" or some of his neighbors attack the inviting bait. As soon as this is touched the trigger loosens its hold at B and causes the cover to fall over the intruder. This trap may be set in the branches of a tree for squirrels. A few holes should be bored around the top of the box for ventilation.

### THE DEAD-FALL.

This way of trapping is not very merciful, but is used to a great extent for large game. It is easily put together and has proven very effective. Figure 6 shows a form which has been successfully employed. First make a pen in the form of a wigwam, driving stakes well into the ground. This is to keep the bait from being attacked in the rear of the trap. It

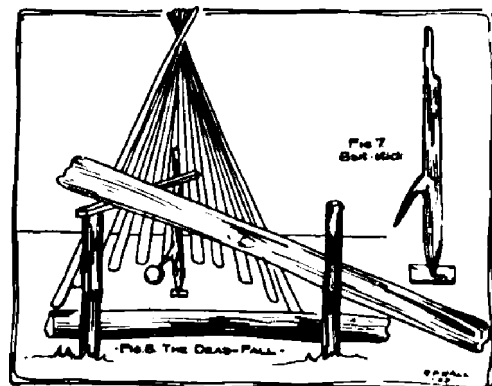
should be open on one side. Place a short log in front of the opening and at both ends of this, drive a stake on the outside of the log. Now procure a log of the same diameter, about six feet long, and slip it between these stakes and the wigwam so that it falls on the first log. Cut a forked twig about twelve inches long



for the bait stick, notching one end and tapering the other as shown in figure 7. A stick twenty four inches long should then be cut and flattened at both ends. To set the trap, raise one end of the upper log, and slip one end of the flattened stick under it, resting it upon the top of the stake outside of the log. Place the bait stick, point downward, inside the pen upon a chip of wood and set the flat stick in the notch. See illustration. For trapping muskrats use carrots or apples as bait; for coons, use fish, or frogs, and for minks, fish.

### THE BOX BIRD TRAP.

Figure 8 illustrates a novel trap for capturing small birds. The size of the box will vary with the different birds, but a deep cigar box will be found to be quite large enough, generally. After hinging the cover on by means of small pieces of leather, bore a number of



holes in the side for ventilation. Now cut two twigs similar to A and B in figure 8 and set them under the box cover, standing B on A as shown in the illustration. A small dent should be made in the cover to receive stick B. In case the cover does not close quickly a weight of some kind should be fastened to it. Set the box on a tree branch and scatter some grain in it to attract the birds. Upon discovering the grain, a bird will hop on the stick C, before going into the box, thus displacing the sticks and bringing the cover down.

### THE SIEVE TRAP.

All that is necessary for this trap is a sieve and a short stick to prop up one side of it. Fasten a long string to the stick and carry the end of it to a spot where you can conceal yourself. Scatter grain beneath the sieve and while the birds are feeding, pull the string, thus bringing the sieve down upon them.

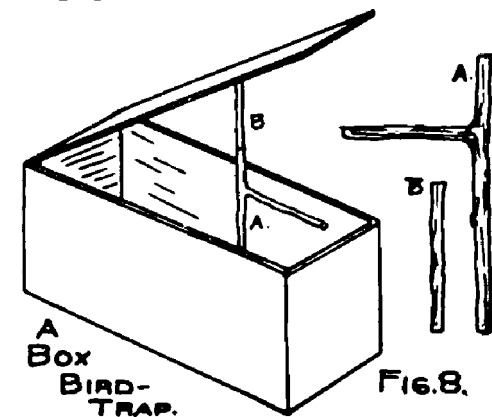


FIG. 8.—BOX BIRD-TRAP.

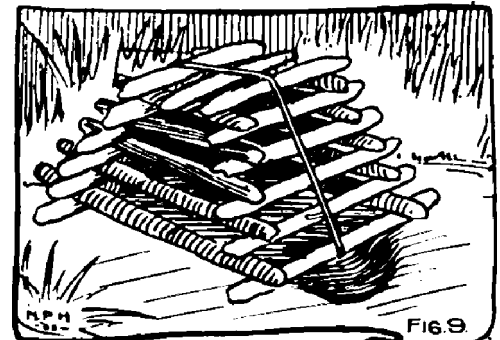
### THE COOP TRAP.

can be used for all kinds of birds. It consists of a number of sticks, piled up in the form of a pyramid and tied together as shown in figure 9. Dig away enough of the ground under one side of the coop to allow a bird to enter, and then scatter some grain inside and a little in the entrance to attract the birds.

After entering the trap, a bird will try to fly out of the top, and it is a strange fact that it will remain there until starved without trying any other way.

### A RABBIT SNARE.

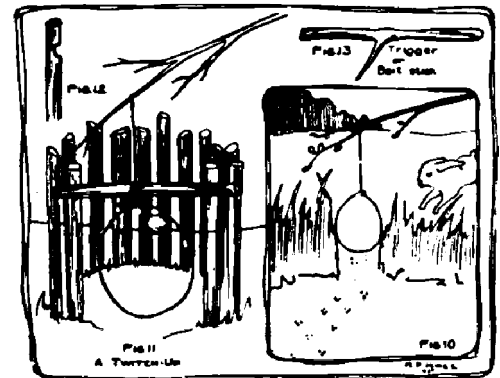
This can be used to the best advantage after the first snow fall, for the broad prints of a rabbit are then easy to follow. As a rabbit travels through the forest continually in the same path, a snare set in the center of his path is pretty certain to catch him. This should be made of soft wire. Take a piece about two feet long, make a noose in one end about four inches in diameter, and fasten the other end to a branch projecting over the path.



(Figure 10.) To be sure that the rabbit will pass through the noose, heap up some leaves on each side of the path. This noose is commonly attached to what is known as

### A TWITCH-UP.

A twitch-up is a sapling bent down and held as shown in figure 11. The ways in which the sapling may be held down are numerous, but the one here described is as simple as any. Select a spot a few feet from a sapling and there make an enclosure about twelve inches in diameter. This should be made of twelve inch sticks driven into the ground in a circle, leaving an opening of six inches on one side. Drive a stake into the ground on both sides of the entrance and cut a notch in the outer face of each, about six inches from the ground. (See figure 12.) Secure a twig somewhat similar to the one in figure 13, and after slipping it into the



notches, fasten the noose and sapling to the center of it. A slight pull on the bait dislodges the crosspiece, the sapling springs up, and the animal is jerked into the air. The twitch-up is considered the best kind of a snare, as it almost always causes instant death to an animal. With them a great variety of game may be trapped. For capturing woodchucks and muskrats, arrange the noose over the opening of their burrows. Among the large game, the fox and wolf are the most difficult to trap, being extremely keen scented. The greatest precaution must be taken in setting the traps, for if they have been touched with the bare hands or if footprints surround the bait, the crafty fellows will detect it instantly and be sly enough to keep away from the bait. The traps, handled with gloves, are set in a circle around the bait and covered over with leaves and brush. In order not to leave any footprints, the trapper generally sets his traps while mounted on horseback. A trapper in New Mexico was hired not long ago by some cattle ranchers to capture some "Loboe" wolves, which were destroying their cattle. Using a dead calf for bait he set his traps around it, and left

with the expectancy of a good catch. Upon going to examine them the next day, to his surprise and disgust, he found a dog in one trap and an Indian in three others. After freeing his captives, he learned that while the Indian was riding by the night before, his dog jumped into one of the traps. He dismounted and had not taken more than a step or two before his foot was caught. The force of this threw him forward and in trying to save himself, his hands were securely clutched in two other traps. Fortunately no wolves made their appearance and he spent the night in this condition, no doubt feeling a little uneasy and uncomfortable.

### Help Yourself

There is a depth of meaning in these words—help yourself. No attainment worth the having has ever been made without self help. All who are in earnest to accomplish a definite purpose within the scope of their intelligence can do it, but they must help themselves.

If you believe that a strong, sound body and an active mind are desirable possessions to attain success in life, you can secure them by building yourself out of the right material—Natural Food.

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is Natural Food—food whose each integral part has a counterpart in your body and which builds it symmetrically and as a harmonious whole. The beauty of form and adaptability of this perfect food lends it a grace to the eye. It can be prepared in over 250 different ways. The natural whole wheat flavor of SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT pleases the palate. Wholly nourishing, as it does, the whole body, it appeals to Reason.

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Sold by all grocers. Send for "The Vital Question" (Cook Book, illustrated in colors), FREE. Address THE NATURAL FOOD CO., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

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walnut stocks, handsome nicked steel barrels, improved sights and interchangeable parts.

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send us his name and we will send any style from factory charges prepaid, upon receipt of price.

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Darts, assorted colors, per dozen, prepaid, 55c  
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IF you can't sing a song or tell a funny story, and desire to shine as a star at parties, instead of sitting like a wallflower, do a trick. Send 10c for sample copy of

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a monthly describing 10 or more tricks each month. SPHINX PUBLISHING CO., 282 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Agent's Outfit Free.—"Snocess" Noting Glasses—only perfect grater. Send for large catalog new goods, fast sellers, free. RICHARDSON MFG. CO. Dept. 13 Bath, N.Y.

# William Jennings Bryan to Boys

While William Jennings Bryan was in Boston recently, he accepted an invitation to address the newsboys of the city, and the advice given to the lads of Boston, who run about the streets morning, noon and night selling the daily papers, if heeded by every American boy would lead them into the way of success.

Mr. Bryan was seen in a different light to that which he usually appears, and the sight was a pleasing one. Over two hundred boys, members of the Boston Newsboys' Union, the youngest organization affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, were his auditors. They had come into Tremont Temple from the streets, although some had taken the time to go home and put on their best wearing apparel. When Mr. Bryan appeared, the lungs made lusty with the daily calling of "papers" and "extras" let out an huzza, so fresh and ringing, that the distinguished visitor's smile broadened into a laugh.

When Mr. Bryan spoke to the boys, one received the impression that the "Boy orator of the Platte" would have made a splendid success in schoolroom or in pulpit. It was a fatherly talk, so earnest and con-

I should hate very much to think that you who are the youngest of this crowd have all the school education you are going to get.

"The first idea that I would suggest is that you cannot get too much education. It is the period of your life, the only period during which you can acquire what is called book learning. I have met many people in the last ten years, but I never met one who had too much education. I have met some who thought they had more education than they had, and I have met others who had great self-esteem over their education, but I never found a boy or girl who had too much of mental discipline or cultivation of the mind.

"You give all you can of time to schooling. I know that circumstances control; I know that you may be in a position where your labor is necessary to support mother or father or brother or sister. When I am making addresses to the people, I tell them that this country will never be prosperous until the father can earn enough to send his children to school instead of putting them to work when they are young like you.

"But you must take the system as you find it. Give all the time you can to your school. Don't allow the prospects of a little gain in selling newspapers now to take you away from the school, because you cannot save enough money selling papers to make up as large a capital as you make if you study, because the brain capital is worth more to you than any amount of money you can accumulate. That is the first thought.

"I want you when you make money to accustom yourselves to saving some. The boy who saves money has two advantages over the boy who spends it. In the first place, he will be laying aside something which after awhile will enable him to be his own master. I object to the trusts, not merely because they extort from the people, but because they destroy individual enterprise and independence. I want to see a boy looking forward to the time when he will be his own master and not always depending on wages for a living. If you save money you hasten the time when you will be in that position.

"The boy who saves his money will be a boy of better habits, it is likely, than the boy who spends his money. I believe good habits are good for men and boys; that when a man spends money needlessly on himself he not only wastes the money but injures himself, and the best success and progress are made by regular habits and by not using your money for anything that is merely a waste of it and a gratification of your appetite.

"Devote some of your time every day to the reading of that which is beneficial, and you will be surprised to find out how much reading you can do in a year. If you will devote an hour a day to valuable reading you will be surprised to find how much information you have acquired in a few years' time. You can live a long while without knowing how many divorces were granted yesterday, or how many murder cases there are, and without the details of every murder that occurs, but you cannot get along well without knowing the history of your country and the thoughts of people who in the past have been the beacon lights of the world.

"You boys who circulate the papers have a great chance to read. But you must not allow newspapers to occupy all your reading time, as there is a great deal in the daily newspaper that you would live as well without knowing, but there is a great deal outside of the newspaper that you must know if you are going to live well. Much that you see in the newspaper today will never be seen or remembered after today, but there are things that have been said and written in this world that will live long after we are dead and forgotten. Get good books and store your minds with information as to what the world has done, as to what people have thought, and combine your reading of history, of science and of philosophy with your newspaper reading.

"I never was a newsboy or had the opportunity to observe the things you see, but I have been brought up in a school that teaches me that we are all linked together and that every person engaged in a useful business is an honorable member of society, and it is much better for you that you are doing something useful than living lives of idleness and contributing in no way to the good of the world. I believe God has so arranged the world that it is a great misfortune for a boy to be so brought up and surrounded that it is not necessary for him to consider the need of work.

"When a boy is relieved from the necessity of work it is a great misfortune for him. If you boys utilize your time, put into active use those habits of industry



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

From a photograph presented by him to "The American Boy."

A man whom about six and a half million voters, in two presidential elections, thought fitted to be President of the United States.

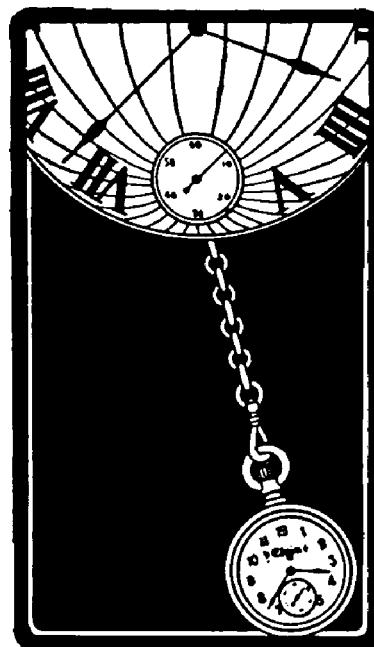
vincing, that the newsboys were captivated and followed every word with the keenest attention. There were no flights of oratory, just a simple, strong, and helpful speech.

"Boys," said Mr. Bryan, "I think I ought to explain to you in the beginning that I am under obligations to you, rather than that you are under obligations to me, for I am sure it gives me as much pleasure to see you and talk to you, as it possibly give you to have me here and listen to me.

"I go on the theory that the happiness we get in life we get out of what we do for others and not what is done for us. It is what we contribute to others and not out of what they contribute to us, and I believe it is more pleasing for a man to look back and see that at some time he has helped some one in some way than it is to look back and recollect the time somebody helped him. So, I will get more pleasure out of trying to say something that will be useful to you, than you will get in listening to me.

"I do not like to talk to people, whether boys or men, without trying to leave an idea. My theory is that an idea is the most important thing a man or boy can get. You never know when you get an idea what it will do with you. I have known an idea to revolutionize a man's whole being and to revolutionize a whole community, a state, a nation or a world. Ideas are the important thing, and if I can leave an idea or two with you, that would be of service. I would rather you would remember the idea than the one who gave it to you.

"Many of you are passing through that period of life which I believe ought to be devoted as far as possible to schooling,



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ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., Elgin, Ill.

which you have learned; if you fill your minds with useful knowledge, the time will come when you, visiting cities, will be invited to speak to boys and to give encouragement to them.

"To be successful in the long run we must see what is right, and stand by what is right. If a boy merely tries to find out what is popular, he will always be making mistakes. If he tries to find out what is right, he will come nearer to seeing the right; if he determines to do the right, he will be the man who will ultimately prevail."

### Chicago Boys to Be Cared For.

Chicago child-saving philanthropists have agreed upon the following divisions of the city's waifs: First, dependent children. Children of this class are to be sent to such schools as the Glenwood School for Boys, Feehansville School for Boys, Evanston School for Girls and the Chicago Industrial School for Girls. Second, truant children. These are to be cared for in the parental schools, where they are held under more strict discipline than that appearing in the public schools. Third, delinquent children, that is, truants who have indulged in petty thievery. This class is to be sent to the Rural Home for Boys now in process of organization, and to which a large sum of money has been subscribed. Fourth, delinquents who have become young criminals and need iron bars. This class will be sent to the John Worthy School, a department of the Bridewell prison.



Here is a young American boy, Elmer Eberhardt, of Sheboygan, Wis., in the act of painting a picture. He, of course, expects to become a second Rembrandt. He succeeded in getting some blue paint on all the available parts of his clothing, and after much labor and considerable help he finished his masterpiece.

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SKETCHES BY McCUTCHEON IN CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD.

...THE...  
AMATEURJOURNALIST AND  
PRINTER

THE AMATEUR STAR is edited by C. F. Hassler, 818 E. Fourth street, Santa Ana, Cal. It is the successor to the Boys' Own. The August number consists of six one column pages and a cover. The cover is too heavy and stiff to be conventional, but it has the merit of keeping the sheets from being mussed. The money spent on the cover, however, would have produced better results, so far as appearances go, if it had been spent on better paper for the reading matter, and eight pages instead of six had been printed, so that it might be folded by itself and not really need a cover. FICHTION, edited by Anthony E. Willis, President of the N. A. P. A., is printing a good series of articles entitled, "The Needs of Amateur Journalism." THE ARROW is published by three young AMERICAN BOY subscribers, Walter W. Frazee, editor; Percy E. H. Wood, Assistant Editor; and William A. Stewart, Business Manager, 1302 N. Second street, Camden, N. J. It looks as if it might have been printed with a one-line rubber type hand press or else a typewriter, and it is plain that their printing facilities are very meager, but they have made a very neat job of it, and, considering the space they have at their disposal, have done very well editorially. It is especially creditable to bring out a neat and well gotten up paper with poor facilities, though it is a good deal more pleasure to the publishers to have the finest obtainable, and we trust that the boys may soon be able to provide themselves with a better printing plant. THE HOME DEFENDER, published monthly at 1119 The Temple, Chicago, and edited by Henry Henriksen, with John S. Upton as assistant editor, and Thorwald Mauritzen as business manager, does not look like an amateur publication, but the publishers claim that it is, and, anyway, it is a proper subject of mention in THE AMERICAN BOY, for its editor is only 18 years old. A boy of 18 who can edit such a paper is certainly setting a high mark of achievement for his fellows to equal. The Home Defender is a temperance and semi-religious periodical, and is in its third year. Both in behalf of its young editor and in behalf of the noble cause it advocates, we wish it continued growth and success. THE CHESTNUT is published by Eleazer Robinson Bowie, of Untontown, Pa. It contains four pages, all of which look alike. The title page should have a distinct heading of its own, different from the regular running head, but there is no difference in the number before us, which is volume 2, No. 7. The contents are made up wholly of local notes, but for some reason or other the heading, "Locals," appears on the second instead of the first page, though the first page does not differ in its character from those which follow. Under the circumstances, this heading was not necessary at all, but if it was to appear it should have appeared at the beginning of the locals and not over only three-fourths of them. THE YOUNG SOCIALIST is edited by Erwin B. Ault, at East 115 Sprague avenue, Spokane, Wash. Typographically speaking, it is a very nicely gotten up little magazine, and the young editor is commendably temperate in his remarks, which is unusual in an enthusiast in a comparatively new cause, though he is not always strictly logical and does not always see all of the elements of the questions he discusses. His editorials cannot always be swallowed whole, therefore, but they are frequently

worthy of consideration. THE YOUNG AMERICAN is published by L. Lester, at Kinsley, Kas. It is rather cheaply gotten up, but that is only a fault where something better could be done, and of course in any event the main object of amateur journalism is the literary or editorial rather than the mechanical work, though the mechanical part of publishing a paper is a close second in importance. The editorial work is good. The contents consist of two stories by Roy Vernon Madison, some editorials, and a correspondence department. The editor's work is worthy of commendation. THE GLOBE in one of its recent issues gives a sketch of the life of George W. D'Vys, who, though some forty years of age, is an enthusiastic member of the U. A. P. A. Mr. D'Vys is not an amateur only now, however. He took up amateur journalism as a hobby while an invalid, unable to work as the result of a serious accident, and while writing for various amateur publications he taught himself, and the awakening was followed by his taking up literature as a profession. A good deal of Mr. D'Vys' work has appeared in THE AMERICAN BOY. Without his experience in amateur journalism he never would have won his present position in the literary world. THE NEVADAN, which is published by Leo S. Levy, P. O. Box 133, Virginia City, Nevada, is interesting, though it contains little that is original or that is strictly amateur journalistic work. Another criticism to which it is open is the fact that, though the number before us contains two supplements in addition to the four pages of the regular issue, the three parts are all of different sizes. This is not neat and workmanlike and should not be necessary. STRATHMORE, edited by W. Clement Moore, Cassville, N. J., is the organ of the Strathmore Literary Circle, which has some very large objects, according to its announcements. The first number of this magazine is before us, and it is a good and interesting number. We wish to condemn the editor's practice of sticking the magazine full of circulars, however. It may be a good thing for the announcements so sent out, but it is not pleasing to the readers and will injure the interest in, and therefore the popularity of, the magazine itself, and naturally create a feeling of antagonism against the announcements thus obtrusively forced into the reader's way. The advertisements should be bound in and inserted at the proper places.—THE JUNIOR FORUM, edited by David A. Newton, 214 Fourth street, Jersey City, N. J., in the four pages of its September issue, gives two good essays and some spicy, well written editorials.—THE CUYAHOGAN, published at Twinsburg, Ohio, and edited by James A. Clerkin, of Jersey City, N. J., which city, by the way, has more bright active amateurs than almost any other city in the country, is always a neat appearing publication, and its editorial matter is always high class. The September number contains a poem by W. J. Clemence, a story by Flora Stewart Emory, and a very creditable essay on Tasso by Wm. H. Greenfield. We commend such studies of the life and works of the great writers of the past to other amateurs. THE BOYS' EXCHANGE makes its second bow to the public from Newark, N. J. Milton S. Davis, 19 West Park street, being the editor. It is well printed and well written, but there is nothing about exchanges in it. Possibly that is because the

publisher hasn't had time to develop that feature.—THE NEWARK AMATEUR for October contains a number of programs of meetings of the Newark Amateur Press Club. We suggest that amateurs in other cities would find it beneficial to form clubs and follow some such programs as the Newark Club offers its members. Copies of this issue of The Newark Amateur can probably be obtained by those interested if they will write to 36 Sixteenth avenue, Newark, N. J.—JAMES A. CLERKIN'S CONSPICUOUS, in its September issue, prints a quotation from Frank H. Sweet's article on "Leaving Home," page 343, American Boy for September, and founds an editorial on socialism upon it. We have no quarrel with socialism, but we cannot forbear to caution young editors against this unfair method of argument, which consists in taking sentences out from their original connections and giving them a meaning entirely different from that intended by the writer. The sentence quoted relates to the young men who are "willing to do anything," but not qualified to do "something" well, and the troubles such men have in making a living. Mr. Clerkin argues that young men always will have trouble until socialism is put into effect and the government owns all the means of production. Well, if socialism is simply a scheme to benefit the lazy and inefficient at the expense of those who are energetic, ambitious and hard-working enough to qualify themselves thoroughly for some particular line of work so that they can make a success at it, then socialism is hardly a thing to be commended. But so long as things are as they are, only the young man who thoroughly qualifies himself for something and will work hard at it can hope to make a good living and attain success. But that wasn't what we started out to say. We simply want to caution editors to be fair with their readers and honest with themselves in all their writings.

General Booth Talks  
— Interview by

I had sent up my card and the grand old Christian General was standing in the center of his room at the hotel, with outstretched hand and a kindly smile of greeting in his mild gray eyes. He was dressed in a plain dark uniform unembellished except for the black military braid. The only coloring was the scarlet jerkin of the Salvation Army and a bit of gold at the neck where the venerable beard swept to his breast. Features that were striking, eyes shadowed by shaggy gray brows, a forehead high and open, a mass of snowy hair and beard, and a frankness that was good to feel—such was General Wm. Booth, founder and commander of the universal army of salvation workers.

"You represent THE AMERICAN BOY?" said the General as he settled himself in a rocking chair. "I have heard of that magazine and there is no doubt that it is doing a noble work in moulding the character of the boys. I find the press very favorable to us in this country, much more so than I had expected. Over in England the press is what you call colorless. It does not take any more notice of us than it is compelled to do, but then in England the press does not publish much about religious matters. You will see accounts of murders, suicides, adulteries and scandals, but not much religion unless it be that a church has been built or an archbishop ordained. If I ran a paper," said the General, "my Monday's paper would give all the Sunday news, and I would have some during the week also. The divine command is that the church should work six days and rest on Sunday, instead the church works on Sunday and rests six days."

"I suppose, General, you were a boy once?" I suggested.

"Ah, that word boy—how much it means! Fifty eight years ago I was a random lad, full of mischief and led by



GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH.

my own impulses—a wicked boy going down fast, very fast, when God stopped me. I did not know much about religion, but I heard there was a way of forgiveness and I found the salvation of my soul. I remember the time in the streets of my native town when the burden rolled off my conscience and I felt light enough to leap over the moon that was shining down upon me.

for The American Boy  
Hopkins Moorhouse

"My salvation was a double salvation—one for myself and one for those around me. I began to preach in the streets to the ragamuffins and the poor. Then I became a minister, but I was dissatisfied and wanted to get away to the masses. There seemed to me to be two worlds—a church world full of sacred cathedrals and books, and a worldly world full of gambling dens, and vice, and all manner of dirty, filthy things. By the providence of God I found myself at last in this world—there in the east end slums of London. I commenced my work, a weak young man, but with the divine arm supporting me. Those were the days when the Salvation Army was all under one hat and I wore it. But the great Father made use of me as he will of every true-hearted, earnest boy—perhaps not to found a Salvation Army, perhaps only to wash his mother's dishes or see that the chores are done, but he will be used."

"These are wobbling days of doctrine," cried General Booth, rising to his feet and pacing across the room with the fire of his boyhood, "wobbling days, and we want the boys, all the boys, Christian boys. We must have them."

He stopped abruptly. "And now I must go to my meeting," he said.

There was a deep earnestness in his tone and manner as he shook hands, and his voice trembled as he said, "Good-bye, my boy, and God bless you."

A moment later I paused on a lower landing as the General's voice hailed from above:

"Come to the meeting tomorrow." And the last glimpse I had of General Booth was that of the noble veteran who began his lifework for Christ on an ash-barrel pulpit in the slums of Nottingham, England, and who now stood leaning over the landing railing, his silvery hair shining against the gaslight behind him.

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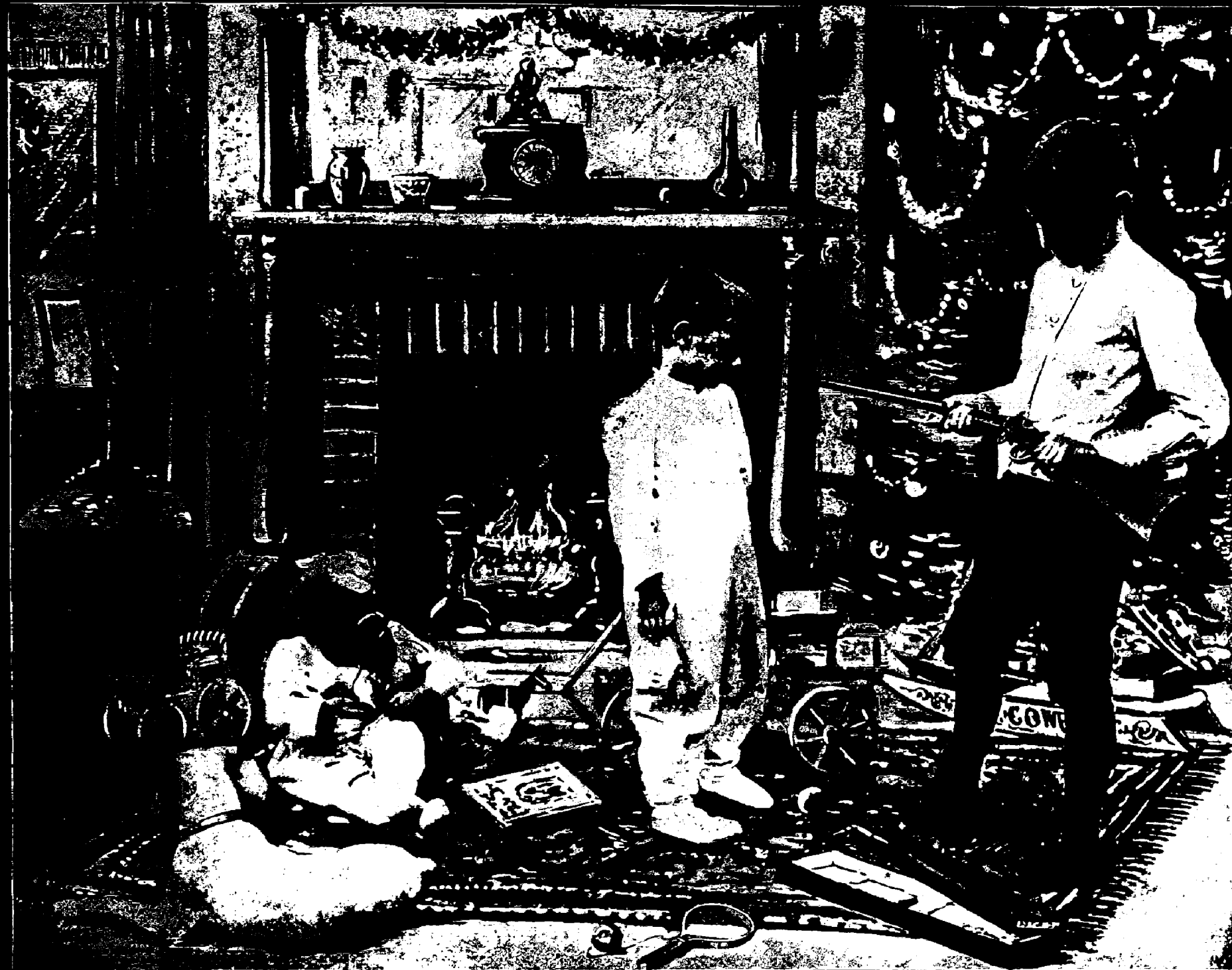
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**300 Companies and over 5000 Members.**

But this gave no chance to the boys who could not join local companies.

## The New Plan

To let every boy who reads *The American Boy* be a member for the mere asking would make such an amount of labor in our office in the mere keeping of records, etc., that we could not think of opening the door so wide. We are willing to enroll every boy as an individual member who shows energy and intelligent interest in the success of this paper and of the Order. So we make the following offer to our readers who wish to show their appreciation of *The American Boy* and spread its good work, and who wish to be enrolled in the biggest army of boys ever organized for pure and ennobling purposes.

## 50,000 More Boys Before Christmas

We figure out that 25,000 of our 90,000 readers are hustling, intelligent American boys capable of doing anything they set out to do. We want their assistance in adding to our roll 50,000 more names. You have said to us, every boy should read *The American Boy*, and so every boy shall, if you will follow our lead and enter on a winter canvass in the enemy's country. Let us stamp out bad boy literature and go into a canvass that shall not end till every boy we know reads *The American Boy*. Then we can make it a 48-page, who knows but a 64-page paper, so that it will take a boy a whole month to read it. To do this we need

50 boys who can each get 50 new subscribers	-	-	-	2,500
100 boys who can each get 25 new subscribers	-	-	-	2,500
200 boys who can each get 15 new subscribers	-	-	-	3,000
500 boys who can each get 10 new subscribers	-	-	-	5,000
1,000 boys who can each get 5 new subscribers	-	-	-	5,000
1,500 boys who can each get 3 new subscribers	-	-	-	4,500
5,000 boys who can each get 2 new subscribers	-	-	-	10,000
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<b>25,850</b>			<b>HUSTLING BOYS CAN CAPTURE</b>	<b>50,000</b>

And can earn positions in the Order of The American Boy, and cash and other valuable premiums as shown in our premium list which every reader has.

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The boy who sends in 50 new One Dollar subscriptions before December 25th next will be made a Tenth Degree member and will receive a Tenth Degree badge and Tenth Degree stamps, also *The American Boy* free for life and Twenty-five Dollars in money, or Premiums to that amount to be selected from our premium list.

The boy who sends in 25 will be made an Eighth Degree member and will receive an Eighth Degree badge and stamps, *The American Boy* free for five years, and Twelve Dollars and a half in money or premiums.

The boy who sends in 10 will be made a Seventh Degree member and will receive a Seventh Degree badge and stamps, and Five dollars in money or premiums.

The boy who sends in 5 will be made a Sixth Degree member and will receive a Sixth Degree badge and stamps, and Two dollars and a half in money or in premiums.

The boy who sends in Three will be made a Fifth Degree member and will receive a Fifth Degree badge and stamps, and One dollar and a half in money or in premiums.

The boy who sends in Two will be made a Fourth Degree member, and will receive a Fourth Degree badge and stamps, and One dollar in money or in premiums.

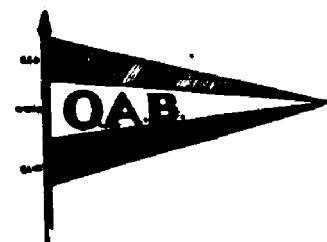
The boy who sends in One will be made a Third Degree member and will receive a Third Degree badge and stamps, and Fifty cents in money or in premiums.



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Mind and Morals

OF THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY



O. A. B. Pennant

## Official Stamps, Badges, Etc.

Every member of the Order is entitled to a badge appropriate to his rank. This we furnish free. We also furnish free to every member on request, a visiting card, allowing him to visit any company meeting when in a city or town where a company is located. We also furnish to every member a supply of stamps or stickers that he may use on his stationery or envelopes, showing his membership and rank in the order. Every member is entitled, free of charge, to any literature issued for the Order, excepting *The American Boy*.

A picture of the stamp is here shown. Each member of the Order will receive at Christmas a supply of the stamps, on which is shown his degree, and these stamps he may use on his letterheads and elsewhere to show to boys everywhere his membership and his rank.



## The St. Louis Exposition

and the

### Order of The American Boy

The publishers of *The American Boy* are arranging for a meeting of the members of the Order to be held during the St. Louis Exposition in 1904, where the members of this great army of boys—then possibly 200,000 strong, may have the opportunity of meeting one another.

Of course, all can not go at one time, but when the time comes we are sure over 1,000 boys of the Order will be present. There will be addresses by distinguished men who are friends of boys, reports by officers, and talks by boys—perhaps a parade on the grounds and a banquet. Let us look forward and plan to meet at St. Louis in 1904. Perhaps you can earn enough working for *The American Boy* to pay your way to what will probably be the greatest of all American Expositions. And the boys ought to



PAGE CONSTABLE ROBINSON. A lineal descendant of Robert R. Livingston who conducted the negotiations for the purchase from France of the Louisiana Territory.

have and will have a part. There are other great things in store for the members of the Order of *The American Boy*.

# 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.

## Two Kinds of Membership

1. Organized Membership
2. Individual Membership

**Organized Membership** is where a group of boys form a local company under officers of their own selection and conduct themselves under the general direction of the Editor of *The American Boy*, who is head of the Order. Any number of subscribers to *The American Boy* in one place may form a company.

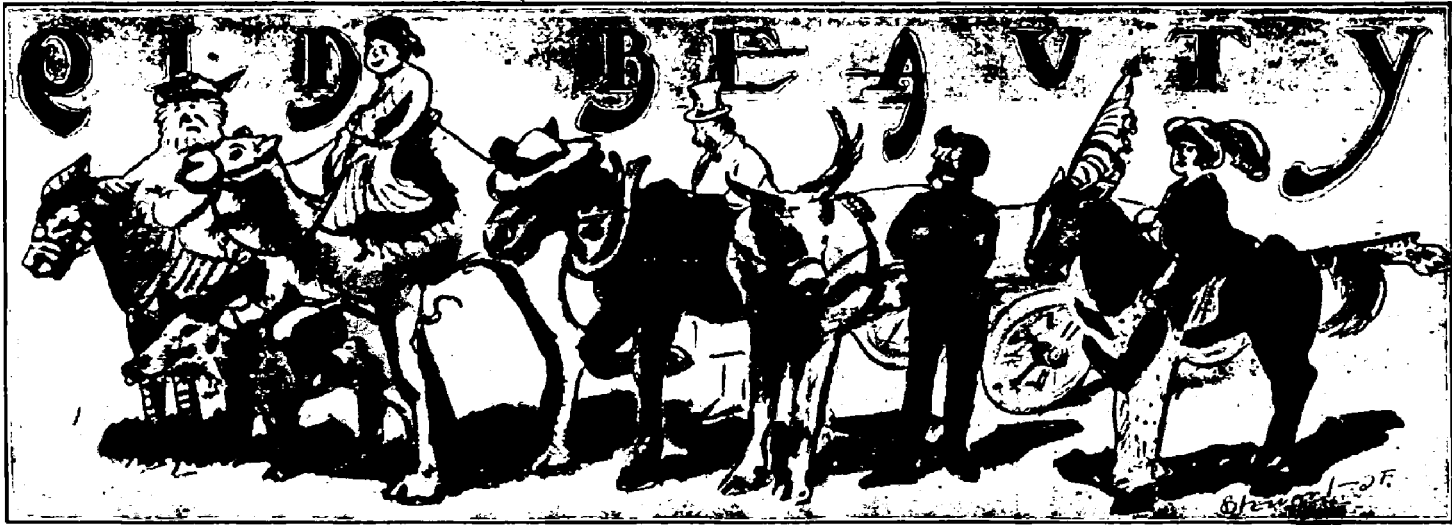
**Individual Membership** is given where a boy can not join a local company. He may become a member of the Order by assisting in the spread of the good work of *The American Boy* in getting a new subscriber, for doing which he is given membership and something more. See offer on opposite page.

The publishers of *The American Boy* would not conduct any enterprise for boys that did not aim at high ideals in life and character. The O. A. B. stands for manly boys.

Show boys our Calendar offer (see page 63) and you can get a subscription easily.

## The Order of The American Boy

Has over 5,000 members; it ought to have 500,000. Its principles are safe. Its purpose high and ennobling.



ONE of the amusing features of the Ellis County Fair was to be something that was blazoned forth on the posters as a "Free-for-all and go-it-as-you-please race" to occur on the third day, which was always the "big day" of the fair. Nearly all of the farms within ten miles of the fair grounds, and all of the small towns would be almost deserted on the big day of the fair. Hard indeed was the lot of the boy who had to remain at home on this day, and few were the fathers who had the hardihood to decree that their boys should stay at home and work on the big day of the fair.

I remember with what miserly thrift I saved every copper and nickel that came into my possession for weeks before the time of the fair. Not even a circus could cause me to draw very largely on my little hoard, which must be as large as possible when the fair time came around, for it might be that it would be my privilege to attend the fair two days, although this bliss did not often fall to my portion for my father was a poor man and, save as I might, I did not often accumulate more than I wanted to spend on the big day of the fair.

The "Free-for-all and go-it-as-you-please race" was a new feature of the fair. I did not quite understand what it meant until my more erudite and excitable chum, Tony Alton, enlightened me on the subject. My father's cows and the cows belonging to Mr. Alton fed in the same pasture, and one of my most pleasing duties was to go for our cows at about five o'clock every afternoon. The pleasure of this uninteresting duty lay in the fact that Tony always started for his father's cows at the same time I started for mine, and we met at a certain point in the road a short distance from my home and journeyed on to the pasture together in happy, boyish comradeship. Tony was a short, fat, red-headed boy with twinkling blue eyes and an almost perpetual grin on his freckled face. The twinkling eyes and the grin were proofs of a merry heart and an uncommon sense of the ludicrous. Tony was a born lover of fun, and his eyes fairly sparkled when he told me about the race that was to be a new feature of the fair the fall that I was fifteen years of age and Tony was a few months older.

"It's to be like this," said Tony to me. "Any one that wants to can enter the race, and you can ride anything you want to. You can go on stilts if you want to. You can lope or canter or trot or run if you are on horseback. You can ride a horse or a mule or a steer or a pig, or you can go on shank's horses if you want to. Billy Ross says he is going to enter the race on that old spotted, spavined jackass of his father's. Of course he don't expect to win the race, and he's going to do it just for the fun o' the thing. I bet you it will be the funniest thing of the whole fair."

"Are you going to enter the race?" I asked.

"I would if I could get old Nancy Drake to loan me that outfit with which she jogs along to town every Saturday morning with her butter and eggs."

We both laughed aloud at this, for Nancy's horse was known to be thirty-four years old and the boniest, skinniest, most ill-favored piece of horse flesh we had ever seen. Nancy drove him hitched to the queerest old contraption of a cart, and rags, strings, rope, wire, chains and leather entered into the construction of the old horse's harness.

"Wouldn't I cut a figure with old Nancy's turnout?" asked Tony with a ringing laugh. "Was there ever a more string-halted old nag than Nancy's? I think that it must have been her horse that the Irishman rode."

"What Irishman?" I asked.

"Didn't you ever hear about the Irishman who rode a string-halted horse for the first time?"

"No, I never did."

"Well, Pat mounted the horse and every time the horse would step high with one of his hind legs, as a string-halted horse will, Pat would look back to see what was the matter. When he had done this about a dozen times he gave the horse a rap with his open hand on the ear and said, 'See here, bedad; if you are goin' to get on I'll get off!'"

The woods rang with Tony's boyish laughter as he told this story, and then he said:

"If I can think of anything to ride I'm going to enter that free-for-all race. I wish that we could enter it together; couldn't we?"

"We could divide the prize if we won it," added Tony.

"How much is the prize to be?"

"Fifty dollars—just think of it! Think of all the things we could buy if we had twenty-five dollars each! Say, Ted, if you don't want to go in for the purse with me, I'll go in for it myself, hanged if I don't!"

"Go ahead. I won't stand in the way of your getting the whole prize."

"Well, if I do, I'll fill you up so full of peanuts and ice cream and gumdrops and gingerbread and lemonade that you can't walk! And we'd take in every side show at the fair!"

"What a joyful career of riotous living! But you'd better not count your chickens before they are hatched. There will probably be no end of contestants for the prize."

"The more the merrier. You see if I don't think up some way of entering that race by this time to-morrow."

Tony was a boy of such fertile imagination that I was not at all surprised to have him say when I saw him the next day:

"It's all settled, Ted! I know just what I am going to ride in the free-for-all and go-it-as-you-please race on the big day of the fair."

"What?"

"You can't guess."

"I don't intend to try."

"You do give in the easiest of any boy I know! Well, my son, I'm going to enter that race a-straddle of—you'll think I'm lying if I tell you!"

"It won't be the first time I have thought that."

"Smarty! Well, I'm going to ride our old Beauty in that race!"

"Tony Alton! You wouldn't dare!"

"You see if I don't! I wonder I didn't think of it the minute I heard about the race. I have spoken to father about it and he says that if I want to make such a dunce and show of myself he has no objection, and that settles it. If I am spared, as old Elder Tilly says, I shall ride dear old Beauty in that race. I'll trick him out in some fantastic way and I'd smile to see any one trot out a more fascinating contestant for the race."

"How do you think Beauty will act?"

"Act! Why, he trots around after me like Mary's little lamb. And his gratitude when I scratch his back with a cob is truly touching. You've seen me ride him around the barnyard, and you know he can run like a deer. I'm going to put him through a regular course of training between this time and the big day of the fair, and we'll provide a lot of fun for the multitude even if we don't get the prize. Wouldn't you feel proud of your chum if he and old Beauty took the prize?"

"I'm not so sure that I would."

"Oh, you old wet blanket of a thing you!" exclaimed Tony, as he gave me a chug with his fist.

Beauty, the animal on which Tony was to ride in the race was nothing more nor less than a great, gaunt hog of the "razor-back" variety. A more unprepossessing looking creature could not have been entered for the race. The hog was but a little pig when it escaped from some movers who were going by the Alton farm. After a futile attempt to capture the pig, which had taken to the woods, the movers had gone on their way, leaving the pig behind them, and a day or two later it had appeared at the Alton farm, and Mr. Alton had said that Tony might have it for his own poor possession.

Tony, with his unerring sense of humor, saw possibilities of fun if not of profit, in the possession of the razor-back, which grew more grotesque in appearance as it increased in size. No amount of feeding could give much flesh to the creature and it had a lean, starved look no matter how generously it was fed. It was like Tony to name the creature Beauty, and it was altogether like Tony to suddenly conceive the idea of riding Beauty in the free-for-all race. I had seen Tony mount the gaunt hog and go racing around his father's barnyard shrieking with delight. Tony would seize the animal by the ears and all of its efforts to dismount him would be in vain.

Those who have ever had imposed upon them the exasperating duty of "heading off" or trying to corral a drove of pigs, know that they can run with amazing fleetness, and the speed of a razor-back pig is something almost incredible. Tony did not greatly exaggerate when he said:

"Beauty can go like greased lightning when he puts the power on in dead earnest, and he can jump like a sheep. I guess there'll be some fun when Beauty and I make our debut on the track."

"I do not doubt it."

Tony's determination to ride Beauty in the race did not waver as the day of the race drew near. When we met to go for the cows on the evening before the big day of the fair Tony said exultantly:

"Well, old Beauty is in fine trim for the race. You ought to have seen him skim over the ground with me on his back in our east pasture this morning. He went so fast my coat tail stood out on a level with my head and I had to hang on for dear life. I've rigged up a little saddle for him and he seems to know just what is expected of him the minute that saddle goes on his back. Sometimes he grunts his disapproval when I bring out the saddle, but I have taught him to understand that there is no getting out of it when I want to fare forth on his back, and I don't think he'll play me false at the race."

The big day brought the usual enormous crowd to the fair. It was a perfect September day and the announcement of the free-for-all race had, no doubt, increased the attendance. Every seat in the grandstand was taken, and people were pressing on the ropes stretched entirely around the track when the free-for-all race was called. Screams of laughter went up from the crowd when the contestants in the race appeared on the track. One man appeared with a horse as spotted as a leopard and leaner even than the old rack-a-bones belonging to Nancy Drake. The horse was hitched to a four-wheeled wagon and no two wheels were of the same size. The man himself was clad in rags and tags, and the legs of the poor old horse were encased in red calico pantalets with wide white frills. A ridiculous skyscraper bonnet of ancient origin was perched on the head of the horse and he wore a string of noisy sleigh bells.

One boy entered the race astride of a steer that tossed its head angrily and hooked at the old white mule on which Jerry Tucker, a boy of our acquaintance, entered the ring. One man drove a horse and a steer together and another man entered the ring clad in tights and gaily spangled trunks prepared to enter the contest on foot. There was a camel on exhibition in one of the side show tents on the

grounds, and the "living skeleton," also on exhibition in the same show, entered the ring on the back of the camel. But the applause and the laughter were loudest when Tony entered the ring on the back of Beauty, who squealed loudly as Tony rode into the ring. Tony had put a garland of flowers around the pig's neck and a huge pink bow was tied to the animal's tail. Tony wore a domino of many colors and a grinning false face. He purposely wobbled from side to side on the back of the pig as he entered the ring, and he had the audacity to throw kisses to the ladies in the grandstand. Tony quite ignored propriety when he set out to have "some fun," but his pranks were always harmless.

There were perhaps twenty contestants in the race, and there was some difficulty and delay in getting them lined up for the start. When the signal for the start was finally given the nondescript contestants started with varying degrees of speed. The old horse in pantalets ambled forward for about twenty rods and then balked, and when the driver belabored it with his whip the horse created shouts of laughter by playing a tattoo on the dashboard of the wagon with its heels, but move forward it would not and did not until the close of the race.

The camel was so old and spiritless that it did not sustain the reputation of its race for winged swiftness. It jogged along so listlessly that it was soon far behind even the slow-moving steer.

Beauty sped along swiftly for a few rods and then stopped so suddenly that Tony shot forward over the pig's head amid the uproarious merriment of the crowd. But Tony was astride Beauty in an instant and had again started around the track. Beauty suddenly sped forward with surprising speed with Tony clinging to his ears. The cheers of the crowd became a perfect babel when Beauty began to gain on the other contestants. The man in tights ran with surprising speed, but the distance between him and Beauty was fast lessening before the man was halfway around the track. The old white mule suddenly changed from a lope to a walk and it was evident that he was "winded." The jackass Billy Ross rode became unmanageable, and when Billy used the whip it let its heels fly into the air in a way that added to the already uproarious merriment.

When Beauty had outdistanced all but two of the contestants the crowd began to utter cries of—

"Go it, porker!"

"Git out o' the way for the razor-back!"

"Hang on to him, boy!"

"Ten to one on the bacon!"

"Hooray for the porker!"

"He's gaining on the old white mule!"

(Continued on page 60.)



"Get out o' the way for the razor-back!"

The Hero of the Coal Breakers - George W. Walsh

THE great coal breaker was clouded with dust, and noisy with the rumble of the crushers and tons of coal falling down through the great wooden trough; but amid the roar and dust the seventy or eighty breaker boys worked industriously, separating slate and rock from the black fuel.

All day long, with the exception of an hour at noon, they had been toiling in the breaker, and their hands and arms ached.

"Hello! Wake up, there!" shouted one of the boys across the breaker, his voice scarcely sounding above a whisper, so great was the confusion.

"I'll wake you up!" replied the boy spoken to, and he shied a piece of slag at the first speaker.

"Where's Pelican? Is that him with the black face?"

A roar of laughter followed this sally, and the dust-covered face of Pelican smiled with an outrageous attempt to appear funny.

"Say, fellows, tonight we'll go and have a swim in the river. It's hot enough to be there now! Look out, here comes another load!"

Then all conversation ceased, for the roar of the coal made it impossible for any one to hear his own voice; but the breaker boys had a way of getting around this. They began mimicking each other, and speaking with eyes, lips and hands. Nearly all of them understood this dumb pantomime, for they had practiced it many days and weeks in the breaker.

Far down the chute sat Charlie Sparrow, one of the newest breaker boys, and he listened in a dull, indifferent way to this chaffing. His little hands ached. They were bleeding in many places from coming in contact with the rough coal. It takes a month and more for a new boy to get accustomed to the work of sorting the coal before the tender skin of the hands ceases to suffer from handling it.

Charlie had not lived in the mining village until he received the appointment as breaker boy. His father had been a miner in the Wilkes-Barre mines, and he had obtained a position through friends.

There was little in Charlie's life to make things bright and attractive. His father was dead, and his mother was living miles away, waiting until he could make money enough to enable her to live where he was.

To-day the work seemed endlessly hard and dreary, and he worked away with monotonous regularity, picking out the slate and foreign matter with his bleeding hands as the great mass of coal came roaring down from above.

The "boss" in charge of his chute occasionally watched him closely and seemed absorbed in his quiet demeanor. Then, suddenly, when Charlie failed to secure a large piece of slate which slid past him, the man said sharply:

"See here, youngster, you must wake up if you want to retain your job. You're too slow."

Charlie flushed, but bravely turned to his work with greater energy, using every effort to do the sorting quickly and satisfactorily. He had no friends among the breaker boys, and even those who worked near him had little to say. He felt that the boys considered him an interloper because he had come from another mining district.

eyes immediately caught sight of the omission. His eyes lowered at Charlie, and, stepping toward him, he said:

"You can report to me tonight for your wages. We don't want such clumsy boys on this breaker."

Instead of flushing this time, the blood left the boy's face and it appeared deathly white. Even his hands grew so white that the skin was in strong contrast to the blood and coal dust on them. But with self-control Charlie worked steadily along, apparently unaffected by the sudden discharge. His mind, however, was working feverishly. He was thinking of the widowed mother in a distant village, who was hoping and waiting for her boy to provide a home for her in the mining village.

Silence fell on the breaker boys around, and, as if ashamed of what they had done, they avoided looking at him. Charlie was indifferent to their looks. He cared little now that his silence and reserve had made him unpopular. He realized that his manners had been misinterpreted by his companions, and they had a right to their opinion of him.

In half an hour the incident seemed partly forgotten, and the boys joked and grimaced at each other again, distorting their faces until they looked almost hideous with their coating of black coal dust. While enjoying a particularly quiet lull in the operation of the machinery, they began shouting back and forth, and making merry at each other's expense.



Bracing himself he caught the leg of the unfortunate boy.

Charlie was not a part of the merry-making, and his attention happened to be directed more above than below him. While he looked upward, a strange sight caught his attention. Two of the boys were engaged in a friendly wrangle, and suddenly the body of one of them shot out into the chute down which the coal poured. Unable to stop himself the boy turned over and over and uttered a cry of fear. But it was all done so quickly that no hand was stretched out to save him—none except that of Charlie Sparrow. He saw the boy while still far above him, and with the instinct to save another in distress, he stretched out his hands to intercept the fall.

The lad was falling down the sharp incline swiftly and Charlie's arms seemed hardly sufficient to stop the descent. Bracing himself against one of the steps, he caught the leg of the unfortunate boy, and clung to it; but the momentum was too great, and he was jerked from his position and hurled down with the victim.

Down they went, turning over twice, but the bottom of the chute was not more than twenty feet away, and the sudden breaking of the fall by Charlie's effort to save the

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boy saved them both. They fell in a heap at the bottom, bruised and bleeding, but not seriously hurt. The "boss," who was below, saw the two boys tumbled at his feet, and without waiting for an explanation concluded that the new boy had got in trouble again, and had fallen while fighting with one of his companions.

He picked Charlie up by the collar and hustled him out of the chute, saying roughly, "Now get out of here! You've caused enough trouble!"

Sore and bleeding, Charlie found himself pushed out of the building before he had time to offer any explanation, and, thoroughly indignant at the unjust treatment, he walked away, determined to leave such a mine without any further regrets. He cared little whether the boys appreciated his efforts to save one who had probably been instrumental in getting him discharged.

There was only one thing that kept him in the mining village another hour. He could not receive his wages until after the six o'clock whistle. Then he would apply for the few dollars due him and start at once for his old home.

So eager was he to depart from the place that he waited impatiently in the office ten minutes before the hour for the whistles to sound their shrill notice that another day's work was finished. While he stood there one of the breaker boys came in and, seeing Charlie, he started toward him, then changed his mind and hurried out again. The action brought anger and shame to the mind of Charlie. The boys seemed to wish to avoid him, apparently, because he had been discharged.

A few minutes later the "boss" appeared, and Charlie said: "I've come for my wages. If you can give them to me now I'll not trouble you any more."

"O, yes, you can have them. I will O. K. the voucher at once."

During the next few moments there was a complete silence in the office, while the clerks bent over their books, and the "boss" busied himself at his desk. Suddenly there was a noise outside, and a troop of breaker boys fled into the office.

It was unusual for the boys to appear in the office except on Saturday night, and Charlie wondered at it. For an instant he thought that possibly they intended him some bodily harm, or at least more mortification. Resentment stirred within him, and his little hands clenched.

"Charlie Sparrow!" said the "boss" in a loud voice. Charlie stepped forward. "You were discharged this afternoon from the breaker, and I have your week's pay here. We thought we'd pay you for the full week, although you have worked only four days of it."

At this unexpected generosity Charlie's angry feelings deserted him, and he looked with something like pleasure upon the man's face. There was a kind expression in the gray eyes, and for the first time the boy did not feel afraid of him. While handing him the blue envelope with his wages in it the man continued, in a lower tone:

"But while you are discharged from the breaker, Charlie, we do not say that you must leave the mine. In fact, the superintendent thinks he can find a place for you in the office. We think you are better fitted for that than doing the rough work in the breaker."

The surprise in the eyes of the boy made the man smile, and he said quietly, waving his hand toward the group of boys behind him: "They told me all—how they threw the coal down the chute when my back was turned. I think they can deal better with you now than I can. They are not bad at heart, but a little rough fun goes a long way with them. Your brave action this day warmed their hearts, and now—"

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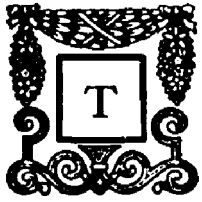
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ADVERTISE IN THE AMERICAN BOY IT PAYS

# Jumbo—The By Garland

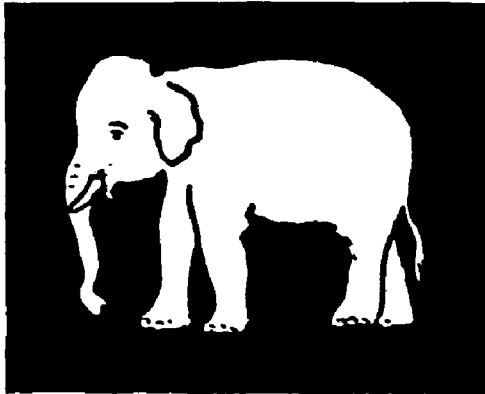


TEN MILLION American boys, with their cousins in England, saw in life twenty years ago, the most stupendous toy that ever existed. They loved him, they carried water buckets half the morning for the privilege of seeing him, they fed him peanuts and candy,

they rode on his back around sawdust rings; and ever since they have been telling a subsequent generation of American boys the glories of that memorable day at the circus. Ask your fathers and uncles, boys of to-day, if they ever saw "Jumbo—the greatest of the great," as Barnum called him. Turn your father back again into his boyhood and bid him tell you of that day of days when he got out of bed before dawn to skip out before breakfast; how he carried water for the elephants, and how he followed around all day long marveling at the largest animal ever held in captivity. Then come with me, boys of to-day and boys of Jumbo's day, and we together will visit our old friend as he stands now—a king still, but a king with Rameses and Alexander the Great—a king of the long ago.

Before telling of Jumbo as he is to-day, it may be well at first to rehearse the glories of his past, not that the facts are new, but in order to touch up forgotten points. His claims for remembrance are very many. Perhaps his greatest claim of all was his grasp on the hearts of children, so great a favorite was he, that he may be classed with dear old Santa Claus. During his life he saw more people than any other celebrity; for all his life multitudes honored him with daily pilgrimages. He gave to the English language a word to express a superlative for huge stature, and a metaphor to all languages for expressing fleshy immensity. For who has not seen fat men, large cows, horses, dogs, and even prize boxes, pies, bars of soap, and bars of chewing gum—and all of them "Jumbos?" This name was original with the great animal, being derived from an African word, "mumbo-jumbo." He carried the largest insurance policy ever written for a brute. His death hastened the equipment of all railroad cars with brakes so that they may be stopped quickly. He made Barnum the greatest amusement manager of the world and reaped him a fortune. These are some of his bids for nobility among animals. To some people he is interesting for being a great globe-trotter. These people emphasize the benefit of travel. A map of the world checked with red crosses where Jumbo has been would look like it had the measles. In the wild jungles of Africa he was born, and there he was captured as an infant by Arab hunters; then he became a Frenchman, spending his nursery days at the Jardins des Plantes at Paris; at the age of three he changed his allegiance to Great Britain, and for twenty five years was the plaything of every child in London; last and best of all, crossing the Atlantic, he became a citizen of the United States. But still he touched another dominion, meeting his death in Canada. In his day he must have seen many strange customs, heard a great jargon of languages, and moved his great hulk of a frame under many a national flag.

When Jumbo was twenty five years old, having spent nearly all of his time carrying children on his back around the Royal Zoological Gardens at London, Mr. Barnum heard that he could be purchased. The London keepers complained that he was unruly in confinement and thought that it was because of a lack of companions and a mate, for Jumbo, like most young men when they reach twenty five, began to realize the injunction of the Bible that it is not well to dwell alone. Barnum's circus would allow Jumbo to travel, as well as to provide him a wife. When it became known, however, that the old pet was sold for ten thousand dollars, a great tumult started in England. Men, women and children arose in indignation. They used every means to restrain the sale, and the House of Commons, in face of public denunciation had to decide a lawsuit adhering to the contract with the American showman. The London crowds rejoiced when Jumbo finally gave his decision as being of more concern than that of the Parliament. When the time came for him to take his trunk down to the steamship, he lay down and could not be persuaded to move. We cannot blame him for that, because at that time he had not yet seen America. The Royal Humane Society thought of a trick to prevent the removal of the national pet, and threatened the showmen with imprisonment if they dared touch Jumbo with a prod. Truly, Barnum had an elephant on his hands. The wily showman had a plan ready, however, and was undaunted; for he believed that American boys had as good a right to see the largest animal in captivity as the little Englishmen, especially when England had seen him for a quarter of a century. Barnum cabled his managers three words: "Let Jumbo lie." Then he had a huge iron crate built and in that Jumbo rode to the ship.



If any common traveler with twenty five cents can ride to the depot in a cab, surely the king of elephants was entitled to the same consideration. Jumbo's iron cab with him in it weighed twelve and one half tons, and took sixteen horses to draw it. When the day came to sail popular feeling ran so high that riots were expected when the gigantic favorite was hauled to the steamship dock. Thousands of people came for a farewell look and to bring him favorite tidbits to eat.

On March 24, 1882 (the same day that the poet Longfellow died), Jumbo sailed for America on the steamer Assyrian Monarch. There was not room between decks for Jumbo, so a hole had to be cut in the upper deck for his head to stick up through. Otherwise the voyage was featureless. On Sunday, April 19, he arrived at New York City. An immense floating derrick was towed between the ship and the pier, and by this he and the crate were swung to land. Then Jumbo was hauled by sixteen horses to Madison Square Garden, where the circus was staying. Soon after he began his triumphal tour among American boys and girls; a tour of only three years, but a great campaign of friend-making. More people daily flocked to see him than go to hear a presidential candidate. But, of course, there never was such a sight. He was eleven feet six inches in height, weighed six tons, and consumed every day about four hundred pounds of hay, a barrel of potatoes and a bushel of onions. He was afraid of nothing except a mouse, a rat or a cat.

Typical of Jumbo's geniality of mind this incident, in Mr. Barnum's own words, shows why it was a pleasure to exhibit the gigantic creature. The old showman related the story to a group of New York newspaper men the night that his famous pet was killed:

"Jumbo was sometimes unmanageable. Scott (his keeper) ruled him by kindness. It was wonderful how fond Jumbo was of him. When traveling through the country we transported Jumbo by special car just large enough to go through the tunnels. Scott slept in it with Jumbo. He was a great beer drinker, and at night before going to bed he had a quart of beer placed in the car, and after drinking half of it himself gave Jumbo the other half. Jumbo always took it. One night Scott did not get his beer, and went to sleep without it. Presently Jumbo leaned over him, put his trunk around him, lifted him out of bed and deposited him on the floor. Scott took it as a reminder that he had not received his evening drink. Some beer was brought and Jumbo was quieted."



PHINEAS T. BARNUM.

The Greatest Showman that Ever Lived.

# Boys' Friend P. Ferrell

On September 16, 1885, Barnum's circus was showing at St. Thomas, Ontario. That night was a sad one for the circus and for the millions of children in all parts of the world who loved Jumbo, their mammoth plaything. After the evening performance the elephant keeper brought Jumbo and little Tom Thumb, a tiny trick elephant, together from the show grounds to the cars. As there is no time to spare in getting a show packed up after being in a town, the elephant keeper instead of leading his charges around by the regular railroad crossing, took down a fence to go a shorter way. By so doing he deprived himself of the services of the signal man who watched the crossings. On the north side of the main line was a sidetrack which contained the circus train, while on the other side of the main track was a steep embankment ten feet down. As the keeper was leading the elephants along the track, suddenly he saw a freight train at full speed bearing down upon them. Quick as he could, he tried to urge Jumbo down the embankment; but the elephant was afraid to go. What was to be done? Retreat either way was impossible. The train could not be flagged, but somebody tried it. As it thundered closer the keeper tried to get the elephants between the main track and the circus cars. But, alas, Jumbo heaved himself too ponderously and slow. The Grand Trunk engine rumbled down upon him, crashing into his side. Pinched between the cars, the mammoth pet was dragged a hundred yards, roaring and trumpeting in agony. In three minutes his precious life was gone. With him died little Tom Thumb, the trick elephant. The train was wrecked. When the engineer saw the danger, he had attempted to stop, reversing the head brake on the engine; but the momentum of the cars carried the train on. This was a conspicuous example of the lack of control over the stopping of a train, and the newspapers made the most of it. From Jumbo's untimely death they argued the need of air-brakes on every car, and their contention has been complied with.

The skeleton of Jumbo was prepared by Prof. Baird and is now in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D. C. His skin is mounted and stands life-like in the Barnum Museum of Natural History, at Tufts College, Medford, Massachusetts.

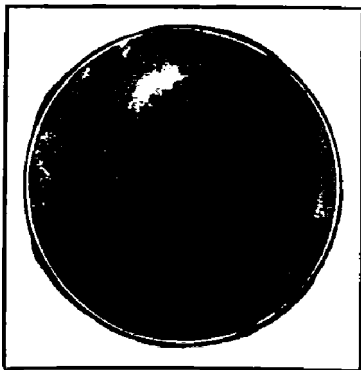
In a large ivy-covered stone building at the summit, among the trees of College Hill, some five or six miles north of Boston, old "Jumbo, the greatest of the great," keeps his silent, eternal vigil. Here thousands of tourists have come all these years to gaze upon him, and they will continue to do so as long as there are American boys in the land.

As you enter the spacious, half-lighted hall where stands this monarch of toys, you can have eyes for nothing else. You are so filled with wonder at his majestic size; you are so warmly disposed towards his kindly expression; so charmed with his roguish eye, that you stand smiling, silent, spell-bound. Here before you is the largest animal known to history—an animal that belongs more in a class with the fossil mammoths, that belongs more to the fairy stories of giants and hobgoblins and monsters than to the real world of pets. So pleasantly does the old fellow smile upon you that you regret that you did not bring along some peanuts. He will reach out his dangling trunk for one—but no, he stands rigid and still. You approach him to touch his wrinkled skin, but startle less the gigantic form turn upon you. An infinitesimal fly (did ever a fly look so like a speck of dust?) crawls over his colossal ear, and you expect to be fanned when the great ears make a wing-like remonstrance to the fly—but they remain still, very still. Then it is that the awful dreariness of the place comes over you. The hall seems dark and gloomy. Your shoes as you tiptoe around the big idol make a desecrating creak. Then you turn to the soft light of the windows to view the companions that bear Jumbo company in his everlasting home. A clownish rhinoceros and a startled moose are close beside him. Behind him on the floor a ten-foot alligator yawns away the long summers and winters. In a niche in the brick wall smiles a white marble bust of the great master of animals, the donor of the museum, Barnum. Except for a row of deer and deer skeletons these few reliques of the dead have the honored room to themselves.

If, as the old Egyptians thought, the living souls of all creatures return at times to the representations of their once living bodies, what reunions there must be around Barnum's shrine on the long winter nights when College Hill is white and silent, with only the Boston lights glimmering afar off, and a pale moon looking in at the windows. From the other rooms of the building—Barnum's great Noah's ark—file all the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air and every living creature, and of all the council before the fat white face of Barnum, bald except for the tufts at the sides, his favorite is King Jumbo, "my Jumbo, greatest of the great."

# Shorthand in Ten Easy Lessons

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## LESSON IV.—THE ASPIRATE.

As a thorough knowledge of the alphabet is essential to the student, the same should be written out from twenty-five to fifty times every day until the student is perfectly familiar with the various signs.

In this lesson we purpose treating of the aspirate or breathing *h*. We have already seen that we may write the stroke for *h* either up or down as may be convenient in joining it with other letters. But so frequently does the aspirate occur that it was found necessary to provide some briefer forms for it than these signs. In this lesson we will introduce to your notice two additional signs for *h*, and point out the various

methods of representing the aspirate in Phonography, and endeavor to show, by precept and example, in what circumstances each sign should be employed. The following rules for the use of the aspirate should be observed:—

1. The alphabetic character *h* written downward is used (a) in words containing no other consonant than *h*, as *hay*; (b) when followed by *k* or *g*, as *hawk*.
2. The alphabetic sign *h* written upward is most frequently used when a descending letter follows it, as *had*; or when followed by a circle or hook, as *husk*.

3. The downward *h* may be abbreviated to a tick before the consonants *m*, *mp*, *l* (up), *s*, *x*, *r* (down); so that instead of writing the downward *h* we write *hem*, *hazy*, *hear*.

If you bear in mind that the tick *h* is a shortened form of *h*, it will assist you in getting the proper slope. If you overlook this fact, as students sometimes do, you may probably acquire the habit of writing it incorrectly, thus instead of *h*.

4. The fourth method of representing the aspirate is by writing a small dot before the vowel sign; thus, *had*, with the dot *h* becomes *had*, and so on. When you are more advanced you will be able to appreciate this dot better than you can now, and future practice will afford you many proofs of the value of these two additional signs for *h*.

Stroke *h* may be written intermedially, that is, between two consonants, but care must be taken that the circle be on the same side of the stroke part of the first letter, as though it were standing alone.

The student can now work the following exercise, writing the words in shorthand, and employing the form of *h* indicated at the head of the respective paragraphs:—

Downward *h*.—Hague, hock, hoax, huckster, hackney, higher.

Upward *h*.—Heed, hoop, hatch, hung, hobble, husk.

Tick *h*.—Ham, hull, horse, helm, holiday, harbor.

Dot *h*.—Happy, happen, handy, happiness. Work for this month to end of Exercise 44.

Those of our readers who are desirous of taking up this valuable course of shorthand lessons can do so by purchasing the "Phonographic Teacher," "Key to Phonographic Teacher," and six "Phonographic Exercise Books." These works will be sent postpaid by Isaac Pitman & Sons, 33 Union Square, New York, to any address on receipt of one dollar.

# The Boy Photographer

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 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, who in every case must be the artist who took the picture.

## Lines Around Pictures.

A word about lines around pictures, either directly on the prints or upon the mounts. Does it not seem a great unconscious help to the viewer to confine the print thus, so that we may directly focus our eyes upon that which the artist wishes emphasized as the picture itself? Everything we know of that is a definite thing is bounded. If we draw a heavy line about the edge of a picture, or else frame it closely, we present it more definitely, less in the abstract and save one process of mental calculation or thought by that simple means of presenting our picture. As the cord around a package enables us to convey a great number of small things home safely, so the line about a print enables us to more quickly grasp what it confines.

Of course such a pointed intimation as to the confines of a picture must be discreetly made use of. It would be a grievous mistake to confine any picture which dealt largely with fancy or with a boundless scene. The picture of a detail can most properly be so confined, whereas one of a conception may lose all poetry by so

treating it. If one has a wagon or a house to sell, it would, undoubtedly, to my mind, sell better from a picture having a perfectly distinct boundary line around it, whilst a portrait beautifully vignettted, a seascape, with rolling waves and clouds, or the picture of a cottage in a country



THE EVENING OF LIFE.

Second prize—Nick Braehl, Sherwood, Wis.

road would lose the greater part of its charm were it so confined that we could not imagine more on all sides.

This line matter strikes me as fundamental in our search for reasons and rules, for has not each picture a very marked difference in appearance the moment we make lines about it or remove them, and as besides actually drawing lines they are suggested by contrast or the lack of it in a card (though, perhaps, to a less marked degree); when we place our prints upon light, dark or medium cards we come in contact with this principle.—Professional and Amateur Photographer.

## Enameling Prints.

For enameling Aristo and Albumen prints, take a plate of glass which must have a surface bright and free from scratches. Wash it clean and when dry dust over with French chalk (Talcum). This is rubbed over the glass with a tuft of cotton and with another tuft (or canton flannel) lightly removed. The plate is then coated with Enamel Collodion (gun cotton 12 grains, alcohol 1 oz., ether, 1 oz., and 2 drops of castor oil). Have prepared a solution. Gelatine, 12 grains to the ounce of water (filtered) and warm to 200 degrees F. Immerse plate and print, avoiding carefully air bubbles, and bring them in close contact. Squeeze into optical contact and set up to dry, when both can be separated. Sometimes pasteboard or linen are pasted on the back of the print. The collodion leaves the glass and protects the surface of the glass so that vapors or moisture can not injure the picture.—Photo Straws.



A BUNCH OF BOYS.

First prize—James B. Joy, Plainfield, N. J.

## The Art of Toning.

Toning sensitized paper, properly printed, is not a difficult task. The formulas that come with the various papers are carefully worked out, and if faithfully followed the result will be all that might be expected. But the difficulty is that amateurs forget some one of the half dozen or more things to be kept in mind.

Take your prints and first thoroughly wash them, but not as a washerwoman would do it. The prints should be put in water, and gently moved around, and the water changed half a dozen times. Wash until there is no trace of milkiness in the water. This will take anywhere from fifteen to thirty minutes, according to the number of prints. If, during the printing, the fingers have been pressed against the sensitized surface, the chances are that spots will appear. This is because there exudes from the fingers on to the paper just enough oil to prevent the print being thoroughly washed free of the free silver, or, it prevents the gold toning bath, which comes after the washing, reaching and acting on the sensitized surface. So the very first lesson to be learned is to keep one's fingers off the prepared surface of the paper.

When the prints are washed, then immerse them in a bath consisting of one grain of gold to forty eight ounces of water. The gold makes the solution acid, so this has to be neutralized with a little pinch of bicarbonate of soda, or a small quantity of a saturated solution of borax. Just drop a piece of red litmus paper in the bath, and slowly add enough of the borax until it begins to turn purple. It is impossible to tell just how much of the borax to use, as the water in different parts of the country takes different quantities.

The gold bath will change the red prints to a dark color, and, if left in the bath too long, the prints will begin to turn purple, and have a faded-out look. So just before this point is reached they must be taken out and put in running water to stop the toning. A good way to do is to put them in a salt bath, one ounce of salt to one gallon of water. This stops the toning instantly. The prints should not be allowed to lay in this salt solution, but should be immediately put in fresh water.

To "fix" the prints, prepare a bath consisting of a little less than a pound of hypo to a gallon of water. Here the prints should remain at least fifteen minutes, perhaps twenty would be better. After that they must be washed in running water for at least an hour, or in fifteen or twenty changes. They should be constantly stirred so that the fresh water will reach every portion of each print, and wash out all of the hypo. The fixing bath will be improved by the addition of a little hardener, which can be obtained at any photographic supply house.

The first washing will take fifteen minutes, the toning from five to ten minutes, according to the color desired, and the depth of the printing. The fixing will take twenty minutes and the final washing an hour longer. All told the operation will consume about two hours. But it will be done right.

Percy Lund gives in the Photo Era more information about the wonderful lens a Dr. Grun, of England, has invented. The secret of the lens lies in the fact that the cavity between the components is filled with a fluid of high refractive power, so that a moonlight picture can be taken in a second, the stage of a theater lighted only by footlights in a quarter of a second, and a photograph in the very darkest night, with everything seemingly pitch-black, in fifteen minutes.

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## The Nerve of a Horse —Isabel Gordon Curtis

ONCE listened to a circle of successful business men discussing the secret of "getting to the top." Their stories of experiences were all good. The best was told by Herbert Myrick, president of the Phelps Publishing Company.

"When I was fourteen," he said, "I was working my way through the State Agricultural College at Amherst. I can assure you I didn't leave a stone unturned when I thought a dollar might be under it. I spoke of working—I mean work, all the work a boy could shoulder. When I was not studying I was either toiling in good mother earth, or cooking and doing my housework, for I not only boarded myself, but three other students, who paid just enough for their lodgings and board to provide me with shelter and plain, wholesome food. One day, while reading *The New England Homestead* one of the favorite agricultural papers at the college, I ran across an editorial note mentioning the money that could be made by agents who worked for its interests. 'Here's a chance for me, I thought.'

"I lay awake that night for an hour, making my plans. On Saturday, I went to see the editor of the paper, and came home with an armful of copies of the paper.

"Before the following Saturday, I had managed to save a dollar, enough to hire for one day an old buggy and a not very brilliantly groomed horse, which frequently did good service when a student felt he could afford a modest outing. It was not an outing I was after, however, it was business. I started early in the morning with a bundle of *Homesteads* under the seat, a bread and cheese luncheon in my pocket and a heart full of hope and ambition. I drove ten miles in ten hours about the neighboring country and I made a plea for that paper from door to door. I extolled its editorials and crop reports to every farmer who would lay down his rake a minute to listen, I enthused over its recipes and fancy work to every farmer's wife who would let me talk, and if my memory don't fail me I read its juvenile story and tried to solve its puzzles with the youngsters. At sundown I turned my horse's head homeward, and if ever a boy carried a heavy heart, I did. I had spent a hard earned dollar, lost a day from other work, and had not taken a solitary subscription. I was aching, too, with hunger and so footsore I could scarcely walk. I climbed into the old buggy and let the tired horse go loafing home. We went down a hill, a long, steep, nerve-pulling hill and facing it loomed another hill, which looked like a precipice. When we reached the hollow between them where an old wooden bridge crossed a brook, the tired horse came to a standstill. He drooped his head and stretched himself in the harness with a pose that said better than eloquence could have done, 'I'm dead tired. I can't go another step.'

"It was the last straw for me. The manhood of the morning deserted the fourteen year old boy. I let the lines hang loose. I lay back against the tattered curtain and had a good cry. For about five minutes, ambition, energy and hardhood had deserted me entirely. While I sat there in the forsaken darkness of the wide country, feeling about as heart-sick as a boy ever did, that old horse gathered himself together pricked up his ears, threw back his head and started up the hill with as hearty an energy as if he were full of oats and the morning was fresh before us. I could never put into words the feeling, which came over me. My last sob broke into a laugh. I gathered up the lines and shouted, 'Good for you, old Hearty, good for you. I guess if you can face this hill and make it, I can. Your nerve is better than preaching.'

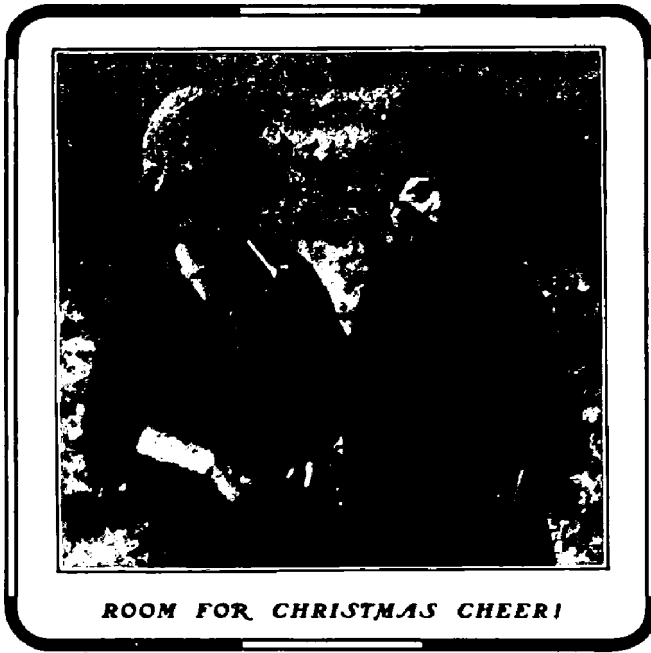
"Next Saturday found me up bright and early, tramping across town after that fine old horse. Another bundle of *Homesteads*, another lunch of bread and cheese and new ambition went along as company again, although my last dollar had gone."

"Take a new route and see new people?" Not I. I started at the same farm house where I began a week before. I talked to the same farmers, the same farmer's wives and the same farmer's youngsters. They listened to me this time and what is more they put their hands in their pockets and confessed the paper was worth the price. That night before I started for the long hill I bought a good feed of grain for the old horse. He looked at me with a whinny of approbation, when I told him I had fourteen subscriptions in my pocket. 'I have you to thank for it, old Hearty,' I said. 'I don't know if I would ever have had the courage to take this hill again if you hadn't got up your nerve.'

"That night when I reached home, I found half a dozen fellows in my room. One of them guyed me without mercy as the new *Homestead* editor.

"Go ahead, boys, have all the fun with me you want," I said, "but you mark my words, some day I intend to be the editor of that paper. What's more, I'm going to own it."

Ten years later Herbert Myrick was editor in chief



of the *New England Homestead*. Today, in the establishment where the *New England Homestead* was printed, six publications are running constantly through the immense presses. With their enormous subscription lists they make the circulation of the old *Homestead*, which found a supporter in the boy Myrick, look like a mere unit.

## For the Winter's Fire—Frank H. Sweet

In a little book, "Summer Driftwood for the Winter Fire," an old man bids good-bye to his grandchild, as she goes away on her vacation, and says to her, "Remember, little one, gather the driftwood that will light the winter fire." The child laughs and says that she is going to have a good time while she is away, that she will bask in the sunshine and gather flowers and listen to the birds. "Ah, Annie," he says, "the flowers will fade, the sunshine be hidden when the winter storm clouds come, and the song birds will grow silent. Find something lasting. Begin to gather wood now that will warm your heart when the winter of life comes, child."

No wiser counsel could be given to any young person. People lay up firewood in the summer, when there is no need of fire, to burn in the winter when the bitter winds blow, and the air is keen and cold. So youth should gather into its heart and life the thoughts, the lessons, the memories, the wholesome truths, which will make both warmth and light when old age comes on. Let the sunshine into your soul in these bright days, you who are young. Read good, cheerful, helpful books that will leave lofty and inspiring thoughts in your mind. Do beautiful things—things of love, of unselfishness, of helpfulness, things that are true, honorable, just and pure. Nothing darkens life's winter days as do memories of sinful things done in the past. Nothing makes life so sweet in old age as does the memory of right, good, kindly things wrought along the years.

Gather about you, too, in the sunny days, gentle and worthy friends. Be sure they are worthy, those you take into your life, for unworthy friends oftentimes make bitterness and sorrow for the days of those whom they disappoint. Weigh well the character of your friends, and choose and take into your life only the good, the noble, the worthy, the honorable.

Then, when the winter days come, as come they will, the memories of all these precious things will abide and will shine like soft lamps in the gloom. Very true is the saying, "The memory of things precious keepeth warm the heart that once did hold them." Such gathering in the summer days of life will make the winter days cheerful within and bright when the fire burns on the hearth, let the winds wail and the storms beat as they will outside.

## "Rocks," He's Our Dog —Francis R. Baxter

WHAT'S de matter wid 'em? Well, yer see, it was like dis: Our block was on fire. Some tink it was set. Others said no. Some accident, dey said.

Well, it was seven stories high an' me an' me sister lived in de first story, dat is, from de roof. Aunt Jane keeps us. We ain't got no fadder or mudder, only jes Molly an' me—an' Rocks. Who's Rocks? Why, don't yer know 'im? Why, he's our dog! Dere he is!

Well, dat night I must've been dreamin' or sumpin, anyway. About in de middle of de night I woke up smudder'n. I couldn't get me wind! I jumped out'n de bed an' run fer de winder, an' when I raised de sash I could see dat de block was on fire.

Aunt Jane bunks in de back room down de hallway. I wasn't long in gettin' Molly an' me aunt up; an' takin' hold o' hans we all started down troo de smoke an' fire. I was ahead, den come me aunt, an' she had hold o' Molly's hand I guess!

We got down on de fourt floor, when we seen de fire comin' up de stairway like as if it was crowded, an' didn't hav room 'nough. We knowed dat was de only way, so we went right down 'nto it wid de hope we could git troo.

I lost all me hair dere, an' aunt was burned all over. Some way Molly must've lost her hold on me aunt's han', or mebbe she had hold o' aunt's night-shirt; anyway, when me aunt an' me got troo de fire, Molly was gone—left behin' in de blaze.

De firemen tuk us out on de street, an' den I begun to holler an' cry fur me sister, 'cause she's all I got in de worl. De big feller dat was holdin' me wouldn't let me go back in de block for Molly. I heard everybody say she wuz burned to a crisp, and der was no hope fer 'er. Me heart was nearly broke. I begged de man to let me go. When all of a sudden I heard all de people yellin'! I tought de block was fallin' in. But, say! it wuzn't dat. It was Rocks comin' off de front stoop wid Molly in his mout'. Dere wuzn't a hair left on 'im, an' Molly looked ded!

De firemen grabbed her an' tuk her away to a hospit'l, an' she's in bed now, but de doctor says she's all hunky! I heard de big feller wot was holdin' me say he'd been to hundreds o' fires, but never seen anything like dat afore. He said de dog must've dragged Molly down—dat he couldn't carry her ahed o' 'im down de stairs no way, he wasn't big 'nough!

De firemen all said dat if Rocks didn't 'ave de brains of a man, dere was no such ting as brains. Jiminy! how dey hugged dat dog! Dey wouldn't let me get near 'nough to 'im, dey crowded roun' 'im so. He saw or smelled me at las' an' made fer me between der legs, an' if I didn't hug dat dog when I got 'im. His ears an' tail was nearly burned off, but he wagged what was left as much as to say, "Let's go an' find Molly!" Say, if dat dog don't luv me sister, dere ain't any such ting as luv, dat's all! De firemen say he's de only dog in de worl'. He goes every day to de hospit'l to see Molly, an' dey can't keep him away.

## Your Boy Among the Possibilities

"Oh, I have sometimes looked at a bright, beautiful boy, and my flesh has crept within me at the thought that there was a bare possibility he might become a drunkard. I was once playing with a beautiful boy in Norwich, Conn.; I was carrying him to and fro on my back, both of us enjoying ourselves exceedingly, for I loved him, and I think he loved me. During our play I said to him: 'Harry, will you go down with me to the side of the stone wall?' 'Oh, yes,' was his cheerful reply. We went together, and saw a man lying listlessly there, quite drunk, his face upturned to the bright blue sky; the sunbeams which warmed and illuminated us lay upon his porous, greasy face; the pure morning wind kissed his parched lips, and passed away poisoned; the very swine looked more noble than he, for they were fulfilling the purposes of their being. As I looked upon the poor degraded man and then looked upon that child, with his bright brow, his beautiful blue eyes, his rosy cheeks, his pearly teeth and ruby lips—the perfect picture of life, peace, and innocence; as I looked upon the man, then upon the child, and felt his little hand twitching convulsively in mine, and saw his lips grow white and eyes dim gazing on the poor drunkard, then did I pray to God to give me an everlasting, increasing capacity to hate with a burning hatred any instrumentality which could make such a thing of a being as fair as that little child.—John B. Gough.

# Uncle Sam's Island Children



there is a field of pineapples with long, prickly leaves, or a grove of banana trees with the fruit hanging in great bunches upon them.

Hawaiian children have their football and baseball teams just as children in the States do, but those of native blood have other sports peculiar to themselves. Chief among these is surf-riding. A Hawaiian child is perfectly at home in the water and can swim like a duck. There are few harbors in the islands. The long swell of the Pacific comes thundering in upon beaches miles and miles in length, the great waves changing into breakers as they near the shore. Hawaiian boys will get into a canoe, two working the paddles and one steering, and take it out beyond the line of breakers. Then turning the stern of the boat toward the sea the steerer will watch until he sees a particularly big wave approaching, when he will cry out: "Hoi! Hoi!" which means "Paddle! Paddle!" and the strong young arms will send the canoe shooting ahead at a rapid rate toward the beach. It must travel fast or the incoming wave will swamp it and send it whirling ashore, leaving its occupants to swim to the beach as best they can. But if the canoe is carefully steered and the boys work their paddles quickly enough, the wave will pick it up gently and send it darting to the beach on an even keel. From the time the wave picks up the canoe it is like coasting down a hill of water, as the boat flies down the foaming declivity to the shining, sandy beach.

In old times the men and boys used to go out beyond the breakers on boards and ride the incoming waves to shore. So expert were they in handling these boards that sometimes, when they were on the crest of a wave, they could even stand up on them for a few seconds. In the more remote parts of Hawaii boys may still be seen disporting themselves in the breakers with these surfboards, but in the more populous regions canoes are generally used for the game.

When Hawaiian boys of native blood wrestle, a mat is placed on the ground and the two wrestlers stand facing each other. Then they raise their arms and, clasping each other's hands, try without touching any other part of the body, to push each other off the mat. The one who succeeds wins the bout.

Another Hawaiian game which used to be popular, but which is now fast disappearing even in the remote districts before the superior attractions of baseball and football, was the bowling of flat, round stones between two sticks stuck upright in the ground, a few inches apart, about two hundred feet away from the bowler.

Hawaiian boys used to be very expert at throwing the javelin, a long slender piece of hard wood. The two boys would face each other some distance apart and one would hurl the javelin directly at his opponent. The other boy would endeavor to catch the piece of wood and throw it back without letting it touch his body. This game seems to have died out in late years, its place being taken by handball or "catch."

The Hawaiian child's favorite delicacy is poi. He is as fond of poi as you are of pie. Poi is made from the taro, which is a tough, stem-like root, cultivated in Hawaii just as potatoes are here. The taro root is pounded in wooden troughs with a wooden pestle until it is like flour, and then mixed with water and made into a paste. It is sad, but true, that most Hawaiian children eat this poi with their fingers instead of using a fork, which shows that they have something yet to learn.

But even if they do eat poi with their fingers, the Hawaiian children, especially those of native blood, are always polite and respectful to their elders, and the boys are taught to lift their hats to strangers whom they meet riding along the country roads.

Among the children attending school in Hawaii are more than a thousand Chinese boys and girls, and the teachers say they are among the brightest pupils. There are also about four thousand Portuguese children whose fathers work on the big plantations.

## A Blind Boy Succeeds As a Farmer.

Stephen Mellinger, of Denver, Pa., was made blind when two years old. He is now sixteen. Notwithstanding his infirmity he works in the fields, sowing.



STEPHEN DRIVING TO MARKET.

In the past four years Uncle Sam has taken under his care many thousands of children living in far-off islands set in shining seas, where the coral reefs along the shores turn the waters to pink, purple and orange as they reflect the tropical sunlight—Islands where the coconuts fall with a thud from the tall palms and the bananas ripen on the trees. It is always summer in these islands and not a child of all the thousands ever had an overcoat in his life. Not one ever had to wear thick shoes; in fact the vast majority of these island children do not wear shoes at all, and there are whole villages in which there is not a child who possesses a single pair of stockings.

Some of these island children, of course, dress just as you dress in the warm summer time, but the majority of them, when they wake up in the morning, if they are boys, take a plunge in a neighboring pond or river or in the sea, then jump into a shirt and a pair of trousers and are ready for the school bell.

The little girls devote more time to their toilets and put on curious dresses of gaily colored calico or cloth woven of the fibre of native plants. But, however they dress and wherever they live, they hurry off to school in the morning just as you do, for it is one of Uncle Sam's inflexible rules that every child who lives under the stars and stripes must go to school.

It is a rule which the island children obey willingly, for before Uncle Sam took them in charge, very few, with the exception of the children of Hawaii had any schools to go to.

Vacation is all very well for two months in the year, but suppose it were vacation all the time, and you had to grow up without learning how to read, write, or cipher and knowing nothing of geography or history, how would you like that? That was the condition of these children a few years ago. But now the same flag that waves over your schoolhouse waves over hundreds and hundreds of schoolhouses scattered among islands lying thousands of miles away in the tropic seas, and black, brown, white and copper-colored children in Porto Rico, Guam, Tutulla Hawaii and the Philippines are puzzling today over the same sum in decimal fractions that you are.

If you will look at your geography you will find, near the middle of the Pacific Ocean, a group of islands called Hawaii. The larger islands lie just south of the Tropic of Cancer, while some of the smaller ones extend north of it. Though these islands had been seen by white men before, it was Captain Cook, the man who first sailed around the world, who brought them to the attention of the people living in other lands. It was while our Revolutionary War was going on, and the very year that Washington and his army suffered so in the hard winter at Valley Forge. The captain landed on the islands later, and was killed by the natives, who were savages ruled by many savage chiefs.

These natives worshiped hideous wooden idols, to which they offered human sacrifices; and they had many other terrible practices. If a chief was taking a walk, and a man stood in such a position that his shadow fell across the path of the chief, the man was killed.

Whalers from New Bedford and Nantucket on their way to catch whales far in the North Pacific began to visit the islands, and with the whalers came the missionaries, who converted the natives to christianity, and civilized them. Then people from other countries began to settle in the islands, and when, during the Spanish war, the United States annexed Hawaii it was a prosperous and civilized island nation.

There are fifteen thousand children going to school in the Hawaiian islands now. Every child in the islands has to begin to go to school when six years old, and must stay in school until the age of fifteen.

The schools in Hawaii are just like the schools in the United States, the very same school books being used. But the surroundings of the schoolhouses are vastly different.

There are great mountains all around, and near the schoolhouse door may be a coffee plantation with its rows of trees about eight feet high, covered with white flowers or little red berries, or perhaps

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using rake and spade, harvesting crops, climbing trees, driving horses, and riding a bicycle; and what is more than that, he is bright and cheerful. He harnesses a horse and drives a mile to the village every morning, crossing railroad tracks at two points. He doesn't do his work in the hesitating manner after the fashion of the blind. He will take a fast horse out and gallop him at full speed, turning out for vehicles and horses and always escaping accident.



STEPHEN RIDING HIS WHEEL.

## Stories About Animals

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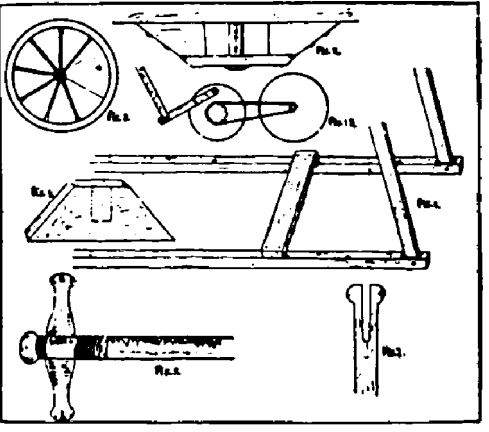
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**A Wagon that Sails Like a Ship**

There is no greater fun to be had than that of cruising on a sail-wagon. It is as exciting as cruising in a yacht on the sea without its dangers or expense.

Such a sail-wagon as is shown in the accompanying illustrations will make creditable time. The bed of the wagon, figure 7, should vary in length according to the number of boys who are to compose the crew. Two and one-half feet of space in length should be allowed for each boy.

A sail-wagon made to carry three boys and a coxswain will be about nine feet



long by two and one-half feet wide. It must be thick enough to make it strong, say an inch and one-half or two inches.

It is not necessary that this should be in one piece and any sort of well-seasoned wood will answer for the material.

The hand gear shown in figure 7 should be made of oak, ash, hickory or some other tough wood, and it must be carefully fitted together. A hand gear that rattles when in motion has something wrong about it and needs better workmanship. It will be noticed that the first two upright posts, counting from the left, are hinged in the center of the wagon bed.

The other pair of posts, unlike these first two, extends below the bed of the wagon. This pair is to carry the power to the wheels.

To provide a strong pivot on which these two long power bars are to work, nail two triangular pieces of wood to the side of the wagon bed. Then shave the outer points of the triangle off and fasten a strip of wood across this part. A bolt passed through this strip of wood and run into the wagon bed will make a pivot on which the bars may work back and forth on the side of the wagon. Figure 2 shows this attachment.

The under part of the hand gear is shown in figure 1. It will be seen that the pair of bars which descend on each side of the wagon bed are hinged into the ends of two other bars that run horizontally. These horizontal bars are, in turn, fastened to the wheels. A brace is fastened across these two under-bars to strengthen them, and to insure their working together.

Although I have known boys who could do it, making a wheel is by no means an easy piece of work, and I advise that the wheels of some old wagon be utilized. Strengthen two or three spokes of the hind wheels by placing triangular shaped pieces of board on both sides of each wheel and bolting these boards through. See figure 3. Returning now to the power mechanism, notice that the ends of the upright posts are notched, as shown in figure 6. Flatten the crossbars in the center by cutting a little off on each side, and force them into the notches, then bind the upright bars above and below the crossbars, as shown in figure 6.

Of course you will have discovered that

all this power mechanism has nothing to do with the sailing part of the wagon. It is for use if the wind dies down. Then all hands can work the bars back and forth, and so take the craft home under her own power.

A coxswain is a very convenient member of a crew, but when the wind dies down and all hands must take to the oars to get home the coxswain represents a great deal of weight from which no momentum is gained. Many boys, therefore, prefer to have their sail-wagons steered as a four-oared shell is steered, that is by one of the rowers.

A sail-wagon is much easier to steer than is a shell, because in the case of the former the steersman faces in the direction in which he wishes to go, while in the case of a boat the steersman either has to take a line on some objects on the shore or else keep twisting around to see where he is going.

If a piece of wood shaped as shown in figure 11 is fastened just in front of the first man's feet in such a way that it may turn to the right or left, and ropes are run from each end of this stick to the front wheels, the bowman may steer quite as well as a coxswain. The front wheels of a sail-wagon are arranged like those of an ordinary wagon, that is, so that they will swing either way desired; see figure 10. The upright bolt is the only part of the arrangement which is attached to the wagon bed.

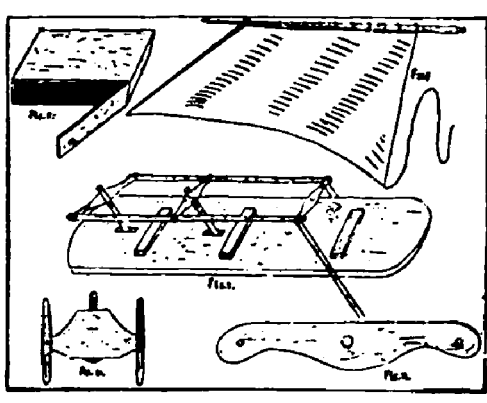
As it is no very serious matter to capsize in a sail-wagon, much less dangerous than a fall from a wheel, your sail may be made very large; see figure 9. Make the sail of unbleached muslin or of light canvas. Have a gaff (the stick which supports the upper part of the sail), but no boom (the stick which supports the lower part of the sail).

I advise against a boom because on land the wind is apt to play tricks around canvas, and is apt to make the sail jibe, that is, to swing suddenly from one side of the wagon to the other; if a boom is attached to the sail a jibe would result too often in a smart rap on the head.

The mast is fastened to the wagon bed by means of a step, a block of wood shaped as shown in figure 4. A hole in which to fit the bottom of the mast is cut in the block, as indicated by the dotted lines.

If any member of the crew possesses an old bicycle, the power of the hand gear may be very much multiplied by the use of the sprocket wheels.

Add a third pair of wheels to your sail-wagon, but have them turn without touching the ground. To one of these wheels attach the large sprocket wheel, and to one of the hind wheels attach the



smaller sprocket wheel; then run the chain around the two; see figure 12.

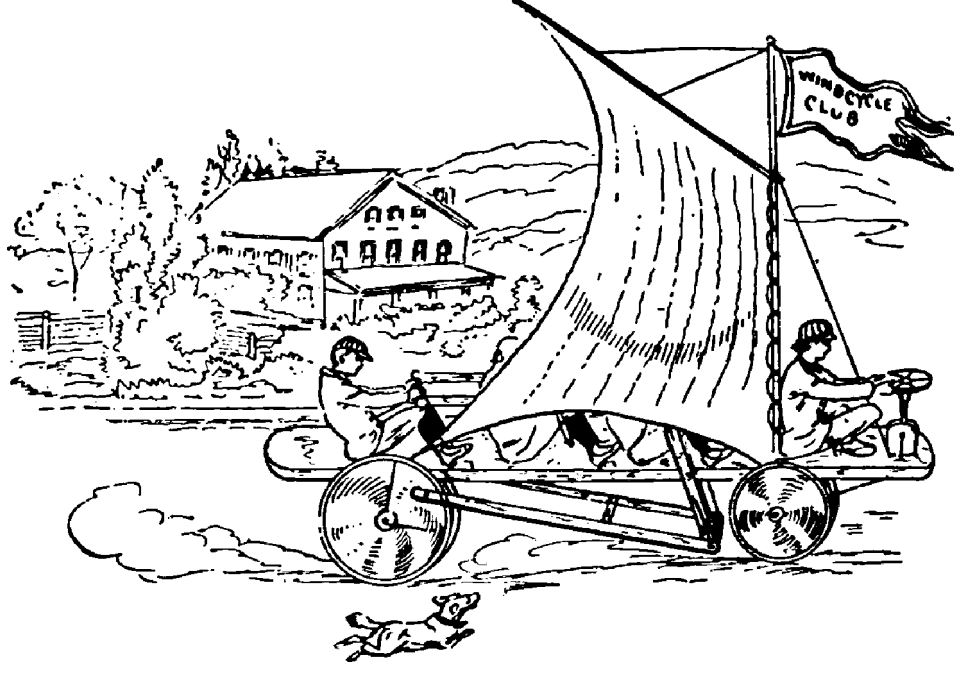
While this arrangement adds somewhat to the speed when the sail-wagon is propelled by hand, it will not add to its speed when propelled by the wind and therefore it is not essential.

As the crew of a sail-wagon often desire to take trips which will last a whole day, it is convenient to have a box in which a luncheon may be stored.

Figure 8 shows a good form for such a box. It may be attached to the under side of the wagon, where it will be out of the way.

While a sail-wagon will not "eat" into the wind like a good knockabout or a catboat, it will do much more than sail directly before the wind. In planning a race or a trip, the direction of the wind should be taken into consideration, so that there will be little or no pulling at the hand gear. When the wind is fair and a good stretch of road lies before you, unbolt the hand gear from the back wheel and pull it up out of the way so that it will not hold you back.

If it is possible, arrange to have two crews and two sail-wagons, as this adds greatly to the fun.



**Popped Corn Delights—A Jolly Lot From Santa Claus's Realm Described—** By **CandyMaker**

There is nothing that adds cheer to a Christmas tree or bulges a stocking to its utmost like pop corn balls. A royal feast for a farthing; that's the idea. They are easily and quickly made in many colors and tints: white, pink, canary, chocolate or maple. By carrying out the following suggestions, nothing but good results can follow:

Corn picked before it is fully ripe and cured, will not pop out when wanted. Shelling pop corn with a field corn sheller cracks the enamel and such corn will not work well. The best corn is that which has fully matured before it is gathered, is kiln-dried for one year by being allowed to stand in a dry, warm place and then shelled by hand or tumbled in a rolling barrel.

**THE WAY TO POP CORN.**

Put the corn in the popper, shake it back and forth about one foot above a solid coal fire, and as the corn heats, draw it closer to the fire and when it starts to pop force it right along until the popped corn touches the lid, then remove from fire quickly to avoid scorching. A little practice will soon determine the quantity of dry corn to use at each popping to just fill the popper and no more. A man popping corn all day could easily waste more corn than his wages would amount to, if these little

points are overlooked. One quart of prime shelled rice corn will pop out about twelve quarts.

**MAKING CORN BALLS.**

Put a peck or more of popped corn in a large pan—say a new dishpan of the largest size; now place a pound of granulated sugar in a three-pint saucepan and add one-half glass of water and a good pinch of cream of tartar—set the dish over fire and bring the mixture to a boil; continue the boiling until the syrup will spin a thread. This is done by lifting a spoonful of the boiling syrup a foot or more above the saucepan and letting it drop back into the pan; if it has been boiled long enough a thread will float away from the dropping syrup. As soon as a good thread spins, the cooking part is finished. Remove the pan from the fire and stir in carefully one teaspoonful of vanilla extract—stir it carefully lest the sugar grains.

Have the pan containing the corn tilted up on edge and pour the syrup in a fine stream over the popped corn, stirring the while to get the corn as sticky as possible, then dip your hands slightly in a bowl of water and make corn balls after the manner of making snowballs and of about the same size. These are the white vanilla corn balls.

Now to make the tinted ones. Before pouring syrup over the corn is the time to add colorings and different flavors. For the handsome canary or lemon corn balls,

add a few drops of tincture curcuma, a harmless coloring to be found at drug stores, and a teaspoonful of lemon extract; finish the same as in case of the white. For the pink ones use a little red cake coloring and any flavor to suit. For the chocolate ones add a tablespoonful or more of melted chocolate to the hot syrup and finish as stated. For the red add more of the cake coloring and flavor with extract of strawberry or vanilla. For the maple colored ones add a little burnt sugar color to the hot syrup and any flavor to suit. A showing of twenty five corn balls of each color mentioned, viz: white, canary, pink, chocolate, red and maple would make a fine assortment.

**POP CORN CAKES.**

When the syrup has been stirred in with the corn, lift the whole mass out onto a moulding board that has been dusted with powdered sugar. Roll the corn down in sheet form about one inch in thickness, square the edges, and leave until cold; then cut it up into regular bars with a thin bladed knife. If the knife has a tendency to stick when cutting, dip the blade in water now and then. Wrap each bar in wax paper, and push each one across the surface of a heated sadiron which melts the wax enough to solder the folds together, thus hermetically sealing the package.

**BIG CORN BALLS.**

The whole mass can be made into one big corn ball by patting and rolling it on the moulding board. These gigantic corn balls are the center of attraction Christmas eve.

(Continued on page 71.)

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## The American Boy Calendar



**W**E TOLD you about the Calendar in our November number. Let us repeat: It is in twelve colors and gold, and embossed. In the center appears "*A Typical American Boy*," from a painting made by the celebrated artist, W. H. McEntee, especially for us, and considered one of his best pieces of work. Around the typical boy are masses of American beauty roses with sprays of golden rod, and within this border are beautiful half-tone portraits of successful Americans who are representative American citizens in various professions, the chief of whom is Theodore Roosevelt. It is a Boy Calendar. It is an American Calendar—patriotic in every detail. In size it is fourteen inches long by twelve wide, and in the room or on the desk of any boy will attract everybody's attention. It has cost us several thousand dollars to furnish this Calendar.

### IT IS FOR YOU

It matters not whether your subscription has expired or has not expired, **ONE DOLLAR** sent us before **JANUARY 1** will continue the subscription for one year from the date to which you have paid and will get the Calendar. If you have never subscribed for **THE AMERICAN BOY**, do it now and get the Calendar. Now is your chance to get somebody else to subscribe, as you can offer to the subscriber one of these Calendars as an additional inducement. We do not sell the Calendars separate from the subscription; but if you get somebody else to subscribe you can each of you have a Calendar by adding fifty cents extra for the one to go to you.

### DON'T PUT IT OFF

The Calendars are now ready and are being mailed as rapidly as the orders can be taken care of. First come, first served. Use the subscription blank at the bottom of this page. Fill it in, stating whether your subscription be new or renewal, cut out, and mail to us with your remittance.

**NOW, DON'T PUT THIS MATTER ASIDE AND THINK THAT YOU WILL DO IT LATER, BUT DO IT NOW!**

### A Superb Christmas Gift

If you want to spend a dollar for some boy in whom you are interested, what can you give him that will be more thoroughly appreciated than a year's subscription to **THE AMERICAN BOY**, together with an American Boy Calendar?

In conclusion we want to thank the thousands of American boys for their enthusiastic support, and wish for them a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Very sincerely,

**THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

#### SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

Please cut out. Fill in and send with your remittance: or follow this form, in writing us.

**THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.,**  
Detroit, Michigan.

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This is a \_\_\_\_\_ subscription.  
(State whether New or Renewal.)

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If the subscription is sent for some one else erase the words "to the undersigned," and put here the Name and Address of the person to whom the paper and Calendar are to be sent.

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## ✠ BOYS AND ANIMALS ✠

### "Bob," the Faithful.

HUGO ERICHSEN.

Recently the weeping family of a physician in Southern Michigan laid tenderly to rest all that was mortal of a large St. Bernard. He was buried under a birch, in the garden, the shade of which he had often sought during life, and a mound was raised over his remains. In the evening the children of the neighborhood gathered at his resting place and paid a tearful tribute to his worth by depositing bright-hued flowers upon his grave. Some recalled how he had played with them, and how they had romped with him in the fields, how they had clung about his neck and how he had pulled them about on the ice in the winter time. There was never a playmate more truly beloved or more sincerely mourned than he. One little fellow sobbed as though heart-

broken, for the dog had saved his life. He had been a mere tot then, but the story had been related in his presence so often that it seemed to him as though the rescue had occurred but yesterday. He and his parents were visiting the doctor at the latter's summer home on the shores of a lake. The little lad, finding himself unobserved, made straight for the water. Fortunately Bob noticed him and, rapidly describing a semi-circle, got between him and what would have been certain death, for the lake was deep at that point. He met the boy as he was coming down the sloping bank and pushed him back. The little fellow, thus thwarted in his purpose, pummeled the dog's head with his fists, but was compelled to retreat step by step to a mother's arms, and to safety. Bob could not understand why they made such a fuss over him, but keenly relished the special meal that was prepared for him that day. A week later,

he sported a beautiful new collar that bore the following inscription: "To Bob, the faithful friend of children, from a grateful mother."

Very discriminating, the big animal seldom paid attention to the impertinence of dogs beneath his size or the impudence of puppies. But once he punished a vicious and treacherous small canine severely. Sometimes the doctor would send Bob to the village store, for something, with a brief note to the grocer. Upon this occasion the missive referred to meat and from the kindly words of the storekeeper and pat upon his head the dog correctly inferred that the meat was for him. Firmly taking it between his teeth, he went trotting down the street. He had not proceeded very far, however, before a cur ferociously attacked him from behind. Bob tried to shake him off, but, finding this impossible, scurried up to the fence, dropped his parcel, and then made after his adversary, administering a much merited punishment on the way. When he got through, he returned to the fence, picked up his parcel again and resumed his homeward journey. But there was a humorous twinkle in his eye, as though he would say: "Well, he got all he deserved."



"BOB," THE FAITHFUL.

### Teaching a Parrot.

"There are two ways," said a bird dealer, "of teaching a parrot to talk. One way is to put him in a darkened room, then sit in a corner and repeat over and over again the word you want him to acquire. A clever parrot will learn a word or a phrase after some four hundred or five hundred repetitions, while for some it takes a week or more. You must keep still in the room. No sounds from within or without the house save your voice, monotonously repeating the phrase to be acquired, must reach the parrot's ear. Some people teach their birds in a well lighted room, speaking from a place of concealment in a closet or behind a door. This method is not so good, because in the light the parrot's attention is distracted."

### Biggest Dog in the World.

Oakland, Cal., claims the distinction of having the largest known dog in the world. It is a huge St. Bernard of the smooth-coated variety. He bears the name of Rex Watch, and belongs to J. J. Duckworth, Jr. There may be other dogs larger in some one particular, but taking him by pounds and inches, it is believed Rex Watch can make good the claim put forth in his behalf.

He weighs 207 pounds. He measures six feet eight inches from tip to tip.

He stands thirty-seven inches high at the hips and thirty five inches at the shoulder.

His girth is forty seven inches.

It takes a thirty three inch collar to circle his neck.

His ankle spans eight inches.

Rex Watch is not quite four years old, and is still growing. He is the son of the famous St. Bernard, Champion Rex, who won prizes in Chicago in 1893 as the finest and biggest St. Bernard. The father weighed 197 pounds, and he was sold for \$10,000 after his triumphs during the Columbian Exposition. He was bred in the Alps, so that Rex Watch is only one remove from the native place of his race.

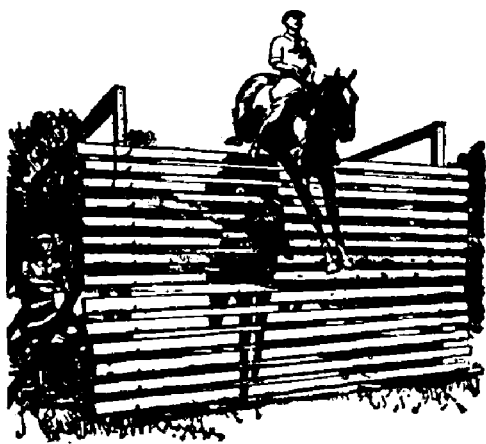
Rex Watch was one of three St. Bernard puppies given to J. J. Duckworth, Sr., of Salt Lake City in payment of a mortgage for \$1,500. When the new owner of the puppies took them home he was able to put all three in a soap box. A month later the box was not big enough for one of them.

### A Novel Battle Between a Cat and an Eagle.

An engineer on the Delaware and Hudson River Railroad has a tiger cat that travels with him on his engine. Recently on one of his trips the engineer saw a novel combat between his cat and a big eagle. While the locomotive was going at full speed the cat had crawled out upon the pilot of the locomotive to enjoy a sun bath. Just as the locomotive rounded a curve a big eagle was seen sitting in an old hemlock tree near the track. When

the locomotive neared the tree the eagle with a scream dashed down upon it and fiercely attacked the cat. For several seconds there was a battle royal. The engineer and his fireman were filled with apprehension, fearing for the cat. The whistle was blown, but neither combatant paid the least attention to it. The engineer finally armed himself with a bar of iron, placed the engine in charge of the fireman, and started out upon the running board to aid his pet, but before he reached the scene of action the cat had so wounded the eagle that the bird was in its death struggles. The engineer carried it into the locomotive tender where it died in a few minutes. The bird measured nine feet from tip to tip of wings. The cat did not escape without injury, but he is being carefully nursed at the home of the engineer.

### A Horse Jumps 8 Ft. and 1 Inch.



From the Evening Telegram, New York City, we take the accompanying picture showing the record-breaking jump of eight feet and one inch made at Philadelphia recently by Heatherbloom, the champion jumping horse of the world. Few horses have ever been trained to jump over seven feet. The horse is owned by Howard Willets, of New York City.

### Salaried Cats.

The Ladies' Home Journal is authority for the statement that nearly every large postoffice in the United States has its official cat that acts as rat killer and receives from nine to twelve dollars a year as an allowance for milk and meat. Some time ago the cat of the St. Paul, (Minn.) postoffice made a record by slaying 125 rats and mice in one month. In recognition of her abilities the postmaster wrote to Washington asking an increase in her salary, and she now receives ten dollars and forty cents a year. Soon thereafter the cat showed her gratitude by presenting the Government with five kittens.

### Something More About "Old Abe."

Many pleasant things have come to us since we printed, in our August number, a picture of Old Abe, the War Eagle. A kind letter comes from a veteran of the Civil War residing in London, Wis. He is the grandfather of one of our boy subscribers. He writes: "I am an old soldier, having been a member of the Twelfth Wisconsin Infantry. I see you have printed a picture of Old Abe, the almost world-renowned war eagle. Old Abe was a veteran of the Eighth Wisconsin. He was caught in the summer of '61 at Eau Claire, Wis., by an Indian. One company of the Eighth Infantry at that time was being formed at Eau Claire. One of the recruits proposed to buy the famous bird of its captor. A bargain was soon struck, the soldier giving the Indian a bushel of corn, then worth about sixty three cents. Thus Old Abe became a recruit of the Eighth Wisconsin. I enjoyed a personal acquaintance with this illustrious bird. I knew Abraham Lincoln, too, for whom the bird was named. My acquaintance dates from long before the martyr thought of becoming president. It is the proudest memory of my life that I knew him in his early years, and that I stood over his beloved form after the great soul had taken its flight. I recall the night I read in the Milwaukee Sentinel a statement that an eagle had been captured and sold to the Eighth Wisconsin. With what a thrill I called my wife and commented on the statement. What! A young eagle! Emblem of my dear beloved country, and to be one of its defenders! And that, too, from my own state! I could give many reminiscences of the dear old bird, but I have already taxed your patience."

### Death of "Dude, the Railroad Dog."

"Dude" was the name of a dog that before his death, which took place recently at St. Louis, Mo., had a very wide circle of acquaintances. The dog lived near the depot and soon became possessed of the idea that he must watch the grade crossings, of which there are a number in the vicinity. For more than two years he had met every inbound train and preceded the locomotive, barking in energetic warning. His plan was to dash down the main line as soon as a train whistled in the lower yards, and, turning about, speed ahead of the engine until it stopped at the platform. The railroad companies provided no watchman at the crossing, so that Dude was really useful, and many a person has been warned of the approach of danger by the frantic barks of the dog. Dude's end came in a very sad way. A train several minutes late and making up time proved too speedy for the little pilot, and he was run down and killed. Dude is mourned sincerely by the many railroad men who knew him, and they gave him a suitable burial.

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# BOYS AS MONEY MAKERS and MONEY SAVERS

**MATTHEWS H. TARDY**, Birmingham, Ala., goes to school in the morning and carries papers in the afternoon. He has fifty five dollars in the bank.—**BRUCE E. HARTSUCK**, Kendallville, Ind., earned the dollar with which he renews his subscription by playing the piano during Fair week for the Baldwin Piano Company. Bruce is thirteen years old and has been taking piano lessons for seven years. He is in the freshman class in the High School and is about to take up mechanical engineering. In addition to all this he carries papers on Saturdays. He carries \$500 worth of stock in the Noble County Loan and Savings Association and it is paid up for three years. He also carries one thousand par value of stock in a big corporation. He says **THE AMERICAN BOY** has helped him a great deal in that work.—**GUY COURTNEY**, Washington, Kas., earned his dollar for **THE AMERICAN BOY** by working Saturdays in a broom-corn field. This was the first dollar he ever earned for a day's work away from home. He is in the sophomore class in High School, is fourteen years old, and never misses a day from school.—**WARINGTON McALLISTER**, St. George, Utah, earned his dollar working in a smelter. He worked fifteen days of eight hours each and earned twenty seven dollars. His work was at night, and consisted in wheeling "charges" of ore, coke and wood. A "charge" is 200 pounds of copper ore, 30 to 35 pounds of coke, and 15 pounds of wood or coal. He has earned

**TON HESTER**, Donaldville, La., made his dollar for **THE AMERICAN BOY** by picking cotton.—**GLENN GIBBS**, Gibbs, Neb., is making a nice thing out of the chicken business. He has at present twenty six hens and about twenty spring chickens. He bought all his chickens and supplies, having earned the money carrying milk and doing other things.—**FREDERICK M. RIDDER**, Springfield, O., nine years old, writes a letter saying that the Salvation Army at Springfield was about to give an outing for sick children, and that in order to raise a little money for it he put up a stand in front of his house and sold lemonade and all-day suckers that his mother made for him. He cleared \$2.25. The dollar he sends for **THE AMERICAN BOY** is part of his birthday money.—**CLYDE JAMISON**, DeLand, Fla., twelve years old, has earned enough money in two years to buy a bicycle and a pony, by pumping water for the mules, caring for a horse, and doing light hoeing in the fields, his father being in charge of a large plantation.

### Rules for Finding a Job.

- When you step into the presence of a prospective employer:
- Have your shoes polished.
- See that your hair is combed.
- Have your grammar on straight.
- Do not get frustrated and say "yes mam" to him.
- Do not act as if you were going to be shot at sun-rise.
- Laugh heartily at his jokes, but do not slap him on the back.
- Do not make suggestions to him on how to run his business.
- See that your breath is peaceful and not in a quarrelsome mood.
- Do not begin operations by informing him of the state of the weather.
- See that your necktie is not twisted around to the side of your neck.
- Do not try to impress him that you are so smart that it makes your head ache.
- Do not try to work off any of your own jokes on him; some men don't know the difference between a good joke and a funeral oration.

### Planning in a Unique Way to Get to the World's Fair at St. Louis in 1904.

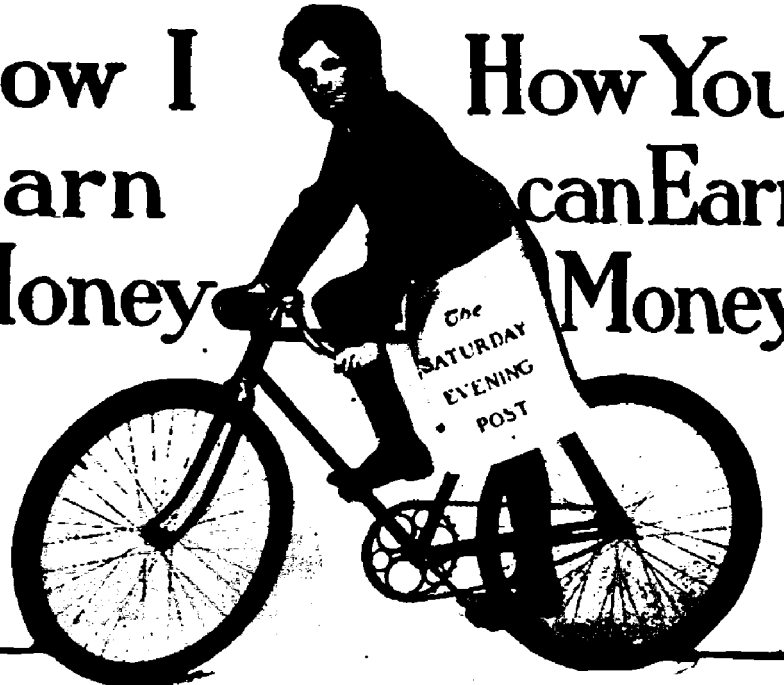
Forrest and Stephen Roddy of Centralia, Mo., have put into execution a plan by which they expect to get to the World's Fair of 1904 at St. Louis without expense to their parents. They will be drawn in a cart by two two-year-old cattle. Vacation was a problem with Mr. Roddy as with all fathers; much more of a problem than it was with the boys. What would be done with the boys after school was puzzling Mr. Roddy. He wanted to keep the boys employed and off the streets. The devil lurks on the streets of towns, small and big, looking for boys. The purchase of the calves was a solution. He skirminched through the country and found two of the same age that matched. For one, five dollars was paid and for the other, six dollars. "The boys will kill the calves," declared some of Mr. Roddy's friends, as they ridiculed his venture. But the boys did nothing of the kind. They soon had the animals well trained to harness, working finely. Feeding and caring for them was sufficient employment to keep the youngsters out of mischief. The Centralia Fair Association gave the cart, and its owners free admission provided they would drive around the show ring. The famous cattle herds of central Missouri did not attract more attention. The second day of the Fair a wealthy farmer offered one hundred dollars for the team of calves for his boy, but the Centralia youths, though sorely tempted, refused to sell. The young men will raise them, get an old-time outfit and drive to St. Louis. They hope to sell the team there for enough money to pay their expenses at the Exposition. Stephen Roddy is thirteen years of age; his brother Forrest, ten years. The boys are now in school, much better for their summer experience than had they spent the vacation on the streets.



RAY AND CLARENCE CARLISLE.

enough the past summer to see him through a year at the High School and buy all the clothes he needs. He and a friend made a steam engine and two magic lanterns during the past summer. The magic lanterns were made without any expense excepting ten cents for a lens. This boy is sixteen years old and six feet two inches tall.—**HAMMOND BEALL**, Cincinnati, O., earned his dollar for **THE AMERICAN BOY** and eight other dollars by working for three weeks at Shillito's, a large department store. Hammond is thirteen years old and is a freshman in the High School. He belongs to the Walnut Hills High School Cadets, who marched as a guard of honor to President Roosevelt on his recent visit to Cincinnati. He stands very high in his school grades. L. B. CALLAHAN, Elmira, N. Y., earned his dollar for **THE AMERICAN BOY** by selling eggs and mowing a lawn. He has ten hens, a rooster, and thirty two young chicks, mostly white leghorns. He is the proud possessor of a chipmunk and some pigeons. During the time he lived at Pittsburg, Pa., prior to last spring, he received seven school prizes for high standing.—**ARTHUR ARCHGOLD**, Chicago, and his brother earn money by selling eggs, which they get from the country. Arthur is eleven years old and his brother is nine. They have earned in this way thirty five dollars.—**ARTHUR J. WEST**, Burnside, Mich., besides helping his father, worked in a bicycle repair shop during the summer, and though the weather was bad for bicycles he made some money.—**HAROLD FUDGE**, Kalkaska, Mich., earned his dollar for **THE AMERICAN BOY** by driving cattle to the market for a neighbor. He is eight years old and has never missed a day in school since he started in.—**FRANK W. MOREHOUSE**, Lamar, Colo., got his dollar for **THE AMERICAN BOY** by taking three money prizes at the County Fair on his oil and water-color paintings.—**RAY AND CLARENCE CARLISLE**, Lajunta, Colo., the former sixteen, the latter nine years old, have earned the money to buy their own school books and nearly all their clothes since they were six years old by working nights and mornings in vacations. Ray will graduate this year in the High School. Clarence is in the Four-A grade.—**CLIF-**

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PEARL HOWARD CAMPBELL.

Given an active boy, captain of his ten clever fingers, and he will accomplish almost anything upon which he sets his mind. Is not that true? You boys who mend all the broken furniture about the house and make your own sleds and ice boats, did you ever feel that anything which you wanted to do very much was impossible?

For instance, there is fifteen year old Jesse Benway, who made the engine in the picture. Although the model is only twenty four inches long, it is quite a faithful reproduction, especially if you consider that it was made entirely of wood and with no other tools than a jack-knife.

As Jesse lives in the country and has never been inside the cab of an engine, all he knows about engines is what he has learned on chance visits to the station, or by watching the trains that pass on the track a quarter of a mile from the school-house. That he watches them sometimes to the detriment of his lessons is undeniable, but how can he help it when engines are so much more interesting than the cut and dried ruls in his books?

Some day he hopes to be an engineer with a train of his own. In the meantime he made the model from the bits of board which littered his father's shop. Nobody helped him or made any suggestions. He had neither plans nor drawings to aid him in its construction; he had only his memory to go by.

When it was finished his father praised his ingenuity and advised him to show it at the local fair. It attracted so much attention that one of the managers of a fair in an adjoining county offered to pay his expenses if he would exhibit it at the capital.

Yet the best was to come. A railroad man, home on his vacation, became deeply interested in the little locomotive and its boyish constructor. His company, he said, were looking for just such boys, and he believed that the lad would make an excellent engineer.

So at present Jesse is finishing his education in the common schools and looking forward with some degree of certainty to a position on the railroad. When he asks for work his best recommendation will be his model.

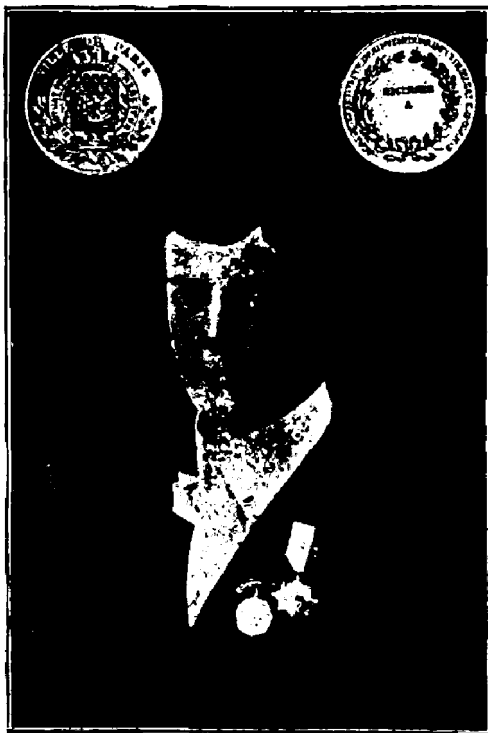
Francis Rea McMillen.

Francis Rea McMillen, Marietta, O., age sixteen, has been awarded the highest honors for violin playing at the annual competition held by the Royal Conservatory of Belgium. The interesting part of the matter is that Francis is a Marietta (O.) boy. The director of the Conservatory says that young McMillen will be a glory to his country. The boy studied the

violin under Robert Brain, Springfield, O., for several years, and afterwards under Bernard Listemann, of Chicago. Then he went abroad and studied at the Royal Conservatory in Berlin under Joachim, Carl Markees and Hallr. Two years ago he entered the Royal Conservatory at Belgium. He was then just past fourteen, but his talents attracted immediate attention. Last year he would have taken first honors had it not been for the feeling that exists against awarding honors of any kind to Americans. However, he received second honors, the highest honor having been given to a Belgian, who was nine years his senior. This year he was so much better than any of the other contestants that he received the highest honor without question.

A Boy Inventor.

In 1900, Melvin E. Bukoutz, Lamolille, Ill., was awarded a medal for an incubator built by him, and a year later was made a life member of the Parisian Inventors' Academy, Paris, France. At the same time he received a gold medal from that



MELVIN E. BUKOUTZ.

institution. Now, at the age of twenty, he has just been granted a patent on a device to do away with straps on traveling bags and telescopes. He has other labor-saving devices in process of perfection. This is a good record for a boy of twenty.

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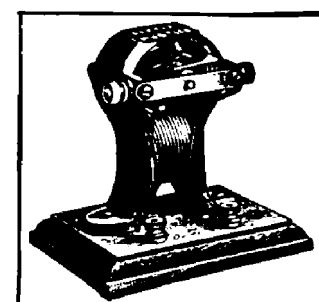
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We are offering this month a very fine, three pole armature, electric motor for 95c. (postage 15 cents extra in U. S.) These motors are carefully built and will run at high speed on one cell of battery. Just the thing for driving small models, toys, etc. Every boy should have one. New catalog listing electrical supplies and novelties of all kinds sent with each order, or send stamp for it. Finished parts with instructions for above 75 cents, (postage 15 cents extra).

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# How a Great Store

## —SERVES ITS— CUSTOMERS BY MAIL

**T**HE system of selling merchandise from orders received by mail has caused a marvelous evolution in the manner of living among people throughout the United States. Years ago only city people, or people who visited the large cities frequently, could dress according to the latest fashions, or secure fabrics, trimmings, and other devices for making dresses of the latest mode. In those days rural people could be at once identified by the clothes they wore. Today they may dress as correctly as the best informed city people. Today they may select from the same immense varieties of styles of finished garments as those who are in daily touch with the great stores.

Even if you live a thousand miles away, your shopping may be done more easily, and quite as satisfactorily, as if you spent tedious hours visiting the various stores, and went through the tiresome labor of shopping for yourself.

In fact, many city people now depend largely on mail order facilities for most of their purchases, in order to avoid the personal trip to the store.

This is because they have discovered a Mail Order Department that gives personal, careful attention to filling each order, as if the customer were a sister or personal friend of the shopper whom the Wanamaker Mail Order Department supplies for the filling of each mail order received.

There is a unique trait about the Wanamaker Store in its treatment of mail order customers that distinguishes it from all other concerns of its nature. To the observer this would perhaps be distinguished as human service as opposed to the merely mechanical service of the ordinary mail order systems. In point of fact, as hinted above, it is like sending a shopping request to a city friend, except that perhaps you dislike to trouble your city friends with shopping commissions, much as you would appreciate having the advantage of their knowledge of what goods are in vogue, and what qualities are shown in the various stores. In sending an order to Wanamaker's you feel no such hesitation, and yet the shopper, who is detailed to fill your order, will not only select the best for you that the store can supply at your price, saving money where she can, but you benefit by her advice on many questions that it is hard for you to decide while perhaps so many miles away from the metropolis.

It is exactly this helpful attention that is offered by the Wanamaker Store in serving its customers by mail. Its mail order buyers write their orders just as they would write confidential letters to a sister or cousin who was to do the shopping for them. That is because the Wanamaker Mail Order Department employs a large number of intelligent young women, each of whom takes the place of a confidential friend in the service she renders you. No personal friend could serve you more loyally; and no friend could serve you so intelligently as one of these young women, who not only know what is the best thing to buy, but what is the best bargain or the newest pattern that the store offers.

Your letter goes directly to one of these shoppers, and she reads it through, making careful note of all your suggestions. Then she makes out your order, and goes shopping for you. If you are buying a dress, she matches linings, trimmings, silk, thread, selects suitable lace, or whatever may be needed, in exactly the same way as you would yourself, only that her greater knowledge of goods and the store's stock gives you really better service than if you were here yourself.

And this shopping service costs you nothing at all. You pay only the lowest prices as goods are sold on the day your order is filled. If goods are reduced after your order is sent and before it is filled, you get the benefit of the reduction, and the money saved is returned to you.

Personal selection by a skilful buyer follows your order all through the store. That is the keynote of the whole Wanamaker Mail Order system. Expensive to us? No. For it saves an almost infinite number of returned parcels. It prevents dissatisfaction and disappointment. The former saves us the loss of hundreds of customers; the latter saves us doing the work over twice, and the cost of expressage on return parcels. The better way not only makes more friends for the Wanamaker Store, but it is far cheaper in the end than the more mechanical and unsatisfactory methods in vogue in the usual Mail Order Department.

If you live far away from New York, yet wish to enjoy the benefits of constantly shopping with the best store in the land, write to the Wanamaker Store, New York.

Write for a catalogue first; for it gives very comprehensive information about an immense amount of staple merchandise; but for a word about new things always write a special letter; for no catalogue can be kept up to date in such a constantly new store as Wanamaker's.

Each day new dresses, new fabrics, new trimmings, new articles of personal use appear; and as your letters come we are able to tell you of latest things in the line of your wishes. Then we're always glad to write you about anything in which you are interested, as fully as your own friend would write.

*Don't you think it would be to your advantage to keep in closer touch with Wanamaker's?*

Many people, we find, do not know that Wanamaker's have the largest Piano Store in America. The largest Furniture Stores. The largest Shoe Business. The finest and lowest-priced Clothing for Men. The most extensive showing of Dresses and other Garments for Women. A great all-year-round Toy Store. A superb collection of Automobiles. In fact, practically every need for personal wear of man, woman and child, and for the furnishing of the home, is provided by Wanamaker's. And things that are provided by Wanamaker's should be looked up at Wanamaker's before buying elsewhere—there you're safe, at least.

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NEW YORK



# TANGLES

Address all communications for this department, Uncle Tangler, care American Boy, Detroit, Mich.

Rules to be observed: Write in ink and on but one side of the paper. Sign your name to every page. Write your address in full on one page. Send answers with all new puzzles to be printed. Send original puzzles only. We do not desire conundrums and cannot reply personally to letters.

The prize for best puzzle of any kind having your teacher's name for the answer is awarded to Joseph M. Heinen, "The Gopher," Hastings, Minn.

In addition to those whose contributions are printed this month, the following contended for the prize or sent in new puzzles: Walter H. Van Dike, Bunting Hankins Roe, Clara L. Greenwood, Ralph D.

Wann, Charley Pappassi, Stuart Edson, Arthur R. Mosley, Carl Hering, Sherman Spurrier, Harry F. Blanchard, Ragnar Lunell, D. N. Dougherty, Eugene M. Stewart, Harry S. Carter, Wm. J. Brown, Wille Woodruff, Arthur Nugent, Harvey Heiby, Sam B. Armstrong, J. Arthur Knowles, Charles C. Curtis, F. M. Holloway, John Cook, C. C. Starring, John A. Solomon, George Wasson, Ben Jasper, L. Allen Beck, Le Grand Dutcher, Karl F. Rausch, Lloyd M. Wallick, Ed. B. Reimel and Robert G. Stroud.

Kenneth Trainer, Sibley, Iowa, wins the prize for best list of answers to October Tangles, and nearly captured the teacher's name puzzle prize also. Splendid lists of answers were received from Ralph W. Westcott, Charlie A. Hoag, Burton F. Jennings, John H. Seamans, C. W. Rannels and Ed. B. Reimel, while excellent lists arrived from Clyde Underwood, Helen L. Bass, John Cramer, George W. Bradley, Fred E. Lewis, A. H. Heiby and John F. Sawtell. Others who sent in answers are Daffer Evans, Robert Raymer, Harold R. Norris, Joseph M. Heinen, Leslie L. Haskin, Nela W. Kindgren, Ragnar Lunell, and George W. Weymouth, Britannia House, San Juan, Porto Rico.

Two dollars will be given as the prize for best list of answers to this month's Tangles received by December 20.

A prize of a new book will be given for the best lot of new puzzles received by December 20.

### Answers to November Tangles.

51. Oysters: (1) Blue points. (2) Shrewsbury. Soups: (1) Consomme, con, some, eye. (2) Ox tail. Fish: (1) Halibut, Hal, eye, butt. (2) Pickerel, pick, R. L. Entrees: (1) Partridge. (2) Prairie chicken. Roasts: (1) Turkey, turk, quay. (2) Sweet breads. Vegetables: (1) Saratoga chips. (2) Sweet potatoes, sweet, pot, light, oh's. (3) Spinach, spin, H. (4) Mushrooms. Dessert: (1) Pumpkin pie. (2) Sherbet, shirr, bet. (3) Plum pudding, plumb, pudding. Nuts: (1) Brazil. (2) Pecans, pea, cans. (3) Filbert, Phil, Bert. Fruit: (1) Pears. (2) Oranges. (3) Dates. Beverages: (1) Chocolate, chalk, oh, late. (2) Lemonade, lemon, aid. (3) Coffee, cough, fee.

52. B O R N C A S H  
O L I O A B L E  
R I O T S L O W  
N O T E H E W N
53. Austria. United States. Spain. Tripoli. Russia. Argentine. Liberia. Italy. Afghanistan.

Australia.

54. Aaron, Abda, Abel, Achan, Achim, Adah, Adalah, Adam, Ader, Adiel, Adin, Adina, Adna, Adnah, Agag, Ahab, Aharah, Ahasai, Ahasuerus, Ahaz, Aher, Ahi, Ahiah, Ahiam, Ahlan, Ahman, Ahoah, Aholah, Ahumal, Aiah, Amal, Amasa, Amasai, Aml, Amram, Anah, Analah, Anamim, Anan, Anani, Ananiah, Ananias, Anath, Anathoth, Aniam, Ar, Ara, Arad, Arah, Aram, Ard, Arza, Asa, Asahel, Asahiah, Asaiah, Aser, Asher, Asherah, Astel, Ashteroth, Asnah, Ashtoreth, Asiel, Ava, Avim, Azal, Azaruel, Azaz, Azel, Azur, Babel, Balah, Bazluth, Bealoth, Bel, Ben, Beninu, Benjamin, Boaz, Bohan, Bosor, Cain, Calnan, Calcol, Cana, Candace, Carmel, Castor, Chelal, Chloe, Cos, Crete, Cretes, Dabareh, Dan, Daniel, Dara, Darda, David, Diana, Dinah, Dimnah, Dodo, Dor, Dorcas, Dura, Ebal, Edar, Eder, Edrei, Ehi, Eladah, Elah, Elam, Elead, Eleutherus, Eleph, Eleasah, Eleazer, Elhanan, Eli, Eليل, Elisha, Elim, Elishah, Elishua, Elloth, Eltel, Elzabab, Emim, Ephial, Emmaus, Er, Esalas, Esli, Esther, Ether, Eve, Evi, Ezra, Gad, Gad, Habor, Hadad, Hadar, Hal, Ham, Halab, Haman, Hamul, Hanan, Hanani, Hananiah, Haniel, Hahul, Hamuel, Hara, Haradah, Haruz, Hashem, Hashum, Hasrah, Hathath, Hazael, Helah, Hehem, Heleph, Hemam, Heman, Herod, Heseb, Heth, Hiel, Hobab, Hobah, Hod, Hor, Horam, Hotham, Hothan, Hul, Hushah, Imla, Imlah, Imna, Imnah, India, Isaac, Ishod, Ishoth, Ishuah, Ismachlah, Isuah, Jaala, Jaalal, Jaalam, Jaasau, Jaasiel, Jachin, Jada, Jadau, James, Jamin, Jarah, Jarha, Jarmuth, Jaroh, Joab, Joah, Job, Jobab, Joatham, Joel, Joha, Johanan, John, Jona, Jonah, Jonan, Jonathan, Jorah, Joram, Jose, Joseph, Jose, Jotham, Juda, Judah, Judas, Lael, Lahad, Lasha, Lazarus, Leah, Lebaoth, Lecah, Lehi, Lemuel, Levi, Linus, Lod, Lois, Lot, Maacah, Maachah, Machi, Madal, Mahalah, Mahanaim, Mahath, Mahlah, Mahlon, Malachi, Malcham, Malchiah, Malchiel, Maoch, Mamasas, Maon, Mara, Marah, Maroth, Mash, Mashal, Mehuman, Melzar, Merab, Meres, Midian, Mishal, Naboth, Nahalal, Naham, Nahamani, Nahash, Nahath, Nahor, Nain, Nathan, Neah, Nebo, Nile, Noah, Nob, Nohah, Nobah, Noe, Non, Nun, Obal, Oboth, Oded, On, Onan, Ono, Ophel, Oshea, Peor, Raamah, Raamses, Rachel, Rahab, Raham, Rahel, Rama, Ramah, Rameses, Reala, Rehob, Rehoboth, Rehum, Rei, Reu, Reuel, Reumah, Rufus, Sacar, Sala, Salah, Salem, Salmon, Salim, Salome, Samson, Samuel, Sara, Sarah, Saron, Saul, Sela, Selah, Sem, Semachiah, Semel, Sephela, Serah, Sered, Seth, Shalem, Sharar, Sheleah, Shelah, Sheleph, Shem, Shema, Shemaah, Shemalath, Shemer, Shemuel, Sherah, Sheth, Shethar, Sheva, Shoa, Shobab, Shobal, Shua, Shuah, Shual, Shuthelah, Silas, Simeon, Simon, Sion, So, Solomon, Suah, Susa, Susi, Tabor, Tahan, Tahath, Thamah, Thara, Thahash, Thamar, Timon, Timotheus, Titus, Toah, Tohu,

Toi, Tola, Tolad, Tormah, Uel, Ur, Uz, Uzal, Zabab, Zara, Zaza, Zarah, Zareah, Zebah, Zur.

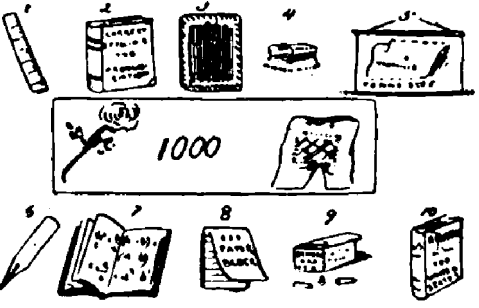
55. Seventeen.

56. By changing the spacing and punctuation, read as follows: Here stop and spend a social hour In harmless mirth and fun; Let friendship reign, be just and kind, And evil speak of none.

57. (1) Illinois (Ill eye, no eyes). (2) Indiana (In D an A). (3) Foote (foot). (4) Oregon (oar, egg on). (5) Nicholson (nickel, sun). (6) Pennsylvania (pencil, vane nigh A). (7) Marblehead. (8) Shubrick (shoe, brick). (9) Somers (summers). (10) De Long (D long). (11) Wheeling. (12) Hull. (13) Manning (man in G). (14) Stringham (string, ham). (15) Calumet. (16) Forward (motto of the state of Wisconsin) 58. (1) Readjust, read, just. (2) Miserable, miser, able. (3) Imp, air, impair. (4) William, Will, I, am. (5) Intent, tent, in. (6) Birthright, right, birth. (7) Born in, inborn. (8) Fortune, tune, for. (9) Air-pump, pump, air. (10) Iceland, ice, land. 59. (1) Toronto. (2) Humacao. (3) Astoria. (4) Norfolk. (5) Kilauea. (6) St. Louis. (7) Guthrie. (8) Indiana. (9) Vermont. (10) Ironton. (11) Norfolk. (12) Gogebic. (13) Douglas. (14) Arecibo. (15) Yankton. Initials are THANKSGIVING DAY.

### NEW TANGLES.

60. TEACHER'S NAME TANGLE. The central picture represents my teacher's name. The numbered articles are familiar objects and studies at school, the initials of whose names, taken in the order numbered, spell the name represented in the central picture.



-The Gopher.

61. DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Each word contains the same number of letters. The letters from the upper left hand corner to the lower right hand corner spell my teacher's Christian name; those from the lower left hand corner to the upper right hand corner spell his surname.

1. Nine inches. 2. Dainty cold drinks. 3. Not accelerated. 4. An insect.

-Neal R. Clark.

62. WHEEL TANGLE. The hub is found in the Roman numerals. From 1 to 2, to disable. From 1 to 3, sages of the east. From 1 to 4, lumps. From 1 to 5, those who eat together. From 1 to 6, slight resentment. From 1 to 7, a mineral. From 1 to 8, a bill of fare. From 1 to 9, geographical delineations. From 1 to 10, an upright pole. The tire, from 2 around to 10, reading to the right, will spell my teacher's name.

-Chesley B. Cargile.

63. TEACHER'S NAME ACROSTIC. Each word is the name of a county in the largest state in the Union. Their initials, in the order given, spell the name of my teacher.

1. American statesman. Secretary of State, and candidate for President. 2. American general, who defended Fort Sumter. 3. American congressman, Speaker

## The Stone Method

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This picture illustrates Mr. Stone's superb development at 52 years of age, and it tells a story better than any words we can command. The Stone Method is a system of exercise which requires no apparatus, and only 10 to 20 minutes time each day, in your own room, just before retiring. Does not overtax the heart. All ages, 5 to 85 years.

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We have prepared one for men and one for women, which contain many photos from life, showing what others have accomplished by The Stone Method, and what you may accomplish if you will. We are glad to send them FREE.

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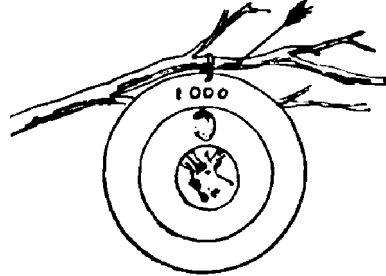
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### The TAYLOR-WOOLFENDEN CO., Detroit, Mich.

of the House, 1828-1890. 4. Second U. S. Secretary of Agriculture. 5. The only county surrounded on three sides by one county. 6. The largest county. 7. American general and President. 8. Vice President of the U. S.; 1792-1864. 9. The smallest county. 10. Founder of the first colony in Texas. 11. American statesman, Senator, Secretary of War, and Vice President; 1782-1850. 12. County bounded by eight counties. 13. Nickname of a great confederate general. 14. Distinguished union general of the Civil War.

-Dan Schenck.

### 64. TEACHER'S NAME REBUS.



-Kenneth Trainer.

65. CONNECTED SQUARES. The starred letters in square 1, reading downward, spell my teacher's first name; in square 2, his middle name; in square 3, his surname.

1. Smallest; a sumptuous repast; a common fluid; ardent; a weight.

2. Fictitious; a cattle driver; to slip away; banner; trust; a kind of roof.

3. Convenient; white with age; to brag; head of a monastery; slowness.

-Edward Langdon Fernald.

66. GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC. Each word contains the same number of letters. The initials spell my teacher's name.

1. County in which the largest city of Florida is situated. 2. Southernmost county of Canada. 3. Most important island of the Philippine group. 4. Sea, strait and district of Japan. 5. The silk city of France. 6. Bay on which the third largest city of Cape Colony is situated. 7. A great lake in America. 8. A city on the Seine. 9. A railroad center in Utah. 10. The rainy city in America. 11. The witch city in America.

-Vattel Daniel.

67. ENLARGED SQUARE.

E	H	C	E	2	D	B	E
0	2	M	R	1	9	5	7

Cut each of the squares 1, 2 and 3 into two pieces, and so unite these six pieces with square number 4 as to form a complete square containing a timely reminder of a season of good cheer.

-G. W. Hodgkins.

68. RATIONS FOR TANGLES. Example: A talking ration. Ans.: Oration.

1. A ration that is getting ready. 2. A whirling ration. 3. A sympathetic ration. 4. A ration thrown off by the pores. 5. A ration utterly destroyed.

-Wm. E. Wilbur.

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WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, EDITOR.  
GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

### Christmas Books.

Those of our readers who are making up their list of Christmas gifts cannot do better than look over our "Books Reviewed" page this month. A good book is always acceptable and the variety which we have noted are suited to almost every taste. The publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY can supply any of these books at the prices mentioned.

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### Popped Corn Delights.

(Continued from page 62.)

#### MOLASSES CORN CAKES.

Boil molasses and sugar until it will spin a good thread and pour over corn and stir in as directed. Finish in cakes or form in balls.

#### FROSTED POPPED CORN.

The handsomest of all is the frosted corn and many beautiful things can be made from it, with which to decorate Christmas trees. The corn is prepared and syrup applied exactly the same as for corn balls, only instead of forming the corn into balls, strew an abundance of powdered sugar over the sticky corn and mix it in until the corns separate and rattle. This can be done with any of the colors, then mix the whole lot and it will produce a most charming effect. Small socks made from mosquito netting, also bags of various sizes made from the same material and filled with this multi-colored corn show off well.

#### CORN FESTOONS.

These are quite easy to make and are just the thing for Christmas trees. Pour a little of the colorings into a tablespoonful of water and then into the palm of one hand, then mix it into a quantity of pop-

ped corn, enough to tint the edges or sprangles of corn. Then thread a needle and string the corn; make many yards of it, many colors too.

#### HOT BUTTERED CORN.

Soften some first-class dairy butter, but do not melt it to oil, and while the nicely popped corn is yet warm, mix the melted butter through it by stirring, then strew fine salt through the corn and serve hot.

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